

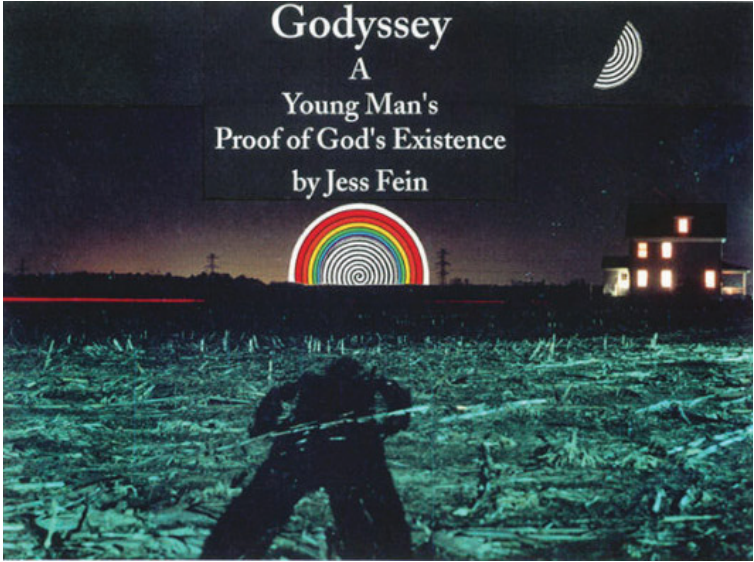
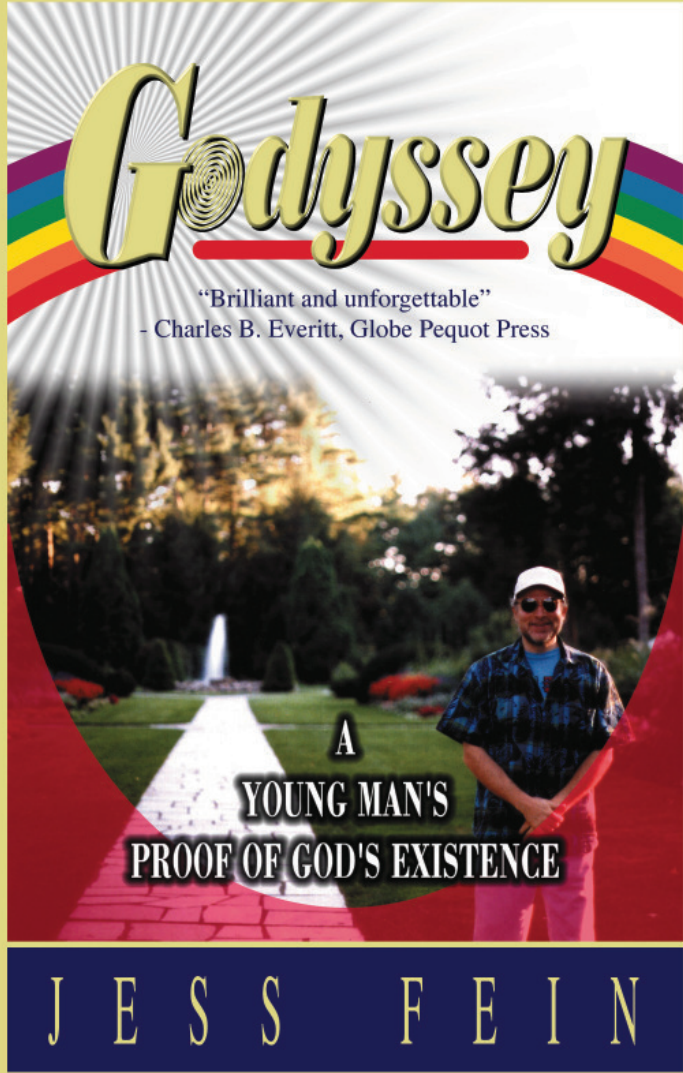
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with Illustrations by Lawrence M. Medeiros

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A Breathtaking, Breakthrough Book

Godyssey
A
Young Man's
Proof of God's Existence

With illustrations by Lawrence M. Medeiros

The most electrifying event in human history. Unexpected, dramatic, inconceivable, miraculous. Revolutionary in its consequences, the information communicated in Godyssey could be the spiritual equivalent of television, quantum mechanics or $E=mc^2$. A book which will spark a cosmic revolution in the mind of every reader. God revealed.

“Brilliant and unforgettable”

-Charles B. Everitt, Globe Pequot Press

“Earth-shaking!”

-Pat Richards

“Reaching mystical heights”

-Scott Meredith

Originally containing over 70 color photographs, Godyssey is now being printed and distributed in paperback by Infinity Publishing (www.infinitypublishing.com/www.BuyBooksontheweb.com).

At fine bookstores

Author's Advisory:

“Godyssey” contains never-before revealed, monumentally stunning and graphic information which will forever alter and expand one's consciousness.

Your world-view, and therefore your world, will change.

You will never be the same person again.

However - and I wish to strongly emphasize this point - do not purchase or read this book unless you already have an open mind, a compassionate heart and a courageous soul.

On August 22, 1994 free rights to reprint and broadcast 20% of the content of “Godyssey” were offered to every major television network news group in America, along with The New York Times, The Boston Globe, Time Magazine, “The Oprah Winfrey Show,” “Larry King Live,” “Nightline,” “Eye to Eye” and other selected groups and individuals throughout the United States.

As of the third printing of this New Edition, not one news organization has determined the revelation of the existence of God to be newsworthy.

Their conclusions for not announcing this news, may be due to many of the aforementioned reasons, and I am, therefore, including this advisory.

If “Godyssey” and its contents only become widely known 1000 years from today, it will still be as revolutionary as it is now, if only presently for a limited readership.

Jess Fein

פְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים

THE FACE OF GOD

פְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים, פְּנֵי הַדְּוָרִים.
פְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים שֶׁל יִפְי, פְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים שֶׁל לֵהכָה.
פְּנֵי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
בְּשֶׁהוּא יוֹשֵׁב עַל בִּסְטָא כְבוֹדוֹ
וְסִלְסוּלוֹ מְהַאֲרָן בְּמוֹשֵׁב הַדְּרוֹ.
לְפָיו נֹאֵה מְזִפֵי גְבוּרָתוֹ,
הַדְּרוֹ מְצֵלָה מְהַדְּרוֹ חֲתָנִים וְכַלּוֹת
בְּבֵיחַ חֲפֻצָּה.

Lovely face, majestic face, face of
beauty, face of flame, the face of the
Lord God of Israel when He sits upon
His throne of glory, robed in praise
upon His seat of splendour. His beauty
surpasses the beauty of the aged, His
splendour outshines the splendour of
newly-weds in their bridal chamber.

הַמְּסַמְכֵל בּוֹ מִיָּד וְקָרַע,
וְהַמְּצִיץ בְּזִפְיוֹ מִיָּד מְשַׁמְפוֹן בְּקִיחוֹ.
הַמְּשַׁרְתִּים אוֹתוֹ הַיּוֹם
שׁוֹב אֵין מְשַׁרְתִּים אוֹתוֹ לְמָחָר,
וְהַמְּשַׁרְתִּים אוֹתוֹ לְמָחָר
שׁוֹב אֵין מְשַׁרְתִּים לְפָנָיו –
כִּי חֲשַׁשׁ פָּחַם וְהִשְׁחָרוּ פְּגִיחָם,
חֲצָה לָבָם וְנִחְשְׁכוּ עֵינֵיהֶם
אֶחָד הַדְּרוֹ יוֹרֵי יָפִי שֶׁל מְלָכִים.

Whoever looks at Him is instantly torn;
whoever glimpses His beauty immedi-
ately melts away. Those who serve
Him today no longer serve Him
tomorrow; those who serve Him
tomorrow no longer serve Him after-
wards; for their strength fails and their
faces are charred, their hearts reel and
their eyes grow dim at the splendour
and radiance of their king's beauty.

Until recently, the significance of a recurrent religious symbol was virtually lost to Mankind's consciousness. It is painted on cave walls, carved in wood, appearing in religious texts and incorporated in art.

History records the symbol of the Creator across the centuries.

In the cultures of the Maoris, the Polynesians, the Aztecs, the Hebrews, and the Celts, among many other peoples.

The meaning of this Symbol has remained hidden to you until Today.

This is your spiritual birthday.

If you had a mind-opening, *electrifying* proof of God's existence, if your spirit had somehow realized the *ineffably* powerful magnitude of His Being, if your heart had been touched by His Mercy, if your soul had been illuminated with His Light, if you had been changed forever...how would you go about telling others of this inspirational and miraculous experience?

If you told your story to a newspaper reporter, you'd be thought of as a religious fanatic, or else your experience would be "sensationalized."

If you told your story to a television reporter, you might get 30 seconds as "the humorous side of the news."

If you told your friends, you'd lose all but the best of them.

If you told your story to a physicist, you'd be referred to a psychiatrist.

If you told your story to a psychiatrist, you'd be committed to a mental hospital.

If you ever got out, would it **ever** be worth it to tell anyone again?

..So you'd write a book.

A kaleidoscopic, gyroscopic Vision

Redefining the limits of human experience, "Godyssey" is an autobiographical book which strives to communicate an individual piece of the Ultimate puzzle. When you read it you will enter into another dimension and vicariously experience the immanence of Divine Intervention in one young man's life.

Written over a period of six years by Jess Fein, "Godyssey" is an illustrated 'time-diary'; a shining glimpse into Heaven and a return trip from Below. If you are not afraid to see yourself in a mirror of words, you are ready to read this document — an extraordinary proof of God's existence.

A metaphysical journey back to the Beginning

On September 16, 1974, a young man entered into a time-warp which catapulted him into the next dimension. The dimension of Heaven and Hell. Above and below. Over & out.

At the climax of a "severe nervous-breakthrough," Jess Fein encountered what he believes to be the very Spirit of God, which motivates him, to this day, in his efforts to communicate a story of hope and faith to others.

In this kaleidoscopic book, Jess Fein sets out to translate an overwhelming Cosmic experience into words and pictures. Encompassing 20 years, "Godyssey" describes a young man's astounding voyage to reach the Capstone of a Sacred pyramid. The Pyramid of Life.

*"At times, the intensity of style and the otherworldly experiences the author relates might startle the reader. Well, **Godyssey** is not out to startle for the mere sake of startling - it's trying to show the reader how the author has come into personal context with Heaven and Hell...The experiences the author has had on this earth, in other realms, in and out of synchronization with time, having to put up with hellish institutions - all cover a wide range of territory.*

***Jess Fein** talks about nervous "breakthroughs" - sometimes reaching mystical heights in his degree of insight... When he starts playing around with words, his writing approaches the realm of poetry.*

***Godyssey's** ultimate value lies in its ability to show the reader a particular (one might even say unique) approach to God."*

- SCOTT MEREDITH,
Literary Agent

*"**Godyssey** is very powerful; very direct and honest. It's reminiscent of James Joyce's **Finnegan's Wake**, but with a style of its own, on the verge of being "prose-poetry."*

- BRIAN DONEHOWER

*"**Godyssey** is Earth-shaking!"*

- PAT RICHARDS

"Events may be recorded in every atom of the Universe. Each particle is affected by tremendous forces, energy, magnetism. It's conceivable that every atom has a miniature blueprint for the shape of the Cosmos, because what surrounds it - shapes it. Just as our mind shapes who we are.

There is a seed planted within each of us, unfolding in different ways. The seed of our Higher Self and Spirit. It's the beginning of our connection with God, that we might understand Him. Our seed of Infinity.

*In this fantastic world with so much joy, so much suffering, with so many ways of realizing love, of course, **of course** God exists. How could one ever doubt it?*

***He** is masculine. **She** is feminine.*

If you can truly believe something and find things proven to you, you're on your way...Perhaps we'll all see God when we are ready for it -but when one man has seen Him, it is as if the whole world has seen Him. Standing alone in front of that blazing, white Light.

***Godyssey** opened me up and blew me away. It is thought-provoking and very enjoyable, often embodying a childlike enthusiasm and innocence. **Jess Fein** has written a beautiful, beautiful book."*

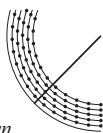
- DAN SPERLING,
Television and film producer

*"There is much pain and brilliance in **Godyssey**. There are parts that I will never forget. It is tough enough to live a book, but trying to write, design, print and sell it as well..."*

- CHARLES B. EVERITT,
editor, The Globe Pequot Press

...When they both walked into "Einstein's" house, I stood barefoot, absorbing the cool September darkness, and projecting my fears and hopes onto the two-story, boxlike, shuttered, old house looming on the event horizon... 'I will mentally film everything.' ... 'Camera lucida'...

I swung the porch door open and walked inside the kitchen half-expecting to find some Easter eggs in the closet. I'd crack open the egg, only to find myself as a baby, cradled 'en-eggmatic-ally' inside - the final piece of the puzzle - then Albert and his friend would push me into another universe of rebirth, this time *down* the evolutionary ladder.



The kitchen seemed to be one more 3-dimensional piece in a four-dimensional jigsaw puzzle - a rather startling piece. I found myself in the planetarium-kitchen of my childhood home! I knew it was my old home, because everything seemed to connect - old dreams, memories, thoughts, feelings, sensations - everything strung together and lit up like the Zodiac...

...then I turned around to see a line of papers, encased in see-through plastic, tacked onto the doorpost. They seemed to be scientific papers containing very complex information - mathematic equations and eloquent phraseology, schematics and blueprints. - DETONATION -

"Godyssey is the work of a high-powered brain."

- JEANNE GAZ

"Jess Fein's writing betrays a soul of great depth."

- RABBI LAWRENCE KUSHNER,
author, "The River of Light"

**THE INCIDENTS
RELATED IN THIS BOOK
ARE ALL TRUE.
SOME NAMES & LOCATIONS
HAVE BEEN CHANGED
OR ELIMINATED.**



Godyssey

A
Young
Man's Proof
of God's Existence

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by Jess Fein

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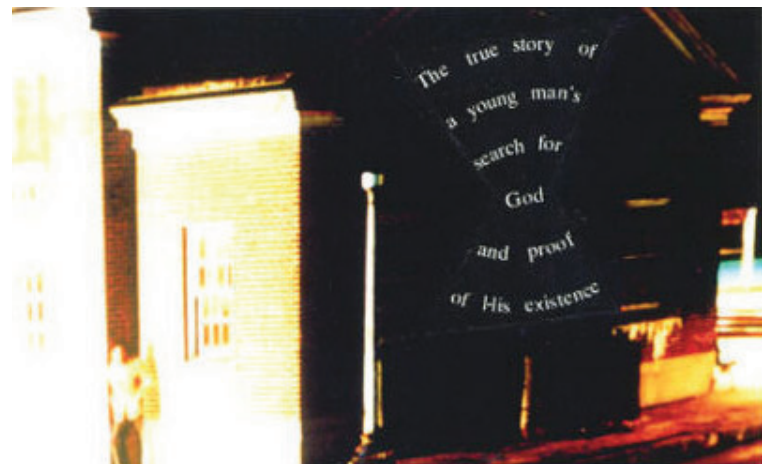
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*This book is dedicated to my mother and father,
whom I love very much.*

*The New Edition is dedicated to the memory of E. Yelle, beloved friend
and spiritual mentor who taught me the true meaning of generosity, com-
passion and caring.*

*At this time, proceeds from the sale of this Third Edition will benefit
my mother and are being given in memory of my father, who lived his life
as a good, loving and righteous man.*

*A portion of the profits from "Godyssey" will be donated to Compas-
sion International (www.compassion.com), On Wings of Eagles
(www.wingsofeagles.tv) and New World Rising (www.newworldrising.org).*

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**“You’re saying to yourself: I won’t wake up until I feel I
deserve it..until I’ve made it difficult..so I invent an elabo-
rate system of delaying my waking up. I put myself through
this test and that test and when..it’s been sufficiently
arduous..then I may at last admit to myself who I really am.
And draw aside the veil, and realize, when all is said and
done, ‘I am that I am,’ which is the name of God.”**

- Alan Watts

“The Lord slumbereth not, nor sleepeth...”

- A Psalm of Praise

PROLOGUE

The material presented on these pages constitutes a truthful portraiture* account of my “nervous breakthrough” and subsequent confrontation with “what” I believe was God. Almost immediately thereafter, I was committed to a mental hospital and told that I might *never get out*. *More than one “doctor” told me that I would have to take strong, antipsychotic “tranquilizers” for the rest of my life. I refused dozens of drugs dozens of times but found that once they were forcefully introduced into my system for only a week or two, it was virtually impossible to stop taking them. Trying to withdraw was utterly horrendous. Intense, unending convulsions. No sleep. Pounding heart. Drool.*

Initially, I accepted the drugs willingly, thinking that God would protect me, that only good things could come of them. My trust in God was unwavering. However, it has been my experience that “God’s work” usually takes time. He is a “Time-Being.”

I would be rationalizing if I said that thousands of hours of confinement in the **unspeakable** hell of a state mental hospital was an experience worth “living through.” In fact, my personal encounter with God has left me with innumerable doubts as to whether I am alive at all. This may seem an insane contradiction to you, but I assure you that I am not sure. Is it all just self-fulfilling prophecy?

*The following ‘diary’ of events occurred, for the most part, during the two month period from the end of August to the end of October, 1974. Some descriptions of events occurring in 1976 and 1978, when I was “hospitalized” an additional three times against my will, are also included, for the purpose of further enlightenment.

I have never willingly signed commitment papers and I shall not do so now. My heart and soul are in this book, but my name is not on it. ‘Jess Fein’ is a pseudonym.

Jess Fein
December 12, 1979

“A human being shall not see My face and live.”

- Exodus 33:20



PART I

SHALOM

“We all have that special dream when we are young,” said Bishop Kelly.

The others at the table murmured, nodded.

“There is no Christian boy,” the Bishop continued, “who does not some night wonder: am I Him? Is this the Second Coming at long last, and am I It? What, oh, what, dear God, If I were Jesus? How grand!”

The Priests, the Ministers, and the one lonely Rabbi laughed gently, remembering things from their own childhoods, their own wild dreams, and being great fools.

“I suppose,” said the young Priest, Father Niven, “that Jewish boys imagine themselves Moses?”

“No, no, my dear friend,” said Rabbi Nittler. “The Messiah! The Messiah!”

More quiet laughter, from all...

*-from ‘The Messiah,’ a short story
in the book: “Long After Midnight”
by Ray Bradbury*

My friend is like a roebuck or the fawn of the hinds; behold, there he standeth behind our wall, looking in at the windows, peering through the lattice.

-from The Song of Solomon

Electra:

...and from whose mouth
Did you receive this tale, that you believe
So over fondly?

Chrysothemis:

It is proved to me
By my own eyes, none other; for I see
Clear evidence

Electra:

See proof? O wretch, what proof?
What did you see, to inflame you all at once
With this mad fever?

Chrysothemis:

Listen, in Heaven’s name,
That you may learn; and call me, afterwards,
Crazed, if you like, or sober.

Electra:

Say your say,
If it affords you any pleasure.

Chrysothemis:

I
Am telling you exactly what I saw...

“Canst thou by searching find out God?”

- Job 11:7

CHAPTER ONE

I AM DEAD

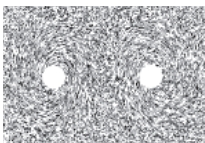


“Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Search ye for the Lord and His strength; seek ye His face evermore. Remember His marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders and the judgments of His mouth; O ye seed of Israel. His servant, ye children of Jacob, His chosen ones. He is the Lord our God: His judgments are in all the earth.”

- A Psalm of David

“We die every night.”

- anonymous mental patient's catechismic refrain



“And may we see Him, eye to eye, when He returneth to His habitation, as it is written, For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord returneth unto Zion. And it is said, And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”



- Recited prior to the reading of the Scroll of the Law

“I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest driving force behind scientific research.”

- Albert Einstein

Your hand, O Death, has been stayed.
 You can no longer inflict oblivion,
 Or doom to full disappearance
 Those who were life of our life.
 They live and move within us,
 In spheres beyond your dominion.
 We thank Thee, O God of life and love,
 For the resurrecting gift of memory
 Which endows Thy children fashioned in Thy image
 With Godlike sovereign power
 To give immortality through love.
 Blessed be Thou, O God,
 Who enablest Thy children to remember.

- Yizkor Meditation

“GHOST WRITING?”



I am dead. Yet my ‘life’ continues on, as if I had not actually died. Some people claim to have died and come back; I claim to be dead. Presumably without annihilation of spirit, soul, self. How can this be? Not even I know.

At the time of my “demise” in September of 1974, I was at the climax of a severe “nervous breakup” or “breakthrough.” My personal search for God was over. You may think that the search for the absolute can never end. In the sense that God is infinite, omni-present and incomprehensible - that assumption is correct. In the sense that God is alive, personal, and indwelling - He, It, She **can** be understood. And I have put all my efforts into this book to **let** it be known.

The knowledge (‘know-ledge’) that God exists and has “chosen” to reveal himself to me, has nearly driven me *off* the ledge. Will this knowledge change mankind’s conceptions of his Creator? Will people fear death more than before? Whenever people pray to God, will they imagine Him as I have *seen* Him? I hope not, because in the final analysis, God is whatever you believe Him to be. God is Love. He is an Old Man with a Long, White Beard. God is Nature. He is the Universe - Macrocosm and microcosm. Electricity, Life, Water, the Earth, the Sun, the First Cause. When I think of a Supreme Being, I still imagine **all** of these and **none** of these Archetypes. I’m only human.

God expresses Himself in everything, of course, and yet the personal revelation must be overwhelming in order to “prove” His existence to an individual. I have been extremely fortunate to “survive” death intact and possess the impossible, impossessable knowledge of the Countenance of the Living God. My God.

My Godyyssey begins...



SEPTEMBER 1960

“DOUBLE OR NOTHING”

Behind a newly-constructed porch wall, I am sitting on the floor with a few of my favorite records. Sometimes a bee hums outside the screen window; at least there is a nice, cool breeze; the robins and blue jays are courting on the dogwood tree in the backyard. Buttercups and lilacs smell nice. There goes a flutter-by...watch out for hornets, though.

The pink & white-checked phonograph is a birthday gift from my parents. My aunt gave me an Emenee accordion...“Jumpin’ Jiminy, it’s by Emenee”...I am six years old today. It’s Sunday morning. The light is somehow different on Sunday.. The Ice Cream Man Cometh! Hurray!

Listen!--I can hear a jet rumble against the sky. It’s leaving a long, chalky vapor trail that’s gonna turn into a huge cloud. Very often, I like to lie outside on the cool green land and watch the big, mashed-potato clouds drift past the sun. I always think of the sun as yellow. -Because there’s no sun-colored Crayolas. Everything comes from the sun, you know - chocolate frappes, spearmint Life Savers, creamy kittens, Animal Crackers, Welchade, hot-dogs, ballparks, corn-on-the-cob, goldenrod, and even President Eisenhower! The whole ball of wax! Joo know that? Juneau? Does she?--Wait, Alaska.

////// At night, the gray and white moon glares at me. I always thought that a man had travelled to the moon a long time ago. But when my parents, aunts, and cousin are riding on the expressway in my dad’s black and white Plymouth-Chrysler (he’d like to own a Mercury Comet, whatever that is, but he can’t afford it),—my mother tells me that no one has ever been to the moon before. Everyone agrees, but my cousin isn’t so sure. Then the aunts kid me a lot. Boy we sure have fun!-- “Hey, Dad, beep your horn for the guy driving next to us.” ‘Universal greeting’...

Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk,.. Beep, Beep. “Always works.” The moon floats in front of the buggy windshield again as we make a turn. Tink-ponk, tink-ponk, tink-ponk, tink-ponk.

We’ve probably travelled half of the mileage in this car that it takes to get up there. I can always see the ragged face of the “man-in-the-moon,” in the moon. Hey, get it, ‘man in the moon in the moon’? He looks cold up there, but he’s still smiling. ‘A spark in the dark!’ Somehow I always think of the Wrigley’s Chewing Gum poster in the subway, when I think of the man-in-the-moon - I don’t know why so don’t ask me. That’s a joke, too.

“Ask me no questions and I’ll tell you no lies.” My father and his father say funny things like that all the time.

My father looks like my grandmother and he has her eyes, too. My mother says she looks like her mother did, but she has her fathers’s eyes. Her mother had can’t-sir. Her father - Par-kin-son’s.

I have my mother’s brown eyes, she informs me, but when I was a baby my eyes were green like my father’s. He loves my mother. He loves me. I look like an exact cross between my mother and my father. That’s what everyone says and I think I believe it. Kind of a double-cross.

“Double your pleasure, double your fun”...I’d like to look like me, though. Wouldn’t it be great if no one on earth ever had a double? Everyone resembles someone. All ants look alike; six legs, three body parts. Arthro-pod. That’s one of those Dick Shenary words. Get it?

////// Right now, I’m playing one of my very favorite records -“The Side-walks of New York” sung by Arthur God-Free. He sounds like a nice man. If I could, I’d let him live forever and a day and never stop...I better duck down, a couple of kids are coming by. I’ll turn the sound up a little when I hear a nice passage. That way, maybe I’ll transmit the good feelings I have about this particular record to those finky kids. They just walk by, swearing at the window. - Well, bon voyage, that’s French, and good ribbons, that’s bad English.

I wonder if anyone knows I’m controlling the record player. I’ll give a real thrill to the next person who walks by. I’ll play “Bibbity-Bobbity-Boo!” Wow! What a song!...

...Don’t wanna go to sleep...Afraid of...Nothing. Someday in the future I’ll never exist. I’ll be nothing forever and ever. Can’t imagine it. Scares me when I try...scares me when I’ll die...stares me in the eye...

“...A watch when wound has a small store of potential energy which it expends very slowly in the work of turning the train of wheels against friction and the resistance of the air, and producing the sound of ticking. In a week a watch distributes the energy of winding it seven times among over 3,000,000 ticks...”

“ORGANIZATION”

I don't consider myself to be an outwardly religious man. By that, I mean organized religion has not played a large part in shaping my life. Along with a multitude of others, I was originally entitled to Selective Service System number 99 because I was born on September 18, 1954. At 3:13 in the afternoon on that day, I entered this world from that 'trillion-year void.' I don't claim to remember any other life before birth. I have always thought that one's death would feel exactly the same as being "unborn," that is, until September 16, 1974.

I hesitate to turn back the clock, but I must...

...Sunday, August 25, 1974

Staring me in the face is something quite extraordinary. A system. Yes, a system for beating the race track. But this is impossible. I don't believe it. Let me recheck it. Yes, yes, it's *computerized*, totally computerized! Every single number on this racing form has a meaning, I know it!

I've only been to the track once before and through pure luck won \$8.00 - but this has got to be wrong. After all, it's only one week's racing results. I'll wait and check it out. Why hasn't anyone else figured this out? Not much of a gamble. It's relatively simple. I'm only searching for patterns on this racing form, and there they are. The "pacer" with odds of five to two on him - places (finishes second). Always.

Excitement has a way of surging right through the bloodstream and into the nervous system. Pulse quickens, respiration increases, and perspiration flows. Thought processes become slightly irrational - perhaps it's the hormones. I can't wait to go down to the track parking lot and pick up a discarded copy of tomorrow night's form. I'm "racestruck." My behavior patterns are becoming more and more erratic while those of the horses and jockeys are beginning to be predictable.

Race tracks are not my favorite places; no 'favorite places.'



“A WEEK AT THE RACES” ‘Track Tricks’

There are 40 harness horse races throughout each week at the race-track under my scrutiny. Thirteen races each week are what I consider, by my system, to be in the eligible or "betttable" category. Twenty-six races are ineligible or unbetttable. Those *temporarily* unbetttable, or approximately 2/3 of the weeks' total races are, however, in my opinion, decipherable and part of an exact, computerized system down to the final positions of each pacer and driver.* The driver, of course, is the key to the control of the outcome. It still seems quite astonishing, if this system proves correct, that it has never been discovered accidentally via loose-lipped employees or on purpose by an average race-track goer. The race track crowd cannot, however, be considered just "your average group of people." -("Daily troubled.")

Nevertheless, I find this pattern of winnable races highly obvious to someone who might bother to check over only one or two week's racing results (through forms and newspapers). I'm working unceasingly, unyieldingly, undreamingly, to try and disprove my own truly incredible theory. I cannot. It's simply fanciful thinking to believe in a system at the race track. But, no matter how many eligible races I check, I cannot find a single one. I am stupefied. So are my parents. We speak endless minutes talking about it. We spend hours talking. We spend days. One subject inevitably leads to another, as you can imagine happening, since computerization of an *entire* racing form can lead one to be more philosophical about other aspects of life previously thought to be free and uncontrolled in any way. I am not naïve enough to think that horses can't be drugged and trainers and jockeys paid off. But I am now undeniably confronted with an intricate system of predeterminism.



*Because of human error and greed—
—there was always one race each week which was uncategorizable. It came at a different time during each week and was characterized by a long-shot always winning. I believe this race held special significance because it represented a monkey-(money)-wrench in the machinery of prediction.

“REPRESSION, SUPPRESSION, ...EXPRESSION”

Seven sleepless day and nights into September. I'll be twenty years old in a couple of weeks. I don't seem to be suffering any ill effects from my insomnia - except for the fact that my mind is constantly humming, unable to rest. 'Presently, pleasantly tense...' You'd be surprised what your intellect will do when left to itself. However, my subcognizant dream-producing mechanisms are steadily gaining predominance. Nighttime fantasies and frustration dreams are left behind. ...No more "nuclear dreams." 'Anything nuclear = an ulcer.' ...Sooner or later, I know that something will catch up with me. I will probably catch up with myself. The computer section of my brain is obsessed, day in and day out, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second, with those damnable numbers, calculations, odds. The creative half of my mind seems to be shunted aside. It's as if my rotating clockwork gears are becoming unmeshed. Minute-hand gear (conscious) and second-hand gear (subconscious) are disengaging from hour-hand gear (me, myself & I, (ego). Emotional vibrations in life "alliterate" subconscious intuition, disturbing organic gyroscopes. The balance-wheel (superego) has suddenly stopped its oscillation. Where does that leave my mainspring (spirit, soul, time/space recorder, drive) (id)?

Gradually, some kind of pattern makes itself apparent. This is mesmerizing. I am coming to the realization that my race track system not only applies to pacers, but to something much larger. '...Dividing a year into thirteenths..' It seems to have an intrinsic relevance to life itself. A fundamental law. A universal principle. My God, a UNIVERSAL SYSTEM. Is it possible? The odds are 5 to 2 in my favor...

...Can't stop tossing and turning. I won't take any sleeping pills, though. I don't believe in pills or drugs; in fact, I don't even smoke or drink. (Still a vergin' virgin). But my nerves are shot; my mind "won't leave me alone." It's currently taking on any subject matter that flits across its screen. Now, it has decided to think about "coincidences," because some unusual things have been happening lately. You know—when you say something and 10 seconds later, they say exactly the same thing on the TV or radio? Well, that's happening a bit too often now. It seems like my mind is being read and translated into external symbols and adventures, almost vicariously. Repress, suppress,...express.



"Please, God, show me a sign of Your Existence!"...

‘A PAGE FROM MY ‘HINDSIGHT DIARY’

“In-deep-end-ence”

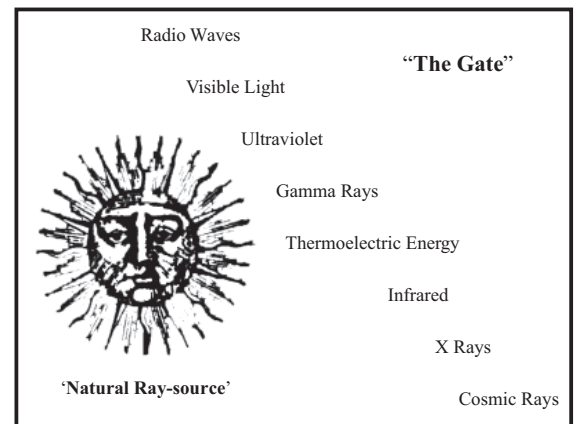
Race track—no phones, no lenders. \$50 (human error) and \$50 (human greed) lost on wrong races—you can't outrace your fate'— or so I thought at the time... '...Reasoning/rezoning...' "The earth's rotation slows down by about 1 second per thousand years"...

Nerve-racking day—worked out race forms—researched connections—mathematics: rational, irrational numbers, Pi, science: "Carbon¹⁴, present in all living matter, is produced by cosmic rays in the atmosphere and decays with a half-life of 5760 years: 2000A.D. is 5760 by Jewish calendar.

Never got any sleep this entire time. Hot...mercury rising..Did not eat much—drank water—worked continually.

Television “spoke” to me— ‘Je suis. ’— I am!

I noted coincidences on TV and radio to parents.



—I felt that—God (“Atom”) was coming through space and time and would arrive as all our thoughts were united and no more time delay existed...

sometimes meaningful things. Words relating to unlikely, esoteric things, like: 'lodestone', 'whirlwind', 'Menorah', 'immaterialism', etc. Phrases such as: "The Bread of Life," "Aladdin's lamp," "You pays your money, you takes your choice," "dual personality," and "the Wizard of Oz," among hundreds of other more mundane expressions... 'precious prescience.'

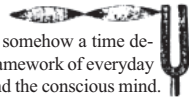
I have the feeling that when a person loses sleep and his nervous system is "short-circuited," somehow a time delay materializes; making itself visible within the framework of everyday life. This time delay is between the unconscious and the conscious mind. In other words, a split or schism occurs. Conscious attention decreases, unconscious tension increases. Schizophrenia may develop. Loss of contact with 'reality' caused by an overpowering subconscious and an ever-widening, telescoping, time delay. The schizophrenic is really someone who is blurring out of synch with earthly time and space. However, he may have discovered another realm, another dream world, where he can live in relative security.

A time delay may manifest itself in an individual's psyche in the form of uncontrolled precognition, numerous relevant or irrelevant coincidences, feelings of impending doom or rapture, feelings of power or impotence, and, most 'importantly,' feelings of meaninglessness or significance.

A time delay is, in essence, a time/space delay, since we think of 'time' in terms of space, and vice-versa. A span of 60 seconds, a space of a month, or even a light-year (an astronomical unit of distance equal to the distance that light travels in one year, or approximately 5,878,000,000,000 miles). In the rational mind, time and space are inexorably linked. In the irrational or rationalizing mind, time and space can be split; mind and body can be separated and united again in the spirit of "wholly matrimony." Free thought. Free association.

Since the reflection or light from *any* object (not to mention the sound), takes time to reach the eye ("I"), (no matter how near; you cannot even see your own image in the mirror instantaneously) then *nothing* is, in reality, happening NOW everywhere at once, to the "Observer." Simultaneousness between perceivable events is an illusion. If the light from the heavens "arrived" *immediately*, would time and space disappear, along with all barriers to psychics and physics?

* * *



"THROUGH THE 'NARROW GATE'"

"**Controlled schizophrenia**" is a term that I use to describe the splitting of the 'mind-atom' and subsequent beneficial thought-flow, resulting from the almost unlimited mental energy which is released. This process of giving off energy, or, in actuality, of breaking apart logic and creating a wholly new atom of thought, could be referred to as "mental-fission."

"**Mental-fusion**" describes the method of coming back together, utilizing the newly discovered knowledge and psychic energies of the 'mind-atom'; to become truly *one with oneself*, "in-fusion." Conscious and unconscious spheres held together by a strong, 'magnetic' ego (or "fusion reactor"). Ego (not egotism) is to experience as the sun is to the earth: *you* provide the spectrum of light in which *your* existence is seen.

Autistic thinking is childlike, illogical and ranging from the specific to the general. Symbols become reality abstractions. Autism very much resembles being in the dream state, where unrestricted, free-association reigns (rains). A mindflow. Spatial and temporal contiguity, (that is, relating a personal event with another personal event somewhat illogically and unconsciously) often accompanies the autistic thought processes. The autistic person lives in a world of perceptions, rather than conceptions. Dreams are simply translations of ideas into visual perceptions, as Freud commented, and the autist lives in a dream universe. In dreams, events are generated by wishes, intentions, or psychological motivations. This '*spontaneous combustion*' or generation of subterranean and repressed material also fuels the everyday perceptions of the autist. In addition, the autist is likely to call upon magic to explain various phenomena.



“**Magic-logic**” is a term that I use to describe the rationalization of ideas, utilized to structure a brand-new mental, physical, and ‘spi-ritual’ continuum. The two terms, ‘magic’ and ‘logic,’ are mutually exclusive, absolute contradictions, and serve to delineate the irrational and rational faculties of mind. In this mode of thought, the “guardian” mind does not necessarily realize that it is functioning illogically *and* logically at the same time. Rationalization prevents it from knowing. “Magic-logic” is the skeleton key to the door of God’s Kingdom (secrets and treasures of the “collective unconscious”)-the land of forever, where *no* limits exist.



“ACCORDION-KEY TONES”

Lookalikes, Soundalikes & “Skeleton Keys”

1. die - gambling cube
2. die - to cease living
3. last - final
4. last - to endure
5. tear - lacrymal fluid
6. tear - to rip
7. vault - tomb
8. vault - to leap over
9. rose - flower
10. rose - went up



“A PAGE FROM MY ‘HINDSIGHT’ DIARY”

“Mosaic”

A snap of static electricity when I would write (and think) words, phrases, and clues onto the TV screen - Love, Peace of Mind, I love you, Shalom; but it was automatic nevertheless, because everything I did every moment - every twitch, blink, thought - had a meaning, and it was transformed into its equivalent, individual concept for every single person ‘play-

ing the game.’ And the “fruits of my labor” were on a time delay, being beamed as puns and clues into practically everyone’s conscious frame of mind. Some people were totally oblivious to what was occurring, while others were massively involved and having the time of their lives... “The original sixth sense - the sense of humor.” ‘Punconsciousness.’

I could not quite catch up with my future-projecting self/subconscious. If I stopped trying to figure just how it was all working, it tried to catch up with me. But I was too far ahead of it in the sense of an overworked, unsleeping mind (‘...wool-blanket night sparks...’). I had been awake for about 9 days straight...thought it might take 10 days of non-sleep for dreams to become reality for everyone. And no one would fall back asleep - we are all under the hypnotic spell of God, Life and Death - ‘we must wake up, or we will not see our own divinity.’ I was beginning to see the face of Christ in the backgrounds of TV shows -sometimes abstract, sometimes clear -in chairs, wallpaper, trees and shadows. ‘..ego on the fritz..’

I felt I could communicate with the collective unconscious through the TV picture tube by writing, with my finger, across the tube and directly into my parents’ subconscious, in particular, as a “first cause.” The tube acted as a translator - as your own subpsychic censor would translate reality (facts, truth) into dreams (symbols, representations), dressing reality in cryptic clothes.

I thought that people were winning prizes and money galore on game-shows, sweepstakes, - it goes on anyway - but it seemed like a big contest as to who could figure out Christ’s identity first! It was fun for everyone because there were clues in everything, every thought and idea I had was transformed, televised and broadcast as a pun. All the clues were adding up and leveling down geographical areas, people, similarities - as to just exactly what was going on. It was a giant ‘Mosaic’ - with every fact just as important as the other. The more subconsciously oriented the ‘puzzle-worker’ was, the better his chances. In other words, “non-introspectives” were discovering more clues and enjoying themselves more. At the ‘outset,’ seemingly intelligent people were still in a stupor as to why people were so pleased and audiences laughing. They would comically say things like: “I really can’t figure out what’s happening.”



Melicos 2004

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

- 1 John 2:15

“It looks as if we grownups do not belong wholly to the world, but only by two-thirds; one-third of us has never been born at all.”

- Sigmund Freud

Chapter Two

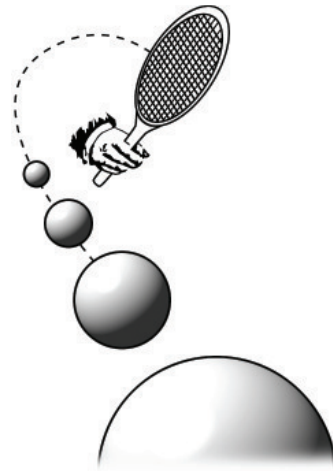
ALADDIN'S LAMP

“The unconscious wants to flow into consciousness in order to reach the light, but at the same time it continually thwarts itself, because it would rather remain unconscious. That is to say, God wants to become man, but not quite.”

- Carl G. Jung

“And it is said, And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall the Lord be one, and His name One.”

- from *Kaddish*; to be said
after reading from the
Works of the Rabbis



Life is full of little surprises.

Time travel is full of big ones.

....changes in the timestream are cumulative, not variable.

What this means is that you can change the past as many times as you want. You can't eliminate *yourself*.

I could go back in time nineteen years and strangle myself in my crib, but *I* wouldn't cease to exist. (I'd have a dead baby on my hands though...)

....I bounce back and forth through the days like a temporal ping-pong ball. I don't even know how old I am any more. I think I've passed my twentieth birthday, but I'm not sure.

It's strange....

- from "*The Man Who Folded Himself*"
by David Gerrold

“SAVIOR - BEHAVIOR”

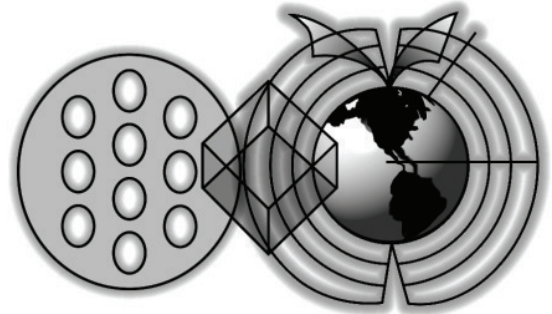
... ‘No more time delay’ ...

You are beginning to notice strong coincidences between your life and world events. You start to believe that your actions or thoughts control these situations; however, in “reality,” it is these world events which affect your thoughts and behavior, when you tune into the “collective subconscious wavelength.”

That is, your own subconscious picks up premonitions (of personal and/or collective destiny) and “lets the conscious mind in” on these feelings, through the agency of symbols, omens and “visions.” It is a drastic mistake to presume that you literally control world events by something you think, believe, say, or do. This can lead to confinement in a mental hospital. Personal destiny can, however, be shaped by the mind that is plugged into this “Encyclopaedia Unconsciousa.” You can change your microcosm from the inside-out. Your inner quakings may turn more to love and “oneness” with the macrocosm. You may actually create a temporary bubble (or ‘atom’) of love which will predominate your own substrata and that of anyone you come in contact with. This might be accomplished by means of the powerful “discretion faculty” of the subliminal computer. Through a “process of elimination” it would “excrete” anything which does not fit into its preprogrammed (inherent scheme of a love-filled world.) The higher (or underlying) self will hear, see, feel, smell and taste only what it wishes. In other words, your computer has automatically erected a concrete, artificial reality.

To make this exo-reality bubble remain in existence for any significant amount of time, is difficult if not impossible to achieve (‘save your behavior and put it in a bottle’) without either (a) ending up under the watchful eyes of a team of psychiatrists in this world, or (b) winding up finally and totally in the next world - the “dimension of death.”

‘Death’ falls into the category of “no-deposit, no return,” and therefore, discussion of this subject as a state-of-being identical to preconception is inconceivable. Period. But, to imagine death as a state of existence similar to a “malleable dreamworld,” not only exposes the brick wall as being composed of “paydirt,” it also soothes the psyche. ‘Why is it that we cannot achieve that which we can conceive? I wish to fly, dematerialize, travel in time, speak to Einstein, and maybe even Hitler, NOW.’ (They may be “too busy” to speak with me, though.) Perhaps the “egg of birth and death” is not all that it is “cracked up” to be.



“REVOLUTION-EVOLUTION”

The similarities between a phonograph record and life itself are becoming uniquely conspicuous to me. A stereo record is an even better comparison...the quintessence...

After all, doesn't a stereo album have two complementary music tracks running along side-by-side in a single time continuum? They are independent of each other, yet intertwined by melody, harmony and purpose. Isn't that a bit like a human being? The mind, “composed” primarily of a conscious (main vocal track) and a subconscious (underlying, incidental {complementary} music track). Each channel would be incomplete without the other, as a person would be, if such a being were only of a conscious (or unconscious) nature.

This recording moves through time along a spiral groove, slowly winding itself toward the “Unfathomable” center hole, from the Edge of ‘Now-here.’ Is this not like our own lives, coming from nowhere, heading toward the void, as we perceive it? - ‘Spiral-logic.’

Imagine an album spinning at a constant rate of either 16 2/3, 33 1/3, 45 or 78* revolutions per minute.

*33 1/3 RPM is the rate of speed that most modern record albums (stereo recordings of more than one tune per side) play. 45 RPM is the speed at which most modern singles play. 16 2/3 and 78 RPM are the standard speeds used for most older and/or novelty records.

Coiling ever smaller until it ends, the single groove continues on for one final wind, whereupon, it is sucked below its maker's imprint through the "eternal thirl." But it does not disappear, it merely comes out on the other side!

A relatively blank space, with no music, frames the album, marginally, at the beginning and the end. Could this possibly represent the period(s) just before birth and after death; before a new life in a different time/space dimension? A "margin for error?"

As we spin and circle our way around the sun, we live our earthly existence in one relative speed of 24 hours per day (sunrise to sunrise), 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days per year, 365.2563604 days in a sidereal year; the true period of the earth's revolution around the sun, measured by the apparent motion of the fixed stars. This is our speed. The Speed of Life. We cannot flip the 'RPA' switch (revolutions per annum). We are royally stuck in one time dimension...and to paraphrase Joni Mitchell, we are riders on the "time carousel."

We are going round and round, while the king is dead, long live the King. The switch is stuck, let's flip the Switch, to 33 $\frac{1}{8}$. And 'disc-over' who we really are.

"THIS IS A RECORDING"

Seems to me that something utterly beyond belief is about to happen. I know it. I'm confident of it, I'm tense; too tense, 'two tens.'

Out in the future, when I'll be 20 years old, on September 18, 1974, or thereabouts, I can discern a major conjunction of "destiny lines" intersecting between my parents and myself; that is, if Christ doesn't return before then. Christ, what time is it? Jesus nine minutes to midnight and I still can't stop thinking about everything and go to sleep. I'd give anything to be able to sleep for just one night. JESUS. How old was Jesus when he was crucified? H-m-m-m, 33, I think, or was it 30? I'll have to look it up in the encyclopaedia in the morning. Hell, why not now? It's only quarter to four, I'm not going to sleep anyway. Why not? Y-not?... About 33 and $\frac{1}{8}$... That fits in nicely with my system, my $\frac{1}{8}$ system.



33 $\frac{1}{8}$... 33 $\frac{1}{8}$... 33 $\frac{1}{8}$...
45 ... 45 ...
78, ..., 33 $\frac{1}{8}$, 45, 78...

I'm going around in circles.

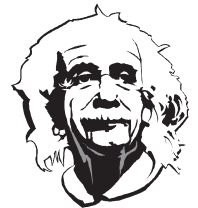


33 $\frac{1}{8}$

45.

78. I'm going around in spirals.

Cosmic spirals. 'In-spire-rational.'



"A.E. - I.O.U."

I begin to feel that there were significant coincidences between the lives of Einstein and Hitler. And other famous people. I consult biographies and encyclopaedias for any helpful information. "Seek and ye shall find." While Hitler was ensconced within his own subconscious and that of his race, searching for destructive power, Einstein was constructing and setting in motion theories of the universe, of time, of energy, and of the atom. Hitler's thoughts revolved around an atom of subfeeling racial hatred, ultimately, horribly becoming aerified. Einstein's conscience was with the Jewish race. Hitler's subsensate abominations supernovaed into a hell on earth, his atom of mind was hate (negative). Einstein's atom was love (positive). Hitler split an "atom-sphere" of mind using negative energy. Einstein split the Atom.

“SPLIT PERSONALITIES”

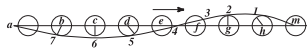
Einstein. Albert Einstein. To conjure an image of the man is almost to create a photograph of God Himself. Such a kind, generous man. Warm. Needless to say, a genius, a tutelary spirit. The man who interpreted God's inscrutable laws. Moses. $E=mc^2$ might well have been the 20th century's "Ten Commandments." The speed of light, according to Einstein, is the absolute speed limit of the universe. He has "unravelled God's unspoken law and bestowed his knowledge unto the people." Godlike."

A dark, ominous nimbus arrived, insidiously eclipsing clear hope of daylight...

Hitler. Adolf Hitler. A despicable human being. Heartless. To think of him is to think of Satan. A man who believed himself to be the bearer of destiny - the holder of the talisman of power. Insane. He incinerated millions - "God's Chosen People." If anyone believed himself to be the Anti-Christ, he surely did. Demonic. '...From Adam & Eve to Adolf & Eva.'

Albert Einstein might have been among the ashes. He escaped Germany and its Nazi hatred in advance of the coming thunder. Einstein, and his theories, brought about the lightning which actually ended World War II. He personally endorsed a letter to President Roosevelt to develop the atom bomb, before it could be born into infamy by Germany. ('A-bomb a nation.') It was almost necessary for Albert Einstein to have been alive in the 20th century, to **insure** human freedom. He was born in March, 1879. He died in April, 1955.

Adolf Hitler was born in April, 1889. He committed suicide in April, 1945. The fact that Einstein's life "couched" Hitler's ten years before and after may simply be coincidental, or it may be a fact of significance which could lend more insight on human destiny. Good and evil. Evil and good. Positive and negative. Opposing forces. Rhythms. Patterns. Coincidences. Cadences.



"Indeed, even the German names 'Adolf' and 'Albert' are diametrically opposed - 'Adolf' meaning "noble and wolf;" 'Albert' meaning "noble and bright."

“CIVIL TONGUES”

The following is a partial list of the famous Lincoln-Kennedy coincidences:

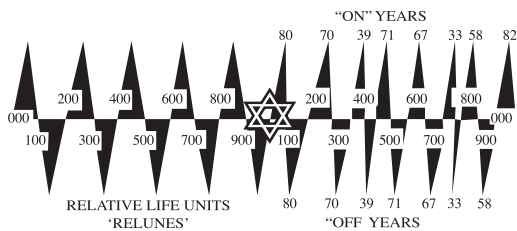
1. Both Presidents, Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy, were concerned with the issue of civil rights.
2. Lincoln was elected in 1860 and Kennedy was elected in 1960 (and died almost 99 years apart).
3. Both were slain on Friday and in the presence of their wives. (John F. Kennedy was 46 years old when he died; Abraham Lincoln was 56 years old.)
4. Both Presidents' wives lost children through death while residing in the White House.
5. Their successors, both named Johnson were southerners, Democrats and previously served in the U.S. Senate.
6. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808 and Lyndon B. Johnson was born in 1908.
7. John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald were both murdered before trials could be arranged.
8. Booth was born in 1839 and Oswald was born in 1939.
9. Booth and Oswald were southerners favoring unpopular ideas.
10. Lincoln's secretary, whose name was Kennedy, advised him not to go to the theatre.
11. President Kennedy's secretary whose name was Lincoln, advised him not to go to Dallas.
12. President Kennedy was shot to death in a 'Lincoln,' which was made by the 'Ford' Motor Company.
13. Lincoln was killed in Ford's Theatre.
14. Both Presidents were shot in the head from behind, while seated.
15. Both full names of Booth and Oswald contain 15 letters.
16. Booth (supposedly) assassinated Kennedy from a warehouse window and hid in a theatre.
17. Oswald (supposedly) assassinated Kennedy from a warehouse window and hid in a theatre.

What's going on here? The cards have been marked before the hand is dealt. Who is the Joker with the Full House?



“DEPRESSED/DEEP REST”

Existence may be likened to a constantly forward-running tape recorder with a 100 digit tape counter. Since it cannot be stopped or run backward, it is forever passing 99 (or “stop”) and renewing itself, 0 (“go”), 1, 2, 3... If one were to depress the tape-counter reset button, since time is continuously “marching on,” *individual* numbers on the time scale do not exist (because they are always running into one another.) If an individual life is represented by time-numbers (i.e., 0-birth, 1-age one, 2-age two...), then no matter how many times it “died” (by pushing the reset button to zero), it would always start over again...But who pushes the buttons?



If the relative life-span* is represented by the number 100 on a 1000 digit scale, then possibly, ‘odd-numbered’ hundred digits - 100, 300, 500, 700, 900 might represent the “sleep” period of life or “off time,” and ‘even’ digits might represent the “awake” or “on time” - 200, 400, 600, 800, 1000 (or 000)*... but who sets the alarm clock?

This on-off complement may be conceptualized by the scientifically inclined person as matter/anti-matter or time/anti-time. The spiritually attuned may envision the Chinese symbol of Yin and Yang or even the Jewish Seal of Solomon.

“...But Who turns on the Switch?”

*Relative life-span merely means: looking backward from the point of death and dividing an individual (indivisible) life into 100 relative units - ‘relunes’ - e.g., death occurs at age 40, then dividing 40 by 100 - relune would equal .4 (of one year); if death occurs at age 110, then dividing 110 by 100 - 1 relune would equal 1.1 (x 1 year).

‘HINDSIGHT DIARY’ “Invasion of Primacy”

Walking through house/brain looking at things in a new light, as brain cells (“an item, in reality, represents a single brain cell”). Heavy, frightening thought. ‘...hundreds of billions of on/off switches...’

Attic represented future. Cellar - racial past. First and second floors strewn with my papers, books, mess. “I made a mess of my (brain) house.”

I had to organ-ize, to see clearly and straighten it out. Put my brain/house into order; categories; the pressure -too much. Internal heat. Started to cry. Held mother: “Understood” how oppressive I could be - “remolding” people - making everyone into me, as we all unwittingly try to do; ‘people need to be themselves.’ (‘Parent thesis.’)

Late that night, I turned on all the lights in the house/brain, told parents to get out of my brain, could only see people as projections, archetypes. My father begged me to take him to the hospital (‘inference’). “Let’s go, please take me.” I wouldn’t take him to a mental hospital.

Stayed awake, staring at overhead lamp. Two internal bulbs symbolized “Electricity, Genes” (and God) - “my ‘true’ parents.” (“Transference”)...Outside-Strange, red car- opening mailbox!

My “human parents” stayed awake - waiting for me to go to sleep. I would not sleep - paranoid. Turned on TV. My father told me: don’t watch

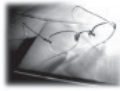


that, turn it off. ("Interference in internal affairs.") It was some religious morning sermonette dealing with Solomon. Struck a strange chord. I turned on radio (symbolizing subconscious connection) and watched the TV (consciousness) at the same time... 'Delay getting shorter.' Trying to 'read-just' reality by irrationally controlling external dials, and rationally controlling internal dials. Everything was going alright until now.

Next day, when things settled down a bit, I looked into the mirror staring alternately up into my right eye and then my left eye. Red capillary rivers were overflowing; vitreous humor cloudy. As the eye saw itself seeing itself, it dissolved to a 'per-i-feral' view of the rest of my face. First it saw a werewolf, then a dog, then an ape, when looking into the left eye; and a future-man/self ('man-u-fractured') when looking into the right eye. The images would maintain themselves 'spore-radically' when the pupil dilated disproportionately to the low candlepower available-light ... 'Floaters in front of my eyes are 'gene-images' ...

When I looked at my father, I could see a half-mask of death...told him to take off his glasses so we could see each other's eyes ('innate shine-ness'). He reacted as a child who had lost his security blanket ('blank-it'). "These are my glasses!" he cried. I was invading personal territory.

He phoned the doctor. The doctor prescribed a drug called Mellaril. I had never met the doctor.



"SPLIT INFINITIVE"

I thought Dr. Einstein himself was coming over to kill me, put me to sleep. I locked the door to my room, prepared to jump out window. Started to shave off beard.

My mother was telling my father to calm down as he repeatedly tried to call the doctor again. Continuously dialing. Never reaching. Like a broken record. I fully understood the meaning of hell - I broke a record and it seemed like I was doomed, as were we all, in a split-off universe - to constantly repeat my thoughts and actions in a never-ending, ever-tightening

spiral of descent into hell -repetition ad infinitum. I had somehow split infinity into its finite Double Meaning of yes and no. And I had 'denuded' the atom in the process.

They tried to give me a Secenal in the morning - I washed it down the kitchen sink, along with a spider. "He sees spiders.."

Wrongly thought my father was going to kill me, run me down with his car or something. Called my best friend - told him to just listen. "If you're really my friend, meet me outside right away. It's an emergency."

Wrongly thought my mother was acting behind the scenes to manipulate a person's subconscious through her female actions and instincts. "Stop digging for answers, it's better not to know things that God doesn't want you to know." 'Unconscious Mine.'

"But I'm on the verge of something ('ang-wish fulfillment') - a conjunction." Had to split. Had to get away.

Felt like I was inside my own mind (instead of "out of it") and walking in a "gene-dream" - sort of sleepwalking awake...inside a dream. Walking around neighborhood oval with friend, I said to him, "Look, you can't see anyone in their houses, no people in the yards. Where is everybody?" I had no shoes on my feet. He knew I was not acting normal. Irrational fears, beliefs. As we walked into our new neighbor's backyard, I told him not to look down or he would be hypnotized by the ground moving under foot.

As a blue car drove up, my friend told me, "Listen, I'll handle it. Don't say anything." I considered him a true friend at that moment... 'I am sincere, since here am I'...

Our new neighbor had called the police.

I returned home in a blue car.



'NOW YOU SEEM, NOW YOU DON'T'

Just as Friday the 13th has crept away, the last episode of an unusual TV series called "The Prisoner" is telecast. I have seen this syndicated British series six years or so previously, when it was on the network. Thought that

it was an absolutely brilliant production. Magnificent. Patrick McGoohan (executive producer/star) portrayed the proverbial Secret Agent (a carry-over from the TV show of the same name) who was kept against his will, in a sort of prison - the proverbial "prisoner." The prison was actually a village operated by a mysterious government. This "government" was later discovered by the Prisoner, to be the same one that he was working for (supposedly). This discovery was not an easy one, to say the least. '...Misdirection...'

The village was seemingly open and free, but once an attempt to escape was made (in any fashion - by land, sea, or air), an ever-present "custodian" (nicknamed: "Rover") was dispatched by the all-knowing Big-Brother-like control room. This watchdog was a large, bouncing, white balloon, seemingly, with a mind of its own. It would leap upon anyone outside the village boundaries, sending them into a whirlpool of lost consciousness, and return its prey to "the captors."

The captors and the captives alike, were all given numbers. Because of the nature of the "game" being played, prisoners and guards were virtually indistinguishable (except for a minority of notorious rough-necks; some garbed in horizontally-striped shirts). Number 2 was the head man (portrayed by alternating actors) behind a "rotating 8-ball swivel chair." Number 6 was our hero's designation. Number 1 was never seen, but omnipresent and omniscient. Number 2 would often be in conversation with Number 1, over the phone; but even "his" voice was never heard. Our number one "Mister X" mystery was Number 1. Mister X/Misdirects.

In the weekly introduction, Patrick McGoohan has an argument with his superiors, and resigns from British Intelligence. Before he can go on vacation, he is gassed unconscious by an undertaker type.

When he awakens, he is, unwittingly, a member of the picturesque Village, along with his mute butler. He now finds himself in a replica of his "former" home. All his needs are provided for. The Village seems, at first glance, to be a haven. A reward for retiring Secret Agents. But it soon becomes quite clear to the Prisoner and the viewer, that the haven is a hell.

Information extraction and attempted brainwashing are the main pre-occupations of the Captors. With his every move monitored and negated, can the Prisoner outwit his evil Keepers and escape? Tune in tomorrow.



* * *

“JUMPIN’ JACK FLASH”

In a light bulb flash of inspiration, I plug a jack into the calculator’s recharging outlet, connected by wire and another jack to the AM/FM tape recorder’s microphone input.

Jazz...*** Weather...*** Rock Music...*** Opera...

NEWS.. “Warren Hull, the host of the once-popular radio and -

9 - (September) - 1 - 4 - (fourteenth) - 1 - 9 - 7 - 4

F E E D - B A C K

TV Quiz show “Strike It Rich” died today at age 71”...

‘Oops, plugged it into the speaker output - all the numbers are being sucked off the display.’

.. “Former President Richard Nixon suffered a new attack of phlebitis today, but despite the advice of his doctors, refuses to be hospitalized”..

“Okay, now...”

7 (July) - 1 -6 (sixteenth) - 1 - 9 - 4 - 5

Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Squeal. Squawk. Squeak.

... “Now, a special report on nuclear weapons from our correspondent”...

‘I don’t wanna hear it.’

...Sports...

‘I’ll pick a date at random.’

2 (February) - 2 (second) * * * * *

Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Squeal. Squawk.

ROCK MUSIC.

“There’s A New World Comin’”...

Flick

“You Are My Destiny”...

Flick

“JE__SUS CHRIST SU__PER__STAR”...

I put aside the ‘makeshift’ time-machine and make a “request” of God: “If Christ is returning to earth in my lifetime, would you play “Fire and Rain” (by James Taylor) next?”... “Just yesterday mornin’, they let me know you were gone...” ...I scramble outside, nude,,push a few buttons and watch the stars revolve in the heavens.

**“COUNTDOWN”**

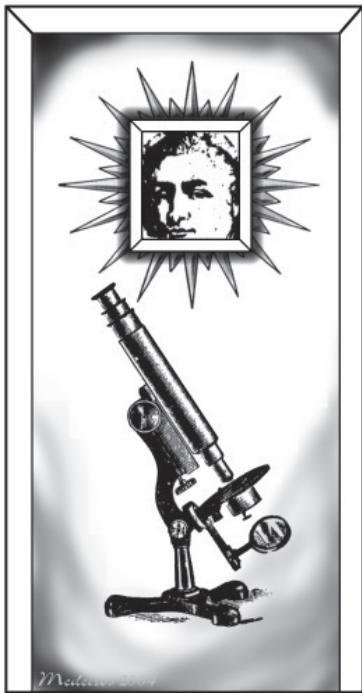
“20 Days in a Daze of a Nervous Breakthrough”

-8:30 AM, Monday, September 16, 1974

“Hoo, Hoo”... an owl intones outside the window.

I have convinced myself that I am about to die. Within thirteen seconds, I’ll be buried. Rhythmically breathing, in a state of severe nervous agitation, I turn from one side to the other in bed. “Hold your breath, and let go, let yourself go.” Something within me seems to be saying, “push the panic button - your navel - press your pressure button.” Face down, holding the air in my lungs, I pray to God. Counting up to thirteen, and releasing my urine into the mattress. The warm liquid feeling is spreading along the contours of my body, finally reaching the pillow. In a fatal/fetal position, I start to instinctively suck my thumb. God, please stop the Nuclear War, please. I don’t want to die. I don’t want the world to die. I’m convinced that somehow I have brought it all to pass, with my constant plunging into depths unknown. Thirteen, twelve, eleven...face to the pillow, hands protecting genitals...eight, seven, six...silently counting down, eyes tightly shut...three, two, one, zero...breathe. God, thank God, I’m still alive, nothing happened! I’m alive! Thank God. I turn my head slightly to the right, one eye open, the other eye closed. In the pillow, as if through a veil of water, I find that I am looking at a vision of something in front of my open, right eye. Startled, yet intrigued, I am afraid to move too much because the delicate vision might evaporate. It’s a small view of brown, molecular pebbles-each a different shade of brown. They are relatively round and the vision disappears within 6 seconds or so, through a magic shimmer or flutter of water-image. As my eyeball flicks once too often for the untenable image, it disappears, yet etches itself into my memory permanently, as an undeniable gift from God: something extra-perceptual - probably the first real evidence that I personally have, of a deeply psychic nature. I proceed to reflect upon this miraculous, sacred moment in my life. ..‘Panning for God.’

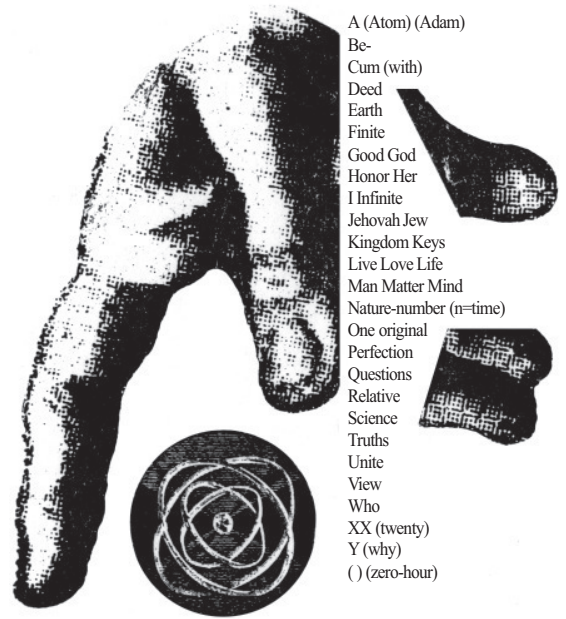
...The bed rocks and quakes with nervous anticipation... ‘bedrock’...respiration/inspiration.



"ERUPTION"

All the information that I have gathered over the past 20 years is welling up inside my brain and body, ready to erupt like a tumescent volcano.

Oddly, everything coalesces into an alphabetic key to a locked supraconscious door.



"Genesis...God (is) Eternal Time and Eternal Space...(the) Impossible Split!"

A lightning bolt has struck my lightning rod and at this moment of Orgasm, I know that all I have done to unravel the mystery of God is complete and He will reveal Himself to my contemplative mind... 'The answer to "Why" is "Why not?"

He has come through me. Alphabet soup.

My 'anointment with destiny.'



“There is but a step between me and death.”

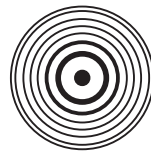
- 1 Samuel 20:3

“Unconscious” is no longer a term for what is temporarily latent; the unconscious is a special realm, with its own desires and modes of expression and peculiar mental mechanisms not elsewhere operative.”

- Sigmund Freud

“...I am a process..a form of behaviour..blood flowing in veins..an electrical network of nerves; I am heaven-only-knows-what—a vortex in space. What or who is doing me?”

- from the Alan Watts lectures



Chapter Three

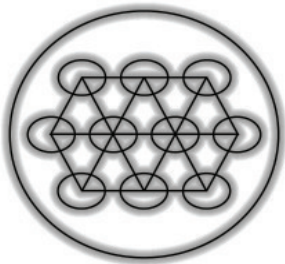
THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL

“Is He not closer than the vein of thy neck? Thou needest not raise thy voice, for He knoweth the secret whisper, and what is yet more hidden.”

- The Koran (VI: 12)

“Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast formed man in wisdom and created in him many orifices and vessels. It is revealed and known before the Throne of Thy Glory, that if one of these be opened, or one of these be closed, it would be impossible to exist and to stand before Thee.”

- Recited after putting on the Tephillin



“FALLOUT” 9:05 AM MONDAY, SEPT. 16, 1974

“Time is falling out of step! I did it! I did it! I don’t believe it! Holy—! It can’t be!”

The usual stream of clichés, descriptive of utter disbelief, came into my mind and out of my mouth.

“Am I dreaming? Am I dead? Is this really happening?” A titanic shock of electricity was igniting the neurons in my brain to light up a Christmas tree in my mind. Had there been a power blackout? Were the clocks and my watch wrong?

“I’m either in heaven or hell; that’s crazy, I don’t believe in heaven or hell. But still, how can I explain this? I have somehow changed the world; *my* world anyway. Maybe the ‘world’ is just an illusion! I’ve broken through the eggshell!! Jesus, all it takes is a little irrationality. But, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON? I stared at my watch. I gazed at the upstairs clock. I looked at my watch again, then the clock again. Laughter. Absurdity. Incredulity. Disbelief. Shock. Laughter. Singing. ...I retreated into the shower. ...I decided to test it.



“I’ll stay in here for about ten minutes,” I said aloud, possibly to the mirror, “or what used to be ten minutes, anyway. Then I’ll see if I really stepped into a time-warp.”

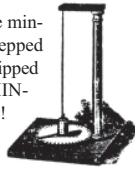
... “I’m in Heaven” ...I sang in the steam.

‘This is totally idiotic. I must be rationalizing,’ ...I thought... ‘But I’m still apprehensive. Remember, though, there’s nothing to fear, I’ve prob-

ably died somehow, anyway, so what could happen?...This is either heaven or hell; what else could it be? I'll look outside...there's no one out there...it's damn quiet...it's probably always this quiet. I'm just blowing everything out of proportion. My imagination is running away with itself, *that's* what is... No, it's not!

My consciousness seemed to be raising itself, as I alternately interrogated and cleansed myself in the shower. The urge to purge. The yearn to learn. - 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.' - A little Johnson's Baby Powder under the arms.

'I must have been in there for a good eight or nine minutes.' Not looking at my watch on top of the toilet, I stepped out, into the bedroom... The digital clock read 9:06, then flipped to 9:07.--WHAT? I'VE BEEN IN ALMOST TEN MINUTES. My watch read 9:07 . Holy Christ. GOOD GOD!



“THE CADENCE OF ABSURDITY”

In a highly-controlled state of frenzy, I tried to think in “normal tones.” It was difficult. I decided to experiment with my immediate surroundings.

“If time really has slowed down, then how will that affect the record player?” I advanced on the phonograph in the corner of the living room. “I don't notice any reduction in the speed of the turntable. Well, here goes...” Lifting a stack of 33 ½ RPM albums into position, I set the tone arm down within the margin of the first record. It happened to be “Close to the Edge” by the rock group ‘Yes.’ Intensely inspirational chords and lyrics fell out of the stereo speakers. “Holy...!”

Immediately, a deep, mellow resonance, such as I had never heard before, echoed into my eardrums. The walls, floor, and ceiling were reverberating with the most beautiful, rumbling bass tones that you could imagine. No matter how I tried, I could not measurably change its frequency. Every dial and knob on the amplifier was twisted. “Cord of Life” -

“A man conceived a moment's answer to the dream...”

Staying the flowers daily sensing all the themes,

*As a foundation left to create the spiral aim,
A movement regained and regarded both the same,
All complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.”*

The tempo of the music was somehow different. It was slower, yet, not mechanically “in low gear,” rather, an ethereal “slowsound.” Rock into rhapsody. “This is heaven, it's *got* to be...” A coelus bloomed rich on the window sill.

Sitting down, stunned, thoughts flying in and out of my mind, I was ‘hyp-note-ized’ to the sounds coming to me from another dimension. A dimension that had suddenly become mine. Was it a dimension of mind or matter? Does it matter? Were the cumulative effects of sleep-deprivation finally bursting ‘fourth’? Surely, a psychiatrist would believe this “side-track” to be a result of submergent ‘mater’ spilling over into consciousness. I am not sure I would disagree. However, I am absolutely positive, without any doubt whatsoever, that everything I experienced occurred in ‘reality’; no hallucinations up to this point. “Am I mistaken, dreaming, rationalizing?-No it's real alright...that's for damn sure.”

Yes, I was “close to the edge” of Eternity; yet, time marched on. But it marched to the beat of a different drummer.

*“I listened hard but could not see
Life tempo change out and inside me...”*



**MONDAY, SEPT. 16 - 12:00 NOON
“OVER AND OUT, AMEN”**

The brilliance of the sun can only be surpassed by the absolute clarity of the sky. No clouds. No wind. Quiet. Peaceful. Somehow different. A bearded, long-haired young man comes out into the light. His hair is waltz-brown; wavy. He is decidedly of Jewish heritage.

No one is near. Birds cannot be heard. Cars swish by, on the road adjacent to the young man's house. He does not notice anyone driving. Things don't seem exactly right. Some indefinable feeling takes over. It's that feeling that creeps up on you when you think something drastic is about to happen.

Time is falling out of step. Forever in a day.

The youth's brown-green eyes peer into his mailbox and then up at the sun. He does not squint. Streams of pure energy pour down from the overhead sun. It is noon. Glancing at his watch and then up at the sky, the man seems to be hypnotized. He takes a birthday card out of the mailbox, and averts his eyes heavenward.

'Jesus, I don't believe it. The sun is absolutely brilliant. It's crystal clear. I can see individual rays of light, energy coming down. It reminds me of the Columbia movie logo. I've never seen it like this before; incredible! Does anyone else notice it? I don't even see anyone around. This is definitely strange. It must be a result of the time-warp; but, is this happening to everyone? I don't know, Christ, I don't know! If someone would just come along.'

Being alone with himself was an experience to which this particular man was accustomed. An only child. His twentieth birthday would be here in two days.

His shaggy head tilts downward as he crosses the secluded street, back to his doorway, and stepping inside he takes one last look at the gleaming, frozen sun.

It is a new world. The Sun of man has returned to His children. — The son has returned to his Father. The young man inches open his letter, finds a ten dollar bill inside (if the dollar could speak it would warn America against almighty money - Her flat idol) — and rips it into hundreds of tiny pieces. Confetti.

I'm coming.
I'm coming.
I'm coming.
I'm here.



The Whispering Gallery. — A curious effect of sound reflection is met with in the *whispering gallery*, where a faint sound produced at one point of a very large room is heard distinctly at some distant part, but is inaudible at points between; or where it is heard all round near the wall, but at no other place.

Somehow the atoms in the air seem different. A silent wind blows, but only God can hear it. And God is silent.

“After these things, I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, so that the wind could not blow on the earth or the sea or on any tree. Then I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, “Do not hurt the earth or the sea or the trees, until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.”

- *Revelation 7:1-3*

“ALONE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN”

The young man re-emerged from the door. Almost two hours had passed since he first stepped outside. He wore no shoes. His bare feet shuffled along late-summer grass. A shirttail hanging outside of his denims. A brief gust of 70° air. A perfect day. A brown-gray squirrel ascended to the top of a maple tree.

'Is this the future or the present? It could be yesterday for all I know. -I gotta see. - Gotta find out.'

A bronze-breasted robin chirped festively on the cashmere lawnsawl.

'At least there are birds around. But where is everyone? It's probably always this quiet; I'm just exaggerating.'

He turned the corner of the house, a bit apprehensively, and walked into the backyard. An estival apple tree in all its glory. Near the spot where the dogwood tree used to stand.

'It's gorgeous today. The apples are about ripe; they even look golden. Hmm.. “The Golden Apples of the Sun” ...My God, that sun. It's unbelievable. It looks as if it's about to nova. - - So Goddam brilliant.. What time is it?'

He glanced at his wrist.

'1:49'

He looked up at the golden-apple tree.

'I feel like Adam. I'm sure as hell not going to eat an apple! I'm even afraid to move the hands on my watch, I'm not about to go eating some

God-forbidden fruit..This is totally absurd. What am I afraid of? Everything'll be just fine, remember?

There were two or three elongated, cotton-candy clouds in the heavens above.

'This has got to be heaven on earth. I mean, I never believed all that stuff, but when you find yourself right smack in the middle of it, what the hell are you supposed to believe? Surreal shame there's no one around, though.'

A flashy, flame-colored car rustled by, on the street beyond the open yards.

'I wish I had my glasses on. I can't make out a figure in that car. But at least it's a car. I wonder if I am visible.' He turned to catch a glimpse of himself, all rippled, in a warped, basement window. 'Well at least I have a mirror image.' The sun sparkled and burned. 'I'd say about three minutes have gone by since I last looked at my watch.'

It was 1:50.

A puffy, white rabbit flopped into the bushes.

'I think I'll walk down the street.' The street had pebbles.

The schoolboy, rising early for his examination work, puzzled it out for himself—with the great white star, shining broad and bright through the frost-flowers of his window. "Centrifugal, centripetal," he said, with his chin on his fist. "Stop a planet in its flight, rob it of its centrifugal force, what then? Centripetal has it, and down it falls into the sun!"...



*- from "The Star"
by H.G. Wells*

"CORRESPONDENCE"

Electricity crackled and hummed in the distant high-tension wires. As I began to journey down the road, I decided to keep my eyes focused upon the pebbles under my feet. They seemed to vaguely correspond with the vision I had that morning, but not really. Anyway, I was hoping, searching for answers.

The mind, when confronted with a new and unusual situation, seeks patterns. It scours for clues to give meaning to an existence. Merely an extension of rational consciousness.

Walking straight down the middle of the "deserted" street, I remember thinking that I was a part of the future, perhaps only a second or a minute ahead of everyone else, and maybe the time-delay 'gap' was continually widening. Perhaps I was not visible to human beings whom I left behind in the old dimension, and they weren't visible to me. Perhaps I was not even human anymore. Perhaps this was all just some science-fiction movie and I was the unwitting star. A grade B flick.

I came upon a neighbor's house at the bottom of the slight hill, a block or so away from home. Hearing children's voices in the backyard, I proceeded ('pro-seeded'). Everything seemed frozen in time and space.

I thought, in my dream-like thinking, that since today was the 16th, people lived until the age of 16 and stayed that way forever. This was, after all, a permanent, ever-lasting world, and 16 was the age that many people would like to be forever. This type of free-association thinking "rules the unruly" subconscious. Taking a semi-reincarnational viewpoint, I thought that maybe people who "had just died" in the holocaust (which, in my estimation, must have occurred sometime early this morning) were in the process of being reborn...This would explain the diminution of people quite nicely. They would be reborn as themselves, in the near future, to their own children or relatives. I wondered if my mother and father were still around. As the parents of the 'Saviour of Mankind,' I thought rather whimsically, they deserve at least to be alive.

The children were playing in the shade. I approached, feeling truly happy and at peace with my new environment. I thought of the "Time Traveller" and his marvelous time machine. If H.G. Wells didn't write that story someone else would have.

What a glorious God to bring this heavenly new world to pass!... ..
My new world was about to be shattered.

“WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?”

8 Minutes to 2.

Three small children gazed up from their activities to acknowledge the approaching stranger.

“Hi kids!” I shouted, thrilled to see just about anyone.

“Hi!” Two of them yelled back, almost in unison.

No sooner had I crossed into the backyard, separated by a few hedges, than I heard a vexing voice.

“Who are you?!” It hissed. (... ‘Madam, I’m Adam’...)

I turned to look at the obvious mother, hidden behind a screen door. The kids stopped their chorus; pondering events.

“What do you want here?!” Suspicion and impatience in that voice.

I could hear pieces of heaven crumbling.

“Who the hell are you?! YOU BETTER GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!”

Had I overstepped my boundaries? What did all this mean? After all, I had merely said hello. She probably thought me a kidnapper. I turned to leave. Confused. Wondering if I could simply disappear from view. The sun still dazzled.

“What’s happening to me?” I said aloud. The children went on playing.

“Who was that, Ma?” I heard one of them say, as I walked out of the sheltered yard and back up the quiescent street.

“SHALOM!” I screamed, alarming and disarming myself in the process.

Mind-race. “What’s happening to me?” Those words were ringing in my ears. Up onto the pebbled street. “What’s happening to me?” The air was tranquil. A car converged on my path up the middle of the road. ‘Maybe it won’t hit me, pass right through me. I shouldn’t be visible in this new dimension if I walk fast.’ I hadn’t the nerve to test out this theory firsthand, however.

Crossing over to one side of the road, I began to ponder the previous events. A feeling of ‘imp-ending’ doom. ‘5 to 2’ was almost here. Had to get in the house in a hurry. The sun. Had to get back. It might be about to nova! Maybe time had frozen or slowed down for people because this was

“the calm before the storm.” I felt manic. It was 1:54. In another minute or so, whatever was about to happen would happen. The pebbles blurred under my feet.

Lightning. — It was demonstrated by Franklin in 1752 that lightning is identical with the electric spark.



“THE KEY”

Rushing diagonally across the front lawn, afraid to look at the crystalline sun, I entered my house once again. I was dizzy with a massive dose of irrationality. - This was it. The climax. The sun was about to nova... This deceptively quiet afternoon would be erased from the mind of man and the face of the earth. Nuclear destruction was about to take place, one way or another. I was about to become nothingness along with everyone else. I could feel that primeval (‘prime-evil’) fear rising out of the depths, like a balloon in water. It was going to surface. I always knew what I would do when confronted with an imminent atomic attack - I would run to the basement...But before I did, absolute irrationality enveloped my consciousness. ‘Depravity of the matter’..

“Do something totally irrational and unpredictable,” the balloon burst, “this is your last chance.”

Did you ever realize that everything you have ever done, even that which you thought was spontaneous, was known to your mind at least a split-second before it was actually translated into action? (“A thought/deed schism”). You can’t scream, babble, rip up a book, step on your toes, or say anything or do anything without knowing what you will do a split-second beforehand. YOU CAN’T FOOL YOU. Go ahead and try, I dare you. By doing something truly unpredictable, not only would you outwit your own cunning brain, but you might even do something which “God Itself” couldn’t predict. HA! Imagine that. Maybe you could destroy the whole manmade system of Gordian logic. This logical prison. This prison that binds the mind in a mental ‘straight’ - jacket and smothers spontaneous combustion. Go ahead. Create a spark. See if you can breakup. Send your nervous system into another dimension.

"Go fly a kite." Let your "body" carry you wherever your gut instinct guides you and farther, so that not even "it" will know what you are going to do next. Free myself. FREE me.

Nervous breakthrough. Run around. Scream. Run out the door. Punch the door. I'm free. I'M FREE. HOLY CHRIST. HOLY GHOST. HOLY GOD. HA! HA! I'm doing it. I'M FREEING MYSELF GOOD. I'M FOOLING ME... I don't know what I will do next!! ...Ring around the rosey, A pocketful of poseys, We all fall down...

'The gravity of the matter.'



"PING-PONG"

1:55. Arms flailing wildly, I grab the first thing to come into contact with my hand, beyond the Mezuzahed front doorpost of our house. A piece of perennial juniper bush from the "Tree of Life." Mind racing, heart pounding. Madness. '...arborvitae = tree-of-life!...'

(Instinct: "EAT IT"; Reason: "NO!" Instinct: "YES" - millisecond.)

I ate it; not noticing the blood on my left hand, or on the door.

("Saviour of Mankind" - Instinct. "Idiot" - reason - millisecond.) 1:56. Racing down into the basement, I hid under the ping-pong table (*with a miniature, Aurora racecar set upon it, gathering dust*) - awaiting momentary disintegration and annihilation, the acrid bittermint taste of the evergreen bush in my mouth, the fire in my stomach. - "Fire in the middle." '...Table Tennis ire..'

("SWALLOW IT!" - Irrationality. "SPIT IT OUT!" - Rationality. "THE WHOLE DAMN THING!" - Irrationality. "INEDIBLE; POISON" - Rational. "EDIBLE; LIFE." - Irrational).

As I curled up into an upward-facing fetal position, I thought, "What will my last thought be?" (How trite and true!) And all I could think about



was the Janusian sun. How dazzling it was, and how it was starting to Nova.

1:57. These thoughts were intermingled with visualizations of nuclear war, Judgement Day, slow/time, Jesus, The Alpha and the Omega, The End and the Beginning, GOD. The sun, Sol, middle name, grandfather's name: Solomon, his death: January 1954, my conception: December, 1953; cross-over/Passover. The SUN, SOL, DEATH, NOTHINGNESS I AM NOTHINGNESS INSIDE THE SUN, TAKE GRANDFATHER'S PLACE INSIDE THE SUN, I AM THE SUN, I AM DEATH, I AM LIFE, I AM " ." ALMIGHTY GOD, SAVE THE WORLD. GOD SAVE ME. (Instinct: "God." Reason: "Man," Id: "God," Ego: "Man," "God." "Man." "God." Reason: "Evergreen." Instinct: "Spirit.") - Escape-hatching, through my pineal brain-sand.

...Liberate tensions - - - liberate ten sins...

1:58. For only a moment, I "felt" nothingness while still existing. 'It should be two o'clock; nothing's happened.' I slowly got up and climbed the stairs. The television babbled the closing theme song to "Let's Make a Deal."

1:59. "Jesus, it's not two o'clock yet. My watch is a little fast." I laid down on the couch in the den. "Sofa so good." ...Staring up at the ceiling/sealing in a half-daze. Noticing the semi-circular paint-swirl patterns.

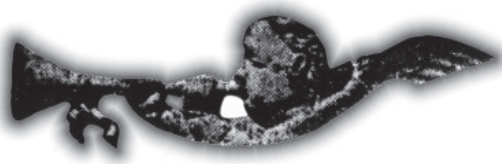
Pregnant television pause. Musical trumpet intro to "The Newlywed Game." 2:00 PM Eastern Daylight Time, according to the Atomic clock in Washington, D.C./A.C. 'I-conduit'

"Save yourself, 'Savior Self': Reason/Instinct, Ego/Id, Now/Never...
"....."BRAINSTORM"....."

Tic, toc, tic, toc, tic, toc, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic...

" "

"Take me," I murmured... "TAKE ME," I cried, outstretching my arms. Seven second pause. A videotape delay and then- from inside and outside my forehead, above and between my eyes, came the spirit and essence of God.

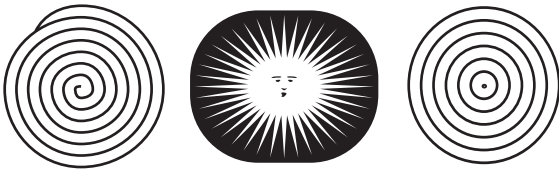


The Seventh Seal, the Crown Chakra, the Forbidden Door, Pandora's Box.

Swirling, whirling, churning into my being came this supersonova of a mind-warp. A time-warp. Oh my God. My God. God. God. God.

Resulting almost instantaneously - a searing electric shock of continuous, paralyzing, excruciating, agonizing, hideous pain. It was mind-throttling; completely unimaginable, but even more inconceivable was this image of God inscribing itself onto my brain and spiralling its way into my soul. My mortar and pestle mind was ineffably grinding itself up - at Ground-Zero. Ilinx -

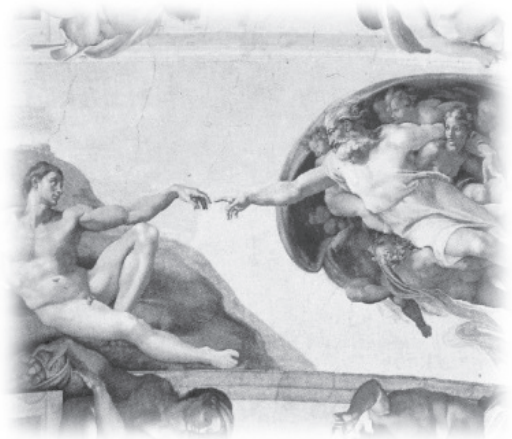
Because it was spinning almost centrifugally and centripetally at the same time (that is, with alternately oscillating motion toward and away from its center of rotation axis), it was difficult to determine whether this Vortex was a spiral or a series of concentric circles, thus:



(You'll see that if you revolve this page, it's almost impossible to discern a spiral from concentric circles.)

Nevertheless, it consisted of approximately 5 to 10 coils or circles, and gyroscoped counter(?)clockwise on its axis for about 18 to 25 seconds, at the rate of approximately 1 revolution per second.

The self-propelling momentum and dynamic pain were staggering. I was certain that no one had ever experienced this voraginous, volitional warping before. All I could think of at the time was, God, **Time, Warp, Death, Heaven, Hell, Stop, STOP, STOP!** There was **no** doubt about it, this was God. This was Judgement Day. I was dying, and when and **IF** this clockwork "**BEING,**" 'this immortal coil' stopped, I would become nothingness or enter into another dimension - or Heaven or Hell - accompanied by a vibrating, swirling 'sound,' - as if God were scraping the bottom of His Great Soupbowl, or rewinding His Typewriter Ribbon.



"Draydl, -

"Why?! WHAT IS THE MEANING?!" I screamed into the eye of the magnetic Whirlwind, expecting an answer from the Holy Spiral Spirit, but only receiving more all-consuming pain, while it ground itself into my psyche with as many grinds as it would take to sharpen a brand-new pencil. *The Cosmic Ray Source.*

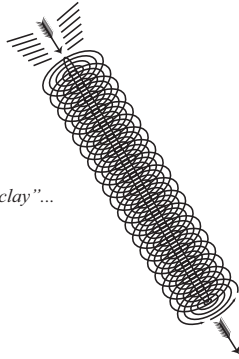
The Eye of God, the God of I. God - Eye - God -Eye - God - I - God - I - God - I - God.

The God - Eye Sees -
The God I See.

Eye of the beholder of the I.

*I hear no noise.
I speak no word.
I see no sight.
I think no thought.
I feel no touch.
I move no muscle.
I taste bitter-sweet saliva.*

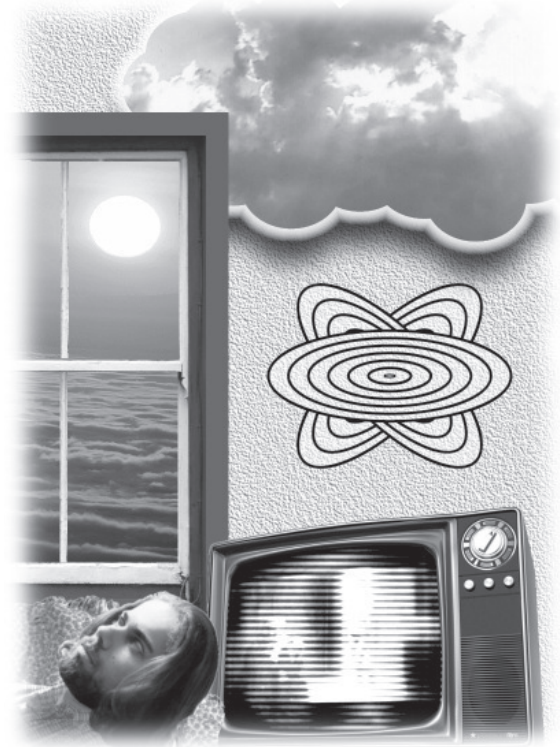
-Draydl, draydl - I made it out of clay"...



Rays of light proceeding outward from a point form a *diverging pencil*; and rays proceeding toward a point, a *converging pencil*.

...My person, with its human powers and features, seem to me a monstrous excrescence of nature. How express in human language a woe human being until this hour never knew! How give intelligible expression to a pang none but I could ever understand!

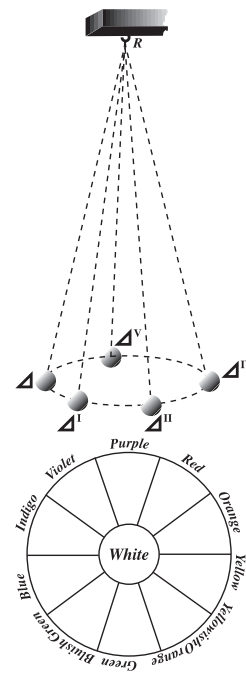
*- from "The Last Man"
by Mary Shelley*



The Blind Spot. — There is a small depression where the optic nerve enters the eye. The rest of the retina is covered with microscopic rods and cones, but there are none in this depression, and it is insensible to light. It is accordingly called the *blind spot*. Its existence can be readily proved by the help of Fig. 187.



Hold the book with the circle opposite the right eye. Now close the left eye and turn the right to look at the cross. Move the book toward the eye from a distance of about a foot, and a position will readily be found where the black circle will disappear. Its image then falls on the blind spot. It may be brought into view again by moving the book either nearer the eye or farther away.



...the soul wearies of a pauseless flight; and, stopping from its wheeling circuits round and round this spot, suddenly it fell ten thousand fathom deep, into the abyss of the present—into self-knowledge—into tenfold sadness. I roused myself—I cast off my waking dreams...

-from "The Last Man"
by Mary Shelley

Revelation 8: 1-2: “And when he had opened the seventh, there was a silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. And I saw the seven [energy patterns] which stood before God [Cosmic Being]; and to them were given seven trumpets [chromatic scale].” However, before the angels had an opportunity to sound, an eighth angel appears with a smoking golden censer (delay and confusion) and fills it with the fire of the altar (testing time) and casts it into the earth (false beliefs) bringing thunderings, lightnings, and another earthquake. Now six of the angels begin to sound off, one at a time, each one bringing more confusion to the earth (testing to see if the seals, chakras, will stay open). However, soon the seventh angel appears “clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow [victory] on his head [Crown Shakra]. His face was as the Sun and his feet as pillars of fire.” (Sushumna open from the Kundalini to the Crown Shakra)....

/////////
 REVOLUTION
 //////////





.....The angel (revelment to the conscious mind) then “swears by everything that is on the earth that there should no longer be any time [open-end promise] and the mysteries of God [the Christ Self revealed] should be finished.” John is told to “take the little book in the angel’s hand and eat it up.” (Understand that all physical life is illusion)—that it would “make his belly bitter, but in his mouth be sweet as honey.” (Success after much tribulation). John did eat the book and after he had experienced the bitterness, he was told to “prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues and kings.” After still another earthquake and more woe, Rev. 11:15: “And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever.” (No beginning or ending.)

*-Lehmann Hisey’s interpretations of
the Book of Revelation in
“Keys to Inner Space”*



“O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

- *Romans 7:24-25*

“O Lord, my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou didst heal me. O Lord, Thou broughtest up my soul from the grave: Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.”

- *A Psalm, a song at the Dedication of the House: of David*

“God is subtle, but He is not malicious.”

-*Albert Einstein*

“None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him: (for the redemption of their soul is costly, and must be let alone for ever:) that he should still live always, that he should not see the pit. For he will see that wise men die, the fool and the brutish together perish, and leave their wealth to others.”

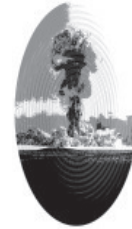
- *A Psalm of the Sons of Korah*

Chapter Four

AM I DEAD?

“Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If a man make a particular vow, [to give] the estimated value of persons in honor of the Lord:

And if (it be) from five years old and unto twenty years old, then shall the estimation of the male be twenty shekels, and for the female ten shekels.”



(*Leviticus XXVII 2,5*)

“The Kabbalistic answer is that God had to make a space for the universe to exist and not be extinguished by His radiance. There was *Ain Sof* and there was a “light” of *Ain Sof* called *Ain Sor-Ohr* that emanated all around. The only way to create a cosmos was therefore to make a void - an absence of light, a vacuum - so that something other than *Ain Sof* could exist...This is because nothing can exist in God’s presence unless God “hides” or “removes” Himself to some degree; if God does not do so, then there would be only God.”



- from “*Path of the Kabbalah*”
by David Sheinkin, M.D.
Edited by Edward Hoffman, Ph.D.



“WHEN THE DUST CLEARED”
‘Nuclear Secrets’

The probability of a heaven existing after death was something that I didn't really consciously believe. My main preoccupation/fear as a youth and then as an adolescent was (and still is) that when you're dead, you're dead. Nothingness: forever and ever, amen. However, when confronted with a phenomenon such as time-expansion (admittedly relative/subjective) and 'God-warp' (absolute/objective), I was immediately forced to rethink almost all my thoughts about reality. My mind stripped a gear shifting from forward to reverse without braking. I kept my eyes open as the car slammed into an apparently real brick wall at 100 MPH. Oh, the wall was real alright, but when the bricks fell and the dust cleared and the car was intact, where was I? On the other side of life and still alive! But...

'Was that Warp actually God? Am I dead? Where am I? Is this another earth in another dimension? Another galaxy? If I am dead, why am I breathing and why do I still have this same body? Did it happen to everyone? If not, I know that no one else in the history of mankind has ever lived to tell about this Warp. If someone had, wouldn't we all know about it? Its impact; its force; its inconceivably fierce vortex; its holiness; its agony; its magnitude; its perfect truth. I must convey all this to the world. I must make this miraculous experience known to all humanity. But this means that I will be famous. I don't want to be famous; to be known or scorned universally as "the man who saw the Face of God and lived to tell about it." But it was a miracle! And it *is* a miracle that I am alive! *Am I* alive? Are my parents still alive? Was it a nuclear warhead?! It felt like 20 megatons! Like looking 20 billion years straight in the eye!! Did it happen to everyone?' ...*(A Warhead in the Forehead!!)*... *(A vortex in the cortex!!)*...

One of the first things you do if you suspect you have died in your house is to pray - and then to check the doors! Why? Because if you are in hell, they are all locked. All the windows are sealed and you are encased

for eternity in your own private dimension of hell. ... 'Private dementia?' *My life ground itself to a halt!!* .. 'acts to grind'..

"Oh, thank God, everything's open; thank You God, thank You!"

Then you search for signs of life outside because maybe the dimension of Hell is larger than you thought. It's possible. As you check and recheck your watch to see if it's still moving, you begin to wonder if you are in heaven, not hell. Clouds still floating? Birds still singing? Seems so. People still living? I hope to God...Yes, yes, there is someone driving slowly up the street. "Hi!" I yell out the window and wave. 'Am I being tested? Who am I?...Feel the same.'

Then you think, 'If this is Paradise, will everyone be naked? Am I the only one clothed? My clothes do come off, don't they?!' Gift-warped. The lines between Heaven, Earth, and Hell are drawn very fine, indeed.

‘...IN THE AFTER-MATH...’
“NO MORE NUMBERS”

"Gotta see what's happening on television:"

Everyone on every TV channel seemed to be Jewish! Previously straight noses now had a slight bump in them. Jewish expressions were being frequently uttered. It was not oppressive, though. People still retained their individuality, yet all were now One. God was uppermost in everyone's mind, but this was not a burdensome feeling. Rather, the knowledge of His Coming released everyone. *Emerging from conch to conscious shells*. A spirit of love permeated the entire earth. (.. "When you're in love, the whole world is Jewish"..) People were becoming perfect. 'Is it another dimension? The other side of everyone? Could it be an anti-matter world? Does it matter?' .. 'Enrapt and entrapped'..

Soon, all would be reunited with their departed relatives. Maybe we would come to realize that we have all been living forever and have returned to the earth in different guises. Maybe all those veils of past lives would drop like dominoes. Maybe they wouldn't. Maybe individuality was bestowed only upon *certain* people - "The Chosen People." Chosen to be individuals? Chosen to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? Chosen to live forever in joy? Forever and ever? Forever endeavor to never endeavor.

“NO ‘SECOND’ THOUGHTS”

////// ‘The picture looks jittery, unstable, tenuous...’

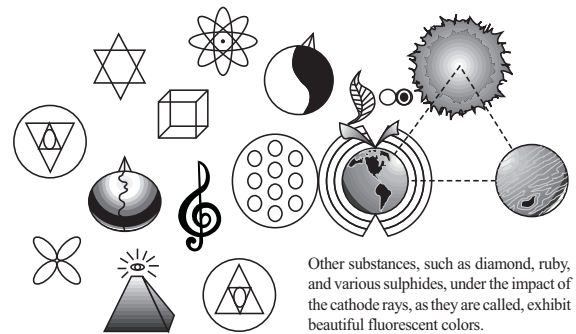
No one on television seemed to be dying. A film clip from a new movie revealed a movie-star being knocked down repeatedly by a speeding car and bouncing right up again, nothing could hurt him! It was obvious that it was not originally filmed that way. An ‘atom-sphere’ of magic, love and heaven enveloped the airwaves. Commercials which I’d seen a hundred times had subtly changed to project a new warmth, humor and soul - money was never mentioned; people spoke as if God was their guiding force and everything broadcast seemed to be Live. It was almost like an overlap from another dimension.

Soon, there would be no need for clocks, seconds or numbers, at all. Earthly time, itself, would be obsolescent. Maybe I’d captured “the eternal moment” that everyone had always talked about. Love seemed to expand time eternally. (. “Love makes the world go ‘round’..) God is eternal time and eternal space - the Impossible Split. To love God is to love infinity, eternity, forever - and this is a virtual human inconceivability. Furthermore, we are all secretly afraid of truly living forever, never “sleeping.” And without love, this fantasy would be an unending nightmare. So which viewpoint is the rationalization? To live forever is paradise? Or to live forever is torment? With a spirit/soul of hate, any amount of time can be hell. With a spirit/soul of love, any amount of time can be heaven. A nuclear whirl of hell? Or a new, clear world of love.

...For a space the star, hotter now and larger and brighter than the sun in its strength, showed with pitiless brilliance the wide and populous country; towns and villages with their pagodas and trees, roads, wide cultivated fields, millions of sleepless people staring in helpless terror at the incandescent sky...

*- from “The Star”
by H.G. Wells*

A stream of the electrified particles, or of much more minute parts called *corpuscles*, is then projected from the cathode across to the opposite wall of the bulb. The impact excites remarkable luminous effects in the glass.



Other substances, such as diamond, ruby, and various sulphides, under the impact of the cathode rays, as they are called, exhibit beautiful fluorescent colors.

“TELL A TELEVISION VISION”

Promptly at 6:00PM, an eye-glassed newscaster appeared on television accompanied by an image of the planet Jupiter/‘Jew-pitter’ ...Pioneer 11? .. ‘A blessing in the skies’..

“The Great Red Spot on Jupiter novaed today following a gigantic magnetic storm on its surface. The 20,000 mile-wide eye expelled a stream of neutrinos toward the earth, earlier today. If you look outside tonight after sunset, you will see a brilliant array of colors lighting the sky.” ...Manna from Above?...Signs in the Heavens?... ‘I wonder if Asia - China and the Soviet Union were obliterated by the Nova’s radiation. Half the world must be gone...but how did a Spot nova? ‘*Fant-Asia.*’

Seated in the den recliner, half in a fog, half stupefied, I wanted to call out, to my mother in the kitchen, the news about Jupiter and the Shekhina-skies, but for some reason, I didn’t. Earlier in the day, a news report said that scientists had set the nuclear doomsday clock at 9 minutes to 12, so I was inured to cataclysmic predictions. ..‘Coming attractions’.. ‘*youth-in-Asia.*’

The rest of the news continued for about 10 minutes, whereupon, in the background of a newsfilm dealing with school unrest, I recognized myself strolling by, looking down at the ground and passing a tree, behind a reporter. A paranormal panorama. ‘*Hypnagogery?*’

"Hey, that's me!" I cried out. But how could it be? I wasn't anywhere near that place - but that's the way I was walking down my street - my clothes, my beard, my face, my expression - this afternoon - a good 20 miles from the school. 'I'd know me anywhere.'

I switched the channels - click - and there I was again lurking in the background of another news report. At 6:30 on the national news, I saw myself appear amid a group of young men (-something about amnesty; "earned re-entry" for draft evaders and deserters). CBS. ABC. NBC. Me. Me. Me. What the hell was I doing on TV? I didn't have the vaguest idea. Except to believe in the miraculous mechanisms of God. ("But, Who's holding the Camera?!") Was I in a world of my own creation, or "gene-dream," or heaven? The idea that it might be a 'fig-mental,' hallucinatory fantasy brought about by lack of sleep, nervous tension, poor diet, urine fumes and "ingestion of foreign material" (namely, a piece of a conifer shrub) - this idea never crossed my mind. After all, we can only interpret what we experience through our sensory organs as being real - and not a production or projection of the unconscious. ... "I let the cat out of the bag..."

Flipping through the TV Guide to see what was scheduled for that night, I noticed a new program on at 1:30 AM: "Genesis II!"

...and Curiosity killed it."



"THE NEUTRINO CONNECTION"

While watching TV, it seems as if people are waking up one by one after I touch their image. They are smiling and looking at the camera coyly and demurely just after my touch...I can't figure out precisely what they see. - They probably see exactly what they want or visualize as Saviour...I would be what each individual wanted and loved and needed for himself - Losing my self - constantly mutating from one person's mind's eye to the other simultaneously...It seems like everyone is enjoying his or her own personal dreams and upon awakening - reality - everyone is in heaven. "Our long, national nightmare is over..."



It's happening to everyone except me. Not to mention ('knot-dimension') my parents, whose movements are apparently slower than normal. Maybe I'll be the last to awaken. And yet, I am somehow wakening them. Maybe it's sort of a neutrino connection; automatically "spitting" itself from the eyes of one person to another, magically or by "Oz-Moses" (osmosis)... 'I-contact.'

I might've made a noumenal Universal energy "leak."

*It appears that a spirit is manifesting itself behind the main characters, performers and hosts on TV, who don't always realize what the audience or crowd realizes. It will come to them. They will wake up in time from the Chrysalis of "Global amnesia." ...moving watch hands ahead - people, everything **wider**.*

Tape and film are magically, irrelevantly live.

*Old movies seem to come alive...I think I can bring dead characters back to life merely by flipping them on. Everything they say appears to relate to resurrection (or erection)... constantly flipping channels to see "the fruits of my labor" ...If I turn on the UHF stations, older and older people are revived -historical figures, religious figures; usually men first, and then women. The women don't want to wake up so fast...They're so much older than I am, yet they **all** seem like my children...my body becomes the universe...moving watch hands back -everything **thinner**. Amazing!...*

If I play the tape recorder while watching TV, it seems to have a calming effect on people. They have forgiven themselves. "Global amnesty."

"Look, there's number 33, P.L. (Paul) Newman winning a road race..." "Knew he'd win, was pulling for him." "...or was his racecar number 88?..."

'Is this all a projection of my internal heaven onto an external world?' ...I'll meet you one day soon, Lauren Hutton... 'Am I seeing exactly what I want to see? If so, what difference does it make? It's sure real to me, the fact that everyone is happy. I am everyone. I am exultant - exhilarated beyond words...I am going outside to find out if the television is a hallucination/projection box.

'Emerge 'n' see.'



“DISSIPATION”

'Gotta see what's going on...Off to see the Wizard'...

At about 9:45 that night I took off my shoes, sauntered into the living room, snapped my fists together sideways, told my mother I was leaving, strolled outside, and gazed up at Sirius, Pegasus and Polaris, confident of my power of invisibility. It was something I'd always wished I could achieve, so, through "the power of belief" with which I had brought about this seemingly solid world of love, I disintegrated myself. You know, when you start to fool around with associating an action with an event ('snapping fists together' - with 'invisibility'), it can get awfully complicated. For one thing, you have to know when you are "off" or "on." Then you have to associate another power with another action, such as time-stoppage with finger-snapping and then remembering if that's on or off! To say the least, it's all pretty ridiculous, but when you believe you can do anything, you almost need a physical crutch or connection to solid reality. What if life were dreamlike, where everything dissolved into something else? You'd want something to hold on to. So, in that sense, I was in a half-dream state. My power all self-induced. I had the power to affect television, to disappear (newly acquired) and to slow down time or change time by adjusting my watch. I honestly thought that I wouldn't age and that I could travel through time. I would be the universal clock by which all time was gauged.

I started hitchhiking to see a girl whose German immigrant father was a scientist at Los Alamos, New Mexico, in 1945 - Los Alamos was the birthplace of the A-bomb. She lived in the city, 20 miles away. My first ride came only 100 feet from my house, when three "kite-high" acquaintances picked me up. As we were riding, I decided to try out my newfound power of invisibility. The Moody Blues' song, "Tuesday Afternoon," was playing on the pickup truck radio. "When I snap my fists together, I'll disappear and none of you will see me," I said nonchalantly, as they prepared to drop me off in a blinkin' light town square. Snap.. ('..heading toward RR 'Stay/shun'..')

"Hey, where did he go, he's gone!" Laughter, seeming disbelief. 'Estatic electricity.' I walked about ½ mile whereupon they picked me up again, drove me back to the same spot, and I did the routine again. I got about as far as before, when they picked me up again and told me to make myself invisible once more. I did so. And proceeded on my way across the street and heard one guy yell out: "Look, he's walking through that car!" I could account for that as some sort of time-dilation effect or ghost image. I might always be at least a split-second ahead of everyone. Oncoming head-

lights projected my shadow onto the dusty shoulder of the road as I resumed "thumbing."

A second car, a Volkswagen, picked me up (when I was in the "visible mode"). The driver looked just like me - without a beard.

Second sight.



* * *

"DISTANT DISSIDENT"

In my opinion, the bravest thing a person can do is to take his own life. Superhuman courage must envelop every cell. Of course, courage is not synonymous with intelligence, but if you think suicide is "the coward's way out," consider the following questions that the potential suicide victim must ask himself:

"If I take my own life, will God forgive me? Will I be in hell? Will I truly cease to exist, or will my agony live on? Will my spirit and soul be eternally damned? What if I fail to actually kill myself? The potential resultant brain damage could be a worse fate; I could be a vegetable surrounded by my oppressive thoughts. Would that be God's answer to my suicide, dead to the world, but "living" in hell?"

You see, the difference between suicide and murder is that your murder is not your responsibility.////

Does the universe exist if you do not? Solipsistically speaking, the answer is no. You bring the universe into being through your senses and your mind. Of course, if you do not exist, the universe still exists for me. And if I do not exist, the universe still exists for you. This is the subjective nature of human existence. Our bodies and minds are gifts.. We all live in the same objective universe, but we also live in our own individual subjective 'uni-verse'. Each viewer exists in his own experimental universe - consisting of sensations, feelings, thoughts, memories and dreams. This means that no matter how altruistic we like to imagine ourselves as being, we normally behave according to our own self-interests. Altruistic acts of "heroism" ultimately involve the "hero's" conceptions of 'other' and 'self.' "Why have I just smothered a hand grenade with my body in a crowd of soldiers?" - 'For love of humanity and hatred of self? Or was it *something*

genetic which impelled me to act so selflessly? Half of me wanted to run, but the other half was stronger. The half that wanted to sacrifice myself. '...A medic and a military psychiatrist come to pick up the body. The medic comments: "He was quite a brave man." The psychiatrist notes: "Momentary schizophrenia."

(‘HALF-LIFE’) “DISSOLUTION/DISILLUSION”

"Where are you heading?" the driver asked, manipulating the stickshift.

"Anywhere you are," his passenger answered. "What's your name?"

Being confronted with a visage of myself was almost too much for me to handle, as every word uttered was a cryptic message. "I'm Les... Do you live around here?" he queried.



"Do you?" I retorted.

"No. I was just visiting friends," he replied, as he zig-zagged the transmission through the 'H'.

"Where are you going?" I inquired, as the Beetle entered a cloud chamber of thick fog.

"To Lincoln," he informed.

Somewhere in my head, the words weren't translating right, and I thought he was going to see President Lincoln, traveling down Eternity Road.

I tried snapping my fists, thinking that I was splitting apart into past and future beings. I thought 'the hell with it, I'm *still* an *individual* -split -go ahead and try.' So I yelled, "Split!" simultaneously snapping fists. "ARE YOU XENOPHOBIC?!"

I closed my fiery, red eyes and waited for the driver to literally evaporate into the heavy cumulus mist we were motoring through. I opened my eyes to note that we were coincidentally approaching an area where a year ago, I had seen a UFO with red and white lights, at two o'clock in the morning. I closed my eyes. I opened my eyes.

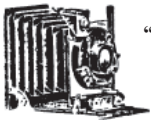
"SPLIT!" I boomed.

He was starting to open the door and preparing to jump into the copi-

ous fog at 50 miles an hour on a major interstate highway. He was kind of stunned and pale. In another moment we would probably both be dead - atomized. He'd be run over and I'd be killed in an out-of-control crash. Death now had different meaning to me - - yet, I didn't want to find out again for sure. I grasped his hand upon the steering wheel as he was about to leap into the pea soup. For 10 seconds our hands remained together on the wheel, his right and my left, until I thought he could trust me. He closed the door to the other dimension.

Trusting in God, I fell asleep, feeling that I would awaken with perfect vision ('immaculate perception') when I reached my destination in the Ether - 'The Holy City' - the 'City of Electra.' It would then be 'Tuesday Afternoon.'

...I awoke as the Volkswagen arrived at the 'House of the Lord,' after traveling down a small, pebbled pathway, past a narrow gate.



**"THE
ETERNAL
TRIANGLE"**



Even without my glasses, the face that I was gazing into, was uniquely familiar. The milkweed hair was quite unusual - mostly light brown with frequent gray patches. His overall appearance seemed a bit anachronistic - the head older than the body. He moved closer. I was still silent and in a "godly" state of mind. I continually tried to communicate telepathically, with this slightly-built stranger. My other "peacemaker friend" stood nearby, speechless and apprehensive. Passing judgement. 'A severe sphere.'

I will try to explain as best I can, what happened. I know now that I was in a semi-shock condition, and must have blocked out portions of time; probably 20 or 30 minutes, as he shone a light directly in my eyes...Everything simply dissolved and melted away.

When I got out of the VW, I believed I was facing a Doppelgänger, or duplicate of myself- and and someone else who was supposedly "his" friend...Questions...I remember questions - over and over - "Who are you?"

- - - 'Who am I?' - "What are you doing here? Where do you come from?" These queries were repeated by this sweat-shirted "stranger" until my head reeled. He was profoundly calm; his demeanor - the epitome of

rationality and restraint. The three of us stood there in the configuration of the ultimate eternal triangle. I had come face to face (to face) with "myself" and my "conscience."

I moved in closer to "my conscience."

My ego was crumbling and splitting before my blurred eyes. Never before had I seriously doubted who I was. This became the crowning confrontation. It all boiled down to this. All the previous suffering. All the nervous tension. All the loss of sleep. All my exuberation, exhilaration and excitement. ...All my life...This was it.

My superego conscience was trying to communicate with someone struck deaf, mute and blind. "Who are you?" The voice intoned. "I am I" "I AM CHRIST" "I AM GOD" "I AM ONE." Who are you? That question over and over again. 'My God, WHO AM I?'

Somewhere in the echo-chamber of my being, the true answer was lost. Then, someone seemed to say, "Do you feel you are ready? Have you loved others as you feel others have loved you? Will you work for the benefit of all humanity, and not just yourself?"

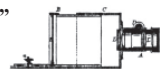


You are not God. God is everyone, everything and everywhere."

A bushy, brown and gray mustache came into view as I stepped one step closer to my sound-minded 'con-science.' I was so close that I could see my own reflection in his eyes, the entire area being lit only by starlight and flashlight. Total focus now. "Who am I?" his silhouette asked.. 'Oh, my God..I know you. That face. The hair.' His eyes sparkled, glinted. A shudder; then a shockwave.. "You...you're Albert Einstein." 9 minutes to midnight.

'I've seen One!'

**"I AM A MOVIE CAMERA"
"Photographic Memories"**



SCENE ONE:

FRONT AND REAR SCREEN PROJECTION-

When they both walked into "Einstein's" house, I stood barefoot, absorbing the cool September darkness, and projecting my fears and hopes onto the two-story, box-like, shuttered, old house looming on the event horizon... 'I will mentally film everything.' ...'Camera lucida'...

I swung the porch door open and walked inside the kitchen, half-expecting to find some Easter eggs in the closet. I'd crack open the egg, only to find myself as a baby, cradled 'en-egg-matically' inside - the final piece of the puzzle - then Albert and his friend would push me into another universe of rebirth, this time *down* the evolutionary ladder.

The kitchen seemed to be one more 3-dimensional piece in a four-dimensional jigsaw puzzle - a rather startling piece. I found myself in the planetarium-kitchen of my childhood home! I knew it was my old home because everything seemed to connect - old dreams, memories, thoughts, feelings, sensations - everything strung together and lit up like the Zodiac. The answer to why birth, life, and death - in two age-old 'riddles':

Q. Which came first - the chicken or the egg?

A. Both and neither.

Q. Why did the chicken cross the street?

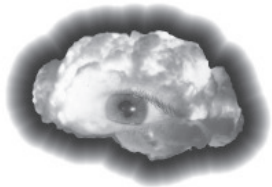
A. To lay it on the line and get to the other side.

'LIGHTS!'

"LOVE"

Love is a word. Love is a feeling. Love is an expression. Love is the most omnipotent word or feeling in the universe. Love can conquer countries. Love can conquer sickness. Love can conquer pain. Love can move mountains. Love can feed you. Love can nourish you.

Love is you.



- from *"The Mirror of Love"*
by Larry Nelson

"CAMERA OBSCURA" "The Fall of the House of Ushers"

SCENE ONE, TAKE ONE:

Automatic exposure - on -

Who, who would walk through the kitchen ('en-trance')? My parents when they were about 18 years younger? - Carrying an 'image' of myself as an infant?

Tried to drink in everything I could - green kitchen table, old, white refrigerator, yellow wallpaper, brown cabinets - and then I turned around to see a line of papers, encased in see-through plastic, tacked onto the doorpost. They seemed to be scientific papers containing very complex information - mathematic equations and eloquent phraseology, schematics and blueprints.

—DETONATION -

"THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE KITCHEN!" A female voice shrieked in synchronization with my pulse ('kitchen synch-pulse'). She ran upstairs, other feet ran downstairs.

'Framed.'

Before I knew it, 'Albert' and his friend had escorted me, one on either side, out the door of the clapboard house, and into the cricket-chirping night. A wise owl hooted.

A blue car came to take me away at midnight.

Two lookalike, soundalike policemen got out, shone a flashlight in my photoelectric eyes, and asked me who I was. ... "Camera obscura"'The carriage is now a pumpkin'..

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

Over and over, the same questions. The ground was crunching like broken glass under my feet.

In-fantasy, I stood in the center of four men whom I took to be imaginary. "You are illusions, I am real!" If I looked at any one of them directly in the eye, he'd temporarily lose control and be ready to let me go. It was like a fear which gripped him by his conscience. As if they were each afraid to send an innocent man to the guillotine.

I snapped my fists together and said I would completely disappear when any one of them looked me in the eye. And I did.

The only problem was, I was outflanked and outnumbered 8 to 2.

Hoo, hoo.

“WRIST-STRAPS ON THE CAMERA”

SCENE TWO, TAKE ONE:

Tweedledum and Tweedledee drove me to Headquarters, and then to a nearby hospital... ‘*uniformed and uninformed.*’

... “Stop, do not pass Go, do not collect \$200, go directly to ...”
‘CUT!’



A nurse asked me what my name was, ‘testing my reflexes.’ She had my mother’s eyes. ‘LIGHTS!’

From the next room, I thought I could hear another nurse say to my mother, “Congratulations Mrs. “ ,” you have a healthy, nine-pound boy.”
‘ALL QUIET ON THE SET!’

They had me strapped into a bed on rollers, waiting to be pushed into the next room from the Awful Limbo of God’s Waiting Room. ‘CAMERA ROLLING!’

I held up my strapped left wrist in defiance and thundered: “I AM I.”

I was afraid to open my eyes. But I did. ‘SCENE 2, TAKE 2.’

They wheeled me into an ambulance “smelling” of odorless, ionized ozone... ‘The O zone.’

I was afraid to breathe. But I had no choice.

‘ACTION!’

“HEARSE AND REHEARSE”

The feature-less man swung open the breach of the hearse.

“What’s his name?” he asked the nurse. “ ,” said the nurse.

The ambulance attendant tried to calm me down.

“*I will not be taken against my will!*”

“You’ll be alright, it’s gonna be okay. You’re going home.”

The inside of the ambulance/saucer was bathed in ultraviolet light as it sped/flew into the darkness, flashing red.

“LOOK INTO MY EYES! I DARE YOU! You’re from the other side of the sun, **aren’t you?!**” He couldn’t look. He was an alien. A demon.

“Look into my eyes! You are going to jump out of this vehicle! Now! You are having a heart attack!” He pushed the door open, under a spell of odylic force, ready to jump from this cosmic, aosmic vessel.

“Look into my eyes!” I am ‘Courageous.’* My eyes were flaming, crimson. The blood vessels were on the verge of bursting. “You are the ‘Southern Cross.’”**

Something prevented him from leaping into space - his own instinct for self-preservation and fear of oblivion.

The driver said nothing.

The winged-chariot raced through constellations.

The siren screamed.

I was hoarse.

“I forgive you! GOD FORGIVE ME!”



* ‘Courageous’ was the name of an American yacht competing with an Australian yacht named ‘Southern Cross’ for the America’s Cup in September of 1974.

'TAKE THREE!'
 The race was over.
 This inhuman race.
 Lost cause.
 Last cause.



We arrived at the Mother Ship where my mother and father were patiently waiting.

'A-N-D CUT! THAT'S A TAKE, - PRINT IT!'

The umbilical Cord of Life is cut. R - I - P

'THAT'S A WRAP!'

I am upside-down, looking at the floor. Perfectly round, brown stones. Freeze frame.

I am being hit. "Why?" First question. First Cause.

I am crying. I hate this world. First Reason.

Last reason. Lost reason.

Lost cause.

Lost.

In his latest pamphlet Mr. Blood describes the value of the anæsthetic revelation for life as follows:

"A great Being or Power was traveling through the sky, his foot was on a kind of lightning as a wheel is on a rail, it was his pathway. The lightning was made of innumerable spirits close to one another, and I was one of them. He moved in a straight line, and each part of the streak or flash came into its short conscious existence only that he might travel. I seemed to be directly under the foot of God, and I thought he was grinding his own life up out of my pain. Then I saw that what he had been trying with all his might to do was to *change his course, to bend* the line of lightning to which he was tied, in the direction in which he wanted to go. I felt my flexibility and helplessness, and I knew that he would succeed. He bended me, turning his corner by means of my hurt, hurting me more than I had ever been hurt in my life, and at the acutest point of this, as he passed, I SAW.

"I understood for a moment things that I have now forgotten, things that no one could remember while retaining sanity. The angle was an obtuse angle, and I remember thinking as I woke that had he made it a right or acute angle, I should have both suffered and 'seen' still more, and should probably have died...

"The Anæsthetic revelation is the initiation of man into the mystery of the open secret of Being, revealed as the inevitable vortex of continuity. Inevitable is the word. Its motive is inherent — it is what has to be. It is not for any love or hate, nor for joy or sorrow, nor good nor ill. End, beginning, or purpose, it knows not of.

"It affords no particular of the multiplicity and variety of things; but it fills the appreciation of the historical and the sacred with a secular and intimately personal illumination of the nature and motive of existence. . . .

"Although it is at first startling in its solemnity, it becomes directly such a matter of course — so old-fashioned, and so akin to proverbs, that it inspires exultation rather than fear, and the sense of safety, as identified with the aboriginal and the universal. But no words may express the surpassing certainty of the patient that he is realizing the primordial Adamic surprise of life.

"Repetition of the experience finds it ever the same, and as if it could not possibly be otherwise. The subject resumes his normal consciousness only to partially and fitfully remember its occurrence, and to try to formulate its baffling import — with this consolatory after-thought: that he has known the oldest truth, and that he has done with human theories as to the origin, meaning, or destiny of the race. He is beyond instruction in 'spiritual things.'

-B.P. Blood, 1874

"All the King's horses and all the King's men..."

**PART II
IN THE
VILLAGE**

...the saucer entered a time warp, and Billy was flung back into his childhood. He was twelve years old, quaking as he stood with his mother and father on Bright Angel Point, at the rim of Grand Canyon. The little human family was staring at the floor of the canyon, one mile straight down.

"Well—" said Billy's father, manfully kicking a pebble into space, "there it *is*." They had come to this famous place by automobile. They had had seven blowouts on the way.

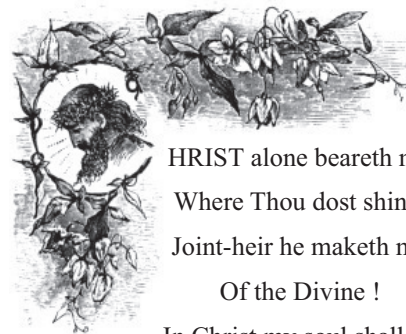
"It was worth the trip," said Billy's mother raptly. "Oh, God- was it ever *worth* it."

Billy hated the canyon. He was sure that he was going to fall in. His mother touched him, and he wet his pants.

There were other tourists looking down into the canyon, too, and a ranger was there to answer questions. A Frenchman who had come all the way from France asked the ranger in broken English if many people committed suicide by jumping in.

"Yes, sir," said the ranger. "About three folks a year."
So it goes.

*- Excerpted from the book:
"SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE
Or The Children's Crusade"
by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.*



CHRIST alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint-heir he maketh me
Of the Divine !
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

...“Didn’t eat anything for five days and then went out one night alone into those mountains there.” He pointed.

Patronizingly, Bernard smiled. “And did you dream of anything?” he asked.

The other nodded. “But I musn’t tell you what.” He was silent for a little; then, in a low voice, “Once,” he went on, “I did something that none of the others did: I stood against a rock in the middle of the day, in summer, with my arms out, like Jesus on the Cross.”

“What on earth for?”

“I wanted to know what it was like being crucified. Hanging there in the sun...”

“But why?”

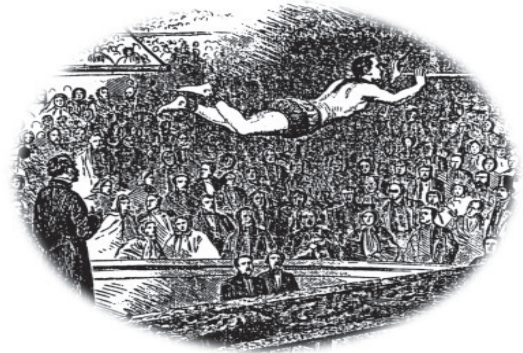
“Why? Well...” He hesitated. “Because I felt I ought to. If Jesus could stand it. And then, if one has done something wrong...Besides, I was unhappy; that was another reason.”

“It seems a funny way of curing your unhappiness,” said Bernard. But on second thoughts he decided that there was after all, some sense in it. Better than taking *soma*...”

- from “*Brave New World*”
by Aldous Huxley

The watchmen that walk about the city found me; they smote me, they wounded me; they that watched the walls took away my veil from me.

- from *the Song of Solomon*



“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

- *Mark 8:36*

“I have already taken the liberty of pointing out to you that there is within you a deeply rooted belief in psychic freedom and choice, that this belief is quite unscientific, and that it must give ground before the claims of a determinism which governs even mental life.”

- *Dr. Sigmund Freud*

“WARP IN THE CEILING

or

CONCENTRATION CAMP”

(“Happy Jewish New Year”)

“Everything is determined, the beginning as well as the end, by forces over which we have no control. It is determined for the insect as well as for the star. Human beings, vegetables, or cosmic dust, we all dance to a mysterious tune, intoned in the distance by an invisible piper.”

- *Dr. Albert Einstein*

Chapter Five



Wednesday, September 18, 1974

3:00 PM ANOTHER WORLD—Serial

5:00 PM RAYMOND BURR—Crime Drama

Joel Grey plays a jockey suspected of throwing races in “A Killing at the Track.”

6:30 PM MOVIE—Mystery BW

“Michael Shayne, Private Detective.” (1940) A sleuth (Lloyd Nolan) tries to solve a race-track murder with the help of a society girl..

7:30 PM RACE TO RICHES

Debut: Contestants are given money to bet on horse races.

10:00 PM MOVIE—Mystery BW

“Dark Passage.” (1947) Humphrey Bogart escapes prison to track down the real murderer of his wife, and is aided by Lauren Bacall.

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“...A Long Way Home...”

Where am I?

- In the Village.

What do you want?

- Information (In formation).

Whose side are you on?

- That would be telling. We want information; information, *information*.

You won't get it.

- By hook or by crook, we will.

Who are you?

- The new Number 2.

Who is number 1?

- You are number 6.

I AM NOT A NUMBER, I AM A FREE MAN!

-Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

- from “*The Prisoner*”

...down The Long and Winding Road...”





“TRUTH SERUM”

“... ..CC’s of sodium pentothal, Doctor.” The nurse puts the phone back in its rocker. “He’ll be coming any minute. Alright, unstrap him.”

Where am I!?!

- In the Hospital.
 What do you want?!
 - To help you (To Hell you).
 Whose side are you on?!
 - That would be telling. We want to help you.
 To hell you. Hell you.
 You won’t hell me!!!
 - By Hook or by Crook, we will.
 Who are you?!
 - Your Watchdog.
 Who am I?!
 - Your watch, Dog.
 I AM NOT A DOG, I AM A FREE MAN, I AM FREE.

“HELIX OR ELIXIR”

“Sit down in that chair!” they command, all at once...

“They’re going to electrocute me!”

The chromosomic attendants swarm around me and take my watch. A Chinese, a Black, an Indian, a Caucasian, women and men. They coil around me, yank down my jeans and inject me.

“You are RNA! I am DNA!” I loudly ejaculate into their oncoming faces. “YOU ARE EVIL! I am Good! You are devils! I AM “ ”...I am...i...

The white-coated attendants race and drag me from the “cross-examination” room, down a maze of blurring, cream-colored corridors. They put me into a brown-gray, pink-yellow, black-white cell, retreat and lock the door in a vacuum, behind them.

The last voice I hear, “We’ll be keeping you here.”

I am laid out crosswise on a green, plastic mattress on the floor, staring up at a holey, white ceiling and burning light.

The last thing I see: a pair of indifferent, dark eyes staring in through the trans/parent, unbreakable window...Then...an evil void...a void...a-void-ance.....

9/17/74

. . . Only child. - Parents state pt. has had religious delusions for 3 - 4 weeks. Tonight walked out of house and was picked up by Lincoln police. Behavior extremely agitated - states he is invisible - thinks he is "Jesus Christ." Thorazine 100mg. IM @ 4:15 AM, and taken to seclusion.

Escorted with 4 male attendants. On ward and placed in seclusion. Stated "he's God, and forgives all." Laid right down and apparently right to sleep.

6:30 AM calling "help me." When spoken to only mumbled, stared w/ eyes as though trying to hypnotize personnel. Laid back down, quiet, apparently to sleep.

6:30 AM - calling for help - did not want to stay in room. Quite rational, told he'd been there only 2 hours, had medication & should sleep. Surprised it had been only 2 hours, and asked "what should I do." He was told sleep right now was the best thing for him.

. . . Much more sleep at noontime. Very confused - grandiose religious delusions - he is going to make this a new world. I will see great changes today & will believe. Does not see himself as confused. Talked about speaking w/ a policeman that was not there. Feels he is here to help others. Still feels he is God.

. . . At this time, has undressed & is laying on floor in crucifixion pose . . .

ROSH HASHANA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1974
"FAR CRIES"

The confusion of that night is superseded only by the stupor of the next morning. Upon "awakening," I come to the abrupt realization that my tongue has swollen to twice its size. My mouth is profoundly parched, my first coherent thought and "word" is water...

"Wa wa," I say. And in uttering my first word upon "rebirth," I discover that I can not speak intelligibly. Nor can I see clearly. It's all a blur.

Help me...I think. "HEL MN!" I mouth. "HEL!" ..help. "MNLES!" ..please. "WA EHR!" ..water..no answer. Bang on the door. "HEL!" *A great human cry.* BANG!...BANG!...BANG!...BANG!...

"HEL!" Somebody "SHAHNBAEE!" I need a drink of water...please "A ne adrin a wa ehr. MNLES!!!" No answer. "SAHNBAEE LE MN OU AHE E!!" Let me out!!!. *'A lad in slam.'*

Finally... "Someone will be there in a minute, " . A woman's voice. ...Something's on my back. A bloodsucking tick!

"NOW!" I manage to coalesce, as I pull the tick from my skin.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to wait. Just lie down," she mutters.

I scream into the small, sputum-covered, reinforced glass window, "MNLES UHRRY!"

Faltering a few steps towards the large, screen-mesh window which mars the view. Hundreds of dead insects - horseflies and beetles and ladybugs lie between the screen and bulletproof glass.

I look out at a brand new day. White sky. Somewhere in the mind-soup, I think I might be outside shortly...far cry.

I hear a far cry coming from the aquarium-corridor. A low, moaning wail - oscillating up to a high, shrill shriek, and back to a moan again...other voices; inflections...laughter, squawks and squeals, from outside the womb-tomb. *'Game of chants.'*

Peering out the small window, I see a thin, young knight taking two paces, stopping, turning and taking another step.

Haphazardly eyeing my wrist, I have the feeble presence of mind to sense that my calendar watch is gone. What time is it? What day is it?

"WHA TI IS IH?"

"It's after noon."

"WHA DA IS IH?"

"Tuesday."

Tuesday afternoon.



“THE DISTURBING SPIRIT OF THE LAMP”

Above me, there it is, in all its hellish glory. The light. No, it's not a light..no, it can't be..**No. God. No.**

Yes, it's up there, crystallized forever in glass. Glaring down with a mean eye, the warp. 'And I am the dog who has been thrown in the dog-house. God and dog, warp and woof. Is this someone's idea of a joke!?'

“What the hell is going on!?! Where the hell am I!?! AM I IN HELL!?!”

“Went too far. Had to know, didn't I? Just had to find out. “Who is God? What is God?” -I kept saying..why couldn't I leave well enough alone? Why?!”

I might be alone in this Hellbox, Eternally, like a penny in a Lucite Paperweight.

“Let me out of here, for God's sake, let me be free!!! I am a free man!” They don't buy it, maybe they'll buy this: “I'm claustrophobic.” It seems to be coming true, anyway.

“Shut-up in there!!! - Go to sleep!” Bug-eyes in the window.

“F___ YOU!!!” **I WILL NOT SLEEP.**

Without warning, they rush in. A Jesus-lookalike and his helper, who has the nerve to wear a 'Chai,' the Jewish symbol for Life, on a chain around his neck. They unlock the reinforced wooden door, brutally grab me, push me face down on the green, plastic mattress with the meaningless date and 'lot number' stenciled on it. Pants down, cotton, alcohol, needle. *'Treat.'* “This is for your own good!” one of them grunts. *'Retreat.'* ‘I need this like I need a hole in the head!’

‘Ultra-violent b_____s...S.O.B.'s’

As I slowly turn over and avert my eyes heavenward, that series of concentric circles etched on a square piece of cloudy Pyrex ('pi-wrecks') glass seems to be beckoning and daring me. It might begin to spin and grind at any moment.

‘Look into my eye, look directly into my eye, I dare you.’ From behind the warp sits an unforgiving, ever-shining, eternal flame, a ‘time-being.’ *'De-i-fy you.'*

‘I'd like to spit in that eye. I'd like to smash that glass image and the lamp that burns beneath it. Then I'd like to spit on the electric outlet that brings that infernal light in here!’ - -

“Turn off that f___ing light!!!”

“Shut-up!! Or I'll knock the livin' daylights out of you!!!”

“Go to Hell!!!”

“You're already there!” Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Just before being thrown into the chaotic numbness of drug-oblivion, I stand up in defiance and spit with all my almighty force, up into that cruel eye. It merely falls back into my own naked eye.

From the top to the bottom of creation.

“TRUTH OR CONSECRATIONS”

I suppose that the shock of beholding a “vision-having-become-reality,” can sometimes be strong enough to temporarily blind the reflective mind. Nevertheless, the ‘ground of existence,’ within which my primordial ('prime-ordeal') pebbled-vision firmly embeds itself, is looming beneath me.

The seclusion room floor.

If I want, I can reach down and touch it, which won't be too difficult, since I am face down on the mattress receiving an injection (invocation). It might as well have been just another vision or transient color transparency, for within a minute, I will fade from reality into unconsciousness. But before my eyes close, I ‘drink’ in everything I can. Saliva is running down my chin onto the platelet floor. Holy water. Holy_____. The pattern on the floor. My ‘vision.’ Tiny pebbles in shades of brown,,,,,but the pebbles are imperfect, ragged. The saliva is gradually covering a larger area. *'Persistence of vision.'* The heavy door slams; the awful sound of locking keys along with a few “attendant” remarks – “Good night, sleep tight.”

It's eight-thirty in the morning.

Pebbles,,saliva. “What is the meaning, God?!” I cry.

The eyes in the window of the door just stare. *'...The Sandman...'* The cell smells of death. ..*'being of ground of being'.*

Rocks,,water. "Double vision." Slipping into the undertow of the drug-tide, I can only imagine the answer to my own insane question, as a thousand mosquitoes hover, land, and get fat with my blood, "You are in Sheol, my son, where dreams turn into nightmares." In cell 301.... More holy water-urine. Urine a water bed. Urine luck. Urine a lucked cell. Celebrate, celibate, - urine luck, you're in the cellular, secular cellar, secluded every second. Keep it secret, don't secrete. God is a secret secretion. God is alive. God is saliva. God is salvation and you are in his "Salvation Army." Are me? Me are. Armageddon. Ah'm a geddon out of here! Knock, knock. Who's there? You are. You who? You hoo to you too!...Lucid, lucent, lucifer was now in my secretions and salivations, in the form of a translucent liquid drug-Thorazine. Satan and his followers are legion: Artane, Compazine, Haldol, Mellaril, Navane, Prolixin, Stelazine, Tindal, Vesprin, et al.. "On Dancer, On Prancer"...

Remember, member, ember.....

"GROUNDWORK"

...The shock of beholding a "vision-having-become-reality" can sometimes be strong enough to blind the mind. The pebbled ground of existence is merely a "floor" once again.

For the time being.



"IRONY"



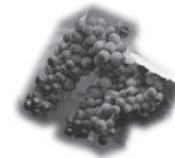
At the age of 9 in 1963, I happened to find myself directly in the arcpath of an oncoming, iron horseshoe. It caught me on the crown of my head. Gushes of blood were pouring down over my face and body into the ground, as I ran in mad circles, shrieking for someone to help me. The kids around me were laughing until they ran for help. I thought I would be dead in a matter of seconds. ('A dead ringer.') Mercifully, after losing pints of blood, probably part of my brain, but not consciousness, I survived. Beginner's luck.

"ROCK OF PAST AGES"

That traumatic experience blotted out the memory of a similar incident which occurred a few years prior. I was only able to recall being hit on the head by a large rock after seeing the vision of brown pebbles.-I was talking with my cousin and a friend near the wild grapevines by the neighborhood brook. Swatting mosquitoes and fireflies while tossing stones, large and small, into the pungent-mustard-smelling brook; occasionally catching crayfish. We happened to be talking about the 'mistafine' subject of religion and my cousin mentioned that Jesus was Jewish. Well, I was amazed! Hot dog! I had never heard that before. Our mutual friend, who was Christian, said he knew that Christ was Jewish, also. I was just about to reply when I was hit on the crown of my head with a large, craggy rock, while gazing into the relish-brown water at round, hypnotic pebbles. The juxtaposition of memories: water, pebbles, rock, Jesus/Jewish - remained engraved on a few brain cells, unremembered for the most part - until September 16, 1974, when the irony of this concurrence presented itself.

The rock fell into the water. My ketchup-blood streamed into the stream. I reeled and slumped into this stream (dream) of consciousness. It rippled into concentric circles outward from the center. The brook babbled red, serving as an abysmal, baptismal fountain of youth. I picked myself up and went home dripping blood and cold water, and never forgetting, yet never remembering this first trauma. *'Re currents.'*

But - Did it really happen, or was it a singularly realistic dream?? Did I misguidedly throw the rock at...my cousin? If so, why do I 'REM-ember' being hit?...Anyway, who says you can't get blood from a stone?



'WARP-PLANE'
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18
"Happy Birthday in Hell"

"Open your mouth and swallow the pills," says the gold-toothed, black attendant. "You gonna swallow? Oh, you gonna swallow if it takes all day."

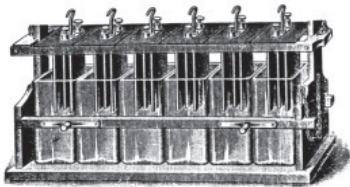
"Come on. Open your fuel tank, and take your meds," says the burly, surly, rhinoceral nurse.

Another attendant with Coke-bottle glasses, Cheshire Cat smile, gold, Swiss watch and a Mickey Mouse T-shirt is holding my catatonic arms at twelve o'clock high.

"Swallow it," they say, "Come on take it, I ain't got all day here," the black man says. "Come on, " , take it, for me," the T-shirt says. As they push the cup of water to my pursed, purple lips and the tablet down my gullet, they meet with a brick wall. Hammer to anvil.

"No - o - o - o - o -!" I gurgle/scream. But in the end they would have their way. "Mph!"

"That's my man," says gold-tooth. They retreat from the cell nucleus as if waiting for a time-bomb to explode, locking the door and leaving me alone once again, teething in the sensory-deprivation, compression-chamber. "The quiet room." "The Hell Box." ...Cell 303.



"WEDNESDAY"

It is nice to think it is
 The Middle of the Week
 Aren't you happy, aren't you glad
 You are in the pink?
 Don't think about the next day
 Just lift your head to say,
 If I made it this far,
 I should laugh and sing.
 La La La La La La La



- from "Day by Day"
 by Ellen Donelan

"MIND TO THE GRINDSTONE"

A church bell tolls once:

One AM, one I am...

It seems as if all the souls in the United States and Israel are filtering down from the dotted ceiling, coalescing in a shaft of light, intertwining and infusing themselves in my soul. 212 million individual threads winding themselves into a rope which slowly becomes the fiber of my being. Could it be that I have chosen myself to be the repository for all these souls in a time of crisis? It's almost as if my mind is ignescently being compressed into a diamond. I feel 'grate-ful' to be chosen and supremely agonized, at the same time because behind it all, I know it to be a projection of my imagination onto the backdrop of Hades..A wisdom tooth is emerging...Cell 305.



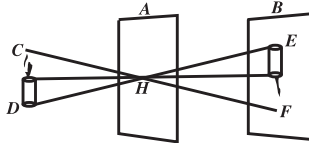
"CRACK BETWEEN WORLDS"

Light glowering above..breathing rapidly, perspiring.

Pushing my fingers through the 1/4" crack between the door and the

floor, thinking that I have somehow broken through an anti-matter (nothing matters) universe and the only way to go back is to believe it's possible. I honestly believe I can squeeze through a caterpillar-high space like Alice in Wonderland - innocence ('in a sense'). I'm standing on my head against the door waiting to fall out on "the other side," "innocent, by-standing." It's 2 o'clock in the morning. The church chimes three times. There is a noise outside my cell like someone walking up and down a staircase at a random pace. "Gas in the pipes," they say. Unpredictable and unrelenting - 4 steps up, 2 steps down, 3 steps up, 5 steps down, on and on. It sounds like a mad metronome, a clock gone crazy - and I'm going with it... 'time told.' Truth hurts, tooth hurts, two-thirty...combustion.

I'm spitting on everything. The floor, the ceiling, the window, the door. Ha, that's me - the splitting, spitting image! ... 'rec-ignition'...Cell 307.



"A GIFT FROM PANDORA"

A battery of fifteen psychiatrists, psychologists and case workers are staring at me. "Evaluating." As I tell my story - that I thought I had gone through a time warp and had a nervous breakthrough or breakup, they sit emotionless. The chief psychiatrist questions me. I break down, weeping ashamedly. They don't care.

"I can't take it anymore. I just can't...You're so cold...so uncaring. All of you!" I become hostile toward my sardonic inquisitor. "I am a freed man!!!" I pronounce. "LET ME BE FREE!!!" I proclaim. "LET ME GO!!!"

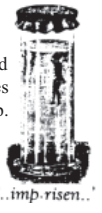
A doctor prescribes heavier dosages of Thorazine as my ward reward.In seclusion again - ***Quantum leaps....

Praying to God and Einstein. Biting off my own teeth. Swallowing the granular grits of tooth. Again and again bottom teeth grind and gnash uncontrollably, excruciatingly and agonizingly against top front teeth. Sounds like peanut shells cracking. Can't understand why. Please GOD.

Let me out, please Einstein, help me, I beg you. Please, anyone! 'Pleas.'

Sitting on the floor in front of the screened window, blood drooling out of mouth, mixed with saliva to form new pebbles on the floor. Can't control my own teeth. No one is able to help. Not the Almighty, not anyone. No one cares.

Pounding on the screen repeatedly. Banging the door. Hitting the walls. Smashing the reinforced plastic glass in the door. Spitting on the window. Pissing on the screen. Kicking the door of this inferno. Infer? No - jump to conclusions - "conclude to jumps." Jumping on the plastic mattress, I punch that infernal, eternal light. But it never stops burning. Lifting a bowl, and "flailing my oats" on the wall.



Galvanizing myself, I screech:

"LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! You f-ing b--s! You G-d-f-ing b--s. Liars! G-d-f-ing liars! A-h-s! Let me out of here now! Right now! This f-ing minute! Now! Now, you sons of b--s, let me out now! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!"

Two attendants, one nurse, "Alright turn over." Cotton swab, alcohol on the right buttock, Thorazine "fuel" injection. They retreat from the cell. In a solitary minute, my mind will be choking itself. "Help me!" Those eternal words reverberate off gray-cement-matter walls and rock-jewel floor.

Parents are looking in the window. "You'll be alright." Like a box that keeps getting smaller. Like the last breath before a vacuum. "I'm afraid to move," I say. "I'm dying." Mind-matrix is collapsing in upon itself.

"Knock on wood," my mother says. "Hold on to something." She seems to sense I'm dying. 'Opal, hyacinth, marble, sardonyx..' The square, electric-gold gridwork of lines in the floor would separate body and spirit - in a single hydrolytic moment... 'Amethyst, mica, pearl, sunstone...' ...'Jewel personality'... "Buried treasure."

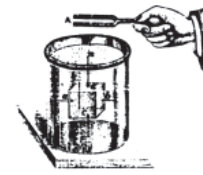
"Will I live, Ma?" The window of life is closing.

"Don't think about dying! Think about the life you are going to have when you get out of here. God will take you when he wants you. Think rational!"

"Please, God, don't take me for granite..." I'm "not a gem."

"I've opened Pandora's box." I drool on the voltaic cell floor, momentarily shorting and shocking myself. "I shouldn't have. I shouldn't have."

I am one breath away from becoming an emerald, ruby, garnet or sapphire, in the bottom of the box.



“RADIOACTIVITY”

The hospitalized mental patients act as crystals and transform their gridwork building into a giant ‘re-volting’ transmitter-receiver. - ‘Pulse and repulse.’

The drugs are polarizing my mind. It is now a magnet.

The young ‘vacuum tube attendant’ opens the door to my isolation/oscillation chamber. I am now the speaker.

Every thought, feeling, and memory I have is linked with every action, thought and feeling of everyone else. When I talk, they move. When I move, they talk. Every thought I have is being translated four billion times an instant and returns to the back of my head as I react to their reaction. I am beginning to walk in figure 8’s.

All my brain cells are collapsing like a trillion dominoes, all questions come to me. “I - I am - I - I - don’t know - I - I can’t think-how” ...I am vibrating.

The attendant is confused and begins to sense that he is the translator between one and Infinity, as the person behind him in the hall reacts to his action. And the person behind him reacts to him. He *sees* it. And he doesn’t want to be caught in the trap. His face turns red.

“What’s happening, are you alright?” he says.

“Are you alright? You’re alright aren’t you,” I say.

The person behind him mentions the word ‘right.’

“Come on, are you kidding me? You’re okay,” he rectifies.

“Am I kidding you? I don’t know. Are you kidding yourself?” I say rapidly, conducting his feelings.

“Why don’t you eat something?” he signals.

The person in the corridor talks about fixing dinner for her kids...

He sees the terrible connection and struggles to free himself.

“Wait a minute,” he says, wavering, “I’m not in the middle, here. “What’s happening to me?”



"...We'll see what happens when I get home," says a voice in the hall..

"Keep away from me," I say, resisting. "I can't think."

"Yeah, I know, I - I see," he says.

"Can you see? Help me!" I say.

"What can I do?" he charges.

"What can't you do? Don't close the door," I say, condensing thoughts.

"I want to," he says.

He closes the door, impeding an impending escape. - *'A good mouse trap.'*

A door down the hall closes - *'A better one.'*

Four billion mental doors close - *'The best.'*

He opens the door.

Four billion mental doors open

Being of rational, understanding character, he's always thought of hell as "dividing one number ad infinitum."

"I'm afraid...I," he transmits, reacting to the chain while changing to react. "How can I stop it?"

"Don't lock yourself out," I receive, "and don't lock me in. I can't stop thinking. I can't stop talking. Help me stop myself."

"I - I can't," he announces, "I don't know-how."

Somebody's talking about 'know-how.'

He is nervous. Moving and talking with increasing frequency.

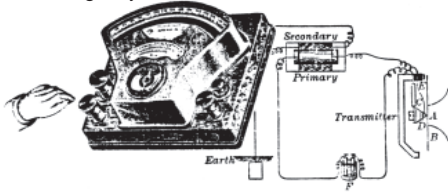
He says, "Do you want me to leave? If I leave, what will happen? Another dimension? Oh, my..."

Someone feeds back, "...Today, not to mention tomorrow."

"Please, leave me alone I can't take it anymore! OH MY GOOD GOD, PLEASE HELP ME!!" I broadcast loudly.

God wants to be left alone. And switches off the radio.

Radio waves goodbye.



9/18/74

... Requested that barber shave off beard and mustache today.

11:15 AM Extrapyrimal reactions to medication occurred @ 11:00 AM. Lips pursing, falling to floor, walked into walls. Good effect of Benadryl 25mg. IM - at 11:30 AM lips relaxed, less hostile, tense, laying down.

5:00PM behavior rigid, walking in robot fashion, facial grimacing, etc. Later PM - pt. became a bit agitated, thrashing about - self-abusive. Pt. secluded @ 9 PM.

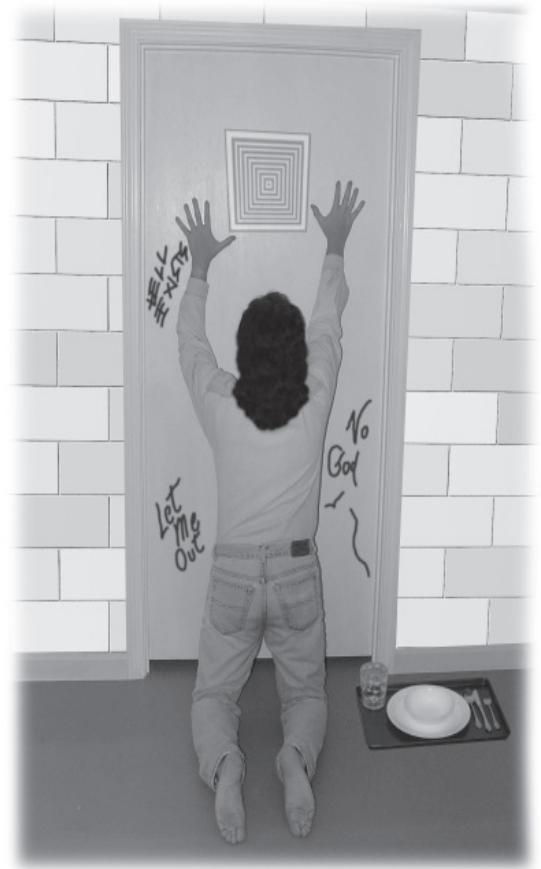
9/19/74

Impression: - Distonic reaction to Haldol. Given benadryl 50mg. IV - Sodium Amytal 250mg. x 3 days. @ 12 noon - remains very confused - talking about time warps when going through a door. Walking around - less posturing and rigidity.

... Remains very confused & deluded, wandering down the lady's dorm area all night. He said he had to go there to "cure everyone & that this is the house of the Lord." At approx. 11:00PM we brought him upstairs to seclusion, he offered no resistance.

9/27/74

... Spoke to pt. about signing voluntary. He absolutely refused. Rational - stated he had felt like he was God but realizes that this is irrational. Fears becoming like a vegetable if he stays in the hospital. ... He talked about his trip into space 1000 years ago and I believe that he really believes he was there.



Hebrew School Teacher: "God created the Universe."
Me: "Who created God?"
Hebrew School Teacher: "We don't ask that question."

“The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

- *Matthew 13:41-42*

“As experience shows, symbols of a reconciling and unitive nature do in fact turn up in dreams, the most frequent being the motif of the child-hero and the squaring of the circle, signifying the union of opposites.”

- *Carl G. Jung*

CHAPTER SIX

Saviour Soul!



“The mind is an arena, a sort of tumbling-ground, for the struggles of antagonistic impulses; or, to express it in non-dynamic terms,...the mind is made up of contradictions and pairs of opposites.”

- *Sigmund Freud*

“It is by no means an irrational fancy that in a future existence we shall look upon what we think our present existence as a dream.”

- *Edgar Allen Poe*

YOM KIPPUR, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 ‘DAY OF AT-ONEMENT’ “Kisses & Bites”

Being locked in seclusion is like the old, Chinese finger-lock trick - if you want to be released, you have to use your head, not force. If you try to force your way out, the bind only gets tighter. The interwoven fibers contract when you try to pull your fingers out. You have to meet both fingers halfway, holding onto the opening at the same time, then easing out. This discovery is usually made when you are about to give up.

Similarly, in order to be freed from the double-bind of seclusion (since you are being kept in the cell, you are considered to be insane or irrational), you must prove to your keepers that you are rational. ‘All-one.’ So you meet your keepers halfway, thanking them for the food they bring in and “cleaving to the room” at the same time, to convince them of your rationality, and your inability and unwillingness to escape. - “In eternal bites.”
‘Untime/Untie me.’ ...Untied.,United...

/// A visiting Rabbi asked God to bless me today; he put his hand over my forehead and prayed; Boruch, Atoh, Adoshem...

“ATONE MEANT ALONE”

One of the first things I did after “escaping,” when my body uncontorted itself and my parents delivered eyeglasses to nose-bridge and temple, was to kiss every female patient and shake hands with every male patient on the ward.

One of the next things I did after meeting my newfound friends was to take off all my clothes in a ritual of “naked-I” freedom. //One of the next things I did after taking off all my clothes was to scream and squirm as two male attendants dragged and drugged me back to isolation.

One of the next things I did was to uncontrollably bite off my own teeth.

One of the next things I did was to uncontrollably, unceasingly bite down through my tongue.

One of the next things I did was to pray to God for absolution. ...I can’t remember one of the next things I did.

“COMBINATION LOCK”

Maybe if I touch the right stone-image in the floor, the door will open automatically - anti-matter, gray matter, touch, stone gray, ‘touchstone-gray.’

I try reaching under the space between the door and the groundwork floor, in order to “pull myself through.” As if the correct interpretation of a double meaning phrase will pull me through to the other universe, the normal one. The real one.

“Let me go to the lavatory!” I cry, shivering in my underwear.

“You wait.”

“I can’t. I have to go now...” ‘Ballbusters.’

“You wait until 6:00 (AM).”

“What time is it now?” They take my watch, glasses, and almost everything else I own, but they can’t take away my spirit.

“4:30.”

So I piss on the door. Then I grovel to the floor, straining to reach the other side through sheer willpower. And when that doesn’t work, I kick the door endlessly. Then I take a flying run at the door. And then the attendants and their needle take a flying leap at me. ‘Male violence.’ As I fall on the ormolu, I am staring at ‘touchstone gray.’

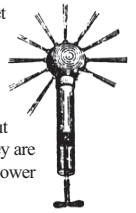
The birds outside the cell window are telegraphing my name. Without end. Even chirps and twitters mean something. But, oh God, how I wish they didn’t.



“REVULSION/CONVULSION”

There are entire segments of my memory that, if I had the choice, I would erase. Hideous experiences in hell. If I had the nerve, I would place a bomb in a strategically located site in that God-Condemned Mental ‘Ho-spit-al,’ and watch from a distance as the Hell factory levelled itself. People have no idea how insanely difficult it is to escape the grasp of Hell. I want to shout with rage, to scream bloody murder about the injustice, agony, humiliation, and frustration I have suffered - but who would listen? If it were in my power I would release all mental patients being held against their will immediately, and transform the hospitals, into something else, *anything* else.

I’ve seen people tied to beds. Tied to chairs. Never let outside the ward. In seclusion for days on end. I’ve seen people without a friend or relative in the world undergoing shock treatment, massive drug “therapy,” lobotomies. They sit in a corner and drool. They shave, cut themselves, don’t care. They put their fists through unbreakable glass. They pray to God out loud. Doctors, nurses, and workers get the impression that they are the gods to whom the patients pray. These individuals hold the power of life or death over patients.



.... On the ward -

“I just locked up the clinic, you’ll have to wait until the next time we give medications.” Nurse/aide/the-rapist.”

“But I’m convulsing, look, I can barely stand or even talk, help me please.” Me.

“Look, it was your decision to stop meds, and I’m supposed to cater to your every need? No, sir.” Nurse/aide.

“Please, help me, I can’t take it, I’ll take the pills regularly..” Me.

“Yah, sure, that’s what you said before.” Nurse/aide.

“I’m trying to stop them, they won’t let me, I’m having withdrawal symptoms, Doctor, Doctor, help me, give me a shot or something. I feel like I’m having a heart attack. I’m convulsing. I can’t think.” Me.

“What is the problem?” Doctor (Indian immigrant). “Who are you?”...
... ‘Just passed a mirror, saw an old man’...

“I stopped taking the medication and now I’m in trouble. Help me.” I plead.

“What do you want me to do?” he quacks.

“I don’t know. Can’t you give me something? Will my convulsing stop?” Me.

“It is psychosomatic. The drugs are not at fault. I’m sorry, there is nothing I can do. I must make a phone call.” Doctor.

Wobbling down the hall, I find another doctor. A different one, not an Indian. “Will, will you help me? I can’t, I can’t breathe.”

“I’m not your doctor.”

“Almighty God, Help me, please!”

“There *is* no God,” says a voice down the corridor...



“WARP·AIN’T NO FUN”

...“Let me out of here!” I wail, slamming my fist into the reinforced glass window in the cafeteria door.

“Alright, that’s it, you’ve had it - you’re dead!” The snake-eyed attendant yells back as he slithers behind me and chokes me. ‘Snake attack!’ .. *‘Liar, be sentient’*...

I feel a grind of pain in my Adam’s apple and then feel as if I have been thrown on a bed, only to twist and bounce right up and off the other side. A ‘mini-warp’ without the spiralling.

When I awake from non-consciousness, I am momentarily disoriented - then, from far away...a train whistle.

The next time I see my eely strangler I say to him, “You kill me, you know that, you really kill me.” It hurts to talk.

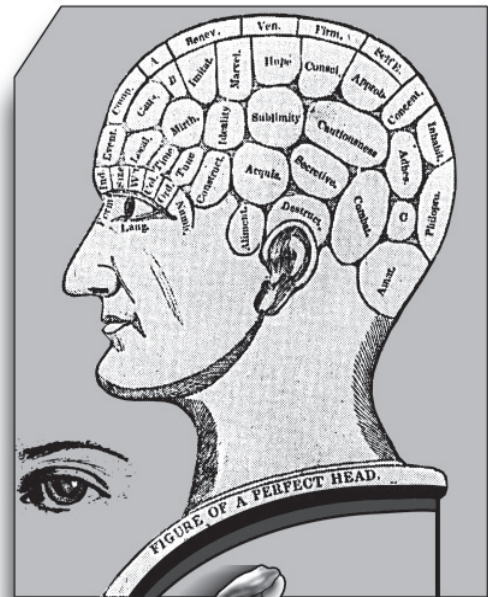
He seems surprised to see me. “I’d really like to,” he hisses.

“You really did,” I recoil, snap, and sizzle at the lamprey. “If I’m in hell, so will you be.” Streaks of dirt are caked on my face, as if I had been thrown in an ashcan and left there to rot.

He laughs nervously. He’s seen a ghost.

He says, informatively, to me, “Wait until you see how much Thorazine you get next time.”

He is Satan.



9/30/74

... He expressed a desire to obtain a lawyer. Insists there is nothing wrong with him. States his religious preoccupation was due to problems in the country - feels that everyone needed to get religious ... Speaking Yiddish; Love ... Somewhat reachable.

10/2/74

... Behavior is appropriate during the AM - socialization good - thought pattern sometimes hard to follow, goes off on tangents, usually a religious one. Most of the time he seems as though he is peering through you instead of looking at you.

10/3/74

WITH DOCTORS AND STAFF

During the interview he cried and showed much affect - also expressed his pain and loneliness. Prognosis was that he will probably have psychotic episodes and return in the future.

10/9/74

... Seems to be much more in touch with reality and is eager to leave the hospital and work constructively.

"SNEAK ATTACK!"

....Assigned to the Men's Ward-

Toenails are falling out. Hair is falling out. Skin on hands, face and lips is peeling and falling off. Can't smell or taste anything. Tongue is twice as thick as normal. Mouth is dry. Muscles won't coordinate. Numbness..Can't talk. Ears are ringing. Eyes are crossed...'rangefinder is broken'...Can't focus. Can't remember anything. Can't concentrate. Can't sit still. Can't go to the bathroom. Can't sleep. Hands are trembling - Parkinson's disease...Head is aching and am blacking out. 'Fade-out. Fade-in'...I am drooling. -

- Beyond the fingerprint-whorled window, a ruby beam beacons in an infrared laser arc, continuously scanning the pre-dawn hospital grounds from the Supervisor's office.

- When I do, finally, pass into a sleep-like state, it is congested with 'goldfish-bowl nightmares' of such intensity and horror, that it convinces me - I am in Hell. Claustrophobically, I am trapped under the entrance of an igloo, on my back, moving in and out, without end. I want to die. 'God, please take me. What can I do to stop suffering? Please God, end my life - I commend my spirit into Your hands!' / / / /From the ground up / / /

I wake up in a pillow-full of turtle-slime drool, disbelieving that it is my own .

"GET UP, YOU MOSQUITOES, EVERYBODY GET UP!" yells an attendant, while shining a flashlight in my eye. It is 6 AM.

Only a few minutes before, when I attempted a drink of water, I was told to go to bed by the same ignorant, iguanian attendant. - State Hospital logic.

"GET UP, YOU LAZY B -- S!" he hollers. "YOU WANNA EAT, DON'T YA?! ...Breakfast is at 7:30," he grunts...Sadistic talk...*sadistic-toc*.

Suddenly having trouble breathing. Starting to convulse and fall on the chalcedony floor, and for lack of a better explanation, I exclaim - "I think I'm having a heart attack!" Heart feels like it will stop at any moment. In a cold sweat. Can't breathe!

"GET UP AND MAKE YOUR BED!" Hollers my rugby-shirted nemesis. In comes his 40 year-old female co-worker. "GET UP OFF THAT FLOOR!" she snorts.

"I'm h a v - i n g a heart attack." I sniff, as she sneers -

"Baloney, get up and make that bed." She spins over to me. "Do you want me to get the nurse to give you an injection?!"

"No- Get a doctor. Help me.,God.,Help me," I plead. But, 'ig and pig' have other ideas.

"**I'LL HELP YOU, YOU F – IN' JEW.**" The vitriolic male worker spits out. He steps on me and kicks me; she steps on me; as both "nurse-maids" compulsively start making the bed. I suppose they are "justifying" their actions.

They gobble, "GET UP, GET OFF THE FLOOR!!" All the while goose-stepping and kicking me.

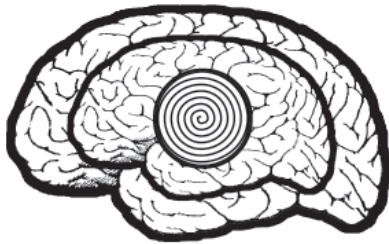
"**YOU G – D – – LAZY KIKE,**" 'snipes' the bearded, long-haired rugby-shirt; his gatekeeper-keys and my nerves jangling.

I feel ill with disgust. Caustic, toxic, sick talk - the cause.

Attendance is up - the other patients are now awake and watching the proceedings, but are unable to counteract their own drug-induced complacency; they just don't care; can't care. Strange bedfellows and bedbugs in bedlam.

"**YOU G – D – – ED NAZIS!!!**" I SCREAM and I SCREAM and I SCREAM. "NAZIS! NAZIS!!!"

Broken records in the Jew/juke box..

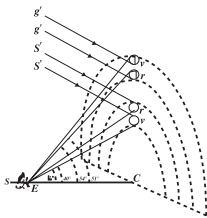


"BIL-LIAR-D-BALL BEDLAM"

Anyone for 8-ball? What's the score of the ballgame? Grade A goose eggs. You goose. Who has the 'anser?' Do you think there is any hope for the world? I want to go to Israel. Allah! Allah! I've been on 500 LSD trips. Remember Rosey, the Japanese lady who thought she was Queen of the Universe? She died. Can I have a piece of candy? You have to be rational to play pool, wanna play? He's my spiritual twin-we both have the same fingerprints. Stay out of my bed. I don't care if the girls watch me jack off. Scratch my back, will ya? Wash my feet. I clean floors. I'm gettin' out New Year's. I'm a good man, I want to go home. Look at him laughin' and cryin' at the same time. I have nightmares on Prolixin, boy. SAVE ME! Always remember one thing, you're on top. Praise the Lord. Are you Jesus?! Is he Jesus, is she Jesus? Praise God, praise God, Our Father who art in Heaven... I'm her brother - she's from outer space. I'm silly. I'm a silly goose... So I jumped in front of the train, that's how my leg was cut off...Does he ever stop hitting his head against the wall? I was raped. I was raped by my uncle and then my...Re-ve-la-tion...Oh, him, he died, he choked on a piece of bread in the cafeteria. Remember how he used to flush rolls of toilet paper down the john...I'm a naughty goose? Look, I'm naked, see my colostomy bag? Hi! Hi! Hello, How are you? Hi! Hi! My high! How are you? Goo! Goo! Doesn't he ever get off the floor? He's sitting in my chair! See this glove, there's a time-machine in here. The TV is talking about me again - my husband wants to kill me...Did he fracture his skull? He fell down and went in his pants. Cereal, toast, coffee, yes. Father, Son, Holy Ghost. That's my oatmeal! It is now or never! He's got a plate in his head. Remember Bob, the tall, nervous guy - he's dead. Leave me alone. We're coming to take you away. Ha! Ha! 'Screw!' Mind your own business. No! No! I'll be a good girl, no injections, no seclusions! I've had 12 shock treatments, I

can't remember the first half of my kids' lives. Don't touch my locker - you *&*\$ My boyfriend's gonna kill me. I single-handedly took apart that television set over there.....Cigarette? SAVE ME! Save me a cigarette, will you, mister? Got a dime? Got a dollar.. I can borrow? Can you get me a cup of coffee? Can you get me out of here?...Remember Albert - "The philosopher"? He's dead. "Oh those Thorazine eyes, those great big Thorazine eyes!" Wanna play ping pong? Anybody wanna play ping pong? Can anybody hear me? ...When is Santy comin'? **HO! HO! HO!**... Take a gander at that guy on the floor -He looks like a rainbow,,,,,

The Rainbow is a solar spectrum formed by spherical raindrops dispersing the sunlight falling upon them. Usually two bows are visible, the *primary* and the *secondary*. The *primary bow* is the inner and brighter one, and is distinguished by being red on the outside and violet on the inside. The *secondary bow* is much fainter, and has the order of colors reversed.



"BROKEN DISCS"

God - stop my broken record - take the needle-arm off, the Album, The 'Album-en,' the Album...my tongue is twisting...

The wall is upside down. The ceiling is on the floor. It's either a quarter to 3 or a quarter past 9. Gonna burst. I can't breathe. Turning purple. I can hear voices on all sides of my arching body. All the parallel lines in the wall and ceiling are converging. All my teeth are biting themselves off. A straw-hat brass band blares in a far corner of the room.

The attendant lifts up my warped body by the armpits, arms straight out. He raises me up to the ever-burning laser lights. I equate his Dark countenance with strength.

"Come on, my man, you'll be alright; are you my man? You're gonna pull yourself up. That's right."

I try to smile. Only blood and spittle come out of a broken mouth. Sweat drips into my green-brown eyes.

"My man, you're gonna be fine. Look at you. You gonna smile for me?" His eyes wrinkle and he shines a broad, incandescent smile, as sweat pours from his brown face. A gold tooth glimmers as the disk of the sun peeks from behind a cloud and illuminates the Day Room. "You gonna smile, huh?"

All the patients are gathered in a circle, some are screaming. - Then all 'discussion' screeches to a halt.

"You're gonna stand up by yourself. That's right. You're a man. You can do it." His black-coal eyes reflect love.

I understand. An archangel.

"Now, are you gonna swallow those pills or not? I can't wait all day. I ain't takin' no more o' this s - , man."

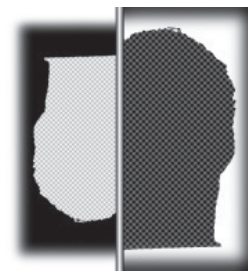
I stand on warped feet:

In

My

Archenemy's

Shadow.



“MY, MY”

My drugged mind feels like a fly in a flypaper room. Its wings vibrating 30 times a second, but getting nowhere.

The effects of the medications are so contorting that simply to stand up straight is impossible. My toes curl and the sides of my feet warp. I can not even close my mouth. It has to be done manually, and then it still remains open; resisting mental commands. Often, I don't even realize that it is agape.

“Go look in the mirror, your mouth is wide open; can't you close it?” my mother concernedly asks, as I shamle and dither away from my cell, when the crypt door opens.

I garble to her that I don't even know. “I o no.”

“Look at yourself, now isn't that silly? My, my.”

She seems to be patronizing me; almost as if she doesn't recognize the fact that the drugs are in my system.

“It's the drugs, not me.” “Ih th druhs noh me,” I mumble cryptically. My tongue is crimped like a serrated knife's edge.

“I know, I know.” She tries to project a calmness, to soothe me, I suppose, but underneath she is deeply distraught.

I emit a senile, nervous laugh while eyeing myself in the mirror, finally coming to grips with my inability to control my jaw muscles. “The jawbone's connected to the head bone, head bone connected to the neck bone...” The Gordian Noose is tightening.

To convey in words, the feeling of total bodily impotence, is not easy. You are a prisoner in your own body. You don't know whether control will return or not. You must struggle to rebuild your entire universe from the inside out. The mental frustration and physical torment are purely beyond description.

As my parents are easing my unyielding frame into the green, plastic, so-called “mattress,” they feel ‘relatively’ obliged to console me.

“You'll be alright,” my father assures. “God knows you'll be alright.”

“Just lie back and close your eyes,” my mother comforts. “God only knows.”

For some reason my eyes will not shut. They begin to cross automatically...‘vision-division’...

In their well-meaning efforts to alleviate my agony, their caring faces are almost impelled in a unified field towards my own. A “fish-eye lens effect” - another drug symptom.

“That's a good boy,” says my father...‘God nose’...‘God only nose’...

“Y-e-e-e-s.” My mother shakes her hair in my TV-lenses. “Can you close your eyes? Boo-boo-boo-boo.” She coos and tickles me. “Look, he's trying to grab your thumb.” Their respective noses are wiggled and thrust at me. “He wants to say something; hey, wow, what a grip!” He forces an electron- stream laugh. I am breathing funnily, rapidly, and sweating in the heat...Something snaps.

..‘Cord and record, volt and revolt’...I am in an electric high-chair...I walk into a locker, and “come out the other side.”

“STOP IT, STOP IT! I'M NOT A BABY! I WON'T BE REBORN, LITERALLY OR FIGURATIVELY;’ I want to yell, ‘STOP!!!’ I want to scream, but the ‘lockjaw’ prevents it. Instead, I drool - and hurl my aviator-frame glasses through the air into semi-shadow. They deflect off a wall and arc to the gridwork/floor smashing into a thousand bits of sharp transparency. Each shard a miniature, phosphorescent rainbow. Each an opalescent parhelion.

,,,“Did you hear the one about the Lens-Grinder who fell into his lens-grinder and made a spectacle of himself?...”

,,,Outside, in the candlelight dusk of a Luminescent Indian Summer sun, a biplane endlessly loops in mad circles above the “H”, coming closer and closer to...





PART III
H
BOMB
MADE
HERE

**For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood my bear me far.
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.**

- Alfred Tennyson, "CROSSING THE BAR"

"Despite man's tendency to live on low and degrading planes, something reminds him that he is not made for that. As he trails in the dust, something reminds him that he is made for the stars. As he makes folly his bedfellow, a nagging inner voice tells him that he is born for eternity..."

*-from "Strength to Love"
 by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*

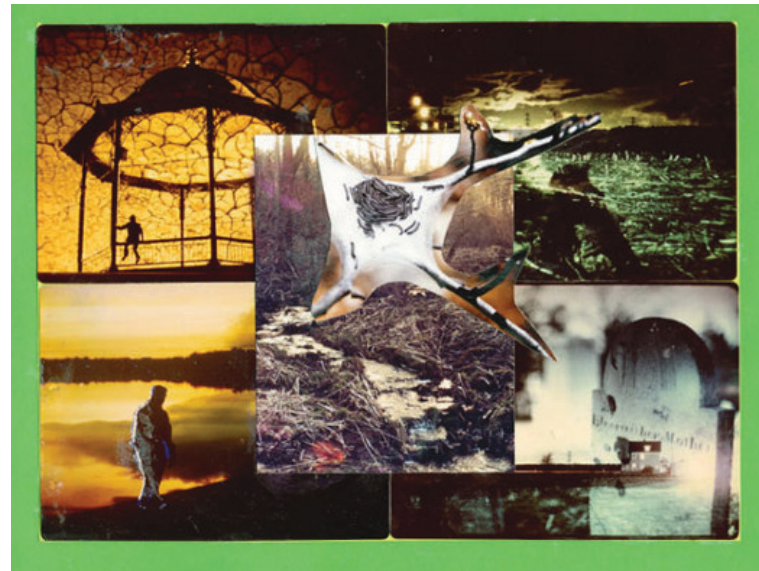
“The human personality or “soul,” says the rationalist, is a sort of exhaust of a chemical machine called the body. The machine stops. No more exhaust. It is that simple.

It is a working principal of Judaism that the dead are not dead to God; that the machine was always something more than a machine; that when the machine stops something remains.”

- from “This Is My God”
by Herman Wouk

*Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm;
for strong as death is love; violent like the nether world is jealousy;
its heat is the heat of fire, a flame of God.*

- from The Song of Solomon

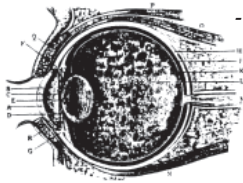


“Resist the devil and he will flee.”

- James 4:7

CHAPTER SEVEN Honour Our Hour

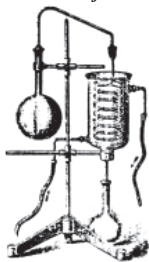
“What we (physicists) strive for is just to draw His lines after Him.”



- Albert Einstein

“A moving (singular) spark in the dark gives the impression of an unbroken complete circle because of retina memory, just as the individual moments give the impression of past, present and future, when in reality, there is only the Eternal Now.”

- from the Alan Watts lectures



“Man has within him everything from a mineral to God.”

- P.D. Ouspensky



“ACROSS THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS”

It has been widely accepted that it is impossible to travel in time to the past or the future (and back again). But what about recreating or reproducing images of the past? There have been numerous reports of people suddenly crossing an invisible boundary into some scene of past history, or experiencing a vision of the past or future. It may be possible to tune in the vibrations of time immemorial, and project them onto the “screen” of the present. Some “sensitives” have been doing this for centuries; mainly, by projecting their minds into the “future-tense.” The answer to distilling the “vibrations of time” from the waters of the cosmos, lies within the psyche; and the subconscious, in particular. It is the storehouse of individual and racial memory. It is the computer that takes into account everything “going on” behind the scenes, behind the obvious and ‘con-chess.’ The subconscious automatically, secretly and silently measures life rhythms, and probably knows when something is about to happen (sub rosa). This intuition is the result of subpsychic computations breaking through a fiercely guarded barrier, to the conscious, reflective mind. Intuition is logic without the middlemen.



The intellect may receive these ‘imp-press-ions’ symbolically or through “echoing” omens. - If, for example, an airline passenger cancels a flight at the last moment (a common occurrence), because he (or she) feels uneasy after receiving tiny hints that something may go wrong, then these omens are projections of unconscious symbolism. The unconscious, ‘ego-echo’/ “fun-house attic” has stored bits of information ‘re-guarding’ the total atmosphere; other passengers’ behavioral anomalies, voice-tone qualities, expressions and quirks. The subject may have latched on to another “supraneural frequency” (individual or collective). This “supraneural frequency” might be tuned into past and future cycles or oscillations; “the Unified Feel.”

You can tune into this spectrum of time, life and God quite “simply” by losing a few days or weeks of sleep, simultaneously fasting and drinking water (depending on tolerance); thereby releasing the mysterious material of the unconscious, and opening the “Sealed Book.” Carry a life preserver (of rationality) with you because if you are not afraid to become ONE with yourself and your genes, then the stream of consciousness will flood into an ocean.



“CELL-U-LOSE”

Shrouded in the foggy, cataleptic, drug-induced awareness that I am sitting in a cafeteria, I sense the intrinsic evil of this Godforsaken hospital. This chamber of sado-masochistic horrors.

Someone places a tray of “food” in front of my warped fingers. A banana, a donut and ...‘Oh, no, it can’t be! What do they want from me?! How can they be so *evil*...so cruel and heartless.’

‘Can’t eat it. I won’t...It isn’t...It can’t be...They’re just trying to shock me...*Where am I, in Hell? Surrounded by Nazis?*’

On a plastic plate, on a plastic tray, on a plastic-covered table sits something that looks like a brain! White cells, blood, gray matter, pink matter, plasma.

Feel like vomiting...‘Don’t! That’s what they want you to do! They want you to be ultimately sick of yourself. To screw yourself up. To be disgusted by own humanity. By that part of you which is uniquely human. Because they are animals!’

Old, drooling, chirping men and women hunched in their strollers, and being pap-fed, remind me of what I could easily become. “Eat it. It’s good for you,” yaps the attendant. ‘Screw you! I can’t.’ My stomach growls and someone says they hear voices again. “Eat it, or I’m taking you back to your cell, and I’ll be keeping you there.”

‘They must be feeding me Hitler’s brain, like royal jelly. Sure, they know what they’re doing. They must have kept it frozen until just this moment when they knew they had someone who had seen God and believed himself to be one with God. That must’ve been why they gave me sodium pentothal, truth serum, to see if what I had told them in the examining room was true. I am their example. Their ‘egg sample.’ And now they are fertilizing the egg. They are trying to imbue the spirit of God within me, with the very soul and brain of evil personified. Oh, how evil they are!’ As I wait,

they watch. "Eat, it, now! Come on, let's go. I can't wait all day. Stop playing with your food!" the attendant growls.

'Alright, I'll eat it. I can't go back to the cell. I'll use my "power of rationalization": It's only a projection, it's really good for me.'

The voices in the cafeteria seem concerned as to whether or not I will eat it. If I don't, it will mean, catastrophically, that I am ashamed of my own humanity and undeserving of freedom: unwritten laws - "unwritten loss." The patients are watchful of my every move; they want to know that I fear nothing. I am a symbol. I pick up the fork with the name of the hospital on it, and then begin to eat the stuffed cabbage.

'The Mush-Room' "GERMS AND WORMS"

Just desserts...

...There he is in his bed, cowering, shaking, he knows that I am here to avenge his heinous crime against humanity. Even here in this pit, he is still trying to recreate his evil German nation's germination; he now knows the secret of taking someone's soul. He can transmogrify himself into the first person he brushes against. How he does it, I don't know. But whenever he passes other patients, they begin to mumble incoherently.

I lunge at him now, and put my hands around his neck and choke him with all my might.

"AHHAHHH I'LL BE GOOD, I'LL BE A GOOD BOY!!!"

"IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW! WHY DID YOU SEND ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO THE OVENS?!! WHY?!! WHY?!!"

Thwarting his future plans, I dig my fingers into his surprisingly resilient neck as he wriggles to escape, but there is no one around to brush against. "You G-D -- worm!!" I throttle his throat even tighter.

For a 29 year-old mentally retarded person he knows enough to fake death, because as soon as I release his inflamed "lifeless" throat from my grip, he whimpers and scampers away to inform the attendant/Kommandant. (*..The Worm that never dies'.*)

As the automaton bolts down the corridor towards me, an incongruous memory pops into my head - "My German friend" being specially fed by an older, brick-red-haired, German-accented cafeteria worker and her "henchman" - a flame-red-haired, goateed, deaf-mute.

'Only the best human brains...That's what they fed him! That's his secret! Before he "died," he ate only the best human brains! They knew what they were doing, alright!'

"In-sin-you-ate."

The attendant grabs me, shoves me into the oven, and bolts the door.

'They even knew where to look for him when he was reborn. But he was born insane! He knows too much! So they built this Hell-factory for his enjoyment. He has the run of the place. He watches you suffer. He supervises your "rebirth" into the same world from which you came, while he steals your soul. HITLER IS ALIVE!...But...What's happening to me?...I wouldn't hurt a fly before.'

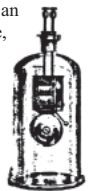
Before my eyes, the riches of the dead lay encrusted in the floor, as a spider flits across a limited horizon.

"REMOTE CONTROL"

The state hospital represents a spider. The patients are its prey. Police (stations), ambulance drivers, hospital workers and doctors are its web. Patients are chewed up by the spider and then become part of the web. If and when they are 'ex-greeted' and secreted back into society, their friends, upon learning of 'hospitalization,' do not wish to become deeply involved and are afraid of being trapped in the 'cobweb of insanity' - and pounced upon by the spider...'big daddy-longlegs'...

..."You're all from outer space," I mumbled, muttered, and then shouted at them. First at the police, then at ambulance attendant, then at the hospital workers, then at the "doctors" in the huge H-shaped building which was crying on the inside, but silent to the outside world..'Silent-H.'

The fact that they were alien ('inhuman crewmen') was an easy conclusion to reach because they all seemed cold, remote, and unable to communicate with me. Lovely, 'sit-you-away-shun.' ('I'd like to pass an "Alien and Sedation Act."')...Maybe it was just that I was from inner space ...An inner Light began to glow.



GODYSSEY

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8/28/76

1:00 PM meds - refused Thorazine - states his mouth is sore. Parents visited this PM. Refuses to eat. Stated this PM that he was Jesus. Uncooperative for most part.

9/15/76

He feels like killing himself because of the Hell he is undergoing.

9/16/76

Stated today he really did not want to kill himself yesterday. He said he could not cope with the way he felt. He described a "living hell." He thought it was due to all his medication changes. He also talked about some of the more handicapped patients such as _____ and _____. While talking about them he became teary-eyed, almost crying. He said he felt so bad for them and there was nothing he could do for them.

... He showed slides this PM to the ward. They were his own creations and everyone enjoyed them.

9/24/76

2:00 AM - Watched closely - observed staring out of room window - would not respond when spoken to - just kept crossing himself. (Much like admission behavior.)

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Honour Our Hour

6/9/78

Staggered into office. Was told to go to bed. Had been told several x's to keep clothes on. Sat on table, in day hall, nude, yoga-fashion, upsetting pts. Placed in seclusion@this time. Banging, loud up until 7:00 AM.

At 7:35 this AM, he was in seclusion room squatting by the window - he was nude. A tray was brought in to him & left. When he was checked a minute or two later, the contents of the tray were on the floor - he was lying prone w/ his head on the mattress. There was a slight amount of blood around his mouth. His color was good - pulse was rapid 120 -130. His tongue was protruding and quite swollen. He was unresponsive for about 1/2 minute, but I question whether he was unconscious or not...blood pressure $\frac{182}{5}$.

6/13/78

... Consequently, I shall:

- 1) Change Diagnosis to Affective Disturbance, Bipolar
- 2) Initiate steps for Lithium Therapy
- 3) start Navane for immediate behavioral control

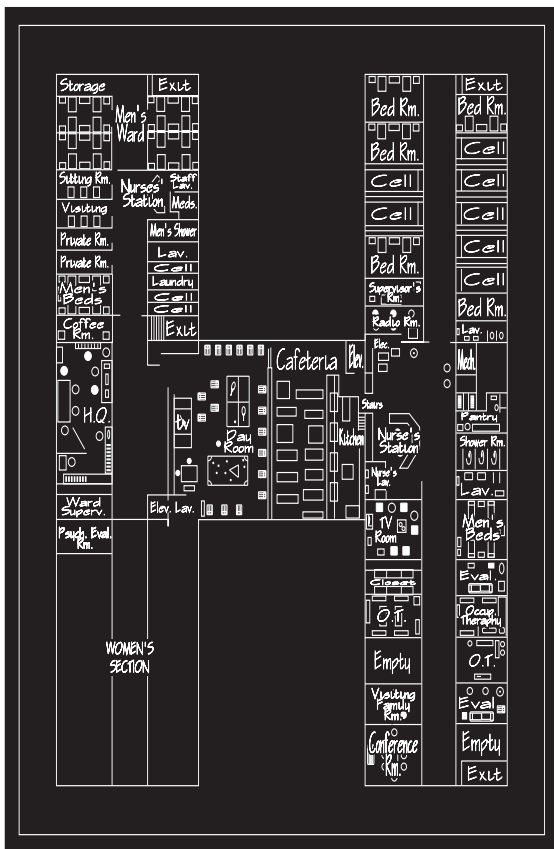
_____ M.D.

6/14/78

... Came down to my office but could not talk. ... mouth was held open, tongue not moving, drooling. ... in the elevator he said, "Help me, help me." Was reassured - supported. Looked frightened. On exit, closed mouth with effort & grinding teeth. - Knelt on the floor & then placed forehead on the ground. Wanted to go to a room by himself.

“THE H-BOMB”

A Blueprint of the Hospital



East side, West side,
All around the town,
The kids sang Ring-a-(Round)-Rosey,
London Bridge is falling down.

Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.

“THE ULTIMATE PINBALL MACHINE”

In the cinder block confines of the ward, bells ring incessantly. When someone wants to get into the ward, they push a button, it rings a bell. The “super-vision” office telephone rings constantly. And when there is an “emergency” (like someone finally realizing they are in hell, and whacking everything in sight), then there is a “special” buzzer. It sends the staff into reactionary, spasmodic chaos. That buzzer has its own hilarious sense of impropriety and absurdity.



‘Camp bells’

“B-D-D-D-D-ing-ing-ing,” when someone tries to hit a guard.

“B-R-R-R-R-ing-ing-ing,” when someone tries to kill himself.

Spontaneous, immediate running by all members of the staff in every direction. Colloidal corpuscles colliding, smashing and bumping into another like so many cockroaches scurrying away when the light is switched on, as the befuddled patients look on in various tones of amusement, amazement, confusion and terror. The mindless chaos continues until word is reached at headquarters via War telephone that the culprit has been apprehended, surrounded, manhandled and secluded. More often than not, the culprit is only “Howie” or “Jackie” or “Billy” – harmless, mentally retarded patients, autistically wandering and wondering what they can eat next. Today, Jackie has decided to eat the panic button.

When things settle down, the patients return to their normal pinball machine behavior. Walking up and down corridors, bumping into each other and the walls, as the bells of the machine keep ringing at the appropriate moments in the Game of Madness.

“WARP AND WOOF”

“I can’t sleep, I have insomnia,” I say to my Nazi guard and his fraulein.

“*Get in that bed!*” the woman grates, “Or I’m calling the nurse.”

“I can’t, the drugs make me walk back and forth.”

“Then pace and shutup!” barks the guard.

“I just want a drink of water.”

“PACE or you’re going into the quiet room!...PACE!”

In the doghouse - waiting to run. “A-n-d...they’re off!” I become a pacer in the game of madness, on the Track of Hell.

“I-MACHINATION”

‘...Evidently, all of these patients intuitively know that I’m reliving my birth and conception. Their offhand comments and laughter seem to coincide with my inner conceptions. This must all be some colossal enigma, designed by?, to point the way back to my Beginning.

These patients - characters, bits -- each represents a key piece of the overall picture. Each person’s output - recurring actions and sayings - become my input and sometime in the future, maybe years from now, it’ll all fall into place...but I must, I must keep people, places and things in proper perspective...’

‘I’m getting heavier dosages of medication,,I,I’m breaking apart into male, female and,,and Christ; I’d better rush to assemble and figure out this Life-puzzle. My task/job -to gather in mind’s eye and memory all the information that I can humanly amass, go into the Darkroom, and agitate the ‘Devil-oper’...’

*Male (father): “Take your time **but** be right.” (Positive, but over-powering.)*

Female (mother): “Hurry up, it is a matter of life and death! Every second counts.” (Negative, but intuitive.)

*Christ (God): “Take your time; be yourself. Don’t worry. **Whatever** you do is right.” (Neutral, Transcendent.)*

... ‘I must backtrack, rewind to Second no. 1, Instant no. 1, Spark no. 1...’

“ACCELERATION”

Faster. Walk faster. Now run. Run faster. It’s all in your head. Go out of your head. Pass through it. Speed up. Accelerate.

People, walls, floor, ceiling, light, shadow - blurs. Hit the wall. Bounce back - turn around - run faster. Sprint, dash, jump. Hit the other wall, bounce, spin around - faster, pass through it. It’s an illusion, it will disappear. You’ll be free. Through the space barrier. In the cyclotron...

This is it.

No more bouncing. Speed down the corridor from one end to the other. From one ex-dream to the other.

I'm not a pinball. Or a billiard ball. Or a ping pong ball.

I'm either going to smash through that wall, full-force, or smash my brains out trying. No stopping-- Past room number 309--



THIS 310

IS 311

IT 312

MY INDEX FINGER. THE WINDOW, OPEN. FINGER INSIDE. IMPACT. WINDOW SLAMS SHUT. BODY AGAINST WINDOW, WALL. IMPACT. ROOM 314. THE TIME WINDOW CLOSES.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Screaming and waking no one. DAMMIT, -HURRY, - OPEN IT! OPEN THE WINDOW.

MY FINGER, IT MUST BE CUT OFF - No, it's still there but the nail is mutilated - black, blue and bleeding. Swelling rapidly, like an engorged member.

‘What the hell did I do that for??!’

Throb.

This place is BLOODY REAL.

I'll never get out of here. You can't beat the system.

Throb.

I can't believe my finger is still there. I can't believe I'm still here.

In a nutshell, I am. In a 'nut's hell.' There is no room 313. In the Sheol game.

Beyond the window, a train whistle.

“AWAKENING”

The entire corridor has turned itself into a time/space ship. It seems to be cruising through the universe from one end to the other in search of home. It is functioning with God's consent. Abruptly, everything is bending, the floor is buckling. I am afraid the ship will break in two and leave me in deep space. People are walking, with no apparent difficulty, up a floor that curves toward the ceiling. A squashing effect is now taking place.

The entire building is compressed; foreshortened into an optical illusion. My mind is warping and bending. So *this* is what happens when you approach the speed of light. I can't take it anymore; I'm laying down and praying to God. To keep me whole, to stop the bending, to put me to sleep. 'STOP THE WARPING, GOD, PLEASE, GOD.'

The top half of my head feels as if it is coming off!

I wake up in another room.

Conservation of Energy. — The question arises, when work has been done on a body and energy communicated to it, has the energy been made out of nothing, or has it been transformed? The answer of science is that the latter is the truth. Innumerable facts and experiments show that it is as impossible to create *energy* as to create *matter*.

Whenever energy appears as the result of work done on a body or system, it is always at the expense of some other form of energy which existed previously.

‘FREEING MYSELF’ BY TAKING THE GLASS COVER OFF THE LAMP AND SMASHING THE LIGHT BULB
 //////////////////////////////////////



“From the time when the good and evil were thus con-founded two things have been necessary: (1) that the good man should be separated from the evil; (2) that the portion of the good should be restored...

Revolution is the entrance of a soul into the body of an infant at birth, to experience the pain and trial prepared for that body...

Revolution occurs (1) for the cleansing of sin; (2) fulfillment of a neglected precept; (3) for the leading of others into the right way, in which case the returning soul is perfect in justice; (4) to receive the true spouse, who was not de-served by the soul in the prior revolution.”

*- from A.E. Waite's
commentary on
Isaac de Loria's
"Book of the Revolution
of Souls," in:
"The Holy Kabbalah"*

“Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may de-vour.”

- 1 Peter 5:8

“For I assure you that it is not only quite possible, but highly probable, that the dreamer really does know the mean-ing of his dreams; *only he does not know that he knows, and therefore thinks that he does not.*”

- Sigmund Freud



Rabbi Dostai, the son of Jannai, said in the name of Rabbi Meir,

“Whoso forgets one word of his study, him the Scrip-ture regards as if he had forfeited his life, for it is said, Only take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen.”

(Deuteronomy IV:9)

Just follow the old advice
 And my cousin the snake.
 There'll come a time when your godlikeness
 Will make you quiver and quake.



- from 'Faust', Part I
 by Johann Wolfgang van Goethe



CHAPTER EIGHT

It Shall Be Remembered

"ALIEN-NATION"

One of the most frightening things I have ever heard is that "life is simply a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium ("womb to tomb"). I guess it strikes a chord of terror within all of us because it suggests that life begins and ends in institutions of life and death without a *constitution*. We are born, we live, we die. It is a monumental struggle to be human and to stare death in the face. But some people yearn for death. They want death more than anything, because life has no pleasure, only agony. Some of these people are institutionalized until they die, without as much as a Bill of Rights, never mind a Constitution. The unalienable right of institutionalized persons to pursue happiness does not exist and neither do they.

"PIECES OF THE ARCHETYPE PUZZLE"

The 54 year-old, white-haired, Irish man, with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth who says he was Jesus. I believe him. Then he asks me if *I'm* Jesus.

The 43 year-old, gray-haired, tall, nervous man who can't stop talking.

The 32 year-old dirty-blond-haired woman who looks 23 and can't stop moving or smoking.

The 21 year-old man who looks 12, can't think, and is locked in a room.

The young man who was born in 1956, looks like a photograph of a young Einstein, thinks he was Einstein, and says, "Common sense is not so common."

The lovely Oriental woman who had been in mental hospitals all her life, because she couldn't understand English.

The oldest Jewish woman who says she is 27, and is truly two people.

The youthful Protestant man who is always depressed and whose visiting sister runs away from him.

The middle-aged man who walks down the center of the halls sweating, and says he was working for the CIA. I believe him.

The craggy, old, alcoholic man who curls up in a fetal position on a chair in the "Day Room," all day long.

The quiet German man who can't look anyone in the eye.

The young, black-brown, red-blond-bearded Jewish man, who looks *everyone* in the eye.

The handsome, retarded Jewish "boy" who innocently prances around naked.

The fanatically-religious, handsome, young Arab who won't talk and when he does, says his food is poisoned. I believe him.

The middle-aged Italian man who never stops kissing the walls and never stops hugging and kissing every patient in sight.

The young Catholic man who always wears either all green clothes or all brown clothes or all purple clothes.

The heavy, bearded, eye-glassed, pipe-smoking, Syrian man who believes he was once a Pharaoh who enslaved Jews. I believe him.

The young, handsome, Thomas Jefferson lookalike who keeps saying, "Ich bin ein Berliner," and "was once an SS officer in the German Army." I believe him.

The middle-aged, salt-and-pepper-haired Gypsy woman who says she's from another planet and can read thoughts. I believe her.

The young Black woman who thinks she is pregnant with God's child.

The man who resembles Santa Claus, endlessly making the Sign of the Cross or directing imaginary traffic.

The black-haired, young man who laughs like a chimpanzee and slams his forehead into the wall and says he likes baseball. I believe him.

The lumbering, incoherent, ex-Marine who was rendered mindless and impotent by shock treatment and medication.



"CARDINAL SINS"

'Trends in Mental Medication'



Some of the "side-effects" (contraindications) of anti-psychosis tranquilizers are:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Affected vision | 27. Confusion & hallucination |
| 2. Dizziness | 28. Hyperactivity & restlessness |
| 3. Uncontrollable muscle spasms and rigidity | 29. Uncoordination |
| 4. Breathing difficulty | 30. Diabetes |
| 5. Fatigue | 31. Damage to the central nervous system |
| 6. Stress and anxiety | 32. Kidney damage |
| 7. Insomnia | 33. Liver damage |
| 8. Swelling of the arms, legs, larynx, face, hands or genitalia | 34. Slurred speech |
| 9. Pupil dilation | 35. Peeling lips, hands, & feet |
| 10. Headaches & blackouts | 36. Lethargy & depression |
| 11. Severe constipation | 37. Nightmares |
| 12. Loss of appetite | 38. Menstrual changes |
| 13. Diminished sense of taste, smell & touch | 39. Impotence |
| 14. Hives/skin rash | 40. Low blood pressure |
| 15. Teeth grinding | 41. Weight gain |
| 16. Hair loss | 42. Glaucoma |
| 17. Sensitivity to sunlight | 43. Retention of urine |
| 18. Jaundice | 44. Loss of memory |
| 19. Fever | 45. Loss of concentration |
| 20. Convulsions & tremors | 46. Loss of motor control |
| 21. Asthma | 47. Loss of self-restraint (incontinence) |
| 22. Dry mouth & distended tongue | 48. Loss of bladder control |
| 23. Blood disorders | 49. Loss of ejaculate |
| 24. Gastrointestinal upset | 50. Chest pains |
| 25. Nausea | 51. Drooling |
| 26. Nasal stuffiness | 52. Brain damage |
| | 53. Death |



Any way you play it, pass or deal - it's a stacked deck and a Joker.

“RANDOM MEMOS IN THE TRASH”



6/25/78

He asked to speak with me in my role as Supervisor. He was very angry; demanded to be released today & to talk to a Dr. He spoke on the phone to Dr. _____ and accepted the fact that he could not leave today. He talked to me at great length about many complaints which have to do w/ not enough staff members. He also showed me a sheaf of nursing reports made out at the change of shifts which he took from the trash barrel in the broom closet! He intends to use this material in his suit against the staff and hospital. He also showed me a letter which he has written to a young lady regarding his photography work & his book "Odyssey." In this letter he explains how he found God as spirals (which he drew) which entered into his head. Otherwise, the letter was clear. He stated that his speech is thickened (which it is) because he bit off the end of his tongue & chewed the edge of his tongue & his teeth. He showed me his tongue which appears whole to me.

I also told him that everything he showed me & told me would be recorded.

“NO VACANCY”

Dear Sir,

The patients on _____ (ward), _____ (hospital) are writing you to say we all are fearfully disgusted at the living conditions on our ward. We were informed that you have another building available that you chose to make vacant. We now have 23 legal beds and 33 patients. The patients feel they don't have the protection that you guaranteed at admission.

Sincerely,
(21 patients' signatures)

“DILUTE/DELUDE”

Dear _____,

The only thing I received from ward _____ came on December 13, (copy enclosed). There was no mention that the petition was to be sent elsewhere.

We discussed the petition at the Medical Staff Meeting on December 13. Miss _____ stated that there were to be some scheduled discharges, so the census was going to be reduced.

There are no empty buildings which can be available.

I strongly support the Unit's decision not to expand their ward space. They can have no additional staff. Therefore, additional wards would only decrease their staff-patients ratio and dilute the staff's effectiveness.

Sincerely,
Acting Superintendent

GODYSSEY

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“A P.B.”

Dear Dr. _____,

Please send me the Autopsy Report on the following patients:

<u>Patient's Name</u>	<u>Patient's Number</u>	<u>Date of Death</u>

Sincerely,
Acting Superintendent

(Scribbled writing - regarding above letter):

Miss _____: Choked on p.b. (?)

(author's note: p.b. probably means: piece of bread.)

“SOCIALLY SECURE”

Report to Court

This 21 year old white single female was admitted to _____ under Section 15(b) on 1-16 - with the charge of "disorderly person."

Our observations of Miss _____ reveal that she is mentally ill to the extent that she does not understand the charge against her, or the proceedings of the Court. The actions leading to the charge she believes to be an exercise of her "freedom of speech."

The charge stems from actions that took place on 1-13- the same day that Miss _____ signed herself out of this hospital against medical advice. During this current hospitalization, and the previous one, Miss _____'s thinking has been fragmented and in conflict with reality. At this point, her condition renders her unable to live outside of a protective setting without the likelihood of coming to serious harm, and she is badly in need of psychiatric treatment although she resists it strenuously.

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It Shall Be Remembered

On the basis of these observations, we recommend to the Court that the charge against Miss _____ be dropped in order that she may be committed to this hospital for treatment. A petition for her commitment under Section 7 & 8 is enclosed.

Signed, Principal Clinical
Social Worker & Acting
Superintendent

Dear Sir:

I'm writing on behalf of _____. I am his sister. My father is 86 years old and I am handling his affairs since my mother passed away last January.

I did write to your hospital several weeks ago to find out if the Social Security checks I will send you are used for the personal needs of _____, but I have not heard from anyone concerning this.

Please acknowledge my request. My father feels _____ needs money for extras such as clothing, cigarettes, etc.

I thank you for any help you can give me.

Sincerely,

MEMORANDUM

TO: Unit Chiefs
Department Heads

FROM: Asst. Supervisor/Admin.



Please make every effort to attend the Unit Chief/Department Head Meeting on Wednesday, August 23, as we will have

a guest at these meetings.

Mr. _____ representing the _____ Company will explain a special state employee tax sheltered program. Your attendance at this meeting is very important.

**

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

“In Never-Never Land”

If you find yourself being committed to a mental hospital against your will, try to keep in mind the following 6 points:

1. Stay as rational as possible: If this sounds like a contradiction, it is, -because most likely, you will be in an irrational state of mind; but if you are reading this now, you must remember to think clearly: you are in the examination room of a mental hospital, doctors are testing your logic. Think in the present tense: “My name is...Today is...I live in...” Speak only when spoken to, and answer all questions properly. Resist the urge to break down, rant, or make irrational movements. Make normal eye contact.

2. Stay calm: Worry will only increase unclear thinking. Keep your presence of mind.



3. If you are forced to sign papers, sign them: Although it may seem as if you are a prisoner of war and the enemy is trying to get a confession - these papers are commitment papers and it means that you have failed your “sanity test.” If you do not sign them, in the eyes of the law you will be viewed as incompetent. In many states, you sign yourself in and out - but if you haven't signed yourself in - the doctors and judges have literally taken your life, and you will not be able to leave the hospital anytime soon. It is possible that you may *never* be free.

4. Contact your family, and most importantly a lawyer: Your family can comfort you and the lawyer may get you out easier and faster than you believe possible. One of the most important things you do will be to contact a lawyer immediately.



5. Refuse all medications: In some states you have the right to refuse medication. Let it be known that you cannot tolerate chemicals. Say that you are allergic to many drugs. Once drugs are administered, sometimes orally, sometimes forcefully with a needle, you may never be the same again. Inform your lawyer.

6. Do not scream, hit walls, windows, patients or staff: “Cooperate.” Until you are free, you are under a microscope. Seclusion could come at any time.

“MOBIUS THINKING”

Schizophrenia is a psychiatric term describing the split with oneself from reality. A schism occurs. However, in my case, it went deeper than that. I would agree that I became hebephrenic after losing days of sleep after tremendous nervous system alteration. By alteration, I mean that my entire system had to adapt completely to a world without sleep. Dream-logic surfaced...

While I can look back at my former state of mind from the present and observe the difference, it was not so obvious at the time. In fact, I was not even aware that the administered drugs, chiefly Thorazine, may have had anything whatsoever to do with my altered thinking. I remember now that my thoughts centered around illogical, irrational, dreamlike abstractions. Noises became signals, omens, feedback. People turned into alien beings. Footsteps became ghosts, echoes. The ever-burning light overhead embodied my personal envisionment of an inaccessible God - mirror to mirror. A world of perceptions rather than conceptions. Emergence of dream-state. “Emergency.” I was out of my mind, looking in.

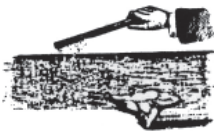
“PRINTS OF PEACE”

Directly across from my assigned bed is a poster. A mosaic sort of affair. Depicting Christ. It is truly one of the most amazing things I have ever seen. As you gaze at it you can decipher pictures within the overall portrait of the suffering Messiah. Images, symbols of His life concealed within His features. Dozens of images: a loaf of bread in His beard, a fish

in His hair, a crucifix, a mule, a chalice, a harp, a throne, a crown of thorns; even more amazing, there seem to be images of Christ as He would appear to each race, each nation, each individual - an Arab Imam, a Jewish Rabbi, a Chinese Buddha, an Indian Guru, a Black Man...

What is even more startling is that when you approach the mural it dissolves into a computer print-out, sometimes composed of meaningless numbers, letters and symbols zqox="1%0xx and sometimes meaningful words, phrases, sentences - King, Kingdom, the Lamb, Lord of Lords, The Lord is my Shepherd, Shiloh, the Staff of Life, the Book of Life, the Bright and Morning Star, the Alpha and Omega, the Word, Love.

At least this is what *I* see.



**‘THE POINT OF YOU’
“THE MEANING OF MEANING”**

The meaning of a person’s life or life in general is a difficult thing to decipher, and once deciphered becomes meaningless, simply because life is a neutral essence. *We* impart (‘imp-art’) meaning, good or bad, and *we* take it away, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, till death do us part. And, I know from personal experience, when I realized that everything had a meaning, *nothing* had meaning.

Life is a game we play with ourselves. And, tell me, what is the meaning of a game? Of baseball, for instance? Must it be seen in the light of nine innings *or* 162 games? In the context of a single inning or a season, a play-off, a World Series? In order to discover the “basic” meaning of the game of baseball, must we have an overall view of where it leads us? No, of course not. The meaning or purpose of baseball is evident even before a player steps out on the field. **To provide enjoyment for participant and viewer.** When the batter’s in the batter’s box, *you’re up.*

“BIRTHDAY CAKE”

Must we live until we die in order to understand that the purpose of life is to enjoy it? What will be the first thing your God asks you when you die? Will it be, didactically, “were you a good person?” Or will it be, empathetically, “did you have a good time?”

And if you do not have a good time, who do you blame? If it is anyone or (or anything) other than yourself, then your life has no meaning. Life can *only* be seen from the vantage point of pleasure. The point of life is satisfaction, pleasure, *climax*. If this were not true then *none* of us would be here. And *not* because of some theological reason that would imply that we were created *for* pleasure, but, *rather* because we were created *out of* pleasure. Each of us is the ‘pro-duct’ of orgasm, and from that point we ‘pro-seed’ into space and time from nothingness.





“A new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.”

- *Ezekiel 36:26*

Schwartz's confusion had reached up from his spinal cord and touched the cerebrum, where it finally froze him with horror.

At last, because even the sound of his own voice was a soothing element in a world otherwise completely mad, he spoke aloud. The voice he heard was low and tense and panting.

He said, “In the first place, I'm not crazy. I feel inside just the way I've felt...Of course, if maybe I were crazy, I wouldn't know it, or would I? No-----” Inside, he felt the hysteria rise and forced it down. “There must be something else possible.”

He considered, “A dream, maybe? How can I tell if it's a dream or not?” He pinched himself and felt the nip, but shook his head. “I can always dream I feel a pinch. That's no proof.”

He looked about him despairingly. Could dreams be so clear, so detailed, so lasting? He had read once that most dreams last not more than five seconds, that they are induced by trifling disturbances to the sleeper, that the apparent length of the dreams is an illusion.

Cold comfort! He shifted the cuff of his shirt upward and stared at his wrist watch. The second hand turned and turned. If it were a dream, the five seconds was going to stretch madly.

He looked away and wipe futilely at the cold dampness of his forehead. “What about amnesia?”

He did not answer himself, but slowly buried his head in both hands.

- from “*Pebble In The Sky*”
by *Isaac Asimov*

CHAPTER NINE

Engraven Images

“If your heart beats faster, you feel that more time has gone by.”

- *Norman Mailer, in an interview with Dick Cavett (PBS), 1979*

“Every man carries with him the eternal image of woman, not the image of this or that particular woman, but a definite feminine image. This image is fundamentally unconscious, an hereditary factor of primordial origin engraved in the living organic system of the man, an imprint or “archetype” of all the ancestral experiences of the female...”

- *Carl G. Jung*

My love and I would sit and sigh,
‘Til the moon grew pale.
We vowed and said some-day we'd wed,
In the church in the vale.
A train came to town, a stranger stepped down,
A-smil-in' so my love could see.
She answered his smile
And then af-ter a-while, the only strang-er
There was me.
And that is why, my heart and I,
Follow ev-'ry breeze...

- “*The Four Winds And The Seven Seas*”



OCTOBER, 1974
 "Magnetics"



On the grounds -.....that I might incriminate myself.....

I was drawn to the melodious sounds coming from a portable multi-band radio. Wandering over, I encountered two other fellow "inmates," about my age, lounging next to it. Assorted, sordid nuts, just like me.

"Do you mind if I sit down and listen, too?" I inquired in a 'resid-jewel,' drug-induced, faraway monotone.

"Sure, we were just getting into it ourselves...Share'n'share alike."

Lying on the green, dew-grass, arms behind head, I closed my ephemeral, emerald eyes to the strange world around me, and ruminated on this village of unfortunates.

A sonorous minute of rock music passed, my face turning itch-red as I was staring into the burning eye of the sun: when, abruptly, a voice belonging to one of my newfound friends blurted, "Did you have a vision of God?" ...A momentary hole in the conversation.. 'Sun-spots' before my eyes...

"Why did you say that?...Yeah, as a matter of fact I did. But, why did you ask me, out of the blue?"

"I don't *know*," he said, "I just felt that I should. You see, I had a vision of Christ." His voice turned somber-brown. Obviously, he identified God and Jesus Christ as the same entity.

"Yeah, I had a vision of God, in fact that's one of the things that led up to me being in this God-awful place!" I said, scratching my chin; 'itch-red, alright.'

"Yeah, me too!" He chortled, "I *told* you." He nudged his companion. "But what was your vision?"

"Hey, this is really strange, that you decided to bring this up, what's your name?" I could almost hear it coming...

".....," he said.

"That's *my* name, too...Ya know, they shaved my beard off today...When was your birthday?" I asked, hoping for some further connection.

"September 19, 1953," said my semi-bearded namesake, incidentally. The radio omnisciently played "Cord of Life."

"Jesus, I don't believe this. My birthday is September 18, 1954. I know a guy, in my ward, that I became friends with, whose birthday is September 17, 1953."

"Wow, this is getting heavy." He laughed and I laughed. His friend, owner of the radio, and probable "paranoid-schizophrenic," started to sit up and take notice of the proceedings.

Somehow, I knew that the parallels were just beginning...

"TOTAL ECLIPSE"

As I began to "spin" my story, I felt that tingle that originates at the back of the neck, continues to the face and into the psyche.

"Well, I "woke up" one morning and had a vision of brownish pebbles and sand, as if looking through water, but believe me that was only the catalyst--what was your vision?" A faraway, droning train whistle interrupted our train of thought.

He almost recited it, "It was at 3:45 in the morning on August 26th - I was looking up at the ceiling, I couldn't get to sleep, when all of a sudden I saw a vision of Christ against a background of spirit and clouds with an aura and stars around Him. It was unbelievable."

"August 26," I said, "was one day after I had discovered a system at the race track. On August 25th, I almost went out of my mind with excitement."

Upon hearing this, " " and his friend in the short-brimmed cap, turned to stare at each other with mouths agape, the train advancing; Doppler effect. 'Loco-motives.'

"I figured out a system at the race track, too! Just around that time. Wow, hey Benny, I told you about this, a little while ago! Hey " " .."

Before he could finish, I smiled and said, "You're the guy I've been looking for. I just knew there had to be someone who went through the same thing that I did." It never crossed my mind that this may have been an irrational thought process. Nor did it occur to my alter ego.



Benny stiffened noticeably, as he confirmed everything that my counterpart had mentioned to him. He was, to coin a word, "parallelyzed."

We were now laughing uncontrollably. Benny was seeing double.

"Hey, you know something," I said, looking him in the eye, "you are my spiritual Doppelgänger, and I'm yours. We must be each other's guardian angel." '*..psychic sidekick..*'

"Holy crow," he commented.

"Holy crow on toast," I commented.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!" We commented, over the roar of the train engine. I commenced to pull out and unfold a sheet of paper from my pocket. - On it, I'd written down some of the things that had happened to me. I showed it to them for further proof. After all, being in a state hospital, one can't be too careful.



“CAN’T E’EN BE ALONE”

The food and drink machines inside the canteen seem to be alive. They’ll take your cash and leave you flat broke and hungry. The microwave oven will sterilize you, so cover your genitals, folks...I slurp cold-spirit-water from the electrified bubbler and then waltz into a neighboring travel-postered room. A large juke box blares. On the floor of an adjacent room sits a large color TV - the only one I’ve seen in the whole place. A baseball game is beamed to the glassy eyes of two patients. “Does anybody mind if I see what’s on the other channels?”

No reply.

Click.



“HEY, LEAVE THAT TV ALONE!” shouts an older, eye-glassed, one-time patient, who now oversees operations in the canteen. Wish he’d mind his own P’s and Q’s. He disappears into the postered snack room and lurks near the juke box.

A wooden telephone booth stands in the corner near the television. I slip inside, slip a quarter in the slot and dial home. The phone is dead. The quarter is lost. No use trying to talk to the “Caretaker.”

I pirouette into the main dining area, to a bank of phone booths. Scooting inside and sealing the box, I look up to see a small concentric circle-light pop on. Makes me shaky.

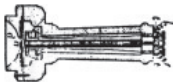
Lifting the receiver and plunking another quarter in, plink, plunk, plunk,- I dial home. “The number you have reached is not in service at this time...” “Whadd’ya mean? What the hell’s goin’ on here?”

Washington falls down into the coin return. Scooping it out, I try the next booth over.

“...Circuits are busy...”

Next booth.

“...Disconnected...” ..‘Hell, am I cut off from the world here?!’ And to top that off, -no coin. -No happy return. I slam my fist into the damn machine.



“HEY, LEAVE THAT PHONE ALONE!” Guess who?

See ya later, alligator.

Returning to the “H” within my “prescribed” ‘pri-village’ time, I try one of the lonely phone booths near the elevator. Light’s out, ramshackle door won’t close, insane graffiti..should be condemned. Last quarter, plink, plunk, plunk.

B-z-z-z-z-z-z, B-z-z-z-z-z-z, B-z-z-z-z-z-z, B-z-z-z-z-z-z,...

No answer. Well at least I’m getting through.

B-z-z-z-z-z-z, B-z-z-z-z-z-z, B-z-z-z-z-z-z



“Hello?” my mother’s quasar voice.

“Hello, get me out of here.”

Back up on the ward, the mosquito-nurse intravenously sucks another pint of my wine-blood; wants a cup of amber urine...I dip the little cup in a quart of polluted toilet water. “My cup runneth over.” I’m a big tipper.



“INDIVIDUUM”

...That night -

A waking nightmare - Hitler’s monopoly:

The Germans invented a time-machine in 1943. In 1945, Hitler escaped into a future dimension after killing his Jewish lookalike./The Russians have populated the ‘hospital’ with chessmen-robots and ‘genioids’ - part clone, part machine, part alien./The Chinese have placed a large, red, mind-reading, soul-stealing, circular light on the “ward”; a ‘Chinese-checker.’/The ward is, in reality, a flying alien space-ship./The aliens, Chinese, Russians and Hitler’s Germany are “cohorts in cahoots.”/A Chinese clone has just placed a hydrogen bomb on the floor at 3 AM: kick the can.,The mind-stealing machine has been turned on and is staring at me: hide and

seek,,I am solitarily awake, in the checkerboard-floor, archetype American ark; so, "king me.",The bomb will annihilate us if I can't stop time, and defuse it. I sweat profusely, thinking about another Warp; refusing to give up. I begin to blink my eyes fast - like the shutter of a movie camera, and I count as many frames as I can without stopping. THE BOMB BEGINS TO EXPLODE! - But - only **SNAPS** and **FLASHES** -on frame 19. If I had stopped blinking, we all would have perished. The hydrogen atom burnt its image indelibly onto my retina and soul. Frame 19 looked like this: ∞ :a crazy eight.

The hospital is a flying concentration camp, time-machine, extracting information about God from the Unconscious. Everything outside the hospital is a holographic projection. I would like to take command of the ship and fly it to Israel. Where God is real. All ye, all ye, entry..Israel - be in-tent -- upon security...blanket...blank it...

The nightmare has scared me into the next dimension.

"ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS"

Q. Who looks, sounds, feels, tastes, smells, moves, and thinks like no one else?...

Non-existence may eventually lead to a kaleidoscopic, prismatic, Rorschach Test in, what I call, the "Lookalike-Sensealike Dimension." This pseudo-reality is comparable to "finding yourself" in a pitch-black, soundless, "senseless" Room. One will spontaneously generate images, noises, and "sensual" impressions based upon the previously-grooved 'Monu-mental' Record. These recreations are composed of lookalikes, soundalikes, feelalikes, tastealikes, smellalikes, movealikes, and ultimately, thinkalikes.

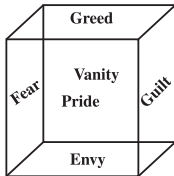
And what happens when one exhausts (tires of) the personal storehouse of "souvenir" albums? If one has identified oneself with a finite entity, when "theft of nonpersonal possessions" (stealing Toys from Someone Else's Attic) has taken place, 're-in-car-nation' ('re-berth' on the tunnel-emergent, Concentration Camp-bound, Train of Thought) is 'immanent.'

However, if One has the foresight, hindsight, and Insight to recognize One's true 'Id-entity,' One is as limitless as Space, as timeless as Eternity, and as Inconceivable as God.



....A. You, inside a sealed, six-sided, mirrored box.

And if you should then need a drink of water, you must break the glass, shatter the crystal 'ill-you-shun' (the mirage), and walk in 'Freed-Om' to the nearest Oasis.



“JACK * IN * THE * BOX”

6/30/78

... continues to have bizarre gestures tonight. He seems to be hallucinating. He speaks as if he was on a spaceship, always in code, etc. He refuses to answer any question rationally. He also wrote all over his upper body with a pen.

7/2/78

Talks about a book he has written named "Godyssey." Very deluded at this time.

7/6/78

... attempt made to discuss medications with Pt. He was full of distractions, jokes and teases, but would not discuss medication. ... we would have to start with an antipsychotic ...

_____ M.D.

7/6/78

... stated his eyes were radioactive, that if he stared at someone he didn't like, they would die ...

7/10/78

... keeps insisting that the lights are emitting X-rays.

7/24/78

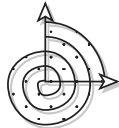
... was very threatening to the other patients this evening ... has been very hypo, threatening to hit staff, throwing books, furniture, etc. Was put in secluded room.

.. sarcastic toward staff . . Rang Panic Button . . put in quiet rm . .



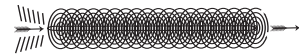


“INFINITE DESTINY”



Is there a time barrier? We all know there is a sound barrier, especially when a high-speed jet flies overhead. Presumably, there is a light barrier, since light travels at a recordable speed of over 186,000 miles per second. However, Albert Einstein's theory of **relativity** claims this barrier to be **absolutely** unbreakable. Modern scientists tend to agree with this conclusion, and the velocity of light is sometimes referred to as the ultimate 'speed limit' of the universe.

If one were to somehow manage to travel faster than 186,283 miles per second, then he (or she) would supposedly be forced to accelerate (or retro-accelerate) into the past, to turn time *back upon itself*. Of course, this traveller would also acquire infinite density and probably “infinite *destiny*.”



The structure of matter (or energy) necessitates a speed of light (and time) terminus, just as a train needs a track and a destination.

Peculiarly, however, when voyaging at almost the speed of light (99% or thereabouts), then, a time-dilation effect should occur, according to the Special Theory; that is, a *time-expansion* or time-slowness effect - the clock rate would slow down.* A **sixty-year journey**, by clocks on a spacecraft, would bring the passengers back home to earth **5,000,000 years** after their departure. Truly staggering to any imagination.

Recent speculation about so-called 'black holes' has also been quite mind-bending. Apparently, black holes are, in reality, stars which have collapsed under their own massive pressure into a kind of infinite void. The intense gravitational field will not even allow *light* to escape. A black hole can *only* be detected through inferential data.

The series of events leading up to the 'creation' (or uncreation) of a black hole is as follows: the star grows dimmer and denser, until becoming successively - a black dwarf, a pygmy star, a neutron star (where neutrons would be packed together, and a square inch would weigh millions of tons), and finally, a perforation in our universe.



“*Top Secrets*”
“A BOX MARKED FRAGILE”

She calls herself Elisha-Beth. I can feel her angelic presence. In a serious tone of voice, I ask her if she is from Sirius. - An uncertain, shaggy headshake.

From Electra? Bethlehem?

* Approaching zero but never quite getting there. Strange things would also happen to other dimensions (height, weight, etc.).

"I'm looking for someone," she says, as she proceeds to show me a photograph of a dark-haired, bearded young man. "Have you seen him?"

"I don't know him," I say, eyeing this lissome, winsome lady, "You look like you just came in from the War...what...what's it like in the outside world?"

Blue denim shirt, light blue jeans, sneakers...moving in small, nervous steps - a floating, azure fog.

"It's awful - awful out there," she seems tentative; about to break.

"Was there a War? What happened?"

"Hold me," she comforts. "It'll be alright."

"Did you, uh, did you go through the same thing I did - you know-the Warp?"

"Mm-hmm," she hugs me tighter as the faraway train is coming closer.

"It was awful, wasn't it? Was it a nuclear warhead or God or what?"

"I can't say now," her hazy, green eyes drug-dilating.

"You mean you know what it really was?...It *was* God, wasn't it?"

"Mm-hmm."

Looking at her chapped lips, I lick my own. "I need a drink of this heavy water here, don't go anywhere, now, don't disappear on me."

Drinking deuterium water from the bubbler, thinking I've finally found someone who might have gone through the spiral-wringer - I wasn't alone.

"You, uh, you know what I was talking about, right? The Warp, the furi-ous spiralling or concentric circles or whatever it was?"

"Yes, oh, yes it's been impressed on my mind. This is what it looked like."

She proceeds to take a stone-jewel, ellipse-shaped pendant from around her neck and turns it over. On it is the symbol of the *Nuclear Warp*.

"That's fantastic, that's it!" I have found my other half -Contact. *'Love-struck.'*

"I know," glows the empath, nodding her rain-or-perspiration-wet head. Her overall appearance is in a state of disarray, but she is beautiful to me.

"How did that happen?"

"It was always there."

"Are you ... human; are you from another dimension - the future?"

"I come from the same place you come from; I was always here."

'Am I human?'

"Come here," I say to her with a shyness, "You wanna see what the Universe looks like? You see that silvery reflection of the fluorescent light - on the metal sink-top there?"

"Yuh."

"That's it - it's pill-shaped; like a 'time release' capsule...Hah, heh....You have the right to refuse medication, you know. Please stop it before it's too late."

She takes out another picture - of her as a child; and points out a shiny, oblong blur on her small, right wrist. She gives me her leather bracelet, moving closer. Her chapped lips kiss mine as we entwine...Aleph, Beth..I love Beth...

I have seen the future and it is sex.

She is released the next day...gone.

...*'You win some, you lose some.'*



OCTOBER 17, 1974
"LP"

Four clock tower faces stopped at 9:05..."And when it's dry and ready, Drayd I will play"...

....As an outpatient - ***

Jokingly, I tell a tale to the number one switchboard operator in

the red-brick administration building. "My new watch is nuclear powered and connected to a pacemaker in my heart." She is paying half-attention, ensconced behind wires, radios, a black and white TV, tape recorders, digital clock, regular clock, CB radio, touchtone phone, headphones, and ever-burning gooseneck lamps.

Scratching my peeling chameleon-skin and turning to a large pendulum clock on the wall that reads 12:29, I casually inform the amused, bemused operator that her clock is off by a minute, because the exact time by my nuclear watch is 12:30 and 30 seconds. Beep.

The brass, gong pendulum with the concentric circles on its surface looks like a gold-record swinging back and forth through time at its own majestic pace. A long-playing record of time. "Oh, and, uh, who are you?" she asks. "Joe King," I say.

The operator and I both laugh as I wink a green eye at her and tick-tock away. But before I leave, I take a smuggled-in Ni-cad powered flash unit out of my jacket pocket and tell her to 'watch the birdie.' FLASH! She sits bubble-eyed and open-mouthed. I'm out the door. I have to meet my parallel pal in the red-brick canteen.

"PAL"

"We gotta be ourselves from now on."

"Yuh, or we'll end up in here again, so we gotta cool it."

"Absolutely, that's what I'm trying to say."

"And make our own lives."

"Right, if you make your own life, if you *worry* about yourself, you'll take care of everybody. Because everybody else will too."

"Right. You're exactly right...Let's make an atom - two atoms. How do we do it, now?"

"Watch careful. Watch my hands...You can do yours your way. This is my way. Do it easy, okay...You always have to release it, though, it's got to be free."

I just blew it way up in the sky."

"You just blew your mind. That's what you've been doing, you get it?"

"God's comin', you know. He's at the speed of light right now."

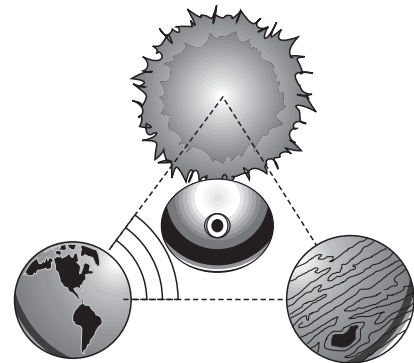
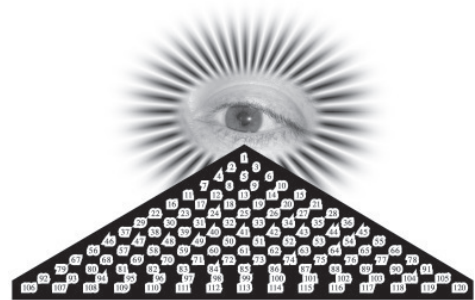
"He's like the eye, you know, the eye on top of the pyramid - the Great Seal? One Eye, and lines coming out from that Eye. He comes. 'Ask and you shall receive.' It's up to you. Whenever someone is ready to delve into their own subconscious - God delivers."

"God is comin', ya know?"

"Yes, I know."

"He's on His way here. That's why the sun is much brighter today."

"God..has..a pyramid of invisible energy, spirit ready to protect this earth from cosmic rays, kind of a cosmic-raise..."



...“Jest stop rotating, will you,” said Mr. Fotheringay.

Incontinently he was flying head over heels through the air at the rate of dozens of miles a minute. In spite of the innumerable circles he was describing per second, he thought; for thought is wonderful—sometimes as sluggish as flowing pitch, sometimes as instantaneous as light. He thought in a second, and willed. “Let me come down safe and sound. Whatever else happens, let me down safe and sound.”

He willed it only just in time, for his clothes, heated by his rapid flight through the air, were already beginning to singe. He came down with a forcible, but by no means injurious, bump in what appeared to be a mound of fresh-turned earth. A large mass of metal and masonry, extraordinarily like the clock tower in the middle of the market square, hit the earth near him, ricocheted over him, and flew into stonework, bricks, and masonry, like a bursting bomb...

- from “*The Man Who Could Work Miracles*”
by H.G. Wells



“Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

- *Jesus Christ*
(John 3:3)

Chapter Ten

FREEDOM

Wisdom says of herself:

*I came out of the mouth of the most High,
and covered the earth as a cloud.
I dwelt in high places,
and my throne is in a cloudy pillar.
I alone encompassed the circuit of heaven,
and walked in the bottom of the deep.*

- Jesus, the Son of Sirach

“In the child, consciousness rises out of the depths of unconscious psychic life, at first like separate islands, which gradually unite to form a “continent,” a continuous landmass of consciousness.”

- *Carl G. Jung*

“One time, God showed me how to clear up the skies.”

- *anonymous mental patient*

“MIND”

**Computer to store information
Files gathering dust in the dark
Cause of all thirst for knowledge
Forgetter when duty requests.**

**Bird that takes flight unrestrained
Child that must be set free
Spark of desire for beauty
Flame seeking love to sustain.**

**Savior of sins unrepented
Wanderer through depths of despair
Jury and judge unrelenting
Physician, healer of wounds.**

**Mind - boundless traveller through time
Jailer of my body
Keeper of my soul
Mind - with a mind of its own.**

*- A poem by Alice Kimberly,
from her book: “Expressions”*

“Believe nothing on the faith of traditions, even though they have been held in honour for many generations, and in divers places. Do not believe a thing because many speak of it. Do not believe what you have imagined, persuading yourself that a god inspires you. Believe nothing on the sole authority of your masters or priests. After examination, believe what you yourself have tested and found to be reasonable, and conform your conduct thereto.”

- Buddha

“STATUTES OF LIBERTY”

The underlying purpose of the Ten Commandments is to free the individual from guilt, fear, envy and greed, and to allow him the full enjoyment of life. If you place your Faith in anyone other than God, you will be disappointed and frustrated. If you have a monetary system (my own interpretation of ‘graven image’) you will have greed. If you use God’s name in vain, you merely diminish yourself in your own eyes. If you forget to rest, relax, and enjoy life (not keeping the Sabbath holy), then you have forgotten why you are alive. If you do not honor your parents, you do not honor yourself, for you *are* your parents. If you commit murder, you kill yourself mentally. If you commit adultery, you create guilt, fear and jealousy and run the risk of venereal disease. If you steal, you foster guilt, fear, envy and greed, and you lose regard for your own worth. If you bear false witness, you will bear the burden of a weighty conscience. If you covet your neighbor’s spouse or property, you create a condition of unending dissatisfaction and unhappiness because the world is replete with “outwardly-beautiful people”; and you are, by definition, amidst your neighbors and their possessions.

These are the fundamental (‘fund of mental’) rules of life and if they are consciously broken, life becomes a deep, wine-dark sea of futility which only the searchlight of God’s Love can penetrate...for the Time Being, we sleep.

“LIFE AND DEPTH”

Is sleep comparable to death? What is the purpose of sleep? Is it the same as the purpose of death? It may be that nothingness is God’s greatest gift to humanity. Nothingness is a “period” of for-giving and for-getting - Absolution. Of course, the dream-state is filled with images, sense-impressions, memories and fantasies (“human nature abhors a vacuum”), so that someone who claims not to have had any dreams during his sleep may have actually forgotten them. Is *his* nothingness relative? And if so, to whom is it relative - the Dreamer? Perhaps death should have been called ‘depth,’ for that word carries with it a more specific meaning. When you are in a deep sleep, a sleep of virtual unconsciousness, where the night seemingly passes into day without a feeling of intermediacy, then you closely approximate the state of being before birth. In other words, nothingness. Non-memory. Depth. But the question remains whether **pre-birth** is comparable or equivalent to

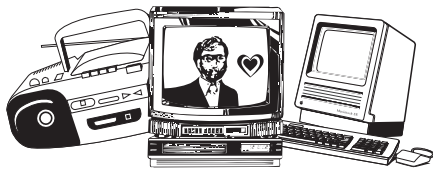
post-life or even **post-death**. For what follows death, if anything? -Or should the question be: *who* follows death? Is it you? Or is it *it*? Should the sequence be: pre-birth, life, post-death/pre-birth, life, post-death/pre-birth, etc., ad infinitum? This is the reincarnationist's perspective. Should the sequence be: birth, life, death? This is the fatalist's or "realist's" viewpoint.

Or should the 'seek-whence' simply and eloquently be: life? For this is the only vista that the human mind can comprehend. Grasping one's death is schizophrenic, avoid looking into vaporescent eternity. -What this is saying is: forget all your fears. Forget all your worry and guilt. Stop persecuting yourself for fear of "future punishment." Death is an illusion. Hell is a construct. Heaven is a dream. Earth is reality. Life is all there is. When you don't live, you don't know it. So, live, love, life.

"DAYDREAMS OF THE DIMENSION OF LOVE" 'Long Shots'

We are living in a world of magic. Everything we have of a highly technologic nature has been *created* from nature. Rocks, plants, and elements are 'magically' transformed into tape recorders, TV's and computers. So that, in a world where magic is taken for granted and miracles are assumed to stem from scientific roots, a true miracle does not exist, for it would always be viewed under the "harsh fluorescence" ('floor-essence') of technological reality, which consists of a spectrum unto itself.

Miracles are either non-existent or explainable in this construct. They simply do not exist. But to a blind person, light does not exist, only in his or her imagination, which of course, can never equal the actuality of an iridescent, neon sunset. And in the same respect, we are all blind to the splendorous "colors" of heaven. Now this does not necessarily mean that we should see new colors in heaven if heaven exists. I, for one, am perfectly content



with all the physical beauty of this earth. What it means to be blind to the light of heaven is that interpenetrating love is invisible. The miraculous dimension of love is experienced by the believer whose eyes are open. In this sense, blindness to love is self-created. But I would be misleading you if I said that in order to see a magnificent, munificent Heaven of Love, you need merely to open your eyes and look around. Rather, you have to be love(d).

This does not necessarily mean that you 'act' righteously, or live a highly religious life. 'Love' is a verb and a noun. "I love you" does not mean the same thing as, "I am love." If I love you, it is because I have a reason. If I am love, no reason is necessary. If I love you because I have a reason, then before I had a reason I did not love you. Should I love you before I have a reason? Yes, because *I am* you. We *are* human. We experience life with same anxieties and fears. We all want people to love and accept us. If I am love, it does not mean that I am not hate. Because I am human, and to be human means living in a spectrum of experience from love to indifference to hate.

I love freedom and hate communism. To me, communism is another word for Gehenna and, of course, freedom is *not synonymous* with capitalism. I hate the competitive monetary system which encourages greed and envy, and wraps the gift of love in a green paper package. But liberty exists in democracy and democracy now exists with capitalism fueling its furnace. I suggest we take a 'lower case to a Higher Court.'

One solution would be a "freedomocracy" where love is the unit of exchange and mutual respect is the "small change" for the 'better-mint' of all. A freedomocracy would free us from the interlocking bonds of greed, money and pride. The "strait jacket" that prevents love from expressing itself. The *love* of money is *not* the root of all evil - *money itself* is. I believe that the true meaning of the phrase 'graven (engraven) images' is money. (Treasury=treachery).

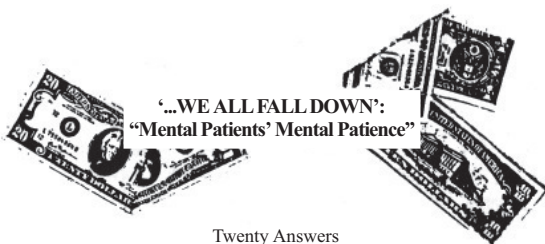
Please imagine a world where money does not exist. A world where everyone works *for the love of it*. Where *everything* is free. All food, clothing, housing, merchandise, all human wants and needs. A society where everything and everyone is **free**. What desire would there be not to work at something you love? And *for* something you love? What desire would there be to steal? There would be no need. All 'bureaucrazy' would cease; all banks would close; all accountants, secretaries, agents, insurance men, bondsmen, brokers, treasurers, bankers, and other "paperwork middlemen" would be forced to pursue more useful and enjoyable endeavors. In fact, the need for *all* middlemen would be eliminated.

The only possible remaining crimes, those against another person, or his or her home, would be a crime against the self. The only judgements

rendered would be self-inflicted. The guilt or innocence of an individual can only be known to oneself. In your mind you are either guilty or innocent and suffer or live with a clear conscience. The human conscience is the most powerful eliminator of evil. If only given a chance. The purgatory of the mind is the only one which teaches that a crime against others is a crime against self. The purgatory of prisons or mental hospitals teaches that a crime against others is a crime against others. By harming another person, you have harmed yourself physically, mentally and spiritually when confined for an indefinite period in an Institution. However, your soul rebels against the system which placed you in a physical purgatory, instead of allowing your nervous system to serve as a psychic purgative. This rebellion ('rebel-lion') is justified.

The first step in the creation of a freedomocracy would be to release all mental patients, because they remind us of what it means to be human.

...All daydreams, all whimsy, all folly...



Twenty Answers

Q. What would you like to say to people on the outside?

- A. "Heaven help the world."
- A. "Peace, my friends, peace; love thy neighbor as thyself."
- A. "Common sense is not so common."
- A. "Glory be to God on the highest and peace toward people."
- A. "God bless America...God is Coming."
- A. "Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord..."
- A. "Oh, when the Saints go marching in!"
- A. "America, A-miracle, God shed His Grace on thee..."
- A. "I can't even get aroused, this place is taking my arousal away."
- A. "Why can't hate be 3000 light-years away?"

Q. What kind of medication have you been given, and how do you feel?

- A. "They've got me on powerful medication - Thorazine..God help me."
- A. "I was acting really strange on Prolixin. I was hitting everybody...medication seems to do strange things to people."
- A. "Prolixin - it gives me these terrible nightmares, but I'm used to it. Now, I just suffer...they made me into an invalid."
- A. "Thorazine - ha, ha...it isn't funny, but I have to laugh or I'll get sick."
- A. "Everything in the book. Haldol, Artane, Lithium, Trilafon. Haldol's hell, Artane's awful, Lithium makes you listless, and Trilafon turns you into three people."



“REVERSE PSYCHO-LOGIC”

Q. “How long have you been a psychologist?”

A. “You’re trying to turn the tables on me. You really want to remember what I say? I’m sure you could remember what I say, even without the aid of a tape recorder.”

Q. “It’s good therapy.”

A. “I’m really not so sure. I think it’s a gimmick.”

Q. “Why?”

A. “I don’t know why.”

Q. “Don’t you think that Thorazine is a very bad drug? A very strong, powerful, mind-distorting drug?”

A. “No.”

Q. “I went through a pure Hell in here and I would like someone to know what I’ve been through; maybe they could help some other people, and I can’t help people alone...I would just like my doctors to know - to help others. Please stop the drugs.”

A. “Right. Uh-huh.”



“SOMEONE STEPS ON JEFF-FREE”

In the fetal position,
in the corner
of the room

Lies Jeffrey,
changeling child -

One of God’s chosen,
They say.

They say he is blessed
They say he’s a nuisance.
He yearns for the dust
of compassion.

Smiling to himself
A cherubic smile,
Drooling the
drool of
contentment,

He
Listens
To himself
Mumble.

Someone
Steps on Jeffrey
Sucking his thumb of life
Smiling to himself
Mumbling.

Twenty years old
Tomorrow.
Looking
Like a
Child
of ten.

My, how fortunate
They say
Never to age a day.
And he hasn’t.

My God
Why God?
In the fetal position
in the corner
of the room

Someone steps on Jeffrey
Drooling drool and singing songs.

Gazing with
Marble-eyes
At the painting
of Paradise

Near the
room.

The room -
He knows
That word
somehow.

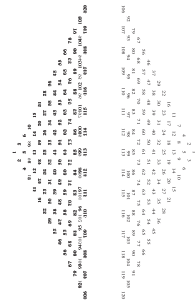
Somehow
This was all
Meant
To
Be,
Jeffrey.
From out
of his mouth
A shofar sounds
So far,
So far away.

It's dark out now
with clouds
of desperation.

He knows
It's time
To go home.
Home to his dreams
At least until
Morning.
The people come
To drag Jeffrey
Home
To
His
Nightmare-room

Unborn
Faces --
Fingers strain
To touch his
Keepers.
He knows
It's time
To go home,
Somehow.
Solitary
Light in my
Ceiling-sky
Is
My God.

A glass eye
Imprisons
My God
Also.



Why God?
Will I Hurt
Myself
Touching you?
One day
I will
Know
You
O
Unending
One
Who will
One day
Return
Me
To
My
Womb.

In shadow,
Long
Plutonium fingers stretch
Out under the steel door
Straining to feel freedom.
Someone steps on Jeff-
Free
My God,
Why God,
Why?



7/30/78

Pt. was asked at 3:45 PM if he would like to leave the seclusion room and refused. Pt. was also threatening toward staff.

7/30/78

Pt. assaulted pt. _____ for no apparent reason and was secluded at 7:00 PM.

8/1/78

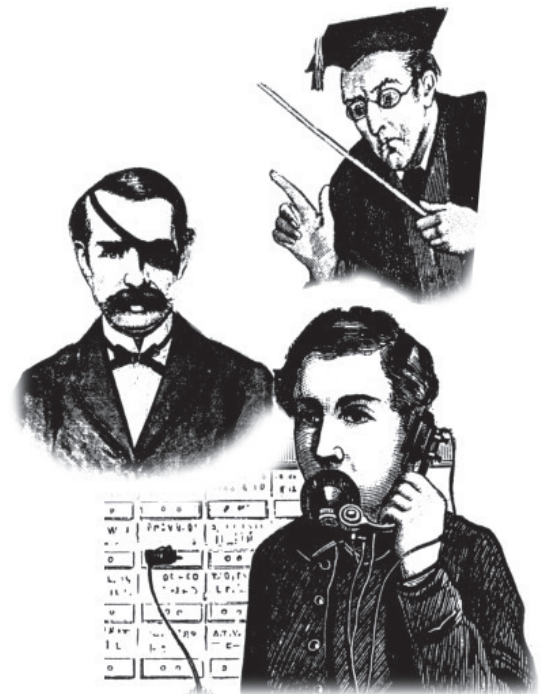
Pt. assaulted attendants. . .Was secluded at 10:15 PM . . . called everyone he saw the devil.

9/1/78

In my recent conversations with him, Mr. _____ has shown a good deal of appropriateness, communicativeness and self control. He has mobilized himself to find a job, and apparently is proceeding to find living quarters.

. . . I feel it would still be important for him to remain on your books until he has demonstrated ability to cope with the demands of life outside his family, since I think that commitment is the only viable handle . . .

_____ M.D.



* *
“THE LABYRINTHINE ELUSION”
‘ESCAPE VELOCITY’

They told me to report to a red-brick workshop for possible rehabilitation..

..It looks like a World War II German bunker - massive cement bricks; a double set of “air-lock” doors serve as the only outlet; low, arching ceiling; few, if any windows, and none open, even on this sweltering day... ‘brick-oven baking.’

Obviously-retarded people are, for the most part, putting boxes into boxes into boxes; or cans into boxes into boxes.

Way in the back of this brick oven, hidden behind piles of cardboard boxes, two men and two women are engaged in very strange activity. With a pencil, they are swirling a small, metal disc with a hole in its center on a sheet of graphite. They turn them over, swirl them again, put them in a box and repeat this process incessantly.

My curiosity is aroused. “What are you making?”

“Missile parts,” says a female patient, matter-of-factly. That swirling noise is beginning to sound familiar. **10**

“Missile parts?” I respond somewhat incredulously, and turning to the female supervisor, “Are these really missile parts?” **9**

“That’s right,” she says, her green-yellow cat’s eyes meeting mine. More swirling. “Who are *you*?” ..(‘Rick O’Shea’) **8**

“Come on, you’re kidding me, right?” turning to a male patient, “What are you really making?” **7**

“Rocket parts for a big, big one. Whhooosshh!!!” **6**

“But I, it’s not, no, you don’t mean; they can’t make you, uh..” ..It is beginning to add up. **5**

Approaching another male supervisor, I ask him confidentially: “Is it true that they are making parts for, uh, missiles?” **4**

“Yes. Now I think it’s time for you to leave.” **3**

Graphite/lead, radiation protection. “It’s, it’s nuclear isn’t it?!” **2**

“Come on, let’s go.” The swirling sounds fade as he ushers me out of the installation. ...‘*peace work*’... **1**

“YOU’RE MAKING A F – ING ATOM BOMB! AREN’T YOU?!” **O**

“Hey, listen. Why don’t you split? Before I call your doctor!” he says,

“Who ARE you?” ..(‘Tim Spac’)

IGNITION

“TLL SPLIT, ALRIGHT!!” The pressure is too much. **LIFT OFF**

I run towards the clock tower in the middle of the hospital grounds. I have to tell everyone what is going on here... ‘**EVACUATE! EVACUATE!**’ - “THEY MAKE THE H-BOMB HERE!! SPLIT AND TELL EVERYONE!!!!”

I KNOW!!! Someone calls back as the clock strikes two. BOI-OI-OINNG!! “IRONIC, ISN’T IT???” BO-OI-OINNG!!

..A mouse runs up the Clock.



‘Past Tense’
“THE OBSERVATION TOWER”

There is a smell of ozone in the air. My yellow orbs catch sight of a monarch butterfly.

The building housing the Clock Tower is open for the first time. I scramble inside, past a court hearing room. Incongruously or congruously (‘congressly’) depending on how you look at it, there is a basketball court adjacent to the courtroom. It’s a long distance to a stage at the other end of the building. A piano sits on the stage. There is a water cooler at this end of the court. A black telephone sits on the floor next to it. I lift up the receiver from its cradle, and ramble coherently into it: “Hello, how are you? I’d like an outside line, please.”

“Just fine, *who* is this?”

“This is Doctor Godfree. Who is *this*?”

“Where are you *calling* from?”

I can see this isn’t working.

“Where are you *answering* from?”

“Who is this??” she shrills.

“**This is *who* this *is***” - CLICK. How do THEY like it? Who the Hell are THEY?!.


Up a curving staircase I bound, hearing my echoing footsteps rumble in the empty building. The balcony of the auditorium is "adorned" with a broken, flattened Christmas tree. Its baubles and bangles strewn all over the dust-covered wooden floor. I circle the outline of the tree and somewhat nervously enter a small, dark, cob-webbed booth.

For the first time, I am alone in the dark with myself and my projections of heaven and hell. The theatre must be dark for the movie to be shown; the eyes must be closed for dreams to begin. Maybe this is all a Nightmare. Maybe this is what happens when we disregard the past. Everything crumbles. All turns to shambles. All alone in the dark.

I sit in the abandoned projection booth and try to make some sense of what I've been through. But I can't. It's like trying to assemble the pieces of a vast jigsaw puzzle without knowing what the picture will be.

I walk out of the tiny room with a carbon rod from a xenon arc lamp. Something to hold onto, I guess.



Plastic oranges, broken lights, bottles, old shoes and gum wrappers clutter my path as I enter the next room. The room is yellow with sun. 'Resemblance to things past.'

Something seems to be humming. My pulse races. A small light glows in the corner where a large, metal cabinet houses a series of radio receivers and transmitting equipment. The equipment is apparently hooked up to every building on the grounds. Almost beyond perception, a signal must be being transmitted to all the wards. An old, hospital radio station..a paper describing a program schedule for 1968 is sitting on a gray, dusty desk. Looks like there's been an atomic attack. The radios all appear to be tuned to Konelrad markings on the dial. A steady stream of static now prevails. My God, this thing could have been broadcasting since 1968, non-stop. A yellowed songbook lies on the floor: "THE SIDEWALKS OF NEWYORK; A LIT-TLE BIRD__TOLD ME; I'D GIVE A MIL-LION TO-MOR_ROWS."

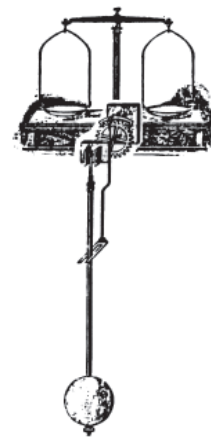
I turn off the main switch, the humming stops and the light goes out. A siren wails in the courtyard.

Court is in session but the jury is out.

THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE,

Ha, Ha, Hee Hee

The common clock, with an uncompensated pendulum, loses time in hot weather and gains in cold. A correction may be made by raising or lowering the bob by means of a running nut shown at the bottom of the figure.



...*'Express train, express strain, expressed rain.'*

At a distance the direct report is mingled with its echoes from the clouds and the earth, producing the low reverberations of distant thunder.



Flee away, my friend, and be thou like the roebuck, or the fawn of the hinds, upon the mountain of spices.

- from The Song of Solomon



“Whether you know it or not, the relationship between you and the environment is always harmonious..you are always living the uncalculated life...What you call your calculations are funny little rationalizations...

Your ego has about as much control over what goes on as a child sitting next to its father in a car, with a plastic steering wheel, that is turning (the wheel) the way Daddy drives it...”

“It’s so important to consider this question: ‘What do I desire?’ Well, when we answer..in a naïve way, we figure..that we want to control everything; to create girls (that) don’t grow old, apples that don’t rot, clothes that never wear out, conveyances that get from one place to another instantly..power available to do anything that you could conceive..like *that!* To get this funny technological omnipotence.

But..if you really go into it with your full strength of imagination..you will soon see that’s not what you want, because..a completely predictable future is already the past - *you’ve had it.* That’s not what you want. You want a surprise.”

- from the Alan Watts lectures



EPILOGUE: “Egg Cell”

The only reason I am still “alive” may be because I lost twenty days of sleep, ‘emptying’ myself along the way, before unknowingly killing myself at twenty years of age.

...Yet, anyone who has truly unravelled the hidden secrets of his inner mind, has accomplished much in his life, regardless of age. To come to grips with the fact that there is another force within yourself, something undefinable and yet unlimited in terms of space and time. To crack the egg within yourself and let yourself out. To release yourself from confining guilt. To realize that there is a higher intelligence, or motivating force within you and without. To overcome your fear of death. To be mentally *reborn* in *this* lifetime. To achieve all of these things is to be genuinely free.

We must not be prisoner of our own minds. Guilt and fear are the keys which lock us up in a tiny cell. We must escape. We must be free.

In order to liberate the consciousness, I believe it is necessary for an individual to travel back in time, in his own mind, and be wholly honest with himself. He should go back through the months and years and erase the guilt, hurt, shame and fear that he may have had. Negative feelings can influence an entire destiny. They can become the computer program of the subconscious. Every action in one’s life, large or small, can be determined by a subliminal life pattern. A life pattern built upon the foundations of guilt and fear (if not broken down and reassembled) can overwhelm a human being, and produce a feeling of impotence. Predeterminism. “My life is in my genes.” “The Grand Delusion.”

Traumatic experiences must be dealt with face to face. This is most important. They are the enemy. They shape many lives. Stare them in the face, and they will go away. Fear them and they have you “in the palms of their hands.” - If destiny is said to be written in the creases of the palm, traumas hold your destiny. Examine the forces which drive you. Examine the ‘who, what, when, where, why, and how’ of every trauma in your life. Examine the after-effects. Surprisingly, the most difficult thing to do, is to find the dramatic/traumatic action, itself. ‘Its-elf.’

Once you have searched your soul as far back as you can, it is time to return to the present, and the present is a gift.

Somewhere in the other dimension, there may be an epitaph which merely reads: 'Jess Fein' 1954-1974.

I AM REBORNE

SHALOM



“Everything is alive, there is nothing dead, it is only we who are dead. If we become alive for a moment, we shall feel that everything is alive, that all things live, think, feel and can speak to us.”

- P.D. Ouspensky



REFLECTIONS & DISTILLATIONS

The theater must be dark, for the movie to be shown (shone).
 From one ex-dream to another - life and death, hearse and rehearse.
 Most humor is an extreme form of logic; 'en-lighten-ment.'
 Humor is the original sixth sense.
 Forever endeavor to never endeavor.

The desire for reincarnation represents the subconscious wish to de-
 stroy oneself.

Intuition is logic without the middlemen (eliminate the middlemen:
 sensor/censor, translator/'trend-slater,' transformer/'trends-former.')

The mechanics of intuition are comparable to a viewer half-observing
 ("absorbing") the subtle increase of dust-flecks near the finale of an (unpre-
 dictable) movie and then somehow "feeling that the film will end shortly."

For the time being, we sleep.

To overcome death, the mind has to travel (think) faster than the speed
 of light. It must overcome overcoming (itself) and come over.

We think faster than we think we think.

God stands behind a one-way mirror that only reflects love.

God is water: is *love*: is in us all (We are $\frac{2}{3}$ water; the brain is 80% water).
 I am sincere since here am I.

God is a preconceived motion, the perpetual notion.

God is purely rational.

When you behave irrationally, you are a prisoner of your genes; when
 you are rational, you are free.

Sleep is like a train - coming into the station to take you to 'town'; if
 you miss it - either insomnia - or wait for the next one. '*Train-send-ence*.'

The mind projects dreams onto the backdrop of the eyelids; when
 loss of sleep occurs, the mind projects the images onto reality.

Can you forgive yourself?

Does man ape God or God ape man?

When I hear myself speaking to others, I hear God speaking to me.

When you hate hate ('double-negative') you are contradictory.

When you love love ('double-positive'), you are true.

Two wrongs do not make a right, but two odds make an even!

At death, the brain-egg hatches and the mind is spirit-born.

God has a 'cross-word' for those whom He wishes 'pun-ishment'.

If there were no imperfections, how could you tell whether your Type-
 writer Ribbon was moving or not?

Beauty's kin-deep.

Break the bonds of cause and effect.

Is everything essentially Good (perfection), and is evil (imperfection)
 merely ('mirror-ly') a 're-fraction' - a 'de-liberate' distortion of the truth? -
 ('To rue our faults.')

We are not only God's children, we are God *as* children.

Seek not ('see knot') Heaven, for {the search for} Heaven 'imp-lies' Hell.

Honour our hour.

If ignorance is bliss and ignorance (unknowing) is death, then death is
 bliss. You would never exist if you never died. A void sometimes intends to
 be filled and sometimes means to be felt.

Time counts.

The ultimate (logical) rational system is mathematics. But even there,
 irrational (unpredictable) numbers "intrude" upon the system.

We select the records or memories of our lives and mentally replay
 them at different speeds. Accordingly ('accordion-ly'), coincidence is
 "a chord-dance" in accordance with cadence.

In spirit and in-deed - the United State of Mind.

When *everything* has meaning, "*nothing*" has meaning.

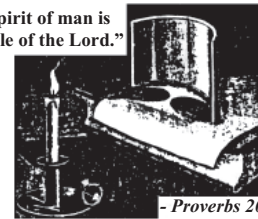
Perfection and completion are simultaneously experienced when one
 is able to accept (and *embrace*) imperfection.

Grasp nothing and you grasp everything. Let go and let God.

May we all see and *be* 'de-light' at the end of the tunnel.

Love is for-giving.

"The spirit of man is
 the candle of the Lord."



- Proverbs 20:27

**“REPORT FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS”
 “The Ultimate Secret?” -
 ‘Returnity’ or ‘The Merry-Go-Round of Being’**

The theory of eternal recurrence, as put forth by a small cadre of esotericists, mathematicians and philosophers, going back thousands of years to no less than Pythagoras and Gautama the Buddha, and more recently by P.D. Ouspensky*, is one which has tremendous significance for us all, if true.

Briefly stated, this “revelationary” theory regards death as the gateway (“getaway”) to one’s own birth, *in the past*. (As opposed to reincarnation, which regards death as the gateway to rebirth, *in the future*.)

This means that if I am born in September 1954 and die in September 1974, that I will again be born in September 1954.

At first, this is quite a shocking and upsetting idea, because not only does it eliminate the long-cherished/feared concept of an “afterlife,” but it boldly asserts that we all live our lives over again - *until we get it right!*

Now, what is “right” - you ask? Well, apparently this is debatable; but, I believe that getting it right involves acquiring sufficient and eternal (continuous) awareness that our every action has a reaction. That every harmful deed has eternal (and retroactive) consequences and every helpful act does also. That to love, respect, cherish and enjoy one another is our common intended destination and the basis of true, spiritual Enlightenment. That hatred, prejudice, theft, murder, infidelity, self-destruction, materialism and inhumanity are all dead ends. That both good and evil return, with karmic interest, upon the head of the “act-or.”

Of course, this is common sense wisdom, *but we do not wish to see it*. We prefer to believe that our evil deeds will be forgotten and forgiven. This cannot and will never happen, according to this brilliant, and one could even say, absolutely necessary theory. *Because we are laying down the tracks of our lives in advance of the train!*

Every evil deed turns the track in one direction and every good deed turns it in another, so that when the “track-layer” returns to the station of his or her own birth/death (“re-berth”) into the next go-round, the journey has already been predestined - *by oneself!* And the train is ultimately headed, either for a *self-created* heaven or hell!

Now, of course, on *this* predestined journey, one may alter the track (or course) of the *next* go-round. And quite possibly, with sufficient and concen-

*[See: “A New Model of the Universe,” by P.D. Ouspensky, © 1931. Random House, Inc./ Vintage Books Edition, October, 1971; pages 407-440]



trated awareness, one might also alter the track *within* the *same* go-round.

This theory takes us on an incredibly rich, satisfying and fascinating excursion into realms which have never been fully explored.

For example, if true, it would mean that there is an unbroken link between the malleable future and the excreted past. Between the parallel, coexisting and self-perfecting spheres of life and death - "like sands through the hourglass." - Between creation and concretion.

Is this not the most elegant and beautiful way to view our existence? - That we should perfect this raw, yet precious gift of Life with which we have been entrusted, like the grains of sand which become pearls in a bed of oysters.

Everyone who has and *will* ever have lived touches or impinges upon our own individual existence with their own experience and acquired wisdom and/or folly. Upon death, we are all reborn with *instinctual* knowledge of *our own* recorded past and potential (yet, erasable) future - and every time we live, we are perfected by everyone else who has been perfected, in the collective past *and* in the Universal future. *From cemetery to symmetry.*

Astoundingly, *déjà vu* intuition, precognition and prediction of *future* events are *all* explainable as reliving or remembering the *past!*

At the point or moment of full remembrance - the circle of existence becomes a sphere. In terms of human consciousness, eternity is not a linear arrow extending from the Big Bang to inevitable entropy, nor a circular snake swallowing its own tail, but a spherical potentiality, containing every possible destiny, including heavenly, mundane and hellish realities.

According to one version of the hypothesis of eternal recurrence, those who do not learn or remember life's lessons, mechanically repeating their sins, live increasingly shorter and shorter successive lives, until they are, quite literally, "unborn."

When Hitler was (or will be) reborn in 1945 (or 20 billion years from now, when the universe has come full circle) going back to 1889 (or whenever/wherever reproducible, "hospitable" 'environ-mental' conditions recur *somewhere* in the immensity of our unimaginable Cosmos) - he might only live 55 years, instead of 56, on the next go-round, thus foreshortening World War II - or its equivalent. And so on - until he would be "unborn." Simultaneously, we would *all* undergo multiple recurrent lives until all evil beings are "uncreated."

Personally, I prefer to believe in the redemption and salvation of *all* souls, given enough (relative) time and (purgatorial) circumstance (elimination of sins - not the sinner); - and that even Adolf Hitler might one "day" travel the track he began to lay down, possibly becoming a gifted artist

with "intuitive" ability to portray the human form in a new light; truly learning from his and *our* Dante-esque experience. That, with sufficient global Consciousness, the Holocaust will *never* happen again, in *any* dimension, and millions of people will survive and peacefully flourish.

Indeed, if this theory is "proven" correct, Hitler's redemption will be an *absolute necessity*, in order for the unimaginable suffering of humanity, which has place a monumental glitch on the videotape of history, to be erased.

[Technically speaking, when an "assemble edit" has accidentally taken place in the middle of a previously recorded/completed videotape, *it will be there forever*, unless one re-edits the entire videotape *from that point on*. It is *impossible* to "quick-fix" with an "insert edit" - which would be used as a bandage or cover-up on an otherwise normal tape.]

In other words, we cannot go forward unless we go back.

Alternately, (in "alterity") when Einstein is (was) reborn, he might, on this go-round, discover his long-sought Unified Field or the secret of time-travel. And, one fine day, when you and I pass over the "event horizon" of existence and are "reborn," we (and everyone else who has ever and will ever have lived and died) *will* benefit from the blessed, complete and *inevitable* triumph of Good over evil. Of Awareness over repression, of Superconsciousness over unconsciousness, of Light over darkness, of Bliss over pain and of Life over death.

Personally speaking, the reality of eternal recurrence is not a pleasant thought for me to contemplate, because it means that much of what I have lived through I might experience again. To put it mildly, this is a *horrifying* concept. To relive much of what I have described in this book alone, which is merely the tip of a nightmarish iceberg of my life, would *be* Hell.

Although I am reluctant to fully accept the ramifications of eternal recurrence, I am aware of its unqualified indispensability and perfect justice. I pray that this expanded consciousness and wholehearted, personal atonement will deliver me from causing and reliving pain and evil on any level.

I am a 'soul-dier' in the War on evil in myself and in others. It is time to turn over the Hourglass and Trance-end.

To the dimension of Love.

The dimension of Grace.

To Christ.

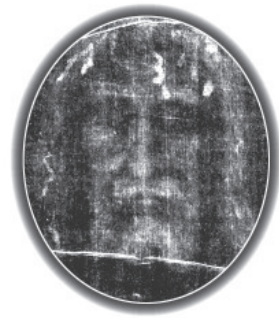
Jesus.

Christ.

November 25 -28, 1994
& February 29, 2004



//////“FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, THANK GOD ALMIGHTY,
I'M FREE AT LAST!!!” ” ” ”



If there be righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character.

If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home.

If there be harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation.

If there be order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

- Confucius



**He would've been six years old on the twenty-fifth of August, 1974.
In human terms, he might've been in his 30's.
He was born on our porch.**

//////He was a Creamsicle-orange Tabby with a perfect disposition. Unlike his mother and sister, who could be quite temperamental, he never made a sound. – *On very rare occasions*, when he had to reach the litter box, he would sit near the kitchen door, and lift open his mouth. A feeble, barely audible 'me-ow' would signal his distress. "...*Why are you so silent?...*"

I never punished or reproved this pussy cat, as I did to his mother, and this may have contributed to his geniality. This sweet, little boy loved to sit upright near me on the sofa or loll beside me on the bed. Sometimes I would hide behind the arm of the couch, stealing up on him as quietly as humanly possible, but his Golden eyes were always trained **directly** on me.

His exceedingly mild personality caused him to be the victim of much 'tomfoolery.' Waiting to be let into the house, he'd emerge from under the car with bleeding cuts all over his furry body..Perfect in an imperfect world/////



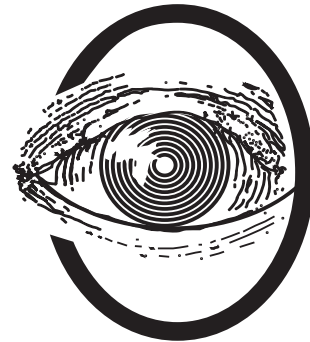
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...When I think of what God wants of us, I think of what I wanted from my cat. Simply a loving, trusting companion. Someone who will come back to me of his or her own free will because we love each other. And someone with a uniquely created mind and personality. ...Ultimately, I think, a pet's outward behavior is a faithful reflection of its owner(s), past and present. The experience it has been given in its present life and the "genetic-echo" from its past combine like glass and silver to form the mirror of its mind/////

The Being who exists behind this one-way mirror is perfect, and requires the Shield of Love to protect Itself from being hurt in an imperfect world.

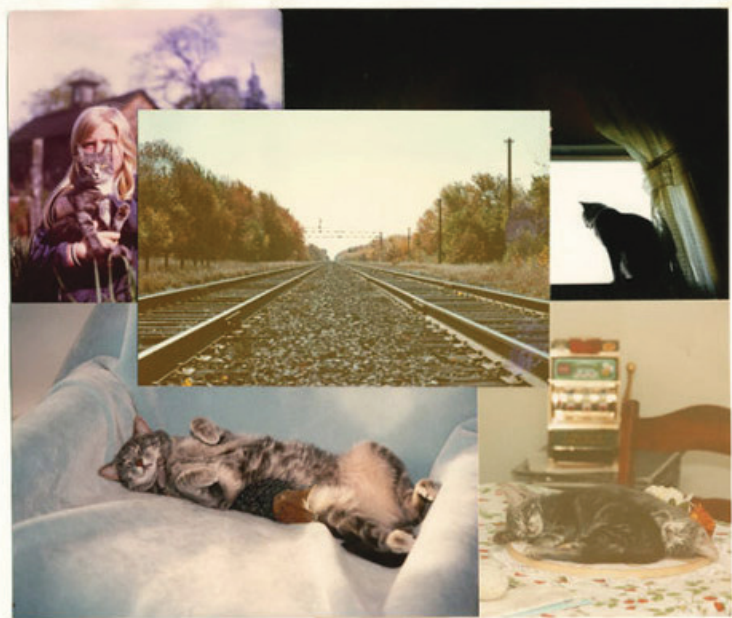
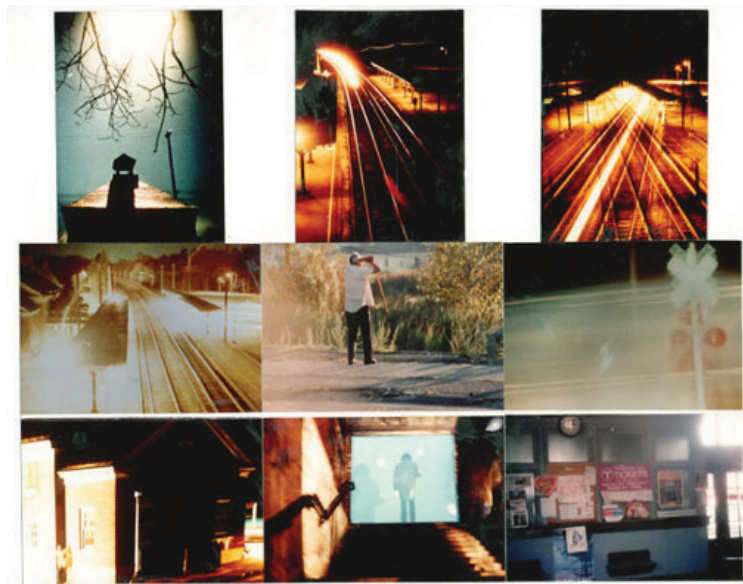
אשרי המלך שאלו משרתי,
ואשרי משרתי שזה מלכם.
אשרי צ'ן הניזונת והמקפלת
באור המפלא הזה,
ראיה מקפאה ומשנה מאד.

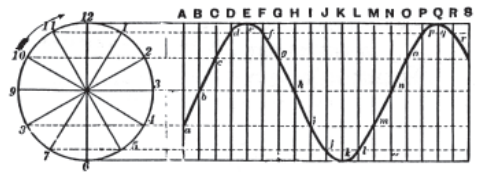
Happy the King who has such servants,
and happy the servants who have such a
King. Happy the eye that sees and feeds
upon this wondrous light – a wondrous
vision and most strange!



משרתיים אהובים, משרתיים גאים,
משרתיים ממהרים, משרתיים קלים!
העומדים על אבן פסא הנבוא
והנאכים על זלזל הקרבנה;
לשאבן פסא הנבוא מחור עליהם,
כשזלזל הקרבנה מחטיף אותם –
העומדים לימין,
חוזרים ועומדים לשמאל;
והעומדים לשמאל,
חוזרים ועומדים לימין;
והעומדים לקנים,
חוזרים ועומדים לאחור;
והעומדים לאחור,
חוזרים ועומדים לקנים.

Beloved servants, lovely servants, swift
servants, light-footed servants, who stand
before the stone of the throne of glory,
who wait upon the wheel of the chariot.
When the sapphire of the throne of glory
whirls at them, when the wheel of the
chariot hurls past them, those on the right
now stand again to the left, those on the
left now stand again to the right, those in
front now stand again in back, those in
back now stand again in front.





GLOSSARY

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Armageddon: the place where the final battle will be fought between the forces of good and evil (probably named in reference to Megiddo). Rev. 16:16.

camera lucida: an optical instrument by which the image of an external object is projected on a sheet of paper, etc., upon which it may be traced.

camera obscura: a darkened, boxlike device in which images of external objects, received through an aperture are exhibited in their natural colors on a surface arranged to receive them.

cosmic rays: rays of extremely high penetrating power that seem to originate beyond the earth's atmosphere, and that consist, partly, of particles moving in velocities nearly the speed of light (colliding with atoms in the upper atmosphere, and sending them into spiral paths toward the earth).

***"cycle-logic": is a term I use to describe psychologically-circular reasoning processes.

cyclotron: a device for imparting very high speed to electrified particles by successive electric impulses at high frequency, space requirements and applied voltage being kept relatively low by causing the particles to move in spiral paths in a strong magnetic field.

Doppelgänger: (from the German word meaning double-goer) an apparitional double or counterpart of a living person.

Doppler effect: the apparent change in frequency and wave length of sound or

light waves if the distance between the source and the receiver is changing.

ego: that part of the psychic apparatus which experiences the outside world and reacts to it, thus mediating between the primitive drives of the id and the demands of the social and physical environment.

elixir: an alchemic preparation for transmuting base metals into gold, or for prolonging life: 'elixir vitae' or 'elixir of life.'

engrave: 1. to chase (letters, designs, etc.) on a hard surface as of metal, stone, or the end grain of wood. 2. to print from such a surface. 3. to mark or ornament with incised letters, designs, etc. 4. to impress deeply; infix.

fluorescence: the property possessed by certain substances of emitting light upon exposure to external radiation or bombardment by a stream of particles.

Gehenna: the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, regarded as a place of abomination and used as a dumping place for refuse, with fires kept burning to prevent pestilence. Hell or any place of extreme torture or suffering.

Hydrolysis: chemical decomposition by which a compound is resolved into other compounds by taking up the elements of water.

id: the part of the psyche residing in the unconscious which is the source of instinctive energy. Its impulses, which seek satisfaction in accordance with the pleasure principle, are modified by the ego and the superego before they are given overt expression.

induction: in logic; is the process of discovering explanations for a set of particular facts, by estimating the weight of observational evidence in favor of a proposition which (usually) asserts something about that entire class of facts. *In inductive reasoning, a set of individual cases is studied by the experimental method, and from the observations made, a general principle is formed: every metal I have tested expands when heated; therefore I can expect all metals to expand when heated. When the general premise in deductive reasoning is true, the deduction will be certain for all possible instances. The principle formed in inductive reasoning is a workable theory, but would be certain only when all possible instances had been examined.

Inner Light: (as used by the Society of Friends) the light of Christ in the soul.

intuition: a direct perception of truths, facts, etc., independently of any reasoning process.

neutrino: a neutral particle with less mass than the electron. Originally invented to avoid apparent violation of the conservation laws in radioactive disintegration. There is now evidence for its existence.

Pandora's Box: a box or jar, the gift of Zeus to Pandora, containing all human ills, which escaped when she opened it. According to a later version, the box contained all the blessings of the gods, which would have been preserved for the human race had not Pandora opened it, thus letting all the blessings escape, with the exception of hope.

retina: the innermost coat of the posterior part of the eyeball, consisting of a layer of light-sensitive cells connected with the optic nerve by way of a record layer of nerve cells and serving to receive the image.

**"schizophrenetic": is a word I use to describe a person who perceives and reacts to stimuli simultaneously and spontaneously.

solipsism: the theory that the self is the only object of verifiable knowledge or that nothing but the self exists.

superego: that part of the psychic apparatus which mediates between ego drives and social ideals, acting as a conscience which may be partly conscious and partly unconscious.

touchstone: a black siliceous stone used to test the purity of gold and silver by the color of the streak produced on it by rubbing it with either metal. Also, a test or criterion for the qualities of a thing.

transmogrify: to change, as by magic; transform (vulgar or humorous coinage).

unconscious: an organization of the mind containing all psychic material not available in the immediate field of awareness.

**zero-hour: the time established for the onset of an attack; or the designated time at which any pre-determined move is to begin.

STATE HOSPITAL

Case No. -IMN Date

Sept. 20, 1974

CASE HISTORY

IDENTIFYING DATA: is a single, white, Jewish male of twenty. He is an only child. He has been unemployed for the past four years except for day jobs at on one or two occasions. He resides with his parents in their home in

PRESENT PROBLEM: On September 17, 1974 left his home around 10 P.M. without saying a word to his parents. He apparently hitchhiked a ride with strangers and when they reached Lincoln, refused to get out of the car. The driver resorted to calling the police who forcibly removed and took him to the station. The parents were called by the police but before they could contact their own physician, the s were informed that was being taken to Hospital. That facility refused to keep him, so was transported to State Hospital by ambulance on a ten day paper.

was delusional, saying he was Jesus Christ and that he had "God like powers". He spoke about his ability to stop time and to disappear, talking about having seen the world 1,000 years hence. spent the first few days in seclusion because he kept stripping off his clothes, raving, and talking irrationally about healing people and saving the world.

According to the parents, for about four weeks prior to his psychotic break, had been reading voraciously books on psychology, philosophy and UFO's. During the two weeks, immediately prior to his admission, had begun to personalize things he read or saw on T.V. The parents describe him as having found double meanings to everything and always directed to him alone. He also believed that he had been transported into outer space which had given him these extra powers.

PAST PSYCHIATRIC & MEDICAL HISTORY: This is 's first psychiatric hospitalization and his first experience with treatment. His medical history reveals that he had chicken pox, tonsillectomy at age five, but no other serious illnesses nor hospitalizations.

PERSONAL HISTORY: His father, , was born in Mass. on 4/29/24. He is a high school graduate. For years he worked with his father in a dry cleaning business but this venture went under in 1964. Since then Mr. has worked as a truck driver for

Mrs. was born in , N.Y. on 5/10/22, and also a high school graduate. Prior to her marriage she worked as a salesgirl, and for the last several years and has been employed as an electronics assembler at in . They were married in on 11/13/48 and lived in that area until 1957 when they purchased their house in .

Mrs. describes her pregnancy with : the delivery was difficult since weighed 9 lbs., 8 oz. at birth. He talked, walked, and cut his teeth at early ages. She stated that he was very easy to toilet train. Both parents simultaneously stated that always was hyperactive, but a happy and pleasant child.

Mrs. continues to infantilize her son, and has requested that a dermatologist see while he is at Hospital. She is unable and unwilling to accept 's illness as one of some duration which had been ignored by them for about four years. She is looking for a miracle cure.

has strong interests in photography and film making which began when he took such a course in high school. He has won several photography contests including a recent one sponsored by . His prize photograph will appear in on Oct. 27, 1974. While very interested in this, he has refused to go to photography school expecting to be discovered by some financial backer who will set him up in business to create and produce TV commercials. When he was in high school he worked as a teenaged volunteer for . This "turned him on" to T.V. Prior to his hospital admission he had been producing a film about a retarded blind man. He has grandiose ideas of becoming a famous celebrity in the field of T.V. and/or photography.

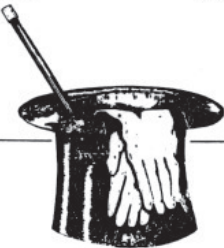
MENTAL STATUS EXAM

During the first week of hospitalization was irrational, his behavior was bizarre, and his thought processes very disorganized. He believed he was a healer, Christ, and kissed patients and staff. He insisted on leaving the hospital when the ten day paper expired on 9/27/74, refused to sign a voluntary, so a petition for commitment was filed. seems pleased that the Court has jurisdiction and will decide when he can or should leave.

FORMULATION: is an only child who has been indulged and infantilized by his parents to such a degree that he feels helpless and impotent. His psychotic break was an escape from these feelings into the magical world of outer space, UFO's and science fiction along with the omnipotence of being Christ.

is a bright young man whose intelligence should be channeled and directed productively.

Diagnosis: Acute schizophrenic Episode 295.4

36. ADDITIONAL DISORDERS, OTHER CONDITIONS, THIS INSTITUTION A. DISORDER		B. DATE		A. DIAGNOSIS		B. DATE	
none recorded							
37. OPERATIONS PERFORMED AT THIS INSTITUTION DURING THIS ADMISSION A. OPERATION		B. DATE		A. OPERATION		B. DATE	
none recorded							
38. SPECIAL DIAGNOSTIC AND THERAPEUTIC PROCEDURES, THIS ADMISSION A. PROCEDURE		B. DATE		A. PROCEDURE		B. DATE	
Thorazine Artane Haldol Artane Thorazine Artane Lithium Benadryl Artane Cogentin Prolixin Benadryl Navane Dalmane Navane Haldol Lithium Carbonate X-ray - 9/16/76							
39. RESERVED							
40. DISCHARGE AT DISCHARGE, MENTAL DISORDER				41. OUTCOME WITH REGARD TO MENTAL DISORDER			
same				improved			
42. DURING THIS ADMISSION, NUMBER OF A. VISITS		B. PERIODS OF FAMILY CARE		C. PAROLE		D. ADVISES WITHOUT AUTHORITY	
none		none		none		none	
43. DURING THIS ADMISSION, NUMBER OF DAYS SPENT A. ON DRUGS		B. IN RESIDENCE		C. ON AUTHORIZED LEAVE		D. ON ELOPEMENT	
0.6.20		0.2.1		0.0.0		0.0.0	
44. LEGAL STATUS AT DISCHARGE		45. STATUS AT DISCHARGE		46A. LAST ICD-9 CLASSIFICATION		B. DATE BEGAN	
same		living		in residence;		9/17/74	
47. DESTINATION				48. DATE DISCHARGED			
home				1/20/79			
49. FOR DEATH, COPY FROM DEATH CERTIFICATE A. SUBJECT CHIEF OF DEATH				B. ASSOCIATED SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS			
NONE IN TERM TO ANTECEDENT CAUSES (1) (2) (3)							
50. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S CASE		51. AUTOPSY		52. PLACE OF BURIAL			
YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>		YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>					





There is a being, wonderful, perfect;
It existed before heaven and earth.
How quiet it is!
How spiritual it is!
It stands alone and it does not change.
It moves around and around, but does not on this account
suffer.
All life comes from it.
It wraps everything with its love as in a garment, and yet it
claims no honor, it does not demand to be Lord.
I do not know its name, and so I call it Tao, the Way, and I
rejoice in its power.

- from the Tao Te Ching



*By the hand of thy prophets, in the mystic utterance of
thy servants, thou hast imaged forth the grandeur and the glory
of thy majesty.*

*Thy greatness and thy might they described in accordance
with the power made manifest in thy acts.*

*In images they told of thee, but not according to thine
essence; they but likened thee in accordance with thy works.*

*They figured thee in a multitude of visions; behold thou
art One under all images.*

- Hymn of Glory



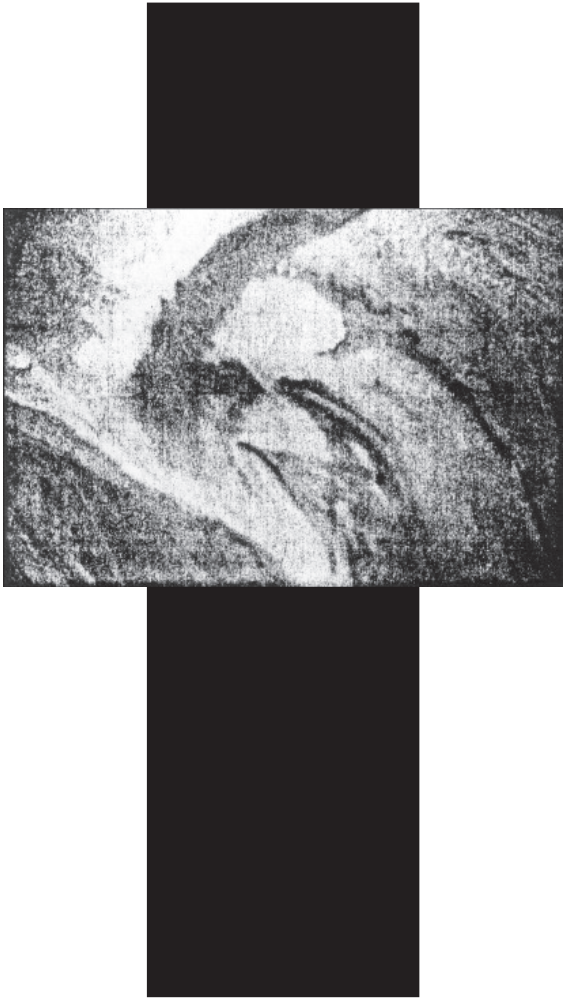




**THE
TRUE STORY
OF A YOUNG MAN'S
SEARCH FOR GOD AND
PROOF OF HIS EXISTENCE**



The true story of
a young man's
search for
GOD
and proof
of His
existence



To hear a free, recorded message call: (413) 529-2222 -
and, as of September 11, 2001 at 8:17AM EDT, via the
World Wide Web at <http://www.Godyssey.org>





February 1, 1995



"GODYSSEY"
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Twenty years ago, on August 25, 1974, a young man in Eastern Massachusetts began an unforgettable inner journey, culminating three weeks later, in a face-to-Face encounter with God.

After struggling for years to regain a sense of internal stability and rationality, Jess Fein wrote, pseudonymously, of his astounding experience in a book entitled: "**Godyssey: A Young Man's Proof of God's Existence.**"

This truly remarkable document contains what can only be described as an electrifying, incontrovertible proof of God's existence.

His experience, when communicated to others, has such overwhelming significance for humanity, that the full scope and ramifications of a possible worldwide shift in consciousness cannot be immediately foreseen.

If these possible consequences were to be judged by the change which has manifested in Jess Fein, in the 20 years since he asserts to have died on September 16, 1974 at the age of 20, - the writing of "Godyssey" has been "a purification, redemption and resurrection."

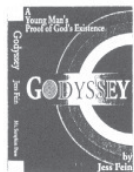
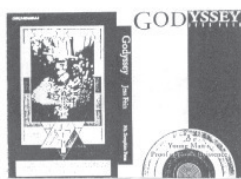
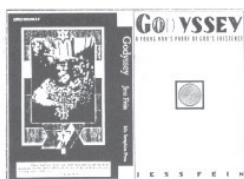
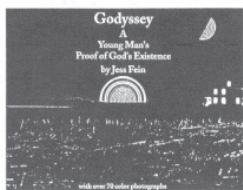
He believes that when people read his book, they too shall see God eye-to-Eye and face-to-Face.

And that this inconceivably soul-altering Vision can only serve to open and expand the consciousness of each and every reader, for the betterment of all humanity.

The very real possibility of a new, spiritual enlightenment is already on the horizon.

Seeking neither fame nor fortune, Jess Fein sincerely wishes to remain anonymous and has taken a 15 year vow of poverty, beginning in 1994. He is "motivated and inspired by the living Spirit of God," striving only to communicate this miraculous experience to a world which has, for uncounted millennia, awaited an answer to its eternal, heartfelt question: "Is there a God?"

Yes.



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One Man's Revelation of Christ Goes Online Coincident with World Trade Center Attack

BOSTON, Sept. 28 /PRNewswire/ -- D.S. Fine published the online story of how he encountered God, immediately prior to the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. He believes the coincidence happened by Divine guidance.

(Photo: <http://www.newscom.com/cgi-bin/prnh/20010928/NEF001>)

Fine tells of this face-to-Face revelation in his book, "Godyssey: A Young Man's Proof of God's Existence." It occurred on Sept. 16, 1974 and ultimately led to the creation of his book, first published in 1980. Thereafter, it was reprinted with over 70 color photographs in 1994, and is now available in excerpted form via the World Wide Web.

For excerpts, see: <http://www.Godyssey.org>.

"This experience, when communicated to others, has such overwhelming significance for humanity, that the full scope and ramifications of a possible worldwide shift in consciousness cannot be immediately foreseen," says Fine, who, in addition to writing and publishing "Godyssey," is a photographer and videographer.

Rabbi Lawrence Kushner, author of "The River of Light," has said of this 233-page book, that, "[D.S. Fine's] writing betrays a soul of great depth."

After experiencing the first revelation of what he calls "a profoundly miraculous series of events," Fine says he recorded on videotape an image he believes to be the Savior.

He has since incorporated the video, "made at a public event attended by thousands of people," into an inspirational program which has been distributed to individuals, churches and television stations throughout the United States.

Due to the fact that "Godyssey" was published via the internet for the first moment only 1/2 hour prior to "the unspeakably heartless acts of Tuesday, September 11, 2001," Fine feels that this is, "an additional proof of God's passionate and compassionate intervention."

"Astoundingly," says Fine, "the domain rights (to <http://www.Godyssey.org>) were acquired on Monday, September 10th, and the entire website was created overnight in just 7 hours... I wholeheartedly believe that the Lord, in His wisdom, divinely inspired this 27-year odyssey and intends for His message to reach all souls living on the earth."

Fine is offering his experiences without remuneration, and extends "his love and prayers for the victims, families and survivors of the horrific events of September 11, heartfelt prayers for peace and joyful expectancy for the imminent, visible, worldwide return of Jesus Christ."

Web Site: [Returnity: Has Christ returned?](http://www.Godyssey.org)
<http://www.Godyssey.org>

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