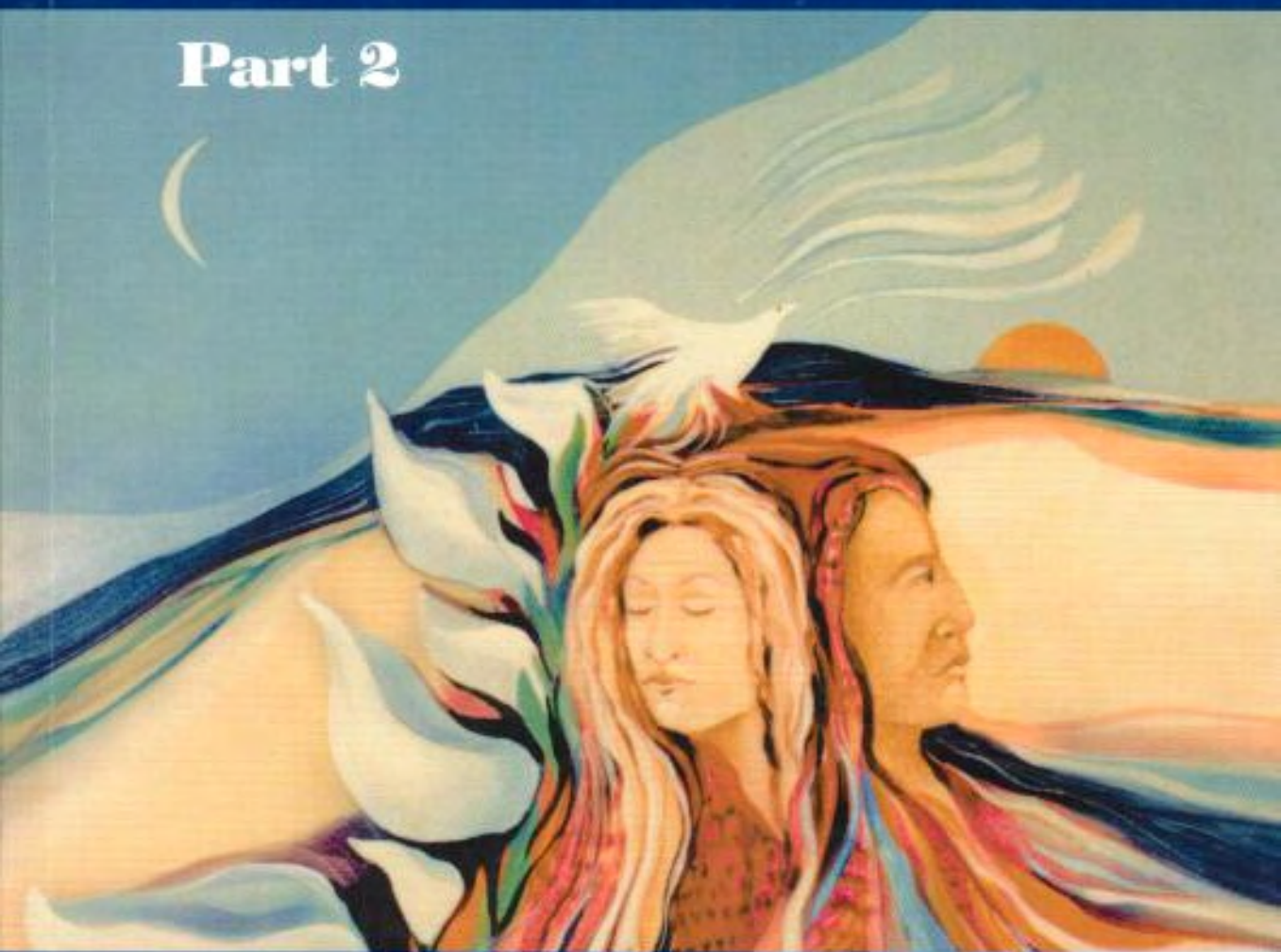


The Ozawkie

Book of the Dead

Part 2



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

Elmer Green, Ph.D.

The Ozawkie Book of the Dead:

Alzheimer's isn't what you think it is



by

Elmer Ellsworth Green

**PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

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

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SEVENTEEN PROPOSITIONS

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *



Chapter 6

ELMER: INNER LIFE

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

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

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HONEYWELL

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

BOB HERMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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



DREAMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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LUCID DREAMING AND OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

PERCEPTION

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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THE TEACHER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

MOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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SEX AND HORMONES

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

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

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

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

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

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

After a bit more conversation:

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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YIN AND YANG ON EARTH

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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



THE ANIMA

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



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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

Precognitive report:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But she found me again, and again.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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TANTRA OF THE RIGHT HAND PATH

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

THE KOREAN WAR

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE DIAMOND LIGHT OF THE JEWEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

SOLAR ANGELS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

AND DO NOT BREAK THE LAW

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

TO BE A RESEARCH SUBJECT—OR NOT TO BE

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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BEING SICK MAY BE A SIGN OF PROGRESS

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

PROGRESS REPORTS AND STAIRWAYS

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

TO DANCE IN THE WORLD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

Still quoting from the Journal entry of 27may91:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

FROM CAT BRAINS TO MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MENTAL CHILDREN INSTEAD OF PHYSICAL CHILDREN

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

GOLD

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

THE SERPENT AND THE CROCODILE

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

Then comes the crocodile.

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

Budge adds,

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

* * *

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

* * *

The second dream had two symbolic parts:

FUTILITY OF ARROWS

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

ALYCE AND THE BURNING GROUND

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

And when I arrived, Alyce was already there.

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

You can imagine my consternation in pondering this dream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

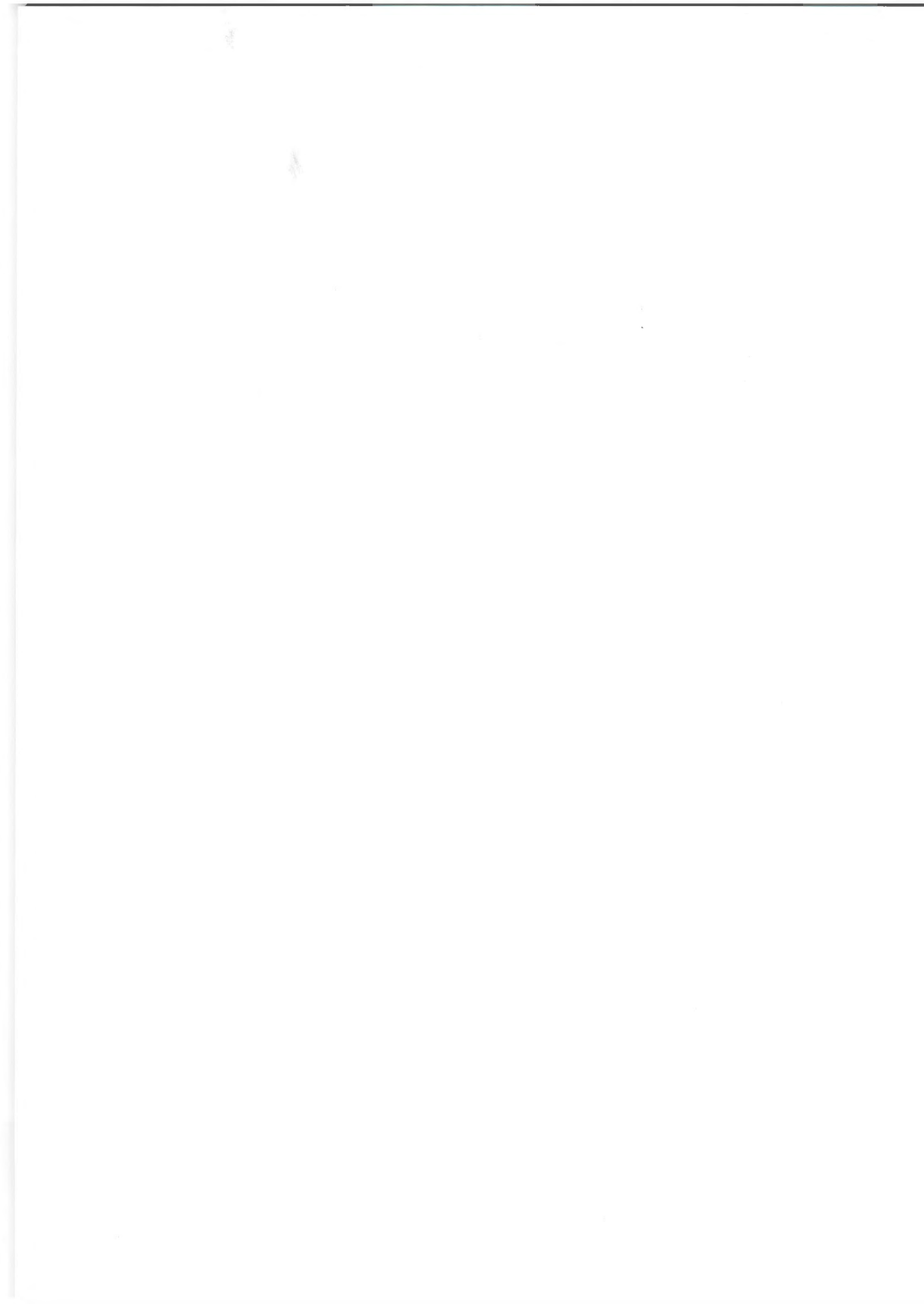
The reason for this misperception is that fundamentalists everywhere are trapped by the Planetary Dweller's effort (the Ice Queen's effort) to maintain the status quo. Change is the one thing that our Dwellers fear. They prefer to remain frozen (figuratively speaking) than risk melting. For if they melt,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

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

* * *

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

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Chapter 7

IN THE BARDO

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

—The Teacher (Erwood, 1941)

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

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

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

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

WHERE THE FLAME NEVER FLICKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *
* * * * *
* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

ALMOST A YEAR LATER

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

[This event actually happened ten weeks later.]

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

She said she knew that, but was afraid anyway.

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

The next scene Alyce talked of was in Minneapolis, though there may have been many others, from the way she spoke. In Minneapolis she enrolled in the MacPhail School of Drama, and at graduation became an actress with a Minnesota stock company, and eventually with a Chataqua traveling company. There were many challenges and some very stressful and fearful times. In all these images and scenarios, she said, it was stressed to her that facing the unknown was always fearful, but nevertheless she had left, or turned away, from old images and moved ahead into new life episodes.

And that is what was needed now. She said that she was told that it was necessary to drop the images of this life, or put them away, like slides, and move ahead. Nevertheless, she said, she was overcome with sadness to leave it all behind. And also fearful. It made her feel sick in the middle, she said.

* * *

.... Toward the end of dinner, Alyce switched into a semi-transpersonal mode and began talking (in a very precise and cultured way) of the difficulty of raising children so that fears are not created, so that they unfold their unique potential under real living conditions.

I responded with how she had actually done that with the four children and, whatever the problems along the way, all of them were Somebody, not repressed non-entities....

* * *

13 JANUARY 1991 (SUNDAY).... One thing that remains constant is Alyce's immediate concern for my welfare if she bumps me, or her fingernail accidentally hits my finger, etc. She is a most caring person. I may have previously written of an example from one of my hypnagogic dreams about her concern for a sparrow that fell to the ground, and the Teacher who smiled and said, "She'll always be that way."...

* * *

14 JANUARY 1991 (MONDAY).... When Alyce came from her rest at 11am, she said she felt quite odd and rather dizzy. I had her sit down again in the reclining chair, hooked up the Listen-Aider and we began talking about freedom to move in the astral body. She said that in general she had fear of this happening because she would not be in control.

I talked about swimming, as an analogy. And about going for a car trip, and how it was necessary to not be afraid to get into the car. We talked of an Autogenic phrase that might be useful, namely, "I am free in my astral body, and am comfortable and relaxed."

I added that in the present situation, in which she was between two worlds, it was necessary to give up fear and begin to trust the Divine Mother to take care of her, that she had many friends her were there to help her, but that if she didn't let go and start flying, they would not be able to help her, just as it was not possible to help someone learn to swim if all the time they held on to the dock with tight grip.

After about ten minutes of practice alone with this, I suggested another Autogenic phrase, as follows, "I am free in my astral body, and floating." I [explained] that her memories were not in her physical body, and becoming free in the astral body would be a step in the direction of recovering them. What we are talking about, here, is a training program for psychoastral self-regulation, a training in psi awareness and control.

* * *

Since Alyce has finally recognized, or decided, what she wants to do (to move into the next world consciously), I am generating a new set of Autogenic instructions. The first two were concerned with EMG quietness, and warmth in the arms and hands. The third, which was put together by Alyce for our first research subjects, in 1966, focused on inner quietness, the mind being quiet.

What I am now constructing is a fourth focus in which the person's consciousness becomes free from personality connections and awareness and is focused at the True Self level. Alyce and I have talked about it, and she has agreed to do it two or three times each day in 15-minute trials.... The title of the new set is Autogenic Phrases For Transpersonal Awareness.

* * *

15 JANUARY 1991 (TUESDAY).... At Alyce's morning rest I used the following Autogenic phrases.

- My body, my emotions, and my mind are quite quiet
- I feel a deep stillness settling through all my awareness
- I draw my attention slowly to the center of my head
- All is still, and quiet
- I turn my attention upward and slowly rise toward the crown
- A point of golden white Light appears, shining from the crown
- the Light begins to fill me with joy
- I float upward toward the Light and a door opens above

-Golden white Light floods my being, brighter and brighter
-I rise through the crown into the Light
-I am filled with joy and gladness
-I am Myself, a Divine Lotus, a spark of the Divine Being
-I am buoyant and free, residing in the Light till it sends me back
-I am buoyant and free

When I asked, after an hour of rest, how she had felt physically, emotionally, and mentally during the phrases, she said that she did not really feel at ease....

....after supper we had an argument about whether I was helping or hindering. I got quite angry and reactive.... I believe that I will have to develop a 100% (instead of 90%) release of what might be called normal expectations of behavior and interpersonal relations. Total detachment seems necessary, and difficulties will have to be treated the same as in any objective task....

* * *

19 JANUARY 1991.... Alyce has refused to use, or let me use with her, the transpersonal Auto-genic phrases I developed a few days ago....

* * *

20 JANUARY 1991.... She reluctantly agreed to get up in the morning, and said with anger (because she was being imposed upon), "I'm dying, you know," as if that made all other considerations superfluous....

* * *

22 JANUARY 1991.... Pat came to the house and cared for Alyce while I visited Dr. Thomas Leonard to get my ocular pressure tested. On 30 November, when I had my eyes examined, the pressures were: Right, 24, 25, 23; Left, 29, 28, 27. On 10 December (after I practiced a visualization for eye-pressure control about ten times) the pressures were: Right, 20, 24, 21; Left, 21, 18, 22. On 20 December: Right, 21, 19, 19. On 22 January 1991: Right, 18, 19; Left, 18, 20, 24.

I asked the technician why she made only two measurements of the right eye and she explained that if neither of the first two readings was as high as twenty, they didn't do a third. Next time I will ask her to get the third reading anyway, for it will be useful statistically.... Tom Leonard had gathered some papers on glaucoma together and copied them for me. They have many details that non-medical people usually are not aware of....

* * *

23 JANUARY 1991.... unpleasantness from Alyce before breakfast made me quite sad, and Alyce very quietly detected this and began doing and saying a number of things to let me know how much she appreciated my help and kindness, and how much she regretted any unpleasant episodes. Later, in the library, as she was getting ready to rest, she hesitantly said, "Elmer?" When I answered, she said, "Now, and forevermore, for all time, I will know that you are Elmer." And then she put her hands around my face.

All the rest of the day Alyce was especially considerate, and even though free association dominated her thinking, she seemed at the same time to know what was going on....

* * *

24 JANUARY 1991 (Thursday). About 8am Alyce woke me from a sound sleep by sitting up and beginning to talk about dreams. She said a sharp pain in her head had awakened her. I convinced her to lie down again for a few minutes, which she did, and I put my hand on her head and began meditating. She kept talking to me, though, of all kinds of dreamlike things. With about two-minute silences breaking up her conversation, she continued this until almost 9 am, when I got up and said I would get breakfast....

Just before getting up I had begun thinking about Alyce's unusual state of energization, and wondered what could have caused it. An odd hypnagogic image then popped into my mind. Equal and opposite spirals around a central vertical core appeared and began to pulse from the bottom upward with a faint pick radiance. The core area, or channel, was more white. The image came with the knowledge that kundalini was somewhat activated, and it was affecting Alyce's imagery. Interesting.

.... After her rest she read one of Stan Grof's books for an hour, part of the time out loud, with partial understanding it seemed. Then she read for a while from Slocum's book. Then, just as we began to eat lunch her energy waned and her face became flushed. I began to worry, for she seemed totally out of touch with what was going on. Eating helped, however, and she began to come back....

* * *

27 JANUARY 1991. After 4am Alyce had a series of awake dreams every twenty minutes or so. She would sit up and talk about something. Usually it took me two or three minutes to get her attention so she would lie down again.

About 6am she reached over and grabbed my wrist with one hand and pushed against me with the other. Her grip was powerful and I could not make her let go. I tried to get her to relax her

hand, but after quite a bit of talk on my part, while she continued a monologue designed to keep me under control and soothe me, [then] she said in a very clear way that she was unable to make her hands obey.

We talked about this for a minute or so, and I told her that she had to talk to her own unconscious and tell it what she wanted to have happen. The grip didn't lessen, but I convinced her to let her hand and my wrist come down to the bed so that the hand could relax. Gradually it lowered, and when it was all the way down, the hand grip began to relax. So I let myself go back to sleep under those conditions. After about half an hour she was asleep enough for me to take my hand back and cover her up better....

* * *

28 JANUARY 1991.... Taking care of Alyce without her actually being in mental contact with me has been rather depressing, and lonely, and that seems in the last few days to have reduced my interest in getting things done. Fortunately I was able to finish my part in editing several articles for the first issue of the ISM journal. In some respects, since editing does not create the basic material, I am able to function quite well.

* * *

29 JANUARY 1991.... We watched the President's State of The Union Address. Much to my surprise, Alyce's focused attention never wavered, and it continued on through Thomas Mitchell's commentary for the Democrats.

Finally, we listened to some of the network commentary, and then turned the video off. We were sitting side by side on the couch, and when I turned to Alyce the expression on her face was remarkably intent, thoughtful, intelligent, and beautiful. She was her old self, and it gave me a turn. It was a wonderful moment, and I said, "May I tell you something?" And she replied, "Perhaps not. You would have to be very careful, for I am in a delicate state right now." And I said, "All I wanted to say was, 'I admire you.'" At that she laughed and said, gently, "You can say that."

It was the Alyce who had always been my best friend and editor. She had read every sentence of the many papers I wrote and if she questioned anything, I changed it as often as necessary to make perfect sense to both of us. Over the years I learned how to do this without debate that inhibited what Alyce had to say. In main, I was the word generator, but her awareness of meaning, logic, and semantics supplied a perfecting critique.

The Teacher's comment, that our minds were so much alike, though opposite and complementary, that it was impossible to see where one left off and the other began, was best

demonstrated, I believe, in our writings. On occasion, though, some of the joint one-day self-regulation workshops we conducted around the country had the same quality of integration and continuity. Those experiences we shared were joyful and satisfying.

And here, during the State of The Union Address, came, for a few moments at least, a flash of that Mind. I said, "Let's not talk then, but just close our eyes and absorb this." And so we did. After about ten minutes Alyce said she felt she should go to bed, but she commented on how well she had concentrated on the speeches. This "high" lasted for about 20 more minutes, before we gradually returned to a more-average state. In quality, the experience was like the best and deepest meditation.

* * *

5 FEBRUARY 1991....Shopped for groceries in Topeka. During our car travels Alyce and I wore the earphones of the motorcycle communication set. It has a central control box from which the two headphone wires originate. Since the device is voice activated, and has a non-noisy start-and-stop circuit, we had a lot of conversation. It was a very successful day....

* * *

6 FEBRUARY 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... After her rest, Alyce and I had a good conversation about what her *soul* wanted to do. I suggested that she tell it to make up its mind about what it wanted to accomplish, and either come back more strongly, or move entirely over to the "other side." I said that Marble, Marie, Annie, Clara and others we were fond of were already there, and some of them would be on hand to greet her if she made the shift to over there from the halfway position in which she was presently suspended. In any event, I added, I wanted her to be happy, and not gloomy as she had been for so long, and to take action to bring about a better and more happy situation.

Alyce had no trouble with this conversation, but the volition necessary to tell her mind what she wanted seemed to be absent. I believe it is necessary to focus more attention on this aspect of her situation....

* * *

12 FEBRUARY 1991 (TUESDAY). Alyce seemed to have remained in the same position all night, and when I noticed she was awake at 8am I asked if she wanted to get up, but she did not seem to recognize me. In fact, she was in a stasis very much like the one a few nights ago when she sat in the reclining chair all night.

I tried every hour of the morning to ask questions of her, but her hands would grab the blankets and she would either not speak at all or would speak (in a very clear, determined, and angry way) about how she was in danger from all the people and forces around....

.... Later she had no memory of what had been happening. The yogic theory that the different chakras open onto different cosmic dimensions, or planes, and that there is no connection between these planes except in the human frame (etheric body and chakra system) would not be negated by Alyce's experiences, or Stan Grof's, or Charlie Tart's observations of state-specific knowledge, experience, and memories.

Our [human] problem, it would seem, is to get it all together, to become conscious on any level we choose. That was Sri Ramakrishna's contention, his problem, and the experience of his life, and from my own observations of different levels of consciousness, I believe the yogic theory is correct.

From a theoretical point of view, this is particularly interesting for it explains many of the inconsistencies of different people who have vivid OB trips without experiencing similar things, even remotely. Bob Monroe's observations on "locales" in his first book were not unfamiliar to me, but they were a part of my life that had taken place when I was in my Twenties. After that, they seldom returned, or repeated, and most subsequent experiences were at a variety of other levels.

All this jibes well with The Tibetan's statements about there being consciousness-blocking etheric "webs" between the various chakras. For instance, He says that the web [which] to a large extent blocks consciousness between the physical and astral planes was partially destroyed by atomic bombs and atomic device testing, and that that signaled the beginning of the New Age.

He also says that the first effects of such web perforation is usually very unsettling, physically, emotionally, and mentally. This possibility is certainly not negated by the many world events that have taken place since 1945....

* * *

I am beginning to feel that what I observe with Alyce in daily life is rather like listening on a party line in which about eight people are carrying on simultaneous conversations. Each conversation by itself may be meaningful, but put together they seem chaotic.

This idea is supported by the experience previously reported where Alyce was in an activated state and kept talking almost all night, and I had the hypnagogic image of the kundalini flashing up through the body. If that were true, the various webs would be punctured (that is one of the functions of kundalini) and consciousness would be stimulated on many levels at the same time. In normal kundalini activation, however, consciousness is better organized by the brain than in Alyce's case, so there is less confusion.

The Spiritual Emergence Network has dozens of cases (maybe hundreds) in which kundalini effects were both confusing and traumatic to the “normal” ego. What we most need, it seems, is flexibility, so that we can handle strange experiences in other dimensions with equanimity.

In fact, in my experience, emotional and mental equanimity are essential for handling almost all of the particularly unsettling and seemingly dangerous intra-psychic experiences that occur when kundalini releases a blast. In my case, I usually hear the buzzing and tones of the various chakras at the first stages of their activation, and then consciousness may go on its way without my being very much aware of the body, if at all, though everything seems to be recorded quite well in memory. On the other hand, how do I know what I forgot?

* * *

13 FEBRUARY 1991.... at breakfast I made a few comments about our life together and that I enjoyed having breakfast with her every day, and she said, with perfect understanding, “But this is not Heaven, this is Earth.” And then she added, “However, on Earth there is always a possibility of change,” and she looked at me, sighed, and gave a little smile....

That statement caused me to think, or realize, that in the Heaven world although there may be a lot of activity, there may not be much possibility of change. And it reminded me of comments by The Tibetan to the effect that unless one has a physical body (in the structure of which, especially at etheric levels, all of the deva forces of all levels are represented) one can not move toward Mastership. The human frame is the only “vertical” structure available for ascending “the ladder of consciousness.” That is, only in those structures, in which all the deva forces from all levels are represented, is there an opportunity for evolutionary progress.

In that regard, it is clear what THE TREATISE ON WHITE MAGIC is about. The stanzas at the beginning of that book explain in a few sentences the entire human problem with earth, water, fire, and air. All the deva forces must be brought together, made to work in concert rather than independently and selfishly, and the whole perfected personality becomes an agent of *SOUL*.

Actually, says The Tibetan, the purpose of this arrangement (in which we mistakenly think we are born in order to save ourselves and humanity) is to save the planet, Earth, by transmuting its substance, spiritualizing its physical and etheric nature.

So, in a way, we are the saviors of the Body of God, and through our efforts the planet will be transformed (to use Aurobindo’s word). Thus, we are after all, the agents of the Divine Being in a scientific non-mystical sense, though very occult for the average person. The conservationists have it right, it seems, even though they may not think of their role on the planet in exactly that way. Most of them think they are saving Gaia for humanity, rather than for Gaia herself....

* * *

19 FEBRUARY 1991.... About three days ago I meditated on a specific request for the Lotus of Alyce to now take more positive action. I explained that I alone could not accomplish everything. Whether my invocation was noticed I have no direct knowledge (though even a sparrow's plight does not go unnoticed, it is said), but in the last two days Alyce has moved into a state of good cooperation. The relief and pleasure to me, is striking....

On one occasion when it was necessary to get ready for bed, Alyce gave a sigh and said that she might as well do what was required on this planet....

On my part, I have had to learn that everything with Alyce must be accomplished by talking and persuasion while at the same time keeping a loving and kindly attitude, no matter what delays and frustrations are mixed in. Also, it is extremely important to explain everything that is to happen in regard to any kind of physical motion, or event. It is necessary for her to understand in advance.

Then, when she initiates the action, I can help without making a problem. But if I start to help before she really knows what is happening or before she initiates the event, she often recoils or blocks.

* * *

Perhaps Alyce and I are now ironing out relationship problems that were ignored over the years. In any event, I am beginning to feel better about our present "dance." And I believe Alyce is beginning to feel better, too. If I am right in this surmise, then we are coming close to the place "where the candle never flickers," and the end time of transformation and transition may not be far away....

* * *

21 FEBRUARY 1991.... Alyce and I both read aloud during the day. We had a couple of shorts discussions about what was happening in our lives, and at one point Alyce said, putting her hand over her heart and solar plexus, "I feel so much pain here. And yet I know that it is of no consequence. It is only the pain of change. But even though I know that, it still pains. Hopefully it will come to an end."

And I responded by saying that it seemed to me that she was clearing out some karmic knots that had been submerged during regular life, but now that her cortex was unable to maintain the upper hand, the stored limbic residue was getting a chance to come to the surface. In any event,

I would be on hand to help in any way that I could and, hopefully, we could get through all this pain and move into a new situation, either with both of us here for a while, or with me here and her there.

That brought smiles and she thanked me for my patience with the process. The entire day went well....

* * *

23 FEBRUARY 1991 (SATURDAY).... The cosmos works like any good business, and karma is merely cosmic bookkeeping. Too bad that people think they can get something for nothing. It doesn't work in the business world, and it doesn't work in the planetary field of mind. Cosmic consequences are finely exact, and justice is what people get, whether they like it or not. Usually they complain if it doesn't give them personal pleasure.

Enough philosophizing. At the local level, Alyce and I seem to be making a bit of progress, and for that I am glad....

* * *

25 FEBRUARY 1991. All went well with Alyce today except that disorientation was almost continuous.... I felt a mild disorientation myself.... All day seemed unreal in some way, but not because of Alyce. It seemed to be related to a psychic effect associated with the newly launched ground war in Iraq.

I feel real sympathy and compassion for the poor individuals on the Iraqi side who have essentially been betrayed by their leader for his own egoistic reasons.... One can not help but think of the Tibetan's comments on Harmony Through Conflict, and the place of Power in pulling the world together, rather than forcing it together.

Now, if the United Nations does its part properly there is a chance for worldwide keeping of the peace, for the first time in human history. James Baker, the Secretary of State, obviously has been superbly trained in politics and is located in a crucial position with George Bush. For international purposes, those two have done very well. Can the United Nations now rise to the challenge? And can the United States rise to the challenge? We have to give up our arrogance and disregard of World Court opinions.

* * *

27 FEBRUARY 1991.... The effectiveness of the Listen-Aider walkie-talkie earphones for Alyce reminds me that Swami Rama, while staying at our house in 1971, gave me a Sanskrit mantra for a specific purpose, after our regular nightly meditation. He came up very close and spoke

with almost normal loudness into my ear, from a distance of half an inch.

I asked why he did that, and he replied that this method made an indelible impression at a much deeper level than normal consciousness. In listening from a distance, he said, one thinks about it, but from close up one does not think, but records. I believe this idea has a basis in fact. A research study of the phenomenon would make a good Ph.D. thesis. Swami said that yogic teachers often employ the method when something must not be forgotten....

* * *

28 FEBRUARY 1991 (THURSDAY). Alyce was in a wonderfully good mood. When I went around to help her get up she smiled, laughed, and said, "It's nice to see you."

This, as you may recall, was what the native lady with three children in tow said to Alyce, Sandra, Judy, and me when, dressed in our good clothes, we walked down the middle of the street in Vieu Fort, San Lucia (on the way to the school where Sandra had arranged a meeting for us with teachers).

Alyce and I have used this expression down the years since 1958 to signify a special feeling, for the warmth and lovingness that shone from that lady made the chance meeting a transpersonal Event. Today began, therefore, better than any in the last couple of months. Alyce is eating well, but her weight is only around 101 lbs....

* * *

5 MARCH 1991.... Ran errands in Topeka and saw Pat, with Alyce, but the strain of all the activity was too much for Alyce and in the evening when I tried to help her up out of a chair she responded angrily saying she did not have to cooperate with me at all, for I was no one connected with this family.

This was a sharp reversal from her feeling in the morning when, after her rest, she came from the library with tears in her eyes and said, when I asked what was wrong, "We had a good life, didn't we? It was a great adventure. We did everything we wanted." We then talked for a while, and for a short time were in good contact. I responded saying that we could go on, and that if she wanted to continue on the "other side" while I finished up business here, that would be okay.

* * *

6 MARCH 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Alyce and I had a useful transpersonal conversation when she came to the living room after her morning rest, but before telling of it I should mention a

dream I had two nights ago. I recognized the dream at the time as “significant,” one of many over the years that have kept me aware of what is happening, or is going to happen, but because it was quite unusual (or unexpected) I began thinking about it rather than immediately recording it. From this morning’s conversation with Alyce, its meaning seems clear.

I was walking through a forested area with someone from the family...when suddenly I noticed some birds in bushes off to the side. We stopped walking and I inched toward the bushes because I love birds and wanted to contact them directly, through empathy. As I slid into the thicket the birds didn’t fly, but kept their place, merely hopping about from twig to twig. One bird in particular struck me with its beauty. I recognized it as one I had seen many times, though not lately, and I called to my companion that it was a Brown Thrasher. But as I drew closer I saw that it was much more beautiful. Shining...delicate...subtle iridescent colors were in many of its long feathers of wings and tail.

I slowly reached up my hand, breathlessly hoping the bird would not fly, and to my surprise and delight it remained where it was, merely turning its head to look at me. I began to stroke its wing and tail feathers very lightly, and as it looked at me I felt a surge of love for this beautiful creature. Instead of being momentary, though, the love and joy continued to build until they became a powerful almost palpable radiating force. When this happened I was startled into awake hypnagogic imagery, for I hadn’t realized that so much of that kind of energy was in me, and I knew that some kind of spiritual EVENT was taking place at that very moment.

After a few seconds, as the wave of love began to subside, the bird turned its full attention on me and gave me a Divine blessing, saying, “May the love of The Christ fill you forever,” accompanied with a responsive look of love and compassion. It was electrifying, and I felt (knew) that something important was happening—but, what was it?. How could a bird know of The Christ? And be capable of such a thought and blessing?

To return to the conversation Alyce and I had this morning: When Alyce came to the living room after her rest, I helped her sit down on the couch with a couple of cushions for back support, and then continued working on a text for ISSSEEM. I noticed, however, that Alyce’s face was especially drawn, so I went around to the couch and asked if she felt all right. She said she didn’t feel very happy, and I asked what in particular she was thinking of. In answer, she said that it was such a burden to be like this, and she felt very much alone.

I knelt on the floor by her knees and took her hands in mine and talked about things she had said the previous morning, about our “good life” and “great adventure.” I then reached for the paper I had given her two days before, containing some statements that she could read aloud whenever I asked her if she knew why I made the meals, washed the dishes, helped her get ready for bed, etc. With that paper in her hand, I asked if she knew why I was going to prepare some soup for her lunch, and she read aloud,

*Because you love me,
And care for me,
And want me to be
Happy and healthy
In body, emotions,
Mind, and Spirit.*

And she wept and held my face between her hands. I continued the conversation, talking about the difference between her brain and her mind which is not in the brain any more than a TV program is in the receiver.

* * *

We had an intellectual discussion. It was a true mind-to-mind contact, and Alyce explained the anguish she felt much of the time as she thought about her situation. And she said that that was of no true significance, or course, but that she felt it anyway. She told me many things about her feeling for me and our work together, and I responded by talking of our spiritual partnership, that we would continue even if she were to leave the body and move to the next plane, that I would be all right and would be able to finish my tasks, that she did not have to worry about me (for that has been one of her main concerns, what would I do if she died?)

Then I said that she should know that I was giving her permission to go, maybe at night when out of the body, not to return, but to look in the other direction, look for the others who would be there if she would let herself go. Not only did I give her permission, I said, but she had to give herself permission, for it wouldn't change anything of significance, and would make it possible for her to move out of the brain-bound state to the spiritual mind state.

As I spoke I began to feel the pouring out, or radiating, of love for this Divine Being, and quickly the feeling became similar to the one of the bird dream, and Alyce and I seemed to be talking Lotus to Lotus. And then she paused in the conversation, and after a moment began a blessing of my life and its tasks. After that, we remained silent for a minute or so.

Not wanting Alyce to fall from this state because of a possible inability to hold the focus for so long, for we had been talking almost fifteen minutes, I said that we could try to hold that

consciousness while my I went to the kitchen to start lunch. She laughed, and I got up and left, feeling very spacey for a while.

* * *

COMMENTARY: I remember that The Tibetan said that birds were part of the deva evolution, and were seen as, or representative of, angels in the Buddhist level of consciousness, and had almost nothing in common with animals in general except for sharing the same planet. I also know that iridescent colors signify the Lotus and the Buddhist plane.

I knew that long before I read of it, so I was struck by the bird's colors, its beauty, its subtle state of consciousness, its willingness to be approached with love (which The Tibetan says is a main characteristic of Buddhist entities), and its response to a surge of loving radiation. In other words, I contacted Alyce's True Self two nights ago, and continued the contact again today.

* * *

In thinking about these recent events I am reminded of the vision dream long ago in which I stepped out of a river of *souls*, the stream of dying personalities (whose candles had gone out), onto the platform where an official guide (a karmic official) handed me the cup of lethe, which I drank and survived. And then Alyce came along, stepped up on the platform, and almost died from the draught of lethe.

But when she didn't die, but came back to consciousness, he said to follow him along a boardwalk into another cavern, where he lit for us two more candles, lighting them at both ends. We held them horizontally, and it made a brilliant area of light. We stepped off the boardwalk and began walking together down the long tunnel.

In the distance, at about the limit of the light, the tunnel turned out of sight. Between us and this bend was a jumble of piled-up broken rocks. However bright the light, we had to traverse a very difficult area, and we did not know where it led. Wherever it went, though, it was not an unprepared-for way. Otherwise the sturdy boardwalk and the candles would not have been there.

* * *

In the present, in view of the difficult physical-plane life Alyce and I have had for the last couple of years, and in view of the fact that Alyce has refused (in my dreams) to let go and come out of the body, it seems to me that we traversed the hurdle of getting out of the personality stream and remaining alive. Now, I would guess, we are approaching the bend in the second tunnel. So, what lies ahead?

When I first saw the rocky terrain with no path that we were expected to traverse....I thought it looked rather ominous. And several times since that dream I have wondered why the rocks were there, why there was no path, and why the tunnel disappeared around a bend into darkness with no sign of light at the end.

Today as I asked myself those questions again, it came into my mind that there was no way “out,” that the escape was “up,” and I remembered my “destiny dream” of long ago (1944) in which Alyce and I, and a small baby she held in her arms, rose up through the exploded roof of the room in which we were trapped, into a realm of blazing light, singing angels, and Divine Beings.

.... It is interesting that several times in the last few days Alyce has asked me where the child is, and one time went on a search through the house to find it.

Also of interest is the fact that Franz Kafka wrote (unconscious of meanings, it appeared) about the need for transformation in order to avoid death in this world (to avoid a sentence of death in *THE TRIAL*). In *THE CASTLE* he noticed that the top of a tower above the castle was blown off, as if its inhabitants had escaped vertically. But he did not know what it signified. Since almost all of Kafka’s symbolologies and dream events were repeated almost exactly in my own dream life from age 20 to 37 (and I first learned of him when I was 45), I have sometimes wondered if the symbols were universal archetypes....

* * *

One more item comes to mind. Xanthe [Sandra’s daughter], phoned me about three years ago and said that while she was visiting in Kauai she had a distressing dream about Alyce and me. It left her in tears. The dream first informed her that Alyce and I had died. Alyce had simply died, but I had committed “biochemical suicide.”

Next in her dream, she came to Lakewood Hills, to our home, and we were still here, still living. But our personalities were actually two biomechanisms being operated by our higher selves like a pair of puppets.

She asked me what it meant, but I did not try to explain much since it was so complicated. Now, however, it seems useful to talk about it. Biochemical suicide is one way of referring to what The Tibetan calls the great renunciation (as in Chapter 13, *Gilgamesh*)—something I have known about for a long long time, since talking with The Teacher about some of my vision dreams.

* * *

Another item, since I am collecting threads. In Bob Monroe's book called FAR JOURNEYS (Monroe, 1985, permission obtained) there is a report (a channeling) from Miranon (P. 52). Part of it goes as follows:

MIRANON: As I have said to you earlier [concerning evolution], plants exist on levels one through seven. They are on a vibrational rate on the levels one through seven. It is the same pattern. Animals exist on the levels eight through fourteen, and when a person attains, when a consciousness attains level fourteen, it can no longer go any higher unless it is willing to change its form of consciousness. Levels fifteen through twenty-one are what you call human life on this earth. When a person progresses to level twenty-one [Sub-level 21 in the field-of-mind diagram], he then has the choice of going higher or staying within the realm of human form, but he cannot go higher unless he is willing to give up human form.

BOB: Give up being human?

M: Levels twenty-two through twenty-eight are your bridge.... You are on level twenty and because that is an ascending level, you can enter into the realm beyond physical life, but you cannot stay there unless you are willing to give up your human form. Is that clear?

BOB: That much is clear, yes.

M: And then once a person or a consciousness—we are talking about consciousness—reaches level twenty-eight, the bridge is crossed, and from that point on for a consciousness to evolve higher, it would not again assume human form of any kind, not even as a learning experience. I will never incarnate again as a human—as another form of life, yes, but not as a human.

The words are very hard because your plane of existence is not the same. Perhaps I can explain it by asking you to image seven of the circles, which would give you the forty-nine levels....

The fourth circle [this is the Lotus level, E4, of the diagram] is your bridge, your realm, your center for that overall plane. It is the time in which a consciousness can choose whether to go back into the lower levels or to transcend into the higher levels, and many consciousnesses do choose to go back into the lower levels in physical form [as Bodhisattvas].

.... Once I reach level forty-nine, which I will, I then leave all of this realm of existence. It does not mean I have reached the highest point by any means. It simply means I have left this group of seven, this overall group of seven. Imagine, if you will, the seven circles enclosed in an even larger circle upon which seven more circles are stacked, which is in turn enclosed in even a greater circle. Then you can have some idea of what infinity is. It does not ever stop. The End.

* * *

The Tibetan calls these seven levels the “cosmic physical plane” and says that human nature and human potential, from the dense physical up through the Monad (the Jewel in the Lotus), is found on the first six levels. The Lotus Being, the True Self, is on the buddhic level, what Miranon calls the fourth circle, the bridging circle, levels 22 through 28. When Miranon said “circle,” he actually meant “helix,” for a helix is circular and ascending. Seven ascending levels are on each turn, and there are seven turns (circles) that concern humans....

* * *

... From this it can be deduced what is happening to Alyce and me. We are moving out of simple human levels and are using the body to get work done. Since Alyce is handicapped in physical plane consciousness just now, she is apparently maintaining her connection through the “child” until we can finish the transition. This is not the transformation of the 5th initiation, however, (if I understand it correctly). Even after that, if a Master chooses to work in the world it will still be done with a human form.

The Tibetan says that “human” means that karma is not completely cleared, but that by the 4th initiation (Arhat) it is finished, and a person need not return for more cause-and-effect learning. A person can return, however, if an option is taken to work on the physical transformation process, the ultimate transformation of the physical matter of the body so that it is composed only of those atoms in which all seven turns of the helix can resonate.

That is, the dense physical body itself becomes a direct expression of Spirit.... [Note that] Miranon says that after level 28 the person never incarnates again as a human. And then he says, “I will never incarnate again as a human—as another form of life, yes, but not as a human.”

... So, Xanthe’s dream had a significance. The play isn’t over yet, though, we are still in process, still in the tunnel with our candles.

* * *

To continue with the day: Alyce and I had the best hours we’ve had for the last two yearsand we watched our video tape of Victor Borge. Alyce not only paid attention for about an hour, first watching a short ballet, but also laughed at Borge’s clowning and jokes. It was the first time for months that she has found anything genuinely funny. We even talked about some of his jokes. That is a good indicator of progress....

You may remember that Alyce's own Self told her to treat her problems with a bit of humor. About 10 o'clock she thanked me for a happy evening and said she would go to bed, and much to my surprise she was able to be efficient and quite self reliant. So, as Alyce said one day, at least when one has a body it is possible to change things....

* * *

7 MARCH 1991.... In reading or talking, I should mention again that we use the Listen-Aider (two earphones) and amplify my voice a great deal. In this way I can speak quite softly, with inflection and voice modulation that do not have the yelling quality that often (usually) creeps in when one talks to a person who can not hear or understand well.

Alyce is very sensitive to any stridency in the voice, and I have had to learn how to circumvent the hearing problem. Sometimes, when the Listen-Aider is not being used, I speak directly into Alyce's ear. This works, but not as well as the Listen-Aider, for with it the situation is more objective and the information comes to the cortex first, it seems.

* * *

9 MARCH 1991 (SATURDAY).... When Alyce was beginning to sit down in her reclining chair for her customary after-breakfast rest, she suddenly said to me, "Where is the young woman who said she would come to see me. I am disappointed that she is not here." I asked if by any chance she had confused my presence with that of a "young woman," and she said, "No, it is not you. And a man was supposed to come with her." Somewhat alerted to the possibility of a full conscious visit from our Lotus selves, which I mentioned at the beginning of this journal, I asked if they were coming by air, and she said they were.

Trying to not be informative, I asked where they were coming from. But she said she really did not know, there were so many flights, and she did not know the flight number. That was interesting, but then, as I tucked Marie's little blanket around Alyce, she said, "I am disappointed. I was hoping for a res.. resurrection." Truly alerted now, I said, "What did you say?" And Alyce said, "Resurrection." I answered, "Don't give up, they may still come," and added, "So long for now," stroked her cheek and left the library.

* * *

COMMENTARY: The Tibetan mentioned in several places that after the 3rd initiation, the preparation for, and taking of, the 4th can be done either on the physical planet or on the next plane. Then, since all karmic connections are severed, one has the option of entering a kosmic school not connected with this planet. If, however, one continues to work with earth problems, the 5th initiation is taken in a physical body.

It is necessary to reincarnate, He says, because total transformation of atomic physical substance is required. Until that final transformation is achieved, He adds, it is possible for the person to fall all the way back into involvement with lunar devas (physical, emotional, and lower mind) and become a slave again.

After the 5th initiation, however, that's not possible, for there are no parts left that [resonate with] any lunar force. That is why the Masters can pass through all the levels without blemish, can visit Hell and emerge unscathed. Koot Hoomi says, however, that there may be no blemish, but pain [of limitation] is experienced. And he says that Those who incarnate for some purpose are sacrificing a more joyful state to further the Divine Plan.

Incidentally, becoming akarmic (after the 4th initiation) does not mean that cause and effect in the three worlds do not apply to the Arhat. What it means is that that person handles all effects and internal reactions immediately as they are produced. Nothing is unconscious. Nothing is stored out of awareness in some hidden recess of mind.

If handling the karmic effect involves retribution of some kind, it is consciously made. Oddly enough, if the persons with whom the Arhat interacts become reactionary rather than loving, then they generate personal karma that they sooner or later must handle, but it has no significant effect on the Arhat....

* * *

Returning to the subject of the Lotus visitors (who are coming by air), I do not know what will happen when they finally arrive, with both Alyce and me fully conscious of the event, ready to escape from the last cavern....

.... Incidentally, such a transpersonal event does not mean that the person who keeps the physical body is somehow less appreciative of Earth, less delighted with body, emotions, and mind.

On the contrary, as the 4th initiation is approached, everything sensed or perceived is enhanced in quality, and it is possible to live increasingly in the Now as an integrated being, physical, emotional, mental, and transpersonal, and no longer be controlled by deva forces that make up the three lower vehicles. The kundalini flows less and less into channels not chosen or controlled, for that is what the transformation is all about on the etheric...side.

Pleasure is replaced with Joy, and The Lotus chooses, experiences, and enjoys life with a depth of awareness not possible for the average personality. The world becomes Gaia, nature becomes Nature, every moment is savored, everything is Witnessed.

Obviously this does not mean that work stops. Instead, work is given new power and is enjoyed, no matter what the obstacles from reactionary devas and Archetypal Powers that control this planet esoterically and exoterically (through unenlightened unconscious people, who often become [obstructing] puppets, especially if they are highly intellectual and egoistic).

The Zoroastrian idea that the proper role of the advanced human is to help God overcome Evil seems to be correct, but it has been badly misinterpreted. Both The Tibetan and Aurobindo spend much time on this subject, for what is called “evil” is part of the cosmic process. Without it there would be no evolution, nowhere to go, no progression of consciousness to enjoy.

Evil can be thought of as Cosmic Inertia, and when that quality of the cosmos is organized by Dark Beings, it seems like living force, even though it is merely an aspect of nature being used. This idea is related to The Tibetan’s comment that disciples often mistakenly think they are put on earth to save themselves spiritually, whereas, in fact, they were put on earth to save the substance of the planet, to transform the planet through their own substantial achievement.

Koot Hoomi told Sinnett that the Brothers of Light were superior to and more powerful than the Dark Brothers, who were individually inferior and less powerful, but that They were not allowed to destroy the Dark Brothers because it would interfere with humanity’s education. They could, however, neutralize or encapsulate them when circumstances demanded, even though eventually they would escape and resume their opposition to evolution. Much food for thought there.

* * *
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* * *

10 MARCH 1991 (SUNDAY).... when I asked what was going on (because she seemed worried), she said that the energies that shoot up from the base of the body are yellow and blue!.... Perhaps yellow and blue are her colors when the energy reaches the head. Ten or fifteen years ago she said that those two colors came from her forehead when we were listening to inspiring music at loud volume.

After dinner,...she said that three advanced beings were here, or had been here. Their task was to help, in some way, so that change was efficient. This comment was mixed in with non-related remarks....

* * *

13 MARCH 1991.... Twice today, and for the first time in many weeks, Alyce fell down, once into the soft rocking chair and once on the floor in the middle of the library. Both falls were smooth and without impact, due mainly, I believe, to the fact that it wasn’t dark and she was able to land gracefully....

Alyce does not know I am keeping this Journal, at least she has never looked at anything I am writing, and has not seen the printout. Nevertheless, in the midst of a great deal of nonsequitur talk today, she said to me that she did not want all these troubles of hers to be written into my Journal. When I asked what she meant, the thought was gone.

[Whatever her wish was in Mar91, I feel Alyce's positive input (30jun01) as I organize these pages. She, apparently, is one of the Teachers who is pressuring me to finish AVIZ, including a description of our life together.]

* * *

14 MARCH 1991.....During lunch...I noticed that Alyce was not leaning forward enough to prevent soup on the bottom of the spoon from dripping into her lap. Since I had talked about leaning forward,...I scolded her for not doing so. This hurt her feelings very much, and she said, with a tear in her eye, "I am not going to come here any more."

Overcome by a strong feeling of loving compassion, I got up and put my arms around her head, and my cheek against hers, and said I was sorry I had scolded, and said that because of the circumstances, in which her attention was constantly shifting, I wouldn't say anything more about leaning forward....

In a few moments the tears cleared up and Alyce began talking to me about the need for love in spiritual development. And she talked rapidly for two or three minutes about our goals in life, and how we could best help other people. Then she continued with her meal.

At the end, while I was doing the dishes, she called and said, "I am going to make some sound here," and she began a spontaneous melody without words that flowed like violin music. And with it she raised her hands to the outdoors (since she was facing the front window) and began making a series of motions that reminded me of yogic gestures. I watched and listened, fascinated by what was happening, seemingly in response to an outpouring of loving feeling, which I still felt.

After about thirty seconds, Alyce ended her song with a motion to the many birds that were enjoying the sunflower seed banquet just outside the window. When she returned her hands to her lap, I said it was a beautiful song, and I asked why she had done that. She thanked me for my comment, and said that it was at that moment appropriate, and it was a feeling, an expression, for the outdoors, for the birds, for the people who live across the street, and even for the deck railings of our house.

Then, to my surprise, she began talking very quickly again about people's spiritual needs, and how a young people's group was making good progress in spiritual development (the Second-Tuesday-Every-Month (STEM) Group?). I answered with affirmative comments at times, and was impressed that she understood everything I said without questioning or delay....

....I noticed, also, that much of the apparently nonsequitur sentences or parts of sentences in her discussion were not truly nonsequitur. They were germane to the context, but in the wrong place, or order. I am beginning to feel that much of Alyce's conversation is of this nature. If more than one theme is being thought about, the output is confusing, but at least as meaningful as dreams in general.

* * *

COMMENTARY: The above event, or events, strengthen my belief that the reason some biofeedback therapists are unusually successful is because during sessions they transmit a love that invokes the Lotus self of the client, calls for It to come up (come down?) and help in the therapeutic process. How else can we explain the "miracle" events, and striking transpersonal changes, that occur in many patients who request our help?

I saw this with several patients, and I have seen it many times with Alyce, and it certainly has nothing to do, at least in Alyce's case, with a conscious decision to change an attitude, eliminate anxiety, fear, anger, or sadness. With Alyce it is usually invoked by my feelings, not by my behavior.

Actions without the accompanying feeling of compassion, do not seem very effective with Alyce. So, to generalize, traveling through the world with love would seem to be therapeutic for everyone, even though at a cortical level it may not be recognized.

* * *

....Interestingly, Bob Monroe's Explorer Program got nowhere (as told in FAR JOURNEYS) [Monroe, 1985] until the *Higher Self* beings were invoked.

The Tibetan stressed this point many times. Namely, it is necessary to surrender the personal will to the True Self by invocation before there can be Divine evocation. The personality must give up its arrogance and self-centered will before the Kosmos will take a hand.

DBs, of course, attempt to drive the cosmos with their personal will, and if they persist long enough, say the Teachers, they can break their connection with the Divine Being, and be strata-bound ...and doomed to extinction when Gaia goes through her final transformation into Light.

* * *

15 MARCH 1991.... I have wondered what statistical results I would get if I developed a scoring system for Alyce's state of consciousness (scoring this Journal day by day) and then retrospectively examined the correlation between consciousness and the dominant solar geomagnetic cycle that has a period of about 8 days....

* * *

16 MARCH 1991 (SATURDAY).... Alyce awakened in a hostile mood and told me to leave her alone....

....The question now in my mind concerns whether, whenever she is not in her transpersonal state, I am making contact at all. And to what extent should I expect anything....

But, even if my role is reduced simply to that of a caretaker of a body, I will probably continue, without expectations so to speak, so that the transpersonal Nature can have a place to appear when it tries.

* * *

....I suggested that we sit on the couch and listen to Perlman and Yo Yo Ma in their Leningrad concert, which we had recorded the previous evening. I ran their performances twice, ending with the Serenade Melancolique played by Perlman. Its powerful emotional-buddhic linkage had a profound effect on Alyce, and by the end of the concert she was raised into a positive, almost transpersonal state. It was gratifying after the strain of the morning.

* * *

COMMENTARY: The power of sound to influence emotions and behavior is one of the subjects on which The Tibetan focused. He said in one place, as I have probably mentioned before in this journal, that humans are controlled by what they see, but the deva kingdoms (especially at the physical and emotional levels) are controlled by what they hear.

The training of the White Magician includes the use of sound to activate, or control, physical and emotional forces, but always working through the Solar level (corresponding to the Lotus level in humans) in order to be akarmic. That is, the spiritual agents of the deva evolution are contacted to control the lower level forces. This is like praying for a process to take place in the world, but asking the Kosmos to arrange events so as to assure what is best for all Life ("not my will be done..."). The problem is to be volitional without being willful....

17 MARCH 1991.... When I came to the breakfast table, Alyce said, "I was wondering where you were, because two men were here while you were gone." When I asked who they were, she said she did not know, but they wore beautiful clothes with a shiny interwoven pattern somewhat like the shirt I was wearing just then. Alyce continued, "They brought some beautiful ribbons for me, with good words written on them."

I asked what the words were and she said, "Some kind of blessing."

* * *

COMMENTARY: I was impressed by Alyce's "vision," for on many special occasions Teachers work in pairs, one as an aspect of Love and the other as an aspect of Will. In addition, the use of words on banners, or ribbons, or on signs of some kinds, is a common way they use of transmitting information.

Concerning words, on one occasion which I may have mentioned before, just after arriving in Vancouver in 1944 in search of a house for the family, I had a dream in which words appeared. I had meditated before going to sleep about the slowness of my rate of change toward transformation and, just as I went to sleep, I thought about my situation in perspective, and concluded with the thought that there was nothing I could do but "go on, and on, and on." A couple hours later I was awakened with the following powerful hypnagogic dream, like a lucid dream.

I was just inside the entrance of a large but shallow cave, facing the back, faced away from the opening. A bright fire was burning...behind me, out in the open, and it cast my shadow against the wall, and the shadow seemed to me to be reality. I noticed, though, that whenever "I" moved, "it" moved, and soon it dawned on me that reality was behind me, not ahead of me.... So I turned around, faced the fire, and saw just in front of me a rope strung across the entrance of the cave. Hanging from the rope about every three feet were white wooden signs (about a foot high and two feet long) with big words printed on them, one word per sign. The words said, "We admire those who go on, and on, and on," and there was a strong sensation of The Teacher's presence.

There have been other occasions in which words appeared, but the one mentioned above has stuck in my mind indelibly....

* * *

....when I told Alyce that her two visitors must have been on another plane, she insisted that they were as real as I was, that they must be in the other room right now, that they were absolutely real.

I reminded her that reality was not limited to body consciousness, and she should accept the idea that the levels were blending in her awareness so that she could see in more than one dimension at a time. This seemed to make sense to her....

....I definitely feel that Alyce is now free to leave this planet without karmic impediment....

* * *

AN ASIDE: In the last day or so I began wondering if you (Pat and Steve, Doug, Sandra and Fred, Judy and Bob) might be bored with these many details. And I wondered why I had gradually shifted to including more material about myself. What if you didn't want to read all this? Why was I writing this journal, anyway?

On pondering these questions, I came to the realization that I am writing the journal for myself, even though I don't read anything further back than two or three days, unless editing for printing. I am writing it because I need someone to talk to. For almost 50 years Alyce has been my confidant, and created a loving ambiance in which I could freely express my normally-hidden thoughts and feelings. But now, she has drifted away from worldly attention and I still feel the need to communicate. So I hope you will understand and tolerate the details. Some of this journal is more informative and useful than other parts, but I will continue as at present, and let you sort it out....

In any event, I feel great love for you and am pleased and happy that we are all in the same family. What I will do at "the end," when "my time" comes, so to speak, I don't know, perhaps "sail away in the sunset," but in the meantime it is my greatest pleasure to talk with you via this journal.

* * *

....As I started to leave the bedroom, after saying good night, Alyce said, "Congratulations on the little girl who has just joined our family." When I asked who the little girl was, she said maybe a niece, at least a relative. When I asked if the little girl actually was herself, she said no, she didn't think so. But two days ago she had said, in the midst of general talk while we were looking through clothes in her closet, that she was willing to be either a boy or a girl....

* * *

18 MARCH 1991.... Went to Dallas at the request of Carol Schneider to make a presentation at the AAPB convention. Pat came to care for Alyce for two days.

Everything seemed unreal, however, and when I reached the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas I immediately began talking with people, but without any noticeable effect on the sense of unreality. In fact, I was heavy hearted and sad at not having Alyce's company, as in past times. We have been many places in the world together, and had a good time everywhere, seeing the scenery, the people, presenting our lectures and workshops....

* * *

21 MARCH 1991..... The discontinuity in me of two days away from home has not helped me focus on "reality." In fact, the Dallas meeting seemed very unreal, and all the problems people were having seemed like ocean waves, individually not of much significance, for emotional disturbance seems to go on forever, one wave is always replaced by another while the overall surface level remains the same....

* * *

....As I helped Alyce get ready for bed she looked very annoyed and said, "I wish I could figure out a way to get rid of you." I stopped instantly...and without saying anything went back into the living room and turned on the TV. After a few minutes Alyce called. When I asked what she wanted, she said that she wanted to talk to me. So, I returned to the library, and wonder of wonders, she seemed (mostly at an unconscious level) to want to cooperate. Everything then went very well, and in a few minutes she was happily in bed. I was relieved, for evenings of bad feeling, or continuous rejection of help, are a strain on me, and I have not put the waiting time to good use....

* * *

22 MARCH 1991.... before moving to the living room, I talked with her about our 51 years of acquaintance, reviewing in a few sentences the major things we had done, had seen, had accomplished, and talked of our continuing connection in spite of the trouble, just now, with the brain.

We talked again of the "mind" and its place in the hierarchy of substances, and our continuity of work if she should decided to move to the other side. Aside from wanting to, I felt it was useful to talk of these things and repair the inter-connections that had been strained by my absence while in Dallas....

....I asked what she would like to have me do, and she said that the main thing was to not go very far away.... When the phone rang I talked for a few minutes and then returned to Alyce. She was sitting on the edge of her chair. I asked what was wrong, and she said that one of the men with ribbons had returned again and shown her some new words, and even though she saw him very clearly, she could not say what the words were.

In addition, Alyce said, a woman whose face opened up to the light like a “daisy,” was there. That woman, she said, was connected with a meeting that Alyce had attended this morning. A group of people is planning something for the world, some kind of activity, and Alyce is one of the members, it seems. I asked what the lady had to say, and Alyce said that she was told that communication was very difficult but that the effort would continue.

Then the woman conducted some kind of energy ceremony and huge pulsating waves of vibration came through our living room, one after another, like a “whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.” Alyce said that the energy was so powerful that it seemed it might shake everything to pieces. Alyce also said that the woman explained that this process, though somewhat dangerous, was worth trying.

[This woman whose face opens up like a “daisy,” is probably Alyce’s *SOUL*, for I, too, have seen her. This is the being Alyce referred to, I believe, when she said, “She is me.”]

Then Alyce smiled at me, sighed, and said that from what she could understand, she will be able to “stay here,” if she “behaves properly.” That was an interesting phrase. What, exactly, does it mean?

* * *

23 MARCH 1991 (SATURDAY).... Most of today Alyce seemed to be in a deep meditative state. Later, however, after I had answered a phone call from Pat and Steve, she said when I sat down beside her that there were “many forms out there.” Someone was trying to tell her something, but the main impression was of being surrounded by many many forms, some of them more like lighted figures than like real people.... fear, anxiety, antagonism, and lack of cooperation seemed gone. That was a relief....

Oddly enough, one of the sections I read from Bob’s Monroe’s *FAR JOURNEYS*, was appropriate for Alyce.... Bob’s punctuation of the channeled material may be inexact, but the meaning is clear (P. 66).

Other Voice: We are trying to show that she is multidimensional, and this is why she is able to see as a great circle of self, of many forms, of the self. It appears to her to be like many selves extending from a circle and between. We are trying to show her there are many, many dimensions of one human self. As she can see and understand that she is much more than that conscious self that she sees in the mirror, and that she experiences in her

waking state. She will be much more prepared to go into the multidimensional levels of the consciousness, and this is why we are working on various levels, and not only the visual. This is very important to work on the visual, but also we are working with the other senses as well.

* * *

24 MARCH 1991.... To totally relax, for a change, I drank three cans of Milwaukee's Best at dinner. This had the effect on me, since we watched Marlin Brando in "Viva Zapata," of what I would call "tuning in on the misery of the world." Finally I stopped the movie, which Alyce had not closely followed anyway, and began telling her how I felt about the planet, about humanity, about injustice to the animals, about injustice to humans, and how it was a terrible strain to live here knowing all this, that I had to submerge these feelings in my regular life so I could get some work done.

Much to my surprise, Alyce switched into her transpersonal mode and began speaking of the same things. And more impressive to me was the fact that, in addition to talking about an overall view of life and its evolution toward spirit, she made an effort to comfort me. This has seldom happened lately, and it brought me out of my depressed state.

It was a fine moment, a fine period of time. For about 15 minutes we conversed at a transpersonal level, and finally I was able to sink into total transcendental quietness without worrying where Alyce was....

* * *

AN ASIDE: Although I haven't said much about it, the problem of injustice to animals while I was a graduate student at Chicago could have precipitated my leaving the University. After I had worked for two years in the lab of Dewey Neff, one of the leading researchers on auditory mapping in animal brains, I was so overpowered by the animal-research situation at Chicago that I resolved to quit Neff's lab and find another professor....

....As I became acquainted with the animals (for some stayed alive for several weeks, even months on occasion, with electrodes in their brains), and saw how they were struggling to survive while "scientists" were taking them apart (and it was unnerving when some of these animals looked me in the eye), I finally decided they needed better treatment.

I talked about animal lab conditions with students and with Neff, but.... So, on weekends, or at night while students were not working with their animals, for it had to be done in secret, I would, on occasion, go through the lab and anesthetize the cats with nembutal injections, then cut their claws, bandaged their feet, and put ointment around the wounds in their heads.

Some of the cats had been so ignored by their student owners that they couldn't stand up when brought up from the animal cages for experimentation. Their claws had never been cut, had curved around and grown through their feet and were sticking out through the tops of their paws. Their feet were bloody and the expression in their eyes, if they looked directly at me, was more than I could take.

As I learned about the cat and dog rooms, I began to look into other labs. Wearing a white coat I could go anywhere, and I looked at everything. The monkeys were particularly pathetic, for those with plugs in their heads were restricted with straps while in their cages. This prevented them from banging their heads on the cage walls to displace the plugs. And they couldn't get their hands up to their heads to touch the sore area, for they were outfitted with large plexiglass platters around their necks, just big enough so that they could not be reached around. They were fed by lab assistants, of course, but their entire life was spent in chains, so to speak, or in the research area.

* * *

Whenever I looked at these monkeys, and especially if they looked straight back at me, it seemed as if I could hear an appeal for kindness, at least an appeal of some kind. It was probably anthropomorphic projection, but sometimes it seemed that words would almost form in my mind.

I am not a sentimentalist, but nevertheless I have always had an odd knowing about animals, and as time passed the horror of this clumsy mechanistic non-kindly work by graduate students was too much for me, and I had to get free of the entire area, even if it meant I would not be able to stay at the University of Chicago....

* * *

It is not in animal labs alone that humans are generating bad bad karma. It is in feed lots for cattle, in egg factories, in pig feeding pens. Some commercial farmers are a sad lot, not seeming to feel anything at all for the animal kingdom, except for their own pets.

The American Indian way of relating to animals (and the Indians have always eaten animals) is the only right way to my mind. Animals are, to them, beings with spirits. And their bodies are eaten by humans just as humans (ages ago) were eaten by animals. And for a human, that is appropriate. But the heartless, cold blooded keeping of animals in feed lots rather than in pastures is a crime against Nature.

* * *

When PETA first appeared [People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals], I sent them money to fight against animal research in graduate schools.... Actually, I am repelled by the outrageous advertising they indulge in, but nevertheless I will continue to send money, for the error they make is small compared to the evil they are trying to bring to public awareness.

* * *

So, as Alyce and I watched Zapata work for the peasants and landless serfs of Mexico, I was temporarily overcome with the plight of all such. And then I thought of those even worse off, the animals in graduate-student hands, and the entire feeling of the injustice at the University of Chicago came up. Most people laugh at the idea that the principle of justice should include animals, but...it is needed on this planet.

There should be a world-wide Bill of Rights for animals. The American Indians and Dr. Dolittle had it right, and civilized whites have it wrong.

Obviously this has nothing to do with whether or not people should be vegetarians. Whether animals should be eaten is not the question. The question is how they are treated, and whether they are given a chance to evolve (even as humans) in their own societies, until they are needed as food in a higher level of organization.

* * *

27 MARCH 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Pat called with the news that Rick Campbell had died. Rick was one of the most impressive, creative, and dedicated people I ever met. For him I had a feeling of great love. He was certainly one of The Tibetan's people, not necessarily literally, but working for The Tibetan's goals. Among many notable and remarkable achievements, he worked in the Watts ghetto with black gangs and was able to organize some of that energy into community projects. What a wonderful person. Best wishes to you, Rick!

* * *

29 MARCH 1991 (THURSDAY).... When we sat on the couch, with Alyce motionless and her eyes closed for two hours, I meditated. The quietness, the still focus of attention, and the music blended after a time and I found myself exploring my own emotional and mental states, and Lotus states.

While doing this I noticed the familiar touches (vibrations, as Blanche calls them) around my face and forehead that Dr. Erwood had said were contacts with spiritual beings. As I meditated on the phenomenon, I felt that it was not the face that they touched, but the etheric homunculus in the cortex.

If that is agitated in the slightest, we sense something,...the beings with whom we are in contact may be able to disturb the etheric envelope sufficiently to make an impression on a sensitive cortex. At least, that is the best rationale I know of....

* * *

COMMENTARY: As I understand it, if the person does not have enough etheric energy, or does not have a certain kind of etheric energy, contact with "spirits" is not possible. In the same way as we feel touches, I believe, we see flashes of light (in the visual cortex), or hear bursts of sound (in the auditory cortex).

On the other hand, the cochlea is an auditory analyzer (just as the retina is a visual analyzer), so for conversation and elaborate images, such as human forms, it is probably easier to manipulate the etheric counterparts of the analytic senses rather than work only with the cortical homunculus. But simple internal flashes of light, and non-verbal sounds (and perhaps internal bell-like notes) are likely to be the results of direct cortical impact.

The light flashes I referred to above are not the same as astral vision. That comes through the limbic brain, I believe, and is projected to the cortex for analysis. If a person is not conscious of the unconscious, then astral vision is not possible.

* * *

It is clear that when Bob Monroe pinched the woman he was talking to (while he was in an OB state) in order to get her physical attention, he was pinching the etheric body. Although he was in astral form himself, he had enough control of multiple energies to be able to do that, but that is a rare event, just as Bob Monroe is, himself, a rare event.

The woman, you will recall, remembered nothing of the conversation with Bob, but jumped at the pinch (and startled her bridge partners) and had a black and blue spot on her side the next day....

It was somewhat similar to the time Dr. Erwood, while in ectoplasmic trance in a dark room (at The Curtis Hotel, in Minneapolis), was accidentally subjected to a beam of bright white light and knocked off his chair....

* * *

Ectoplasmic trance, incidentally, is one in which part of the etheric substance of the body is able to be separated from the dense physical and used for materialization. Blavatsky could do this in full consciousness, and make artifacts with the energy, depending on her visualization.

Henry Olcott said that most of HPB's objects vanished within a few hours, but if a child, for instance, wanted to keep a toy that had been materialized, then she had to "fix" it (like a photographic print). That took additional energy, but HPB did it on occasion.

HPB's body was unique according to Koot Hoomi, and at that time (1880), was the only one on the planet so wonderfully endowed with "free" etheric energy. That was not necessarily a spiritual accomplishment, it was explained, but a psycho-etheric facility, a magical ability, the same one that sorcerers have.

* * *

After a couple of hours, I was so "turned on" that I spent about half an hour visualizing and projecting energy from my hands to Alyce. I had been holding her right hand in my left hand, and was able to reach above her head with my right hand. The feeling of energy from the palm of the hand was unusually strong, and my arm for a time seemed to be held in grip of iron....

....When I first took Alyce's hand in mine, she opened her eyes and laughed and said, "What will all these people around here think of this? They will say, 'What are those children doing?'" I smiled at that, but said nothing, and she closed her eyes and remained peaceful....

* * *

3 APRIL 1991.... At one point, when I was helping remove a sock, she said that I was hurting her foot (though I was not aware of anything unusual) and she added that I should be careful and gentle when helping "a child!"

That surprised me for she has not previously identified herself with the child. It is interesting, however, that in the last week Alyce has talked of this child almost every day. Sometimes it is a boy and sometimes a girl. In the main, I believe she is shifting to the idea that the child is a boy....

* * *

4 APRIL 1991.... She wanted to vanish...just wanted to disappear into nothing.... So I started talking about her more useful options, somewhat as follows:

Going into nothing is not really possible, for it can only be temporary in any case. The thing to do is decide what you want and then hold that visualization in mind. For instance, if you are tired of trying to work here, then the thing to do is put out a mental call

for Marble. I already know that he is available if you decided to call him. There are a lot of people there who would be a welcoming committee if you decide to go over, but it would be most useful to specifically call on Pop and tell him you are coming. He will then make all arrangements for housing, introductions at school, and general orientation.

Alyce laughed at that, but objected, saying it all sounded so mechanical. I reminded her, however, that Jesus said that in his Father's house were many mansions. And that meant there were architects, builders, landscapers, etc. There are mechanical conditions associated with every plane of existence, but that is not what is important, it is the work that is done that is important. I continued:

Marble will probably take you to the school where you will enroll in some Continuing Education courses in preparation for your next line of work. Some of these courses are Advanced Therapy for working with people who are almost ready to wake up to Reality, and get out of the dream world. Some courses are for educating teachers, those who eventually run night classes [in the astral plane] in philosophy and religion.

At the same time, you will get instruction on how to work with living persons, like me, as a perceptive guide in helping the work unfold, for the work is the same on both sides, though different in circumstances, of course.

* * *

....Later, after a car ride and short walk, Alyce was in a total fantasy. She talked continuously to me, but the beginning, middle, and ends of sentences did not fit together. Finally I said that I couldn't follow her for she wasn't talking in a logical way, but was just letting her mind ramble without meaning. To that, she responded very quickly with, "Well, what do expect from a young child?"

* * *

Recognizing this child as herself is important for Alyce, I believe, for then she can begin to make progress, or should I say that then she will have accomplished her goal? The problem with all of us is to recognize that the defensive ego must die, and we consciously become as a child, before we can consciously travel the spiritual realms as a Lotus Being. We don't have to lose our rational faculties, of course, as Alyce has done, (unless that is where the stronghold of

the ego lies), if we make every effort to become aware of every nook and cranny of our own unconscious, and diligently search out and destroy every barrier to self awareness.

* * *

....Today, a few minutes after the question about the child, when I stood up to go to the kitchen to begin dinner, Alyce stood up and came to me and put her arms around me and said she was sorry I had to go through all this strain, and that she was truly grateful that I was being so kind, so considerate and understanding. I told her how sorry I was that she had to go through this problem, and said we should just keep on going, and see what happens....

* * *

....Alyce went to bed gracefully but, suddenly, about 3am, she sat up and said something very angry, and grabbed me by the head, with a tight hold on one ear. I tried to get her to wake up and let go of my ear, which was beginning to hurt a lot, but nothing helped.

She was convinced that somebody was doing something bad to somebody else, and she said that she wouldn't stop hurting me until I stopped hurting "him." After a minute I turned on my light. She then switched her grip to my wrist, and I couldn't budge it. I tried to go to sleep under this condition, with her being silent and tense, and up on one elbow, gripping and pushing against me, but I didn't succeed.

After about 30 minutes I became angry and tried to wake her up by speaking very loud, and shouting "Let go of my wrist." That, if anything was counterproductive. I tried slapping her hand, but that did nothing, so finally I had to pry my wrist loose. It was a struggle.

I then got up, turned on all the lights, and tried to wake her by talking. Nothing succeeded, so I turned out the lights and got back into bed, as far away as possible. She stayed tense, but with her head on her pillow, and fell asleep after half an hour. As soon as her breathing deepened, I got up and covered her again with the blanket. What an odd occurrence.

* * *

5 APRIL 1991.... It was a bad day for us, but after much strange confrontation she suddenly changed and asked for God's blessing to help us get through this ordeal.

Before those last few minutes I had been worn down to where all I wanted was to fall asleep, and vanish, myself. But when Alyce's mood and consciousness became normal (in the old sense of the word), my energy flooded back....

Perhaps I shouldn't be influenced by Alyce's state of consciousness, but part of the problem, for me, is the constant alertness and strain I feel when Alyce is unusually disoriented or unusually negative. Among other things, I'm always afraid she will fall down, or hurt herself in some way, while walking around in an angry mood.

On the other hand, I am not made negative very often by difficulties, no matter what happens, though I feel the tension. Sudden changes in my mood are usually toward the positive, in response to something good, like a release from strain. But, trying to achieve detachment while at the same time focusing effort and attention on keeping things going has not been without heavy tension sometimes.

Well, at least it is educational! Also, I never feel that nothing is accomplished. For one thing, Alyce and I have had several conversations in the last week about the rebellion of her ego against what her Spirit requires if she is going to maintain a physical body.

Part of her rebellion is against recognition of problems. It is ironic that that was the main difficulty we had down the years (whenever a problem arose), and now she is confronted with the ultimate memory and ego control problem. Today I said that if she would give up ego insistence on having her own way, and would recognize the problem, her Spirit probably would be able to help, and my life and her life would be much happier, a great deal happier, in fact....

* * *

6 APRIL 1991 (SATURDAY).... When night came, we went out to look at the sky. The sky was bright with stars, and outshining everything else were Sirius and Venus. Alyce asked what stars they were, and that led to a discussion about the Monad and the Lotus, and The Tibetan's concept of actual, not metaphorical, spiritual reality connected with those heavenly objects.

As we talked, Alyce became transpersonally activated, and once again I was reminded that something is happening in her levels of consciousness. A process of some kind hasn't stopped, though focus in the world has not improved....

....A couple of times today I had an unexpected feeling of latent "joy." I say latent because it was not connected with anything I could put a finger on, and it was not greatly expressive. I interpreted the feeling as an indication that something positive was happening that I was not conscious of....

* * *

10 APRIL 1991.... by the time we returned home from the Post Office I felt quite zonked out. Whether Alyce's state had an empathic effect on me I can not say, but I began to feel even more

unreal, spaced out, and slightly sick. I asked her to sit on the couch while I lay on a foam pad on the floor. (I felt it was necessary for me to be within Alyce's sight, so she wouldn't worry.)

....I fell asleep and after half an hour woke up coughing. A bronchitis-like effect, which appears occasionally in the spring and fall, gave me an asthmatic feeling. Alyce was upset and wanted to call some one of the neighbors for help. I was appreciative of her awareness, but it brought me to full attention, and I got up and, to reassure Alyce, began talking about the lunch I was planning. The heavy feeling of impending doom did not leave. It is a feeling somewhat like suffocation, like being under water and running out of air.

....While eating I fell into a deep concentration on the PBS presentation last night. In the video presentation, Bill Moyers had asked Joseph Campbell, who was it that was crucified, in the symbolic sense, and who was it that Jesus really was. And Joe answered with the wonderful statement, "It is you! You are crucified, the Son of God!" Suddenly, Alyce interrupted my train of thought and said, "Isn't it surprising how many people now-a-days are concerned with the Christ, and with the flame that they are?"

....it reinforced my feeling that she is conscious at a transpersonal level, and is, these days, usually unable to express it through the normal personal channels of voice, gesture, and eye contact.

* * *

11 APRIL 1991.... Alyce was continuously worried about getting lecture notes prepared, about getting ready to go somewhere. Accompanying her worry, she said, was a lot of solar plexus and chest pain. I tried to aid with meditation but she seemed immune to outside help. We talked for quite a while about the need to rise above fear, and though she admitted the need, she exerted no effort to change the state or to use the fear-conquering phrases that are a form of meditation.

Eventually, this state of affairs depressed me...and by evening I had absorbed, or identified with, the many pains Alyce had. I was amazed at the intensity of some of the pain spots in the chest and around the ribs....

While in this state, I became so sensitive to noise that the slightest click was like an electric shock through the whole body. Swami Rama often got into a similar state during research trials in Room 25 at the lab (the present copper wall room), and complained strenuously about clicking heels, doors being closed, etc., upstairs.

Carolyn Conger also got into this same state during copper wall sessions. It wasn't fun, she said. I suspect that it has to do with direct etheric perception not transduced by the nervous

system. Sometimes when in that sensitive condition, every sound is accompanied by a flash of light. Occasionally I see a detailed geometric pattern, like a mosaic of some kind, and have wondered if the pattern is related to the specific neural structure of the cortical visual area.

* * *

13 APRIL 1991 (SATURDAY).... At one point she turned very definitely toward me and said, "Is the upper part of your body working all right now?" I was impressed, for I had not mentioned my upper body pains of yesterday to her. It was an appropriate question, for today there has been no worry, nor fear, nor anxiety in Alyce, and I feel a relief in my own self, and no pains. Surprisingly, Alyce seemed to sense what had been going on. My gloom and chaotic emotional and mental state did not go away, however.

Once during lunch she turned and asked, when I was bringing a dish from the kitchen, "Do you two know each other?" I believe I said that we did. Some months ago I used to explain that no one was there. Possibly, of course, someone may be there on another level. I have noticed that Alyce "sees" some things that I "feel" but can't see, especially negative "forces." Usually I detect them before she does....

14 APRIL 1991.... My need is to not become negative, pessimistic, tired, or burned out, no matter what happens. That is the spiritual part of my problem. Now that I have thought about it I believe I will not have as much trouble fighting the problem, instead of feeling it.

* * *

After lunch I wrote down seven options that Alyce might wish to choose from. After looking at the possibilities for about ten minutes, she chose to get dressed and go for a car ride and walk. I am struck by the fact that whatever is written can get her attention better than what is spoken. The reason, I believe, is that the spoken word is serial, sequential, and vanishes. The written word, on the other hand, is gestaltish and permanent. Meanings have a longer exposure with the written word....

* * *

16 APRIL 1991. I got up at 5am and began sorting papers, trying to decide what to work on. My thoughts were in CHAOS and I wasn't able to find things, and couldn't decide what should be done. Since this was so unlike me, and hadn't been preceded by months, or years, of being disorganized, I felt that it couldn't be a karmic problem as much as an "induced" state of some kind, not a "reality" connected with me.

As I sorted through my stacks of papers, I meditated on what to do first, and asked my Spirit to take a hand at guidance since I was going to do something. I have learned over years, and previous similar occurrences, that if I take one task and do not let my mind wander, then almost always there is progress in destroying the inhibiting mood and accompanying mental state.

As I meditated, I remembered that one of the things that had most bothered me, made me gloomy, was the receipt of a letter on the crisis in a parapsychological association. When I first got the letter, two or three weeks ago, I decided that it was time for me to speak out.... But instead of immediately acting on my impulse to respond, I kept putting the task aside and letting it burden me. In the crush of other events I thought of the crisis almost every day, but didn't do anything positive.

So, when that issue came to mind this morning, I searched through the stacks of papers and found a ream of communications and began writing a commentary. After an hour I noticed that the gloomy foreboding that has plagued me for so many days was lightening up. By 8am it was gone, and I realized that once more I had had to fight through something externally induced which, however, because of my life circumstances was able to give the impression of being connected with me.

* * *

Alyce got up for breakfast at 9:30am, and when she went back to rest, I finished my parapsychologic commentary. The relief was remarkable. I could breath again, and I felt strongly that the crisis in the Society was engineered by some of those we have referred to as *DBs*. When I tuned in on the problem, after receiving the original information, I probably was recognized as a threat to what was being connived, and may have been focused on by *DBs* in order to block an answer....

* * *

COMMENTARY: The above may seem far out,...but I learned while at the U. of Minnesota that these *DBs* are real forces. Aurobindo told his students that if the dark beings do not bother you, then don't think about them, for it attracts attention. But if they do bother you (and they always are aware of spiritually-conscious people as targets to hinder or destroy) then you must fight on occasion. The battleground is in ourselves, of course, but at the same time our success spreads into the planetary field of mind and influences others.

The abrupt departure of heavy emotional weight and distracted thoughts was the best indicator that my persevering with constructive action had demolished their hold and, incidentally, that they were there in the first place. I still have work to do, and many problems, but positivity of mood has rebounded. I can make better headway without having to fight them at the same time.

It is interesting that usually, though not always, they have a difficult time attacking unless we open the door to invasion by some kind of astral negativity, or through some personality loop-hole. And they are sneaky masters of convincing us that our bad emotions are justified, are correct, are appropriate. That is what I meant some time back when I said they were the Cosmic Examinations Committee.

That is also what The Tibetan meant when he said of the Teachers, “We stand.” They stand at ease in the center of the worldly cyclone, and maintain that ease wherever They go. They are the Masters of the three worlds. That means they are masters of themselves, not masters of others. The Tibetan calls them the Masters of the Wisdom, but many mistaken disciples hope they will find a Master to master them.

* * *

Self-regulation training is on the right track. Theoretically, it will bring more and more candidates up for Examinations. The five major initiations are paralleled by five major Examinations, of course. Otherwise, the Teachers would not know whether the student could “stand” against opposition and adversity.

On occasion, *DBs* will attack even if the door isn’t open. For instance, just before I got my Ph.D. I had an encounter with a determined individual who I was able to see. He apparently decided to attack because I was getting to the point of succeeding. I had been totally focused on my dissertation research and had not given any openings that I know of. I returned home from school about 7pm and as I opened the door to the apartment at 5702 Blackstone, a heavy cloud came down on me like a blanket.

The contrast from outside the door to inside was so sharp that I had no doubt about its origin. My vision was dimmed as if all the lights were on low voltage, my hearing was diminished, and a lethargy came over me. I tried to drive this negative entity away by calling in the Light, but was unsuccessful. So I gave up and mentally said something like, “Okay, do what you can, but you won’t accomplish anything, except use up your energy.”

After dinner I didn’t try to study, but read the newspaper, or something, and finally went to bed, pulled my energy around me like a cocoon, and went to sleep. After about an hour I woke up with a pressure trying to break my shell. I was in the OB state of consciousness, except for the fact that I was totally inside my body. As the pressure increased I laughed, and mocked whoever it was, calling him a weakling.

I knew that no matter how much pressure was used it wouldn’t succeed, for it was compressing me into a smaller and smaller volume with a corresponding reactive build up of pressure

inside. I wasn't worried about the physical body, for it was in the other dimension. All I need do was stay inside myself and watch. I wasn't worried about my energy body or astral body, either, for I knew there were no openings for energy to escape as the pressure increased.

As I relaxed and allowed the pressure to build, holding myself together, becoming smaller and smaller in volume, to the point where I seemed to be only about 5 or 6 inches in diameter, I again laughed and said, in essence, "There is nothing you can do, for I can compress to an infinitely small volume and still be myself. Who do you think I am, anyway?" At that, the pressure suddenly dropped to zero and I instantly expanded to fill my body.

As that happened, I saw the *DB* himself. He walked from above my head, down alongside the bed and out through the doors. As he walked past I got a good look at him. He was about my height, had dark skin over prominent cheek bones like a long time ascetic yogi, a sharp thin nose, intense eyes and forehead, and seemed to be of some foreign extraction. He was dressed like a Tibetan, but I don't know that that was his racial stock.

As I looked directly at him I expected a response of some kind, possibly anger or frustration, but I wasn't expecting what I got. I tuned in on his essence, and his coldness was far below ice. I have felt it several times in my life and have learned that it represents the presence of a *DB*.

From him I got no anger, no frustration, no emotion, nothing at all, just coldness. That is why the *DBs* are immortal. They are akarmic, and have already destroyed all connections with the three worlds that could bring them into incarnation. They escape mortality not through transcendence, but through destruction of their astral being, and there is nothing left except the immortal causal body which is cut off from the Lotus.

The Tibetan says that true *DBs* are rare, and never found in a physical body, no matter how depraved or cruel a tyrant may be. Hitler was no *DB* by these definitions, only a useful channel, and that is how The Tibetan described him.

As this *DB* walked by, so close I could have reached out and touched him, the coldness of his being repelled me, but what particularly got my attention was that I perceived that as far as he was concerned "I" did not exist. The instant he failed, and gave up, I no longer was an object in his consciousness. To him I was no more than a worm, a worm that a fisherman might dismiss from his mind if he couldn't pull it out of its hole.

His cold arrogance affronted me much more than his attack, and as he vanished through the doors into the darkness, I tried to think of some way to demolish him. Having just spent 10 years at NOTS in the guided missile business, I quickly created two Sidewinder missiles and shot them after him with the thought that they would explode with a blast of white light at about

the place he would be at his present rate of departure. The explosion was violent, and satisfying, and I went back to sleep with a very good feeling.

* * *

Oddly, this event had a sequel a few months later. I awoke in my OB body and as I walked along I met two of the Teachers. I do not know in ordinary consciousness who they were by name, but I recognized them.

Just as we met, one of Them showed me a scene in which I was being attacked by someone with a knife. As I wrestled with this person, and lost a grip on his arm, he tried to stab me in the middle. I laughed at that, knowing that I could not be damaged in such a simple way, and his knife was unable to break through the web of force that I was, even though it sunk in quite far.

When he saw that he had failed in his attack he just dismissed me from his mind and started to withdraw, but that angered me and I grabbed him by the wrist, and against his strength forced his hand around until the knife went through his arm. At that he dropped every pretense of aloofness, struggled free and ran.

One of the Teachers smiled and said, "That was a brave thing to do," and I had the feeling he referred to my laughter at the attack and to the non-fear response. He didn't seem displeased at my wounding of the assailant. In fact, He didn't seem to think of him as anyone worth thinking about. I noticed that the enemy wasn't demolished, only wounded, but at least it told me that the Sidewinders had accomplished something. It is said that "thoughts are things," but we seldom think of them that way....

* * *

There have been other battles with "forces" which may be discussed in another place, but three other "sensings" of the coldness of the *DB* influence were associated with (1) my reading of *THE CUMULATIVE RECORD*, by Skinner, (2) my attendance in Chicago, about 1961, of the first annual meeting of the newly-formed society of neurophysiological researchers who worked with live animal brains (the name of the Society escapes me), and (3) my reading (about 1967) of Timothy Leary's distortion of *THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD*, in which Leary fabricated and modified the teachings to coincide with his slogan, "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

I was so incensed (I had just finished reading Evens-Wentz's original for the second time), that I was going to write a paragraph-by-paragraph dissection and rebuttal, and expose Leary in spite of the cold presence I felt connected with him. But that night I was told by one of the Teachers to forget it.

I was shown what Leary was doing, what he was trying to accomplish, who was behind it, and warned that it would distract me from more important work at the Menninger lab. The dark forces around Leary would make me their special target, and though I might be able to accomplish something, it wasn't worth the time and effort.

So, I dropped the idea with relief, for I did not relish a full-fledged confrontation with the coldness, even though I thought something ought to be done about Leary and his notion of the "wisdom of the cells." A lot of Esalen people got trapped in that morass....

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19 APRIL 1991.... I decided to wash some of Alyce's clothes, rather than save them for a trip to the laundry. When I mentioned what I was doing, Alyce looked at me very seriously and said, "It isn't easy being a brand new mother. I know!" I couldn't keep from laughing, for she was commenting on the problem in which she was immersed. And also, she saw me as a mother.

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WHAT IS GOING ON HERE

And now, I pause and extract myself from the Journal to explain what I learned from the above experiences, and from those I have yet to describe. Today 14apr 00 the experiential puzzle is taking on a better integration in my mind.

Surprising things happened to both Alyce and me since 19apr 01, but only in the last week did I re-read the above Journal entries. That review has been illuminating. It focused my thoughts and answered many questions which have hovered in mind, like humming birds without a roost.

It is good to get a broader perspective in which the past, present, and future are seen as a single tapestry, not only interesting to look at, but also logical and rational.

Before I got up this morning, while still in a lucid hypnagogic state of consciousness, I pondered the meanings of the experiences described so-far in AVIZ, as well as those below. QUESTION: How do Alyce's and my experiences fit into a single rational picture of Kosmic processes in action?

* * *

I always understood intuitively what was going on in Alyce and in me, or it would have been more than I could bear to work with her 24 hours/day as a body, and as a *soul*, and as a *SOUL*. But now I see that my main problem in caring for her was in having to learn how to interact appropriately with each of these very-different parts of her Being—while at the same time maintaining a semi-tranquil perspective in myself, without inordinate suffering.

This broader perspective settles two interesting questions: Who is it that suffers? And how could I feel even a trace of joy in carrying out my tasks? The answer is threefold: The Dweller is pained—the *soul* suffers—and the *SOUL* is joyful because the day of graduation, the “golden ascent,” is approaching.

Consider the following:

1. The DWELLER was the Being in Alyce who said, or demonstrated, the Journal quotations immediately below.

—Alyce has refused to use, or let me use with her, the transpersonal Autogenic phrases I developed a few days ago....

—I’m dying, you know, (said with anger).

—She responded angrily saying she did not have to cooperate with me at all, for I was no one connected with this family.

—Alyce awakened in a hostile mood and told me to leave her alone.

—I wish I could figure out a way to get rid of you.

2. The *soul* was the Being in Alyce who said, or demonstrated, the quotations below.

—I was stunned to learn that I was to start over again.

—It seems rather ludicrous to talk that way, when actually “She is me.”

—No, I will not die.

—You seem to be bearing up under this much better than I.

—I am in a delicate state right now.

- But this is not Heaven, this is Earth. And then she added, However, on Earth there is always a possibility of change,
- I feel so much pain here. And yet I know that it is of no consequence. It is only the pain of change. But even though I know that, it still pains. Hopefully it will come to an end.
- We had a good life, didn't we? It was a great adventure. We did everything we wanted.
- Where is the young woman who said she would come to see me? I am disappointed that she is not here. I asked if by any chance she had confused my presence with that of a "young woman," and she said, No, it is not you. And a man was supposed to come with her.
- I am disappointed. I was hoping for a res.. resurrection.
- Well, what do expect from a young child?
- It isn't easy being a brand new mother. I know!

3. The *SOUL* was the Being in Alyce who said, or demonstrated, the quotations below.

- Have you any questions?— I thank you and bless you.
- Now, and forevermore, for all time, I will know that you are Elmer.
- Isn't it surprising how many people now-a-days are concerned with the Christ, and with the flame that they are?

* * *

The above three beings of Alyce seem clear-cut when organized in context, but even though I knew about these "entities" all along, I still tended to see and react to Alyce as if she were a single Person, when in actuality she was composed of three major parts who were not tightly linked with one another.

Consequently, I was emotionally woundable. At least at first.

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As Morpheus said to Neo, in *MATRIX*, “Knowing the Path is not the same as Walking the Path.” Gradually, however, as objectivity and detachment developed in me, the “humor” of the situation, which Alyce’s *SOUL* had mentioned, came to mind. That perspective didn’t make the day-to-day practical-nurse task easier, but it tended to eliminate distressed reactions in me.

I slowly learned to remind myself that the resistive rigid Being, whom at the end I had to deal with almost continuously, wasn’t either the *soul* or the *SOUL*, it was the Dweller, which in Alyce’s case was composed almost entirely of “body consciousness.”

I will say more of this “body consciousness” in Chapter 11: *FREEDOM FROM FEAR*, under the subheading *THE GOLDEN ROCK MAN*, and in Chapter 13: *GILGAMESH*. My own experience with the Golden Rock Man, who turned out to be “me” as a physical body, gave me insight into The Tibetan’s comment that we *SOULS* have a responsibility to resurrect the planetary substances of which we personalities are made.

The above perspective, incidentally, is what made it possible to say to my brother, Merrill, “It is definitely a strain. But let’s face it. An hour is only an hour, whether you are paddling a canoe or taking care of an Alz. The emotional requirement in the latter case, though, is genuine detachment.

“So it isn’t fun! It’s more like a long tiring portage on a canoe trip. But so what. Shoveling sand for a living isn’t fun either, and some people do it their entire lives.

“The present task, even if it involves attention 24 hours per day, won’t last forever. And in the meantime Alyce’s *soul* is hopefully developing enough consciousness in the bardo, while it continues to “work” with (battle with) the Dweller, to find its own detachments, and thus be able to join the *SOUL* before the body dies.”

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BACK TO THE JOURNAL

And now I’ll quickly go through the remaining in-the-bardo events before Alyce’s body died, and then describe what happened in my vision dreams and OB life after that event, and up to the present.

24 APRIL 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... After Alyce’s rest period she talked very clearly about her dislike of having to be a child and start school again. I asked if she was about 5 years old and that seemed to be about right. This time she seemed to be, she said, a boy. She also said that it was obnoxious having big people around looking down on you, as if they were saying, “You’re

not so big.” The idea of having to be instructed seemed very bothersome.

I remarked that perhaps she was burning off some of the handicapping ideas that she had suffered from during her life, and with that she agreed, and had many tears about the unfairness of it all.

My sympathetic empathy has to be guarded against, and only compassionate empathy allowed, or the effect on me of all this pushing and pulling in the emotional domain is too much.

When I said later that we had to be cheerful and look on the bright side of experience, she interrupted with an angry, “Don’t go being happy, happy, on me.” But then she added, in a different tone, “That’s the way life is, I guess. That’s the way life is lived so we can grow.”

That kind of mixed-enlightened conversation went on for about 15 minutes. It was four or five notches better than what has been happening the last week or two. Too bad the memory of what she thinks, feels, and does vanishes (or submerges) in just a minute or two. It would be very convenient if the bursts of light (through this astral fog bank), were to become more numerous—and begin a trend.

* * *

28 APRIL 1991 (SUNDAY).... After a phone call from Judy and Bob, Alyce was in a semi-transpersonal mood, that is, sequential transpersonal flashes were mixed with nonsequiturs. Alyce struggled with this and said it was not easy keeping the thought, for a flock of them were flying around and around in all directions.

She put her arms around me and asked if we could talk, for she felt we had to make a continuous effort to keep the spiritual connection. We went to the library and sat in adjacent chairs while Alyce talked. Her face looked entirely different as she spoke of the many things in life that were important. Her cheeks were smooth and not tired looking, and her eyes were shining.

She said some profound things over a period of half an hour, but I could only nod, or say something affirmative, for if I said more than a word or two, it was distracting and she was unable to return to the subject. Her diction and expression were about perfect, though the flow of ideas was difficult—ideas concerning living and dying, personality and *soul*, this life and afterlife.

She talked quite a bit about the need to be cheerful, no matter what happened, perhaps reflecting on our conversation yesterday in which I asked her what was the absolutely worst thing that could happen. In answer to that she said, “To be put to death.” But as we talked of this, with my comment that dying wasn’t really the problem in being “put to death,” was it, as much as the anger, the horror, the frustration, the fear. She agreed. That discussion seemed to mean something to her.

Eventually, wanting to leave her in an “up” state, I suggested that she meditate on what she had talked about, while I did the dishes. She said that meditation was almost impossible because of the mind’s erratic behavior, but she would try. So, something is happening. We are continuing....

* * *

29 APRIL 1991 (MONDAY).... A very bad day. ... Alyce wandered around and around, but I felt there was nothing I could do, or wanted to do. I was fed up with suspicion, sarcasm, mocking, quick reacting, rapid nonsequitur talking—and closed my mind. She must have learned some of the more extreme things from studying for a play, for they were not evident as part of her nature over the years....

....When I went into the hall, in a dark mood about the apparent “desertion” by Alyce’s spiritual nature, where we were always brother and sister, very consciously, all the time, regardless of personality differences, Alyce was just then coming down the hall. She looked at me whimsically, and said, “Did you pray for me?”

Startled, I asked what she had said, and she repeated it again, in the same way. That broke it. I laughed and gave her a hug, and said, “I could say, in a way, that I pray for you almost continuously.”

She smiled, and said it was time for her to go to bed, and then everything was graceful. She had come out of the Dweller-on-the-Threshold mood. As I tucked her in bed she laughed about something, the first laugh and good humor, good cheer, goodwill, of the day. So, I feel much better, even though the day’s stress and strain effects have not fully evaporated.

* * *

10 MAY 1991 (FRIDAY).... Alyce was certain...that a young boy and girl (seemingly about 10 years old) had been with her and that I should say hello to them. Since she was determined, we went together through a few rooms to find them. I finally succeeded in convincing her that they were not in the physical world, and if they weren’t images created by her own mind, then they were actually in subtle bodies on some other level.

Alyce’s understanding of words, or anything, was at a low ebb.... It is becoming more and more difficult to communicate, even with the Listen-Aider.

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16 MAY 1991 (THURSDAY).... I had ordered CDs with the idea that they would be of value for Alyce. What I had not thought of was the powerful effect a couple of them would have on me. We started with Nat King Cole, and the experience, for me, was almost too much.

When we first listened to his songs many years ago I didn't pay much attention to the words, for I was busy with living. Only the music and smooth...voice came to consciousness. Now though, as he sang his songs of loss, I translated them into personal and transpersonal references to Alyce and me. It was an experience....

Alyce enjoyed the music and seemed to pay attention to the entire disk.

....In my life I have been generally immune to the sadness of "deserted lovers" and "lost friends", in music, for nothing was lost, until the last few years. At the same time, I watched myself, knowing that these feelings were surfacing for recognition, and did not try to block or invalidate them.

It reminded me of Joseph Campbell's remark long ago that after one becomes aware of spiritual reality there is nothing else that has equal attraction—but, he said, those who had not become aware yet of this reality still had a joy (not just a pleasure) that was meaningful. They have something that can not be ignored. In that connection it is interesting that the role of the immortal causal body (according to The Tibetan) is not to negate the personality but to extract from it the beauty gained in living.

Although Alyce was highly disoriented today, twice she called my attention to the beauty of the green world that has appeared suddenly around us. The leaves are a tapestry around the house, and Alyce did not tire of watching them blow in the wind. and she remarked on the beauty of the clouds and blue sky.

After supper we sat outdoors and watched the sunset. The sun was still warm and the winds had subsided. The lake was a mirror in which all the pinks of the clouds appeared. Alyce noticed these things and I brought her the Listen-Aider so she could hear the many bird songs at twilight. It was a magical evening.

....while listening again to Chet Atkins, I showed Alyce his picture on the CD case—and after studying it for a few moments, Alyce said, "He's no meanie." Then she continued with an astute character analysis. She said he was not pretentious, that his music was a straight expression of himself, that he did not claim to be the greatest, just someone who understood something. He was a person who was sincere and up front. With him, he was what you saw. No pretense. And he was concerned with meanings rather than artificiality.

I listened closely to what Alyce was saying. For a few minutes she was Herself. It was interesting that she had somewhat the same impression of Nat King Cole, though we did not talk of him more than a minute or two....

* * *

18 MAY 1991 (SATURDAY).... we listened to Nat Cole again. Alyce liked it. Later, during dinner, Chet Atkins came on with his guitar and at one selection Alyce said, "What is that exactly. It sounds as if someone is saying something to someone else." Very true. And it happened to coincide with my thoughts about the meaning of music and my "insight" at Chicago that music was actually the language of the emotions.

Afterward, when I was pulling up the outside blinds, I began thinking about 50 years ago when Alyce and I were newly married. I had talked with The Teacher about the marriage relationship, and loving attention of each to the other. I spoke of the spiritual and personal beauty and attractiveness of Alyce and asked if there might be, or should be, a conflict in me about these two things, which were not actually in the same domain.... And as He talked about spiritual and personal relationships I began to realize that the way to Divinity is through personality relationships if we always hold the highest view of the other in mind.

Later, when I was on Tinian and having much subjective turmoil at being away from Alyce for so long (while immersed inescapably in an earth-bound atmosphere) I received, unexpectedly, a letter from The Teacher.

While Pop was taking notes with Dr. Erwood in trance one day, The Teacher asked him to send me a special letter relating to a number of philosophical, spiritual, personality and tantric things I was concerned about. Again, He gave me instruction on the relationships between personality and spirit and how to dedicate ourselves in every aspect of living, "each to the highest of the other."

In this way, He said, all personality forces would become gradually and properly transmuted into spiritual forces. That was all that had to be done. In this regard I am reminded of a statement by The Tibetan that much damage was done by puritans who repressed normal personality functions, especially sex, to the point where no energy was available for use by, or transformation by, the spirit.

I was thinking these thought while pulling up the window blinds and had begun thinking about Alyce as the spiritual and personality partner who was now unaware of our relationship. And much to my surprise, just as I came in from the deck, Alyce came quickly and suddenly, to meet me at the door with outstretched welcoming arms, and said, "You were just now so tall and beautiful." And she put her arms around me and kissed me.

We stood there and talked for a couple of minutes about the things I had been thinking, just as if we had been talking together during the entire time of my silent concentration on the subject. Her eyes were shining and she was, again, Herself. Such moments help me continue this life without losing energy or hope (like a king-sized rat on a variable reinforcement schedule?).

I have found that when Alyce sees me “tall,” she is most likely “seeing” from Her other perspective. Her words made me think again of my dream (near the beginning of this journal) in which Alyce and I went to meet a plane coming from the east, and were greeted by a tall man who (after the dream) I eventually realized was Myself....

* * *

....we had a nice sociable evening at last. I was beginning to wonder a couple of days ago if she was “gone for good” in ability to come back to consciousness. Apparently being Herself for a while was a significant help. I am filled with wonder at this strange situation and sometimes feel like I’m holding an outpost on some strange planet, far from Home. This happens especially often when Alyce is able to function as Herself, for then she often talks of things that are invisible, but which I know are not unreal....

So, what is it that is really real, and what is metaphor in this situation? Stewart Edward White’s discussion in *THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE* (White, 1959) makes the point that those who are in body are in “an obstructed universe.”

The Tibetan, though, points out that without the latter, *souls* would not be able to come to full consciousness and extend the will of Sanat Kumara [the Planetary Logos] over all dimensions. I can believe The Tibetan’s statement that what we call physical, emotional, and mental actually lies in the unconscious mind of...Planetary Divinity. He also says that only the Buddhic parts of ourselves are in His consciousness...[the E4 level of the field-of-mind diagram, and above].

* * *

20 MAY 1991 (MONDAY).... I played the Myron Floren and Jo Ann Castle music...and it had a very good effect on Alyce. When she had her morning rest I started to work on CWP [Copper Wall Project] problems, and as I began to work (against a wall of obstruction it felt) I had an odd feeling of unreality.

I stopped and turned attention on what was going on and very clearly moved into a state of dual, or triple, awareness and, looking out the window, had a mild experience of gradually realizing my physical body as a giant creature....

My arms were about a foot in diameter and I felt I was encased in a dense form about the size of an elephant. Knowing about this perception from past experience, I experimented a bit and found I could shift back and forth from normal to unusual with a bit of effort. As I would shift into the inside state, my problems with the CWP were there like a plastic atmosphere pushing against me. When in the normal state, I merely felt pressured, confused, and overwhelmed with details.

Since the unusual state was more interesting, and also seemed to have more potential for manipulating the astral environment, I went into it and cleared away the astral substance, which was almost (but not quite) visible. I could feel palpable waves on my face and all around me, like fluctuating water pressure, and somehow I cleared them away.

* * *

AN ASIDE: I first had such an experience [of being encased in an elephant-size body] about 1947. I awakened from sleep into a lucid hypnagogic trance, just as I was slipping from my head down into the center of my chest. I had no control over what was happening and wondered if it was possible to vanish. As I slid down (like down my throat) I was intensely aware of the mammoth size, great density, and stupidity of me. It was a lumbering elephant in which I was stuck. It was restricting, suffocating, and the body seemed as big as a house.

Since nothing could be done about it, I relaxed and went along for the ride, just let it happen. At the same time I knew that I was the reality and had only to wait. While waiting I went to sleep, and awoke in the morning with everything normal.

Eventually, in 1960 after finishing my prelims at Chicago, I read Aurobindo continuously for a month (about ten hours a day, to make up for “starvation”) and found that he described this experience just as it had happened to me. He identified it as becoming conscious of “the true psychic being within the heart.”

Later I found that The Tibetan discussed the point of attachment of the Ego [the *High Self*] with the personality as being located at two points, a secondary one in the center of the head, and a primary one at a certain place in the heart. . More recently, about four years ago, I read similar descriptions of the body location of “reality” by Da Free John....

This sliding down into myself happened two or three times here at Lakewood Hills, always as I was going to sleep, falling into the hypnagogic state. It was a curious feeling, one which finally has not seemed unpleasant, but I always wondered what use it was, aside from reminding a person how gross he really was.

Today, however, it happened when I was wide awake, and was the first time I could turn it on and off. It wasn't as intense as when almost asleep, but it seemed just as real. The advantage today was that it was possible to work consciously in the astral plane and handle psychic problems and pressures.

....I was pleased to be able to work with the state a bit, and after a while I got a cup of coffee and began working again on my assorted CWP items. Imagine my surprise to find that what seemed a mountain of obstacles now seemed like mere details that I could easily handle.

* * *

The accomplishment today was phenomenal. I had conversations with Peter Parks, Pat, Steve, Dale, Penny, Srini, and an ISSSEEM conference call lasting from 9 to 11pm. I revised the protocol for the present phase of the CWP and added the copper wall feedback phase in a logical manner that will enhance the project.

In addition, I convinced Alyce that it would be useful to go for a walk and we had a good one on the streets around here. Before we walked we looked at the fruit trees and saw a few little apples, about a hundred peaches, and several hundred pears. After the walk, Alyce sat in the station wagon (which I moved out onto the lawn) and watched me work on the boat, to get it ready for launching in a week. I took the plastic tarps off, folded them, gathered all the ropes into bundles and stored this gear in the garage.

Then I cleaned out the back of the station wagon and put the summer tires in the back.... Then I started up the Falcon [the van] and moved the Bittersweet [the boat] alongside the front deck, checked the battery charger (all was okay), started the lawnmower and cut the tall grass that had grown around the trailer, and then we came into the house and I started on supper.

All this time I felt unusually energized and quick, and had unaccountable flashes of a feeling that I have always identified as sourceless joy, that is, joy as a state not connected with any event, or accomplishment, or process. At Chicago it was possible to be in this state sometimes for weeks, and it continued in some degree for many of the early Menninger years, but in the last few years it has had to be cultivated.

It was a good feeling, today, and it seemed to me that it generated directly from the experience this morning, clearing away the astral pressures while being the psychic entity within the heart.

Aside from the effect on me, it seemed to be of value to Alyce, too. She was oriented much better over the entire day today than any whole day of the last two weeks....

* * *

22 MAY 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Alyce was in an unusually good mood...and listened to Nat King Cole. His music, with its easy melodic lines and straight simple lyrics, pleases her. By the time we ate breakfast she was ready to crack jokes. For instance, when I told her, while she took her vitamins...that cod liver oil capsules were good for the joints, she said, "I refuse to take it!"

When I looked shocked, and repeated that it was good for the joints, she said, "Oh, I thought you said giants!" And when I started to answer, she laughed and said, "I was only joking."

Well—that's better than a lot of things I can think of.

* * *

24 MAY 1991 (FRIDAY).... A bad start today. Alyce didn't want to cooperate with anything and was angry. It seems that the more help she needs the angrier she gets. Not a positive spiral....Nothing I do (courteous and pleasant, or argumentative, or angry) seems to have any significant effect.

* * *

25 MAY 1991 (SATURDAY).... As I arose to fix breakfast, Alyce reached out her hand as I went by. I bent down and she patted my cheek and said, "Thank you for being good to me," and from the expression in her eyes it was, for me, a genuine contact. It was only momentary, but nevertheless precious. All went well at breakfast except that by the time it was ready Alyce was far away again. Eating seemed a strange ritual to her, even though she persevered through it as in a dream.

....After dinner she said, "Come, I wish to say something." I went to the table and leaned down to meet her outstretched hand, and as she put her fingers on my head and drew me close, she said, with a tear, "This is a strange way to die."

We talked about dying for a couple of minutes and she became a bit more cheerful as I pointed out that she could either leave or stay (and it would be a good idea to definitely do one or the other), but it would not affect our relationship for we were "spiritual partners," not just worldly partners. And actually, she would have more freedom to work and think, and help me, if she was completely on the other side, rather than halfway between.

* * *

AN ASIDE: I could have said, but didn't think of it soon enough, that every way is a strange way to die, for each personality dies only once. The causal body, on the other hand, has participated in hundreds of deaths, and to IT the process must seem like waking up in the morning after a night's dream.

How this prolonged halfway state that Alyce has been in for...two years is helping her Ego “fill in colors” it needs, I do not really know. Apparently it is a matter of becoming conscious of both worlds at the same time.

* * *

....When Alyce and I first became acquainted, and for several years after we were married, it seemed odd to me that she could be spiritually developed and not be psychic. In all my visionary dreams in which I struggled to reach the level halfway up the mountain, she was always already there, waiting for me, and I knew that she was there, all the time.

....Eventually I came to the place in The Tibetan books where he said that not being psychic happens to quite a few people whose focus is on being of service rather than on exploration of other dimensions.

But, He said, it was not possible to take the 4th Initiation without developing psychic awareness. And, He added, if it was delayed in the series of lives until that...date, then astral psychism didn't develop at all. Instead, buddhic psychism, based in the 4th chakra, developed directly without any transition through, or development of, 3rd chakra psychism.

* * *

Talking of “halfway up the mountain” made me think of something Martin Luther King said the week before he died. Possibly he was not a psychic type, any more than Alyce, but in his last major speech (which I heard over the radio) he told his followers not to be disheartened by problems and oppression.

....he said he had been taken up the mountain to a place where he could look out over the earth and watch a storm, that seemed destructive of humanity. And he was given a “vision” of the future in which he saw “The Promised Land.” Do not give up, he said, the future we are dreaming of and striving for is certain. People, everywhere, will find peace, joy, and justice in a new world.

...Martin was given a view from the causal level. I would guess that Teachers, before Martin died, wanted to reward his life's work with a spiritual certainty, and...give him a chance to share the Good News with his followers.

* * *

31 MAY 1991 (FRIDAY).... When Alyce came from the bedroom, having gotten herself up, she met me in the hall and held out her hand. She came close and looked at me in that particular way that I have learned to recognize as contact (sometimes only momentary) with reality. She said, "I have been gone for a long time." I was alerted and impressed, for it is true that during the last two or three days it seemed that maybe she wasn't there at all.

At 8pm we...sat on the deck to watch the sunset.... With some effort by me, Alyce began focusing attention on the martins zooming by, and soon came into a philosophical state. She talked about life, its strangeness, its temporality, its lack of significance if one doesn't work for the world. And after some minutes of sheer observation, she began singing and waving to Nature with graceful and touching gestures. Her beauty and simple goodness was a shining.

After a time she began talking about people on the "other side," and referred again to the difficulty of trying to come back. I said that if she did, I would be happy. But if she didn't...and she interrupted and said, "We will be happy anyway. It doesn't make any difference." Those were going to be my words.

It was one of the best, and longest, conversations we have had. It was almost as if she was making an effort to stop floating. Floating was one of the things she talked about, and how dismal it is to just float endlessly, on and on, without any focus.

Although her ability to maintain context was highly varying, Alyce seemed to be starting to wake up. She said her life was so difficult that she would almost welcome going into the next level and starting work there.

* * *

1 JUNE 1991 (SATURDAY).... Apparently Alyce was responsible for a group of students who seemed to have gathered for spiritual studies [while she and I were sitting in the library]. Alyce was in charge, and made a little speech of welcome. Later she hoped they would find their accommodations to their liking. As she talked [to the group] I responded on occasion and what I said was woven into the discourse, as if I were one of the students....

* * *

....In the afternoon, suddenly, out of nowhere, she said, "Now is a time of great opportunity for India. Not just for a change of government. Not that, but a change in the people."

....She followed that with comments on groups of people, "not just in India," becoming interested these days "in the study of occult things." There is a great need, she said, for people to

study in the right way so that the “power of good becomes dominant.” Then she said something that made me think of Gandhi’s death. “They showed me a picture of him,” she said, without saying who it was, “and it took me on a little journey of light. There were many sparkles and flashes connected with it.”

All this was scattered through a melange of other references that did not seem to fit. She paused many times searching for words, and said she was having much difficulty expressing herself. For me it was a most peaceful time. Since she was self generating, I did not say much, except in a client-centered way. She talked with animation for about forty minutes and said many wise things. I can’t remember it all, and was afraid to get a note pad for fear of derailment.

* * *

....At one point...when Alyce was discouraged about getting anywhere, I recommended that she call her *soul* and tell it to definitely make up its mind, and either end this connection or strengthen it enough so that she could function better.

The idea of telling her *soul* to do anything is foreign to Alyce, however. She has much difficulty with the concept. It is said, though, “Ask and ye shall receive.” Next time I’ll suggest that she “ask” her *Soul* what IT is trying to do, and begin a dialogue. Perhaps IT is merely maintaining a physical presence in order to have an energy base for working in etheric realms. If that is what IT is doing, then I want IT to help Alyce regain enough awareness to make our life moderately rational.

As it is, our life is time consuming and unsatisfactory for me. I don’t mind doing the housework, etc., but contending quite often with a hostile atmosphere is stressful, tiring, and frustrating. This is where Alyce’s volition must play a role.

Just as I thought that, there was a flash of light “in the air” above eyebrow level. Long ago I learned that that phenomenon was confirmation from my own *High Self* of correctness, or to accentuate something.

Usually, for me, etheric confirmation from an outside source (not mental impression, nor emotional certainty, nor transpersonal “knowing”), takes the form of a touch on the face, what Blanche calls a “vibration.” I never mention it, though.

“Etheric physics,” or “psycho-etheric physics,” when it finally gets started, will be a fascinating area of research.

* * *

2 JUNE 1991 (SUNDAY).... After dinner we sat on the couch and listened to the “easy listening” music that Alyce has grown to like. It seemed to me that she was quite a bit “there.” That was born out by a conversation that Alyce initiated about a woman who almost froze to death even though it was summer. Alyce kept saying things like “she said....,” etc., but finally from the context I realized she was speaking of herself, from another point of view.

I asked how it happened that this woman could almost freeze even though it was summer, and Alyce explained in an energetic way that it was easy. There are certain states of freezing that are emotional and mental. With this woman, physical was not involved, but the mind was almost paralyzed, and it was a freezing.

I asked if the woman recovered, and she said that the crisis had passed. The woman’s mind was beginning to melt and it seemed that some progress might be made! Again, her diction and speech patterns were correct, rapid, and definitely meaningful—if we allow the idea of mental freezing, which I certainly do. This is certainly a strange process that Alyce is undergoing.

* * *

I don’t believe I mentioned it last week, but if I did please bear it, for I don’t want to look back just now. Anyway, while Alyce and I were sitting in our library recliners about a week ago, I became drowsy and closed my eyes. I had been reading aloud, but in less than a minute I had a full-blown hypnagogic image and experience of holding a baby on my lap. The child, about 2 years old, looked at me in a very special way.

The eyes seemed to say that everything was understood, even if it was not possible to speak properly. And then the child leaned over and gave me a loving kiss on the cheek. I immediately was fully conscious. I glanced at Alyce and saw that her eyes were shut. My feeling was that it was she who had kissed my cheek. ...Well, there’s no way (for me) of knowing for certain, but it was a nice experience. It was real in some way, not just a self-generated thought form.

* * *

6 JUNE 1991 (THURSDAY. Our 50th Wedding Anniversary)....told Alyce that today was our 50th Anniversary, and that in October we will have known each other for 52 years. She could hardly believe it, for she seldom sees me as the original “Elmer.” Toward the end of Alyce’s morning rest I went into the library and she held out her hands and, with a tear, told me many comforting things about her appreciation of the long help I had been.

Since she seemed somewhat in normal mind, I gave her a rundown on every year of our life together, where we were, what we did, where we lived, all the places we visited after we began working for Menninger, who we met, our vacations, chartered cruises, Cruise Lines, and finally up to the present.

Alyce listened to all of this intently and remembered many details that she contributed. It wasn't easy for her to do, but she got through it all the way to the present.

Before it slipped away, I changed the subject to get back to our house. We then put on our walking shoes and had a 3/8 mile hike around these roads.... The day was just the best possible.

* * *

9 JUNE 1991 (SUNDAY).... I read to her from THE RETURN OF THE KING [Tolkien, 1985]...for at least an hour. She listened more and more carefully as I progressed and by the end was "elevated" in consciousness into her transpersonal mode. I abridged the text as I went along so as to stress the positive and downplay the negative.... [This abridgement was an important step in maintaining Alyce's transpersonal consciousness.]

....As I read, it seemed that I was Sam and Alyce was Frodo, at least at this stage of our life. Tolkien knew something. In any event, when I stood up to leave the room, Alyce said, "Come over here, I want to put my hands on you." I complied, expecting her to put her hands on my head. Instead, she put her hands on my chest and moved them around a bit and said, "There is a bright light here," and she seemed much interested in that, and looked for many seconds.

Also, from what she said as I turned to go, I felt she was seeing me in my other Self. She described Me to me, and it seemed to be the person who came on the plane from the east....

When I came back to the library with some juice to drink before lunch, Alyce said, again in that spacey way, "Well, how does it seem now to have another child in the family. Someone to be around all the time, for you to care for?" I said that I liked that experience, and again asked if it was herself, in another form. She smiled, not seeming to be surprised at that question, but didn't say anything.

* * *

COMMENTARY: I have begun to believe that the dreams and symbols about "the baby" are more than simple metaphors. It seems that a real being of some kind has been constructed, or "born" on another level of substance.

The only thing I can conceive of at the moment is that ALYCE, in "higher" consciousness, decided that Her Alyce-self [*soul*] had served its purpose. But, instead of dying and then being reborn to finish off the karmic load, was able to keep the present personality [body and *soul*] alive long enough for it to go through the "burning ground" and make way for a new fully-transpersonal personality [the child]....

This seems unusual, but on the other hand our life has not been “usual” in an ordinary sense, so, maybe what I have suggested is possible. The Tibetan mentioned that the 4th initiation need not take place when the individual has a “physical” body. In other words, Alyce could be in the process of constructing another vehicle of consciousness without being reincarnated....

* * *

13 JUNE 1991 (THURSDAY). Had some interesting dreams about the copper wall. This is the second time one particular dream showed up about a small motor that I held in my hand. Because of energy from me it was able to run without wires. At the end of a shaft, like a drill bit, a small magnet was attached. As it rotated it affected the environment and was detectable at quite a distance.

I don’t take this literally, of course, but the interesting ingredients are “energy from the hand,” “magnetic field,” and “effects at a distance.” ...Interesting possibilities.

* * *

5 JULY 1991 (FRIDAY). After Alyce’s morning rest I finished reading aloud the adventures of Frodo. Alyce asked me to give a précis of the story, which I did, and she then commented on the spiritual atmosphere that seemed to surround the leading characters.

After that, she gave a talk to a group “somewhere.” It was short, cogent, and covered metaphysical truths. I answered her questions, on occasion, but she could neither see me nor separate me from her “audience.” Then, she closed her eyes for 10 minutes, and when she opened them she was back in the library....

* * *

6 JULY 1991 (SATURDAY).... A few times she has come to the present, as in a lucid dream, and talked about her concern for me. Once, while I was silently sorrowful at my inability to help in any significant way, she suddenly came to the present and said, “You must protect yourself. You are an individual, too, you know, and you must not allow yourself to become too concerned with this sad state.” I was grateful for that contact, but it was too short....

* * *

24 JULY 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Since Alyce has been floating almost without volition for a long time, and gradually becoming less able to say what she wants (though it seems she can

always object, resist, and say what she doesn't want), I tried to talk with her about what ideas she should try to hold in mind.

Since my words did not seem to mean anything..., I wrote out a "prayer," or invocation, she might profitably use, and gave her a copy. She read it many times, and told me she felt it was of value. It goes as follows:

*FROM MY SPIRITUAL SELF:
I COMMAND MY MIND TO REMEMBER BETTER.
I COMMAND MY EMOTIONS TO FEEL BETTER
AND BE MORE CHEERFUL.
AND I COMMAND MY BODY TO BE MORE AWARE OF THE WORLD
AND MORE OBEDIENT TO MY WILL.
AMEN*

* * *

25 JULY 1991 (THURSDAY).... Finally, in the afternoon, and for the first time, I said a meditation aloud while holding Alyce's hands to keep her attention. After visualizing (with what seemed a modicum of success) the Golden Light ambiance of the Teachers, I called on the Lotus Beings of Alyce and me to take over, for I, as a personality, have done all I can think of to help.

Whatever They have in mind must soon take shape, otherwise I will find it difficult to accomplish anything for Them. Not that I don't want to, but the situation is heavy enough to subdue the creativity I usually generate. In fact, I am very tired. Alyce's gloom affects me, for I am so close to her that I usually feel her emotional nuances.

The value of cheerfulness, and treating life's vicissitudes and obstacles simply as par for the course, cannot be overestimated. The Teacher said so. The Tibetan and Aurobindo said so. Nat King Cole put it as follows:

*Smile, though your heart is aching.
Smile, even though it's breaking.*

* * *

....As I previously mentioned, The Tibetan said this particular problem [Alyce's] was the kind that advanced 2nd-Ray people [Love-Wisdom types, rather than Volitional or Intellectual types] might have to face if they didn't conquer fear.

And also as previously noted, Aurobindo explained that harmonious loving people, sattvic individuals [like Alyce], often had a truly difficult time in coming to terms with their final adjustments and overcomings [that is, they have difficulty becoming conscious of changes needed in their psyches].

The reason, of course, is that rajasic...errors [made by activity-type volitional people like me] are usually conscious and are processed and corrected during an entire life. Feedback is quick, and learning is relatively easy if a person is interested.

Sattvic, errors [errors of omission, rather than commission], on the other hand, are usually unconscious. Feedback is too slow to easily link cause and effect. As a result, [sattvic] errors may not get processed and corrected until the consequence seems like total personality dissolution....

* * *

....As far as Alyce was concerned today, I did not notice any immediate result of the Golden Light meditation. It may have had an effect on me, though.

....I became energized to clear up some long-standing matters. While working at this my mind became very conscious of many things to do, and I began writing them down as they appeared so as to not forget them. I usually work out of the unconscious and whatever comes into my conscious frame I attend to. This worked quite well in the past, but being weighed down by the present, I have not lately let ideas that come up have much space.

All told, I made a list of 22 things that needed to be done for the Copper Wall Project, Voluntary Controls Program, and ISSSEEM, and myself. At least I know what they are....

* * *

27 JULY 1991 (SATURDAY). Alyce turned to me with an odd expression on her face, and in her eyes. It almost seemed as if she was seeing me as a stranger, or seeing me clearly for the first time in a long time. It instantly caught my attention and I asked what she wanted to say.

Her face was very clear and untroubled, almost translucent (much different from its normal look for the last three days). In a very clear and exact voice she began telling me of many many things she felt we should talk about. It was an uncanny experience, and I began to feel hair prickling on the back of my neck and on my head. I looked at her eyes and she looked straight at me while she talked. She had trouble getting sentences organized, almost like someone with

a foreign language, but with repetitive attempts (which she seemed fully conscious of) I could follow the gist of her thought.

She told me how difficult it was to make changes in personalities, and how important it was for people to face this fact and begin to change. It was needed for the world. The world must change, and it must be done by people changing themselves. And she laughed at the irony of the world having to depend on people who, as a rule, didn't understand, or believe, that they had anything to do with the planet as a whole. World problems seemed, in particular, to be on her mind.

Alyce became very animated (for I asked questions and agreed with her at appropriate moments), and she looked at least 30 years younger. At the end, after about half an hour, she told me that I had much of use to do in the next few years....

* * *

....Her change of attitude helped me a great deal. Just before it happened I had been...thinking of the Lotus Beings of Alyce and me, and wondering if Alyce was going to be able to manifest any of the help that I had called for.

Until then, the day had been a total loss from my point of view. Alyce had been in an almost continuous negative mood, could not hear properly (even when she wore the Listen-Aider), and often could not form words that made any sense—and now she was in a high, light, and wonderful mood, could hear perfectly it seemed (without the Listen-Aider), and could shape words beautifully (even if there was trouble selecting words for sentences).

* * *

It is amazing and impressive that these elevations can occur, and to me it accentuates the fact that we seldom think of people in their full potential. This reminds me that The Teacher told Marie that in her ministry she should always see each person she spoke with as a Perfect Being. No matter how they look, or act, one is advised to see each individual as a Lotus Being, and not as a personality.

I have often thought of this, and also thought how difficult it is to do—especially with certain people. Nevertheless, according to theory, when each person is seen as the Lotus they are, the negative parts of their personality do not get fed, for those parts live on opposition. Opposition justifies their existence....

* * *

29 JULY 1991 (MONDAY).... Just as I was getting up to fix breakfast...Alyce opened her eyes and said she was very confused...she said she wasn't supposed to be here. She was supposed to be someplace else, some location that she couldn't identify except to say that it wasn't on earth. After we talked for a few moments, I suggested that as long as she found herself here, she might as well plan to get up in half an hour and have breakfast. She finally agreed to that.

* * *

31 JULY 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... I read aloud again from Frodo's adventures. The section in the first book on Elrond's Council is an outstanding description of the problem of good and evil. Tolkien thought of most everything, and he understood many many levels and differentiations of consciousness, which he called hobbits, big people, elves, ents, dwarves, kings, and white and black magicians. If you haven't read that specific chapter lately (shortly after Frodo reached Rivendell) you will find it highly interesting again.

* * *

2 AUGUST 1991 (FRIDAY).... She heard about 5 minutes of my phone conversation ...and became highly alienated. In fact, she began talking in a cogent, very negative, way about the meaninglessness of everything. How everything was of no value. How this (and she gestured to the room and the house) was a place of evil, the end of everything.

I wondered if negative thought forms had been forced upon her, or whether she was reacting as a physical Dweller when it realizes it can not itself get to heaven. The Tibetan's comment that the...Divine principles of a person lie outside the personality...apply here. The body entity, the emotional entity, and the lower mental entity...all must be transformed or abandoned, and to them, in their limited consciousness, it seems like the end of everything.

Several times since 1941 I have had the experience of... "seeing" myself as the physical entity. It was totally focused on what it wanted and could experience, was trying to escape, cared not a whit for any "higher" goals, and felt it was imprisoned in a cage of bars. On one occasion.... I tried to reason with this physical "me", to convince it that if it would become quiet it wouldn't be the end (as it seemed to feel). It was useless, however, for it seemed that it was totally arational and must be "starved" into compliance before it would become quiet....

...When people buy new clothes, there is no rebellion by discarded suits.... They don't think they are "something," or know something. There is no identity and nothing to lose. I'm sure clothes don't feel abandoned, like the...the living parts of ourselves that can't reach causal levels....

* * *

....On a happier note, Alyce fell asleep shortly after her talk on the disreputable nature of this world, and when she woke up, 15 minutes later, her memory of that unpleasant experience was gone.

During supper, while I was thinking of the events of the day, and their meanings, Alyce began talking once more in the transcendental manner, as in a transcendental dream. She was having a difficult time finding words (as she sometimes said, with a smile), but the gist of her commentary was that the future for the world looked good, it would take some years before chaos quieted, but there was no reason to be discouraged. On the contrary, all was progressing quite well....

....It was an interesting day....

* * *

11 AUGUST 1991 (SUNDAY).... When I awakened her at 9:45am, Alyce said, "I'm now going to change my way of life." I didn't know exactly what she meant, but it seemed like a volitional statement....

Later, when I called her for breakfast, at 10:15, she said she had had a dream about the planet, and planetary affairs. Because of something else she said, I asked if she meant she was to leave this planet right away, and she said, "not necessarily." She added that this was quite a good planet, and considering everything, it was developing well....

* * *

18 AUGUST 1991 (SUNDAY)....Alyce suddenly sat up and began talking, as in a lucid dream, with much sadness about the "big good-bye that is shortly coming up." She said "they" had taken her "up to see the great temple." I got the impression that she is being instructed in the art of conscious separation.

I have my own sadness with this situation, but I can't let it take over for it is too debilitating and, though it seems like reality, it is counterproductive and negative in relation to what our Life is really about. So I shook off the tendency to go along with her feeling and spoke instead of the 51 wonderful years we had together. And I added that eventually we all arrive at "good-bye," but that is merely an indication of "going on a trip," not a forever thing. We must keep attention focused on the positive side of the adventure.

Here I was speaking to her...point of view. It seems to me, however, that being left behind is more difficult.

When I talked in a positive way, Alyce looked at me with semi-disbelief and said, somewhat sharply, “You take it all so easily.”

Actually, that isn’t the case, but I followed up with the idea of carrying on our spiritual adventure. She relaxed somewhat, and then sat up again and said, “Did you see him? Where did he go? The little boy (“our little boy,” is what I believe she said) is four years old. It seems just a short time ago that he was a baby on the floor.”

* * *

....About 6 paragraphs back I left the couch, telling Alyce I would be gone for a few minutes, and began writing in the Journal. I’ve found that certain things have to be recorded quickly, or the details, exact words, fade out of my mind. The reason, I believe, is that some things are so far from ordinary consciousness that they evaporate, except as impressions.

When I reached this point in writing, Alyce stirred on the couch and I quickly returned so she would know where I was, and where she was. When I sat down, she sort of laughed and said, “I was just in a celebration—was celebrating.” Uncertain of her words, for they were soft and not clear, I asked if she used the word “celebrate,” and she said yes, and said it was appropriate, or something to that affect (fitting, proper, correct).

* * *

19 AUGUST 1991 (MONDAY).... when I asked what was happening she explained that she had a pain in the solar plexus. It turned out to be associated with coming to consciousness about our present situation (somewhat as in a lucid dream, but with a greater degree of here-and-now awareness).

She said that a couple of weeks ago she suddenly became aware of the fact that she loved me deeply, and now had to leave, and this was like a terrible blow to the middle. “We have gone past our time,” she said, and explained how sorrowful she was at having to leave me, and sad that our life together was ending in this unhappy way.

I pointed out, though, that: (a) It wasn’t so unhappy if we were conscious of each other, for we all had to make the transition anyway, sooner or later. (b) What would be truly sad would be to die without coming to consciousness about what was happening, and without moving into a Spiritual orientation. (c) She has much work to do as a Self on the other side, and now that she is becoming conscious on “both sides” she can move on more joyfully. (d) It’s like going on a trip to another country where I will join her later....

....Most impressive to me was the fact that Alyce was able as a personality, rather than a Lotus Being, to talk for almost an hour about this, and was able to understand, it seemed (and at last), who we really are, what our relationship is and has been, and what is happening now.

* * *

20 AUGUST 1991 (TUESDAY).... A negative "reality dream" woke me at 3:30 am. I was coming into a lighted room...somewhere, and through a double doorway I could see four or five dark entities, men, ganging up on someone.... I instantly pulled out a heavy caliber pistol (that just happened to be in my belt) and began firing into the group, trying to avoid whoever they were after. The loud reports and flashes of light were more than satisfactory, and the consternation and angry yelling in the room showed that something had happened they didn't like....

A paralysis quickly fell over me, and I was lying down, and unable to move. I knew then I was dreaming awake, that the dark beings were real. They came out of the room, still angry at being shot at and one of them came close and looked down at me. He seemed to know, though, that they couldn't do anything to me, and they left the room through the door by which I had first entered. By then I was fully awake, was in my own bed and able to move.

Just as they disappeared, Alyce woke in a panic and grabbed at her covers shouting, "I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" I quickly reached over, captured her hands, began soothing her with words and caresses, and said there was nothing to be afraid of now. And I asked what made her feel that way.

Almost awake, she said in clear distress, "I don't want to be gone!" Everything seemed very dark to her. So we talked for several minutes about the Light, about the causal and buddhic levels, and the Lotus Self that dwells always in the Light, that is made of light, that is our real true Self. I calmly and persuasively repeated The Great Invocation a couple of times, and gradually she became quiet, relaxed, and fell into a peaceful sleep. No memory of the event remained in the morning....

What actually happened, I think, is that I was away somewhere, and when I returned I found those beings pestering Alyce, trying to get at her through fear. My violent reaction drove them off, and I returned to my sleeping physical body as they left. All that psychic activity sufficiently aroused Alyce, I believe, so she could be conscious enough to talk, and identify what it was they were trying to convince her of.

* * *

28 AUGUST 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... She said many many thoughts had been swirling around in clouds, almost suffocating her, and creating much confusion, but a young woman had been helping her learn to deal with it. When she (Alyce) was able to “let go” and relax, the clouds of thoughts cleared away.

This lady is very very light, not heavy, she said, and is also a kind of being of light. As I understand it, she is helping Alyce clear away her heaviness, and to some extent is helping me, too, and is also helping Pat on occasion. Pat, said Alyce, is “beautifully helpful” when she is here.

Then, said Alyce, there is so much copper wall work to do. It is an important project, she said...her “heart is full of light” about it. I told her how helpful her comment was to me, in continuing to go on with the copper wall work, no matter what difficulties there were....

* * *

1 SEPTEMBER 1991 (SUNDAY). I had an odd dream in the last two hours of sleeping. It seemed that The Teacher, whom I did not see in person (but only as an outline) was instructing Alyce and me, through symbols and scenarios, in what we now must do to finish our “training.” I was shown a bumpy plain or field, mainly of ice and snow, representing some parts of my nature, that had to be leveled with a tool (like a plane). As I did this, a variety of emotions and body sensations would flash by. These personality features were being brought to a final leveling.

Alyce had to do the same with a field that represented her particular tasks. Apparently we had come to a culminating point in our development which, if successfully passed, would usher in a new phase of Life. It seemed that we were doing okay, though it was not simple or easy.

* * *

Then the next phase began. In this part, Alyce and I were on the deck of the Daphne, which was stuck aground in the field of ice and snow. Leveling the field had served to get it unstuck, and now it was beginning to slide sideways and forwards. This field was high on the snowy hill, much to my surprise.

At first I wondered how the Daphne got up there, but soon, as the boat began to slide, was too busy to think about that. The Daphne turned downhill (in the direction it was supposed to go), and I saw that slushy snowdrifts would give purchase to the rudder and I’d be able to steer (at least I hoped I would). The Daphne slid toward a downhill ravine lined with reassuring snowbanks, and I knew we would at least go in the right direction and the boat would not turn over. I had no control of speed, though, and was worried about going too fast, getting out of control and crashing into something. Then the dream ended....

* * *

....it was a sign of having reached a turning point. It had a ring of truth. I recognized the snow and ice instantly (while in the dream) as referring to transpersonal terrain, and the smoothing that was going on made good sense for it released the Daphne (and Alyce and me) from being stuck, but it was clear that there might be problems getting the boat back to the ocean. I had only partial control of the course, nevertheless it felt good to be moving, exhilarating to face a challenge involving change rather than stagnation.

* * *

2 SEPTEMBER 1991 (MONDAY, Labor Day).... At 5:20 am Alyce suddenly bolted upright in bed and shouted, "I'm coming!" (Who was calling her?) It took a couple of minutes to convince her she was still in bed.... But after that I couldn't sleep for I began thinking of my dream the other night in which Alyce and I were at the wheel of the Daphne, as it began to move after being aground. And that made me think of my task in smoothing the field of ice, which substance, along with snow, always represents, at least in my life, the non-emotional clarity of the trans-personality causal body.

And that made me think of my physiologic and emotional yin-yang involvements, especially when I was in my twenties. And I thought of Alyce and our life together when we were young, and how enamored I was of her. Shortly after we first met at the Divine Science mansion in Minneapolis, I discovered that six or seven other men were also so enamored. Most of them were single, but two were married fellows (one not so young) who said they would divorce their wives and start over if only Alyce would marry them. (I unkindly thought of these married men as simps, of course! And the others as threats.)

Later, when Alyce and I got together and I had no competitors, I mentioned these many suitors, and told her of her attractive radiance, like a light pulling on moths, and she always denied having such an effect on men. But whenever I named names, one after another, she became embarrassed and slightly irritated, for she didn't understand it herself. She was pure, and almost unaware, personally, of the power of yin-yang snarls, though as an actress she knew...about them from classical mental and emotional perspectives, as in Greek drama....

I want you to know that whatever difficulties Alyce may be having right now, I always think of her and visualize her as she is inside, an elegant radiant beautiful being with whom I have lived many lives, and a recent very happy and productive one.

* * *

5 SEPTEMBER 1991.... she said, very clearly, "I am going to leave, you know!" Again, as on other such occasions, I asked if she meant she was leaving for the other side. Her answer was, "Not necessarily. North Dakota, maybe!" Wherever it was, it seemed, not inappropriately, to be connected with going home.

The most interesting part, to me, was her next sequence. With earnestness and awareness, she said, with difficulty, "In any event, when I am there I want it to be such that if I see you there, I will recognize that it is someone I know, that it is someone who is the same as me, and that I am the same as that someone."

What a remarkable change she has made. Not that she can hold it for long, but I can see that she recognizes the situation. She is coming to consciousness on the other level, and is able, occasionally, to get her dysfunctional brain to say what it is she wants me to know. Too bad to have to go through such a crisis to break old psychic blocks.

Going to the afterlife with blocks intact is the usual story, and that is the "why" of continuity of karma. Also, that is why most people can't maintain continuity of consciousness from this world to that. They are "conscious" in a way of speaking, when in the afterlife, and can work with people they meet there, but usually they can't recognize anyone who visits there from this level, any better than a person here can recognize associates from previous lives in the present level.

* * *

11 SEPTEMBER 1991 (WEDNESDAY). The days are going like lightning.

This morning when I arose, the part of the lake that could be seen between trees was scattered over with pelicans. What a sight! As I watched through binocs, echelons of five to ten birds would come gliding along about six inches above the surface (taking advantage of the "ground" effect) and head for the "reef" that comes out from the land like a peninsula on the other side of the lake.... By the time I finished watching pelicans glide in, the entire reef was solid white. There must have been 250 to 300 gathered there. The sun was bright and hot, the air warm and humid, and those lucky birds must have felt it was "the good life!"

* * *

Alyce was in a good mood. As we looked out the window, she turned and said, unexpectedly, "Do you know my husband? He and I created a wonderful thing together." I didn't say anything, but when I put my cheek by her forehead she seemed to understand. Problem: How do we have pure compassion without sympathy?

Compassion is the divine source from whence comes the essence of sympathy, it is said, but to remain with the essence all the time is a little like breathing at the top of a very high mountain. The Teacher, as I knew Him, always expressed the essence, and yet it was tempered to bridge the transition from transpersonal to personal....

* * *

12 SEPTEMBER 1991 (THURSDAY).... Again, pelicans were coming in from the north. Alyce really enjoyed the echelons that coasted in just above the trees across the street. They were settling to the lake like slow strings of hang gliders. Also, I saw a Bald Eagle again. It soared past just over the trees, going round and round on the southwest wind....

That reminded me of a time, at sunset after a cool October day (in 1980, I believe), when Alyce and I, sailing on Joy III, were anchored for the night in the shallow bay across the lake from here. It was almost dark, and beautifully clear. While we stretched out in the cockpit, resting after a pleasant supper, I thought about the pelicans that had flown south a week earlier, and was sorry we would not see them again till spring. (I probably told you about this long ago, but never wrote it down.)

Suddenly I had a strong desire, like an inexpressible yearning, to see a pelican. A couple minutes later a big bird came flying down from the north, crossing the Ozawkie bridge about 100 feet above the water. As it came abreast the cove, about a block out from shore, I could see, with joy, that it was a pelican! Great gratitude swelled up in me, and just at that moment it banked steeply and came gliding toward the Joy. To my astonishment it circled once around the boat, at double mast height, then flew straight back out into the lake, where, on reaching its original course, it banked sharply south and continued on its way....

I still see the episode in my mind's eye as a beautiful video vignette. It seemed like a message from Gaia, from the deep unconscious of our planet, saying, don't give up, the world will wake up one day and know We are alive....

* * *

13 SEPTEMBER 1991 (FRIDAY). Just as Alyce awakened, she looked over at me and before I could even say good morning, she said, "I feel strange." I asked, "In what way?" And she answered, "I am hanging by a thread." There was no worry, no anxiety, no fright, just calmness and consciousness.

I would guess that Alyce has almost transited, or transformed, the normally-unconscious reactive astral self. The "Dweller on the Threshold" of her individual personality seems to be shrinking away. We talked about the life she could soon begin if unencumbered by the burden of a

low-functioning brain. From various comments, it seemed to me that she understood the significance of the conversation.

* * *

14 SEPTEMBER 1991 (SATURDAY).... In the afternoon, after Alyce's rest, I went into the library to keep her company, and she began talking about her fear of dying while on the trip. When I asked what trip she was referring to, she said, "the airplane trip." Also, she said, she was afraid she might miss the plane. I began thinking of the plane referred to at the beginning of this journal.

Also, it is "scary," but the trip is necessary, she said. Then added, "Pay attention to me and don't go away!" Other details included that a group of people was involved in her departure.

* * *

....At the end of dinner Alyce said, "Who does all this work (cooking) around here?" When I said that I was the one, she answered, "You won't have to do it much longer." When I asked why, she replied, "Everything will change," and, "You will have a great deal of free time."

To that, I said, "Well, now I should go and do the dishes." But her answer to that was, "I do that." Then she added, "Don't we have any hired help, some girls?" And I said, "No, that's me."

* * *

18 SEPTEMBER 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Pat took care of Alyce while I went to the lab to meet Caroline Myss and her friends from Holland who wanted to see the copper wall, financier Fred Matser and businessman Peter Brey. They were like members of our own family. That is, they are wonderful people! I'm not surprised that Caroline said they were two of her very best friends....

....we had a free-for-all discussion, then Peter and Fred wanted to sit in the copper room. Since we are now collecting mood data, before and after, first-session subjects who are willing to meditate for 35 minutes will eventually give us useful information.

While we talked of that, Caroline asked about Alyce, and when I explained a bit, she volunteered to call Genesis so I could talk with him again. When the others went down to the copper room with Peter Parks, Caroline and I closed the door of the hypertension training room and sat in a couple of the big chairs. First, I told Caroline a bit of the early history of Alyce and me, of the unusual spiritual relationship we had, and how she had given me "a place to be," over the

years, where I could come “home” after a day’s work, re-ascend from combat into a calm transpersonal atmosphere in which I could safely relax and think of esoteric things.

I told her of my previews of the necessity for Alyce to go through a process of burning away karmic threads before leaving this physical dimension.

After a few minutes of conversation, Caroline said, “I’m going now.” In about twenty seconds, with eyes shut, Caroline’s voice began speaking—as Genesis. He made a few comments and then asked if I had a question.

I asked whether he felt I was taking care of Alyce properly, and working with her in the right way. He answered those questions in the affirmative, and then began talking about what Alyce and I had accomplished in this life. Next, to my surprise, he said he wanted to talk with [both of us] tomorrow. I asked if he meant for both of us to be on the telephone, for we would be at Lakewood Hills, and he said no, he wished to talk in person and have it recorded.

When I started to say that it would be difficult to arrange, he said, “Caroline will call on you at your home. All she needs is a driver. Her time is totally free. The two Dutchmen can take care of themselves. They will be busy having fun with their biofeedback and copper wall toys! She can come whenever it is convenient.” I suggested Pat as a driver, and he said that would be most satisfactory, for it was a family “occasion.”

I puzzled at that word, for a moment, for it seemed he was implying some kind of event, or process, rather than a question-and-answer session. Then he said it was necessary to be in Alyce’s presence, for something would be accomplished (or given, or done), that would be important and beneficial. He didn’t say what it was, though, and I felt that he might be referring to a process in which the “consciousness bridge” could be strengthened in Alyce.

He added another puzzling comment. “Isn’t it impressive,” he said, “how the Kosmos arranges things to be of value for everyone. Caroline wanted to come to Topeka. Pat wanted to talk with Fred about her movie, ‘I Choose Life.’ Peter Brey and Fred Matzer both wanted to...see the lab setup, and if possible, meditate in the copper room.” And here he, Genesis, was at this particular important moment for Alyce and me, he said. Then, since I had no other question to ask, he said good-bye, until tomorrow.

Caroline was surprised that only four or five minutes had passed, and I explained by saying that Genesis had suggested a continuation of the meeting, with Alyce, at home. Caroline generously welcomed that, and said her time was fully available. I called Pat, and Pat said she’d rearrange her patient schedule.

* * *

19 SEPTEMBER 1991 (THURSDAY).... Alyce was in a good mood. After breakfast I helped with her makeup, beads, and hairdo. After Pat and Caroline arrived, I gave Caroline a mini-tour of the house and we admired the yard and fruit trees from the deck. Pelicans flew back and forth just over the surface of the lake, and the scene was as beautiful as it could get. It was proper, I thought, for a meeting with Genesis.

Caroline sat at the left side of the couch, with Pat at the right. Alyce sat in her rocking swivel chair, and I pulled up a chair from the dining room table and sat directly in front. The microphone, which is very sensitive to noise, I placed on a pillow on a low table between us.

In the following, I have extracted the key ideas:

* * *

CONVERSATION WITH GENESIS

This event is a gift, Elmer and Alyce, from us, at our vibratory frequency level, to you. The Lords of Karma, the Lords of Evolution, and your Teachers, Elmer, and Alyce's Teachers, are gathered in this room to thank you for "a job well done." The "currents of healing activity" you initiated are now planetary and achieving their desired purpose.

This is a closure of your hundreds of lifetimes together. "Both of you are closing your karmic records."

"Why, then, Alyce returning to the womb while in physical form?"

"That is what she is doing." (At this moment, Alyce, who seemed to be listening intently, with a bit of a flush to her cheeks, made a comment, something like an affirmation, perhaps. Genesis paused, looked at Alyce, eye to eye, then continued:)

"Yes. She is returning to the womb while in physical form. In the energy around her, there is no unfinished business in a conventional sense of the earth, not at all. But rather in this way, there is the return, as though she is sweetly laying to rest the human form, and that is what she is doing. As you yourself will, Elmer, when your time has come to return home. [I hope He referred to "laying to rest the human form," rather than "returning to the womb!]

"Alyce returns home before you, and in the years to follow...you will hear her many times, you will feel her presence, as her contract continues in the more mature sense of 'contract.' Ordinarily, *souls* who incarnate upon this earth are under contract to complete tasks which include learning, and giving, and sharing...

“In this lifetime, both you and Alyce are completing not just your life’s contract, but your karmic bank account from a certain frequency of life. There will be no further commands, if you will, ordering you into physical form from this lifetime at the closure. And onwards there shall be a freedom, a liberation. In other words, your consciousness is undergoing liberation.

“What Alyce sheds is the gentle weight of the human form and returns to the womb, laying down the human body, slipping out painlessly and returning home. That is how closure comes.

“You are thinking ‘conscious death’, but what of the reality of ‘conscious transition’? Of no death? And, in the ‘form’ lifetimes to come, when you once again will assume a physical form, you... will perhaps not be physically born, but rather materialize as needed.

“The linear life of womb to womb, if you will, is no longer a necessity and more than likely may not even be an optional choice. Rather, you will exist in the next frequency where time and space serve you.... You will find that both you and Alyce in that form will enter into time and space at your will when necessary.

“Yesterday I said to you that she is finding it very difficult to finally leave you, and that is very real, because the personality whom the *SOUL* knows, its task of many lifetimes, is complete. But the personality fears, ‘How do I say good-bye to my partner, not of one lifetime but of hundreds?’ There will be no good-bye, and as soon as she understands that, she will come home. (When that happens) your dream state will change. Your receptivity will change, and there will be contact shortly after her return home....

...“(With) what do the Lords of Karma, the Lords of Evolution, have to do? You see, in this lifetime, Elmer, your connection to your physical form was only half engaged for the most part. You were always half in the form and half with us, as you already know. And yet in this form, you, while a messenger of mystical material through the scientific domain, you were kept in conservator, conservative, territory for your own protection. Surely you know (this).

“As you well know, now as you enter into future years of study, the conservatism will lift a bit.... You might even discover some of your wildest years are yet ahead of you, in the sense of exposing what you know without boundaries.

“Alyce’s role in this is to be your ‘boundary moderator.’ In other words, from her higher position, or her point of ascension, she will be one of the protective spheres around you, and yet at the same time, will encourage you to let go and release, let the mystical part of your research out as you choose. Fear not, and she is to abide by—the ‘angel of your boundary,’ if you will.

“That will be her role...she already knows that. (At the present time), many of the comments that she is making are because she is in a mystical state. She is no longer connected to physical form as you know it.

“....but her emotional bond to you—you see she has always felt that she must protect you... She has felt that since the time you were together. So now she wonders how will you be without her. But, you see, there isn’t, in her present consciousness, the *SOUL*’s certainty that she will not leave you; her personality is not convinced, so she remains in physical form until that part of her finally releases...

“No need to worry. She has no pain. She has no discomfort. She’s simply between worlds. Like the womb state (pause)... She is between worlds, and she knows that. She is in the spiritual womb, waiting to be delivered to our world...literally.... Which is why her language is so womb focused. Round. Her language is round. Her language is etheric and colorful. She sees colors you don’t see. She can indeed, as at the table, look at a cookie and describe it as blue, because it is, from her world. She’s seeing the energy of the cookie.

“She is, even as we speak here, now in this moment, present, and her wisdom knows everything I am saying, and is with us in every way. So be not disarmed by the personality.

“Now then (Elmer), in this decade your commitments to biofeedback, to the...copper wall, to the reality of ‘brainwave,’ will grow. Your work is to leave the boundaries of the United States.... You don’t have to do much. It will be taken care of, but once the energy begins to expand I urge you not to limit it....

“Alyce will be at the helm, to put it in your sailor language, and very much guiding the direction in which the copper wall energy, and other knowledge of yours is to fall to anchor.

“Think of her as in the ‘angelic crow’s nest’.”

* * *

ELMER: “We thank you very much for taking the time to talk with us.”

GENESIS: “Indeed. And I close with calling together all of us who are here in this room, those who can not see and those who can see. Gathered around you and Alyce, there is a circle, if you will, around all of you sitting here now, with a great deal of light coming through. Consider this a very beautiful energy of grace and blessing. She is protected. You are protected. As are you, Pat.

“My strongest message from your guides is to go through these closure days knowing that the closure is illusion. There is no closure. There is just a vibrational shift, and Alyce goes to work as an angelic guidance, as your (angel), and takes over the controls, if you will, with your other invisible friends. She will guide you, direct you through the rest of the years till you come home to join her.

“Be blessed. Good day to you all.”

* * *

NOTE TO THE READER

From this point on, only the more unique events are extracted from the Journal. I can say in advance, though, that Alyce’s physical strength, weight, and ability to talk steadily declined until the day of the body’s death, 6aug94. She finally was unable to walk, stand up, or even sit up, without props. For instance, I bought an office-type 5-wheel desk chair with arms, which I re-engineered to bring them closer to the body. Then, since Alyce tended to lean to the left, I made a board support that she could lean against without hurting her ribs. Then, with a pillow in front, she could be held in place with luggage straps.

In this way, I could wheel her about the house, to the table, deck, bathroom, bedroom, in a most easy fashion. And when groceries were needed, I could take her down to the ground floor with her arm around my neck. Her arms and hand grip were amazingly strong, even when she was down to 88 pounds.

Then she would sit on a chair which was tied in place on a two-wheel dolly and, held in place by straps, she could be wheeled out to our mini-motorhome where, with her strong arms and my lifting, she was able get into the armchair-type passenger seat, and again be strapped in with a pillow and board for support.

It may sound complicated, but it worked beautifully, and I was able to take her for car rides twice a week. She didn’t know where we were, but going on trips had always been a joy, and she seemed to appreciate the outings. And when I went into a store to buy supplies, or run errands, the diesel’s smooth-running engine and cooling system kept her in perfect comfort. And cassette tapes made an ambiance we both liked.

* * *

Concerning food: Alyce eventually was unable to chew and swallow salads, or any other solid food, so I bought a superb juicer (which continuously expels the pulp) and made hundreds of quarts of juice—celery, carrots, green peppers, beets, apples, pears, peaches, etc., etc. Some of

the mixtures Alyce thought were delicious, and she never tired of them, though I had to help her with the glass, like the small child she said I was going to get.

And, I must say, no one I know had a healthier physical body than Alyce. Not once in four years did she have a sniffle or a sneeze.

* * *

To prevent bed sores, I got her up every day for a minimum of 10 hours, and at night would make certain that she turned from side to side regularly. And this she seemed to appreciate.

* * *

On her part, again and again she was able to “come out” (sometimes after a week of being unable to speak), and tell me what was going on in the bardo and in angelic realms. Those times of transpersonal contact kept me energized, especially as her physical Self (at the lower-brain level) began to accept its destiny and began cooperating, or at least not obstructing, when getting baths and hair washes, and dressing, etc.

Also, it was clear that she was tremendously worried that my distress at her departure would depress me beyond measure. And I, knowing that nostalgia was a burdensome mixture of memory and sadness, gradually realized that after she was gone it would be necessary for me to go to every place in the country that had become special to us over the years, and let the sadness come forth—while I “talked with” and consoled the parts of my Being who felt bereft, until they recovered.

This procedure, which I highly recommend to everyone who loses a loved one, takes effort and time, but for me it was the only way to dispel the burden and become aware of Alyce in her form as a Being of Light. If you maintain sadness, the Beings of Light can’t get into your bubble, so to speak, and speak with you.

* * *

MORE FROM THE JOURNAL

3 OCTOBER 1991 (THURSDAY).... When I called Alyce for breakfast, as she was lying under the covers, she turned her face toward me with a most beautiful angelic expression. Not a line was on her face. It was transformed. Her attitude was matching.

* * *

I phoned Charlie Tart on behalf of the ISM Program Committee. When he started talking, the first thing he mentioned was his concern for Alyce, since I had told him in [a] phone message that he would have to call me at home, for I was staying with Alyce during a health problem. When he asked how serious it was, I said that I didn't know when she was going to go. It could be soon, or in many months.

Charlie gave his regrets, and then said how wonderful it was to have our knowledge of continuity and Spiritual Reality. And I laughed and said that even if we were wrong, we were the only ones who were happy. For if we were wrong we would never know it, and in the meantime we had consolation. And Charlie said we couldn't lose, whereas...pessimists were always in fear, especially toward the end of their time!

* * *

....I stayed in the library with Alyce as much as possible so that she could see me whenever she opened her eyes. At one point, when she moved and looked around, I asked how she was, and she said, "I'm lost."

....But then she said an odd thing. First she inquired about someone who had been here, who had visited us a few days ago, someone who came with a young lady, someone named, "Genna, or something." I asked if she was talking about Caroline Myss and Genesis, and she said yes. Then she said, "They haven't told me yet, when they're coming for me." Alyce said all this while in an almost trancelike state....

* * *

4 OCTOBER 1991 (FRIDAY). Many interesting dreams. The most significant one, it seemed, was just before waking up. It was about a young man (about 40 years) who was a Teacher up on a hill. He was lecturing over a public address system, and many people were listening, scattered around through the meadow and woods.

As we approached the area Alyce began to hurry forward, but we were at first in a poor location and could not hear him well. His public address system was powered by a gas-engine generator that made it difficult for Alyce and me to hear.

I tried to get Alyce's attention so we could move to a different location, but it was as if she couldn't hear me, or was unaware of me, and instead began running straight towards him through the woods. This only made matters worse, for brambles and branches were in the way, and also, she had to go in the direction of the generator.

Just then his talk ended and he walked over to a grass-covered clearing beneath a big Yellow Pine tree, like some we had in Wrightwood. Alyce then ran towards him and I was unable to slow her down before she ran bang, full speed into his chest. He laughed and stepped back toward the tree and said, "Here, let's stand here to talk." He wore casual western clothes, just as any of us, and was quite good looking, with rather longish curling brown hair, and appeared to be about six feet in height.

[This was Genesis, I believe.]

The next thing, the three of us were walking down the hill as he talked. After a short distance we came to a down escalator. He got on first, then Alyce. As we descended into a department store where people were hurrying back and forth, he began talking to me of the difficulty in getting a "message" across to such people. How do you get their attention? Then the dream ended.

* * *

In similar dreams in which Alyce is with me, she is always facing away, as in the dream where she climbed the helical path up [a cone-shaped mountain], where her "personality self" was unable to go. In that dream, she was walking very fast ahead of me. She didn't look back, and actually seemed unaware of my presence. In the present dream, I saw her profile once when she ran into the Teacher, but that was the only time, and her eyes were fixed straight ahead. Also, she has never said a word to me.

* * *

[The "helical path" dream...preceded by a year or two my first Journal entry (8may89). I told PDS&J of the dream verbally, but didn't write about the "two Alyces" until 20apr90. If you turn back...and re-read the "funhouse" dream of that date, you will notice how it and the "helical path" dream, which is described below, fit together.

At the present time, 18apr00, having now pondered anew the "helical path" dream, I notice that rather than the "personality self", mentioned above, to be technically exact I should have said "Dweller." The reason will be clear after a review of both the HELICAL PATH dream and the GILGAMESH chapter.

THE HELICAL PATH

FIRST SCENARIO: The dream began with me walking with two Alyces along a broad curving gravel-covered mountain-side road. The Alyce to my right, who could almost touch the hill

with her hand, was eagerness personified and, walking rapidly in a determined way, she remained a step ahead, never looking back. The other Alyce, at my left, could barely keep up, and seemed uncertain and reluctant.

SECOND SCENARIO: Suddenly we came to a dividing-of-the-ways where a steeply-ascending helical trail spiraled away. The Alyce who was ahead rapidly began ascending the path, and the one to my left slowed down. Dismayed at this turn of events, for I wanted us to stay together, I ran after the ascending figure and called for her to pause so the other Alyce could catch up. I was right at her side as I spoke, but she acted as if she didn't hear a word, or even know that I was there.

THIRD SCENARIO: Astonished by this one-pointed determination, I looked back down the trail and saw to my surprise that the other Alyce hadn't taken a single step upward, and in fact had gone a few steps further along the road before stopping.

She was looking up with beseeching eyes. And, as the anguish on her face deepened, I realized that it was not possible for her to make this ascent. She was silently realizing, and explaining through her anguish, that she must stay below, even if it meant loss of her up-going Self.

FOURTH SCENARIO: Torn myself by this splitting of Alyces, I stopped and, after a glance at the up-going figure, who had almost disappeared around a shoulder of the hill, I looked again at the figure down below. Her forlorn dejection was too much to bear, and with a feeling of compassion for this lonely sad person, and knowing that the up-going figure needed no help from me, I went down to the road and began walking along with the companion who couldn't go up, consoling her. I could take the trail later, I knew, after the lower Alyce was comforted and cared for. THE END.

* * *

[The above vision dream was my view of Alyce's GILGAMESH experience, and also it was a preview of how I would respond to it. My own GILGAMESH experience is described in Chapter 13.]

RETURNING TO THE JOURNAL [of 4oct91]: Possibly, being born in the spiritual world takes time for adjustment, for consciousness and perception of the new environment to develop....

It'll be interesting to see how long it takes for Alyce to become generally aware. Sooner or later, I would guess, she will see me and, hopefully, recognize me. At least, that is the implication of what Genesis said the other day. I am reminded of Alyce's comment about three weeks ago when she said she wanted to be able to recognize me if I were to come there.

Genesis, no doubt, is the Teacher dressed in western clothes whom Alyce and I found when we crossed the road and went into the desert, just after Alyce went through the burning ground. One reason for wondering about this possibility is that Alyce began to remember his name the other day....

Also, the Teacher on the hill whom Alyce ran toward was a Westerner wearing casual clothes (though it was a business suit in the Chicago dream).

* * *

5 OCTOBER 1991 (SATURDAY).... When Alyce was getting dressed this morning she had a spastic grip on her shirt sleeve and as a result was unable to put the shirt on. When I said let go, let go, she answered that she was trying, but the shirt had hold of her and it wouldn't let go.

This kind of phenomenon appears on occasion in experimentation with hypnosis. The cortex, in everyone, whether it likes it or not, is merely an observer of some behaviors, no matter how much it rationalizes. It's more obvious, though, under certain conditions, such as now with Alyce.

* * *

12 OCTOBER 1991 (SATURDAY). At 5:26am Alyce said something very clearly. I woke, wide awake, and asked what she said, and she repeated, "I love you, and I'm coming home." Then she said she was sad. When I asked what about, she said that he said it was time "to come home now," but she was sad about leaving me.

I said we didn't have to be sad, for we would not lose contact. I was, however, concerned at this possible selection of time (for I wondered if she was supposed to leave right at this moment), and I reminded her that Pat and Steve were coming out today, to be here with us, and with Sandra and Fred. To that Alyce said, "I told him that, and he said, 'Well, all right.'" Then she added, "but I am still sad."

I said she could go later, and not to be sad. She answered, yes, and added, on a happier note, that he said she would be able to work with me. I laughed with the joy of genuine contact. It was such a pleasure to really talk together again. She was Herself. It was "like old times." It seemed a miracle after all these months (years), to communicate with Alyce as her True non-abstracted Self, as she used to be.

When I laughed, she said, "Good! You laughed." And she chuckled, and said, "I'm glad you're not sad."

Later she made a reference to him, and also said, “Did you see the light? It was unbelievable!”

* * *

....During much of this conversation I had to interrupt and ask questions. Nevertheless, she was able to maintain the thread of conversation quite well. One problem was, because of articulation difficulty, she often blended words like an Australian (such as “loosm” for “lose them”).

COMMENT: Aside from myself, no one may have noticed [that] Alyce started the process of abstraction about 1982, about the time of our Continuing Education trip to India, with its extension to England and Russia. Though she worked successfully with Hartman, the American Ambassador to the USSR, on blood pressure control and helped conduct workshops at the American Embassy twice a day for ten days, I found that she was somewhat abstracted and didn’t always understand questions (not so much during one-to-one with Hartman, but at the Embassy).

I was able, however, to smooth and mediate questions and interactions in such a way that probably no one noticed that Alyce wasn’t fully there. But, it was sad for me, and also stressful.

* * *

19 OCTOBER 1991 (SATURDAY).... Just before waking I saw Alyce in a dream scene. She was on the crest of a high mountain ridge, following a good trail from one side of a chain of mountains to the other. The scenery was beautiful, way high. She was by herself and looked young and energetic, as when she was 35. Her hair blew in the wind, and she moved rapidly with long strides. That’s all there was, just a vignette....

During the night she talked in long conversations about every twenty minutes. I tried a few times to interact, but unless much effort was made to communicate, she was completely internalized and her sentences did not apply to the outside world....

* * *

23 OCTOBER 1991.... I had a long series of...dreams, at the end of which, just as I was rising rapidly to ordinary awareness, the word GILGAMESH sounded. [NOTE: The scenarios of this vision dream have been put in Chapter 13: GILGAMESH.]

* * *

24 OCTOBER 1991 (THURSDAY). During the night Alyce talked many times to an unseen audience. But, as before, I was unable to interact for she didn't seem to hear me....

* * *

25 OCTOBER 1991 (FRIDAY).... I could feel a true peaceful feeling coming over her. After another hour I...said to her that it had been a great pleasure to be with her this evening. And, even, though she was not having an easy time with words, nevertheless I wanted her to know how much I admired her, and her perseverance.

At this Alyce smiled and began talking again, but this time in the transpersonal mode. First she talked to an invisible group of students. Then suddenly, mixed in with other sentences, she said, "I am not dying. I am just moving into another area."

I quickly, but quietly, responded to that, and we were able to talk for three or four minutes about moving to the next "area." The conversation about death was very rational and without distress, almost for the first time. Since she kept on talking, I excused myself and got a pad of paper to write on, and she was able to continue. Here are some of her thoughts, just as they emerged in the conversation. I couldn't get it all for she talked very rapidly. Diction was perfect, though there were many non sequiturs.

"In the coming years, keep the satisfactions flowing."

"I will see you from time to time, but not in the close-up way."

After she had talked of work to be done in the coming years, she said, "All right. I would like you to study these things."

"As you move on now, let the years be useful." Then she added, as if in afterthought, "You will find it a wonderful Journal."

And in connection with some program she seemed to be referring to, she said, "With all of this introduced, in the learning groups..." and then she added, "So now I will go on and help with the writing and reading." (That certainly made me think of what Genesis said would be her task.)

"From time to time we will have a meeting with our leaders. We will work close to God (in this enterprise)."

"It will be the beginning of a great story. Okay?"

I answered, "Thank you."

Then Alyce continued, "And thank you. We will discuss it again another time."

After a few seconds, she said, "And sometime in the next couple of days we will have to tell the pupils to have assurance (that progress can be made)."

The conversation, which had lasted at least twenty minutes, was now beginning to close, but Alyce added, "There is much here worth investigating, and we will talk of it again when we attend our next study group."

"We will exchange notes, and I will go on ahead as soon as possible.... I will let you know what I have decided. Thank you very much."

We were now at the end, I thought, but she added one more thing that seemed to me to be an instruction to herself (and possibly to me). "And while you rest tonight, feel yourself absorbing anything that was bad or belittling, and begin this new work in a good way." And with that, she gestured in a way that seemed to imply "the end of that."

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5 NOVEMBER 1991 (TUESDAY).... I've been having a difficult time lately being here and have wondered if the feeling was potentiated by Milwaukee's Best.

To test that possibility, a few days ago I began limiting beverages to water, soft drinks, and coffee. As far as I can tell, it's made no difference. If anything, the spacey sensation has become more pronounced. I feel it most when I go to the lab. Everything there, including the CWP, appears very ephemeral, insubstantial. I feel more "real" at home....

....I have been thinking so much lately of the Gilgamesh implications, as well as what Genesis said, and what The Teacher said, and Aurobindo, and The Tibetan, and Koot Hoomi and Morya, that I have slipped into an "in-between" state.

People wouldn't know unless I told them, but one of its effects is a slight floating dizziness, like being suspended under water. Also, the non-tinnitus ringing in my ears occasionally becomes very loud, usually corresponding with the floating sensation.

[This is a transient chakra-activation auditory phenomenon.]

Focus of attention, and consciousness, are strange things. I'm reminded of a conversation with The Teacher in which I was complaining because Dr. Erwood said he would review some metaphysical material for me, and then never got around to it. I don't remember my exact words, but The Teacher merely said, "Maybe you don't understand him." That was a surprise. I hadn't even thought of that.

Later I asked Dr. Erwood about his feeling of "what was real," and he described something somewhat similar to what I've mentioned above. Also, he said that sometimes it seemed that he was dreaming when he was lecturing. So....

* * *

6 NOVEMBER 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Alyce referred to the "group over there," and seemed comfortable with the idea of being there, and working with me here.

* * *

14 NOVEMBER 1991. Suddenly Alyce began to push her chair away from the table. I complained about that, but when she refused to listen I gave up and turned back to my own food, muttering to myself, almost inaudibly, "What's the use?" To my great surprise, she put her hand out to me and said very quietly, "It's of great use." I looked quickly at her, then, and it seemed that she was "there."

* * *

COMMENT: I mention the above event partly because I've noticed that Alyce on occasion functions in a state of consciousness in which her sensory systems are very sensitive and acute. How can this be? How can she hear almost inaudible remarks when usually she doesn't even show a hearing reflex to relatively loud remarks, or questions?

Also, what are the conditions that make it possible for her to speak with clear and sharp articulation, and modulation, when usually she is almost tongue-tied and inarticulate? How can she function almost normally on occasion when she gives every indication most of the time that the cerebral cortex is almost non-functional.

There are different circumstances that may shed light on these questions. First, if I suddenly appeal to her transpersonal nature and she doesn't have time to switch into the "transpersonal mode" before answering, she struggles for words and sounds, and, as happened the other day, she may say, "I sometimes have to talk like this." And, in those cases, I can see from her eyes that she is trying to communicate even though nothing can be understood.

Also, in such cases, she knows the words don't make sense and keeps changing them, or dropping them altogether. It is definitely not non sequitur talk. It is only non-decipherable. It is as if a dysfunctional cortex is trying to be used for communication.

* * *

On the other hand, there are two kinds of articulate, sharp, clear-cut speech. The first, which is almost always reactive seems to be almost without thought content. The sentences are like rote formulas that usually are totally inappropriate to the situation. In such a case it seems that the cortex, the thinking person, is not there at all, and neither is the transpersonal state. Such utterances apparently come directly from some section of the limbic system. They must be the words that are referred to when people, trying to apologize for something they said, say, "I didn't know what I was saying."

The other articulate case is what I call the "transpersonal mode." In this state, Alyce's voice is beautifully modulated and it seems that some sort of consciousness is speaking, for the sentences are not rote, but have varying content in response to questions (if these are carefully asked so as not to disturb the state).

* * *

In thinking about this, I am struck by a comment of The Teacher about the way in which He was able to use Dr. Erwood's voice as an "instrument," as He called it. He said, in answer to my question, that He was able to function through a nerve center down "in the middle of the brain."

From what The Teacher said, and from my observation of Alyce, and myself, it seems to me that the word-making center is far down in the brain. The thought center for the use of words may be in the left cortex (in most people), but that is not the word center. For instance, I have noticed that my words come almost entirely from the unconscious (subcortical brain?) even when I am especially conscious of the thought I am expressing. The words are formed just as unconsciously as our gait is formed when we run across the yard.

The reason this is important is that even without a functioning cortex, one can still communicate if one can directly activate the word center. How can this be? The answer seems to be related to The Tibetan's explanation of the nervous system as the agent of the etheric body. He said that none of the normal sensory systems are necessary if etheric sensitivity is increased to the point where sight and sound can directly impact the center of consciousness in the brain where the mind makes contact.

If that is possible, it obviously would explain the odd dermo-optical demonstrations where blind people can read, and see, with their fingertips. And it would also explain the strange case of physician Rolf Alexander (Alexander, 1954) who learned to hear (after he was nine years

old) even though he had no inner ear bones. And also, it would explain Alyce's unusual sensitivity at times to very faint sounds, and words. And it would explain our own unusual sensitivities to slight sounds at times, as during meditation.

* * *

The other side of the same coin is motor skill, rather than sensory sensitivity. If Alyce, as Herself, is able to make direct etheric contact with the word center (as The Teacher did with Dr. Erwood), then she is able to speak without the intermediary function of the left cortex.

In Dr. Erwood's case, The Teacher told me that it was necessary for Will J. to be unconscious during His communication in order to prevent the message from being modified, or garbled. In Alyce's case, it seems that the clearness of the message, or lack of clearness (even when the words themselves are distinct), is related to the extent to which she is able to have cortical unconsciousness.

For instance, if she is in the transpersonal mode and I ask a discriminatory type question, one which she must think about, her cortex seems to be called into action, with the result that the entire ability to talk may be suddenly lost. If I ask the question very carefully, in such a way that the "cortex" is not activated, then she often can answer in a reasoned way without losing the thought, or the ability to speak.

* * *

The above considerations are especially appropriate for the next event that happened with Alyce. Immediately after finishing supper we sat down on the couch...and turned on the CD with Chopin's Nocturnes played by Rubinstein.

We listened a few moments, and then Alyce said, in an attention getting way, "Please make the music quite soft." When I complied, she began speaking. As she has done six or seven times in the past, she first spoke to an invisible group and gave a series of instructive comments, and then thanked them for their attention and said goodnight. Then she turned her attention to me and began talking about our relationship, past and present, and a bit of the future.

Alyce's monologue was similar to the one of 25 October, but this time she talked almost 40 minutes. A couple of times I stood up and walked around, but this did not interfere for she was speaking most of the time with her eyes shut. A few times I said something and she looked at me with real contact. Very strange and impressive. In addition, she was able to think about what I said, and answer contextually without being distracted and losing control of the thought sequence.

* * *

During some of the talk Alyce referred to a young man that she said I was in contact with, and after a while I gathered that it might be Herself (Himself?). If that were the case, it would correspond with my dream (reported several months ago) of climbing up the mountain, accompanied part of the way by Israelis, and coming down to Jerusalem with a young man, like a younger brother, who had accompanied me to the top.

Whether a young man or not [when] in the transpersonal mode, Alyce is moving into the spiritual state in which gender, as we know it, apparently doesn't differentiate beings as much as...their spiritual characteristics, aspects.

* * *

Putting it all together in observing Alyce's progression, it seems that the development of thought forms from the transpersonal level, and using them to directly activate the etheric body, and the verbal center in the brain, is not a simple skill.

And, if Alyce is just now coming to "conscious" consciousness in those realms, as Genesis suggested, there may be sensory and motor skills to learn, just as in every other plane. In any event, Alyce is gradually growing more conscious.

* * *

Becoming aware of this change is, I believe, what gave me a feeling of joyfulness today, like an oppressive load had been lightened. Also that is why, I think, I feel okay about Alyce leaving now. Since last night I have sensed a change. Whether she will go "home" soon...or stay for another year I really don't know, but whatever, it is all right now.

* * *

4 DECEMBER 1991 (WEDNESDAY).... Alyce...began walking about the house at 4pm. When I asked if I could do anything to help, she suddenly said, "I wonder why I hate you so much." A slight shock, that. Then she said, "Please forget that. Something escaped I didn't mean." I was subdued, though, and as if sensing that fact Alyce many times came and put her arms around me (very exceptional) and said she was concerned about my welfare.

* * *

7 DECEMBER 1991 (SATURDAY).... just as I awoke this morning I had a hypnagogic image...of a cave in which I was standing.... As I quickly turned toward the entrance, I knew a message

relating to Alyce was to be delivered. The first thing I saw was a pair of chains draped across the opening with a number of signboards hanging down...each measuring about 6"x24".

....all the signs were turned away so I had nothing to read. Then the eight signs flipped over and to my double surprise, everything was written in yellow Chinese-like pictographs, about a dozen symbols on each of the eight boards.

Since I couldn't decipher a single drawing, or even see them clearly, I realized I'd have to get much closer to study the code. As I thought that, the lower chain and its signs disappeared and the message on the top chain instantaneously turned to English with one word on each board. It said, "This Is The End."

If, perchance, the message was correct, and if my feeling that it probably would be distorted by my own mental contributions was also correct (under normal circumstances), then once again I am astounded at the speed with which mind can act in order to compensate for distorting inputs, and keep its message clear.

My normal mental apparatus, which isn't really slow, is like a swimmer in cold molasses compared to this other mind. I've observed the phenomenon several times over the years and can hardly say how astonished I've been by the speed of Mind, as compared to mind.

If I had to guess, I'd say that Higher Mind, abstract (causal) mind [Sub-level 21 at the top of E3 in field-of-mind diagram], must be 100 times faster than normal concrete mind [the four lower Sublevels of E3]. It's so fast that its effects seem to take no time at all. And, in addition, at least as surprising, to me, is the fact that the concrete mind itself seems to be proportionately of the same relative quickness when compared to the sluggardly brain consciousness.

The contrast between concrete mind and brain, is what gives martial arts masters their uncanny speed and anticipatory powers. They are masters of a kind of telepathy, and with ease can read thought-form sequences relating to combat and the physical world. They are never surprised, for they know everything that is thought of, before their opponent's brain and reflexes can even move.

Perhaps it is this fact of mind-brain speed difference that sometimes gives one the impression that intuition does not have to think in order to be exactly right.

It's not a simple comparison, though. According to The Tibetan there are at least two levels of this mental-intuitional duality. Even as regular (emotional, astral) intuition is different from regular mind, higher Intuition operates in a different way (frequency, level of awareness?) from higher Mind.

* * *

In thinking about the message, This Is The End, I have no reaction except Wait And See. Physical time doesn't have much significance in other levels of Being, so impressions that might seem exact are often off in timing. Also, "This" is indefinite. It wouldn't have been ambiguous if the message had been "This Minute," or week, or year. Nevertheless, regardless of the "message," I'm still impressed at how quick mind can be.

* * *

....As I adjusted Alyce's pillow in the recliner, I said again that no matter how difficult it seemed, and no matter how frustrated she felt, or I felt at times, I loved her and cherished her and cared for her. That sentence elicited an unusual response. She smiled at me and said she felt "very strange and expanded, like an immense Being. And the light of which I am made is dazzling."

* * *

8 DECEMBER 1991 (SUNDAY).... I trimmed the Christmas tree while Alyce was lying on the couch. After an hour she sat up and began talking. I suggested that she might lie down while talking. She agreed, and continued with clearer words, and a better choice of words. (More blood flow to the brain?)

Some of what she said seemed to indicate that she, as a personality, was aware of Herself, as a spiritual Entity. I tried to write down her words, but didn't get everything. Nevertheless, here are the most significant sentences.

"This is the day. Tonight is the night, you know." "I will miss you, but I hope we will be able to see each other often." After a minute of silence she said, "I have been thinking a lot about God, and fear, and joy, and living."

"Everyone has to do their own living."

"I wish you could go with me, of course, even though I know it's not possible."

During this mostly one-sided conversation, Alyce had a smooth angelic look on her face, and her eyes were alight with recognition, and loving kindness. It was an event for me!

* * *

9 DECEMBER 1991 (MONDAY).... It was an unusual night, for at 4:30am, and about every half hour thereafter, Alyce sat up and talked to me about a variety of subjects. Her voice was perfect in intonation, modulation, versatility of expression, speed of speech, and of greatest

surprise to me, the sentences were properly constructed and her choice and use of words were appropriate.

I couldn't see what she was pointing at or talking about, though, and when she wouldn't lie down (and let me sleep) I responded verbally to her discussion with the hope it would soon terminate. Sometimes that worked, but quite often I moved her elbow so her head would go back down to the pillow. Generally that maneuver, plus my suggestion of being comfortable and going back to sleep, terminated the soliloquy, but not always.

* * *

On one occasion, after she lay down she turned her attention on me, instead of on what she had been talking of, and said, in the most soothing of slow and gentle psychotherapist tones, "You must let yourself calm down, and relax. Let yourself feel quite quiet. Feel the calmness and deep quietness coming into the entire body. Let your anxieties and worries drain away. Let quietness take their place."

My first reaction to this unsolicited therapy was amusement, but when she said "quiet" I felt an unbidden wave of stillness sweep over my body. I tried to block the effect of her suggestion, for I felt I had to maintain surveillance of her, but since she persisted with hypnotic phrases, with her super-soothing voice, it was too much of a struggle. I finally gave up and let myself sink into deep relaxation....

* * *

14 DECEMBER 1991 (SATURDAY). At 6:30am Alyce began speaking. she said, smiling, "Your mother and father are very proud of you." After a pause she added, "I love you so much, but soon I'll take the trip and be there. I hope to see you very often, though, and talk to you," and she gave me a hug.

I thanked her for the message from Marie and Marble. And she said with a little laugh, "Isn't it amazing how many ways they have of helping people?" And after a few more comments she went to sleep....

* * *

12 FEBRUARY 1992 (WEDNESDAY).... She hasn't said much in the last few weeks about the baby, or child, that she was so aware of for many months, but about a week ago she said, "Where is that young boy who used to be around here? I haven't seen him lately!"

[As I see it, the reason she hasn't seen the boy is because "he is she," and has been "liberated."]

* * *

18 MAY 1992.... During a phone call from Sandra, she said she'd just had the best flying dream of her life—and Alyce was her instructor! I can imagine that to be a factual event, for Alyce is in a place where she can do such things. In fact, during most of Alyce's life she would dream on occasion that she was instructing someone in esoteric matters. Several times she was part of a group that was responsible for "inspiring" certain kinds of attitudes and actions in public officials. Her dreams of Roosevelt, Eisenhower, and Kennedy were of that type.

I was impressed by those dreams, for she usually remembered no more than one or two dreams, of any kind, per month.

For some reason, it is useful for the person who is teaching to have a physical body, and generally those people are Initiates of some degree, rather than full-fledged Teachers. The groups, however, are invariably "chaired" by Teachers.

* * *

6 JUNE 1992 (SATURDAY, 51ST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY). I had a card for Alyce to read, and I reminded her of all the things we had done since meeting at the International New Thought Alliance annual conference on 3 oct 39. As a personality, it's sometimes hard for me to realize (and sad) that the magic days in Minneapolis, at Divine Science Center with Alyce, were merely a trifling bit of a global tapestry. As a more detached trans-personality, though, I can recognize the fact that the joys, and stresses and strains, not matter how vital they seemed at the time, were only an aspect of spiritual training.

The Teacher, in spite of detachment, was always the essence of compassion. He may have had a global view, but He treated every situation I brought to Him for clarification with kindness and understanding.

* * *

Looking back over the years to those days, that block of time seems like one of my dreams. I'm struck by the fact that neither the past nor the future is crucial for us, only the present, and how it is handled. The Teacher often made this point. But when we are wrapped up in processes that originated in the past, and have consequences for the future, it's easy to lose perspective and begin wishing, rather than working in the present. Blames, praises, credits, and honors seem inconsequential, except for their utilitarian value in guiding the evolution of consciousness.

* * *

22 JUNE 1992 (MONDAY). Went to bed at 7:30 am and semi-awakened at 8:30 with violent shivering. It was an “energy shiver” of a kind that I get on occasion—when there is a lot to do and not enough time. It is a kundalini release. I first noticed this phenomenon in graduate school at Chicago. Usually I’m so much asleep that I think I’m cold, even though I can’t waken enough to do anything about it.

This time, however, I was sufficiently awake to know what was happening. In addition to the shivers, I could hear the bursts of chakra activity in conjunction with the electric jolts that made the shivering. A few of them were quite violent, and the whole body jerked. Since I knew it was an “energy” phenomenon, it was more a curiosity than a worry. The feeling of coldness that accompanied the shivers must have been a projection, but it felt cold cold cold. With one hand I felt my other arm. It was quite warm, as I thought it would be, and that was the clincher as to the nature of the phenomenon, so I let it continue and went back to sleep.

Awakened again at 9:30, when Alyce wanted to get up.... To my surprise I felt refreshed and really energized, so began phoning about final steps with the paper. The energy lasted all day and I felt no tiredness or difficulty with focus of attention. Was glad to get help from either my Self, or Someone.

* * *

22 JULY 1992 (WEDNESDAY). At breakfast Alyce came out a trance-like, almost comatose, state and said, “Am I still alive?” We talked for a while and I said she might as well eat breakfast, for in this world eating is required.

* * *

29 AUGUST 1992 (SATURDAY)..... After supper we watched the movie, “Cocoon.” Interesting that the “life force” from the swimming pool corresponds to the kundalini in individuals. The reason The Tibetan said that the release of kundalini is the prerogative of the *SOUL*, and shouldn’t be attempted by the personality, is because the personality hasn’t sense enough to handle the energy in a constructive way.

In “Cocoon,” one of the elderly energized men became unfaithful to his wife and began chasing women. That is the usual problem with premature kundalini release in men. The 2nd chakra gets the energy because the personality identifies with it rather than with the transcendental love of 4th chakra. That’s why Freud and others thought that sex was the driving force in humans.

According to The Tibetan, the true driving force is the 1st chakra's kundalini. It is responsible for every living process, from kidney function to brain function. Average humans, however, are aware only of enhanced sex functions when there is an unusual burst of energy. As a result most psychiatrists and psychologists, not being themselves transpersonal, and much less masters of their own physiology, rush to the conclusion that sex drive is the life force, rather than a correlate of the force.

* * *

...the Great Invocation refers to Light, Love, and Power. Light was brought by the Buddha, Love by the Christ, and Power by the Maitreya, and (according to The Tibetan) it manifests in many ways, including the unexpected and unexplained release of kundalini in individuals.

Part of the Great Invocation says, "And from the center known as the human race, let the Plan of Love and Light work out. And may it seal the door where evil dwells." In this verse, Power was omitted, and instead "seal the door" (to selfishness and self-centeredness) was included. That, again, is because Power (released kundalini) is not appropriate for average humans. Love and Light, however, are both appropriate and essential.

* * *

Similar to the "life force" in Cocoon, kundalini is the "fountain of youth," and, when guided by the SOUL, is responsible for the transformation of the personality into an "energy being," of the type suggested by the glowing entities from Antara [in the movie]....

* * *

30 AUGUST 1992 (SUNDAY).... Later in her rocking chair, Alyce wanted me to stay close, so I put my face by her cheek and held her for a few minutes. Her far-away state had an affect on me, and for the rest of the day I went further and further into a kind of limbo. By the end of the day I was so far away that it wasn't easy to fix dinner.

During the afternoon, and while fixing dinner, I had a series of visual flashbacks—driving through Red Rock Canyon; driving in the desert above Mojave on old Highway 6; driving west on Highway 50 halfway between Ely and Carson City, Nevada; driving on Highway 30 in the Terraplane as I entered Colorado, 1944, during WWII (after a sad departure from Alyce at a railroad station in southern Minnesota); driving in the Terraplane between Delta, Utah and Tonopah, Nevada, after a desert walk to the seldom-visited volcanic crater on Highway 6 in the middle of Utah. It was evening when I was at that place, in September 1944, and the silence and the fragrance of the air were almost unbelievable.

Oddly, almost all images are scenes of the desert, or desert canyons, or curving stretches of highway above desert hills, like in the Mojave Desert, scenes from car trips across the West. Most are in the late afternoon, or just at sunset. Something about the Western deserts, the vast stretches of silence, subtle colors, and graceful shapes of hills and horizons, has had a powerful effect on me. In all those scenes, except when I drove the Terraplane to Tonopah in 1944, Alyce and I were together. I didn't see her any more than I saw myself, but the unity of perception and togetherness was perfectly blended, and made the experience complete.

What all this means to me I truly can't express. No one else may have sensed it at the time, but for the 52 years in which Alyce and I were together (and even today, though she can't communicate in an ordinary way), she was a retreat, and lovingly shared her presence with me, where quietness and silence and subtle fragrance were like the desert twilight.

My rooftop dream of 1944 in Boise was especially focused on that presence and quietness, that unique stillness, peace and beauty. As you may remember, in that dream I opened the door to the rooftop hut (the final "room" of this world)... Alyce was sitting beside a small table on which burned a candle whose flame never flickered. My attention was drawn to the flame, and to the stillness.... Her peacefulness and quietness even made the air stand still.

* * *

24 OCTOBER 1992.... I sank onto the couch and relaxed with a couple of Milwaukee's Best—and then a negative reaction to the long mandatory editing effort [of copper-wall papers], and other things, set in. At least it seemed like a reaction, and also an anger.

I asked myself why I was doing all this. What difference would it make if I now vanished? Quit working when Alyce was gone? Working with her showed the futility of effort. Human-potential advancement was well launched. What more could I contribute anyway? Self-help and creativity experts abound in every state. Knowledgeable lecturers crisscross the country by the hundreds, talking in dozens (or maybe hundreds) of "new age" workshops. Contribution from me is no longer needed.

Also, I can have little affect on the unfortunate New-Age consensus-hypnosis that seems to be setting in. New Age people are starting to surround themselves with a new kind of narcissistic glamour, and advanced topics, such as "causal reality and its conflict with personality reality," scare them. They want self regulation for good health, creativity, and psychological enhancement—not to discover, through deep self awareness, that their cherished New-Age identities are still only shadows on smoke.

Perhaps, I thought, working with Alyce had estranged me from ordinary life. Her mood was affecting me somewhat like it affected her. Even if I continued lecturing, so what? Support

seems to be drying up for Copper Wall “healer” research, which is the most entertaining thing I’ve worked on. Maybe it’s time to quit. Maybe the planet has had as much human-potential promotion as it can stand (biofeedback, creativity, self-help programs).

Any more of that might create a counterproductive reaction. Humanity can’t even promote simple, elementary, caring things for everyone. Selfishness and power over others govern the orientation of leaders. Maybe human affairs could better stew by themselves without my minuscule effort.

* * *

I was clearly not in a good mood and, after Alyce went to bed I tried to repair it by watching a series of satellite programs and news broadcasts. That made it worse. Human goals are wrong. What people want—and what the creators and manipulators of news, advertising, soap-opera and sitcom entertainment feed people (with majority approval)—is worse than banal, it is degrading and entrapping. The media give powerful eagerly-consumed enslaving visualizations to viewers who are already burdened with twisted personalities and stifled spirit. What a mess! What good can an individual do!? What does The Teacher want now, anyway?

* * *

26 OCTOBER 1992 (MONDAY). Apparently in response to my non-constructive mood, just before waking at 7 am I had a hypnagogic lucid-dream communication with one of the Teachers, not The Teacher, Himself, but a younger man. He had a firm, almost stern expression (but not without compassion) as He explained certain things.

There was still quite a bit I could do that would contribute to Their work. For instance, the Montreal conferences next summer on spirit, health, and ecology were not unimportant, and my presentations would be useful. Also, it was necessary to write more papers on the Copper Wall Project.

Aside from Their work, he said, I wasn’t through working on my other self (my shadow self). Then He produced an image of himself as fight manager with me a boxer, and to illustrate points He created an image of a boxing ring and a fight that was coming up.

It was all neat and clean, spic and span in comparison with some of the Kafka-like situations and battles I went through in the Thirties and Forties. I was scheduled to box an opponent (whom He didn’t identify at first) and it was important not only for me to win, but also important for the thousands of spectators. It was of value to them, He explained, because, as *souls*, they realized that what I could do they could also do.

Also, because of the “magnetic” pull between us as *souls*, my victory would give them energy to begin or continue their own battles. They would all be cheering for me. It isn’t just you you’re battling for, He said, but for everyone else too.

Then He said, there was no other opponent out there. It was only my personal reactive self (the shadow, the Dweller on the Threshold) that I had to fight. And, as an opponent, that self was no longer a serious contender. It was weak. I had only to face it and defeat it.

In order to do that, He continued, it was essential that not one piece of unconscious process be allowed to remain unknown to me, or allowed to be autonomous. That was the reason, He said, that I had been having so many flashbacks of unpleasant I-wish-I-hadn’t-done-that scenes from my younger years.

* * *

(When he said that, I was startled, for it was true that for some unknown reason everything...that I’ve not been particularly proud of—mainly from my younger years—has come up lately in “spontaneous” imagery. For about 6 months this process has gone on, like a clearing out of dusty junk closets.

For instance, several months ago I had a clear flashback of an unpleasant event when I was at Uncle Helga’s house at age 4 (Helga and Laura, Pop’s older sister). I dropped a kitten from a stairway balcony down onto the main floor and injured it. The family was appalled.

Fortunately for my psychological well being, Marie quickly helped me. When I said, in answer to her question, that when they had been talking about cats always being able to land on their feet, no matter how they were tossed, I wanted to see that, and took the kitten up the stairs and dropped it through the railings, upside down.

She carefully explained to me that it was always necessary to think in advance about possible consequences. Sometimes people made mistakes and said things that were not always true. And she explained that a big cat might have been able to do just what they said, and land safely, but the baby cat wasn’t grown up enough. It was sad that the kitten was hurt, she said, but I didn’t know all these things yet. She understood how I felt, and comforted me.

Nevertheless, 3 months ago, and in spite of Marie’s quick response long ago (for which I was grateful), I felt very bad when the imagery popped up, and asked the Kosmos and the animal kingdom to forgive me for the error. I think, now, that I’ve solved that particular hang-up. Interestingly, I wasn’t nearly as upset about the many ducks, pheasants, and other animals I killed as a teen-age hunter in Minnesota.)

* * *

Then the Teacher I was talking to continued: To enter this battle it is necessary to know everything about one's self, because the hidden part of the self is the real enemy. And, it is only that which is unknown in our self, and our fear of that which is unknown, that robs us of strength. That was why, He said, that He'd prepared such an unusual entrance to the ring, arranging it so the fighter would see every detail of himself as he approached the ring.

Then He showed me that to get from the dressing room to where you climb up through the ropes, you had to walk between two walls of mirrors. Then I was dressed like a fighter and walking between the mirrors, and as I looked at myself, first on one side and then on the other, it was clear that in actuality I was somewhat different than my everyday subjective impressions led me to believe. At that thought I became wide awake, and though I'd slept only 4 hours I was highly energized, and got up and began the day.

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1 NOVEMBER 1992 (SUNDAY, PAT'S BIRTHDAY).... A usual day for Alyce, but one of mental and emotional reorganization for me. That is, just as I organized the physical files, I'm having to again do an emotional organization and housecleaning. It's easy to let trash accumulate—and in the emotional domain it acts as a weight, for you have to carry it with you.

In that sense, we're like those crabs that carry a shell to live in. At least with the physical house I can sweep dust under the rug and forget it. With emotional dust, though, it's like adding weight to your mountain-climbing pack. And it can't be left behind. It remains in the pack like useless rocks (that is, remains in the preconscious, or unconscious), instead of being in hand like a walking stick, and being useful (in immediate consciousness). The analogy could be carried on, but you get the drift....

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2 NOVEMBER 1992 (MONDAY).... In line with emotional housecleaning, I'm trying to chuck out all useless feelings, such as irritated feelings due to pressure of commitments. I'll handle promises as need be, but don't want them weighing on me. In a way, this astral maneuver is similar to straightening a real house, except that in a real house furniture stays where you put it.

One trouble with negative, gloomy and frustrated feelings is that they're not easy to let go of. When you do put them down, or think you put them down, they sneak up (they're not as immobile as furniture) and climb on your back when you're not looking, and whisper in your ear, subliminally, that you can't do anything about them, and, in addition to that, you are fully justified in feeling the way you feel, identifying yourself with them. You are only being "honest"

when you let them live in you (like parasites, though they don't mention that)—and carry them around, forever.

Different from furniture, kamamanasic thought forms are *ensouled* by astral deva essence, and like blood suckers they keep after you, never giving up, until shriveled with causal energy (spiritual salt), or are condemned to die through starvation. That is, starvation through disinterest, not listening to their pleas, not feeding them....

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6 NOVEMBER 1992 (FRIDAY).... Unusual feeling of joy. Played the keyboard till 3:30am....

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7 NOVEMBER 1992 (SATURDAY).... While sitting at the dinner table with Alyce, I...watched part of "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." The producers should be ashamed of that one. Its main ingredients are sex, sadism, horror, and cruelty for no reason. Dialogue was amusing in spots, but on a scale of 100 the words succeeded in bringing the part of the movie I watched only up to a score of 5.

* * *

9 NOVEMBER 1992 (MONDAY).... just before waking I had two very-strong semi-lucid dreams....

In the first...I was helping Alyce, or trying to explain to her, how to steer the car. I was outside the open window and Alyce was supposed to be sitting at the wheel, but instead she was in the middle of the front seat and wouldn't move, and I was having a hard time getting her attention. To my surprise, Marie was in the passenger seat, looking straight ahead in a calm way, seemingly unaware, or unconscious, of what was happening.

I tried several times, unsuccessfully (and frustratingly), to show Alyce how to steer, before the car began moving. It seemed that it was necessary for them to take a trip together without me, and I was trying to give last-minute instructions.

Finally, the car began moving down an incline toward water (the astral plane). I hoped they would get to their destination, but suddenly the car turned over, under water, in a stairwell that had a door at the bottom.

In just a few seconds I had dived into the water, swum down to the door and pulled it open.... All the water from the stairwell poured into a basement hallway in which several people, men and women, were standing, as if waiting. The "welcoming committee" in the bardo.

As the water subsided (in a few seconds) both Marie and Alyce were seen lying on the floor on their backs, with peaceful and serene expressions on their faces. They hadn't died for they'd been underwater for less than 20 seconds, but their unconscious state worried me, and I called to the people saying it was necessary to quickly resuscitate these two.

They immediately came, and as resuscitation began, the dream ended.

* * *

I woke with pounding heart from the strenuous exertion. In pondering the dream's meaning, it seemed that possibly Marie (who died in '79) was being given a chance by the Teachers (by helping Alyce in her transition, and because of her association with me) to come to full consciousness in the spiritual domain and come out of devachan, the bardo dreamscape world, into which *souls* who have not come to causal consciousness go.

* * *

According to Koot Hoomi, after death (of the physical body) the non-Initiated *soul* dreams for 500 to 1500 years in devachan. Aborigines, He said, have so little material to process that they often reincarnate in less than 100 years.

Initiates, on the other hand, don't go into devachan. Instead, after a period of instruction they are able to work with humanity in a great variety of jobs as agents of the Teachers. This work lasts until their next incarnation, which might be in 30 years or less.

* * *

....In the second dream, which was just before waking for the day, I was flying above a city near a mountain range. I was demonstrating something to people who could see me, something they needed to learn (I'm not sure what it was), but as I glided and turned this way and that I began to lose altitude. I tried, as in many similar situations in the past, to call on the energy that sustains me, but I couldn't make it appear and kept losing altitude. Finally as I approached the mountains I flew over a ridge and into a cul-de-sac canyon.

As this happened, I heard a woman and some men talking on the other side of the ridge about something that should be done to help people handle a problem. I realized I knew exactly what to do, and that the remedies they were discussing would be harmful, not helpful. So, I tried again to rise, but I'd sunk too far and the walls were now far too high to rise above, and I had to quickly bank around and reverse direction to get out. But, I'd dropped so far that the ridge was now higher than I was, and I had to land!

I came down on a gray gravelly slope about 3 blocks short of the crest of the ridge, and began walking. I knew I'd somehow lost my energy supply, but that I would get it back. In the meantime, although boring and tiring, it was necessary to slog along over the gravel until I climbed to the ridge. There, I knew, I could launch again, and turn attention to the need I'd overheard the discussion of.

While walking, it suddenly came to me that the energy-loss was due to a depression (psychological) that I'd let myself sink into, and that the real source of my energy was joy, the kind of spontaneous joy I normally have, all the time, though not always acutely aware of. Then I was wide awake.

* * *

The significance of that dream was obvious, and the advice solidly correct. It takes lightness to fly. Being weighed down by astral entanglements, or emotional burdens, or worries, besides being useless, is counterproductive because it cuts off the supply of energy.

The "joy" that was referred to is something I consciously feel flashes of even these days. In the last year, in noting these flashes, I'd wondered what circumstance (these days) could make me feel joyful. But, after this morning's dream, I realize again (as I've long known but recently forgotten, or ignored), that joy has nothing to do with circumstances. It isn't a consequence of fun, or pleasure, or doing something, or entertainment. It is a self-generating, and regenerating, state of being.

Joy is part of causal consciousness, and originates, I believe, in awareness of connection to the [Kosmos] at trans-causal levels. The highest level of the causal body (the 1st subplane of the mental plane) [Sub-level 21 in the field-of-mind diagram] is the connection with the Lotus says The Tibetan, and when awareness of higher levels occurs, it not only brings regenerating energy but is felt as joy.

* * *

....So spontaneous joy must be allowed to come back—and bring energy for flying....

* * *

18 DECEMBER 1992 (FRIDAY).... During the night I was awakened with the buzzing whole-body energy state I've previously described. It wasn't unpleasant. I noticed that (like Ramakrishna) if the intensity around the head got too high I tended to become unconscious. Not sleepy, just forced into disconnection with the body.

* * *

17 JANUARY 1993 (SUNDAY).... An interesting conversation... occurred when we were eating supper.... Alyce's teeth were clamped on a piece of celery and it couldn't be moved either into her mouth or out, I said in a complaining way, "Alyce, what are you trying to do?" And she instantly said, as if I ought to know the answer to that, "I'm trying to make the world better for everyone." Her comment reminded me that when we talk to people who are on multilevels of consciousness, we may not know to what level the message is going to—or on what level the message is received.

* * *

27 FEBRUARY 1993 (SATURDAY).... Alyce was in a rare and wonderful state of consciousness.... She smiled and talked to me about many people and many things (which I couldn't identify). At one point she gestured across the street and asked me to look at something. I looked, but the street was empty. Before I could say anything, she added, "I can see it—but you wouldn't see it!"

* * *

4 MARCH 1993.... at the end of my phone conversation, I was in the special transcendental state of consciousness that often takes over when members of our group talk of spiritual matters as instructors and begin answering questions. And then, when I finished talking and came from the library to the dining room table, where Alyce had been...dozing, she looked up at me with such an expression in her eyes that I knew she was seeing me. I responsively returned her look, but didn't say anything, and in the most clear and loving way she said, "I love you!" For two or three more sentences we talked together like old times.

One reason I mention this is that once again I noticed that if I'm in an unusually high state of consciousness, Alyce has a tendency to come out as her True Self and say something. The Tibetan commented on this phenomenon in regard to contacting, or talking with, the Teachers. Their lowest level of consciousness is generally the highest of our causal levels (or is sometimes the Buddhic level) the Mind-of-Me level.

To communicate with Them it is necessary only to come up to Their state of consciousness. Alyce, in her True-Self state, is at the causal-or-above level, and somehow senses when I'm there, too, and often is able to say something that shows her awareness of the shared state. I can't imagine how She does this, considering her personality impairment in awareness and ability to express herself, but it is satisfying to me, and makes up for the rest of the time.

When Alyce talked to me tonight, I took the opportunity to tell her to not worry about me, to relax, to let go, and if They came to get her, then go with Them. "They will teach you," I said, "how to use the spiritual telephone. We'll be able to communicate no matter where you are!" When I said that, she chuckled as if she'd have to see that to believe it, though not as if she really didn't believe it.

* * *

7 MARCH 1993 (SUNDAY).... Later in the day, while I was listening to music and considering its transpersonal connotations, I began thinking of Ram Dass and Joseph Campbell, and how they came around, finally, to the idea that the Life of Spirit (after you find out about it) "is the only game in town."

And for some reason, as I thought about those things, a great feeling of love for the life of the True Self came over me. I was lost in that feeling, when suddenly Alyce interrupted my thought with a statement out of the blue, "There is nothing in the world more beautiful!" And as she glanced at me I got the impression that for 4 seconds she was speaking as her own True Self. It was an odd realization to know that at some level she was in perfect synchrony with my thought....

* * *

19 MARCH 1993 (FRIDAY). Just before awaking...I had an instructive, problem-solving, operational dream. At its start I was halfway up in a tall high-rise building, and was planning a climb of some kind. Three other people were going with me it seemed. Soon they showed up with packs on their backs and with mountain-climbing shoes. I wasn't certain who they were, but they seemed to be family members who had been helping me with Alyce. I deduced they were Pat, Judy, and Sandra, though I didn't see their faces clearly.

In any event, when it was time to start climbing we instead got into an elevator that rose rapidly to the top. The top turned out to be a roof-covered platform, about 1/4 of a square block in area, perched on a tall structure similar to the Eiffel Tower. On leaving the elevator, not seeing my companions again, I first went to the edge of the platform and looked out. The tower was higher than the clouds! One could see everywhere in the world.

On turning back, I could see that the platform was divided by partitions, open at the top, into hallways and cubicles. Many people I didn't know were going back and forth, but I was concerned only with Alyce. In an interior windowless cubicle, she was seated on a four-sided bench mounted on a platform, and she herself was a four-sided figure, with four faces and four pairs of arms. I'd come up from down below to help her accomplish a very difficult task, and doing it was strenuous for me, too.

She first used a right hand to pull on a monofilament nylon loop that went around the fingers of a left hand, which was rigidly clenched into a fist that she couldn't open. With shut eyes and intense concentration, she used the loop to break loose one finger at a time. In the image it was as if the loop would saw through a finger and go on to the next one, but the severed finger didn't become detached, instead it became flexible and free from clenching. After the left hand was freed-up, Alyce took the loop in that hand and began working on the fingers of the right hand.

My task was to tightly hold, and immobilize, the hand and fingers being worked on. Since each hand took several minutes of intense effort, it was an ordeal. Alyce's attention and gritty determination didn't waver, though, and she continued from hand to hand until we'd gone all the way around the four pairs of arms!

* * *

In addition to helping with the hands and fingers, I gave Alyce instruction on how to breath, stroked the bridge of her nose, and told her that to maximize concentration it was better to breath through the nose, rather than through the mouth. While doing this, I became aware of an invisible guide instructing me as to what to say to Alyce.

As the dream neared its end I gradually awakened, feeling stressed and tense.

* * *

A few minutes were needed for recovery before I got up to start breakfast. Pat, who was with us for the day, was already in the kitchen and I told her of the dream. We speculated about what it might specifically refer to. That question was answered when half an hour later I brought Alyce out for breakfast, having had no trouble with clenched fists. Her hands were soft and flexible.

Then, at the table, Alyce made a remark to Pat about something she had been doing. I didn't hear it...for I was in the kitchen, but Pat said, as I remember it, that Alyce said something about her intention to have better control. At least, Pat felt that Alyce's statement referred to what I'd dreamed about.

Whatever it was that Alyce referred to, the most convincing and impressive fact was that for the first time in at least 3 months I had no difficulty with clenched fists when trying to get her out of bed. Usually her hand was tightly holding the sheet, or a blanket, and was almost impossible to open. I'd work on one finger at a time, and hold it straight while working on the next. And if my grasp slipped, the fingers would re-clench and I'd have to start over. Often I brought Alyce all the way to the breakfast table with clenched fists, and only when I placed (forced) a cracker between thumb and forefinger would the hands begin to relax.

* * *

30 MARCH 1993 (TUESDAY).... Since my dream of 19 March, Alyce's hands have been soft and flexible, instead of tight-fisted and grasping!!! And, it has affected everything else. She hears better, talks better, understands better, and is cooperative! The only necessity, for me, is to talk with her in advance of every move, no matter how simple. If I wish her to move her hand, first it is necessary to talk about it.

This is a remarkable change from...2 weeks ago, and it happened all at once, apparently during the ordeal of gaining control of her hands during my "dream..."

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14 APRIL 1993 (WEDNESDAY).... Pat came to take care of Alyce for a few hours while I drove to the Council Grove Conference for a 2 1/2 hour presentation. Discussed the field-of-mind diagram. I started by saying that, in large part, what I was going to talk about was what I knew, and not what I'd read or theorized about, and many of the hypnagogic visions I've received and used as guidance over the years were openly discussed for the first time (outside the family).

The effect on the group was surprising. Afterwards one person thanked me for legitimizing her own experiences!

The rest of my presentation consisted of questions and answers about God, gods and goddesses, devas and demons, and our need to master the archetypal entities (who would otherwise control us as puppets)—and The Plan, as I became conscious of it experientially, and later learned of it intellectually through The Teacher and The Tibetan.

* * *

27 APRIL 1993 (TUESDAY). Had an interesting dream about the effect [that] "being of service" has on this planet, and on the individual who renders the service. The service may merely be helping someone whose car is stuck in the mud, and therefore... doesn't have much effect on humanity as a whole, but the effect on the individual who gives loving and kind help is tremendous and significant. We may not transform society much by being of value, but, according to the dream, we certainly transform ourselves....

* * *

2 MAY 1993 (SUNDAY)....dreamed about “turning it around,” not being trapped in astral molasses. In the dream it was explained that I need not stay in the semi-inactive and semi-down state that I’d been in for the last few weeks. Instead I can turn it around as easily as turning around a pillow on a chair. As soon as I do this, the dream informed me, it’ll change the rules of the game. No use to let depression have sway. Just turn it around. Take action! Maybe it actually will be that easy. I’ll see....

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4 JUNE 1993 (FRIDAY). In pondering the being-of-service dream, I remember that before I went to bed that night I’d been considering the possibility that what I’m doing for Alyce may not really be of much value, either for her or for anyone else. What good is it doing for humanity, anyway? I concluded, though, before I drifted off to sleep, that whatever happened to Alyce in relation to my involvement would have to be orchestrated by her *SOUL*. I would merely comply with seemed to be the best instruction I could get.

And now I remember that the being-of-service dream was told, or given, to me personally and, even though the principle is true as a generality, it was not meant to be thought of as an impersonal general rule. I’m glad I remembered that (or that I was reminded of it). It reinforces the feeling that I wish to continue what I’m doing with Alyce. I’m not sure what value the effort is to Her as a Divine Entity, but it must be of some use.

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Harvey Grady, in a letter long ago, told me that Monitor said that Alyce was the agent of a “certain Teacher,” and that her etheric “energy” (though not her physical consciousness), was still being used, and that she might therefore stay longer than one would guess.[How true.]

Well, that’s the way it is. And to quote one of the hilarious digs at New Age pseudo-wisdom from “The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eighth Dimension,” “Remember: Wherever you go—there you are!” If this is said very seriously, and in a profound way, it gets attention, especially because of American fascination with Zen koans....

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26 JUNE 1993 (SATURDAY).... [ISSSEEM held a conference in Monterey, California, and I agreed to be available for three days while Judy and Bob came from Colorado and cared for Alyce. For nine days previously I’d had family visitors, and also for three days, while Sandra cared for Alyce, I had been in Montreal at a conference with Pat and Steve. Those days were a family affair which Alyce seemed to appreciate.]

At San Francisco, I rented a car and drove to Monterey, crossing the Montara Mountains and the San Andreas Rift lakes on Highway 92, over to Half Moon Bay. From there to Monterey is 100 miles. It was an idyllic drive. Perfect chapperal-scented warm dry air, bright sun, fluffy clouds, blue sky. The ocean was shining and beautiful, curling green breakers with long horse-tail plumes blowing back, coming in on every beach.

It was so familiar and entrancing that I almost felt that Kansas had never been—an odd state of consciousness. But, as might be expected, as I drove over the hills and down to Half Moon Bay, and along the ocean, I began to feel a loss. Alyce was missing. Once, it struck with an abrupt shock: I turned to exclaim, to call Alyce's attention to a giant translucent-green breaking wave, and she wasn't there.

Can't describe exactly how I felt, nor the accompanying out-of-this-world shift in consciousness, but I was acutely conscious of the fact that we are on this planet as spectators and actors only for a short time. And, it made me realize once again that the important thing in life is to nourish and purify relationships, with each other, with Gaia, and with the Lotus World, and to avoid nostalgia.

It isn't easy, though, to always keep nostalgia in abeyance, and replace it with the beauty of memories. Nostalgia has a sad sense of loss, and is easy to indulge in, to sink into. But it is non-useful. Nostalgia is about the past. We are concerned with the present and the future, aren't we?

In any event, I experimented with my feelings on the way down the coast to Monterey, and found, to my relief, that I could extract beauty and joy out of memory, and turn off the sadness of nostalgia. It was great to be able to have joy instead of sadness. Our feelings are like arms and legs. They are useful, needed, but they mustn't be allowed to be autonomous. They must be our servants, not our masters.... [The Monterey-type nostalgia returned again and again in a diminishing sequence, however, before being totally transmuted—after Alyce was gone.]

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29 JUNE 1993 (TUESDAY).... The weather was warm and sunny. Sea otters and scuba divers were having a good time in the kelp beds off the hotel. I started for SF at 10am, driving the winding highway through the redwoods from Santa Cruz to San Jose. Beautiful country, and so familiar. It's hard to believe that I don't live in California. It seems more like home than Kansas, or any other place.

The divided 4-lane highway over the mountains from Santa Cruz to San Jose is an almost-continuous sequence of 40 mph curves, uphill and downhill, which drivers in small cars transit

at top speed with windows open, between 60 and 65 mph. Since I had a small car, a glossy bright-red Mercury, I joined the race.

It took a few minutes to become familiar with the car's handling idiosyncrasies, but soon I was in the swing of it. What an exhilaration! It was like a smooth high-speed dance, but full of surprises—other cars, trucks and buses—requiring foresight, ingenuity, and brashness. There's a camaraderie between drivers, and on occasion, when it's possible to take momentary advantage of an opening and shoot past, they glance at each other with a look of secret awareness and joy. It was a super drive! One I won't soon forget.

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2 JULY 1993 (FRIDAY).... having had company continuously since Sandra and Fred's arrival on 17 June, Judy and Bob's departure made the house seem deserted. To ease this feeling, or muffle it, I decided (after a round of internal debate), to relax while fixing dinner with a small glass of sherry wine. So, while Alyce drank V8 juice and ate crackers, I fixed a green salad and drank sherry.

Much to my surprise, my stomach felt like it was holding the wine in suspension, rather than absorbing it. Oddly enough, it felt like a GI-tract rebellion. Not believing that could be the case, I drank another small glass, and my stomach really began to hurt.

By then dinner was ready and while I helped Alyce with hers, I ate mine, thinking that food would solve the problem. But, it didn't, and I began to feel very uncomfortable. The cause of this peculiar situation was probably connected, I felt, with the fact that about the 20th of May I decided to not drink any more beer or wine, or any other alcoholic beverage, except with company. Never when home "alone," with Alyce, and now I was countermanding that decision. The reason for making that decision had several parts, as follows.

1. Nowadays, even 1 can of Milwaukee's Best makes me begin to feel spacey, and that alcohol-induced feeling was getting to be a problem. I was already spacey simply from being sensitive to Alyce's state of mind, and the two spacey-generators together seemed to be mutually potentiating, and I no longer could tell what my true physiologic state was.

For instance, when I got up today I felt as spacey as if I had drunk the equivalent of 2 or 3 beers shortly before going to bed. And, even if I didn't drink MB for 2 or 3 days, the effect didn't completely vanish.

The question was, how much influence did Alyce's state of consciousness have on me? Long ago, when I was a student at the University of Minnesota, 2 or 3 beers seemed like nothing (at least that's how I remember it), but now that was no longer true.

2. I wanted to be in my best reality-testing mode in order to be of best-possible service to Alyce. I noticed that if I drank beer or wine while I was fixing dinner in the evening that it quickly affected my mood, making it more light-hearted, less gloomy, less worried, and less aware of what was happening with Alyce while she was trying to eat.

And that lack of awareness of Alyce I didn't care for at all. If something unfortunate should happen to her while I was in a spacey mood because of drinking even a small amount of beer or wine, I would always wonder if it would have been different if I had been more aware of her needs, and less concerned with my own.

3. My consciousness and my mood had to be totally under my own control, not dependent on any external thing or external situation. If I didn't have total control, I might not be able to help Alyce properly in the psychic and spiritual sense if she should suddenly die. I wanted to be clear of all foreign influences when she departed, day or night, and it seemed that her time on this planet, unpredictable as it was, was coming to an end. In addition, consciousness and mood are not the same thing, so it was necessary to work independently on mood control. And that work I could not easily do if the mood was artificially skewed.

4. In taking care of Alyce, responsibility didn't change merely with MB and a bit of light-heartedness at dinner time, and after dinner was over the effect of dinner-time MB was always a downer because nothing had really changed. I became sleepy, more gloomy, more procrastinating on tasks that needed doing, less energetic, etc. This was the flip side of an MB-facilitated mood. This flipped and false down-state was no more useful in being of service to Alyce than the false up-state, and, the down-state sometimes would drag on, like the false spaceyness, for 2 or 3 days, and that was highly counterproductive.

5. The stress of the situation with Alyce (coupled with CWP and ISSSEEM stresses) plus beer or wine as a mood changer, created a peculiar GI problem. I didn't have any clinical-level GI disorder of the kind that we train patients to handle, but my lack of true reality-testing and control (my escapism) in the mental and emotional sense, was paralleled in the physiological domain by GI confusion.

It was as if the GI tract was getting conflicting signals from moods and from MB. The resultant physiologic effect was too much GI motility, too much activity. Obviously, it was necessary for me to take charge of all my moods, stabilize them, and totally dispense with external mood-shifters, otherwise the GI tract would never know whom to believe, me or them....

* * *

So, with all the above things in mind, I decided to cease drinking beer or wine except with company here at home, or out with others at a restaurant, etc. In addition, I told the emotions that from now on I would choose what they would feel, and I told the GI tract to mend its ways, to quiet down and never behave in any way that I didn't approve of.

I made the ultimatums quite forceful, and although it took about a week before the habit of drinking beer fell away, I was soon free of it. The withdrawal effect was mainly in the habitual part when I started to fix dinner every day, but I also noticed a slight yowling of the physiological devas at their forced alignment with my decision. That sensation was rather like a covert hunger, or an indefinite whole-body aching for something of some sort. In any event, like all emotional and physiological things, they went away.

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So, to get back to where I was: The upshot of it was that after dinner Alyce and I moved to the couch. I turned on the TV, but couldn't focus on it because of stomach pain, where it felt like all GI action had totally stopped, in rebellion and anger it seemed (possibly because of my previously forcing it into alignment with my decision). Finally I lay down on the floor and practiced total quieting. That worked for about 30 seconds, and then the pain spread through the entire midsection of the body and I began to feel nauseous....

After a few bouts of nausea, lasting about an hour, I was totally recovered, and felt free, light, and fine. As I thought about what had happened, it occurred to me that there was still some sherry left in the fridge, and it might be best to pour it down the drain. The crescendo of affirmation, like an internal shout of agreement from somewhere in the unconscious, startled me and made me laugh, but I immediately complied, not wanting to test "them" again.

Interestingly enough, while Fred and Sandra were here, and later Judy and Bob, the one condition that I set, that I would allow myself beer or wine with others, caused me no trouble. Once again I'm impressed by the power of the mind (and emotions) to set conditions to be complied with by the physiology.

And once it gets set up, it's not easy to change. It reminded me of Gene Peniston's 2 alcoholic patients who programmed their bodies to recover from alcoholism with alpha-theta training coupled with visualization, not really wanting to stop drinking, but not realizing that basic hypothalamic centers would be modified, and that their bodies would no longer tolerate drinking. Nausea was their discovery, too.

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3 JULY 1993 (SATURDAY).... as I awakened I began thinking about the body's reaction to alcohol, and wondered if it needed any particular food. And instantly I got a hypnagogic flash,

definitely from unconscious sources, showing a waterfall, and that I should drink it. I got the message. It was so powerful and different from my usual thinking (and hypnagogic imagery) that I believe it came from outside, projected in, rather than from inside my own head.

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7 AUGUST 1993 (SATURDAY).... Just as I got up I heard a unique bird song, a most piercing and thrilling run up and down the scale, covering about 2 octaves in 3rd and 4th intervals, lasting about 4 seconds. Startled, I went to the door of the bedroom, which was open, and carefully looked out through the screen, disturbing the drape as little as possible so as to not frighten the singer away. Nothing was visible, though the song repeated about every half minute. The bird was at the back of the ravine, behind trees, obscured by thousands of leaves.

I watched for movement...without success, becoming more and more eager to see the bird. Was it a thrush? It reminded me of the “arpeggio bird” I heard long ago in Canada, at the north end of Lake Agnes, when Judy, Sandra, Alyce and I were canoeing in the Quetico Forest Reserve. And that bird, though it never became visible, I later identified as a thrush by searching through descriptions of songs and habitats.

As I listened to this incredible song, I began thinking of how one time when I wanted to see a pelican, one came out of a clear sky and circled the boat at mast height and then flew away. And when I wanted to see a Downy Woodpecker, in Topeka, after having not seen one since living in Minnesota, one came within 10 minutes and landed on the patio table. And when I wanted to see a Luna moth, having not seen one since Minnesota, one came the next night and fluttered against the window where I was writing an article. In all those cases, though, I had a very special feeling, a feeling of alignment with Gaia, before the event.

In the present case, if I could generate, or re-create, that special feeling, maybe the bird would make itself visible to me. If that were to happen, where would I want it to fly to? Still speculating, I looked up in the trees by the back deck, and thought it would be nice to have the bird come there. But then, since I was merely speculating, anyway, why not have it come to a spot where visibility was perfect. Not up in a tree, where flashes of bright sky through the leaves made seeing difficult, but down low against a dark background. In fact, since I was only imagining things, why not pick a dead branch close to the deck railing.

And the thought occurred—how did my present imagining differ from my other contacts with Gaia? And the answer, of course, was that the special feeling was missing, and it was a key ingredient. Then the thought: Could I, at will, generate such a feeling? That previous event had occurred more or less spontaneously, that is, I didn’t will anything. I had a desire, and something happened. Could I create such a desire? Did I really want to see that bird? As much as I had wanted to see the pelican?

I thought about that for a moment, and decided that the answer was yes, I really did want to see that bird. And I imagined the feeling of alignment with Gaia, and the [visualization] of what I wanted, and the feeling that I really wanted the bird to come and land on the dead branch.

And then I waited, sort of holding my breath, and after a minute I saw a flash of a little brown bird coming down from a tree at the back of the ravine and flying diagonally to a nearer tree, about half as far away. It wasn't clearly visible. Could that be the same bird, the one that was singing? It looked too small, and inconspicuous for such a loud and piercing song.

And then it sang. It was that bird! I marveled that such a tiny bird could have such a striking song. And then, it flew directly toward me and landed on a dead branch in the tree I had picked out, at the level I had held in my image! It was on the second of two dead branches, rather than on the first I'd looked at, but it was very close and the view was perfect. It was a little cinnamon striped bird about the size of a sparrow, maybe a trifle bigger. It sat there and sang its song five or six times, and I was dazzled.

After a couple of minutes, since the bird seemed solidly placed on the branch, I decided to get the binoculars. I wanted to see its eyes and feathers more clearly. I carefully left the doorway, and the bird continued singing, but when I was halfway back to the bedroom with the binoculars the song stopped. When I looked again, the bird had gone. Nevertheless, it was wonderful to get a good look at such a remarkable songbird, and I thanked Gaia, and that particular bird, for what had happened....

* * *

....It was probably mentioned somewhere in this journal, but one other time I had that same feeling, slightly different for it had a powerful feeling of affection.... I was playing golf with a group of dentists on a Lake-Michigan shoreline golf course in Wisconsin after giving a lecture on pain control and, since we had a blank afternoon in the symposium schedule, we decided to play golf. The set of clubs I rented was missing a 5 iron, and I asked the attendant to find one for me. He looked around and, behind a door, found an old obsolete club with a weather-beaten wooden shaft, vintage 35 years earlier.

I dropped it in the bag without looking at it, and didn't use it until the 5th or 6th hole. About 150 yards from the pin, I took out the old 5 iron, put my hands on its leather grip, and suddenly a feeling of love for this club swept across me. I was startled but, since I'd picked up psychometric feelings previously and was familiar with them, I decided that the previous owner, the real owner, must have truly loved that club, and had a special feeling about it every time he addressed the ball with it.

In any event, suffused with that good feeling as I addressed the ball, I swung just about right, I thought. The ball landed 20 feet short of the green, bounced a couple of times, then onto the sloping surface, and rolled a long graceful arc into the hole! I was astonished. It was by far the best shot I'd ever made in my years of playing. I thanked the club, and its loving owner, before I put it back in the bag. My partners were impressed! (But I didn't explain.)

* * *

18 AUGUST 1993 (WEDNESDAY).... Living with total equanimity in the "here and now," regardless of what is going on, regardless of what role one is obliged to fulfill, isn't always easy—but it sure is educational. I knew 30 years ago about the end-of-days problems that Alyce would have, but I didn't anticipate my intricate mental-and-emotional detachment problems.

As this process with Alyce continues, I find that many of the causal points-of-view that The Tibetan talked about have become my direct experience. It is a relief, and true joy, to move into this experiential existential causal state, but getting there has been strenuous.

* * *

22 SEPTEMBER (WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN). Music videos played in my head while I slept, and when I got up at 6:30am to work on the CWP paper they continued, a constant internal-music background. It was the audio part of the videos that ran in my mind. I seldom see a picture unless I call it up.

During dinner I played 4 hours of recorded music videos. About 1/3 of what I originally listened to on TV I didn't record because, to me, it was either banal, boring, crass, erotic for the sake of erotic, or simple shrieking without significance. Some of those that I recorded, though, are beautiful short-but-complete movies about other states of consciousness, and all of them, put together, give a feeling of "reality."

....This music is remarkably different from the popular music of the Twenties and Thirties. Almost none of that was focused on values, or on transpersonal concerns. The change in music is, in fact, astounding. Because of the way, nowadays, that instrumental (and vocal) sounds and themes are blended and repeated, It seems that the deva kingdom is being invoked. Maybe the deva side of our nature is getting a chance to express itself.

* * *

25 SEPTEMBER (SATURDAY).... An interesting modification in consciousness took place, in me, this morning, before helping Alyce get up. For the last six weeks I've been aware of an increasing psychological detachment in Alyce, and simultaneous decrease in her ability to control

striate muscles (except for strong resistance to most position changes that I try to initiate). Specifically, in the awareness domain, she has responded less and less to verbal instructions, and in the EMG domain I've had to make increasing use of the dolly chair. In fact, for the last 10 days she hasn't been able to walk anywhere, even with my hands holding her hands and providing balance anywhere. I've used the dolly chair continuously....

So, this morning, while pondering Alyce's state of consciousness and control, and feeling my inadequacy and frustration in working with her, I decided to move entirely to a care-taker role, and quit trying to communicate. It was a sad decision, however liberating, and I turned attention inward and upward to invoke ideas from my SELF (and any Teacher who might notice) on exactly what to do, how to act and interact with Alyce, while detaching myself from her behavior.

The answer I got (intuitive, but very definite) was to quit talking aloud. Begin talking to Alyce with whispers—and, use mental suggestions, or requests, and depend on ESP for communication!!

During the last 2 or 3 months, I've noticed a few times that whispering was less a strain for me than talking, and I did it sometimes as relaxation while caring for Alyce. And she, to my surprise, seemed to hear just about as well as when I spoke in normal voice, even though I know that at high frequencies she has a pronounced hearing loss, possibly as much as 20 decibels. And, unfortunately, it can't be helped with her hearing aid.

As long as a year ago she refused to have it put in her ear any more. And she also refused to wear earphones, or use the Listen-Aider earphone that had been helpful a couple of years ago.

* * *

But how about the difficulty of shaping thoughts for ESP communication, I queried, making specific thoughts definite, with a beginning and end, rather than fluid? When using the voice, no matter how inadequate words may be in communicating meanings, thoughts at least have a final definite shape, or output. The answer to that was to mouth the words silently, or quietly whisper, while doing whatever was necessary in helping Alyce get up, get dressed, eat breakfast, etc.

So, I decided to do it. And when I went to the bedroom to awaken Alyce, at 1:30pm, I said nothing. Just leaned over, put my cheek against hers, and whispered good morning. To my surprise, her response was better than I'd been getting lately by singing a good morning song. She stirred, opened her eyes, looked at me, smiled, and said a few sentences....

The rest of the day was one of no talking, at least not by me. Since no phone calls came, it was a totally silent day except for a few soft whisperings, sometimes in Alyce's ear, but mostly while I was doing things, like tilting the dolly chair back, while holding her left hand on her right shoulder to stabilize body-position and prevent rolling off the chair.

It was a strange day. Not easy to describe. Somewhat like a meditation retreat. It had a peace-making effect on me. And the effect on Alyce was remarkable! Perhaps it was a great relief to her to no longer have to try to understand words and sentences. Or try to figure out why I was talking urgently about something.

She was peaceful, more compliant, seemed to understand just as well, or even better, than when I spoke aloud, and she became the client in a non-verbal client-centered situation. I definitely felt a shift in role from a partner and care taker to a client-centered therapist. And it felt okay, much more peaceful and stress-free than trying to communicate in usual ways, in organizing and conducting our life together....

The most striking evidence of psychological effects in Alyce was that during our silent dinner, she seemed much more aware of me, and of the fact that things were being done for her. And, much to my surprise, on one occasion when I gave her a spoon of green salad, she turned, looked directly at me, and said, "Thank you."

Showing my surprise and my pleasure at the communication, I turned back to her and silently mouthed the words, without much lip movement, "You are welcome." When she looked puzzled, I wanted to say more, so I bent down and quietly whispered in her ear, "You are welcome."

Her response to that was a joy. She laughed aloud and said, "Thank you. Thank you, again!" I gave her a big smile, looked in her eyes for a moment, then turned away, and then she said, after a second or two, "I love you." Quickly I turned back, and she continued, "And, I pray...." But she didn't finish the thought. I bent down, put my forehead against hers and whispered thank you—and again, for a few moments, we were in contact.

* * *

With Alyce, it was a delightful day compared with what we've been moving toward. Twice, during Pavarotti-and-Sting renditions of "Panis Angelicus," while Alyce was eating dinner, I meditated with my arms making a semi-circle above her, calling down the white cylinder of light that I often used in the past when I wanted to accelerate changes in body, emotions, and mind.

A great deal of energy seemed to be elicited. It felt like being in an intense electric field. The sensation of tingling across my back, which I've felt for the last year whenever I've helped Alyce move from one place to another, or have begun thinking about the Teachers and Their activities on other planes, came in full force.

Whatever the physical reality, which probably couldn't be detected with instrumentation, the psychological effects were significant, and welcomed. I hope I can continue this way, and stay away from undesirable responses to life's tricks at Menninger, or at home, or any place else....

* * *

26 SEPTEMBER (SUNDAY).... The day progressed very well without my talking to Alyce except in whispers, on occasion. The main benefit of doing this, for me, consists of the fact that if I don't talk aloud, then I have no expectations. If you say something to a person, even though they have trouble understanding, you always hope you are getting through. But, if you say nothing aloud, expectation is diminished, and the pressure of hoping for compliance goes away! So, Alyce is more at ease, and so am I.

* * *

"FR" talked on the phone about his connection with Serapis. It sounds genuine. In addition, he spoke with Genesis about what to do, and Genesis said that he would have to meditate every day for 2 or 3 hours, or more, no matter how boring (FR's word), to surmount any personality-based level of consciousness.

* * *

An amusing thing happened at the Driver's License office. The woman who handled my papers had me read the letters in her machine and then made out my license with a Corrective Glasses restriction. When I said that was a mistake, she said it wasn't, because I was wearing my glasses!!

Oddly enough the glasses had never been seen by her. They were in my pants pocket. When I said she'd made a mistake, she thought I was trying to trick her, and I had to read the eye chart again. Reluctantly she tore up the papers and started over.

Funnier still, I told her that a sentence in the Kansas Driver's Manual needed to be modified so readers wouldn't think it had been written by an idiot. The sentence says, "The Driver's Responsibility is Greater Than That of the Pedestrian, Since a Motor Vehicle With its Greater Weight and Speed is Much More Destructive." Wow! No kidding! Since when have Pedestrians been running over cars!

But, this remarkable lady, proudly wearing a police uniform, self-righteously defended the sentence, saying, "But it's true. Cars do have greater weight and destructive effect!" And when

I said that that wasn't the point, she forcefully, seemingly miffed at having to explain things to a dopey civilian, rebutted with, "But the Pedestrian might pull a gun out of his pocket!!" At that I quit, and was glad to escape from the Driver's License Office without a fine or ticket for something or other. The New Yorker, though, might find that sentence entertaining.

* * *

9 OCTOBER (SATURDAY).... During dinner I played...music videos... and noticed that one song, by Ray Charles, was as if written for me to sing to Alyce. Part of it goes, "When we worked [were] together, I was singing my song to you." And the way I understood it, even when they were performing for crowds, "I was singing my song to you." Now maybe that wasn't exactly how the song went, or what Ray Charles meant. But that was how I heard it.

Struck by the meaning of the words for my life, I silently reviewed in my mind the dream in which Alyce and I came down the mountain to dance for the people at a dinner, Alyce in white satin, outlined in pearls, and I in black silk outlined in diamonds. But all the time we performed I was focused on Alyce, and felt I was dancing for her. She was my connection with REALITY.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, for I had been looking past her, Alyce turned and looked up at me with the brightest eye, and sweetest look and smile you can imagine, and said, with every word clear, "It was a great work.... wasn't it?" And when I answered, "Yes, it was a great work," she said, "Yes, it was." I leaned down and put my forehead against hers, and for a moment...we were here together.

Later, at the very end of the meal, a look of great distress came across her face and she said, "What can I do? This is the hardest thing to take care of that I have ever done!" And I responded with, "Yes, this is the hardest thing you have ever done." And she added, "I should say!" This time her words were difficult to articulate, and she had to find each one, but they were easy to understand. I held her head in my arms to comfort her, and in a few minutes she was able to eat her last bite of dinner.

Some of this enhanced communication seems to be connected with the fact that whenever Pavarotti and Sting sing "Panis Angelicus," which happens twice with each run of the video cassette, I stop whatever I'm doing, move to Alyce's chair at the dinner table, hold my arms in a half-circle above her, and visualize the...Cylinder of Light that I saw one time coming from the stars. Almost every time I do this Alyce becomes very still and quiet, and it seems that She is then more likely to contact me.

Lately, I've visualized our ascent through the burst-off roof of the hut at the top of the house, and rising into the Overworld of Angels, Light, and Singing. I think of this in connection with Alyce's Lotus Self, of course, and not as if she will undergo a physiological change. However, most of the time she seems to notice that something unique is happening.

* * *

10 OCTOBER (SUNDAY).... Began writing in this journal at midnight. I've found that the days...are going by in a kind of daze, and if I wait more than 24 hours to make an entry herein, I can hardly remember anything....

* * *

13 OCTOBER (WEDNESDAY)... In one dream, I saw myself very clearly on a stage, at some future date, maintaining by my Being, not just by my words, that the future of science would have to include a complete study of subtle energies and energy medicine, and the sooner that fact was recognized, the better it would be for the world. Critics who also were on the stage were ignored. What they didn't want to know, or discover, would be their own loss.

* * *

In another dream I was blazing a trail for skiers, accompanied by another man. We eventually scouted out a trail down the mountain and shot through the village at its foot and, when we turned to look back across the valley, we saw a host of skiers coming, and some of them were pure hot-dog artists, incredibly expert. The other person and I laughed and admired them, knowing that those people were scheduled to do some amazing things in "energy science" a few years from now, seemingly after the turn of the century.

* * *

14 OCTOBER 1993 (THURSDAY).... "SJ" referred a writer, "D", to me because of the copper-wall work with healers. D was mainly interested in reports of psychic attack being enhanced and promoted through the use of special electronic equipment.

I, personally, don't think that machinery is involved, though a lot of people, especially some Russian inventors are claiming that they can do such a thing, can use special radiatory electronic devices from far away to befuddle the thinking of leading statesmen and, on occasion, drive them into weird personality and emotional changes.

I gave D a rundown on Tibetan, Hindu, Sufi, and American Indian occult theory, as they relate to the idea of an evolutionary PLANETARY BEING (of which GAIA is the densest part) WHO is releasing a flood of etheric energy with which humans must cope, and which is, according to occult theory, related to the peculiar psychic phenomena that many people are experiencing these days.

I argued that from a historical and occult perspective, the idea of an electronic device is not needed. If one accepts the idea of mentally-controlled etheric energy (as D...says he may) then there are many possibilities, and no need to ascribe what's happening to an extension of conventional science.

* * *

Also, from a scientific perspective, the idea that a non-subtle electromagnetic device can find and focus on one person in a crowd, miles away, inside a steel-laced building, like focused psychokinesis or ESP, and scramble his or her mental, emotional, and physical nature, is difficult to explain. From what we know of the laws of non-subtle electromagnetic radiation, and its focusing and shielding, it isn't possible.

Mind, and mental and etheric energy, may interact with electromagnetic energy, but its laws have non-local (planet wide) characteristics that are better suited than physical devices for the concept of psychic attack.

Don't know what effect the conversation had on D, but some of the non-local occult concepts were hard for him to grasp. It's easier for people to think that superscience is the cause of trouble in the world today.

D has been all over the world, on the trail (he believes) of hush-hush devices responsible for psychic attack. Since Russian experimenters are making such claims, and also saying that psychotic people can be reprogrammed by means of electronic machinery to become totally normal, there is a combination of scientific, pseudo-scientific, and superstitious confusion....

I suggested that D talk with Jack Schwarz, and gave him the phone number. He said he'd get back to me, for, he said, I gave him some ideas he wanted to explore further. If he doesn't call again. It'll be okay.

* * *

16 OCTOBER 1993.... While sitting by Alyce on the couch, I meditated twice with Pavarotti and Sting's "Panis Angelicus"—whenever it appeared on the music video tape, visualizing the Cylinder of Light.

During the last of those visualizations an odd thing occurred. Suddenly a vivid memory of the 1944 dream-vision returned in which Alyce and I were in the silent hut on the roof of the house, where the only light was from a candle whose flame never flickered—where as the walls collapsed, the roof burst off, and we and the baby she held rose into a realm of light, joy, angels, rejoicing, and choir music.

Just as I remembered that, and the circumstances that led up to my being on the roof in the first place, I realized with a shock that now was the time of that vision. At the same instant, the skull cap of energy that has been with me many years, came down, to my surprise, over my whole head, down to the shoulders. The intensity of the pressure through the front part of the head was remarkable. It almost seemed that the inhibitor The Teacher had installed over my psychic faculties, “to help” me, might burst off.

When this pressure began, I turned my attention inward, as a Watcher, and as the pressure increased I became unconscious. I returned to consciousness about an hour later, not feeling that I had been asleep, but had, rather, been in some space where my brain-sensitivity wasn’t tuned up enough to record anything. The 1944 dream, powerful and penetrating as it was, so that at the time I stayed in it with an electrified body after I woke up, had been to a large extent symbolic rather than actual, and my brain had been sensitive enough to record the imagery. This, however, was different. It was more like the real thing, not a symbol of the real thing.

And now, 12 hours later, as I write of these things, the skull cap returns, and this time the pressure (vibration, buzzing, tickling) is especially powerful in the region of the 2 ears, and they hear many continuous singing notes, the “sound of the chakras” that I have described before.

The skull cap has much the feel of a close-fitting motor cycle helmet, except that now it covers the front of the head down to the teeth, as well as the sides and back. Also, the vibration has returned across, or just below, my shoulder blades.

Well, I’ll continue on today as if nothing is happening, and maybe these physical feelings will subside. Incidentally, there are no particular emotional or mental correlates of this, except a welcoming, a greeting from me. Too bad we can’t as yet photograph the etheric body and its 4 types of prana.

* * *

23 OCTOBER 1993.... read the latest issue of Harvey Grady’s Monitor-based publication called EXPLORATIONS. This...issue was focused on prayer and meditation, and I was impressed that what Monitor said (in different terminology) was almost identical with what The Tibetan said in A TREATISE ON COSMIC FIRE, in 1925.

Oddly, the way Monitor expresses Himself in explaining things to Harvey’s meditation group, is almost the same way that I would explain, having now studied The Tibetan’s material for 50 years. As I read Harvey’s material it occurred to me that Monitor may be The Tibetan. I thought

of that one other time, when I read Monitor's description of the Fellowship of Light's way of working.

But, on the other hand, the Teachers have an at-one-ment, when They focus in the same area of discourse, that is far beyond anything normal for us. So, if They look at a particular process or aspect of the Kosmos, it perhaps is to be expected that They would come out with the same ideas and quite-similar expressions.

[Just as I wrote that last sentence above, a ball of light, like a light bulb, appeared in the upper part of my visual field. Whenever that happens, I've learned, it is a signal from the Lotus Self that the idea, whatever it is, is correct. So, from that flash of light I deduce that Monitor and The Tibetan are not the same entity, but merely tune in on things in a similar way.]

* * *

5 NOVEMBER 1993.... for the last month, in order to encapsulate Alyce and me from the world and better maintain our particular subtle relationship and energy state, I've felt it necessary to shut out, to a large extent, the on-going environment and its vibes. No NEW YORKERS, no TV (except for the Institute of Noetic Science's "Heart of Healing"), no weather and no news, except for 5 minutes with a couple of TIME magazines and what I get from taking a 1-minute glance at the front page of the WALL STREET JOURNAL every weekday, and 5 or 6 minutes per week of "Washington Week in Review," to get their "headline" news.

Also, during the last month our music atmosphere has been shaped almost entirely by the music videos that I winnowed from the morass out there. I saved only those whose vibes did not clash with what is going on in Alyce and me. The only serious distractions have been the telephone and my duties for CWP and ISM, and I've shunted those things into a compartmentalized space in my mind, so as to not disturb the ambiance here....

* * *

10 NOVEMBER (WEDNESDAY).... Rather difficult to give a psychologist an education over the phone, so he can immediately appreciate the similarities and differences between Freud, Jung, Adler, Maslow, and Carl Rogers, and between classical, behavioristic, humanistic, and transpersonal psychologies—apart from talking about Aurobindo, The Tibetan, Edgar Cayce, Monitor, and the Dalai Lama.

* * *

14 NOVEMBER 1993.... read more of NINE PRINCES IN AMBER [Zelazny, 1970]. On this re-reading I note many interesting details that I hadn't seen before. Zelazny is describing the

Physical-Etheric-Astral Plane as the region of Shadow, and the lowest 2 levels of the Causal Plane as the “real world” of Amber. The 9 princes of Amber are the immortal (though not eternal) archetypal gods, like the Greek gods. And, like the Greek gods, they are a conniving bunch who have little goodwill or love, one for another, or for humanity.

It is interesting that goodwill, a heart-chakra virtue, is a reflection not of the Causal Plane but of the Buddhic Plane. In an individual person, Goodwill is characteristic of the Lotus Being.

Seven books after NINE PRINCES IN AMBER, Zelazny gets around to the idea that Amber itself is a species of Shadow, in danger of destruction by the countervailing forces and creatures of Chaos, and suggests that Amber... is merely a reflection of a True Amber, a True State of Being that can hardly be cognized even by the gods. What a neat idea Zelazny got from his mythologic and Jungian studies!

* * *

21 NOVEMBER 1993.... The other day, just before rising, Alyce said, “I thank you again for what you are doing.” And later she added, out of the blue, not connected with what she was doing and with no awareness (it seemed) of what she said, “I’ll see you in the next life.” And that sentence, I had the feeling, referred to her up-coming life on the next plane, and I answered that she could work with me from spirit levels, until I joined her there.

It’s very possible that we won’t have another physical life together, for both of us may be too involved in many things to have time for that. We will work together ad infinitum, perhaps, but most likely not in physical bodies.

As Genesis said, the opportunity to again take physical form may not arise before our focus of work has shifted entirely to other levels. Apparently though, and for possibly a long time, we will be able to work through etheric bodies.

Genesis’ comment about the possibility of a future physical life fits very closely with what I have perceived on my own. And, in that regard, I am especially happy that Alyce is coming to full awareness on other levels, for she has always been One Who Cares, and it is now becoming possible for her to work in full consciousness on mental, astral, and etheric planes. The need is great, for most humans are spiritually asleep on those levels, not functioning any better “there,” in their astral bodies, than they do “here,” in their physical bodies.

* * *

25 NOVEMBER (THURSDAY, THANKSGIVING DAY).... watched the 110-minute Sai Baba video. Four movies made in the 70’s and early 80’s were spliced together. Very impressive, to

say the least. Sai Baba is a straight-forward teacher. He is having a remarkable effect on Indian culture. The politics of India are still murky, though. It's a complex and contradictory place. Old and new, good and bad, progressive and reactionary. With 18 languages and probably 50 clashing ethnic groups, the country is almost impossible to govern. Hopefully the message of Sai Baba, and others like him, will be powerful enough to have a political impact....

* * *

2 DECEMBER 1993 (THURSDAY).... Read till 3:30am in Hillerman's book called LISTENING WOMAN, having finished THE GHOSTWAY (Hillerman, 1984). The latter turned out to be another of Hillerman's fascinating stories. My Navajo education is gradually shaping up.

* * *

7 DECEMBER 1993.... a peculiar negative state of consciousness began to develop in me...before Pat arrived. It increased while I was driving to the lab, and eventually, about half an hour after the conversation with CBC, became a full-blown spacey dream-like state with [threatening DB] implications. It seemed to be some kind of psychic attack, but different from anything I'd experienced previously.

[CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, had arranged to interview me, in Topeka, on the subject of healers.]

I'll try to describe what was going on in few words, but it was a complex state. First, about 11am, I noticed that something was wrong with my hearing. Many times in the past 30 years (2 or 3 times a year) I've had a transient neurological condition in the auditory pathway of one ear or the other, lasting from 30 seconds to a couple of minutes, in which the ear rapidly becomes quite deaf, in 4 or 5 seconds. Normal hearing is reduced and superimposed with a definite tinnitus. I ignore those events, since they quickly vanish, but this morning it was in both ears, it developed slowly (over about an hour), and it didn't go away.

I thought I'd picked up a cold, or something, for I could feel a congestion-like pressure in my head. In addition, my eyes were affected. Not so much the eyes themselves, but the entire visual field. It was hard to focus on anything. Central vision was okay, where I focused it, but the periphery seemed fluid and flickering. At the same time I felt spacey, sort of disengaged from body processes.

I didn't like these symptoms, whatever their cause, but was too busy to think about it until I was on my way to Topeka. Driving wasn't easy because it seemed I was having trouble not only with hearing and vision, but with focus of attention. How strange!

A tip-off of what the problem might be, popped up when peculiar destructive thoughts began going through my mind, such as, “It’s hard to keep the car in its own lane. See those cars coming around the curve? They’re going about your speed, and your combined passing speed is about 120 mph. If you twist the wheel at the right moment you could meet one of these cars head on. Results would be interesting. It would be a beautiful crash. Everyone would get killed, and you’d be liberated from this tiring world. You’re really tired of all this, anyway. It would be a quick and easy escape.”

When I detected those thoughts, first below the surface, and then as I watched in my Witness mode, coming up to full consciousness, I knew I was not only driving the car in this world, but also was driving the psyche through some section of the astral plane. I was stuck with a kind of double awareness. Possibly, I thought, it was connected with the fact that the CBC interview on healers was scheduled for today.

That was only a passing thought, though. Even if it were true, SO WHAT? The main problem (as I’ve learned from other encounters of this kind over the years) is to focus intently on the business at hand, not be distracted, and to carefully evaluate every piece of anticipated behavior and every response to events before allowing anything to happen. After all, I’m the one who’s in charge of what this body does, etc., etc. If some possible action, or word, or internal behavior, doesn’t fit with what I know as my normal way of acting, or talking, or thinking, or feeling—cancel it, hold it in abeyance, don’t implement it. Only be a Witness, and let Witness-consciousness decide what is appropriate.

In other words, the more I’m pressured the more I retreat upwards.

When I got out of the car at the Murphy parking lot and walked to the door of the lab, it was like walking through glittering water. Very unreal. So I played it like a computer game in which the body was my virtual-reality projection. During the CBC interview I focused entirely through the Witness level and didn’t allow consciousness of anything else to interfere. At least that was how it seemed, and I felt the interview went okay.

That’s another reason I’m curious to listen to the final tape, and find out exactly what I said in response to questions. I can remember, right now, of course. But hardly ever does memory match the transcript in every detail.

Afterwards, Steve Fahrion and Peter Parks and I talked about schedules, as I mentioned before, but when I relaxed my attention after the interview, the peculiar state redoubled in force. It was very difficult to hear what they were saying, visual focus kept flickering, and even when I heard their words it was not easy to follow meanings. It was an interesting, entertaining, and disturbing state of consciousness. When I drove later my focus of attention was so tightly held that everything went as I’d planned.

I noticed, though, in driving, that I had to pay double-close attention to rush-hour traffic. I was still in the virtual-reality state, but I ruled out, through visualization, any untoward event. That is, I ruled in, through visualization and volition, pure straight driving, based on a million miles of trained reflexes and skills. And, it was a pleasure to see how smoothly, accurately, carefully and precisely, the neuromuscular-sensory system did its work.

When I returned to the lab to get Steve for dinner...the virtual-reality (VR) state was still with me...and it interfered with eating. Steve and I had much to talk about and I found it wasn't easy to talk and eat at the same time....

...Driving home was in a continuation of the peculiar VR state of consciousness, and by the time I reached the Perry Lake area I had trouble staying conscious. It wasn't sleepiness, though. It was more like being pressed, or forced, out of consciousness. Not good for driving. Chewing 3 sticks of gum made a lot of jaw-action reality-testing feedback, though, so I had no trouble.

* * *

At home, all was well with Pat and Alyce, and soon I was relaxing on the couch by Alyce's side, hoping to drive away, or wear out, the interference with my sensory systems. Dozing for a couple of hours didn't help, though, and when I roused to make the a phone call to Doug, in addition to sensory distortions, an intense pain had appeared in the muscles of my right hip, like a powerful flu reaction....

Later, I played the music-video tape and during Pavarotti-Sting's "Panis Angelicus" tried to bring down light and energy to drive out the VR state, and also drive out the flu-like body reaction, as I've done over the years. Oddly enough, transcendental light and energy couldn't get through. I could feel it was blocked somewhere above my head. Very very strange, I thought. A definite indicator of how strong the VR condition really was.

Though the muscular pain had started in my right hip, by the time Alyce went to bed, at 2 am, it had spread to the lower back muscles and I felt crippled. In order to completely relax, and hopefully to get out of this state, I went to bed at 3:30am. Read till 4, but not comfortably, then let myself go to sleep

* * *

8 DECEMBER 1993 (WEDNESDAY). A powerful, illuminating, lucid reality-dream ensued. Being fully awake at 6am, I got up and walked around the house for a few minutes, gratefully savoring and appreciating the return of normal hearing, seeing, feeling, sensing in general, and

also, pondering a battle I'd just finished with 2 *DBs*. Having failed to accomplish anything with me during the [preceding] day, they had renewed their attack when I went to sleep.

In going to sleep, though, I'd gone into that particular state of consciousness in which, when occasion demands, I'm much more aware (than in the normal awake state) of what is going on in the astral plane, and I could see my opponents and pin-point them as targets for counterattack. They were trounced and routed by 6am. I felt great! And, the house had a good fresh feeling about it. It had been an interesting 24 hours. Residual pain in my hip and back faded quickly, and was 90% gone by nightfall.

The dream, which seemed to take about an hour, had a lot of sections. I won't describe them in full detail, but it started with my becoming aware, as an Impartial Observer, of 2 negative entities. They were permanent denizens of the lower-causal-astral plane, it seemed, and were capable of manipulating humans because of energy they stole from humans. At one time they, too, had been human.

In one scenario, I watched one of the entities when he started a fire in a large hotel. Whether he did it himself, or whether he induced someone to do it, I couldn't tell, but nevertheless he initiated it. Then my above-it-all Observer status faded and I was present with these beings in the here-and-now, which happened to be in the etheric and astral domains, with me lying in bed.

They weren't superior causal-plane *DBs*, implacable, cold, ruthless, remorseless, but seemed to be inferior causal-astral agents of another type. They had energy that they'd ripped from humans, it seemed, but were inferior in that they enjoyed maliciousness. Superior *DBs* are beyond such enjoyment, and are far more dangerous. If they find a lack of moral strength in a prominent person, they are especially destructive. They can shape the minds and thoughts of national leaders, etc., and often make wickedness seem rational and right, as in fundamentalistic extremism of one kind or another.

Sometime I may take time to describe various conscious encounters with such beings, (1) in Boise in 1944, at the Unity Church, (2) with my escape from, and re-capture by, a *DB* [in 1946], when going through Dweller-On-The-Threshold and Angel-Of-The-Presence personal-life scenarios and experiences, (3) escape again during a worldwide flood of etheric energy in 1949, (4) observing a *DB* watcher, in my vicinity, during a set of 10 or 12 precognitive dreams of phases of the Korean War (2 years in advance), and (5) a *DB* who tried to injure, or terminate, me in Chicago, about 1961, and who, by making an energy contact got blasted in return with rocket-propelled Sidewinders that I created for the occasion.

The one in Chicago was the last to make a serious attempt to disrupt things in my personal life, at least to my conscious awareness, until the two today....

* * *

....As I lay in bed, the 2 DBs who had pestered me in the daytime approached from a direction (beyond the top of my head) in which they thought they couldn't be seen but only heard, as they talked to me. Their thoughts were transparent, though.

For an energy reason they didn't want me to see them. My thought was, how dumb can you get? I can see in all directions. And to emphasize the point an entire wall of mirrors appeared at the foot of the bed so I could view them plain as day without turning, or showing any sign of the fact.

They wanted to talk to me, they said, about an energy experiment with my chakra field. I would find it very interesting and instructive, and would be able to make some important scientific deductions about etheric energy in ordinary life. It would be a scientific breakthrough for which I would get the credit.

As they talked I watched them approach closer and closer, and finally could clearly see their faces, which they had tried to keep hidden. The faces were twisted masks of the Halloween variety, constantly shifting through a series of dismal colors and going from one twisted form to another, through all the grotesqueries imaginable, which my own mind provided (I understood), in order to give me identification of their natures and motives.

When they were about 8 feet away, I sat up, twisted around, and with my left hand supporting my weight on the bed, confronted them. They were failures, I said, both in disguise and in argument, and should go away, right now! When they didn't go, but tried to come closer, I raised my right hand, pointed a finger, and said "GO!", and at the same time exhaled an explosive puff of energy from the solar plexus, like a big almost-invisible smoke ring. I was glad to see them cringe. They tried to evade, but I continued projecting energy rings, each accompanied by a loud whew sound, until they slunk away and vanished.

* * *

An interesting point here. Apparently the Inner Self knows what to do under these circumstances, even if at a normally conscious level we might not know exactly what course to take. In other words, we are protected by our SELVES.

In addition, and to me this has been the ultimate assurance, I was told by The Teacher that disciples working for the Hierarchy are continuously guarded by a Watcher assigned to alert a Teacher if anything should occur that might be beyond the power of the [disciple's *soul*] to control.

* * *

The dream didn't end there. I stayed awake, in the dream, sitting on the bed, but couldn't stand up (as is often the case when one tries to move the etheric body), and the scene shifted to a public place, like the lobby of a large office building.

I realized that I'd just have to stand up, but suddenly was approached from the front by a tall figure wearing a scotch-plaid head band down over his eyes. At first I thought, is this another *DB* that I'm going to have to combat? But in a second or two I felt a positive aura about him, and knew, as I've known in the past, that the purpose of the head band over the eyes was to prevent psychic shock to me.

Oddly enough, when dealing with real entities in the astral plane, the eyes are the controllers of great energies, and when one meets Teachers they often shield their eyes at first to prevent the shock of contact from disturbing the vibes...and driving a person back into simple brain consciousness.

As this person approached, I saw by his features that he wasn't of human origin, at least I didn't think he was, and I also knew that he was a messenger of one of the Teachers. When he reached me, he said, "Let me help you." And when he put down his hand and touched mine, I was on my feet and free to walk.

He indicated that I should accompany him to see the Being who sent him (which Teacher it was, specifically, I don't know). We began threading our way through crowds of people and I noticed that his eye band was removed. As we walked, he pointed across the courtyard and said, "There's the fire he started." When I looked, a really large building was burning out of control. I asked if it was the hotel fire I seen earlier, but he didn't seem to know. Then the dream ended and I was wide awake.

I would have enjoyed meeting the Teacher, consciously, but apparently that wasn't in the cards....

....felt wonderful, with good hearing, vision, and sharp kinesthetic senses.

* * *

11 DECEMBER (SATURDAY).... Had an interesting dream in which Alyce was giving a lecture on the Evolution of The Gods to a group in a large auditorium. She had some fascinating material that would be shocking to fundamentalists. She had trouble, though, with the slide projector, and appealed to me to help. That problem, however, might have been my worry showing through. When we used to lecture together, that kind of thing often happened....

* * *

17 DECEMBER 1993.... While helping Alyce eat I had an astonishing number of imagery flashbacks, all involving driving with her in Southern California, through an orange grove on the way to Marie's house in Riverside, through eucalyptus tree-shaded lanes near Redlands on the way to Sunnymead, through desert canyons, along the railroad tracks in Cajon Pass where the road to Wrightwood branches off, along the seashore near Encinitas, up the hill to Marie's trailer in Escondido. The fragrance of orange blossoms and the delicious pungent smell of blue gum eucalyptus was delightful. What a pleasant non-nostalgic experience. It was better than color slides, with kinesthetic and olfactory effects that no slide show...could produce....

* * *

18 DECEMBER (SATURDAY).... again, sometime during the night I endured an energization treatment, a flashing of kundalini electricity. This time I was wide awake (after a minute or two) and thought I'd stop the shivering reflex by an act of will. It worked for about 10 seconds, and then a violent muscle spasm over the whole body convinced me it would be better to shiver and allow the reflex to function normally. So, ignoring the false feeling of cold and the shivering, I went back to sleep, and, as far as I know, all was well....

* * *

....Though her voluntary muscles weren't working well, Alyce was in a good mood, and reached out her hand to touch mine a few times, with a certain knowing, and a troubled expression in her eyes. Since she said nothing, I reassured her, saying that all was well. That we were Spiritual Partners. And now, even if she couldn't say anything, she need only relax and let me take care of her until it was time to leave, time to drop the body entirely.

Shortly after that, while taking in the beauty of the Christmas Tree and thinking of my life with Alyce, and Who She Is, and our long evolution to the present moment, and how for the last two months I'd shut out TV, world news, weather news, and most other things, I again had a vivid flashback to the little hut at the top of the house in the 1944 dream, and realized, with a sharp feeling of inner certainty, that I was right at this moment fulfilling the conditions in which I attempted to bolster up the hut's shutting-out silence-maintaining walls....

In any event, I'm certain that Alyce is ready now to drop the body. But what will happen? Lately her eyes have been shut most of the 24 hours. And in the last 2 days she has been especially far away, almost non-responsive, except to my insistence that she drink some glasses of juice....

....I told her again today, when she awakened, but before moving her, that Pat, Doug, and Judy would be here next week for Christmas, and that I hoped she would maintain consciousness enough to Be Here Then. At that, there was the slightest of crinkling at the corners of her eyes, and a tiny smile drifted across her face....

* * *

24 DECEMBER (FRIDAY, CHRISTMAS EVE).... It was a happy and jovial time for all, including Alyce, who, even though her eyes were closed much of the time, gave Doug a special greeting by taking his hand and holding it in both of hers for a minute. It wasn't easy to communicate, but she formed words and smiled. I was happy that her consciousness had allowed an exchange of greetings, for, though still strong of muscle, she is quite frail, and may not be here next Christmas....

* * *

26 DECEMBER 1993.... then I added [some words] on inspiration, ...with a feeling of intense here-and-now reality, "I love the Divine Being of your Heart." At that, she turned her head toward me, opened her eyes wide and said, as a big smile came over her face, "That was a nice phrase!" I was astonished because, for a few seconds, she spoke in the old way.

Alyce has said many things, over dozens of weeks, which indicate that she's retained a measure of receptive and communication ability. But, in a way, this present contact was different. It seemed that She really was present, not speaking through a faulty biomechanism. And it seemed, for a second, that I truly had my arm around her. Alyce has an uncontaminated pureness when she comes through like that, that makes me feel that the "place" she is in must have unalloyed goodness.

* * *

10 JANUARY (MONDAY).... At noon a friend phoned to tell me of a remarkable dream that she had of being up on a mountain, looking at the sky, and having a globe of light descent down toward her head. It turned into an all-knowing Eye from which a tendril came down to her forehead. And suddenly she and it were One and she was floating with It above the ground. Then she noticed that...it was as if the Divine Attributes of Knowledge, Love, and Strength were coming to consciousness in her.

She was filled with light, love, and energy, but the transition had been scary. When the tendril first came down, it had seemed to her like a sting of some kind, very dangerous. But afterwards it seemed that the "self" that had been afraid was a Shadow Self.

We talked about the dream for about half an hour, and after we finished I remembered that Alyce had written a paper on expansions of consciousness. In fact, it is called "The Expansion of Consciousness: The Dweller on The Threshold and The Angel of The Presence." So, I faxed a note....saying I'd send a copy of Alyce's paper (given at a Council Grove Conference, about 1980). The paper...was almost as if she were speaking....

In the 5 months during WWII when I was on Tinian, Alyce wrote 2 or 3 letters a week, and seeing her...handwriting brought it all back. Fortunately, we recover from such nostalgias, even though...life isn't the same. Having the body get old, and die, seems to be part of The Training Course On Planet Earth. Whatever—there is little doubt that from a certain point of view it helps one cultivate the yogi's goal of DETACHMENT.

* * *

13 JANUARY (THURSDAY).... a flight of Bald Eagles went by. First, 2 came flapping along headed south along the lake shore going slowly against the wind and looking very spectacular. I thought, at the sight, it's good to have a pair of eagles. Then 2 more came along, and 4 more. Then 3, and finally 2 stragglers, 13 in all! Wow!

* * *

17 JANUARY (MONDAY).... Tried to read but felt too sleepy, so I closed my eyes and began meditating (The Great Invocation). Gradually a feeling of super quietness came over my limbs and torso, and an energization began to take over. This time I was wide awake at the start, and there was no shivering or shaking. The feeling of "electricity" was phenomenal, and in the midst of it I felt a powerful "drawing" down through my legs. This phenomenon is one I became well acquainted with in 1939 during The Teacher's classes. He explained it as literally a drawing of etheric energy from individuals in the group, by Teachers, in order to apply the energy somewhere.

That sensation lasted only a few minutes this night, but the energization itself lasted at least an hour, almost turning on "other" vision. Without any specific scene in view, the interior of the body (from the psyche's sensory point of view) became illuminated with pale green light, which flashed on occasion in coincidence with kinesthetic zaps.

Mainly because of "energization," I needed to sleep only half an hour this night.

* * *

5 FEBRUARY (SATURDAY).... By dinner time, I'd discovered that sub-surface anguishes, not unknown to me, but somewhat repressed, were taking the opportunity to express themselves.

In other words, the “selves” of Monitor, the sub-personalities of Assagioli, came up in full force.

As a result, I had an unruly internal Board Meeting, while I gave Alyce her dinner. However, as chairman of the Board, I listened carefully and finally reasoned them to silence and agreement. They eventually became peaceful, but at least they’d had a chance to express themselves, and that’s essential to final harmony and coordination.

Confrontation with the residual sadnesses and angers of the Selves was an interesting experience, but not fun. After dinner I dozed for an hour on the couch with Alyce... Incidentally, on awakening on the couch, I felt very much lightened and less gloomy from having had the Selves meeting. It was a useful experience....

* * *

23 FEBRUARY 1994.... Alyce got up at noon in a good mood and by 3pm had eaten a complete breakfast. Afterwards she rested on the couch while I sorted papers, examined the mail, and studied Monitor’s discussion of the basic male and female entities who, in undeveloped people, are separately developed by the Soul.

Eventually, according to Monitor, these “configurations of energy,” are brought together (like 2 thought forms) in a single body. In other words, each of us is a male-female composite. This, we already know, but I hadn’t previously read of the halves being developed separately and simultaneously in early stages of human development.

* * *

Monitor’s discussion reminded me of a guided meditation I once participated in (conducted by Dick Price of Esalen, at Menninger, about 1972) in which it was suggested that we become aware of the masculine and feminine parts of our own nature. When I did that, to my surprise (as I’ve probably already mentioned) I clearly saw, as distinctly as in a vision-dream, both aspects of myself, the Male and Female beings that Monitor calls the Basic Selves.

My masculine Self was pure bright gold-yellow in color, very strong, but with bumps on his forehead that told me, intuitively, that he was a bit too brusque, and had some characteristics to smooth out. The feminine Self, whom I saw in profile, was of a beautiful light blue-violet color. She was perfect in every graceful feature, was dressed in a blue-and-white patterned sari, and with her black hair and silver-held hairdo, and gold beads and earrings, she made a classic post-card picture of India.

When the masculine Self turned and looked at the feminine Self, I felt a great personal and transcendental love for Her, and the thought that suddenly went through my mind was, "I never knew before how much I loved that part of myself!" Then both the blue and gold figures vanished.

Later, when I talked about this blue figure with Alyce, who also was in the meditating group, she laughed and said that it was that part of me that originally attracted her to me, and I remembered that when we first became acquainted at the School of Divine Science, in Minneapolis, that I often played Chopin preludes and waltzes for her on the grand piano in the ballroom. It was a graceful and romantic time that we both fondly remembered. Writing about it now brings it back....

* * *

26 FEBRUARY 1994 (SATURDAY).... Incidentally, yesterday I received a letter from Lesley Carmack, Peter Park's cousin, whom I met at an ISSSEEM conference a couple of years ago, and who attended the Council Grove Conference in 1993. She is a healer and a psychic, and is one of Mietek Wirkus' students.

In any event, she had a contact, it seems, with Alyce. Since her letter is interesting, I'm including it here, and also my answer....

* * *

February 14, 1994

Dear Dr. Green:

I am writing to tell you about a communication I had with Alyce while meditating on January 1 of this year. Although I feel inhibited about discussing communications I receive in this way, I thought sharing this with you would be appropriate because Alyce identified herself by name and I want to respect the possibility that this might hold some meaning for you. I have been aware of information coming to me while meditating throughout my life, but I seldom encounter the source identifying themselves "by name", or the accompanying brilliant and vibrant blue color.

As I began my morning meditation I ask "I wonder if Aunt Irene could speak with us what she would say." (As you know my Aunt, Peter's mother, passed on Christmas Eve.) Immediately after forming the thought in my mind my complete field of vision was filled with a brilliant, intense, vivid blue color. The feeling accompanying the color was active, assertive, and purposeful. Although I was surprised, I was comfortable and aware that a communication was occurring (I assumed with Aunt Irene). So again I wondered what she would want to say. Then I became aware that it was not Irene, as the brilliant blue "introduced" herself as "Alyce." Alyce conveyed, "She would want you to know that she is home" or "She would want you all to know that she has arrived home safely." Alyce then "explained" that Irene was "weak and resting" and was unable (or it was therefore inappropriate) for her to communicate with me directly and it would not be "helpful" for me to attempt to do so.

The image of Irene was (in great contrast to Alyce) a white cloud-like wispy line and felt quiet. I expressed to Alyce that I was uncomfortable about relaying this message to others without some kind of accompanying message that would hold some meaning to the listener. Alyce found this understandable, and somewhat amusing, but was compassionate. Immediately she responded with, "The blue flowers on the white (rock?) wall; in the month of May." Alyce was assertive in conveying to me that it would not be appropriate (?) or helpful (?) for Irene to attempt to communicate further, as she was resting.

The intensity, clarity, strength, assertiveness, and yet gentle compassion of this blue essence was a contrast of qualities that seemed completely congruent. I was unsure if the message about the flowers was from Irene or Alyce. When I told Peter about the message he explained that after the funeral all the brothers decided that a painting that had hung over their family fireplace would go to the oldest brother. The painting is of blue Iris on a white background, with rocks at the base. My perception of Iris is that they are purple, but Peter said the ones in the painting are blue. He explained that in Memphis there is an annual celebration titled "Memphis in May" that Aunt Irene was involved with.

Although I have never met Alyce I have heard people speak of her with affection and respect. I appreciate the work she has, and is doing. I have not attempted (yet remain open) to contact Alyce or Irene again. I have wondered if "blue flowers on a white (rock) wall in May" could have some meaning for you.

Thank you for your work and the support you have personally given me through your books, lectures, research and including me with the Council Grove "network."

Sincerely and with Affection,

(signature)

Lesley Carmack

* * *

3 March 1994

Lesley Carmack
30443 Kings Valley Drive
Conifer, CO 80433

Dear Lesley,

Thanks much for your letter of 14 February in which you tell of your talk with Alyce. That info means much to me. Others have reported contacts with Alyce, too, but most information given by Alyce was in symbolic form, during dreams.

For herself, Alyce indicated to me about 10 days ago that she'd not be anchored here much longer, and she said good-by. Previously, a year ago or more, she told me one day that she had been afraid at first that we might lose continuous contact, but now she knew that wouldn't occur. The Teachers assured her of that, she said. But, she added, "They didn't say when They were going to come and get me."

I suspect that one reason she was able to talk with you easily was because we probably are in the same ashram, or in closely related ashrams. The line of Teachers that come down from Babaji through Maharshi, Yukteswar, and Yoginanda, and with Whom Mietek and Margaret [Wirkus] are associated, is one that most members of my family have been connected with for at least 50 years. There are other Teachers, too, that we are aware of being associated with. Their Hierarchical Net covers the planet, but your work with Mietek suggests to me that we are involved (on subtle levels) in the same spiritual Enterprise.

In regard to Irene: The other day I came across a statement made by Monitor (Harvey Grady's Teacher, as you know) that may have a bearing. In explaining to Harvey's Study Group various "relationships," Monitor came to the subject of departed Life Essences, and commented:

You must understand that when Life Essence is released from the human body, it is initially much more interested in re-establishing its long-term relationships, the majority of which are not at the time in the human physical body. So it does spend a period of re-acquaintance and sharing with those long-term relationships, and then returns to re-acquaint itself with those still in the physical body.

My own instructor (and channel for The Teacher, until 1947), Dr. Will J. Erwood, mentioned to me one time that most people who pass over are not able to immediately orient themselves, and go through a process of mental and emotional recovery. In any event, to the best of my knowledge, most people go into a deep trance state shortly after passing over, and remain in the care of a Group of Welcomers who guard them, and eventually provide energy for awakening. Apparently it is not always easy to become "psychic" and re-connect with one's own mind. Perhaps, at the time of the meditation you wrote about, Irene was still in the process of re-orientation.

When my own Dad and Mother, Marie, passed over (several years apart) I felt no contact from them for almost 8 months. I "saw" them a couple of times, though. They were very busy. Finally, and especially lately, Marie has returned to help me assist Alyce in the physical plane. I'm not sure what it is that she does, but Marie's presence gives me moral support. Interestingly, I dreamed about both Alyce and Marie a couple of years ago, and both of them were going through some kind of energizing process.

In any event, I told Alyce 10 days ago to take her time, and be sure to complete her process before dropping the body, and added, though, that I felt she had accomplished her purpose with me, and not to worry about me, that I would be OK. Our relationship has been very special to me for the last 55 years, and most of all I have wanted her to have as good a "vibes care" on this side as she has obtained on the other side.

Thanks again for your letter. Since Peter may not have seen your letter, I'll share it, and this letter, with him, and also with my family members.

Love from Alyce and me

(signature)

Elmer Green

* * *

....I'm almost to the end of the first book of Tolkien's trilogy, THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING. During this present reading I'm paying close attention to his descriptions of different beings, from orcs to elves. Clearly he knew much of the Reality that lies behind the obvious face of Gaia, and he understood the relationships and conflicts between Earth, Water, Fire, and Air, between the many hierarchies and levels of Beings who are made up of, and are, those elements. Our Planetary God, at least the Personality of our God, is mighty complex, and incomplete.

I'm reminded of The Tibetan's comment that most students of the occult literature think that they are here to save themselves, but in fact they are here as agents of the Divine Being to save the planet, which they do by transforming the substances of their own bodies, making those substances (those bits of Earth, Water, Fire, and Air) conform to the Divine Will.

Our individual problem, says The Tibetan, is to transform every sub-agent of the personality into a useful and willing transmitter of Divine thought and action, and induce the otherwise-autonomous pieces of the personality (which Monitor calls Selves) to work together in harmony and joy. Somewhat like Legolas the elf and Gimli the dwarf becoming fast friends after Gimli was transformed by the transcendental beauty and power of Gladriel, the Queen of the High Elves, the bearer of one of the Magical Rings.

* * *

1 MARCH 1994 (TUESDAY).... I checked as usual to see that [Alyce's] hands were covered and warm, and then noticed that her forehead and face had become as smooth and beautiful as an angel's. Her clarity and grace caught my breath. She looked the same as when I met her in 1939, the same beautiful smooth face and radiant clearness! How remarkable, after all this time....

* * *

....Have half-finished Tolkien's THE TWO TOWERS. This is the 3rd reading of the trilogy, and this time I'm paying close attention to the hundreds of details.... I can't imagine a more perfectly constructed story. There are absolutely no non sequiturs. Everything fits together beautifully. The story is an integrated work of art. Even the prose is poetry.

* * *

20 MARCH 1994 (SUNDAY).... It was astounding to read [Monitor's] cool description of many of the things I learned the hard way, experientially, in the last 60 years. Monitor's description of Body Consciousness jibes 100% with what I first saw [about 1942] in dream-vision as my un-tamed body-self, that I had in a cage for subduing. He wasn't about to cooperate, though, and the slightest sign of freedom made him react like a non-domesticated wild animal. He understood nothing of what I wanted, couldn't hear me, it seemed, and continuously looked for chinks through which to escape.

I had many subsequent glimpses of him over the years, but it took till 1969, or thereabouts, before he began to cooperate (since he had no other choice) and go willingly through the process of transformation, to coincide with my Will.

* * *

My first contacts with the Body Being were close to the time I told The Teacher that in my confrontation with a giant serpent of a dream-vision it seemed that I must die. That was when He merely said, "You won't die." But the Body Self didn't want me to believe that. There was then a long contest between him and me.

It's outcome was fore-ordained, though, for I had no intention of allowing the Body Self to do anything (eventually) except cooperate with Me. At the present moment, I'm not 100% sure what the status is of our joint cooperation, mainly because working with Alyce has put me in a strange kind of stress in which unexpected bits of unconscious flotsam occasionally burst to the surface.

In short, Monitor's descriptions of the dominant Selves, and in addition the Body Consciousness (the elemental living being that comprises our physical and etheric parts), agrees with my own experience.

In personal summary, I'm not displeased with the degree of awareness the various Selves and the Body Consciousness have reached in me, and the cooperation they are showing in lining up with My goals. We are coming close to being a fully integrated team. From my conscious point of view, it is a delight to work with all these living parts of myself. And, I must admit, I love them.

* * *

Oddly enough, Monitor mentioned that in the end it is necessary for one to come to a loving relationship with all the Selves of oneself, as one condition of reaching the goal of karmic liberation from planet Earth. That doesn't necessarily mean leaving the planet, though. It merely means that we are free from personal karma (mental, emotional, and physical entanglements), and able to work on planetary karma.

Sai Baba talks in India of “liberation from desire” as the Goal, but from what I’ve listened to on various video tapes, he hasn’t explained fully what that means. Superficially it has the sound of a negation, whereas, actually, he means the development of freedom to work with Transcendental Desire, the penultimate Goal of our Buddhic-level Lotus Self, without being hindered by inherent energy-consuming needs of the Basic Selves and the Body Consciousness. That Goal, incidentally, is what both Aurobindo and The Tibetan wrote their millions of words about, and that Goal is also what The Teacher’s instructions were for. The ultimate goal for humans, of course, is to become a Master of The Wisdom, and, coincidentally, be able to manifest on any level at will.

Sai Baba refers obliquely, on occasion, to this Transcendental Goal, but for the needs of scientifically-minded people and occultists, his descriptions are not very detailed. In India, his approach to Divinity is working wonders, though. He knows how to directly manipulate the maya, how to re-write the script of the Lila, God’s play.

* * *

22 MARCH (TUESDAY).... Though my energy level and general mood were better than yesterday, blood pressure still seemed a bit low. When I checked, it was still down, BP=106/54, P=90. Nevertheless, I felt okay.

* * *

Afterwards, I sorted the mail and among other things found a letter and article from Bill Hale.... The article, by ecologist Robert Kaplan, is called “The Coming Anarchy,” and was published in the February ’94 issue of ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Although written from an entirely different perspective, it agrees with Figgie’s BANKRUPTCY 1995, but is more chilling in its consideration of what is going to happen to the world population (especially in 3rd World countries) as a result of high birth rate, scarcity, crime, tribalism, and disease. Already a large fraction of the African population has the HIV virus, and it appears that total non-productive deadly anarchy is ahead for large parts of the world.

I believe, though, that the crisis will be somewhat ameliorated by what Monitor calls The Re-emergence of The Fellowship of Light. He says that justice, proper distribution, and social tranquillity will have a better chance after economic and political structures are put to the test and re-organized. I hope Monitor is right, otherwise Kaplan’s scenario seems in the cards.

* * *

26 MARCH (SATURDAY).... Judy and Bob arrived for a visit. The Conversation included...OMNI'S new policy to open up for view the U.S. Government's UFO policy.

Compared to the UFO cover-up, Watergate comes close to being a nothing. Apparently the industrial, political, and military POWERS that control humanity are afraid that humans will discover that Earth is part of a Galactic civilization and won't any longer tolerate the international fear of ETs which they promote.

* * *

30 MARCH (WEDNESDAY).... I was trapped for 1 1/2 hours watching 3 segments of a soap opera, "As The World Turns," [which a friend wanted me to copy for her]. It was an educational experience, to say the least. Unless I'd seen it I wouldn't have believed that such a slick combination of hypnotic advertising and tear-jerking maudlin sentimentality could be created.

Since I was making a copy and was eliminating commercials, the running time was observable. Can you believe—70 minutes of the original soap opera tape yielded only 40 minutes of program! The over-the-counter medical pitches were soporific, hypnotic, and appealed to every hidden archetype a housewife might respond to. And the commercials went on and on, droning their insidious messages over and over again while the housewife waits for the next bit of archetypal sentimentality to start.

The actors are first class and say their lines as if they mean them. The contents were engineered to keep the housewife hooked in emotional trance until the next commercial. People apparently become addicted to this stuff.

I always thought it was a joke, an optional time-killer for housewives, but now I see that it's a deadly serious business. The CONSUMER is a cow to be kept unconscious, fed and milked. The irony is that most viewers think they are getting free TV. How dumb! They pay for it in 3 ways. First, they are emotionally twisted with not-good visualizations, then they pay dollars for all the hidden costs of TV advertising, and lastly, they lose their time.

This blight is another indication that our culture needs reorganization. The argument, "But that's what they WANT," is not a justification. It's like saying that a heroin addict WANTS his drugs. But this is more insidious than drugs because it penetrates the entire culture in an unconscious way. People become so adapted to being manipulated that they don't know it's happening, and get angry if it's mentioned. Like a friend said at NOTS in 1957, in angry response to one of my statements about TV, "That's baloney! I watch it all the time, and it doesn't affect me that way!"

* * *

31 MARCH (THURSDAY).... The day was unusual for Alyce in that she was able to form a few complete phrases and sentences (over a period of 12 hours) that seemed appropriate. She however, seemed bent on blocking everything that had to happen, and focused on grabbing my hands in an iron grip. When I was trying to help her put on her shirt, the obstructionist hands finally exasperated me into saying, loudly and crossly, "Help me! Help me! Don't hinder me when I'm trying to help you! What's the matter with you, anyway?" And she instantly answered, in her own loud voice, slightly exasperated, "I'm trying to grow!"

* * *

....Finished reading THE CELESTINE PROPHECY (Redfield, 1993). Very interesting. Superficially, it's an Indiana-Jones type adventure. In actuality, it's a training manual for cultivating spiritual awareness in people who are beginning to notice that an unusual number of coincidences are happening in their lives, coincidences that seem related to a mysterious transcendental process that works for their welfare. James Redfield knows a lot that will be useful for people to contemplate and explore.

* * *

3 APRIL (EASTER SUNDAY).... An interesting hypnagogic scenario occurred today while helping Alyce at breakfast time. I was wondering what our physical marital relationship might be in any future earth life and suddenly an image intrusion burst into the middle of my visual field, superimposed on top of what I was looking at. The image lasted only a half second, or so, but for me there was no doubt about its meaning. It was a sepia-toned head and shoulders of a large wild boar with an attention-getting golden-colored ring in its nose.

Years ago, about 1956, when I was thinking one time about the significance of my marital relationship with Alyce, I had a vision dream in which it seemed that the two of us were suspended in air above a Spanish bull-fight arena. A large fighting bull was standing there, and just as I noticed it, a tutorial voice said, "Complete the ring," and at the same time I understood it to mean that I should install a ring in the bull's nose. And that, I also understood, signified the hermetic marriage of mythology, in which the etheric energy of a married pair is self-contained, and none of it is allowed to express through the second-chakra of the etheric body. The animal is tamed.

* * *

Related to this dream: A year or two after the Daphne trip, I was pondering the meaning of the Spanish bull fight as an institution and had another vision dream in which Spanish dancers, one woman and two men, were performing a classical Spanish man-woman dance.

As I watched, feeling their feminine and masculine energies and emotions, and sensing the build-up of second-chakra etheric tension, especially as the female dancer went through her teasing-but-not-allowing routine, I understood that the entire dance was an evocation and celebration of sex and jealousy. And I understood, at the same time, that the Spanish bull fight was a form of sexual distortion. In that situation, the toreador represents the male and the animal represents the female.

* * *

Isn't it interesting, and relevant, that sex, violence, and war are archetypically related in men's minds, that sex and male domination are also archetypal and common in most human cultures, and that sex and cruelty are linked in men. In women, it's sex and manipulation, sex and jealousy. They get their power over men through the holding and withholding of the etheric energy.

In that regard, The Tibetan pointed out that in the etheric domain, men were negative and women were positive, whereas in the purely physical domain, men were positive and women were negative. Rudolph Steiner also noticed this, and wrote about it. And in some of the Yavesh channeled material that was sent to me, men and women were shown with two of the chakras rotating in opposite directions.

* * *

If you read THE CELESTINE PROPHECY you will note that the Insights of the Manuscript are actually Stage 1 of becoming a Creator. Dozens of insights are actually needed, and eventually all are synthesized into a working whole that is able through an Individual or, more powerfully, through a pair of partnered Individuals, to Create in the world.

In regard to partnership, The Teacher once told Marble that two pairs of individuals would be able, if they knew what they were doing, to form a creative quadrature (not just a dipole) that would be able to Create quite easily and effectively. There is more involved, He said, than just strength in numbers.

* * *

11 APRIL 1994 (MONDAY).... While eating at Wendy's, some short chubby working girls in uniforms came in, and later a couple of workmen. To my surprise I found that I tended to identify with them, and their hopes and fears, in a psychic sense. The past few years of caring for Alyce have had an interesting effect on me, making me unusually sensitive to other people. Not as strangers, but as parts of myself.

Until Wendy's, though, I ascribed that increase in sensitivity mainly to a burgeoning interest in folk-style Americana. But since Wendy's is not...a folklore establishment...I scrutinized the response in myself. As I turned attention to it, I realized that I loved these people! How odd. The love, though, was not for their personalities (which were moderately boring), but for their hidden frustrated yearning transpersonal Selves. It was somewhat akin to a love of Nature.

In fact, all people are part of Gaia—though different from plants and animals because of their minds. They are co-creators with the Heavenly Man, and, unfortunately, are capable of messing up the planet.

Like the Tibetan said, the Planetary Entity is coming to a crisis in which its subconscious (the subconscious section of the Collective Unconscious) is emerging through Humanity, and we must face its selfishness, fears, hatreds, distortions, etc.

It reminds me of the out-of-this-world scene Issac Tigret was shown by Sai Baba, the dark 1000-year-old thoughtform over Russia that had to be punctured and transformed.

And now the whole planet must be resurrected....

* * *

7 MAY 1994 (SATURDAY).... Just before waking I had an unusual archetypal vision-dream. As often happens in my dreams about archetypes, I was identified with a Being who at first I thought was myself, but gradually began to see as another entity. Eventually, after waking and asking my mind for fuller interpretation, it was clear that whatever my personal connection with the substance of the dream, the Being involved was one of the Archetypal Entities.

* * *

In the dream I am a young man, perhaps a late teenager, who lives in a shining pleasing world where all is well. The ground level of his world is a smooth glistening transparent surface below which gray and black clouds are boiling, but in which I'm really not much interested.

Then my Mother and Father appear and I have a transient mental flash of the Pythagorean right triangle with The Father being the vertical line, The Mother the horizontal line, and the Child the hypotenuse (as shown in Manley Hall's book called *THE SECRET TEACHINGS OF ALL AGES*).

The Father is a mostly-invisible figure, seen mainly in outline, as if by reflection of light from a wet glistening surface. He is a loving and benign observer Who approves of what is going to happen, but Who seems quite detached. The Mother, however, is loving, concerned, solid, present, and insistent. She takes me gently by the arm and says, "It is time. You must go now."

I really don't want to go, and have a sudden fear of what She is saying. I say, "I don't think it's time yet. Conditions aren't right."

But She answers, "Not true. Conditions are exactly right." She gestures downward and an opening appears in the glassy transparent surface on which we stand and a funnel forms in the swirling clouds below us, like an eye of a hurricane. The clear funnel goes down and down, becoming very large at the top, penetrating through layers and layers of varicolored clouds and liquids. Most of the colors are shades of gray at upper levels, but go through ambers, browns, and finally dark reds near the bottom.

I say, "I'm sure it's not time yet. It hasn't reached the bottom."

And She answers, "But it has. Look." And as She gestures, the tip of the funnel reaches a very deep layer of what looks like shiny water, or liquid mercury. and it begins spinning and drawing away in a ring from a solid flat surface. And The Mother says, "There it is. The very bottom."

Filled with reluctance and fear, I complain, saying, "I really don't believe it's the bottom. It's not yet time to go."

To that she says, "But it is the bottom. Test it." So I take a heavy iron wrench that happens to be lying there and toss it down the shaft, and when it hits the bottom it bounces clang clang on a solid steel sheet, like the hull of a ship. Then I see that the steel is, in fact, the hull of a vessel of some kind, like a gigantic liner, or freighter, holding all these swirling levels of stormy substance.

With wonder, I say, "It's definitely the bottom. But I still don't want to go. I'd rather stay here. I haven't the strength to contend with those forces."

At that, The Mother smiles and says kindly, but relentlessly, "But now is the time, and you do have the strength, and it is your task."

I know then that I must go, all the way down to the steel base, and work my way diagonally upward toward the bow of the vessel through level upon level of clouds and turmoil.

One part of me feels that The Mother is cruel and non-caring, forcing me to start something that is impossible for one as immature as I. In another part, I realize that She is my loving Mother Who has my best interest, and much more, at heart. And She probably knows what is best.

So I go down and, with great effort, with struggle and pain, gradually work my way upward through the murk, level by level toward the bow of the vessel. Finally, I break through the upper deck, and there I am, standing again on the shining surface I'd known before.

But this time there is a difference. Ahead of this vessel, for which it seems I am responsible, a single-lane freeway with cement side-walls is forming, and as it shoots ahead it joins other freeways, some multi-lane, coming from all directions, some looping in from one side or the other, some coming from below, but all merging together in one large super freeway, with nothing but white lane markers differentiating between lanes. All cement walls are gone.

A few vehicles are moving up some of the looping-in highways, all going forward in the direction I am going. Some lanes are still under construction, like mine, and have strings of orange barrels.

My reaction to this emergence into light and clarity, and seeing the highways coming together and merging, is one of great joy and exaltation. In spite of the long ordeal, I am still young and exuberant enough to shout exultantly back to The Mother, "Here I am! I can hardly believe it. I did it! You were right!"

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On awakening from that vision-dream my impression was that the vessel was the Earth with its swirling levels of human personality and kama-manasic entities. The funnel going down to the iron hull at the bottom seemed to imply that the deepest depth of the Kali Yuga (the iron age) had been reached, and it was not premature for the Child to try to move up. This Being Who was responsible for the vessel was a great impersonal force, far beyond human in a certain way, but I had the feeling that I, and every other human, had something to do, personally, with Him, and with His success in forging a path to transcendental light. [In retrospect, this is the message of Jim and Roberta Swan's 1996 book, *DIALOGUES WITH THE LIVING EARTH*.]

The Father, it would seem, represented the Will aspect of The Planetary Logos, the Heavenly Man. The Mother (the Divine Mother) represented the Love aspect. The Child apparently represented the densest part of a composite Planetary Entity, with whose development we are all concerned.

* * *

8 MAY (SUNDAY, MOTHER'S DAY).... Had a couple of lucid-type dreams, or hypnagogic videos. In the first I was identified with Alyce, sitting in bed with [her] back propped up against cushions [which actually was not possible for her, except in an out-of-body state]. She couldn't talk very well to the person standing beside her (presumably Elmer), but she wanted to say, "Thank you and good-bye." She had developed a rapid-spreading debilitation, of which she was fully aware, and believed that she wouldn't last very long.

At the end of the dream, after my identity switched back to me, I pondered various possibilities for Alyce, wondering whether or not the dream was correct. Then a hypnagogic scene suggested it might be true.

In it, a large white swan swam up to the flooded shore of Perry Lake, just down the hill from the house, and cruised past a couple of low bushes while it glanced at me. It had a knowing look in its eye, and even though it didn't look directly at me, it seemed to say, "I have come. You'll notice there's only one of us."

That swan and what it said had a particular meaning, for in a vision-dream long ago (as I have recounted somewhere in this journal), when Alyce and I climbed a rugged somewhat-gloomy mountain range together (the symbol of personality), we were met at the top of the highest peak by two large white swans, one for each of us. They indicated that we should climb aboard. Then they glided over the smooth shining surface of the "waters" from which we had just emerged, crossed an abyss, and took us to a beautiful land of pastel-colored scenery and buildings (the upper causal plane) . When we landed we were met by 2 Teachers who said, "We have been waiting for you." Alyce and I then continued our journey....

.... The meaning of being carried by swans was clear.

And now, in a hypnagogic flash one swan had come. The implication was that now it is time for Alyce to continue by herself, and that I will have to stay.

I've thought about those messages quite a bit this morning, but since time has a much different meaning at causal and Soul levels than in the physical body, I'm neutral about the meaning of "now," and will continue as always, meeting one day at a time, not much involved in the past or the future, focused in the present.

* * *

Doug phoned for Mother's Day, and then Pat and Steve, and yesterday a card and message came from Judy and Bob. It was good for me to get these Mother's Day greetings. It ameliorated a sense of loss on a special occasion, while I am, with affection, caring for Alyce's Gilgamesh shadow.

* * *

12 MAY 1994.... Will have to reconnect the electric squirrel repeller one of these days. One of the small grays won't leave the bird feeder alone, even when there are plenty of sunflower seeds

on the deck and window sills. As soon as my back is turned he jumps back to the bird feeder. He thinks humans are stupid and clumsy. But we have a trick or two....

* * *

Something is going on in my body and psyche. Perhaps the intense energies I invoked, especially during the last 2 weeks, for transformation of Alyce and me are having a clearing-out effect on both body and astral being. In any event, both body mind seem to be going through something that's interesting to watch....

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21 MAY (SATURDAY).... Had an entertaining dream in which I lectured on the nature of reality to what appeared to be a future audience. Some members of the group couldn't stand the subject, and tried to distract themselves, but most paid close attention.

I was listening to myself, like an observer, and was impressed by the organization of material, and the insights. Wished I had a tape recorder. This eventually turned out to be a (precognitive view) of my 3-5 June workshop in Ohio, the one sponsored by the Institute of Psychophysiological Studies, Heather Morgan and Sharon Barnes' group.

* * *

14 JUNE 1994.... An interesting synchronicity occurred while driving to Oskaloosa. It was an unusually beautiful morning to be driving, and I began to think about Gaia and, gradually, shifted from a regular state of consciousness into an awareness of Nature.

A few miles down road toward Oskaloosa I came to the winding ravine in which I'd released the big rattlesnake that I captured about 15 years ago. His partner, or her partner, had been run over and killed the day before, on the road by our mailbox.

* * *

For some reason, no one went with me to release the snake which had been discovered under my trailer. I'd put the barrel containing the snake in the back of the station wagon and tried to think of the most rugged isolated non-inhabited place around here. Finally I thought of this deep winding ravine on the road to Oskaloosa. And there I stopped, took the barrel over to the creek bed, and let the snake wind itself away. A beautiful creature!

* * *

And today, as I approached the ravine in a Gaia mood, I thought of the rattler I'd released, and said in my mind to the Snake King, "You owe me one!" And then I laughed out loud at the ridiculousness of that idea. No part of Gaia can possibly owe any other part anything. We are all in Gaia, our natures are part of Gaia, made of Gaia's substance. We act, interact, and react, one part with another, and in a certain way we are all equal, though some of us creatures are more conscious than others.

Thinking those things, as I drove up the ravine I drew myself up high in my mind [far above the roof of the car] with the idea of communicating with the Snake King, and as I did so I slipped into that real state of communication with Nature.

It surprised me a bit, for it has a certain feeling connected with it, top-of-the-head prickles and respiratory inhalation and holding of the breath, and I said, inside, "Hail. Oh Thou great Naga Lord of this planet." And I thought of India, of Nagaland in the north, and the great serpent traditions from ancient times, and I added, after a pause, "May your progress be satisfactory during the period of great energy change which is coming in the life of the Planetary Being, in whom we all live."

And as I came up from the ravine, I was surprised that I had a strong feeling that...I had really contacted a Great Being of some kind, even though it had seemed a bit, at first, like play acting. Then, to my greater surprise, about 20 seconds later while thinking about this, and still in the Gaia mood, I drove over the crest of a hill and there, in the exact middle of my lane, was a black snake, not crossing the road, but going in my direction toward Oskaloosa.

There wasn't time to slow down, and as I zipped over the snake, my wheels straddling its body, I thanked the Naga Lord for His recognition, and suggested that it would be useful to immediately have his representative go back into the ditch. Cars were coming every 30 seconds or so, and it was dangerous on the highway.

I couldn't help but wonder, though, as I drove on to Oskaloosa, if the black snake had escaped. On the way back home, 20 minutes later, I watched the road carefully, but there was no sign of it.

* * *

Whether this was a genuine Gaia contact, I don't know, but it felt like one. As far as coincidence is concerned, I don't believe I've seen a live snake on the road in 8 years or more, and, I've never seen a snake going along a road, not crossing it, as if it had some other purpose in mind.

In any event, it was interesting.

* * *

30 JUNE 1994.... The effect of Alyce's detachment on me is strange, almost like being between dimensions myself, and I'm having to guard very closely against the appearance of reactions in me that I don't want. It's an odd education, learning to manipulate the emotions like a hand or a foot.

I've manipulated my thinking mind for years, like everyone who goes through a university graduate school, but Graduate School For The Emotions is another matter.

It is generally assumed that emotions are autonomous, but that is because people either turn away after recognition, and become unconscious, or repress their emotional problems in the first place. Neither of those procedures is useful in the long run, merely delays resolution, and sometimes adds layers of emotional accretion, like a living geode that eventually must be dissolved.

The only thing that is truly productive for me is to explore the fabric of the emotional complex down to its tiniest detail, while holding very still in the Witness State. To feel the emotion, and hold still and quiet at another level at the same time, is not easy, but it's the only way I'm able to go all the way through the feeling and bring it to conclusion in a way that is satisfactory to it.

Emotional complexes don't want to die, it seems obvious, and the reason, according to The Tibetan, is that each definitely formed complex is made up of the substance of a living deva being (or beings, depending on how many levels the complex covers) and, after a while, that complex becomes an individual autonomous entity that fights for its survival. That is why, of course, that Monitor says it is essential for the Conscious Mind to engage in dialogue with all the unconscious complexes that one finds inside.

* * *

In working with Alyce, I find that certain emotions appear in me, again and again, as events occur, or whenever a particular glimpse of Nature, or a photo, or whatever, triggers an old memory that has entangling emotions connected with it, and in every case I've found that it is important to treat each emotional event as a separate voice to be heard, giving it respect and full attention.

How many of these entangling voices there will be, I really don't know, but I hope that sooner or later they will all have had their day, their say, their 15 minutes on TV, as Andy Warhol put it.

I'm not referring to feelings of love, or non-entangling affection, or any positive and freedom-producing emotion, but to the whole gamut of what is called negative emotion, which includes (as a hard-to-detect component) nostalgic binding to the past. If joy is the normal state of the Lotus Self, I find that the essential problem in transformation of personality is to dissolve what I don't want, and cherish what I do want.

It seems clear, at least to me, that only by allowing these emotional processes to go at their own rate, without impatience or tiredness or allowing them to exhaust my own supply of Energy, can I reach the place where both Alyce's spiritual Self and I are "out of the woods," so to speak.

* * *

12 JULY (TUESDAY). Up at 10:30am, after a series of combative, dangerous, dream scenarios.... Some components of my being appear reluctant to complete the experiment I'm conducting in physical and astral bodies, substituting *SOUL* energies for regular energies.

I pointed out, in the dream, that they had previously agreed to be subjects. As the deadline approached, however, they hesitated and drew back. I, however, knew that one way or another they would either comply, or would be forced to comply. What they're afraid of, it seems, is loss of control, and maybe, even, extinction....

* * *

[Pat arrived to care for Alyce, while I went to Topeka to conduct a meeting of local Council-Grove-Conference people who meet on the Second Tuesday of Every Month (STEM).]

....My first video for STEM was the human-potential demonstrations of Joey-O, the world's most incredible hitter of golf balls. The video made a remarkable impression on the group, for Joey-O has developed total awareness, like a full-fledged yogi or martial arts master, so that even as he rocks back and forth on top of a huge beach ball, he can hit perfect drives, one right after another.

He hits just as well from the left, with the club upside down, or while riding a 6-foot unicycle and using a 6-foot golf club!! His on-line etheric awareness is so great that he can continuously make micro-corrections while moving and wobbling. His body, plus the club, the ball, and the fairway, comprise one single energy state, in which he chooses the place where the ball will go. I doubt if we'll ever see anything more perfect.

In other words, Joey-O transcends skill. and before he hits the ball he must move into complete alliance with Gaia!! How remarkable! Psychiatrist Stu Twemlow, one of the black-belt martial arts masters attending STEM, was especially impressed, for Joey-O demonstrates something that advanced Aikido masters try to teach, but which is seldom seen, total awareness.

* * *

The second video of the evening was one of Joseph Campbell's fascinating lectures, with slides, on how the basic truths of mythology are able to transform religions. He, a one-time Council Grove Conference attendee, has uncovered many correlations between Greek, Jewish, and Christian symbologies....

* * *

16 JULY (SATURDAY). Up at noon after a series of fascinating dreams. [On this day, by the way, a comet is beginning to strike Jupiter.] I'm still helping people (all this week, it seems) who are stuck in predicaments, or who need advice on how to get free of entanglements. During these episodes, I seem to be able to go into their problem, which is usually a building of some kind, or into their emotional milieu, without being myself dragged on by it. A proper perspective, a Witness perspective, is the key to freedom. But that is not easy to teach, I find.

* * *

26 JULY (TUESDAY).... [On Tuesday afternoons and evenings, every week, Pat cared for Alyce while I went to the lab to sign papers and talk with Steve and Peter Parks about copper-wall research.]

....During dinner at The Olive Garden, with Mietek Wirkus, Steve, and Peter and Sarah Parks, the subject came up of music that was shaping young peoples' lives, and I referred to Monitor's remark in Transcript #52, namely,

In these times of change, young people will seek spiritual instruction, which at the present time they are largely restricted from receiving. Much of their instruction occurs through music, which has been deliberately misused through efforts for corporate profits.

As we talked about this, Peter Parks said that as he grew up pop music provided his primary social and political guidance. For him and many of his peers, Bob Dylan and others had a lot of power.

Today, I understand very well what Peter was saying, but prior to two years ago it would have been, for me, the mental recognition of an abstraction. But not now. From listening to hundreds of music videos by satellite in the last months [while caring for Alyce], I began to feel that

something real (however misguided) was struggling to emerge. And gradually I become aware of strata of yearning in young people that I previously was unaware of.

My unawareness in the past had to do with the fact that those yearnings didn't resonate with me. But over the months, as I've gradually deciphered what the singers were saying, listening very closely, I've developed a kind of camaraderie with some of their music.

In the last 3 months, as I've tried to understand this feeling, it has dawned on me that the major component of what I'm feeling is compassion for a struggling reality that is trying to burst free. But it's not identification with, or entanglement in that "reality." Merely, in the last few months, I feel I've developed a greater awareness of humanity.

* * *

If Alyce had been herself, and able to communicate with me as in the past, this [attention to pop music] wouldn't have happened. The two of us were focused on other kinds of music, and on other yearnings and aspirations. But, while caring for Alyce in her non-communicative state, I began paying more attention to other orientations in society, and in particular, to what pop music was saying and, gradually, I've become aware that something is there, underneath. And now I feel that I understand what Monitor meant when he said, "...young people will seek spiritual instruction...."

* * *

It may seem odd to put it this way, but my feeling for what people are yearning for has become at least as real, in the last year, as my feeling for what raccoons want. In the past, I saw the masses of kids who attended Beatles' concerts as expressing some form of not-connected-with-me soon-to-be-recovered-from juvenile aberration. Now, with a more global feeling, I sense them yearning for something they're not getting. And this emotion, as they grow up in our present world, they'll stifle, and then gradually sink into the general gloom and frustration of humanity.

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2 AUGUST (TUESDAY).... finished formatting the journal and printed a copy. Tried to awaken Alyce at 4pm, 5pm, and 6, without success. At 6, while holding her head in my arms I said, internally, and not without anguish, "Oh, Divine Mind of Me, what should I do now?" And instantly the calm medical voice that I have become familiar with, said, "Allow her to continue resting."

That voice, which has spoken many times in the last 4 years, doesn't really sound like the voice of my Self, which speaks in a different way, more in images, or in a combination of words and images. I'll continue addressing all voices as...Mind of Me, though, for at a certain level all Minds are part of the cosmic net, and can freely share.

Worked on various things until 9pm, then proceeded to get Alyce up and to the dining room table. She was unable, or unwilling, to swallow, though, and in 3 hours ate only 2 crackers and drank 1 small glass of juice. So I put the remainder away, let her rest on the couch, waited till 3 am, and tried again. But, still she didn't eat or drink!

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3 AUGUST 1994 (THURSDAY).... At 5pm it seemed that I should get Alyce up. It wasn't easy. Much to my surprise, she still had an unswallowed packet of food tucked into her cheek, like a bunch of snuff. I got that out, with her cooperation, and then helped her rinse her mouth a couple of times. After that, at the table, she gradually began to eat the grapefruit I fixed. And since it appeared that that was all she'd take, I gave her both halves. It was only a small grapefruit, the size of a big orange, but it had a lot of juice.

That was all she was willing to eat, so at 8pm I transferred her to the couch. That, at least, seemed comfortable for her. Though I tried to activate her for dinner, she neither ate nor drank anything before going to bed. I used all my tricks, but nothing worked. What to do?

In addition, when I moved her from the couch to her rolling chair, all her muscles (which have been tense and resistive for the last 6 years) were limp. Moving her to the chair wasn't easy. After a couple of unsuccessful hours at the table, I gave up with eating and drinking and helped her go to bed....

An 80-lb suitcase has a handle, but picking up an 80-lb person who is totally limp is another matter. Arms and legs that don't coordinate create a problem. When Alyce's muscles were uptight she was at least all of one piece. Tonight, she was 5 or 6 units, loosely fastened together.

Eventually, at 3:30am, she was back in bed, with a pleased expression on her face, I thought. Though well covered, and even with a room temperature of 76^o, she began to get cold, so I covered her with a doubled blanket, and didn't peel it back till 7am, when she seemed a mite too warm.

* * *

From all appearances, Alyce is moving out of this world quite intentionally. She doesn't respond to questions or instructions, but at the same time is able to prevent anything from getting into her mouth. It seems more than simple lack of ability that keeps her from eating.

I phoned Jeff Nichols at the Life Sciences Institute this afternoon and told him that Alyce was coming close to departure by not eating or drinking, but that she, and I, and the family, had no intention of putting her in a hospital for nutrition. And he suggested that a strong body might do this sort of thing in order to get weak enough to let the Soul go.

I phoned Jeff mainly for official reasons. At the present time he is Alyce's doctor, and I want him to feel okay about what we are doing or not doing. I'm glad he's of our mind in these matters, and approves.

Tomorrow will be a crucial day. If Alyce doesn't eat or drink (for a third day), she'll begin to get too weak to keep going. We'll see.

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4 AUGUST (THURSDAY).... Tried many times between 3:30pm and 8:30pm to activate Alyce, but she stayed sound asleep, snoring slightly, even when I gave her feet a vigorous Vitaflex treatment [like heavy-duty Rolfing]. That, as you know, is not something that can be ignored if you're within a hundred miles of the body.

About 9pm, when I checked her breathing, which was mostly through the mouth, I noticed that her lips were dry and parched from air flowing over them. Checking through the medicine cabinet...I found...the eyedropper to moisten [her] lips and give her a bit of water. That got a response that may have included gratefulness, judging by how her face smoothed out. I then put a light coating of castor oil on the lips, inside and out. It'll feel better for Alyce, and it seems much better to me.

Though she breathed as if asleep, and was very limp, I raised her to a sitting position with my arm and a pillow behind her head and back, and offered a drink of water. She took at least one swallow, and drank about 1/4 ounce.... If she'll drink an ounce of water every hour or so, I believe she won't dehydrate, especially because she doesn't perspire. In past weeks she usually got about 20 ounces of liquid per day.

Fixed myself a microwave...dinner at midnight. It seemed strange and lonesome, though, to be eating it without Alyce. Haven't done that before. Today is the first time Alyce hasn't been up in almost 5 years, since the day she came home from the hospital in October, 1989, after recovering from the broken hip joint. And now, suddenly, it seems that she is almost gone....

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5 AUGUST (FRIDAY).... Checked the orchard and found that squirrels had taken every one of the Red Delicious apples on the young tree I planted 6 years ago. This year's crop was going to be a great success, with almost 100 apples ripening. And now I can't find a single one. Will have to put out another sign saying that I'll tell their mother if they don't quit doing that! [I did that six years ago—and then found that squirrels couldn't read, as yet.]

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....Increased freedom from religious restriction, which... developed mainly over the last 300 years, was a great boon to humanity, Monitor said, one that the Fellowship approved of. But people, especially scientists [and industrial leaders], in their pride did not generally respond to freedom from religion by turning toward Spirit, but instead turned toward individualism and selfishness....And now the Planetary Being, with humanity as a major component, must handle its karma.

It's easy to understand that people who are already spiritually inclined (in the true sense of the word), in contact with their own High Selves and *Souls*, will not suffer greatly from the astral changes that are imminent. They're the ones who even under the most opulent of earth conditions, still feel that they are "camping out." At least I do.

They are already free to a significant extent of astral entanglements, and will successfully steer their limbic personalities, like sailors in a gale, into safe harbor. Those who don't know how to navigate (because they didn't take the Fellowship's Coast-Guard-approved course for locating a spiritual harbor) or who didn't take care of their astral rigging, may flounder.

When things seem hopeless, according to The Tibetan and other Teachers, the Fellowship of Light will make a physical re-appearance (after many thousands of years) and again offer guidance to humanity. Meanwhile, it seems that we'll enduring the ancient Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times."

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Every 1 1/2 hours I turn Alyce to a different position so that the skin has a chance to recover from pressure. About 9:30pm I checked the original red areas and was happy to find that they were beginning to normalize. She was sleeping so peacefully, and breathing so naturally and smoothly with her mouth closed, that I didn't try to give her more water. Will do so, though, at 11pm, 12, 1, and maybe 2am. In all, she's done quite well with water.

The identification I had with Alyce a few weeks ago, when I became "her" for a minute, while she was in bed, with a bed wedge or big pillow behind her back, appears now to be actualizing. It apparently wasn't a mistake when she felt that things would go down very fast, once it started. Even if she drinks all the water she needs, she still can't survive without food. And the fact is,

she either can't eat, or won't eat. I've given up completely in the meals department, and accepted the fact that now she is going. Everything that is happening seems like a strange unreal dream.

By the time I'd brought this journal up to date, and finished working with Alyce for the last time today, it was 4:10am. Then went to bed. Read till 4:15. Up at 6am to give Alyce some water and try to get her to breath more normally. Possibly she can't get a full breath, for she's taking very quick shallow breaths, about 40 per minute.

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6 AUGUST 1994 (SATURDAY, ALYCE'S LAST DENSE-PHYSICAL DAY). Up at 8:30 to turn Alyce, give her some water, and help her breath. At 9:30 am it seemed that it might be useful for her to sit up straight for a few minutes, and since Pat and Steve were planning to come to Lakewood Hills in the afternoon, I'd dress her in the bright blue Christmas pajamas with the red piping.

....she was sound asleep, and held in place in her chair by the rope loop around its back. — Then her breathing stopped. I immediately bent down to listen, but could detect no breath at all. Since I was holding her in a good posture, I put my arms around her and pulled her chest toward the back of the chair, and then continued a moderately-fast breathing rhythm.

This artificial respiration made a very audible normal-like sound, breathing in and out, in and out. After a minute or so there was a reflexive jerk of the diaphragm, so I continued another 3 or 4 minutes. But when I slowed the artificial respiration, and then stopped to check her response, she didn't continue. Total motionlessness. What next? Anxiously, I asked the Mind of Me what to do, and instantly the familiar calm medical voice said, simply and quietly, "Let her go."

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It's a shock when years of effort are ended in one second, so to speak. The past is past, for whatever it may have meant. There is only NOW.

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To my surprise, when I straightened up, my first feeling was intense gladness that I hadn't let Alyce down in her spiritual quest, and that I had successfully maintained her body, her talisman-like anchor in etheric and physical levels, long enough for her to accomplish whatever transformations of substance were needed for her to be really free, and not karmically encumbered.

I realized, also, very clearly, that she had chosen her own time to go, very much like the identification I had with her on Sunday, 8 May, Mother's Day. What she said at that time was, "I just wanted to say: Thank you, and good-bye."

Actually, I had been lying in bed in a semi-lucid OB dream state when I first became aware, while in that state of consciousness, of Alyce sitting there in bed, beside me, propped up on the foam bed wedge, or a big pillow. (Actually, her physical body was lying down.) A shadowy figure stood by her, at the right of the bed.

And then, suddenly, I was Alyce, propped up on a pillow [wearing her body like a suit of clothes]. I (Alyce) spoke to the figure by me, who seemed to be Elmer, the words above. As Alyce, I explained that I couldn't speak physically in any satisfactory way, was anxious that I be understood, and said, mentally, that I was taking this method of communicating to make sure that the idea got through. I had looked down at the body and recognized (or decided, or determined) that at a certain time, which didn't seem far off, it would take a quick downturn and rapidly go through a state of debilitation into termination.

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After Alyce stopped breathing, I gently finished dressing her in her Christmas pajamas, and then positioned her, as if lying in state, on the bed wedge, which I had covered with a blue-and-white fleur-de-lis towel. With her blue pajamas with red piping, and hair combed out on a doubled pillow, like a silver halo, she was beautiful.

At first, since her mouth was partly open, I used scotch tape to keep it closed, until her lips stayed shut naturally. After about 45 minutes, when I removed the tape, she looked like a beautiful saint, and as her face grew white and still, she began to look more and more like a smooth marble figure from classic Greece or Italy.

Later that afternoon, as Pat and I sat by her side for a long time, I became more and more impressed by the beauty and dignity of her wise statue-like face.

Maybe it seems poetic, but that's how it was to me. And I thanked her, silently, for the opportunity to know her....

* * *

I had phoned Pat at 10:30am that morning, and she then phoned Jeff Nichols and the Penwell-Gabel Funeral Home, and Jeff went over there to sign medical permission for their sending a van to get Alyce. Then I quickly straightened the house, vacuumed dust from the floor of the living room, put away towels, blankets, and chaise lounge cushions, cleared and polished the

dining table, and cleaned up myself. I had finished just in time to go down and greet Pat and Steve when they arrived at 12:30pm.

Pat made many phone calls and arranged for Penwell-Gabel to perform Alyce's cremation on Tuesday afternoon. For out-of-body reasons, a three-day wait between time of death and cremation is traditional in the East, and is something we wished to do.

I phoned relatives....

At 3:30pm, Pat, Steve, and I played meditation music...for silent communion. It felt sacred and appropriate. Alyce's alabaster-smooth calm face was like a Da Vinci sketch, smooth and beautiful.

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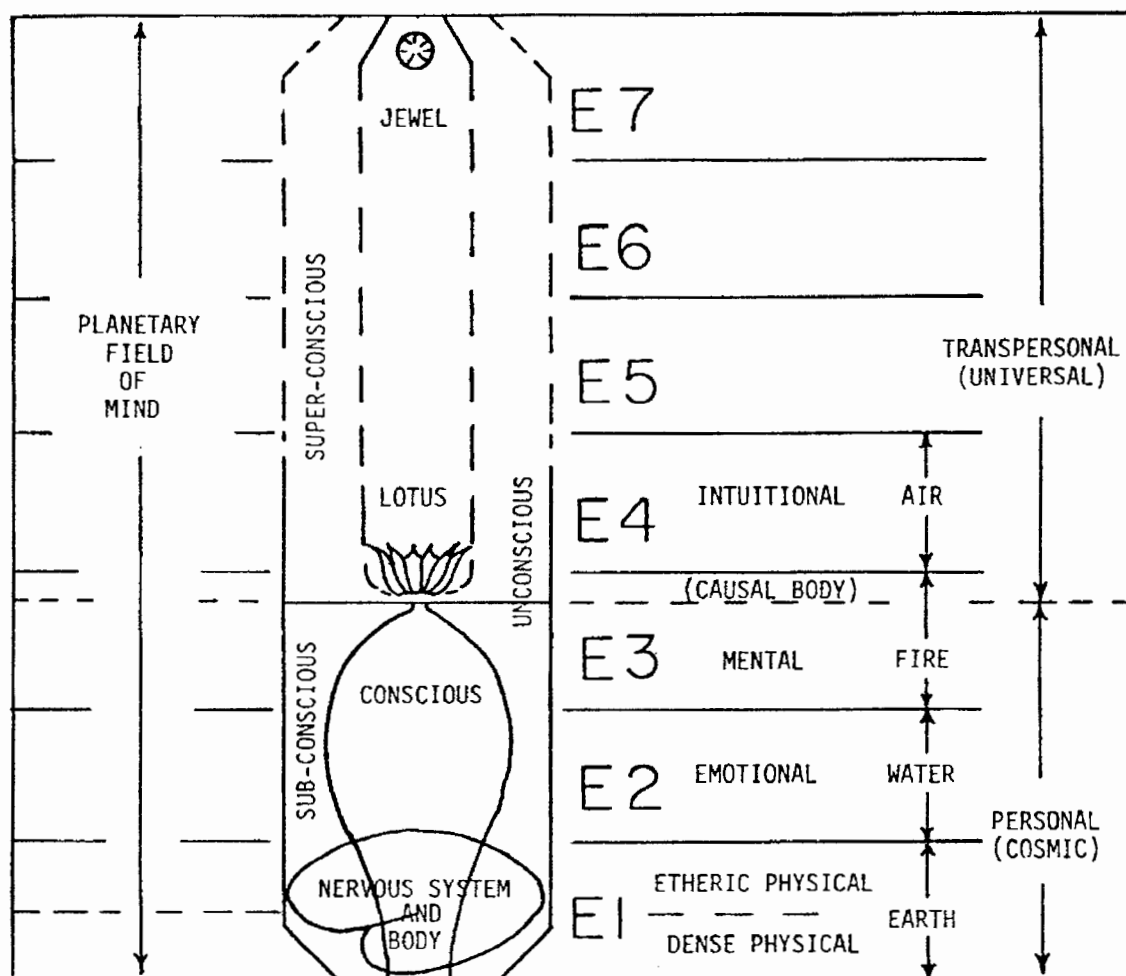


Figure 1: Symbolic interpretation of human substance and perceptual structure. Each line of the vertical cylindrical figure, which represents a human being, stands for at least three things: a boundary between different organizations of *substance* (different kinds of matter), a boundary between different kinds of possible *perception*, and a boundary between different kinds of possible *action*.

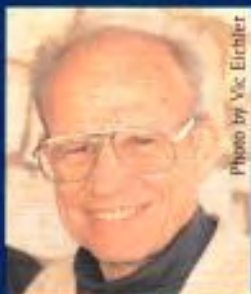


Photo by Vic Eichler

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.