

THE FIRST
RAYS OF THE
NEW RISING
SUN

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*(13) Observations of an
emerging reality (31)*

Matthew L. Robert

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ISBN #: Softcover 0-7388-3876-4

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“And their weapons are shining clean, but I’m not talking
about swords, knives and guns. I’m talking about the
power of God from the New Rising Sun.”

James “AL” Hendrix 3/13, 1968

(From his last album First Rays of the New Rising Sun,
released posthumously by his estate)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Our life in this world is but one destination out of many in a journey in observation of the spirit and the soul both in ourselves and in every other living thing. This book represents the acknowledgment of the importance of the individual when defining the whole. It is this very whole that I wish to thank first and foremost for giving me the opportunity to observe and express into words at least in part all of the wonderful and exiting experiences that I have entertained over the years. Is this God that I wish to thank? I would like to believe so. Although both the words God and belief have become semantic traps of sorts so I would much rather use the native American term for such a phenomenon i.e. “The Great Mystery”.

The individuals that I would like to express my deepest gratitude and heartfelt thanks are as follows:

Kevin Perteete—my brotha’ from another motha’ for being my one true friend for almost my entire life . . .

Richard Minnick—my dear friend and invaluable editor of this work . . .

Phoenix—for your rational ear, thankx brother . . .

John Eckhard—for “no drama” housing . . .

Gina Shansey—my one great love. Change is not loss, it is just change. I will always love you even unto the end of the world . . .

Adam Beckvar—for keeping in touch all of these years, love ya man . . .

David Hicks—for being open to all possibilities (your as crazy as I am) . . .

Erv Karwelis—for good times and the latest releases . . .

The Mobil Music Family—you know who you are . . .

Karen Hicks—for helping me start this project over ten years ago and coming back at the end to help finish . . .

My Family—for all your loving support, Mom, Dad, Diane and Peter . . .

and last but not least Sweat Pea—my three legged kitten who gave me perhaps my greatest philosophical challenge yet—”to flea or not to flea”.

INTRODUCTION

There was a time when I couldn't speak. Couldn't understand spoken word. It was all just a symphony of meaningless sound to me. A bit out of tune.

Like most, my first few months of life were spent in my own little private paradise, void of rhyme and reason. No need for reason when you haven't yet developed a wanting. Especially for spoken word. Maybe I knew everything. Or at the very least did not know that there was something that I didn't know. It must have been pure bliss. Just a singer in the paradise mime choir. Living in perfect harmony. No resistance to life. Is this not the biblical story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden? For them it was all good because god said it was. Until a serpent came along and introduced them to the concept of varying degrees of good. The least of which we came to know as evil.

Like Adam and Eve, I stayed in the garden of paradise for what seemed like an eternity. Time just didn't exist. Six months was a lifetime, unlike today where six months is one-sixtieth of a lifetime. Of my lifetime anyway. In my paradise there was no death, only abundant life. Fear? Never heard of it. I had everything I needed. Or at least didn't know that there was something that I did not have. What you don't know can't hurt you, right?

My first memory was being placed in a prison. Behind bars of which I could not escape. I would later learn that this was a place for play; these bars were part of the structure called a playpen. An area of confinement protecting me from this dangerous world that, as far as I would ever know, I had no choice but to exist in. The playpen was placed at the edge of a large body of darkness. I later learned that this was a lake. As I looked

through the bars of my playpen, I set my sights at the bottom of the lake, on what appeared to be big white fluffy piles of pudding, like that stuff my mom would spoon-feed me. What I was seeing was the reflection in the clear blue water of clouds miraculously suspended in the sky above me. But this understanding would come much, much later.

At that time I did not understand the nature of water. But, then, at that age, who would? I did, however, feel as though I was looking at something quite miraculous. The fact that I couldn't understand it may have made it seem more miraculous than it really was. It's just a matter of physics, right? Of course, I didn't know anything about physics or anything else, for that matter, so everything in my paradise was a miracle. Nonetheless, this white, fluffy pudding had my undivided attention. And I was kind of hungry, too.

The remarkable thing is that I was thinking before I learned to speak, as do we all. This is something I can hardly comprehend now. How could I formulate thoughts without words? For the first time I knew what I did not have, and thus wanted: white, fluffy, cloud-like pudding.

There must have been a serpent in the reflective pool, as I was instantaneously cast from the garden of paradise upon my first conscious contemplation of physical reality. Suddenly, for the first time, I had a real understanding of the concept of not having. Wanting, it seems, is a universal concept. Few escape its relentless pursuit. No matter how much we have, we still want more. And when there is no more to have, we want others to have less so it seems as though we have more. And so, suddenly, I had to express that wanting that came as the result of not having.

I quickly learned that if I just reached toward what I wanted and grunted, I would usually, although not always, get it. Overnight it seemed that from this primal wanting came full-blown speech. With speech came a whole new perception of reality. I quickly learned that I had previously perceived things all wrong. Reality with the advent of words was nothing like the reality I had

previously experienced in the absence of words. For one, things were not nearly so miraculous. Now things could be explained with ABCs, 123s, and yes, no and maybe so's.

Before, thinking was of a more right brained symbolic nature. Now things were much more left brained and literal. Thinking, then, was more imaginative. Now it was analytical. Logical. Memorization became the cornerstone to intellect. Rene Descartes' *'I think, therefore I am'* became the cornerstone to memorization. I think—that is to say—if I remember correctly.

Before, life was dreamlike, intuitive and instantaneous. Expression was emotional. I *felt*, therefore I was. At least it felt like I was. Logic was of no consequence. Symbolic words literally took the place of God. Paradise was lost. The word was god.

How did I come to know these things? Through words, of course. And the Word, as it was. In fact, the Bible is where I was first introduced to written word. The introduction of the ten commandments to and by Moses was perhaps the origin of modern literacy altogether and a literal reinforcement of the concept of eternal life. When your life story is committed to the written word your words can live on long after you have passed. God-like. This is confirmed in the book of John, where it reads in Chapter One, Verse One: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with god, and the word was god." John goes on to say, in verse four, "In him [god] was life; and the life was the light of men." This one book became a one-size-fits-all filter through which I assimilated all incoming information.

Apparently, almost everything I had thought about the world before learning how to formulate thoughts with the limitations words had to offer was wrong. Even backwards. What I saw in the depths was a mere reflection of actual reality, and there was a devil in the deep blue sea of understanding waiting to tempt me with the forbidden fruit of knowledge from the Tree of Life and adjacent reflective pool. A very heavy concept to ponder at such a young age. But at such a young age I did ponder it. How could what I saw with my own eyes not really exist?

I learned not to trust what I felt. Only what I was told. Later, after everything I was taught to memorize failed to paint a complete picture, I stopped trusting in that, too.

It was perhaps this earliest of memories that sent me on the journey that I am currently on. A search for truth. I suspect this is a universal theme. A path everyone endures. Whether we realize it or not. A journey to understand what is true. A falling from the grace of naïveté. An expulsion from the snake-ridden garden of denial into the mysterious abyss of the great unknown. Is there such a thing as truth at all? If so, how do you know it is true? So often what I just *knew* was true turned out to be false.

I've heard it said that there are only half-truths. This can't be so, or this statement itself would only be half true, wouldn't it? Maybe it is the only thing that is true, and everything else is half true. If this is true, or even half true, for that matter, what a wishy-washy world in which we live. It is easy to see why most refrain from such inquiry and retreat into the comfort zone of the world paradigm status quo. Apathy becomes the road of least resistance. But what if one can make his or her own truth? How easy is that? What if it is as easy as simply not believing what anyone else has to say about things? Soon others might start believing as you do, and it then becomes their truth as well. It seems this is how things have been done for centuries, perhaps forever. One person will state that this thing or the other is true, even at times with no basis in what we consider fact, and if enough people believe, it becomes a truth. Bingo! A new world paradigm is born.

The search for truth can be like searching for an answer to which you know no question. How will you know when you have found the truth if you don't know exactly what it is you are looking for? Maybe you already know truth, but just don't know that you do. See what confusion words can cause? A dilemma easy to conceptualize can be so hard to verbalize. Truth, it seems, at least in a relevant or relative way, is unique to the individual. What may be true for you may not be true for me. Maybe the truth one finds is irrelevant. Maybe the one thing that really matters is the mo-

ment that one finds truth, whatever that truth happens to be. The moment it all makes sense, whatever *it all* happens to be.

Truth may be more like a feeling than words on a page or the voice of someone you believe. Something that can never be proven, never be spoken and never be committed to written word. Only felt. There may only be one truth. Yet it may be different for everyone. Maybe the truth is exactly the same for everyone, but only the process by which one finds it is the variable.

Well, I found it. The truth. Freedom. Salvation. And this is the bizarre journey by which I did it.

Take this journey with me, and I promise that you can have truth, too. Not by me telling you, but by you experiencing it for yourself. And it will be your truth. I will take you through nebulous moments, lacking definite form or limits, dark moments and negative ones. Moments of bewilderment, confusion, conflicting statements, which might even cause you to become lost. Soon enough, ambivalence is reconciled. You will have your cake and be able to eat it too. You will see the light, literally.

Everything contained herein is an accurate account of what actually happened, however I ask that you do not believe a word of it. In fact, this book is neither fact nor fiction, and that is the point I am trying to make: Such is life.

In these pages I will attempt to show you that truth is not necessarily synonymous with fact. Here you will learn where to find *your* truth. You will indeed know you have found it, because you will *feel* it. And don't expect to express it in words when you do. But it will all make sense to you just the same.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!

FALLING FROM GRACE

My name is Lawrence Alexander. My friends call me LA. I was born in the middle of political chaos in the spring of 1968 in Chicago's Cook County hospital. This was the year that Chicago police beat and tear gassed people protesting at the Democratic Convention. I learned about this event in school some seventeen years later. It was about this time that I met my first love. It was the kind of encounter that gives you a feeling that sticks with you for days. The kind you don't forget. She and I were in a white Chevy, in the back seat kissing. My hands on her breasts and her hands down my pants. She had a girlfriend in the front seat driving, with one arm reaching back and down her shorts.

We pulled over into a gas station and stopped the car. The frenzy continued. Suddenly the car door opened, and out she fell onto the pavement. Topless, with shorts half-pulled off, she cared little as she went to pay for the gas. We were having too much fun to worry about technicalities—and the reaction from the people in the other cars was reason enough for the show to go on. And boy did it ever! It was like something out of a dream. In fact, it was.

I woke, in Rockford, Illinois, in a cold sweat. Just like that it was over. All I could do was sit up and say, "WOW!"

This felt more real than I'd ever felt before. Little did I know that this was a scene from my life in some future L.A. setting, sent registered dream-mail. Like a thief in the night, what-might-be stole a big piece of what-was, and from that moment I knew there was something missing that had to be recovered.

I had known for quite some time that as soon as I graduated from high school I was going to move to Los Angeles. I took cook-

ing classes so I would be able to cook for myself, and I took tax classes so I could give away as little of my meager earnings as possible. Something about giving twenty or thirty percent of three dollars and thirty-five cents an hour to Uncle Sam just didn't set well with me. Call me a rebel.

I applied at The Musician's Institute of Technology in Hollywood, but didn't put much faith into being accepted. By the time I got word from M.I. that I was in, I had managed to save three hundred dollars. I planned to drive my van to L.A., get an apartment and have food to eat with that amount of money. When my father then told me he was going to pay for everything, I didn't even understand how lucky I was.

Two months after refusing to attend my high school graduation ceremony, my dad and I flew to L.A. We took a cab to Hollywood and the cab driver must have smelled Midwest naiveté because he took the longest route imaginable and charged us for tolls I have not run into in the decade plus since.

We stayed at the Merlin Hotel on Highland Avenue, just below the Hollywood Bowl until we could find a suitable apartment for me. We looked at a couple that smelled bad, one that was partially burned, and one that had a manager to whom my father was related. He and my father seemed to hit it off well, but the apartment didn't feel right to me. So the search went on. As we walked from the hotel to look at yet another apartment, we were propositioned by a couple of prostitutes who promised us both a good time. We declined the offer.

The apartment was on Yucca and Highland, a single with its own door to the outside world. This was a rarity in Hollywood, and I wanted it. The Fosters were my landlords. They were a feisty older couple who made it clear they wouldn't put up with any crap. I think my father could relate to them and felt that I would be safe there. This is where I would live for the first six months of my Hollywood stay.

My father left to go back to Rockford, and there I was, the first night in my new apartment and the first night I had ever been

away from home. It was rough. I felt like you feel when you've just broken up with a girlfriend. Alone and lonely.

The second night I felt freedom like I had never felt it before—and I decided I would never look back. I was going to do everything I had ever been told I couldn't do. And there was not one thing I was going to do that I didn't want to do. I had been raised believing there were some things you just have to do whether you want to or not. Well, I was going to prove that theory wrong!

I got busy right away with school. If there's one thing I felt I was good at it was playing drums. I think I was more interested in showing off than in learning anything. I did, however, learn quite a lot, although more from the other students than the teachers. And I had fun.

I didn't know it at the time, but my dream girl had moved to L.A. from Hawaii with her boyfriend, at the same time I moved from Rockford. We actually lived in the same apartment building for the first two months and might even have seen each other and said "hi" in passing, but I must have been too involved in school and finding a job and loving my freedom to really notice her.

It was hard finding a job. Things got really rough at times. I managed to live on about fifteen dollars a week, eating Top Ramen, which consisted of noodles and a package of dust to sprinkle over them, and pancake mix, which was cheap and filling. I was down to one hundred and forty pounds. My friend Bruce arrived from Rockford and thought I was doing heroin.

Finally, I got a job at the school. They were moving across the street to the Max Factor building and hired a bunch of students to do the dirty work for one-tenth of the cost of skilled workers. I thought I'd struck gold, though. Five dollars an hour was a lot of money to me, even if I was pulling asbestos with no protective gear. I didn't know any better. One time I quit for about two weeks, and when I went back to visit a couple of the guys with whom I had worked, the contractor (boss) asked me if I was working today. "Sure," I said, and went back to work. He didn't even know I had quit.

I managed to save about two thousand dollars, since my father had paid my rent for me. My friend Adam came out from Rockford to stay with me, and we moved into a two-bedroom apartment with a couple of guys from school. I took nine hundred dollars and bought a motorcycle.

I had the bike for about two months when I got into a head-on collision with a car door doing about fifty miles an hour at the intersection of Hollywood and LaBrea. I did two complete flips in the air before landing on my hands and feet. I got up immediately, my adrenaline racing through me like water through the Hoover Dam. The lady who had hit me was so hysterical that she could hardly believe it was me she had hit and that I was standing. My bike was in two pieces, and her car was a bit tore up, too. Her windshield was broken from where my body had ricocheted off it. I had no memory of the impact, and I think this is part of what saved me. Not realizing I was going to be hit, I didn't tense up but relaxed with the flow of things as I sailed through the air. Another factor, I believe, however, is that there was some unseen hand helping me. I had no helmet on. I should have been dead. Even the ambulance drivers couldn't believe no one was going with them. "You should play the Lotto," one told me, as I refused to go to the hospital. I got a ride home and knocked on the door of my own apartment for someone to let me in. My keys were in my hand the whole time. I was in a daze, understandably so. Adam answered the door. He told me later I was very pale and looked totally lost. He thought he was looking at my ghost. My next vehicle was a bicycle.

I finally landed what I considered a great job in the television industry: booking audiences for all the major sitcoms and game shows. I started out recruiting tourists in front of Mann's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. I didn't do very well. I don't think the tourists believed me when I told them I had free tickets for *the Tonight Show starring Johnny Carson* and *The Wheel of Fortune*. So they moved me into the office to book schools, retirement homes and recreation centers that we would bus into the studios

in crazy-looking buses. I worked with three girls and a long-haired, vegetarian, Sixties throwback for a boss.

One day one of the bus drivers came into the office and said to the boss, "What's up, guy?" The driver didn't realize Guy was his real name and that he had unresolved issues with his mother over his name, so when he freaked out and started screaming, "If you ever call me Guy again you're fired!" the driver freaked out about as much. I have to laugh at it now, but this man could be quite scary at times.

Competition was high in the office. You were under constant pressure to book groups and worked on commission from what you booked. Myryah was the lead booker. She had acquired all the good files from being there the longest. Myryah was really tapped into the music scene and underground club scene. Guns and Roses gave her thanks on their *Appetite for Destruction* album. Instead of competing with her, since that was impossible, I created my own files and accessed a group that hadn't been booked before: churches. I booked a Baptist church group into the show *Amen* with Sherman Helmsley, and it wasn't long before I had the churches monopolized and *Amen* hemmed up.

I would also go out on the famous intersection of Hollywood and Vine and recruit people for the *Love Connection*. One of the pages at that show had a crush on me and would let me sign in for more people than I actually had. This was great for my commission and great for the company. It made me look good. I was making eight dollars an hour and a buck twenty-five per person booked into the show. At times I was up to thirty-five dollars an hour.

Every couple of months Myryah ran the "L.A. Party Bus." She would use one of Cash's crazy buses: either the Groucho Marx Fake Nose Bus, which was shaped liked a giant nose and had little noses that would light up inside; the Egyptian Sphinx Bus, which had a giant Sphinx head on top; or the Dragon Bus that, of course, resembled a dragon. Everyone would meet at Canter's Deli on Fairfax Avenue, and Myryah would fill these buses with people and go underground club-hopping. They'd hit about six to ten

clubs a night, stopping at liquor stores in between. One time she had the biggest party ever coming up—three buses booked full in advance. She asked me if I would come along and help out. Of course I went.

Well, there wasn't much for me to do once the buses got going. I took a seat by myself. I noticed two girls sitting a couple seats in front of me. They glanced back and smiled. I smiled back, having an immediate attraction to one of them. Much to my amazement, she came over and introduced herself. It's a good thing she did, because shy, virgin boy that I was I never would have had the guts to approach her. She told me her name was Tina. I told her mine was Lawrence.

She knew I had something to do with the buses and asked, "Can you go into the club with me?"

I said sure. So we got off the bus and went into Zombie Zoo. It was dark and lit with black lights and glow-in-the-dark paint. People were dancing and having a good time. People bought little plastic army men and traded them for Beer. I guess that was how they got around the liquor laws. No one was actually selling alcohol; they were selling army men.

Suddenly Tina ran over and grabbed my arm. "Oh, my god, I don't believe it!" she said. "My ex-boyfriend is here! Let's go!"

We went outside and waited for one of the buses to come back so we could go to another club. Tina had medium-length, curly, dyed cherry-red hair and was wearing a miniskirt and fishnet stockings. She was petite and sexy.

Our next stop was Club Scream. This one had a band playing and there was a little more light so you could see who you were talking to. This is where my memory begins to fail slightly. I know we went to one other club after Scream. I think Alcohol Salad was the name. The next thing I remember is being let off the bus in front of Canter's with Tina and her friends, who we had somehow, somewhere caught back up with. They asked me if I wanted to go into Canter's and get something to eat, but I told them I needed to go home and pack for my trip back to Rockford. I was going

home to visit for Christmas. Tina gave me her phone number and kissed me. “Call me when you get back in town,” she said. I got back in town and did just that.

We talked for hours. I know this because my phone bill was about twenty-five dollars and this was only L.A. to Long Beach, both in the 213 area code. We talked about a lot of things. Abortion for one. She was for it; I was against. Religion: she had none, I was a “born-again Christian,” or so I thought at the time. Sex: she was well-schooled, I was a virgin. I didn’t tell her that, of course. But despite all our differences, we had one thing in common. I was deeply attracted to her and she to me.

The next night she called and said that she and a friend Lisa were going to come into Hollywood and take me shopping with them for her friend’s birthday. I said, “All right, come on down”—a little phrase I picked up at CBS studios. Well, the girls showed up, but we never went shopping. Instead we partied at the apartment for a while. Lisa took a liking to my roommate, and Tina and I were having some fun of our own.

After awhile, we left the apartment and got on the freeway to go to some friends of theirs who wanted to wish Lisa a happy birthday. We were in Tina’s car—a little white Chevy. Lisa was driving and my roommate was in the front seat beside her. Tina was in the back seat with me. Tina was sitting on my lap grinding away. I was loving every minute of it. I started to get this strange feeling that I had been there and done this before.

We started kissing. I started rubbing her breasts and off came her top. I’m quite sure she pulled it off herself. She started rubbing me—to an immediate erection. I unbuttoned her shorts and Lisa reached her arm over the seat and stuck her fingers into Tina’s holy land. They started kissing each other, too. This whole time the strange feeling of having done this before was getting stronger.

It was when we pulled over and stopped for gas that it hit me. WOW! This is *deja vu*! I dreamed this in Rockford, I thought.

Right then the car door opened and Tina fell out, topless and shorts unbuttoned. It didn’t bother her in the least. Me either. All

I could do was sit up and say, "WOW!" Just like the dream, only this time I never woke up. And this wasn't the end. It was only the beginning.

This was my first real *deja vu* experience that I could not deny. Nor could I get it out of my mind. How is this possible? I dreamed in Rockford what came to pass in Los Angeles. There must be some significance to this encounter I thought. What is *deja vu* exactly? Webster's dictionary defines it as the feeling that one has had an experience previously. But this was not the feeling of having had this experience previously but the memory of actually having dreamed these exact events previously. This is slightly different. It is more like time travel. We apparently don't have an English word to describe such a thing. As it is we had to borrow *deja vu* from the French. I had never heard of this kind of thing before. Am I psychic? I.e. sensitive to forces beyond the physical world. Or psycho? I.e. suffering from a mental disorder. Which ever the case I don't remember my teachers in school referring to such a thing. Nor did I come across such a concept while reading the Bible in church. Does this mean it is of the devil? Most preachers might suggest so. Would this then mean that Tina was a temptress sent to lead me astray? At the time I certainly considered this a definite possibility. But it didn't stop me from pursuing the dream further.

After a couple of months of going back and forth to Long Beach, once to bail her out of jail even, Tina started to stay at her ex-boyfriend's apartment, as he was back in Hawaii. I got her a job working for Audience Associates, booking TV shows from the Chinese Theater. The boss and I agreed that she would not come between my and his relationship because I was the only person he respected and he didn't want to lose me. I stayed with Tina almost every night in this ex-boyfriend's horrible bachelor apartment on Melrose and Wilton. It was an old building with an elevator that could take an arm off if you didn't keep them close to your sides. The hallways had red lights at the ends, like something out of a horror movie. The apartment had one room with no kitchen, un-

less you want to count the bathtub as the kitchen sink, which we did. There were roaches that wouldn't fit in even the biggest traps. Thousands of them. Everyone in the building would just throw their trash out the windows and onto the ground. And Tina and I still hadn't had sex.

I wouldn't have sex with her because unbeknownst to her I was a virgin and thought it a sin to have sex outside of marriage. Well, that legacy would come crashing down one night in the roach hotel. Tina refused to take no for an answer.

It began when we were messing around, bumpin' and grindin' on the bed. Tina started to pleasure me orally and then just jumped on it. I tried to push her off—half-heartedly—but she refused to let up. She mounted me and before I knew it I was no longer a virgin. It didn't last long.

It was hard to salvage much of my pleasure from the frothing mouth of religious rhetoric that had been driving into my subconscious my whole life. I felt guilty and ashamed instead of feeling like I should have—like the best thing that ever happened to me had just happened. I dropped Tina off the next morning in front of the Chinese Theater and didn't kiss her. Barely said good-by. She was confused.

Well, it didn't take me long to get over my guilt, and I got right to work on realizing all of my sexual fantasies with Tina. We got a notice that they were going to condemn that old apartment building where she was living, so I suggested she move in with Kevin, Shawn and me. I grew up with Kevin in Rockford and Shawn I met in Los Angeles but is originally from Rockford also. She did just that; we shared a room and a bed. We made love anywhere we could and every way we could think of. We would take our lunch breaks together and go home. She would throw herself on the bed and I would jump on her. We'd shed our clothes, make love, and go right back to work without missing a beat.

Why was I feeling so bad? Is this activity we call sex wrong? There were no victims. Nobody was getting hurt. Tina and I were

certainly enjoying it and getting closer because of it. Closer in fact than I had ever felt to another person. How could this be wrong? Why are all the major religions so against it. Often I would get depressed, sad and withdrawn thinking I was perhaps living in sin and going to go to hell. Tina didn't know what to make of it. She would wonder if I was mad at her. I wouldn't tell her the truth because I wasn't quite sure what I was feeling myself. Religion has an interesting effect on those who have been inoculated from an early age. When concepts are driven into your subconscious through years of ritual and repetition, it is very hard to break free of them. I was taught by the church and the Bible (not my parents, which is an interesting social enigma itself) that sex without a marriage license is a sin and one would burn alive for an eternity, wishing only for a drop of water on the tongue, for such a crime. A very frightening thought. It's a ridiculous way to teach values to anyone, especially to a child.

But, naturally, this theme would run through my mind every time I engaged in sexual activities, causing me great guilt and discomfort. You can imagine the polarity of feelings I was experiencing. On the one hand was the greatest physical pleasure I had ever experienced, while on the other was the greatest primal fear and subsequent guilt imaginable. Talk about mood swings. I thought I was manic depressive, and all because of a belief that I didn't even really believe when it came right down to it.

Even when I finally came to terms with the falseness and uselessness of this belief and understood that there was nothing wrong with two unmarried people coming together and expressing their love for each other through sexuality, I still battled an unconsciously generated feeling of guilt. This is perhaps a perfect example of how sickness can be created by thoughts. Namely of false beliefs and bad religion. What if I had adopted the medical community's take on depression and taken drugs for my symptoms? Soon I would have had a real sickness or chemical imbalance or dependency caused by their supposed cure.

To look at it another way, imagine if the world was predominantly homosexual and that you were born a heterosexual. In this imaginary world, all the religions taught that it was wrong to favor the opposite sex. It was a sin worthy of death. The medical institutions would consider you sick and put you on drugs, with a variety of side effects, in an effort to cure you. Imagine the depression you would feel as you attempted to resist your attraction and natural feelings for members of the opposite sex. Isn't that the plight of the homosexuals throughout history? There have actually been some who have been subjected to electric shock treatment in an attempt to cure their homosexuality. And many have been killed for this "crime."

I think that the healthy human being is one who is free and at peace with his or her sexuality, whatever that may be. Real sickness may occur when natural feelings are repressed to the point of blocking the body's flow of life-sustaining energy. In the same manner, correcting incorrect thoughts and feelings without using drugs, can cure depression and reverse the effects of physical ailments by freeing energy blockages. Applying this to religions and sexuality, it is easy to see how these have the potentials to be catalysts for great sickness or great health, depending on our beliefs and perceptions of the world and how it relates to us.

Luckily, despite all my past religious indoctrination, I got over my depression and life went on.

Then Tina got into a confrontation with our boss and quit Audience Associates. He told me to get his pager back from her or find another job. So I found another job. I didn't appreciate the way he had treated Tina. I got a horrible phone telemarketing job with a company called Factor Fox. They would give us generic, uni-gender names like Lee, Chris and Pat. I'll never forget the look on this Southern guy's face as he was being reprimanded for referring to a gay manager, using the name Pat, as a *him* when he wanted to be thought of as a *her* to the customers on the phone.

Tina went to a strip club with a friend and got up and danced in an amateur competition. They naturally offered her a job. She

asked me if I thought she had a good enough body to be a dancer. I said, "Of course you do." She asked me if it would bother me if she started dancing. I said, "No as long as it doesn't bother you." My famous last words.

So her first night I drove her down to the Seventh Veil on Sunset Boulevard. I actually dropped her off across the street at a liquor store so she could pick up a bottle of courage. We thought this was a beginning. And it was. The beginning of the end. A couple of months later she ditched me for the door guy at the club. All I had left was six kittens and about a million fleas. I was heartbroken, although in truth I was ready to move on as well.

I joined a heavy metal band called Normandy, playing drums. My first ever L.A. performance was a sold-out show at the Roxy, opening for a band called Ferrari, which featured Marc Ferrari, who later would end up with a cameo appearance in the movie *Wayne's World*. Jumped straight into the frying pan and loved every minute of it. We gained moderate success on the Strip at a time when you had to have some really bad luck to not get a record deal. We watched all of the Strip bands get signed and go big time: Guns and Roses, Warrant, Faster Pussycat, LA Guns, Bullet Boys, and a slew of others. Three times as many bands got deals but achieved only moderate status, like L.S.D., Lord Tracy, Salty Dog, Lynch Mob, Shark Island, Sweet F.A., Babylon A.D., and Love/Hate.

Normandy, on the other hand, had a variety of missed opportunities, some unforeseen and unavoidable but the majority self-induced. Like kicking out the original singer and trying to copy the band Warrant with a singer look-a-like. And canceling a label showcase the night of the performance because our bass player was thrown in jail when his girlfriend accused him of molesting her child after he had told her to move her psychotic ass out of his house. But I did get to feel what it might be like to be a rock star, and at times even got treated like one by certain people. No one knew who was going to be next so some people wanted to plant their seeds just in case. It was a crazy time in Hollywood, but I

wouldn't have missed it for anything. They even made a movie about it: *The Decline of Western Civilization, The Heavy Metal Years*. It is a very accurate depiction of what was taking place on the Sunset Strip.

Three years after joining Normandy, and a couple of member changes later, it all fell apart. We decided to quit, a decision that was hard on all of us. The guitar player, quit altogether and became a Jehovah's Witness. I studied long and hard to try to deprogram him. He thought I was the Devil attacking him every time I tried. The guitar player had started Normandy eight years earlier in Texas, and we think he had an emotional breakdown when the band finally broke up. The Jehovah's Witness group caught him at just the right time.

The bass player and I kept playing. He had moved in with me as a result of his split-up with his molestation-accusing girlfriend, and we started another band called Mr. E with one of the managers of Normandy. We went through the usual ups and downs and lows and lowers common in Hollywood. Finally I decided to go solo. I wanted to start singing and writing my own music. Not be dependent on anyone but myself. Our manager supported me in this effort and I signed a management agreement with him.

With this decision to take control over my life and take responsibility for my actions, things started to change in my life. For example, I very painfully lost my religion to the very real possibility of Alien influence when I thumbed through a book entitled *Alien Influence on World Art* that gave a really good argument for the idea that beings from other planets have influenced art, religion and ancient cultures in our world right up through the present. For the first time I saw all the otherworldly experiences I had been having in the light of this newly acquired perspective. I had previously blindly labeled these events "acts of god," but who was I really praying to all of

these years? And who was it who was answering those prayers, visiting me at night, even sometimes scaring the bejeesus out of me? Boy, did my perception of reality ever change!

A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Until the age of twenty-four I had always considered myself an average person who just entertained somewhat unrealistic goals. I had known for quite some time that I had extraordinary dreams. As a child I at times dreamed with my eyes open, seeing both horrifying and curiously astonishing sights. But in May of 1991 a series of events took place that shook me at the foundation of life and would change the way I would look at things forever. The events made me realize for the first time that for the past twenty-four years I was nothing more than a slave to material illusion, a mere pawn in a state of blissful ignorance. In my hunt for the truth I never imagined the paradoxical maze I would uncover. My understanding of subjects I had never previously been exposed to was born and raised overnight, and I had no rational context to draw from to explain what was happening to me. I went from the ranks of the humble to that of a delusional paranoiac and back again in a moment.

Yet, as troubling as it all was, it was equally rewarding. Part of me wanted to believe I was the “Chosen One,” a messenger by some divine decree, setting free all holders of light so all might see. On the other hand, I recognized my insignificance and understood everything might just be a case of being in the right place at the right time. Whichever the case, I instinctively understood then, as I do today, that knowing truth can only be truly useful and realized if the experience is shared.

Change had never been my ally, but it was never an enemy either. I was basically indifferent to it altogether—until the latter half of 1991 and beginning of 1992 turned my attitude about change upside down and it became something I desired and feared yet had little control over.

It had been quite an emotional roller coaster ride for me during that year or so stretch. I had come very close to getting a record deal and very close to being homeless. I went from going to bed with one girl and getting up in the morning with another one to deciding that I was never going to have sex again as long as I lived. I went from health nut to drug and alcohol binges, from loving life to being suicidal. The list of extremes goes on. There's just something about that proverbial fame-and-fortune carrot when it's waived in front of your nose. It becomes a drug, a high that has no equal. Just when you decide to take a bite, to get your first taste of sweet victory—it can vanish in an instant, leaving you questioning whether or not it was ever there in the first place. This can be absolutely devastating to the human psyche. It could also, I learned, be the best thing that can happen to the spirit. Maybe we learn and grow through adversity because it causes us to question.

After a respectable amount of time on the roller coaster, I decided that if I wanted to survive I had better get off. I no longer wanted to be a victim of chance. I wanted to be the creator of options. It became my goal to gain complete control over my physical body rather than having it control me. To do this I determined I was to abstain from sex, including even sexually related thoughts. Although I had abstained from eating red meat for quite some time, I became a full-blown vegetarian, eliminating all meats and dairy products, including cheese. I was to eliminate anger and think only positive thoughts. I was also to work out on a regular basis.

Unfortunately, the closer I got to accomplishing this goal the harder it seemed to reach. I would always have one or two slack habits I could beat, but never all of them. Eventually, however, I mastered all of these tasks I had set for myself and gained what I considered to be complete control over my flesh. The jury is still out on whether or not these were pertinent actions for attaining my desired results. I think there is something to be said for controlling oneself, whether in body or mind. For example, I've had great difficulty controlling negative thoughts, but I've experienced

great peace in turning a negative, judgmental thought about a person I don't even know into a thought of "I love this person" or "I wish this person happiness." I think, in the long run, abstinence from sex did me more harm than good. A dose of female energy every now and then is a good thing. Nonetheless I was intent on proving to myself that *I* was in control and not some unconscious programming.

So there I was twenty-four years old, down on my luck. Life had dealt me what I perceived to be one disappointment after another. I had basically started over, going from playing drums as a member of a band to singing solo. I had two previous band members sharing my one-bedroom apartment in the Hollywood Hills. I had been on unemployment for about a year. After the band split, tensions ran high. It was time to move out. But I had no job, no money and no place to live. Things were looking bad indeed.

I had two managers who were partners at the time and one of my managers at the last minute, offered to put me up in his two-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood that doubled as their office. I moved all my belongings there: a black baby grand piano, an Oriental rug, two fish tanks, and a few clothes. My physical existence was at an all-time low.

Spiritually, though, I was at an all-time high. I had been celibate for more than eight months. I was not drinking alcohol. I was not eating meat. I would rarely get angry about anything, even though I had previously had a temper that would flare at just about anything and everything. Now, deprivation does not make a person spiritual. But what it did for me was let me know that if I *did* do any of these "forbiddens," it would be by choice and not some uncontrollable urge calling the shots. I believe a lot of what we do and who we are is determined by unconsciously motivated conditioning programmed deep within our subconscious minds. It was this programming I meant to destroy.

One of the few things I felt good about in myself at the time was my genuine compassion and kindness for people who were

suffering. I always helped the homeless when I could and tried to be kind to others. Maybe this was because I could relate to the homeless. I was seeing firsthand how just one or two combined misfortunes could send a person out onto the street. Without caring friends or family I would have been there myself.

As it was, I had a roof over my head. The little money I did get, usually from my manager, I split with Kevin, my friend whom I grew up with who had also hit hard times, (He eventually escaped by moving back to live with his parents in Rockford.) But I was determined to stick it out. There was a two-week or so stretch where I ate spaghetti several times a day every day. I could get a package of noodles for seventy-one cents and cans of tomato paste for thirty-five cents. This made for a cheap meal. Then one night everything built to a boiling point.

I laid in my bed feeling lonely, helpless, overwhelmed, and fed up with my life. I needed desperately to find some purpose or meaning in my life. I was in so much emotional distress it felt like physical pain. All I could do was curl up into a ball and moan like an injured dog. Ironically, the moaning offered a little relief. But I quickly reached the nadir of my existence. There was nothing left to do but lay flat on my back and pray for the darkness to save me or swallow me up. I stared deep into the blackness around me.

I had been raised in the church and always believed there had to be some intelligence superior to ours out there. At this point that's what I needed. Plain and simple. Not just any help would do, however. I needed an angel or God herself to come down and tell me there was a good reason for me to keep on living. I started repeating over and over the words "Angel of the Lord, come quickly." I don't know how long this went on, maybe thirty minutes or more. I think at some point I went from saying these words out loud to saying them in my mind.

What happened next still fills me with awe and sends shivers down my back and up my arms. Breathtakingly brilliant colors gracefully erupted in the dull darkness of the tightly closed bedroom. They swirled above and around me. In the middle of the

colors was a black tunnel with a white light either at the end or in the middle of it, I couldn't tell which. My breathing had slowed considerably; I felt my arms going numb. I think my wrist could have been bent backwards and I wouldn't have known it. My body felt like warm rubber. I felt as if I was being sucked or pulled through this tunnel and toward the white light at a tremendous rate of speed. I remember a feeling of weightlessness, free-falling, or tumbling in a circular motion, the same feeling I had occasionally had as a child falling asleep. I remember really enjoying this feeling. It was as though a tremendous weight had been lifted off me. Like a burden you never knew you lived with because you'd never known you could feel differently.

I quickly learned that I could increase the speed of the experience by visualizing the velocity. I did this by imagining colors I saw as a space scene in a movie where stars pass by a spaceship. I imagined I was the space ship and imagined these color swirls coming toward me faster and faster as I moved down or toward the tunnel.

I cannot tell you if my eyes were open or closed, if I was awake or asleep. If I was asleep, I was fully lucid; if I was awake, I was possibly having an out-of-body experience. Maybe I was dying. I certainly wanted to die, and what I was experiencing fit the description of what many who have experienced life after death or near-death have described.

Few can deny that they have wondered what happens after they die. The fear or anxiety about death that many have actually shapes the beliefs and perceptions of their every waking hour. Some don't really fear death, yet they have some subconsciously driven instinctual motivation which causes them to go to great lengths to avoid dying. There are others who at least at times have desired death, possibly driven by a belief that what comes after death (i.e., heaven) is better than their current situation. Their life may even be so unbearable that they are willing to take their chances. Then there are those who will actually attempt to take their life. Despite how easy it appears to be to accomplish such a finality, few ever succeed.

Death, no matter what one believes, is another one of those universal concepts. No one or nothing escapes death. At least in the conventional sense. If we ponder this inevitability, it seems that for us to say there is something wrong with dying is to say there is something wrong with living. Or with life itself. If we can't escape death, what is the point of fearing it? We certainly shouldn't have to despise death to love life.

In my situation, I don't think I really wanted to die but I felt like I was dead anyway so I had absolutely no resistance to dying.

But, as if this near-death experience wasn't incredible enough, what came next was beyond bizarre. I was greeted by a Being in what seemed to be a structure, a building. I didn't see walls, but it felt like I was in an enclosed area. There were other Beings present, but I can't remember them. I don't even know how I know they were there, but I do. Maybe I was too euphoric about the presence of the primary Being, a man who seemed to be perfect. Not too short not too tall, not too skinny and not too fat. Very attractive and very muscular. He was indeed angelic. The strange part was I could tell he had a muscular chest and rippled stomach, even though he wasn't naked or without a shirt. Even stranger than realizing that was thinking that his skin was blue.

Being in the presence of this Being I felt a sense of Peace, Love, Joy, Happiness, Security—every feeling considered “good.” The Being spoke to me telepathically. I spoke to Him in the same way. He gave me the answer to all my problems in one four-letter word. I couldn't believe it. It was so simple yet so complex. I remember seeing the expression on my face. It was a smile of amazement and confusion like I might have replied, “You've got to be kidding me!” I can't explain how this verbal transaction took place without a word being spoken, or how I was viewing myself and seeing my facial expression while at the same time acting as myself. But it happened as surely as I got out of bed this morning.

The word the Being spoke, the word that solved all of my problems was a word I'd heard before many times. But until this Being spoke it, I never knew the depth of meaning it embraced.

It's as though by him saying it, it meant more somehow. The best way I can explain it is how some people have described experiences on LSD when they suddenly became one with everything and everything made sense. The universe was working in perfect harmony. They can't explain how this could be; they just know that it was. In the same way I'm not sure of the finer details of how this word can solve all of my problems and give me purpose in life, but I knew, in the moment the Being spoke it, that there was no need to question. I knew it was so.

I have always thought that words make prisoners of our thoughts, stifling our ability to communicate. While I still consider this to be true, I now know there is one word that serves as a "get out of jail free card," a key that unlocks the material cage.

After uttering this word of revelation, the Being led me down to what appeared to be a hallway or a passageway from one spot to another. Here I thought I was seeing a movie of two dinosaurs, one chasing after the other on a beach. They both passed right through me as though I was a ghost standing on the shore. I was then taken to what appeared to be Egyptian times. I saw a tall stone building in the middle of the desert. It had tropical plants and trees on the roof top, as you might see today on buildings like the Bel Age Hotel in West Hollywood, California.

I was then taken to a pyramid and placed inside. I don't recall how I got inside, but once there, I proceeded to climb stairs in very narrow passages, passing through various levels. Again there was a telepathic forwarding of information. Apparently each level represented a certain level of spiritual enlightenment. The higher one got in the pyramid, the more intense the energy got. It began to have physiological effects on the human body. Apparently it required one to attain a certain raised frequency of the body in order to take on these higher energies created within the structure of the pyramid. These energies of the pyramid, when combined with the energies of an individual's consciousness and the body's vibratory frequencies, would make the human body less dense

physically and thus able to pass through walls into levels or chambers that otherwise had no entrance.

Finally, I made it to the top of the pyramid, where I boarded a very large, triangular aircraft. It was as if I had entered another dimension entirely. Perhaps I achieved full illumination, as it were. If there had been anyone on the ground outside the pyramid, they would not have been able to see the craft or its occupants, as we were in another dimension of reality altogether. It was made known to me that this craft was called "The Apex."

Apparently, when these pyramids were built, there were changes occurring on the planet that were balanced by the pyramids in one respect and represented by the pyramids in another so that, by achieving advancements within the structure, one replicated what was occurring in the outside world. It was believed that if a person ascended all the way to the top, he or she would survive the dimensional pole shift of the earth. Ascension depended largely on the vibratory frequency of the body caused by a person's thoughts and emotions about the world, or their level of "spiritual enlightenment." In this manner, the pyramids were used as a schooling for ascension, or reincarnational life, in a single lifetime. There are many who believe that a similar earth-shift phenomenon is occurring on earth in the present time. Maybe the same type of schooling as was experienced in the pyramids has been taking place over the many lifetimes since the construction of these incredible structures. As we enter this new dimension of reality we are able to shape physical forms as we desire in effect create reality by virtue of our thoughts. Within the Kings chamber within the pyramid is a sarcophagus that one can lay in that is a simulator of this experience. This is where the original idea of the pyramid being a gigantic tomb for one man namely the king came from. Russian scientists discovered that the brain operates at six hertz which coincides with the frequencies emanating from within the sarcophagus. Acoustic experts have detected a low frequency sound emanating from the Kings chamber that is aligned with the magnetic frequencies of the planet. So when one lays in this sarcophagus it

matches and intensifies your consciousness. One person might experience fear and another well being. As it is in this 4th dimension you create what ever experience you desire according to what level of enlightenment you have achieved. And likewise the pyramid in this 3rd dimension is what you believe it to be also. For example the military might believe that the pyramid was built for its acoustic properties to be used as a sonic weapon. A pilot might think it was used for triangulation in navigation be it terrestrial or a homing device for extraterrestrial. A farmer might believe it was made to manipulate weather patterns for agriculture. An engineer might believe it is a machine. An astronomer might think its an astrological device. A historian might see it as a time travel machine. And I submit that it is indeed all of these and more. And ultimately a door or portal to other dimensions per individual, Gestalt or even the collective whole. Maybe it is now time for all of us to graduate the school of life.

I reflected on this as I was next taken in the aircraft to another beach but where it now appeared to be more modern times, with people sunbathing. Pretty girls in bikinis.

Finally I was taken somewhere where there were short, unpleasant, deformed people in cages. They were obviously aware of my presence because they looked at me through the bars of their cages with a look of despair I will never forget. Was this the past, present, or future? I have no clue.

At some point, I recall suddenly laying in my bed feeling I had just watched a movie. It didn't feel as though I had just awakened, however. I lay there for about a half-hour trying to figure out exactly what had happened. I considered that I might have sleepwalked to the living room and watched television all night. I was very confused. As the minutes passed, I began to lose the clear memory of what had occurred.

When the events began to get hazy, I went out into the office to explain what I could remember to my manager. I could relate probably only about two percent of what had happened. I wanted to lie and say that the Beings were little guys with big heads and

big black eyes, the usual description of Beings from other worlds. It must have sounded ridiculous to hear about perfect blue men from another planet. It seemed ridiculous to me, too, but having had the experience I had no choice but to accept it.

So it seemed that, in an instant of hopelessness, I had gotten in contact with what some consider to be angels and had been given a glimpse into a very literal existence of Hell. It forever changed the way I view the universe, my life, and reality.

Naturally I attempted to contact the Beings again by using the same technique. One time, as I started to see colors swirl and began to free-fall, I gave up. At that moment I actually heard a loud swishing sound as if a craft had swiftly whisked away. Finally, a week or so after the initial event, I met success. It was another earthshaking experience. To explain it I must digress into some personal background.

I was adopted by my present parents. I had never known my biological heritage or siblings. I grew up feeling kind of alone in this world, never getting too close to anyone. I always thought it would be incredible to look at my mother or father and see the resemblance of me in them. I thought it would be incredible to meet any brothers or sisters that I might have, just to see if we were all similar in some small way, or to feel that bond of having the same blood. The one time I tried to find out my name or to even know my nationality, I was told I would need a court order to get any information. So I gave up and figured I would never meet or know my progenitors like most other adopted people. However that would all change in one night as again I was taken to another world, but this time by an unknown source. Because I was spoken to telepathically, but I did not have a visual with which to associate the message.

I was again taken into what appeared to be a room with no walls. I got the impression there was smoke around the edges, dividing one area from the next, although I don't recall actually seeing smoke. I viewed what appeared to be a large movie screen, or perhaps a large window. Two Beings appeared in front of me on

the other side of this screen or window. It was telepathically made known that these were my brother and my sister. They looked like they might have been about fifteen years old. They also might have been twins. Either I could not tell just by looking at them—or I don't remember—which was the boy and which the girl. But I do know I was appalled at their appearance. They had lumpy, enlarged craniums, similar to that of the elephant man. Their hair was wiry thin, blonde and patchy, as if it was falling out from radiation. Since all communication was telepathic, they immediately became greatly saddened and distressed over my disgust for them based on appearance. Of course I was able to feel their sorrow. The entire, albeit brief encounter was a very mournful one for both them and me. To this day I feel terrible for how I reacted.

I must have looked as freakish to them as they did to me and often wonder why did they not have the same reaction to me that I had to them. Maybe they were prepared for the meeting as I clearly wasn't, or maybe they frequently come in contact with other Beings that vary greatly in appearance. Like I say, I feel terrible about my aversion. Like I flunked an important test. If we, as humans, cannot get around subtle differences such as skin pigmentation, height, weight, or sexual orientation, how are we ever going to deal with a multidimensional universe with a variety of Beings, looking perhaps like those depicted on the television series *Star Trek* or in the movie *Star Wars*? Later that day I viewed a show on television called *Intruders* that depicted these beings in exact detail. The timing of my viewing this program in light of what I had just experienced literally blew my mind. I did not know what to think. The experience taught me perhaps one of the most important lessons of my life. I had always thought that since I didn't know my nationality, I could be anything and therefore had not a prejudiced bone in my body. Wrong! I was no different from any other racist out there. I didn't hate my brother and my sister because of their appearance, but I *feared* them. Fear, I think, is the source of all prejudice.

In light of this revelation, the four-letter word given to me earlier took on even greater depth of meaning. In fact, this one word struck a blow akin to that of a ball-peen hammer striking my head. I hurt to my very soul when I realized how my lack of knowledge and spiritual understanding could cause such pain to my brother and sister. I now love them with all my heart, despite our differences in appearance. I long for a return visit to let them know this. Even though they are obviously hybrids of some sort—or *I* am—we are partially of the same flesh, and they are the only biological family I've ever known.

After this experience, my next was with a bipedal reptilian type of creature. Again I couldn't get past their appearance, so it was not a terribly pleasant situation. The mere sight of them seemed to evoke a feeling in me that went beyond fear and horror in the conventional sense. I can see how, under normal circumstances, one might go into shock from the fear in such an encounter. I think just the idea of a bug-like creature more intelligent than ourselves that has the potential to charm us, farm us, and harm us by virtue of their apparent superiority, at least from a technological point of view, terrifies most of us and is utterly hellish.

These Beings may have been benevolent by nature even though some of their actions, on the surface, horrified me. Then again, our actions might be horrifying in the eye of a cow. Imagine if these Reptilian Beings thought we tasted good enough to eat and considered us unintelligent. Would it be wrong for them to have us for dinner? Whether this is a real experience in the popular sense or not is irrelevant. The lesson is still valid. The concept of treating others as you would like to be treated still stands firm in the face of logic not to mention in light of its karmic value. Let us hope that such fanciful stories forever remain in Spielberg or Lucas films, or in some quasi-hypnotherapist's memory regression. The mere thought of such things weighs heavily against my new take on the old four-letter word that was revealed to me as the answer to life's questions.

Sometimes when I attempt to enter the altered state of consciousness where all these other worlds and beings exist, I receive a

shock sensation along my spine. or a pin-pricked sensation in my foot. Sometimes I even get an itching sensation in my nose. All of these things cause me to lose my concentration. The most dramatic is the shock which will jolt my body like a convulsion and will actually scramble my thoughts for about ten or twenty seconds to where I can't remember what I was thinking or concentrating on the moment before. The first time I really experienced such a massive shock was when I tried to imagine going to subterranean worlds to teach Beings there about surface life. How could you explain life on the surface—and beyond in outer space—to Beings who have no comprehension of life beyond the confines of their hollow shell? I have had a variety of experiences in these altered states. Some are intentional, but an overwhelming majority of them have been unintentional or spontaneous.

In all fairness to the skeptic, I have had many experiences that have been recently termed “night terror,” i.e., seeing bugs, creatures, etc. Like a dream with my eyes open. These experiences may be semi-real, or hallucinations, or something as yet unnamed. I don't know. But sometimes I see things that I later read about someone else experiencing in exact detail. Sometimes I receive information that has no point of reference in my life, information imparted to me in words I have to look up the meanings of because I have never heard them before. And every experience seems more real than not. I have no prior knowledge of these things I see. One example is this word *apex*, given to me relative to the experience in the pyramid. While to some this might be a fairly common word, I had never heard the word, or at least didn't remember having heard it used. I definitely didn't know the definition, so I looked it up in the dictionary. Much to my surprise, the definition corresponded in remarkable detail to that which I had experienced.

According to the *American Heritage Dictionary*, *apex* means: 1. The highest point of something; vertex. (Vertex being the point on a triangle opposite to and farthest away from its base.) 2. The culmination. (Culmination being to reach the highest point or

degree; come into full effect; climax, or to cross the meridian of the observer; reach the highest point above the observer's horizon. Synonyms of culmination include summit, peak, pinnacle, acme, apex, zenith, and climax.)

Each of these synonyms, it seems, is applicable to the highest point of a thing, physically and figuratively. *Summit* and *peak* refer literally to the top, as of a hill or a mountain. Figuratively, *summit* suggests the highest level attainable, and *peak* the highest point of achievement. *Pinnacle* refers to a tall, slender mass, such as a spire, that tapers to a point, or figuratively to a height reached by spectacular achievement. *Acme* is used, figuratively for the most part, to represent perfection. *Apex* is applied to the pointed tip or top of a figure, such as a pyramid, and, figuratively, to the focal point of any concerted effort. *Zenith* is that point in the heavens directly overhead, or, by extension, the point of highest achievement, development, or power. *Climax* usually refers to the point of greatest development or intensity, marking the end of an ascending process.

Now I know myself very well, and I am not nearly clever enough to be able to encapsulate the totality of that particular experience in the pyramid into one four-letter word such as *apex*. And *summit* I had always thought to be the place where only world leaders meet; *peak* was the point that people described as LSD reaching its fullest effect. *Acme* I knew only as the name of a cement company. *Pinnacle* to me was the name of an apartment complex, *Zenith* the name of a television set, and *climax* was the point of ecstasy in an orgasm.

This was the extent to which I understood these terms prior to looking them up after the pyramid experience. Others can either believe me or not. It doesn't matter. What I know is that I do not—cannot—deny the events to myself. I must remain open to whatever may be. I've tried not to make any conclusions in these matters. I am inclined to think they were good experiences because of all that I've learned from them.

What did I learn? From the perfect man in a skin-tight, blue jumpsuit, I learned an entirely new concept of the worn-out four-letter word: LOVE.

Somehow, some way, the simple but complex concept of love answered all my questions and solved all of my problems. The reason I had such a surprised and disbelieving reaction is because I had such a perverted concept of what love is. Love is not merely telling your wife or children or parents you love them. Love is universal. I cannot love one thing without loving all things. I cannot love others without loving myself. I cannot love myself without loving everyone else. I cannot love the Creator and not love all that were created, whether those creations look appealing to me or not. I cannot love something because it exhibits intelligence and not love something else because I fail to recognize its intelligence. But most of all, I cannot love life while I'm destroying it. I can only love life by nurturing it. And I cannot ascend without knowing these truths.

I am no more worthy of life and the opportunity to experience it than any other living thing. I now realize that in universal karmic law, a Mother Teresa that eats animals is no different in participating in the murder and subsequent ingesting of the animals than a Jeffrey Dahmer that eats humans is in murdering and ingesting of humans. That's a hard lesson to stomach, so to speak. Saints may have a more loving intention or just not know any better. And maybe ignorance *is* an excuse. But once we *know*, we must never go back. The animals that Mother Teresa might have eaten had as much right to life as the humans that Jeffrey Dahmer might have eaten, even though our egos may try to argue this universal truth. Love is rescuing an animal from the hunter's trap, or saving a bug drowning in the pool. We want so badly to believe in a God that loves us, but what kind of gods are we to those who are subject to us? If this is my reason for living—to experience and fully understand unconditional love for life and all that exists—if this is the answer to the question of why I'm here today, then I can

live with that. As a spirit this seems as good a place as any to learn such a lesson.

But there is another step. If I have learned the lesson of love then logically I must share it, spread it, and increase it. The more we inspire others to love, the more love we are able to experience. This is perhaps a perfect example of the age-old, paradoxical axiom: You must give to receive.

- I LOVE YOU ALL.

PHOENIX FROM THE FLAMES

It wasn't long after this profound celestial experience that I found myself homeless. Well, not living on the streets, but homeless just the same. One day I came home and found a letter on the table left by one of my managers, the one at whose apartment I was staying. In this letter he expressed his concern for his mental health and stated that he would have to withdraw from any further involvement in my musical endeavors. My other manager and I discussed this with him in person, and it led to one punching the other in the head. Not a good scene. I was told by the landlord that I had one day to get my things and leave, or he would call the sheriff's department and have me arrested for trespassing.

I went to stay with my friend and the original singer of Normandy. He had a single apartment on Wilcox and Hollywood Blvd. I slept on the floor under my piano. We used to look out his window at the prostitutes and drug dealers and write songs about what we saw. We wrote some great songs. Most are lost forever, forgotten history as it were.

It wasn't long after moving in that the whole neighborhood—the whole city for that matter—was on fire. Yes, the terrible L.A. riots torched off by the Rodney King beating—straight from that infamous intersection of Florence and—what?—you guessed it, Normandy. Apparently some rioting broke out and instead of the police breaking it up, they were ordered out of the area, allowing the chaos to not only continue but grow. Soon fires were breaking out everywhere. News reports actually showed police watching looters carrying off furniture from one store, on their backs, directly in front of the police. The police were doing everything short of helping them. The commentator said the police had been

given strict orders not to make any arrests. Every so often they would have a special live report as to what stores were being looted and where they were, so when a store was being looted in your area, you could join in. You'd already been shown that you would not be arrested. I couldn't believe that the news media could be this negligent. They were literally orchestrating these events!

Then came the report that my street was on fire. I ran out to see. Sure enough, just two buildings down from ours a swap meet was a fire tornado. I could feel the heat chapping the skin on my face. Pieces of burning debris were flying everywhere. Some landed on the roof of our building, the Studio Club Apartments. It was amazing the building didn't catch on fire. People were standing in the streets watching the fire, and we were all relieved to see a riot squad approaching the intersection. There were thirty to fifty of them, all fully equipped with shields, masks and billy clubs. We were relieved to be safe—or so we thought. Our sense of security quickly turned into shock, however, when the riot squad, apparently thinking we were responsible for the fires, charged *us!* People began screaming and scattering. It was total chaos. My Nova, that I had gotten from Kevin for four hundred dollars, was parked on the street. I jumped in and squealed out of the area.

I went to my manager apartment in Toluca Hills and stayed there and watched the rest of the riots from the poolside hilltop view of the Oakwood Apartments.

After the riots were over, we went back to my place to load up my belongings and move them into his apartment. This relocation had been planned before the riots, but I was relieved to be leaving since the police were still on the street. They actually checked all my belongings as we loaded them, just to be sure none of them had been stolen in the looting of nearby stores. If this is what a police state is like, I hope we are forever spared the experience.

Needless to say, living at Oakwood was paradise. There were swimming pools, fitness rooms, even a Jacuzzi. Although we were eventually squeezing five people into a single apartment (one on

the couch, two on the floor and two in a fold out bed), it all seemed comparatively good. And this is where I met Morris.

Morris was one of the strangest humans I have ever met. He appeared literally out of nowhere. He was homeless, but very clean and very well-spoken. He was either a light-skinned black man or a dark-skinned white man. I couldn't tell. He had one outfit, a pair of tight-fitting shorts and a loose-fitting muscle shirt. I had the impression that he might have been gay, but he never made advances toward anyone, male or female. People in the apartment building seemed to trust him. They gave him a place to sleep, food, even money.

Morris introduced me to things I had never heard of before. Things like being the master of our reality or a slave to someone else's reality.

One night we were visiting a guy we had met, Dave, who wrote for *Guitar Player* magazine. Morris was there and gave us a personal seminar of sorts. He spoke for hours, and left me utterly amazed by what I heard. He said that for some time he had been channeling aliens. (Channeling is where people claim to be allowing beings from other worlds to speak through them like a transistor radio)

I told him of my experiences, and he said that he was familiar with the phenomenon. In fact, he said he had information for me from the aliens, which he gave me in the form of cassette tape recordings.

I never saw Morris again.

Just as strangely, I somehow lost the memory of this exchange. A few days later, Dave asked if he could listen to the cassettes. I told him I had never received any cassettes, and stood firm in that belief even when he insisted. I actually got mad at him for implying that I was lying. Months later, these tapes popped up seemingly out of nowhere. I was embarrassed for being so angry with Dave, but he had moved back to New York and I had no idea how to contact him to apologize. Hopefully, he will read this and know that I am sorry and also realize that, at the time he asked me about them, I had no memory of having the tapes.

THE GARDEN

Because of the strange circumstances surrounding the receipt, loss and then finding of the following, channeled material, part of me wants to believe that I was manipulated by an unseen force to make sure this information remained with me. The information seemed to be relative to what I had already experienced prior to meeting Morris: A similar message by similar beings using a similar method of communication. Were these beings from other worlds? Were they the same beings that had contacted me in my room? I don't know. It's certainly possible. At one point in their message they claim to appear as geometrical shapes or flashes of light in the corners of one's eyes in order to "fire" codes of consciousness where words won't do. I have experienced this, and at significant times. However, I still tend to imagine some humans somewhere, with some ultra-advanced technology, having a good time playing games with us, so I must remain skeptical. There is no way for me to know the intent of these information givers no matter how pleasant on the surface this information appears to be. So, instead of offering a word for word rendering of these tapes I am going to go over a few points and suggestions that they made that appear consistent with the material in this book. Also, some of the material closely resembles other published material and I want to avoid publishing right conflicts. Although that may be a good way to validate the authenticity of an alien author, in that it would seem unlikely that if beings from another world wanted to give humanity a message, that they would support exclusive ownership of their message remaining with the mere mouthpiece that delivered it.

One of the first points that these beings make is that they come from our future and sneak back in our time, and that we do the same as well. The age of multidimensional travel is upon us. We do it and we don't know it. Drifting in pivotal systems each going through something similar to what the Earth is going through. The purpose is to explore the potentialities within our own DNA, to discover what we have been led away from. To give the energy that is inside us the opportunity to show us what it can do. The best way to do this is to be willing to change. To ask ourselves how much have we changed? How much are we willing to change? In order to make use of this rich light that is merging itself from outside the body with the light encoded filaments within our DNA we must be willing to change. How we look, how we speak, where we live and what we eat. For some this will mean erasing all of the beliefs that we currently have so that we will feel as though a certain part of our self has died. And a new one has been born. And we can not conceive of what this new self can become. We will reclaim this Earth from its present controllers and liberate the human species by first liberating ourselves.

These beings claim that they have been on Earth before so they know the kinds of things that go on here and the kinds of difficulties that exist in physical reality. However, they feel that we should be able to make physical reality bend to our will. And if we can't than we are not mastering the laws that are being whispered around our planet at this time. These are the laws that are being brought down to empower us. That remind us that we create our reality in every situation. There will be a speeding up of consciousness in physical reality where simultaneously the light encoded filaments of our being connect themselves in new ways. Previously dormant DNA will be reactivated and our body will awaken to what it knows. We will find it easy to do the things that were once considered miracles exclusive to the gods.

These beings say that they are here to help remind us of what we already know. And that there is a big problem in one probability of our future and that they are here on assignment to alter the

future of our universe from its own past. To help us unlock the language of light geometry and love that is part of the design of this universe. All of us, they say, will have cellular memory very soon. But if we awaken too soon we might decide that we are not very happy about being here. We might be enticed and have a longing to leave. We feel very separated from others and alone. We really don't know the multidimensionality of cells and how we are connected. That for a good reason they say, has been kept from us. The light encoded filaments of our DNA were designed to fire or release themselves to us as conscious knowledge at certain intervals giving us greater awareness. It is like climbing a hill and getting a bigger view of reality. Right now we are connected with a material of a seeking nature. There is much sharing of information going on right now. Yet something is missing. What is missing is what we are remembering, and what we will come to know and have greater clarity of. An awakening. But it will not be safe if only a few of us has this awakening or clarity. We must all awaken together. Then there will be no stopping us. There will be too many to stop it. Currently, they say, we can not conceive of what existence is and what we are in relation to it. Especially because we are existing with a two-stranded DNA that is barely operating and a brain that is only operating with ten-percent of its maximum capacity. We are unplugged. But quickly plugging back in. This is a free-will universe, yet we have traditionally hand over our free-will to a variety of tyrants who have used it for a variety of reasons. "Well there is nothing I can do about that, I am not in charge here," we say. How many people believe that their thoughts create their reality and live that way? Heal themselves and do anything that they want? Not many. We act as though we have no control over our lives. We are ripe for an evolution of awareness and the more we become aware the more we must let people know it. It does not mean we all pontificate. We do not need to go out and convert anyone. It simply means that we share our beliefs with a divine nonchalance with the world. If we do not believe in eating meat, we should not be quiet about it. If we do not believe in the nega-

tivity on television, we should not watch it. Again, not intending to convert anyone but giving them something to think about. No matter what things look like they say that each of us has a purpose and that each of us knows that we are part of an evolutionary process, that is seeking to find a place of dominance on this planet. That light which is information and love will become the dominant frequency on the planet and all of the humans that are involved here are going to have an opportunity, if they chose, to become informed about their existence. This will make life a million times easier than it currently is. When we are fully informed about our existence we understand that we can be anything that we want to be. We also understand that every event that comes before us is a further honing, or polishing of the vehicle that we are. We trust that every event offers a unique opportunity to learn.

These beings have some suggestions for diet and explain some benefits of fasting. They say, humorously that our bodies are just dying to operate without food. That the foods we eat have been depleted of nutritional quality and life force. And because of this many of us have pockets of decaying matter inside of our bodies. So, fasting can serve to take the processes that surround us and cleanse us. To allow our consciousness to evolve into different areas so that we are not so distracted with digestive system. They suggest a balance. How much is up to the individual. Fasting can open the door to very high energies. It can give the body the opportunity to take us into higher consciousness. But we should do what our bodies feel. And not make a program for our body to follow. To fast when we feel like it. And eat when we feel like it. Do what the cells of our being decree. Not what our mind thinks. Or what we have been told. They ask us how many of us have noticed that our desires for the types of food that we want have changed? If the things we used to like no longer satisfy us? Ask ourselves what do we want? Do we want youngberry juice today? Do we want an avocado? A chocolate bar? It is not so forbidden. Our thoughts create our reality.

What we think about our food is what accompanies their vibration as they enter our bodies and what gives them the direction

of what they are to do once inside our body. As we evolve, meaning, that as the electromagnetic circuitry of the body and the frequency at which we vibrate changes, we are no longer satisfied with the vegetables, meat, potato, gravy and biscuit diet that certain individuals desire that do not have the electromagnetic vibration that some of us currently have on the planet. That diet bogs the lighter body down. We are going to have to be lighter with our food. Our bodies may require a vegetarian diet to match our rising frequencies. And yet we shouldn't judge these foods so much, they say. When we eat we should state our intention and the purpose of the food: that it nurtures us, nourishes us and blends itself with our molecules. The intent that is put around anything can literally alter poisons and make them nourishing to the body. When we are in a state of emotional chaos, particularly fear, we could make a grain of sand make us sick.

Few people think of water and oxygen when they think of diet. However it is absolutely essential to bring plenty of oxygen into the body. Oxygen will fire the codes of consciousness. It will regenerate and rejuvenate the body. We are made up mostly of water. In order to keep ourselves operating at a high clear rate, we must replace that water continuously. When we do not replenish that water in our body, we begin the aging process. Or when we are drinking polluted water we put all kinds of things into the body that clog the body up. The body has to spend too much time transmuting. They say that we can transmute water supplies. That all things have consciousness within them, and so when we communicate with the consciousness within something, it will begin to respond to what our dictates are and what our desires are. It will begin to match our electromagnetic frequency. They even say that there will be some people who will become very wealthy in the future because they have large amounts of fresh non-polluted water. Water is going to become very sacred. So fresh pure water and plenty of oxygen are essential for optimum health and raised vibration.

Their feelings on relationships and sexuality is a simple one. If we are comfortable experimenting, then experiment, so we can discover our sexuality and what we want. We do not need male and female. If we are two males or two females that is O.K. Let the prime ingredient be love. We are finally getting out of the old paradigm of relationships. We have these beliefs that to become spiritually evolved we must live in a cave and give up sexuality and never have sex again. This is simply not so. In fact, sexuality when used properly, can lead to higher consciousness. As electromagnetic energies rise between two people there are not only great orgasmic heights but psychic exchanges become more pronounced and sex goes far beyond orgasm. When we learn how to use sexuality spiritually we can hold our bodies together for hours and we can literally travel together. Much of this has to do with intending before we have sex. Learning to use the body and to use breathing will also help us discover this. We are to decide as we make the role model for what the functioning human is. Consider all things. Cross-study all people, listen to their suggestions and then you decide what works for you. And don't believe someone if they say we are sinners for doing this or that. There is nothing wrong with the flesh. It is not flawed. They say that our physical bodies are the most valuable things we will ever own. They are the key to everything and every place that we will ever go. Who needs anything but a body? It is miraculous and as we begin to discover how to operate the body and its potentialities, it will perform miracles as well. But no one is going to give us a big fat manual on how to operate the body, because we would not believe it at this time. So we are being enticed out of our patterns of obedience and patterns of behavior that we have all been subject to because we have all gone through the educational system. Some of us are proud we have gone through this educational system. They say be proud we have survived it. That we have some vestige of sense left. Imagine who we will be when we are operating with twenty to twenty five percent of our brain capacity. Imagine how easy it will be to send a message to the cells of our being on how to perform. We will be

able to literally create a new body. Most humans, the large majority on the planet, actually are in the five to eight percent category of brain capacity usage. Like the Richter scale each degree is compounded and multiplies with each percentage. So say we are beyond ten percent capacity, even by one percentage point, it is such a drastic increase over the ten that were we to get to twenty percent we could not image who we would be.

Emotion is the key. It works with the intellect. The intellect is the part of the self that operates the brain with logic, meaning that there is a certain way of interpreting reality. In the latter we can operate with more imagination than intellect. And intuition. We can still manipulate intellectual symbols but at the height of feeling, imagination and intuition.

They have some suggestions for intention or intending. Again they reiterate that memories of who we are will surface more and more. When the time comes, light pockets of information—the light encoded filaments inside the DNA—will fire at once, and as a collective we will all know what the other is thinking. We will all be telepathically linked. If we were to awaken before then, or of only a few were to awaken tonight to the full identity of who we are, and feel the force of energy that we have come in to take charge of, we might be to frightened to operate. We would feel to alone. We live in a very dark and controlled system called Earth. It is no big deal. We will change it. But we are not going to awaken to our full life's capacity until the love/light force reaches a certain level of attainment within all of the other members. They recommend that everyone of us operate as if every thought makes a major difference. And that we operate as though we are in charge of the empire of the Earth and that we begin to decree out over the land what this empire can be without validation from the outside world. That we validate for ourselves. Trust that because we decree that there will be peace in the land that peace is available, then peace is. We should simply state our intentions. State the possibilities. 'I intend that the state of awareness, this knowledge, that I have achieved, I intend that it be available in say South Carolina.' We

can broadcast our intent across the entire state so that people awaken to this same potential. Intend to broadcast the sum of our knowledge so that it is available for all. When one intends, calling all of this energy to one's self in order to have it all fit into the body and into the nervous system and travel through it hooking up all of these things for awakening, one must be very loose and very open with one's dramas. One must not have areas of judgment, doubts and fears or any other kinds of negative emotions. So, again, we must understand that every single event in which we are involved—every single one, even those way back in high school or infancy—that all of these events, no matter how terrible some of them may seem, were an opportunity for us to understand something. There were no mistakes. Once properly understood we can find a richness in all of the emotional events in our lives. So as the energy comes into the body, all of this begins to become part of a bigger picture and there is a holistic approach to this energy field. There are many things that aid this sort of thing. Taking a bath in Epsom sea salt can stimulate the electrolytes in the body, for instance. There is also sound and toning. If we would really like to experience an acceleration of consciousness we should get together in groups and practice toning. We might find that we will completely alter our state of consciousness and come into greater clarity. When we tone we clear away the emotional garbage that is blocked up, not only in ourselves, but when we tone in large groups we clear and process for the entire plant. And sometimes we hear an answer from the universe coming back to us in the same tone. When we tone, we move into such an altered, state, and we are so in it, that we are not listening to what is going on so much. It is a very subjective experience. But when we listen to a recording of our toning session it is very objective. We will find that there will be many harmonics and tones played back to us that were not made by us. They suggest that there are many more involved in making these sounds than just us. We will find ways to literally tone into the body so that the sound moves around in a nourishing and opening way and creates a healing. And that we will find in the

future that the prime healing centers will use sound to bring bodies back into alignment. And that this will be one of the primary methods of healing in the future. There are other methods as well. Color and light will play a role. Our cells as they exist in our bodies make a sound. Each area of the body has a certain vibratory frequency that can be matched. If the body has disease or dis-ease in certain areas, applying the correct sound, or the appropriate sound vibration to the body, little by little, disseminates the unbalance, the disharmony, and therefore, the disease.

They have some advice for those of who are unhappy in the corporate world. There is no need, they say for those of us to be in it if we do not like it. We create our reality. We should say, "I am not available for this assignment." "Universe station me somewhere else, please, and give me the same abundance and benefits." Whatever we want we will create. It is only ourselves who think we do not have a choice and so we stay in an environment that is less than uplifting. Yet at the same time we are there so we can understand how damaging these environments are and how complete the control is. Once we decide what the quality of life is worth then our experiences will begin to mirror those answers that we give to ourselves. Sometimes we put ourselves in situations that are challenging or difficult, not to stay there forever, but simply so we can learn that we can rise above them. The spirit writes the paycheck when we become employed by the spirit. The spiritual age is not poverty. There is plenty of money on this planet. The money that has been traditionally in the hands of the few is being reshuffled and redistributed. So if we can become available to the idea that there is nothing wrong with having money, and because we are committed to improving the quality of our own life and the quality of life on the planet for everyone, that maybe, barrels full of money will be coming our way to assist us in this process. We will create this. They suggest we simply intend out loud and say to the universe: "I am available to bring greater amounts of love and information to the planet, and would like to have the sustenance and abundance to do it." And it is done.

MINDFIELD

After hearing the message from the alleged channeled aliens and having a few other unexplainable experiences, I started to ponder several ideas I had previously thought little about. “We come from your future,” they said. How is this possible, I wondered. Are they us in the future, or are they just beings from some other world? Are they humans with technology that the masses are unaware of who are just playing games with us?

What is time anyway? We measure a year by the amount of time it takes for the Earth to travel around the sun, but how do we know that this distance is a constant? At the very least, in an ever-expanding universe as the Big Bang Theory suggests, the year would be getting a little longer with the passing of every year. Or maybe a lot longer. Where is the reference point? What if the observance of the Earth circling around the sun is an illusion, due to the relative motion of the Earth and sun through space? What if it is true that the past, present, and future are happening simultaneously—in different dimensions perhaps.

Some have suggested that we have an internal clock, the heart beat, which is calibrated to the heart beat of the Earth. The heart has been said to be a layered liquid crystal oscillator. The Earth could be considered to be the same. This pulse of the Earth was a constant for hundreds of years. At 7.8 hertz. Or 7.8 cycles or beats per second. However in the 1960's this pulse started to speed up for the first time since it was originally observed and recorded in the 1800's. In the 1980's this pulse increased to 9 hertz and is still increasing. It is believed by many that time is speeding up and this may be the cause or a symptom. 13 hertz is believed to be a threshold frequency. We seem to be approaching this threshold

frequency very quickly. The Mayan sacred calendar, which, along with twenty named days, has a counter based on the number 13, indicates that the nature of time changes between 1992 and 2012. This the Mayans called the time of no time. Maybe we will reach 13 hertz the last day of 2012 or the first day of 2013. The Aztecs calculated major cycles of time called "Suns" coinciding with the Mayan calendar. It is believed that the ending of the fifth world will come in our lifetime and usher in the final great cycle, the sixth sun. Perhaps December 31st 2012/January 1st, 2013 will birth the first rays of the new rising sixth sun. If we apply the Hermetic principals "Everything vibrates" and "As above so below" and this pulse in the Earth is a vibration or frequency then it is making a sound as well. And as far as audible sounds go, there are 12 primary notes in a musical scale, the 13th being the first note of the next octave, and if this is microcosmic as below, then 13 will be a magic number in the Earth or universe in the macrocosmic as above as well. The Jewish Essene ascetic sect of which Jesus was said to have been a member of, recorded within what has been called the dead sea scrolls, discovered in the 1940's and finally made public in the 1990's, a passage that made a reference to this generation as "You who walk between worlds."

Maybe we don't move forward in time, but forward through space inter- dimensionally. When we dream the future and it comes to pass (something I have experienced myself), maybe what we are doing is traveling inner dimensionally rather than traveling into the future, as such, but into another dimension or parallel universe. This might explain why the overwhelming majority of what we dream doesn't come to pass in our waking state. And why sometimes our dreams don't make sense to us. Some dimensions we might travel into might be so far removed from ours that we can't relate to them at all.

A future dimension may have infinite densities containing an infinite number of possible realities. Any one of them might be actualized in the space that we are aware of currently. Hence, most aren't. Those who are able to dream or predict the future most

accurately may be on another level, perhaps subconsciously, able to figure probabilities of possible becomings. Even though the future may not be set, there may be certain probabilities of a particular event occurring. It may be possible that the future “event-pool” is finite, but only seems infinite to our limited minds in order to maintain an illusion of freewill. If one knew the playing field and could calculate billions of probabilities as easy as we play tic-tac-toe, life might seem less real and more like a very advanced holographic video game with tactile, olfactory, etc. sensibilities and a limited amount of outcomes.

It does, however, seem reasonable, in the context of the whole, that the possibilities would be infinite in an ever-expanding universe. We could view reality like we view a film strip pulled from a projector. Here we can see the past, present and future all at once, represented by the static pictures. We can also see the spaces in between. It is only when we feed the film strip through the projector that we obtain the illusion of motion or the passage of time. What if physical realities are the static picture frames along a film strip that is infinitely long and infinitely wide, spiritual realities are the spaces in between, and we are the projectors? Maybe when we sleep we turn our projectors off and are able to see reality as it is, an infinite field of static probabilities with the only dynamic being—us—actualizing or experiencing any given one of them at any given moment.

Maybe the universe is all mental, with varying degrees of energy and matter being very dense energy. Maybe Hermes’s statement, “Everything vibrates” is correct. Maybe all energy pulsates through negative and positive stages. And matter (our physical world) is formed in the positive stage and antimatter (the spiritual world) is formed in the negative stage, or vice versa, and our consciousness passes from one stage or pulse to another within the context of our mind/body vehicles, thus giving us the illusion of a linear passage of time, or constant reality. Maybe Infinity is derived from the constant expansion of the universe until it contracts, imploding in on itself and creating perhaps another “big

bang” of expansion. While this may seem like eternity to us, in another continuum this process may pass as quickly as the pulse observable in the atomic structures that construct our world. We could literally be tuning on and off, individually and as a universe, at an incomprehensibly fast or incomprehensibly slow rate of speed. As we turn off another world turns on in the same space unbeknownst to each other. And many others as well.

Scientists would have a difficult time proving this “off period,” spiritual reality, or parallel universe exists, of course, since any device they may create to detect or measure these curiosities would be consistent with all other matter and would manifest at the same frequency or pulse rate while, at the same time, the spiritual world or parallel universe they are trying to detect would remain consistent with all other antimatter and would manifest at an opposite frequency or pulse rate, completely out-of-phase and undetectable. Maybe the only way one can successfully observe this spiritual world is by the way of the mystic: by manipulating one’s own consciousness and body through such practices as meditation, focused intent, breathing techniques, or toning.

There have been many psychedelic drugs that have been said to create an effect of speeding up or slowing down time.

There may also be technological advances that have similar effects. To many, Einstein’s theory of relativity offers definitive proof that by traveling fast enough into space one could return having aged less than those who stayed on earth. Or to put it another way, one could conceivably take off in a spacecraft and fly around the earth fast enough to see himself taking off. Astronauts have reported feeling euphoric and seeing colors and light much more brilliant than normal, once they have gotten outside the earth’s atmosphere. Sound familiar? Maybe by simply altering the frequency by which a craft and its occupants manifest, one alters the time period or dimension at which they enter earth’s atmosphere. Likewise, our consciousness can be its own spacecraft as our thoughts manifest as material reality on a subatomic level which could feel as dense to its constructs as ours do to us.

It is in this manner that I have had many experiences with time travel, dreaming a future that came to pass in detail. I have dreamed conversations that have come to pass word-for-word so that I knew what was going to be said seconds before it was actually said. I have dreamed songs and had the feeling of “*deja vu*” while writing them, remembering the dream. I believe this is fairly common. A universal experience. Many experience these things but few take note of them or ever try to explain them in words to others. Most are afraid of being ridiculed or thought of as being strange or crazy. I am going to try and do just that. Explain in words experiences by which there are no words to describe. On two occasions I dreamed an event that had an undesirable conclusion and as it was coming to pass, I was actually able to remember what created the undesirable elements and change them, effectively thwarting the undesirable outcome. The events I will discuss below were not significant or life-altering in the normal sense, but they *are*, perhaps significant in their implications.

The first incident happened when I was working with a country singer, Shannon, and called him to let him know I was going to be thirty minutes late to rehearsal. While we were on the phone, he asked me if I had a telephone number for my friend and band member of Adam. I said, “Yes.” So Shannon told me to call Adam and let him know that I was going to be late. Well, I didn’t call Adam like I said I would, so on the way to rehearsal I thought of telling Shannon that I had called but had gotten no answer, to give the impression that I kept my word. Sure enough, I got to rehearsal and the first thing he asked me is if I had called Adam. At that moment I had that feeling of *deja vu* and remembered having dreamed that exact question. In the dream I had answered, “yes” and had gotten caught in my lie. Remembering this as it was happening in reality, I therefore answered, “No, I didn’t have a chance to.” Shannon then said, “I know. I just talked to him.” So he had asked me what he already knew, obviously to set up some assessment of my virtue. By answering honestly I passed the test and hence thwarted an undesirable outcome.

The second time that I was able to effectively alter an event because I had experienced it previously through the dream-state, time-travel phenomenon happened when I was working at a club in Rockford. One night Eb, a guy I didn't know well, but whom I had seen many times over the years and with whom I had many mutual friends, came by. He asked me if I had seen Adam, one of our mutual friends. Eb had heard Adam was in town. I told Eb that yes, I had seen Adam and that we were in a country band together. I also told him that we were about to go out on the road touring. At that moment I had a *deja vu* experience. I remembered dreaming this entire conversation. Eb then asked me if we were going to play anywhere locally. I replied, "No." As I said this, I remembered that in the dream this response had created a feeling of disbelief and a thought-reaction in Eb that I was lying to him, that we were not playing locally because we were not playing at all. Because I was aware (from my dream) of Eb's thoughts at that moment, I pulled out our itinerary of gigs to validate my statement. I want to stress here that it was not because I was paranoid about Eb's disbelief that I did this, but because I remembered dreaming the exact conversation that transpired. As it turned out, the tour, for whatever reason, didn't happen. This could have made me look like a liar to Eb, had I not remembered my dream and showed him the itinerary. Now haven't we all had experiences like this at one time or another? I suspect the lack of effort by most to compare experiences with each other is more as the result of the confusion caused by the experience and the inability to put into words than the threat of ridicule or judgment.

We all experience *deja vu* but how many of us are actually able to use *deja vu* to any benefit? To recognize it as its happening remembering the primary experience? This, I would imagine, is at least one goal of *deja vu*: to not only be able to see the possible future reality but to be able to change undesirable elements before they happen. If I were to be able to draw any patterns from these two occasions, it would have to involve the aspect of telling the truth. With Eb, my intent was to give validity to my statements

and not appear to him as a liar. With Shannon, I had a similar intent: to not get caught in a lie.

On another, more recent occasion, I was working at a different club and this experience was quite different as well, except for the *deja vu* aspect. Instead of dreaming an event before it happened, I had the same event occur, in detail, twice in about a two-week span of time. I thought, if only I had had a tiny camera mounted to my forehead, I could have replayed the past two weeks and proved that time repeated itself to such detail that it could not possibly have been reenacted or staged to that extent.

It began when the general manager of the several clubs, including the rock and roll club in which I was working at the time, came into the club one night. He walked over to the D.J. booth and asked me where Z, the club's operations manager, was. I told him I didn't know. As the GM walked toward the bar, I noticed he had on a black jacket with a studio logo on the back. At the same time, Sicily, the waitress who had previously requested that I play her a song that I think she might like, and that she could dance to, came over and told me that she couldn't dance to the song that I was playing for her at that moment, "Tahitian Moon" by Jane's Addiction. She asked me if I would play the song "Children" by Robert Miles instead, and fast-forward it one minute and forty seconds.

I said, "No problem," but I was thinking to myself how it didn't look good in front of the GM to have the break in continuity caused by the extra time it took to make this adjustment. All the while I had that feeling of *deja vu*, although I didn't think much more about it since it was common for me from time to time to experience *deja vu* and not remember having dreamed the events prior to them actually occurring.

Well, about two weeks later, these exact same events occurred to detail. The general manager came in and asked me where Z was. I said, "I don't know." He turned around and walked toward the bar. I noticed he had on the exact same black jacket with the studio logo on the back. I had again put the song "Tahitian Moon" by

Jane's Addiction on for Sicily and she again came over and said she couldn't dance to that song and asked if I could play Robert Miles's "Children," forwarded to one minute and forty seconds. I again said, "No problem." all the while thinking how bad it looked in front of the GM to have this dead air. And I again had the feeling of *deja vu* the whole time. This time, however, I remembered not having *dreamed* these events but having actually *lived* them before. And not in some other lifetime, but two weeks earlier.

When Sicily came back to the D.J. booth a little bit later, I told her what I had just experienced and she said, "Oh, my god, I remember that all happening before also! What does it mean?"

I said, "I get the feeling life is sort of like the holodeck on the television show *Star Trek*: a very advanced, virtual reality video game. That may be what is happening here."

She said, "Yeah, and we're the ones who are being played."

Later, I took some time to think about all of this and what might have actually taken place. One thought that came to mind was the idea of parallel universes that merge at times. Maybe that is what had happened here a merging with another dimension or a parallel universe that is so similar to our usual reality that only the most "sensitive" can pick up on the subtle differences between the two. Or maybe it is I who is going in and out of various realities at certain intervals book marked by these *deja vu* type experiences. Maybe there are groups of individuals, Gestalts of people who travel together and don't even realize it. There has been much written about our planet going from a third-density consciousness to a fourth-density consciousness. This many in antiquity have referred to as "The shift of the ages". In this particular case, maybe I experienced the same event twice, once in the current dimension and once in the emerging one, or vice versa. The two might be occupying the same space at present, or be phasing in and out of the same space.

But if it is true that the earth or certain individuals are in the process of entering a new dimension of reality that is so similar to ours that most people wouldn't even notice the difference, then

what would be the point? Where's the benefit? Does the new dimension put us into a new synchronicity network or something similar? In other words, based on frequency changes, have we now acquired a whole new batch of seemingly infinite probable realities to be actualized? Realities that have a more positive polarization or inclination, that are more in tune with the desires of the collective whole of the planet's population, which appears to be evolving in great leaps in recent times. What may be happening, then, is that the two realities may seem the same in all aspects presently, simply so that the masses don't "flip out," so that chaos and mass insanity are prevented. Then, as we move ahead and can handle more radical departures from our present reality, like peace for example, some of the more "greyish" becomings will be eliminated from our possibility pool.

So here again we come full circle to the possibility of a physical reality of infinite becoming, just not in the linear sense. There are perhaps an unlimited number of finite quantum pockets, or dimensions that contain a synchro-net that may be predictable within its confines but remain unpredictable and unending in its potential mergings.

It is also possible that this is just the beginning stage of what could be a very rough transition, a crossing-over in which many people may indeed lose their minds. Well, as Dr. Timothy Leary said, "Maybe we have to lose our minds to come to our senses. What we have long considered sanity is what has brought us to this state of social crisis." So, to me, maybe a little so called insanity is just what the doctor ordered.

The question is really: How does it feel to you? Are you going insane? Or are you going sane? It's really a matter of perspective. Are you comfortable with the way the world operates now and thus uncomfortable with changes? Or are you completely uncomfortable with the world and welcome the changes? With all of these *deja vu* occurrences, am I experiencing the dimensional shift firsthand? Experiencing the same reality in two different dimensions? Are we entering a time when a multitude of dimensions are

merging into the same reality? Is this the “harvest” spoken of in many religions? Are we being aligned with the dimension of reality that matches our frequency or energy patterns so that everyone will soon be experiencing a slightly different reality than the next person? Maybe the day *will* come when two are standing in the field and one will disappear into a fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh etc.—dimension as the bible makes reference to. Is this what the Mayans experienced? The Egyptians? The Anasazi?

There is one more anomaly in time, another mind puzzler, that I will mention. It happened one morning when I was asleep and suddenly knew it was time to wake up. So I woke up and sat up in my bed for a minute, wondering why I felt like I had to wake up. I looked at the clock; it was 11:38 a.m. At that moment I remembered that I needed to be somewhere at twelve noon.

This was not the first time something like this had happened to me. I have also heard of other people having had the same or similar experiences. I know it is a lot more common than one might think. Again most people don't want to talk about these things. Some think they are of the Devil or evil in some way because they don't fit into their religious dogmas or the accepted boundaries of rational thought. So how does it work? How did I subconsciously know that I needed to wake up? Actually, that may not be too hard to comprehend. The question is: How did my subconscious interact with my conscious mind and cause me to wake up? And how did it know that it was the time that it was? Since I had to get out of bed to actually see my clock, it seems unlikely that I looked periodically throughout the night, not remembering looking but remembering the time. I can think of two possibilities. One is that I left my body and had an aerial view of the room, thus keeping in constant view of the clock. The other is that at every moment, on a subconscious level, we know the present position of ourselves relative to our calculation of time. This, in my mind, is yet another example that supports the theory that time does not exist linearly, as we perceive, but that the past,

present and future happen simultaneously. Whatever the case, it defies normal, rational deduction but is much too common an experience to shrug off as a freak happenstance.

1-800-I-FEEL-OK

Los Angeles became a bit too much for me. Between the riots, earthquakes and my lack of success in the music industry, I was ready to pack up and leave. In the spring of 1993, along with several of my friends I did just that. I packed up and moved to Dallas Texas.

Once we had decided to go, we called U-Haul to rent a truck, only to be told there was not one truck available in the entire city. "There must be tens of thousands of U-Hauls in LA," we said. They told us that there were more people moving out of LA than were moving to or from anyplace else in the country. We ended up having to rent a truck from a U-Haul dealer in Las Vegas and have some friends drive it down to us. It was a twenty-six-foot truck, which I drove, towing a pickup truck. Two cars followed behind.

One thing after another went wrong with the U-Haul. Half of the trip was made extremely dangerous by the loss of our headlights. At one point we realized the truck was not going to make it to Dallas, so we pulled over at the nearest exit. There was no life in sight. I ended up on some side street leading to nowhere. Turning around in a twenty-six-foot truck with another truck in tow proved difficult, and I ended up jack-knifed in the middle of the road, with no lights and a car speeding right toward me. In a panic, I gunned it right through someone's front yard, just missing their house. With a bush stuck to the grill of the truck, I barreled onto the street and to a pay phone at a closed grocery store. It was a very poor, dark area of town. Of what town, I have no idea. I remember there being a sign for a race track with a famous race driver's name.

We called U-Haul and had them send their nearest representative out to fix our truck. The whole time we waited, a pack of

what could have been wolves, but were probably just wild dogs, stalked us from a short distance away.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the tow truck arrived, with two guys who seemed straight out of the movie *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. We could barely understand a word they were saying as their Southern drawl was so heavy. We put the girls in the truck and hid our small animals in case these guys were hungry. Once Slim and Junior finally got the truck working properly, we couldn't have left any quicker than we did.

We got to Dallas and found a cheap, bi-level, three-bedroom apartment on Coit Street in the suburb of Richardson. Well, one side of Coit was Richardson and the other was Dallas.

I quickly got a job at a fish store that was within walking distance of the apartment. Jimmy Johnson, coach of the Dallas Cowboys football team, bought his fish supplies there and would come to the store frequently. This was a big deal for the employees, especially since Dallas won the championship that year. Jimmy would invite guys from the store over to his house to help him with his giant saltwater tanks. I was asked one time, but declined since I was not going to get paid. I thought Jimmy was so egotistical that he felt just getting to go to his house was payment enough, but later found out he paid the store owner, who kept the money for himself. It was he who thought the privilege of going to Jimmy Johnson's house was payment enough. Personally, I couldn't care less about Jimmy Johnson or the Dallas Cowboys.

There were always problems at their store with gangs and drug dealers so everyone there brought guns. There were also shotguns mounted to the walls in the back of the store. Everyone who worked there was either on drugs or selling them. One kid even had a scar on his neck from a bullet he took in a drug deal gone bad.

The whole time, just twenty minutes away in Waco, David Koresh was surrounded by BATF and other Government policing agencies. This is when a small previously unknown religious splinter-group of the Seventh Day Adventists, the Branch Davidians, had been accused by disgruntled ex-members of child abuse and

drug and gun violations and were surrounded by Government police, and later to be discovered, elite military delta force commandos came on board due to a failed dynamic entry attempt on the part of the BATF. The compound ultimately burned to the ground killing all but nine Davidians including women and innocent children. This fire was of course blamed on a suicide pact of the Davidians themselves but later it was discovered by Texas Marshals that the Government had used incendiary devices (i.e. having to with the willful destruction of property by fire). Many of the dead had multiple gunshot wounds also said to be self inflicted. Again it was later discovered through close examination of video taped evidence that Government agents had been firing into the burning building perhaps thwarting the efforts of the members to escape the advancing fire. I remember seeing an interview with David Koresh on the local news. He was rebutting accusations of raping and impregnating a 70-year-old woman. His sarcastic response was something like, "If I raped and made pregnant a 70-year-old woman, look out! I am God!" He and the interviewer both laughed at the ridiculousness of the accusations.

The very next day, on the nationally broadcast evening news, Dan Rather, Ted Koppel, or someone similar played a version of that interview that was taken out of context and pieced together with another, unrelated interview in which David was talking about discovering a Seventh Seal in the Biblical book of Revelations. In this interview he stated, "If I find the Seventh Seal—and then they had spliced in from the first interview—you'd better look out! I am God."

I couldn't believe what I was seeing and hearing. "It's a lie! I thought. How can they get away with this?" I asked. Then I remembered what happened in LA with the riots. It was suddenly obvious to me that the public is being manipulated. Everywhere.

The next day I woke up with a terrible pain in my hip. I could barely walk. I went to Parkland Hospital to have it checked out. There were a lot of police, FBI and other official-looking agents walking around inside. I asked someone what was going on. The

person replied, "Didn't you hear? They burned the Branch Davidian complex down."

"Who did?" I asked.

"The Davidians did," the man replied.

So, ironically, the survivors of the fire were brought to Parkland Hospital the very day I was there, having never even heard of the place prior to that day.

I waited a long time to be seen, my hip throbbing with pain the whole time. But, just a moment before I was finally seen by the doctor, the pain subsided! I explained to the doctor that just moments before I had been in excruciating pain but that now I felt fine. I felt like an idiot. Like some kind of bizarre practical joke from a *Twilight Zone* episode had been played on me. The doctor said that, since nothing appeared wrong, she didn't know what she could do for me, so I left. When I got home, I immediately turned on the television to see what was happening with the Davidians. I cried as I watched scenes from the burning compound. All I could think about were the children who were completely innocent of any crime. I immediately noticed that what was being reported about the survivors was not consistent with what I had experienced at the hospital. I can't recall exactly what didn't jive, but I remember being very mad about it. I somehow *knew* that the military police with their tanks and machine guns were responsible.

The next day at work I told some of my fellow fish-store employees that the BATF and FBI had killed the Branch Davidians and their children. They thought I was crazy. This is not what Dan Rather or Tom Brokaw was telling them, and they could not fathom anything other than what the "god box" (the television) was preaching.

I was depressed for a long time after that—sad for the children and for the country. Like most American children, I had been taught in school that Russia controlled their news media. That they didn't report the facts but only the "party line" as it were, and that if you expressed an opposing viewpoint you would be jailed

or worse. I had always thought how terrible it would be to live in a country like that. Now, for the first time, I had to admit that I *did* live in a country like that.

I felt the desire to help the Students of the Seventh Seal survivors somehow. This, by the way, is the correct identification of these people, not Branch Davidians. Of the one hundred or more active students who followed Koresh's teachings at the time, more than three dozen survived. Sixteen were in jail and more than a dozen were still in Waco. I found out that they were staying at a hotel called the Brittney, a sixty-room hotel just south of the Waco Convention Center that had been taken over by Mark Domanque two years earlier. Here they sat around and played piano and sang songs, waiting for David to return. For weeks Domanque listened to them talk about Koresh's teachings about the twelve planets of the Bible and how Wayne Martin, under Koresh's influence, had developed a scheme for predicting stock market prices by lunar cycles. Domanque said, "I began to learn things that made me think that some of what the government was doing just didn't add up."

I felt the desire to go down to the Brittney and sit at the piano and play some of my music and tell the survivors that everything was going to be O.K. I also would have liked to hear more about Koresh's take on the twelfth planet, and his idea of a coming Messiah that, unlike Jesus was not without sin and very human. This was near impossible because the BATF made sure all evidence of his teachings were destroyed. I had read in the Bible about a planet star Wormwood, called the Death Star, that I thought might be the same planet described in Sumerian text as Nibiru. I thought that perhaps the beings from Nibiru called Nefilim (or Nefilium) and Anunnaki in the Sumerian text might be the angels and demons of the Bible. Perhaps my angels and demons as well. But I was afraid the remaining Students of the Seventh Seal might think I was the second coming of David Koresh so I resisted the temptation to get involved in any manner. I did however more recently have the opportunity to speak with David Thibodeau, one of the

four of the nine survivors of the April 19th, 1993 fiery siege of the “compound” (as the media refers to it) who were not jailed. David moved to Hollywood right after graduating high school and went to the Musicians Institute to study drums. He worked at the Manns Chinese theater and met David Koresh at Guitar Center on Sunset blvd. when Koresh saw him playing drums there and asked him to join his band. A few weeks later Koresh asked David to come back with him to Texas to the center (compound) and the rest as they say was history. He was able to confirm that Wayne Martin was working with the stars in this manner and that several people had told him of the money he could make in doing this but that he was not interested. He also told him that he, had predicted through this system of astrology that his own child was going to be born with medical problems. His son Jaime Martin was born with spina bifida and thus prompted him to discontinue his astrological readings. David could not confirm or deny Koresh having taught about a twelfth planet or Wormwood. As it may have been called in the bible. My friend Kevin and I had both met a man at the night club in which we worked that swore up and down that on two occasions he was aware of there being an open box car full of guns and ammunition stopped on a train track in south central Los Angeles. He said that gang members bragged openly about their find. This was corroborated by a security guard at the club who claimed to read about it in the Daily Breeze news paper out of Torrance. Prior to and during the siege there was alot spoken of on short wave radio about David Koresh in his affiliation with gun shows and various gun dealers having stumbled upon the BATF’s involvement in this gun shipment. And a belief on David’s part of some kind of related conspiracy to bring about gun control by first helping to create an increase in gun related violence. Thus sprung the idea of there being a conspiracy by the BATF to eliminate the Davidians and this threat of exposure. While this might sound far fetched to most, in light of the Iran Contra fiasco, and our government

taking campaign contributions from China and selling them nuclear technology that would enable them for the first time, to reach us with their nuclear missiles, who knows it might not be to far from the truth. At the very best they don't have our best interests at heart, and at the worst, well I hate to imagine. They are possibly out to strip us of our liberties and destroy our will. You never know these days what our Government is capable of. Kevin asked David about this possible gun shipment conspiracy theory and he responded by saying that he didn't know anything about it.

Like the Waco fiasco, our move to Dallas was a disaster. Everything that could go wrong, did. It was beyond bad luck. We obviously were not meant to be in Texas. For one thing, we had half of an album that we had recorded in LA before we left and the finances to finish it in Dallas. We bought studio time, and worked out a co-partnership with the studio in future production deals, and we were ready to start finishing our album. We got to the studio only to find out that they couldn't accommodate us. Their equipment would not sync-up to our tape stock. Apparently the studio we used in LA recorded at an odd speed, and there was not one studio in the entire city of Dallas that could finish our record at the recording speed in which it was started.

Then my hip problem returned and became a full-blown impediment. I was going to chiropractors, physical therapists, orthopedists and regular doctors, and no one could do anything for me. I had earlier gotten into an accident where a lady in a jeep had plowed into the back of my car at a red light. I don't know if this messed up my hip or not, but the accident had happened in a friends car and he had full-coverage insurance, so I was going to all of the doctors I could. I ended up on more pain killers and muscle relaxers than I ever thought possible.

Next I had a falling out with some of my friends, and they moved to Atlanta, their hometown. I had one month to find a place to live. I sold my drum set that I had since childhood for two hundred dollars and traded my baby grand piano for one hundred

and fifty dollars and a wireless microphone that didn't work. I did this to get the money to fly to Chicago. A girl I knew who was working in Dallas but had a place in Chicago was going to let me stay at the Chicago place rent free. I was feeling very depressed.

One day my friend that remained in Dallas with me gave me a book that his dad in Arizona had recommended. The book, *The Way of The Peaceful Warrior* by Dan Millman, changed my life. It taught me to be happy for no apparent reason. It taught me how not to be depressed. How not to be affected by things beyond my control. It was the first book I had ever read from start to finish. I always tend to take life very seriously wanting to know all the answers. In the book Dan is being taught life by a mysterious guru-type he named Socrates. One night at the gas station at which Dan was working, Socrates used an analogy of an overflowing gas tank representing Dan's mind. "You are overflowing with preconceptions; full of useless knowledge. You hold many facts and opinions, yet you know little of yourself. Before you can learn you'll have to first empty your tank." Later Socrates went on to explain that we don't have any Idea of where the universe is. And therefore we don't know where we are or where anything is for that matter or how it all came to be. "My ignorance, Dan is based on this understanding. Your understanding is based on ignorance. I am a humorous fool; you are a serious jackass." As a direct result of trying not to take life so seriously, particularly things in life beyond my control I felt a sense of relief and joy. Suddenly I felt like things were going to get better—and immediately they did.

My friend called me from Atlanta, and we apologized to each other. He told me he had gotten a job managing a Country Western bar and asked if I wanted to come out and work for him as the D.J. I did. So it was another U-Haul and another long road trip. This time it was just me and one other girl who made the trip.

I got to Atlanta and started working at my friends bar, The Country Scene in Marietta, Georgia. It was like being on an undercover assignment with the FBI. I put on a cowboy hat and started spinning country songs as if I knew what I was doing. This

was my first D.J. job, but it wasn't long before I *did* know what I was doing and even started to like country music.

Soon I was making decent money and moved into my own place in the Moonraker Bay Apartments. It was a nice apartment. I was told it had been a swinger's paradise in the late seventies. It had artificial creeks running in front of every apartment, a big waterfall right in front of mine, two pools—one outside and one inside—with a waterfall that poured into the outside one, a work-out room and racquetball court. There was also an on-premise bar with pool tables and hard liquor. My apartment was a large single with a "sittin' pit," as they called it. This was a step-down area with a fireplace; the steps doubled as seats. I heard that some people would fill this area with beanbag chairs and invite people up from the on-premise bar, and have a blast in these "sittin' pits." Needless to say, this was a step up from the floor of my friends apartment, which was my first "home" in Atlanta.

We lasted about six months or so at The Country Scene bar, and all quit at the same time. I remembered when I had first come to town I had gotten lost and come across a bunch of clubs, which I thought might be a possible place to work if we left The Country Scene. So I went to the first club I saw, on Stuart Avenue in downtown Atlanta. I walked in at just the right time. Their D.J. had just been fired for not having a permit. In Atlanta, you have to pay the city to work in the clubs, and if you have any unpaid parking tickets, they deny you the opportunity to work. Makes a lot of sense, right?

Well, fortunately I hadn't been in the city long enough to have made any mistakes, so I was able to get my permit without any problems. I started that day. I was terrible. They were going to fire me for a better D.J. who had come along, but one of the girls, who was sleeping with the manager, wanted to do the same with me, so she convinced him to keep me. Eventually I got better by sheer practice and by going around to other clubs with a note pad and writing down lines that they would say over the mic.

Eventually I started making good money. Good enough to call Tina and ask her to come out and visit me. I sent her a hinged, stained-glass mantelpiece that read "I'll be with you always, even unto the end of the earth. Lawrence." With it I sent a letter telling her how much I loved her and missed her and that I wanted to marry her and live happily ever after. She almost came out. But instead my friend Kevin came out and moved in with me.

My friends seemed to be doing very well in Atlanta. One married the daughter of the senior vice-president of the entire Coca-Cola company. John Gilligan. He seemed to be getting along very well with his new family. They even invited him to be a part of their various political functions. The Gilligans were very politically active. Conservative Republicans. They said it was a part of the job description to get involved in various charities and political organizations because it helped to keep a good image of the company. They would go to the store and buy up any dented cans of Coke to get them off the shelves in an effort to do the same, maintain a good image. They kept talking about one politician, in particular, who was running for the House of Representatives that they were really behind. In fact, Marty, matriarch of the Gilligan family, was the president of this politician's fund-raising campaign, and raised fifteen thousand for him from one luncheon. My friend went to a speech that was held to gain local support. He said that he liked some of what the guy was saying, and some of it he didn't. The Gilligans were excited about the political power they would gain if the politician won, which, with the help of Coca-Cola, he did. That politician was none other than Newt Gingrich.

The Gilligans invited Kevin and I over one night for dinner to celebrate my friend, their son-in-law having been given a job in Arizona. He was going to be working for a company called Sirius that had invented an information-crunching chip for the CD ROM. This would enable the CD ROM to have two-and-a-half hours of perfect quality video images, as opposed to the forty-five minutes of poor quality video images afforded by the previous state of tech-

nology. The Gilligans had a beautiful house that seemed to go on forever and had a beautifully lit waterfall in the back yard.

As Kevin and I sat in the den waiting for dinner, he pointed out some very old-looking books that lay neatly arranged on one of the tables. They looked like they might possibly have been first editions. One was *The Keys of Enoch*. On an adjacent table was a marble pyramid and obelisk. We all wanted to see how CD ROM worked, as we knew little of this new computer technology and this was the crux of my friends new job. We went down a short hallway to John's study so we could use his computer. In the hallway was a small refrigerator and wet bar, and on the wall was a gold Masonic symbol, the one most commonly seen on the Masonic lodges scattered across the country. A scale and protractor set at thirty-three degrees with the letter *G* in the middle. Next to the symbol was a plaque that read something to the effect of "Trespassers with be shot on sight and asked questions later."

As we entered the study, I saw a bookshelf full of books. I was amazed at how many books had to do with the occult and life on other planets and the like. There were again some very old-looking books. On one wall was a personal, signed letter from Ronald Reagan, and on another wall was Nazi paraphernalia retrieved from Hitler's bunker immediately after the end of the war. Among various pins, patches, medals and the like displayed in a large picture frame was a note from what appeared to be a high-ranking official. It said something to the effect of "Dear John, here are some things retrieved from such and such that I thought you would have a special interest in." We couldn't figure out how to make the CD ROM work, so we left the room.

When John arrived home from a special meeting in New York, he seemed extremely uneasy with the fact that we had been in his room on his computer. He took Marty his wife, into the room, shut the door, and stayed in there for a while before they reappeared to entertain their guests again. After seeing what I saw proudly displayed on the walls, there's no telling what might have been in John's computer had we wanted to snoop around a little.

John had brought home a Coca-Cola test product called “OK” soda. On the can was an animated character with a UPC code on his forehead. Written across the top of the can was this: “OK” soda says, “Don’t be fooled into thinking there has to be a reason for everything.” In a red square on the side it read: “COINCIDENCE # 14. . . . The night he first tried “OK” soda, Rich B. of Aurora, Colorado put a full can under his pillow and went to sleep. He dreamed he was crawling through an endless gravel pit, parched with thirst. When he awoke, his thirst had disappeared, and he felt strangely satisfied. NOTE: The can of “OK” soda, still unopened, was empty. THIS IS ONLY A COINCIDENCE.”

Also on the can was a number to call and report any strange coincidences a person might be experiencing. The number was 1-800-I-Feel-OK.

So I tried the soda. It wasn’t very good. Tasted like a combination of cola and orange drink. I remember it contained Acacia, a gummy sweetener that comes from the tropical Acacia tree and is used frequently in pills. Anyway, I called the 1-800-I-Feel-OK number, which was answered by a computer that asked several questions, such as what strange coincidences you’ve been having and if you desired to be a *star*? It seemed like every question was designed so that I would answer “yes” to it, and I hung up feeling that the whole point of the soda and number was to get me to call in so they could find me, whoever “they” might be. It reminds me of a funny thing I heard recently, “If you’re not paranoid, you’re not paying close enough attention.” Or “Just because I’m paranoid doesn’t mean that they are not following me.” See by taking the advice of Socrates one can soften the intensity of paranoia with humor so that one can acclimate potential clairvoyance into rational thought without the side affects of obsessive personality disorders that can result from taking life too seriously. This reminds me of a statement made by Malclypse the younger, the founder of a tongue and cheek religion called Discordia. This religion has within its wide range of tenets the idea that God is a crazy woman named Eris and hot dogs should be eaten without buns on a certain day

of the week. Malyclypse the younger when questioned in an interview about these curiosities was asked if he was serious or if it was all some kind of joke? He responded with the following: "Sometimes I take humor very seriously, other times I take seriousness very humorously, either way is irrelevant." The interviewer responded by saying "Your crazy." Malyclypse the younger replied, "Yes I am but that doesn't make what I say untrue."

Not long after this my friend and his new wife moved to Arizona to start his new job. But, it was short-lived. It was obvious my musical career was going nowhere in Atlanta and I knew I just had to give it one more shot in LA. So that is where we all ended up. L.A. Right where we started from.

One of the first things I did when I got to Los Angeles was to visit Tina at a club where she was working. This was the first time I had seen her in a long time, and she looked awesome. We talked briefly, exchanged phone numbers, I hugged her and left.

I worked for a few days DJ'ing at various clubs, but nothing seemed to pan out, so I went back to work at the TV-audience-recruiting company, giving out tickets out Melrose Avenue. My income was considerably lower than I was used to, down to about two hundred a week. Kevin and I were sharing a small bedroom (really a converted porch) in a two-bedroom house in North Hollywood. It was a terrible house in a terrible area. On several occasions there were gang fights in front of the house that included gunfire. The walls of our room were so thin it was like sleeping in a tent. When the neighbor's dog barked, it sounded like it was in the room with us. It got so cold at night we could see our breath. I was not happy with my financial situation or my living conditions.

I began having a terrible time with night terrors again. I would frequently wake up screaming at Kevin, asking him if he saw lights flying around the rooms, or bugs, birds and a variety of other creatures. He told me I would get up and leave the room for thirty minutes or so. Many times we would find the outside door open in the morning, and I would have no memory of getting out of bed nor would I know why the door was open.

One time Kevin came home while I was asleep and I got up and said, "Identify yourself. That's how you get yourself shot."

It got so bad that Kevin refused to sleep in the same room with me and moved into the living room. I cried when he told me that I threatened to shoot him. This was my best friend, and he was afraid I might kill him. What is going on here? I thought. How can these things be happening without my having any memory or control of them? I started seriously considering moving back to Rockford. My home town.

One day Tina came down to Melrose to meet me for lunch. It was great spending time with her. My fire for her was definitely still lit. After that, I tried for several weeks to get together with her and see if anything could become of our relationship before I made the decision to move, but she didn't return my calls. So I made a commitment to go back to Rockford. I called Tina one last time, to tell her I was leaving and that I wanted to see her to say good-bye.

She was living in Santa Monica, so we had lunch there and then went back to her place to hang out for a while. She lit some incense and candles and played some familiar music. I was in heaven. She asked me to go out with her and her friends, but I declined. I thought I'd better not get any more attached. Driving home from Santa Monica, I felt like someone had died. Sometimes our emotions tell all. Often we can't help but feel a certain way about something not even knowing why we are feeling as we do. My instinct, if I had gone with it indefinitely, would later prove to have saved me from a significant amount of heartbreak and pain. Yet the moments in-between the heartbreak and pain would prove to be most enjoyable and to some degree help define what I consider to be pleasurable. So our instinct may be forecasting stormy weather which we naturally want to resist but our rational mind asks, "How do we appreciate the clear sky if it were not for the occasional thunderstorm?"

ROCKFORD

In the summer of 1995, I drove from Los Angeles to Rockford Illinois, a small city just outside of Chicago. I had a schoolmate, Carol, who worked at the Surf Lounge, a night club in Rockford, so I had a job lined up for when I got there. I had recently traded my motorcycle for an old Jaguar. I thought I was going to get myself killed driving a motorcycle in L.A., so I got a car: a 1972 Jag XJ6 with a 350-Chevy conversion that barely ran. With a few major corrections, the car seemed to run better, although my friends thought I was crazy to even think about driving this car across the country. But off I went.

I went from Los Angeles to Arizona on one tank of gas. Actually it was two tanks as the Jaguars have one on each side. Pulling off the freeway to gas up, I filled my tanks and went in to use the restroom. I brought my organizer into the restroom with me, since I had all of my money in it and didn't want to leave it in the car. While using the facilities I placed it on the towel dispenser. At that moment I had a premonition that I would forget it and leave it there. Instead of this premonition warning me so I wouldn't forget it, it seemed as though it was so suggestive that it actually caused the event to happen, because that is exactly what I did. I left my organizer and eleven hundred dollars (all I had) in the restroom.

It wasn't long before I realized I left it. Not waiting for an off-ramp to turn around, I barreled off the road into the ditch, kicking up hell, barely looking to see if cars were coming on the other side, and made a beeline back to the gas station restroom. When I got there, my organizer was gone.

I went to the cash register and asked if anyone turned it in. Someone had—minus the money, of course.

I couldn't help but think of something that had happened to me a few months earlier. One day I was driving down Vineland avenue in North Hollywood and happened to notice a guitar case on the side of the road. I continued driving another two blocks and just stopped in the middle of the road. It was not uncommon to see old tattered guitar cases off the sides of roads in Los Angeles but they never had guitars actually in them. This time I had a strange feeling that this one did. So I backed up and got out and opened the case to find a beautiful black Yamaha twelve string acoustic/electric guitar. I was astounded. It looked to be in perfect condition. I took it home and called Guitar Center to price it. They told me it was valued at around eleven hundred dollars. Upon further examination of the case I discovered the name of a rock band inscribed on the inside of the case. The band was Jones Street. A local band I was familiar with. In fact a friend of mine knew the guitar player of whom this guitar most likely belonged. I told her to call him and simply tell him that I had something I was going to give him but I didn't tell anyone what it was. I started out with every intention of giving him his guitar as I was a firm believer in Karma and felt it the right thing to do. But as hours and days passed and I got to enjoy playing the guitar more and more this simple test of right and wrong began to become a test of will of which I ultimately failed. I never returned the guitar to the rightful owner. So when I lost all of my money at the gas station I was immediately suspicious of there being a karmic connection with the two since they were both in the dollar amount of eleven hundred dollars. Later I sold the guitar and used the money to buy a car only to have the engine blow up weeks after buying it.

So there I was in Arizona without a penny to my name. Thank god I had filled my car up before using the restroom. I had had enough gas to get that far, so I figured the same amount of gas should get me back to L.A. It did.

Well, I didn't let this event stop me, although maybe I should have. My mother and father wired me a loan and off I went one more time. I flew, driving eighty or ninety miles an hour the whole way. Made remarkable time.

At one point I came upon the "turnpike." This is where you pull over and pay six dollars or so to use the freeway. I was going a good ninety miles an hour and decided to take my chances. There was a special lane for people with monthly passes. I guess I figured how would they know if I had a pass or not? Well, somehow they did. The second I blew by, the lights started flashing. I was still doing upwards of 90 to 100 miles an hour, and it was raining hard. I could see only two white lines ahead of me at a time. I was driving down the middle of the road watching the lines for guidance since I couldn't see much else. Somehow I could intuitively anticipate the curves in the road. It was truly a psychic experience. So I just kept on going.

This cop chased me for thirty minutes or more. He never gained any ground. I had some distance on him and he would have had to be going 120 if he wanted to make any advancement. Conditions were far too dangerous for that. They were far too dangerous for the speed I was going, for that matter. I felt like I was in the movie *Cannonball Run*. Then, all of a sudden, fear hit me for the first time, and I began to think there would be a *Smokie and the Bandit*-type roadblock up ahead somewhere. So I waited until the cop went down into a valley and his lights were out of sight, and I got off at the nearest exit.

I remember the city because it was the name of a famous singer. Joplin. I sat in a gas station in Joplin and drank coffee for a while until I figured things had cooled off enough to venture back out onto the road again.

After that, I somehow I made it to Rockford without incident.

This is the city in which I was reared, literally. Not much good ever came out of Rockford, with the exception perhaps of the rock band Cheap Trick and the porno-star Ginger Lynn. In fact, when I was in high school, Rockford had the highest unemploy-

ment rate in the country. Twenty-one percent. I remember constantly hearing how Rockford was voted the worst city in which to live in the entire country for several years running. Obviously it had to do with the economy, but also with the fact that Sundstrand, the company that helped build the first space shuttle, and Sundstrand Aviation, which was the home of the Stealth bomber, were located in Rockford. This put Rockford third on Russia's list of most desirable cities to "nuke." This was before the end of the Cold War, of course. Now the former Soviet Union is a democracy and no longer a threat. And we, the United States, have taken over the oppressive Communist role. Or is it Capitalist? I can't tell the difference any more. It's funny how that works.

I would often drive by Sundstrand Aviation and wonder why, if this was supposed to be so top secret, they had a picture of the aircraft on a wall in front of their building with the slogan *Home of the Stealth Bomber* below it.

Around that time I also saw an episode of the Phil Donahue show that featured Rockford for its prostitution problem, citing an eleven-year-old prostitute burned with a red-hot coat hanger by her pimp.

One thing I can say in defense of Rockford—and the country for that matter—is that when I reached sixteen, the legal age of employment, even though Rockford had the highest unemployment rate in the country, I was able to enter a job placement program at school and had no problem finding a job. In fact, I had a couple from which to choose. And this was with the added handicap that long hair can bring. I didn't have much problem deciding which job to take. One was working for a gas station where the owner said, "You can start on Monday. . . . Oh, yeah, cut your hair before you come in." The other was Marshall's, a department store that, like most major corporate chains, was probably trying to kiss up to the community for coming in and bankrupting local, family-owned businesses by hiring otherwise undesirables from community programs such as the one I was in. I chose Marshall's,

neatly tucked my hair under my shirt, and earned a whopping \$3.35 an hour.

My friends and I used to go down to the railroad tracks in Loves Park, a little hillbilly section of town that didn't pay property taxes, had ample trailer parks and plenty of hazardous waste where marijuana grew wild, sometimes six feet tall. We would pick all we wanted and trade it for better weed. It never crossed our minds that a plant that grew wild could land us ten years or more in prison. There wasn't all the propaganda demonizing pot that we currently see on the god box today. Jim, Adam, Brad and I took pride in this find.

Within the first week that I was back in town, while I was getting out of my car in front of my parent's house, a slanky, small, tanned man approached me on a ten-speed bike and said, "Are you Lawrence?"

I said, "Yes, who are you?"

He said, "Jim."

At that moment I knew it was the Jim I had grown up with.

We talked for about twenty minutes or so. It didn't take me long to realize that something was wrong with him. He was acting strangely. There were apparently some mental health issues he was dealing with. In other words, he'd gone nuts somewhere along the way. A few sandwiches short of a picnic. That sort of thing. I felt bad for him, thinking it could have been any one of us. There have certainly been times in my life where I've pondered the possibility that it might happen or had happened to me. So I thought I would try and help him by being a friend to him and treating him like a human being and not some crazy person, like most other people probably did.

I went to work at the Surf Lounge, a club in downtown Rockford. This was a small, cub whose clientele was mostly white, middle-aged, blue-collar workers with no more than a high school education, if that. From time-to-time the club would book rock bands to play on the weekends and people would dance to the band's music.

One time the band Enuff-z-nuff, a glam band that had some MTV success in the Eighties played there, and the bouncers beat them up and kicked them out for getting too rowdy. The bouncers always seemed to have a little extra steroid-induced testosterone that flared up when pretty, half-naked girls were around. One of the bouncers was a friend of a cop and gave me the feeling I was being investigated by all the questions he asked me. The other bouncer was wanted by the Hell's Angels for putting one of their own in the hospital in a bar fight. So, between the undercover police and the periodic visits from the Angels, there was always an uneasiness lurking.

Jim started riding his bike, quite frequently, to the club to see me and I would often put his bike in my car and give him a ride home as he lived a good distance away. One night we went to some cemetery, to the grave of his recently departed uncle, who I think was the father of Jim's cousin Frankie, who I'll talk about a little later. Jim wanted me to see something he had placed on the grave. We never found the grave so I wasn't sure if it really existed or not, but I have to admit there was something invigorating and exciting about going to a graveyard at two o'clock in the morning with a (at the risk of being redundant) psychopathic Rockfordian.

Another night Jim asked me if I wanted to see the altar in his garage. I, after some persuasion, obliged. When I got in his garage, after parading through his house to get there, a house I spent much time in as a child, it was indeed a sight worth seeing. The best way I can describe it is the scene in the movie *Another Brick in The Wall* by Pink Floyd where Pink (Bob Geldoff) destroys his room in a fit of rage and then puts every little broken piece into a configuration lending itself to an artist's portrait. This is what Jim had done with bizarre things he had collected throughout the city and placed at the parameter of the garage in what he called his altar.

We left the garage and went downstairs to his bedroom, where he showed me what looked like weeds but that he claimed was marijuana that grew wild behind his house. I asked him if he re-

membered when we had picked it from down by the railroad tracks when we were kids. He said that he did. I asked him if he was on any medication. He said that he was but that he wasn't taking it at the time. I told him that it was probably not such a good idea to smoke pot while on medication. He agreed and I went home.

The thing that fascinated me the most about Jim's apparent loss of sanity was his obsession with numbers. He constantly calculated numbers: like dates, times, etc. The strange thing is that these numbers always added up to the conclusion he was trying to make. For instance, calculated a certain way, the date, time and address of wherever we were at the time would add up to his birth date or age. When I did the math it always added up. He did this so often and so spontaneously that it was not at all something he could possibly have figured out at an earlier time. Jim, as a result of his "condition," had become, as far as I could tell, a mathematical prodigy.

The frightening thing is that I had earlier also gone through some weird experiences with the numbers 3 and 1—in particular 333 and 111—that caused me to question the boundaries of my own reality. I still wonder if Jim just got obsessed and wasn't able to acclimate this new phenomenon into his everyday life in a way that wasn't compulsively taking over his every thought. Maybe he had experienced a leap in consciousness to that of the mind of Einstein and was able to see the relativity of things otherwise unrelated without going through the conventional processes. Maybe he was just not able to handle it. Maybe he was suffering from a chemical imbalance. Whatever the case, there was clearly, at times, a method to his madness.

Jim's cousin Frankie, who I mentioned earlier, was the singer of the musical group My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult (T.K.K.). At one point Jim was convinced that he, Adam and I were members of Frankie's band. I kept telling him, "No, Jim, we're not members of My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult."

He would say, "Are you sure? I think we are."

Once I said, "Jim, do you ever remember joining the group?"

He said, "You don't join the Thrill Kill Kult. You're born into it. It's a real cult."

I then asked him if his cousin ever actually told him that we were in the group. Jim then went into this thing about how he asked Frankie when T.K.K. was playing again and how the date Frankie told him, when added a certain way with the date and time that he told him, equaled the number 27, which was Jim's age, as well as mine and Adam's. So this, according to Jim, was proof that we were in the Kult. Again this crazy math added up exactly as he said it did.

Jim also mentioned that the number 27 was on a card Frankie had given to him while he was sitting in a police car after Frankie had him arrested for driving through his yard and crashing into a tree. Jim said Frankie winked at him, letting him know that this card was another sign. Jim also believed that Frankie was giving him messages through their music. It is interesting to note that Charles Manson thought that the Beatles were sending him messages through their music.

Jim also believed that T.K.K. was "devil music," and that Frankie may have played a role in the death of Brandon Lee by virtue of a "bad omen." He said that Frankie had told him that he had met Brandon while the movie *The Crow* was being filmed. T.K.K. had two songs on the soundtrack to the movie. A couple of days after Frankie spoke to Brandon, Jim said, Brandon was dead. The strange thing is how he died. Brandon's father, the famed martial artist Bruce Lee, in his final movie before his untimely death, played the role of an actor who was shot and killed by a prop gun that was supposed to be filled with blanks. This movie, finished after Bruce Lee's death, was an exact rendering of the real-life circumstances by which Brandon was killed. Real bullets, or bullet fragments, instead of blanks in the movie prop gun. To add irony to irony, the movie Brandon was shooting, *The Crow*, was about a man who was murdered (as some have suggested Bruce was) who came back from the dead to get revenge against those responsible for his death. As

Jim was explaining these coincidences, I had to agree that this was not typical or normal. Indeed, something strange had occurred.

Around this time I decided, in the interest of my own well being, that I should put some distance between Jim and me. He was having an effect on me. I heard his voice in my head when I attempted to sleep at night. I was starting to think like him a little. I was quite frankly afraid I might lose my mind like he had just from hanging out with him. But breaking away from Jim turned out to be very difficult as he had become somewhat obsessed with me and would sit in front of my house at eight o'clock every morning and show up at my work every night. I finally talked with him, after not seeing him for a couple of days, and he said, "Lawrence, do you know where I have been?"

I said, "No, Jim, where have you been?"

He said, "In jail for biting my mom. I'm a vampire, you know."

By now he was scaring my mother with his riding his bike in front of the house all the time. So I told him either he was going to put an end to it or I was. He said, "What are you going to do? Shoot me like Curt Cobain?"

I said, "Jim, I'm not going to threaten you. I'm just simply telling you to stop freaking out my mother and riding your bike in front of the house."

He said, "You can't stop me from riding my bike on a public street."

I said, "Yes, I can and I will. It's your choice. You or me."

I guess he wasn't so crazy that he didn't know just how serious I was because I never saw him again. I'm sorry that things had to end up that way, but I was not going to take a chance on this guy, as unstable as he was, doing something to my mother. Maybe he's gotten some help and is thinking more clearly. Or maybe we'll all be counting numbers some day, and Jim will be considered normal.

While in Rockford I hooked up with a country band that Adam turned me on to. It was funny to be back in a band with Adam. I hadn't played with him since we played in a garage band together

growing up. The first band I was ever in. At the age of thirteen or fourteen. Now, of all the bands we could have been in, we were in a country band. But it was a semi-paying gig, so that's why we joined. It turned out to be quite an adventure.

Shannon, the country singer whose project it was, ended up being a fugitive. We shot a half-assed video at a rodeo and recorded a pathetic demo and were supposedly on the way to Nashville to record an album.

In the midst of all of this, I met a girl at the club where I worked. She was young and very pretty. She had a nice smile. But she had apparently done one too many hits of acid in her time because she, too, was not all there. Sometimes she would talk to me for ten minutes, and I wouldn't understand a word she was saying. She would speak of demons that were after her. She said she could see spirits and ghosts and hear them talking to her. We spent three days and nights together.

A couple of days later I developed a crazy rash on my face. It felt as though ants were biting my face. It itched intensely and the more I scratched, the worse it got. I was in shock. I looked like Freddy Krueger from *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. My mother suggested I go to the doctor but I was afraid. Finally, scared to death, I went. The doctor said it was an allergic reaction that could have been caused by just about anything. I told him I'm allergic to crazy women. He laughed. He gave me an ointment, and the rash went away almost immediately.

By now all I wanted to do was leave town. So I did just that. The band and I went to Nashville and got a place overlooking the city. I have to admit it was nice. I don't know how Shannon pulled it off. We moved half of our belongings—a full load—and went back to get the rest. We almost didn't make it there for the first round as we came breathtakingly close to a very serious accident when a pickup truck was flipped around in the middle of the freeway with its lights off and we nearly hit it. If I hadn't screamed, we would have. So, thankfully, we made it there and back in one piece. It was good that Shannon had several vehicles, though, be-

cause my car broke down and was out for the count. It was going to take a lot more money than I had to fix it so I just put it in my sister's garage and figured one day, when I could afford it, I'd come back and fix it up.

I was very happy to be leaving Rockford. I had already stayed a lot longer than I ever wanted to. My childhood friend Kevin, who I mentioned earlier and who was now living in LA, and I had joked about Rockford being a negative energy vortex created by all the Indians who were slaughtered in that area. That may not be too far from the truth. Rockford has a park called Beatie Park, downtown right by the Surf Lounge. The park, when viewed from an airplane, took on the appearance of a turtle crawling into the Rock River. It was said that this was the sight of a mass grave of murdered Indians. Every summer there are a variety of city-sponsored events on this park hill. When Kevin had left L.A. a few years earlier and gone back to Rockford, it took him two years to leave. He said the whole time he was there he felt like he was dying. He warned me not to go. "The negative vortex will suck you in, and it won't let you leave," he said.

So I made it a point to call Kevin and tell him I was moving to Nashville. I told him I wasn't coming back to Los Angeles as planned but leaving Rockford just the same. He wished me luck.

We packed the remainder of our belongings into the truck, and I moved out of the house in which I was living. I worked one more night at the Surf Lounge and Shannon worked a last night at another club down the street from mine to pick up some extra money for the trip. Two o'clock rolled around, the clubs closed, and off we went into the night on our journey to Nashville.

We weren't on the road more than ten minutes when we approached the intersection of Alpine and Spring Creek and were struck by a drunk driver in a van. I was awake and lying on the seats in the back section of the truck. I had no idea what was going on. It was as though everything happened in slow motion. I heard a loud bang and felt the truck very gracefully spin completely around and flip over, all in one seemingly never-ending motion. I

found myself completely buried in debris. There was broken glass from fish tanks, mirrors and windshields everywhere. Remarkably, I wasn't cut.

I managed to crawl out of the wreckage pushing pieces of debris off me. Standing on the Street and looking at the truck, I couldn't believe my eyes. The rear end of the truck, which I had just crawled out of, was completely torn off the truck. Our belongings were scattered in pieces all over the street. The truck was backwards on its side clear across on the other side of the intersection. I immediately ran to the van to see if the driver was all right. For some reason I don't remember what I saw when I looked in. I remember the man moaning. I know I talked to him. But don't remember what I said.

Shannon, who had been driving the truck, started freaking out and telling me to tell the police that I was the one driving the truck. "HELL NO!" There was no way I was going to take responsibility for something I had nothing to do with. He kept saying that the police couldn't find out who he was. So he told them that the driver had fled the scene of the accident. They took us into the police station for questioning and let me go shortly thereafter, but kept Shannon in order for his fingerprints to come back to see who he was. They eventually had to release him before they got the results.

I went to get what was left of my belongings from the wreckage at the impound only to find that it was a set up. They wanted to entice Shannon there to arrest him. They had hoped he would show up with me. I told the police I hadn't seen him. It was the truth. They told me they couldn't tell me what he was wanted for, but if I knew I would be shocked. They wouldn't let me collect any of my belongings because it was evidence.

As it turned out, the accident made headlines in the local newspaper. They said it was the third worst accident that year, all of which took place at that very same intersection. I still have the pictures. They look bad. I don't know if the driver of the van lived or not. I don't think his chances were very good. The tow truck

drivers said that it was the bloodiest accident they had ever seen. They said that when they jacked the van in the air to tow it, blood poured from it like gasoline.

So there I was. With nothing but the clothes on my back, literally. And a bit shaken to say the least. I had lost everything I owned, my car was worthless, I had quit my job and moved out of the house I had been living in. It seemed that Kevin's prophecy had come true. The negative energy vortex had sucked me in. That is what I get for being superstitious and paranoid, I thought. "How am I going to get out of this town now?" I kept thinking. But at the same time, I stayed positive. And I think this is what saved me. I wrote a letter to Rockford, or the Universe, stating, "I have won this battle." That is exactly what I considered it to be: War. It was hard writing a victory speech while wearing the same torn shirt and pants for days, because it was all I had, but I had this feeling that I could beat this situation. The letter was more like a poem. This is what I wrote:

*This summer I took a trip. It was a good trip.
I went straight to hell. Didn't pass go.
In the midst of slaughtered Indians I met the devil's daughter.
She fell from the sky like an angel fallen from heaven
I loved her intensely for three days. It was a good three days.
She taught me just how numb I'd truly become.
I had no idea. Then came the accident.
By one swipe of a reticulan tail I lost nearly everything.
But soon stole victory from the bloody mouth of defeat
by not caring in the least. Like the phoenix from the flames
I found a soul in a big black hole. I am victory
in every stretch of the imagination. Rockford I beat you
By virtue of my saying so.*

A couple of days after writing this, my father, a Rockford fireman for 27 years, talked the police chief into letting me collect my things from the wreckage. I went to the impound and got many of

my things and some things that were not mine as well, including an NCR 3150 portable lap top computer with Windows 3.1.

I called the insurance agent and worked a deal with him to give me a check for \$2,500 in return for releasing the company from any future liability for injuries. This was risky since I hadn't gone to the hospital to see if I had any injuries and I knew that a variety of ailments can arise out of these kinds of accidents, but all I could think about was getting out of town as quickly as I could. So, boom! Just like that I got most of my things (my futon bed and enough clothes to get by on), enough of Shannon's things to more than make up for my losses, and \$2,500 in cash, which was enough to get my car fixed and a thousand or so for the road trip out of town. I truly had won.

I called Kevin in LA and told him I was on my way, packed my car and very cautiously tiptoed out of town.

Again I raced across the country like a bat out of hell. I had recovered a whole slew of CDs from the wreckage so I rigged a portable CD player that I had bought for twenty dollars to my cassette player and had a good variety of music to listen to for the trip. One song in particular influenced me to write a song while driving. I wrote the music and melody in my head and later developed it into a song called "Holy Ground." The lyric is:

*I see the children play
I wanna feel that way
electrify my soul
I wanna know I wanna know
I see the coming day
I see sunshine in the rain
Lord have mercy I have gone astray
I long to kiss the flame
And every time I think of you and all the hell you put me
through It was the best that I ever had*

*I see the children pray
 I wanna take their fear of God away
 We'll look right at the sun
 In the light of information we have begun
 And I say God is love
 Not some judgment from above
 You and I are God tonight
 In you I'm sanctified*

*And every time I think of you and all the hell you put me
 through It was the best time I ever had
 Light my fire, burn it out. Make me wanna scream and shout.
 Make me come, make me go. Keep me comin' back for more. Tie
 me up, don't hold me down. Feels like I'm on Holy Ground, un
 holy ground.*

*If you want a revolution—set me free
 If you want an execution—then kill me
 If you want a crucifixion—I'll be Jesus Christ
 If you want a resurrection—I'll come twice
 I am one, I am victory, we are one, sweet sweet victory, I am one
 one one victory
 We have won (one). . . . Destiny*

The majority of this trip remained fairly uneventful, at least until I got about 170 miles outside of Los Angeles on the 10 freeway and got off at the Desert Center exit to get fuel. As I drove off the freeway, I noticed two very large circles of palm trees that obviously hadn't grown that way naturally. There was one gas station and two food stands at the exit. I went to the gas station and filled my tanks. The attendant came to ask me for the money owed, and as I gave it to him I asked if he knew anything about the tree formations. He replied, "Yes, my father built them about five years ago for one reason and one reason only."

I said, "Oh, really . . . what was that reason?"

He said, in kind of a sarcastic tone, “So people like you would ask why he did it.”

I said, “Are you sure that’s the only reason? Not for some religious or spiritual reason?” I was thinking how it sort of reminded me of Stonehenge.

He replied, “Maybe,” and walked away.

I then went over to the ice cream stand and ordered an unsweetened iced tea with lemon, my favorite beverage. As the person was getting my drink, I asked him the same question as I had asked the first guy. His reply was a little bit different. He said, “The man who planted those trees said that he was contacted by aliens and was trying to regain contact with them.”

I then asked, “Did he?”

The man replied, “Well, I think he’s a little bit crazy.”

I drove to the site and got out for a closer look. I walked to the center of the circle and noticed a pile of wood placed in some ashes, like for a camp fire. I then took a large stump and turned it upright and sat on it and stared into space, from the very center of this very large circle of twenty-five to thirty foot palm trees. The sky was completely overcast, except for one round spot directly above this circle of trees. Through it I could see the stars as clear as day. I then walked over to the edge of the circle and touched one of the trees. At that moment I could have sworn I was hearing the sound of running water. I looked down at the ground and noticed a trench with connecting PVC pipes, as if for irrigation, but no running water. I then saw a pipe suspended a few feet from the ground spurting out small streams of water at the base of every tree. That is when it hit me.

Had this man tried to create a launch site for extraterrestrial aircraft? By planting these very large trees in a circle he had created a significant standing columnar wave (SCW) that shot directly into space. This SCW would be intensified by the conductance of water introduced at the base of every tree connecting one to another in the circle. This would explain the circular break in the cloud cover just above the tree formation. This SCW technology

was the idea behind the American Indians dancing in a circle around a fire singing and chanting the Rain Dance. This would create an SCW, manipulate weather systems, and stimulate rain. Indian Medicine Wheels were fashioned after the same concept. There are said to have been 40,000 Medicine Wheels scattered across America at one time. Many believe this is why we have such fertile soil and plenty of sustained rainfall. In the case of these palm trees, Stonehenge or the great pyramids (fire in the middle), in true Star-Trekian fashion, they may very well act as a springboard for certain aircraft to leave the planet. A launching pad. I wonder if the person who created this was aware of these potentialities. After all, what better way to regain contact of these friends of his than to build them an airport in which to come and go. Or was he instead influenced subconsciously with symbolism and unaware of the metaphysical qualities to his creation? Since SCW's are multidimensional, is it possible that these beings and craft have been coming and going without anyone even knowing?

This is what I want to use in creating a band. The people in my group will be the trees, the music is the circle, and the love for each other and the love of the music is the water conducting and completing the circle, thus creating a Gestalt-like SCW that has the power to move mountains like the Beatles did.

THE STORY OF HONEY

It was good to be back, finally, in the city of angels, Los Angeles California. I do love California, in 1850 the 31st state to join the United States of America and currently the home of over 31 million people. 31,800,000 to be exact.

I moved back into the same house I lived in before I went back to Rockford. I still had a lot of my belongings in storage. My bed, some unfashionable clothes and some cheap furniture. My main priority was to find a job, and in less than two weeks I had three clubs that wanted me to work for them. I picked two and went to work immediately.

A couple of weeks after I started work, I called Tina. I still had strong feelings for her and wanted to hook up with her again. I had kept in touch with her over the years and even called her once while I was in Rockford and left my number on her answering machine. But she never returned the call. Disappointed by this, I gave up calling. Now when I called, however, she was very happy to hear from me. She said that she had just been thinking of me. She said that she had tried to get in touch with me, but that her answering machine had accidentally been unplugged and erased my number.

She asked me where I was calling from. I said, "L.A."

She said, "Really?"

I said, "Yeah, and I'm here for good."

She said, "Really?"

She told me that she wanted to put a band together. I said, "Really? I want to be involved."

She said, "Okay. What instrument do you want to play?"

I said, "Why don't we get together and write some music? I'll come up with the music and you sing."

She said, "Great."

Tina went to New York, and a few weeks went by. When I talked to her again about a month later she told me an amazing thing. She said that the day before I had called her, after returning rather unexpectedly to L.A., she had told her friend Brittany how she wanted to sing in a band and how she wished that I was around because she knew that, if she was to do it, it had to be with me. But she had no way to get in touch with me. She told me that she thought that it was extremely synchronistic that I just happened to call the very next day and that I was back to stay in LA.

I reminded her of how eight years earlier, before we had even met and before I had moved to L.A., I had dreamed of her and the exact events of our first night out. And how when it was happening I experienced *deja vu* through the whole thing. She remembered me telling this to her the night it happened. She thought at the time that this was kind of a weird line to use on a girl.

Well, a couple more weeks went by without talking to each other. Meanwhile I met up with a guitar player named Phoenix, who I met through an ad in *Music Connection* magazine. The synchronicities with Phoenix were amazing. He had the same exact keyboard that I had, which would definitely make working on songs easy since it had sixteen-track sequencing built in and I could give him a song on a disc and his keyboard would play it perfectly. We had a similar musical style and like interests, and he even had a magnet on his refrigerator that read *Rockford*. Apparently his girl friend of nine years had once lived there. He said that she didn't have much good to say about her stay there. I laughed.

We discussed various belief systems, and I explained to him my ongoing strange and coincidental experiences involving the numbers 3 and 1. I called this my "3,1 scenario." I gave him an example from when I had gone home to Rockford for Christmas one year. I was sitting reading the transcripts of my book and decided to take a break from reading to rest my eyes. Out of sixty

pages of writing, I just happened to stop on page thirty-three. I had been sitting there since about 12:00 a.m. or so and had no idea what time it was, but I thought to myself, "Wow, what if it is 3:33? That would be amazing." So I went to the kitchen, where we have two clocks, to check it out. Well, one clock read 3:31 and the other read 3:34. So I thought, "Okay, I'll just call time and temperature and verify the time." I didn't know the number, so I first called information and then the time and temp number. The voice on the line said, "The correct time is 3:33 a.m." I couldn't believe it!

Another time, my friend and I were driving in his car talking about all of these strange coincidences with the number 333. I was explaining to him how I thought he and I were one with God in relation to these apparent, spiritual happenings involving this number 333. At the very moment I concluded my sentence, I said without pause, "As the number of that license plate of the van right in front of us reads 333." We were both stunned and immediately felt this was a conformation of what I was just saying. My friend then asked, "What else does the plate say?"

I read it off. "4-G-2-1-333."

He said, "For God two as one, 333."

In other words, that license plate, in our perception, read word-for-word what I had just been stating prior to seeing it, confirming one more time that there were indeed strange coincidences occurring relative to the number 333.

After telling Phoenix about these two incidents, I went on to explain how the coincidences changed from 3s to 1s not long after July 11, 1991. This was a big date. It was called "the door of the 11:11" by the New Age community. I thought this might be significant since the Drede Codex, a remaining Mayan record, states that the solar eclipse of July 11, 1991 ushers in two life-altering events: earth changes and cosmic awareness.

I also told Phoenix that I felt Avatar Meher Baba and his number 31 or 3 and 1 played into all of this somehow (see page [113](#)). Well, his eyes lit up in amazement and told me how just the day

before in his study group, The Order of the Golden Dawn, 31 was the answer to a problem they were asked to solve that dealt with the famed number 666 and its hermetic correspondences. It went as follows:

600=mem=the hanged man. Atu(key) #12

60=samekh=temperance. Atu(key) #14

6=vau=the hierophant. Atu(key) # 5

$12+14+5=31$

I was absolutely amazed. Not that I fully understood exactly what he was talking about, but just the sheer coincidence of the number 31 in relationship to what I was telling him.

So with all these coincidences, Phoenix and I hit it off pretty well and decided to develop a working relationship. We would work on some of his songs and some of mine as well.

Thinking about all this number stuff later, I remembered how *The Book of the Law*, channeled by Aleister Crowley, is also known as *Liber Al Vel Legis* or *Book 31*. "Oh, no!" I thought. I figured that maybe my strange coincidences with the number 31 were somehow tied to that devil Aleister Crowley and the evil number 666, the number of the beast as it were. Did this mean I am evil? Did it mean that if I don't want to burn for eternity wishing only for a drop of water on the tip of my tongue I'd better refrain from any further inquiry?

I didn't think I was evil. I am a very kind and compassionate person who loves all life, including bugs, animals and plants. I even save bugs from drowning in my pool. There is no number or book that can possibly change that. I have no fear of asking questions, and I certainly wanted to find out more. The mere fact that these authors and numbers have been branded as "evil" is an indication to me that there might be something there that someone doesn't want me to find out. In fact, in *The Book of the Law* itself it says: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. There is no other law beyond do what thou wilt. Love is the law. Love under will."

Now what could possibly be evil about that? I don't care if the one who is most well-known for making such a statement is, as some have said, "evil." It doesn't make a universal truth evil. Nor is he necessarily the author of said truth. But the observer. It seems to me that anything done out of pure unconditional love is ultimately "good," as we know it, and anything done in the absence of love has the potential to be something other than "good." Maybe those who feel that these writings are evil are coming from a non-loving point of view. In which case, "do what thou wilt" equates to barbarism, thus validating their belief. Some people may not desire or be able to handle total freedom.

My suggestion would be to find out what it means to love unconditionally your greatest enemy (often yourself). You might find that he or she is not your enemy at all. And that the evil you perceive in others is fear generated from your own lack of control and lack of unconditional love for yourself.

Crowley also wrote a book called *The Book of Lies*, the number of which is 333. In Chapter 54 of this book, Crowley writes: "The word was *love* and its number is 111. L=30; O=70; V=6; and E=5. $30+70+6+5=111$." He goes on to state: "Choronzon, the devil of confusion, = 333."

It is interesting to note that about the same time my 333 synchronicities changed to 111 synchronicities, I had a change in my belief in a jealous, wrathful god who killed men, women and innocent children in floods, fires etc.—i.e., the god described in the Bible—to a belief in an understanding of God being LOVE. That pure energy that binds everything together making all things GOD.

About the same time Phoenix and I hooked up, I started getting together and working with Tina on music, too. She wanted to include her friend Brittany in on this project, as our background singer. Brittany couldn't sing very well, but Tina couldn't either so I figured they'd learn and improve together. Tina had a really appealing tone to her voice. Slightly raspy, but clean when she wanted

it to be. She had a very unique vibrato, too. So I knew over time she would be a great singer.

I continued to rehearse with the guitar player and the girls separately. I wanted to wait until I felt the time was right to bring them together. Tina, Brittany and I rehearsed at Brittany's place, a rented trailer home in Topanga Canyon, up in the mountains between the San Fernando Valley and the ocean. We decided to rehearse there because of the peaceful, spiritual attributes of the location.

One day Tina and I met there to rehearse, and Brittany wasn't there yet. We let ourselves in and just sat around and talked while we waited. Brittany finally called and said she was running late but would pick up some food if we were hungry. We both said, "Yeah." With all of my running around I hadn't had time to eat much if anything. I don't think Tina had eaten either.

It was about 7:00 p.m. when Brittany finally came home with the food. I had a falafel, a Middle Eastern sandwich with fried garbanzo beans in a pita bread pocket with tomatoes and lettuce. It was delicious. We sat around and talked some more while we ate. Tina had told me several days prior to this that she wanted to name the band Honey. Now she asked me what I thought of the name. I said, "Well it doesn't strike me as a *bad* name, but there's nothing I find to be particularly great about it either." I was actually thinking of something a little more serious than that. Something with some deep hidden meaning perhaps.

Brittany laid down her food and got up and started digging around, looking for something. She finally pulled out a book. Without knowing what she was doing, I said, "Hey, what's the number value of the name Honey?"

Brittany said, "That's exactly what I am looking up." In retrospect, I think it's ironic how I asked her the number value, almost intuitively knowing that this was indeed what she was up to.

As she was figuring out the number, I didn't pay much attention to what book she was using, assuming it was the Qabalistic numerology system. I later learned she was using another system.

Anyway, she finally looked up and said, in an unsuspecting tone, "The number value is 31."

"What equals 31?" I asked.

She said, "Honey."

I said, "You have got to be kidding me."

She said, "No. Why?"

I said I would tell her some other time because I was so shocked I didn't even want to try to explain it then. But Tina jumped in and said, "No, I want to know what the deal is with the number 31."

I reminded her about what I had previously told her over the phone about Phoenix, and she remembered me telling her about the 31 coincidence with him and how weird I thought that experience was. I don't think she had really gotten the gist of what I had experienced until now. But now, with this same type of thing happening to her, she was as flabbergasted as I was. She said, "So, Honey is going to be the name of our band then, right?"

I replied, "Obviously."

She said, "I just knew the name would be Honey, I just didn't know why."

I said, "I guess you've tapped into whatever "it" is." I then said, half-jokingly, "Well we've got the answer, now all we need is the question."

We all laughed.

Tina and I both wanted to know how Brittany had come up with number 31 for Honey. She showed us how her book assigned number values to the letters. It was like conventional numerology, in that there is a natural progression from A to Z, with A being 1 and Z being 26, and with the double-digit numbers reduced to a single digit by Fadic addition (i.e., $j=10$ or $1+0$, which is 1): 1=a, j, s. 2=b, k, t. 3=c, l, u. 4=d, m, v. 5=e, n, w. 6=f, o, x. 7=g, p, y. 8=h, q, z. 9=i, r. Therefore, Honey was as follows: H=8, O=6, N=5, E=5, Y=7, or $8+6+5+5+7=31$. It would have been easy to believe that this name had some special powers behind it or that this band is going to be hugely successful because of it, but, it may

just be simply letting me know that I'm on the right track in my life. It's in agreement with my desires.

Brittany then went on to ask me what my number was. I said, "I think someone told me once it was 26." She asked me my birth date. I told her it was 3-22-1968.

I didn't pay her line of questioning much attention as I was consumed with trying to understand her book's method of numerology, but all of a sudden Brittany started running around the room screaming, "You're not going to believe this! Guess what your number is?"

I said, "Don't tell me it's 31!"

She said, "31."

"How?" I asked.

She said, "Add up your birth date: $3+2+2+1+9+6+8$. That equals 31."

In an effort to break the tension in my own mind, I said jokingly, "See, I *am* Jesus Christ! I've thought it all along."

They laughed as did I.

By now I was very interested in the book Brittany was referencing. I turned to a section that had several pages dedicated to what it termed $31/4$ s and $13/4$ s (four being the reduction of $3+1$ to a single digit). The book described personality profiles of people with these numbers and gave a list of famous $31/4$ and $13/4$ people. I was amazed. It was also interesting to note that the author showed a linked relationship between 31 and 13, since I had earlier thought there might be some connection between the two.

As if all this wasn't enough, there came yet another shocker. When I finally took note of what book I was reading from, I noticed that the author was none other than Dan Millman, the author of *The Way Of the Peaceful Warrior*, which, as I wrote earlier, was the first book I ever read and a book that changed my life by teaching me how to be happy by being happy for no apparent reason. And not take life so seriously. In other words, instead of only finding happiness when things were going good in my life, as I had done before reading the book, I now realized you could be

happy whether things are, in your perception, good or not. Even the title of Millman's numerology book had special meaning to me. It was called *The Life You Were Born to Live, A Guide to Finding Your Life's Purpose*. This was so incredible because just a day or so prior, I was telling my friend Kevin that I thought that the reason I was having these strange coincidences may have something to do with me being at one with my destiny. In a sense, living the life I was born to live.

A few weeks after all this happened, I was reading a book called *Matrix the Equivideum* by Val Valerian and came across a section dedicated to the significance of the number 31. I almost had a cow over what I read and the timing of coming into contact with it. I'm going to quote word-for-word what I read so you can best understand what I was feeling when I encountered this material for the first time. It went as follows:

Meher Baba's Famous Last Words Was a Number—Take for instance, the number 31 itself. This isn't just an arbitrary number, nor does it just echo Michael Topper 5 May 90 reference to the I Ching. 31 has central significance as a Qabalistic number; but since Qabala is the encoded spiritual intelligence informing, guiding, constituting and explaining the whole field of existence to itself as an expression of divine being, we may expect it to have application far more reaching than that of the precious/specialized language of an initiated priestcraft with reference to no 'mysteries' outside its own; indeed, if Qabala is what it purports to be, i.e., the language in which the divine speaks, authorizes, guides and reveals, then we should find 'proofs' more centrally associated with the Qabala solving for other things (even those things supposedly the specialized business of the secular priestcraft, i.e., science, medicine, physics etc.). And indeed this turns out to be the case. As far as the Qabala is concerned, 31 is the number representation of a primal truth expressive of basic metaphysical and physical, biopsychic and cosmic mysteries. The Hebrew term for 'god' rendered in English letters as AL, has the numeric value of 31. At the same time, this well-known Qabalistic equation is completed by noting that the mirror AL, i.e., LA, means 'nothing' or 'non-being.' Thus the identity of divine spiri-

tual being and value of infinite-void-being. (AUTHOR'S NOTE— One who is a void being is one who is not definable as any particular thing and hence leaves the possibility of being many things or even all things. This divine paradox exists in duality consciousness but is reconciled by 31 or the three-fold in one consciousness in that all opposites are ultimately a perfectly balanced whole. There is no separation. Yin, Yang and balanced. 31 by multiplication = 3, by addition 4 -Tetragrammaton, and by division .3 which suggests that the division of God or a belief that you are separate from God or any other thing produces 333 the devil of confusion.)

The Not in The String That Ties It All Together—This identity is a central key, whereby all the mysteries of existence may be unlocked. Here, indeed, we see how it is that the precious 'initiated' specialty of Qabala is really no such thing, but reveals itself progressively as the genuine formula of the whole, in all its parts spiritual and mundane, physical and metaphysical. For note the final proofs of the recent 'superstring' theory in physics, which purports to be a key finally drawing within range of mathematical equation that coveted field theory whereby all known forces and forms of matter are ultimately identified as a single thing. The 'authors' of the present form of string theory, Michael B. Green and John H. Schwartz (as reported in the September '86 issue of Scientific American) finally boiled the complex unity down to the test of a single equation. The proof unifying all quarks and leptons, hadrons and fermions and vector blossoms, em, gravity etc. by the single solvent rested on the ultimately simple multiplication of the number 16 by 31.

Coincidence? Making a 'big deal' out of nothing? That is precisely right: a 'big deal,' i.e., the multidimensional universe, is made thereby out of precisely nothing (note how Unification Theory requires energy intensities through observer-probe of the respective distances that 'weld' each field and force about a sliding zero value superposed as the resolving term of each particular pattern).

The number 16 has its own important properties. That we'll return to. As we see for now, when Green and Schwartz finally got the answer necessary to solve the Superstring Theory ('finally,' because that

last simple multiplication gave them suspenseful moments in itself; its simplicity drew them eagerly to forsake their computer so as to experience the gratification of 'doing it by hand'—bring it all to human scale in the end—and in their enthusiastic haste they miss multiplied several times!), they derived a special number which turns out to be the only 'perfect' number between 100 and 1000, i.e., 496. (A 'perfect number' is a rarity; it is one having the sum of its fractional parts equal to itself; i.e., $1/2$ of $6=3$; $1/3$ of $6=2$; $1/6$ of $6=1$; $3+2+1+6$.)

Note that, indeed 6 is the first perfect number. It is the number of the central Sephirah Tiphereth on the hermetic diagram of the tree of life (see figure B, and explanation below of the importance of the tree of life in understanding the 'Lotto' number design). The position of the 'heart-Sephirah' of Tiphereth, number value 6 which is the first perfect number, is precisely occupied in the lotto design by the large 31 and companion 23. Not only is 496 the number that 'solves' for superstring, remarkably enough a perfect number; undoubtedly unbeknownst to Green and Schwartz (who have pondered these numerical curiosities, along with other fascinated physicists), 496 is the sum of the numbers 1 through 31 (i.e., $1+2=3+3=6+4=10+5=15$, etc.). Thus, the proof for superstring underlines the central significance of the number 31 in astonishing and unsuspecting ways.

Happy Birthday Sweet 16—16, by which 31 is multiplied to get that superstring answer, is a special esoteric number referring to NUIT, the star-goddess and Queen of infinite space (the 16 kalas or potable energy-essences of the subtle centers, etc.): 'sweet 16.' 16 is 4 squared; and by Theosophical addition (one of the Qabalistically permissible proofs to which we'll have recourse in this essay) 31 is a reference to the number value 4 ($3+1=4$). 4 is the number of the Sephirah Chesed on the tree of life, to which the (astrological) planetary Jupiter is ascribed. Jupiter is a central key that figures over and over in these proofs as Jupiter is the planet of luck and fortune so that the Lotto is naturally governed by the Jupiterian principle. Note that the Hebrew god-name AL (31) is attributed to the Jupiterian Sephirah Chesed!. Jupiter is the planet ascribed to the Tarot Trump 10, the Wheel of Fortune.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: AL or EL = "God" not only in Hebrew, but in other Semitic languages as well, including archaic ones.)

'But wait,' we hear a few hesitate. Is 'Superstring' so definitive as all that, or is it another of the ephemeral 'proofs' of physics soon to be supplanted, thus rendering 31 an outdated figure, and undercutting its 'scientific' reinforcement of the proofs given here? The answer is that, yes, initiated intelligence recognizes the basic Superstring equations as accurate and holding good throughout the remaining refinements and reinterpretations. A few of the formal or conceptual difficulties encountered at present with superstring have to do with their hangover interpretation in the old context of quantum physics; the real place of these 'resolving' calculations and the proper background against which they should be interpreted, is given in succeeding chapters of the essay 'What is Christ Consciousness?'

Resolving the Whole Matter—Another remarkable 'coincidence' involving the perfect 31-related number 496: consulting the standard Qabalistic text on Gematria (see explanation below), Liber 777, first published in the early part of this century—and so greatly predating the involvement of the number 496 with the equations of physics solving for the 'material world—we find that the sole entries under 496 given the Hebrew word equivalencies of the number are: LVITN, 'Leviathan,' the material world; MLKVT, i.e., 'Malkuth,' the final Sephirah of the tree of life signifying the physical dimension, the earth-sphere of materiality; and TzRVR, a small bundle, which irresistibly suggests the very description of 'quantum-packets' and Superstring clusters themselves!

The Lock of Matter Is the Key of Consciousness—31 also happens to be the number of pairs of spinal nerves, and so gives us the number par excellence of the conscious axis. The Sephirah Tiphereth to which, as we shall see, the number 31 on the Lotto diagram schematically corresponds, is the central sphere of the 6-fold cluster of Sephirah comprising the principles and functions of the conscious level of the mind-body totality (the Sephirah above [parallel the numbers 10 and 40 on the Lotto diagram] corresponding to the level of super consciousness, and

the Sephirah below [parallel the numbers 53 and 8 on the Lotto diagram], corresponding to the subconscious or autonomic aspect).

Interestingly, the military features the x-3 1 as one of its more recent 'hawkish' toys (never forgetting, as good Qabalists, that 'Horus the Hawk-headed Lord' presides over these aeonic proceedings!). And then there's always 31 flavors, reinforcing our reference to 'sweet 16' (not to mention the 6 known quarks, or quantum particles of the nucleus to which the quixotic term 'flavor' may descriptively apply—the only quark that has yet to be 'observed' is the top quark, which, when finally detected is supposed to secure 'definitive proof'—but we refer you to our review of Star Trek the Movie [see issue 5, Dec. '89] where we see that all such closing codes or rounding equations are ultimately sterile without the abrupt interposition—at that penultimate point—of the Living essence to which all such equations refer in any case. The 'Top' which remains 'missing,' may be missing simply because they're not looking in the right place!).

Who Is the Kal-Key Avatar?—It is important to note that the Spiritual Master Meher Baba (d. 1967), said to incarnate the Avatarship of the age, was to have broken his long-term silence just before death in order to 'pronounce' that Aeonic Word which would vivify and transform the world, at the very brink of its destruction; at the end, no audible speech in the conventional sense was issued, leaving followers and witnesses to ponder a presumed gap in the fulfillment of what were otherwise often remarkably prophetic 'Statements' of this master, instead he wrote one last thing on his tablet, the number 31.

Since he subsequently died on Jan. 31, it was supposed this was the ultimate reference; but for the very last communication given from the 'Avatar of the Age' to be a simple prediction of his day of death would—though conventionally 'impressive' perhaps—in itself serve at best to put him on par with the amazing Kreskin! One would suppose the very last communication of any such adept would possess a significance more central than this. His insistence he would speak that final word, plainly to be heard by all, is only literally fulfilled in recognition of the fact 'number' is inherent vibration, and that the word spoken through this most significant of numbers is indeed the word heard by all since it

informs the very pattern of the whole. (AUTHOR'S NOTE: Meher Baba was born February 25, 1894; $2+2+5+1+8+9+4=31$.)

By the Numbers by The Book—31 is the numerical key to a central, even controversial 20th century esoteric text known as The Book of The Law (Liber Al vel Legis). This Text is coded in a very specific Qabalistic grammar that derives directly from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, an esoteric society publicly appearing at the turn of the century and having amongst its members the Nobel poet William Butler Yeats and the dancer Isadora Duncan.

The Qabalistic system of classification identified with the Golden Dawn is, arguably, the best (most accurate, generally viable) system of classificatory systems (Church of the Light, et. al.) based on divergent ways of tabulating the relations of the Hebrew letters with Tarot keys and Sephirah of the tree of life etc. We won't here be concerned with the respected merits accorded rationales of the various systems; suffice it to say our proofs are strengthened by the fact that they are locks which open to a common key, the system of classification belonging to the Golden Dawn. We do not 'prove' by hopping around from one method to another as it suits us. A convincing element of this proof is that it is all quite plainly coded in one, internally consistent language.

WOW! Talk about food for thought. Some of this was definitely a little hard for me to follow, but what I was able to understand was quite flattering to say the least. I do have some understanding of quantum mechanics and the implications spoken here were quite impressive.

I later discovered a map titled The Planetary Grid System published in the New Age Journal #5 May 1975, pp. 36-41 taken from the original research of Bethe Hagens and William S. Becker that outlined the electro-magnetic ley lines and meridian points of the Earth and noted major megalithic power points on the grid also. There were 62 major power points mapped including the north and south poles. Each was assigned 1 of 3 classifying symbols for Yang-hot, Yin-cool or Balanced. Egypt happened to be at 31 degrees north and 31 degrees east and was classified as balanced. Of the 62 power

points on the grid 13 fell on 31 degree locations and were all classified as being balanced. The number 62 is twice 31 or the representation of balance and wholeness between everything and nothing, LA AL. If 31 is the numerical value assigned to a “God Synchronicity Network,” and it is a re-occurring number associated with the location of major megalithic power centers across the electro-magnetic Earth grid, then I guess I’m on the right path. The one child who discovers the key of “it all”? What does this all mean to me? Boy wouldn’t I like to know! And maybe I do know.

In my diaries, looking back on one June 31, of all dates, I wrote: “Tonight I asked Kevin if he could tell me one thing that he absolutely knows”. The only thing that he could come up with is that it appears as though he is experiencing something. I agreed. What we were experiencing and why we were experiencing it we could not determine. I said, “It’s a damn shame that in all our years of searching for truth, the only thing I can conclude is that it appears as though I am experiencing something. I wonder if I can ever truly *know* anything?”

I think I was being a little cynical. The same argument could be made that I know everything there is to know but perhaps can’t express it verbally or consciously. Perhaps I’ve come full circle in understanding—back to that which I had as an infant, described in the introduction of this book. If nothing can be known for a fact, then that statement can’t be known either. So, at the very least, perhaps only one thing can be known, i.e., nothing can be known. Therefore, by knowing this, one knows everything there is to know. This is why “you create your own reality” is a concept so appealing to me. It’s a lot easier to say, “This is true by virtue of my saying so” than to take on the impossible task of proving or disproving your position on the circle we call life. Therefore, I chose to be God. At least the God of me. I CREATE reality, I see the things I want to see. I am an Integral part of ALL THAT IS, which may very well amount to nothing. ALL THAT IS may still be becoming what it IS and what it has always been. Creativity is THE KEY. Creativity is what guarantees its infinite becoming, or non becoming.

I think reality, as we perceive it, is order within the vast chaos. Where random becomes sequential. Intelligence may simply be the ability to see the relativity in “things.” The Fibranoche sequence may be one example of primal intelligence. One person may see this sequence everywhere, take the procreation of bees, for example, or the leafing of trees. Another may not be able to recognize the specific numerology or sacred geometry (intelligence) to the ways in which nature and the universe operates.

These 31 coincidences (synchronicities) got to be so frequent that I stopped making note of them. I also got a little carried away with seeking them out as well, so I decided at a certain point that enough was enough and just stopped looking. Furthermore I started feeling like I was becoming like Jim, my friend back in Rockford. I will, however, relay some of them to you so you can further understand what I was going through.

Tina and I met on 12/12/1987. $1+2+1+2+1+9+8+7=31$. We dated and lived together for about a year or so, then kept in touch and remained very good friends over the years. We decided to move into a house as roommates and band mates. On 11/4/1996, the owner of the house called Tina to tell her that our application was approved and we could move in. $1+1+4+1+9+9+6=31$. On the day of our nine-year anniversary 12/12/1996, Tina and I got sexual for the first time since we had been together nine years previously. I was so nervous to be getting another chance, that I at first was having trouble getting an erection. To add insult to injury the whole time on the television was a program on cavemen. I must have heard the words “homo-erectus” And “standing upright” ten times. What a funny coincidence this was I thought. Although it wasn't to funny at the time. I quickly got over it though and proceeded to enjoy a three year relationship with her. Neither one of us planned this sexual encounter nor even expected this, but we both wanted it. This date added up to 31 once again, $1+2+1+2+1+9+9+6=31$, the only time this would occur in nine years. In other words 12/12/1988 through 12/12/1995 do not

add up to the number 31. Only 12/12/1987 and 12/12/1996. Shortly after that, we were back together as a couple.

In another incident, I decided to sue the DMV for refusing to issue me a driver's license because I have no social security number. My court date was set for January 13, but the district attorney called and wanted to know if we could move the date back a week. I said, "Fine, no problem."

I looked at the calendar and saw that one week later fell on an even-numbered day, and we needed to have our dates on an odd-numbered day as a matter of procedure. So I suggested a week and one day later, January 21. He said, "Fine." We hung up.

A while later he called back and said that he had a prior engagement on that day and was there another day later in the week that would work for me. I said, "Well, the only other day that would work for me would be Friday but that was the 24th, another even-numbered day, so I suggested the following Friday, January 31. He agreed to this date. I was smiling because I thought, "How appropriate. The 31st!" And not only was it the 31st, but the date added up to 31 also! $1+3+1+1+9+9+7=31$.

Another time, Kevin and I were talking about taking a trip to Mt. Shasta in Northern California which is known for a certain spiritual quality and alleged UFO activity. We thought it would be good to fly to San Francisco and then drive from there to Mt. Shasta.

For some time Kevin had been saying that he didn't want a car, that he wanted a flying saucer. Everyone laughed at him, but he was serious. And I agreed with him. We found in a book that there was a flying saucer patent filed with the U.S. patent office on 3/24/1975. It was filed by Paul S. Moller of Dixon California, assignor to the Disco-jet Corporation in Davis, California. The patent was issued 2/24/1976, eleven months later. I told Kevin to call them up and see if they'd sell him one. We both laughed and said we would probably get one of two reactions: either "We don't know what you are talking about and don't call back," or, "Oh, yeah, all of that UFO activity reported was us; we've been flying 'em for years."

Now come the ironies. Dixen and Davis just happen to fall right in between San Francisco and Mt. Shasta, off the 80 freeway. The exact way would be driving on the trip we were planning. The date Paul applied for his patent 3/24/1975 adds up to 31. $3+2+4+1+9+7+5=31$. Oddly enough, so does the date that the government approved and actually issued the patent on this craft: 2/24/1976. $2+2+4+1+9+7+6=31$.

So we called Information. They couldn't find a number for Disco-jet so we got on the internet. We punched in "the making of flying saucers in Davis, California." sure enough, there was a web site on Mr. Moller's accomplishments. He had the specs for his upgraded saucer craft and prices.

Another coincidence. On August 7, I started reading a book called *Cosmic Trigger* by Robert Anton Wilson. I was absolutely shocked and amazed to read of the author's experiences with the number 23 (incidentally the companion number to 31 in the Lotto design described in the *Matrix*). Wilson described the exact occurrences with the number 23 as I was having with the number 31! I finished the book one day later, the fastest I've ever read a book. On the last page of the book Mr. Wilson leaves us with a series of numbers that reads: 1, 10, 45, 136, 325 . . . etc. He then says the next number in that series is 666. Well, just for fun I added those last numbers on the page. $1+1+0+4+5+1+3+6+3+2+5=31$. I then turned the book over and read the back cover. The last written words (besides the publisher's name) were: Cover design: Studio 31. Below these last words were the ISBN numbers. They read: 1-56184-003-3. Can you guess what these add up to? Are you surprised? $1+5+6+1+8+4+0+0+3+3=31$! "Whoa," I thought. "Is something trying to tell me something here?"

Then, on August 12, I performed three songs at a coffee house called the Onyx. Much to my surprise, there was another band performing that night with the name Cosmic Trigger. And It just so happened that a good friend of mine Kyle whom I had worked with previously was in the band. Kyle was of Middle Eastern descent and Sufi in the truest sense of the word. It's interesting to

note that the reading of the book and this performance took place during the “Dog Days” (the days from July 23 to September 8, about which much is written in the *Cosmic Trigger* book. These, it says, are the days when Sirius is the brightest star and the last star visible as the sun rises. July 23 and September 8? $23+8=31$.

It’s somewhat comforting to know that I’m not the only one experiencing these crazy coincidences with numbers. Apparently Robert Wilson went through this a long time before I ever did. Of course, there are those coincidences that everybody can see. Take the formation of our country for example. The Mirror of 31, “unlucky” 13 seems to pop up everywhere. The country was formed with 13 states. The fourth of July has 13 letters. American Eagle has 13 letters. The phrase written on the dollar bill—*E Pluribus Unum*—has 13 letters. *Annuit Coeptis*, also on the dollar bill, has 13 letters. *An Appeal to God* has 13 letters and *Don’t Tread on Me* has 13 letters. The Declaration of Independence was penned in 1776. The first Government was formed in 1789, 13 years later. George Washington had 12 other generals, which, counting him, makes a total of 13. Jesus Christ (Christianity being the religion upon which our country was formed) had 12 other disciples, making 13 in the group. The Confederate flag has 13 stars on it. The U.S. Navy had a committee of 13 controlling naval affairs. There were 13 ships in the first fleet. 13 people worked on the great seal of the United States. The Federal Reserve has 12 district banks plus the Federal Reserve Board, making 13.

So what is one to think of these strange numeric coincidences? It is entirely possible that someone or some group of people specifically designed these things this way when forming the country. The question one would have to ask is, “Why?” Is there some significance to life or certain aspects of life following certain numerical lines? Maybe the founders knew of the 13 31 degree anomalous power centers of the earth grid and a belief in this tying in some how to creating a new world order. Maybe a voluntary new world order of collective consciousness that everyone works together to accomplish that benefits all. And not the new world order

some imagine of forced servitude that benefits the privileged few. Or maybe it is all just coincidental. If there is a group who has such control they can manipulate this type of coincidental numerology, the next logical question would be, “Who?” Everybody likes to blame “The Illuminati” for all the governmental conspiracies. I guess I’ll have to indulge myself and postulate the scapegoat, too. After all, they are alleged to have 13 degrees and “The Illuminati” *does* have 13 letters.

As the “story” goes, Adam Weishaupt, a Catholic priest and Jesuit-trained professor of Canon Law who was teaching at Inglecot University, defected from Christianity and the Catholic Church and in the 1760s organized the modern Illuminati (said by Weishaupt to mean “Holders of the light”). This endeavor was financed by the international bankers of the day. It has been whispered in dark places that it is Weishaupt’s face that appears on the one-dollar bill and not that of George Washington as entitled. The name Adam Weishaupt does remain consistent with the “13 synchro-net,” in that it contains 13 letters. The infamous great seal of the United States of America displayed on the dollar bill—with the pyramid and all-seeing illuminated eye at the apex shooting off the top like a space ship, and the phrase *New World Order* at the bottom (rendered in Latin, of course, so most Americans cannot easily understand it)—is allegedly the Illuminati’s signature. The pyramid does have 13 layers of stone, perhaps symbolizing the Illuminati’s 13 degrees or levels to “enlightenment.” The other side of the seal, the bald eagle, known for feeding blood to its young, (known by Christendom as communion), features an eagle holding 13 arrows in its right foot, a branch with 13 leaves in its left foot, 13 stars encircled above its head and 13 stripes on its breast plate.

Whether by chance, conscious intent and/or conspiracy, few could argue that the frequency of all of these 13s is bizarre. Oh, by the way, did you happen to notice how many letters there are in the phrase *New World Order*?

FINDING GOD IN THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

(part one)

I have, over time, come to a number of revelations about life, mostly from questions arising out of the experiences written herein. What if there is life visiting us from other planets? And what if some are not friendly? What if it is true, as many believe, that some “aliens” view us in much the same way that we view cattle and wouldn’t think twice about farming us for consumption? Would they be wrong in any way? “Hell, yes!” We yell at the top of our lungs. That is evil. If so, aren’t we guilty of the same evil? Such a simple concept but such a giant leap of consciousness.

On February 2, 1996, I made the leap. While I had gone through varying degrees of vegetarianism for six years or so prior, because of health concerns, it hadn’t hit me like it did this time. The fact that I was killing life to sustain mine was wrong. This is vampirism, I thought. Whether we kill animals or plants, we are still killing to live. I shouldn’t have to be a part of a world that operates in such a way, I thought.

I was explaining this to Kevin and how starvation may be my only option when he reminded me that eating an apple isn’t killing the tree. I agreed and added that the tree apparently gladly gives the fruit as it will eventually drop off, seeding and fertilizing new life as well as providing food for existing life in close proximity.

We thought of other things that we could eat that would not involve the termination of life. Various fruits and vegetables, nuts, seeds, cheeses etc. could be eaten without having to kill the source.

I now don't drink milk or eat cheese. Even though I don't kill the cow for its milk, unless I know the cow was being treated good and was happy, there may still be an injustice in its enslavement. Something about consuming an animal's bodily fluids is appalling to me. The first person to stroke the udders of a cow and decide that its fluids would be good to drink was probably a sexual pervert. Who knows, maybe we take on the energies of the death upon the consumption of any dead thing. Or if the animal suffers, the residual energy of that suffering may reside in its flesh. We then, not escaping karma, ingest not only the animal's flesh but its pain and suffering as well. And subsequently lower our own vibration further preventing us from escaping such a hellish reality. A reality where only the fittest survive and the weak are exploited. I will never eat meat again.

Maybe reality is like that. You can't escape karma. I knew a man named Sam in Atlanta who had a cable access show and would hold group meetings at his house on varying subjects with varying speakers. Sam had a son who was 70 percent deaf. No psychic healer would try to heal him. They said it was his karma that he had to experience this and that he chose to. When the boy turned sixteen, he wanted to know why he was deaf. They put him under hypnosis and allegedly regressed him into past lives. What they found was that in his last life he had gone around hitting people with both hands flat on the ears, causing them to go exactly 70 percent deaf. Imagine that.

Is it possible that there is no injustice in this world? It's ironic that when I look for impropriety in our world that's all I seem to see. Corruption, chaos, deception, hatred, hopelessness and the like. But when I've had enough, when I've driven myself nuts with disparities and decide, in the interest of self preservation, that I'm going to lie to myself and pretend things are good and that there's hope for such things as peace, freedom, love and brotherhood among people, I suddenly see a new world. One where there is no injustice.

No evil goes unnoticed. I see such potentialities in the internet, which was born overnight in recent years. As never before, I can imagine internet TV, where anyone with a video camera and a computer can have their own prime-time television show about anything they choose, not subject to party-line censors. They can send out across the internet anything they want to anyone who wants to watch. The news can be shot by the average Joe with no agenda but to report the facts and be made available to all who would view it regardless if it offends people of renown. On the internet you can watch something of interest without being interrupted, sidetracked and confused by the senseless dribble of a sales pitch trying to convince you that you need something that you don't. You could watch music videos that appeal to you, not the ones that MTV or Viacom decides you should watch, in between all the soap operas, game shows and cartoons, that is. There is the potential to actually be able to see the video of a band not signed to a record label!

Imagine the Davidians videotaping the raid on their compound and sending it out live on the internet as it happened. Then there would be no question as to what actually happened. The BATF and FBI could order the media out of the area all they wanted, but the whole world would be watching as if we were there. They could burn all of the evidence, the videotape, the camera, everything. Everything but the witnesses. Because we would all be witnesses this time, and they couldn't kill or imprison all of us. We could have done the same in Tiananmen Square regardless of what the Chinese government thought about it.

We won't need telephones anymore. We'll talk on the net and see who we are talking to. Talk about caller ID! We'll see wars as they really happen and not as spin doctors, news filters and PR firms portray it. This is freedom like we have never had before, and it comes at a time of the greatest oppression of freedom that this country has ever seen. What a beautiful dichotomy.

This vision, which seemed to come about through denial—is it really possible? Is this how we create our reality? By simply

refusing to believe in the status quo or present reality? Man, this is like discovering America! This is a new land to move to where we can make our own rules under which to live. Or to live under no rules if we so choose. We've discovered a new virtual land where we can all live as free men and women equal regardless of race, religion or wealth. Where we cannot be conquered by petty tyrants. Through the internet there is enough virtual room for everyone, so no Indian has to be killed so a white man can live on his land. Or vice versa. We will all own our virtual land. As much as we want, in fact, with no taxes.

On this new land, we can build or grow virtually anything we want without permits or approval from some government agency. We can print as much virtual money as we want, backing it with virtual gold and silver. We can put our own heads on the money we create, giving it worth and value far beyond the money the Federal Reserve Bank currently invents. We, the people of cyberspace, will rediscover America in ways our forefathers, with their Bill of Rights and Constitution, never imagined! Or maybe exactly how they imagined and indeed intended.

Then, we'll convert our virtual world into a holographic world with tactile and olfactory, etc. sensibilities. Everything inward will be projected outward, life-size, like *Star Wars'* Obi-Wan Kenobi was able to do, or the Mormon Joseph Smith's angel. We won't need computers or external technology to do this. We will do this with internal technology. These external technologies are teaching us how to do it internally. Everything outward is mirroring what has always been inward.

As our world grows, and more and more believe in it, it will become more and more dense with energies and the sense of touch will rival that of the old world. Few will be able to tell the difference between our virtual reality of hope and everything we once believed was real, including all of those impossibilities that we were just sure we could never accomplish.

Our NEW WORLD of unadulterated knowledge and freedom will become more and more real as the OLD WORLD of

order, ignorance, enslavement and exploitation fades into oblivion. What an easy transition from third to fourth density this could be. Like going to sleep and waking up to find that all of your dreams have come true. You might even wonder if you are still dreaming. Or if it was your dreams you were actually living all along but just didn't realize it. That's the beauty of it. It doesn't matter. No one needs to meet in closets like roaches and be sworn to secrecy to protect the profanely ignorant from the horrors of knowing.

In a world where anything is possible, it is safe to imagine that everything already is and no one need fear the becoming of that which has always been. We must all take responsibility for our own destiny and not depend on anyone else or accept anyone else's limitation. All of my life I prayed before I went to bed. Who I was praying to I really had no idea, but I always maintained steady communication with the gods. For some reason I always sought support I assumed I needed from those advanced beings or that superior being who might want to assist me in my day-to-day struggles. And the one conclusion I've come to is that it is virtually impossible for me to discern the intent of those people or beings that I cannot comprehend. Manipulation of my life is still manipulation, regardless of intent. Even if I was to ask for something to make my life better and the wish was granted, the intent of the gift-giver might still be ill-meaning. It might still lead me to trust in yet another control paradigm and ultimately entice me to the slaughter.

And so I have come to the point of realization that I am better off trusting myself. That instead of putting my faith in the benevolence of someone or something I can't comprehend, I can create the reality I choose, without validation from anyone else. We can indeed create any reality.

Now when I eat, I express verbally my intent in eating the food. I state the nutritional benefits of the food I'm eating and how it is going to affect my body. It will replenish vital nutrients and keep me free from disease. I communicate with the food I am eating on a molecular level and inform it what it is to do upon

entering my body. This food I know will gladly do what I ask because it came from a source that gladly gave it for such purposes and wasn't forcibly taken. I have the power to transmute potential poisons into nutrients my body requires. I don't need a god to bless my food for me. Creation gives me the power to do this myself. This may be a vital tool in the future to determine who will inherit the new Earth.

The new stewards of the Earth will probably be well-learned in the art of transmutation and will probably be of a higher consciousness that is naturally less dense physically and certainly not susceptible to the more extreme new diseases, such as Mad Cow Disease, that are associated with the ingestion of dead animals. Mad Cow is a disease where a cow is insane and when one eats it, even when it is cooked first, the person goes mad like the cow. Could this be the manifestation of instant karma reflecting the insanity of killing and eating animals? Could this be the manifestation of what the cow was feeling in its enslavement? Maybe as more people change their beliefs and understand their folly it will become increasingly more unhealthy for those who continue to eat animals so that they will not be able to exist in the emerging New World paradigm. This would not be a punishment, mind you, but a choice on their part not to evolve.

Reality may very well be a reflection of what all of us collectively think it is. If we don't like something, we can change it. But all of us have to go together, and it usually takes a few brave ones to lead the way. First we have to take responsibility for ourselves and not give our authority away. I think it is important to announce and demand your sovereignty. We are all free spiritual beings as decreed by the creator or creation. We don't need anyone or anything to give us our freedom. And we certainly don't need to give it away by assuming that we are victims and can't help ourselves. First we have to admit that we were wrong. Or perhaps not quite as right as we would have liked to be would be a better way of putting it. Second, we must correct our wrongs. Not only can we elevate ourselves to a higher level of goodness, but we can serve as

an example to others to make their own changes, further cementing victory for the glory of truth.

This is Mortal Combat! The great game! The battle between good and evil, light and darkness. We are all players whether we are aware of it or not. Being aware of my role, I must then put myself on a slightly more significant level and hold myself accountable to a higher standard of virtuosity. If I do this, I win victory not only for myself but, by stealing from darkness by adding to light, I have effectuated victory in everyone.

With each success, similar decision-making is made easier and subsequently the odds increase for more such successes. What this means is that however insignificant such personal changes seem to be in the scope of world happenings, they are extremely relevant to the planetary tides of energy of which we are all representatives as well as beneficiaries. We are the energy matrix that we manipulate! If we are to polarize more toward the light, it will undoubtedly require one or several of us to go first, making it easier and more appealing for the rest to follow. Those more virtuous than I made it easier for me to come to my decision, and so on.

A single individual can increase the boundaries of a given reality system for everyone, but it takes many individuals, in Gestalt fashion, to give that energy matrix the density or physicality it needs to be accepted by most as real. Doing this collectively, in turn, allows each individual to actualize, in physical reality, what he, in a sense, has created out of less dense, nonphysical, holographic forms of the same energy. In this sense, you can only serve yourself by serving others. This is a further example of the paradoxical reconciliation, namely in the unity of an apparent polarization of oneness.

Another revelation I have come to was the importance of the sun. Not only is it required for life to exist on this planet but it is also the major source of God. In fact, some in antiquity worshipped the sun as God. Sun worship is not a new concept. The belief dates back at least as early as Egypt and their belief in the sun god Ra, and perhaps even earlier. One of the secret teachings of Freema-

sonry is said to be the Emerald tablets. Which is said to include the idea that the god of the Bible is really the Devil and the Devil of the Bible is really the benevolent being trying to liberate man through knowledge of the tyranny of this alleged god. Freemasons believe that god kept man enslaved in ignorance and the serpent Devil gave man knowledge, ultimately freeing him. They teach the symbolism of the sun god and his son named Set.

When I was in Atlanta, I met a man named John who shed new light on the sun, so to speak. He made high-powered binoculars for military application that could see hundreds of miles in the dark. He was what you might call a light expert. He believes that looking at the sun is not bad for your eyes and that the fear of going blind from doing so is an old wives' tale to keep people from doing it. He stated that light is information and you can access information and transmute the optic nerve by allowing large amounts of light through the eyes. My friend David, who introduced me to John, agreed. He said that he could look at the sun for an indefinite amount of time.

I remember being a child and our school class going outside to look at an eclipse through cardboard boxes that we had constructed with a pin hole in the side for light to come through. We were instructed not to look at the eclipse directly as we would go blind in doing so. Well, being the type of child I was, the fact that I was told *not* to do something created a strong desire to do just that thing. So I did it. I looked at the eclipse. And guess what. I didn't go blind. In fact, I have perfect vision to this day. John said that he also has looked directly at an eclipse but he would not elaborate on it indicating that he was not at liberty to discuss such things. I have noticed that at times after looking at the sun long enough after changing colors from yellow, orange, red and purple it will turn black and appear as an eclipse would. As though your mind is eclipsing the sun at that point.

I have heard of sages in antiquity who looked at the sun from sunrise to sunset. They allegedly could become totally detached from their bodies and able look at the sun without actually look-

ing at it. Maybe that is where the idea of going blind came from. Maybe as we open ourselves up to these other realms of vision we lose the typical sense of vision, in a trading off of sorts. Sometimes when I look at the sun I see little swirling lights as one might imagine atoms to look. I often thought this was perhaps particles of dust floating in the saline in my eyes, but one day I was practicing looking at the sun while sunbathing and I rolled over onto my stomach only to see these swirling lights in the reflection on the thin strips of plastic of the lawn chair I was laying on. So there went my particle theory.

Maybe there is something to this looking-at-the-sun thing. Maybe this sun god worship, or worshipping of the sun, isn't strictly symbolic only. Maybe it is quite literal. Maybe the way to worship the sun is to quite literally look at it and know that it gives you life and knowledge on how to live. Knowledge of life itself. The simple observation of the sun rising over a mountain gives the observer perspective on how fast the Earth is spinning and alone may give profound insight to his or her relationship to it. The ancients were clearly astrologically advanced. Maybe there are times that are better to look at the sun or know God than others.

The Egyptians built large pyramids, the symbol of the hydrogen atom existing in hydrogen gas which is believed to fuel the sun. Some of these pyramids were built with fine accuracy to allow the sun to shine in at precise times of the year or every so many years. Sometimes the light would be reflected into a large crystal in the center of the pyramid. Maybe the crystal was used to store light or information, much like our modern day computers use crystal to store data entered into it.

Maybe salvation can come from knowing the son of god. Literally, the sun of God. Maybe the true teachings of Christ were distorted, and he spoke of the sun in this manner. After all it wasn't until after he returned from forty days and forty nights in the desert that his ministries began. What did he do all that time in the desert? Maybe the original, Egyptian public utopia was defiled by Ra and his crusaders. Maybe Ra came down and claimed

to be that very sun God that the natives instinctively sought. If you take time travel into consideration, imagine someone with incredible technology, say, for example, a boat that traversed the heavens such as that which was attributed to Ra in the *Papyrus of Ani* (the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*). Especially if that boat or craft could turn the night into day from the intensity of light emanating from it. That might impress the unsuspecting, somewhat naive natives into believing that He (Ra) was an incarnation of their sun and effectively divert attention from the truth to that of a false knowledge that subsequently demanded the worship of himself and later that of his heir and son Set. This may have led to further deviation from their original beliefs in the benefits of looking at the rising sun to that of worshipping that which ends the day long life of the sun. The sunset. Or the son, Set. The death of the sun.

Could it be in this same way that the true teachings of Christ were changed from literal knowledge to meaningless symbolism and ritual? For example, the ritual of drinking red wine to symbolize the blood of Christ and to celebrate his slaughter in the belief that salvation comes somehow from murdering a man who clearly didn't want to die as was evident in his prayer to the father just before his crucifixion. If anything is satanic, drinking blood, literally or symbolically, in celebration of causing a death by your sinful actions certainly fits the bill. So now many believe that Christ, the son, is the sun (God) and the death of the son (Christ), like the son, Set (sunset), is the source of salvation. What a brilliant perversion!

Hitler might have done the ultimate injustice to the sun when he used the American Indian's symbol of the sun and standing columnar wave technology, the swastika, as the ultimate reference for evil. Actually, the swastika was a symbol for the sun long before the Indians. And Hitler, being influenced by the Thula, Vril and Black Sun societies, might have secretly been harboring this very knowledge, thus influencing him to use such symbolism. Now, anytime anyone sees this symbol, they think of some of the greatest evils man has ever brought against himself instead of thinking of the great abundance of beautiful God-giving life that the sun

and its light/love life-force provides us all. Jehovah, Ra and Hitler do share similar qualities: their desire for praise and worship and their killing of those who wouldn't capitulate. It has been said that the Nazis had built or were trying to build a time machine. Maybe they did. Maybe they went back into time and impersonated the god of the Egyptians and defiled their Utopia. Hitler, with his white supremacist views, couldn't allow dark-skinned people to have had one of the greatest societies in history. Maybe they went back into the days of Christ as Jehovah or Yahweh and perverted a dark-skinned Christ's teachings of the same sun the Egyptians sought with burnt offerings and animal and human sacrifices, thus introducing the eating of animal flesh and the symbolic eating of human flesh (that of the body of Christ during the communion ritual) to an otherwise vegetarian society. Maybe they were the bearded gods with the three-stage rockets described in the Sumerian texts some 8,000 years ago (another very successful culture/society). Maybe it was someone else thousands of years from now.

Has the sun, literally, the source of all life as we know it on this planet, been hidden from us as the source of knowledge through a false knowledge of symbolic suns (sons)? This is certainly the type of paradox one might expect to find on his or her journey into higher realms of consciousness. A tricky riddle to figure out perhaps. Is it such a mystery that so many of our news paper's names might have the word sun in it? Many things have been branded as evil, like the number 666 and the serpent's Tree of Life and Tree of Knowledge, various sun worshipping cultures and native American Indian ceremonies. This I feel is done to keep others, through their fear of the terrible wrath from their loving god and the subsequent fear of their own shadow, from the real truth and real salvation. Which maybe as simple as the freedom of belief or non-belief. The description I was taught to believe, that there is a terrible place called Hell where bad people go to burn for eternity, resembles what one might imagine the surface of the sun to be like. Now, of course, we know that the sun itself isn't hot, as there is no heat in space, but that the heat we

perceive is only generated as the light from the sun enters our atmosphere.

Having thought all of this craziness, I wanted to see for myself what would happen if I looked directly at a sunrise. So I planned a little experiment. My first one was a success. I began by looking at the sun briefly every day, in order to acclimate my eyes into taking in more and more light. I liken it to how prisoners, in solitary confinement in our jail systems who are locked up for weeks or even months without light, experience pain when finally released into normal light. It burns their eyes like when we look into the sun. Their eyes tear, and they have to squint. But soon their eyes readjust to the light and they can open them normally again. Likewise, we have to acclimate our eyes to be able to take in more and more light until we can look at the sun without tears, or having to squint, or feeling a burning sensation. I know this is possible because I did it.

Phoenix and I went to the Angeles Forest Reserve and drove up Mt. Wilson, 4,000-5,000 feet above sea level. The altitude and thinness of air alone made me feel as though I was high on drugs. We saw Sirius in all its glory. The three crooked stars above it pointed us right to it like the three crooked pyramids on the Giza plateau. Then came the sunrise, the moment of truth.

We saw the sun start to come over the mountains. It looked as though the mountains were on fire. It quickly reached the halfway point, and I thought of the Baskin Robbins logo. The light was intensely brilliant, but I had no problem looking at it. Phoenix looked briefly but had to turn away. I continued staring directly at it. It was bizarre. My eyes did not water nor did I need to squint in the least bit. When looking at the sun at midday, I always had to squint or cover one eye, tearing all the while. This was different. I even looked away to see if I would be temporarily blinded by spots, and to my surprise I saw no spots. Quickly I went right back to staring at the sun. Phoenix was amazed that I could do this.

As I continued to look at the sun, it started to change colors. It turned purple and looked tunnelish. Then there were swirling col-

ors along the tunnel walls, much like the afterlife experiences depicted on television.

So often I have seen TV special effects try to re-create an afterlife experience described by someone claiming to have had one. Usually this includes a tunnel of brilliant light or sometimes swirling lights. Or a great white light that is as bright as or brighter than the sun but one that can be looked at without hurting one's eyes. We hear of those who speak of God or have God speak to them, usually answering all of their questions about the world. Sometimes they report simply having the feeling that everything somehow makes sense, and the universe works in harmony. Sometimes a god-like being tells the person that he or she needs to come back to earth or gives them the choice, citing some unresolved issues or purpose.

This reminds me of a story a freemason told me that he heard in a Masonic temple. It was about a man who was hit by a car and died. Upon dying he went to heaven's gate, where god stood before him. God spoke. He said god-stuff this and god-stuff that until the man finally interrupted. "Wait a minute," he said. "Who are you to tell me anything?" Suddenly applause broke out and he heard a voice say, "Open the gates he is one of us."

So often we accept what others say to us as the gospel and surrender our freewill to the whims of others who assume a role of superiority over us. So now, in this situation, I wanted to be very careful not to give away my ability to perceive these happenings in a manner in which I chose. I may have been having an out-of-body experience. I may have been having a near-death—or maybe near-life—experience. I may have been in the presence of God, my higher self, my lower self, my inner self, or having some biochemical reaction. It really doesn't matter what I call it. Whatever it was, it was very similar (if not identical) to my experience with the angelic being in my room. It also doesn't matter how it happens, only that it does happen. And what happened was that once again all of my questions were answered by a feeling. And the closest word I can use to describe this feeling would be love. Love/light.

Suddenly I had a different perspective on what the sun really is. I thought to myself that maybe the sun was merely a hole to another universe. Maybe earth is a dark planet and our solar system a dark world that we live in and that what we call the sun is the only hole through which light enters. Maybe, like someone born in an underground cavern deep within the earth with no concept of an outside world except for a pinhole of light, we, too, have it all wrong. Maybe we, too, are encapsulated in some three-dimensional tomb that we call the universe where only small, pinprick holes emit vital life energy from a light-filled world on the other side. Maybe the light actually burns through from a fourth dimension, thus giving us the impression of a burning sun. Maybe this is where our spirits go when we die—back to the source, through this tunnel bright as the sun but not hurting our eyes. This would account for the descriptions given by those who have experienced near death. It stands to reason that if you were no longer flesh but light that you would travel along the path of that light leading to the source of that which you are.

Maybe what we have observed as black holes in our universe are the suns or quasars of an even darker world than ours. As there are only two opposing forces good and evil or put scientifically and sounding less judgmental, radiation and gravity. The sun radiates light from a brighter more heavenly dimension and the Earth gravitates as a black hole into a darker more hellish dimension. And the consciousness of each world's inhabitants dictates the amount of true, life-giving God-energy that is allowed through this multidimensional light-filtering system. As we become more aware and raise our consciousness as a planet, maybe the sun (the hole), in equal proportion, gets bigger and lets more light in. These types of changes are being observed in the sun right now: solar flares, increased light blamed on a thinning ozone layer, etc. Likewise, on an individual level, maybe the higher consciousness you have, the more light you can handle entering your body. Too much God might be bad for some. Maybe it depends on how much of the light of God is already in you.

It's ironic that so many people are reporting that our ozone is being depleted, citing a variety of harmful potentials. Yet, studies conducted to determine the effects on the bottom of the food chain in Antarctica directly under the alleged hole in the ozone layer not only found that the algae etc. were not dying off as expected, but that they were thriving and growing better than ever before in the increased ultraviolet light.

It has also been observed by geneticists and has been reported on in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that previously dormant DNA is being activated in people, observed in as little as a five-year span, that is 3,000 times more resistant to AIDS and HIV. Children born HIV positive are experiencing spontaneous genetic remission and are after a couple of years rendered HIV negative as the result of this newly activated DNA. This is something, say scientists, that has been observed over generations of people, but never in the single life of one person. When questioned, it was found that those who had experienced this remission all had one thing in common. They admitted to having changed their belief system. This suggests that our genetic code might be a variable matrix with genetic options that can be accessed by our thoughts and emotions. It was previously thought that our genetic code was fixed and only changed through the evolutionary process over generations of time. This change is not limited to just humans. It is being observed in the animal kingdom as well. In recent years the African elephant population has been cut in half to under seven hundred thousand elephants. This is due to poachers trying to meet the world-wide demand for ivory. Scores of elephants are being slaughtered for their tusks alone. The dead carcasses are left to rot. As a result something unheard of is occurring. Elephants are being born without tusks. It leads one to ponder the implications of such a thing. One must consider the possibility that there is a greater intelligence than ours at play here.

There are those in the New Age community who have claimed to be observing the activation of a new chakra. Traditionally it has been recognized that there are seven main chakras in the human body, from first to seventh called the Base, the Sacral, Navel, Heart, Throat, Third Eye and the Crown Chakra. These chakras are places where subtle energy from other planes begin to become more dense. The place where thought becomes matter. The energy from these chakras densifies as it comes down through our bodies, becoming meridians and acupuncture points, and ultimately leaving our bodies at the Heart Chakra, which is said to emit energy in every conceivable direction. As a result, no matter what position the body is in, our energetic connection to the magnetic grid system of the earth is maintained. This energy grid carries spiritual information. It is the seat of consciousness. I.e. maintains our memory bank. The engine for the grid system of the planet and all of its living creatures is the sun. This new chakra is said to be activating for the encodement of more light into the subtle and physical body. It is also associated with higher activities of the brain and with accessing different frequencies of consciousness through tuning the brain much the same way one tunes a radio. Which may prove to be necessary in years to come for the production of one's own electro-magnetic field to counter-act the depleting magnetics of the Earth and sun.

Recently it was observed by the Solar Max Satellite that the sun's magnetic field is just about zero. There is no longer north or south magnetic poles. Yet the amount of energy coming from the sun hitting the Earth, measured in proton flux units (pfu) is increasing dramatically. In 1975-76 it was measured at about 12 pfu. In 1978 it went to between 1000 and 2200 pfu. In 1982 it was 2900 pfu. Then in 1989 something amazing happened. It shot up to 40,000 pfu. In 1993 it went to 43,000 pfu and is still climbing today. I suspect if one could measure the increases in consciousness it would correspond identically with these increases in the pfu's from the sun.

A similar thing is being reported in the Earth. The north pole has recently shifted 10 degrees. And Earth's magnetics are decreasing. This is measured in gauss. It has in recent years gone from 4 gauss to 0.4. Yet again the pulse of the planet or its vibration is increasing. From 7.8 hertz to 9 hertz. This can effect the cells of our body as well as sleep patterns and consciousness. Many of us might be remembering dreams when in the past we had not. Others might be noticing that they are having trouble determining what they have dreamed and what they remember actually having had occurred while awake. And then some may become completely lucid in their sleep at all times which will be possibly the beginning of the fully conscious multidimensional travel.

I wanted to see if I could look directly at a sun rise. I indeed could and did. I had looked directly at the rising sun to see if it would burn my eyes and it didn't. I didn't even see spots after, an unanticipated surprise. I had also wanted to see if this experience would somehow raise my consciousness. It did. It gave me a clearer understanding of the world in which I live and its relationship with God. Once again it all made sense. Once again I felt my expression turn to that of amazement. You've got to be kidding me, I thought. There is so much talk in the New Age community of light workers and of bringing more light into the body and to the planet. Well, it appears as though that is indeed what is occurring. How much simpler can it be? Why has something so simple and logical been so hidden from our understanding? So the question is not is it happening but why? Is it our desire for more light and knowledge that is creating the changes in the sun or is it the changes in the sun that is bringing about our evolution? Does it matter? The old what came first the chicken or the egg dilemma. Maybe they appeared at the same time from merging parallel universes as a coincidence. Here again there are those who believe these changes in the sun are terrible. Telling people not to go into the sun as you will get badly burned and will get skin cancer etc. Well, once again in a recent study done at a major university (I won't name since animals were most likely used) on the effects of

exposure to the sun on subjects having a vegetarian diet versus those that did not, the study found conclusively that those subjects having a vegetarian diet were at least much less susceptible if not immune to skin cancer. And that sunlight can greatly reduce already existing cancerous tumors. I suspect that this has more to do with metaphysical reactions than nutritional ones. Likewise it is also possible that energy from the sun interacting with one's eyes may be affected differently according to one's diet as well since this too is a metaphysical experience.

Of course, I had to share my experience with others and entice them into trying it, to see if they would experience similar results. Few would argue the beauty of the sun and its health benefits, but who would actually take a chance and look directly at it? Fortunately there happen to be very open-minded people in my line of work, the night club industry, so it's only fitting that I would find someone there who would try such a thing. In fact, after hearing me talk about my experiences but without any urging from me, a waitress at the club where I worked, Kelly, took it upon herself to experiment.

Kelly was a very pretty Korean/American exotic dancer who was the waitress at my club. Bunny is her real name; Kelly was her stage name (go figure). One day she came into the club all excited. She couldn't wait to tell me all about her experience of looking at the sunrise. She said that when she did she felt a feeling of everything being all right and a knowing that the universe worked in perfect order. She said that she felt incredible, and inspired in a way that could not be put into words. This was just what I wanted to hear. It was exactly what I expected would happen and can happen to anyone and everyone. I asked her if she would write down as best she could what she experienced and give it to me. This is what she wrote:

Myth, or a 3,000-year-old secret to strengthen your awareness toward your inner self and everything around you. It has been said that ancient Egypt and other sun-worshipping cultures stared at the sunrise

as a form of meditation to broaden their knowledge about the existing life. A lot of today's literature claims to have the answers or explanations to all our nagging questions, but we never find the answers that we are satisfied with, such as: 'GOD' and ourselves, our body and soul, the secrets of the universe, the true meaning of life, etc. However, none of this literature intrigued me as the primeval belief of sun worship. I consider myself a modern 'sun-worshiper' for the simple fact that I enjoy being exposed to the sun. The feeling of the sun's rays all over me gives me an unexplainable sensation and not to mention a beautiful tan. I've noticed that being exposed to the sun at any time on a sunny day is physically rejuvenating and makes me emotionally optimistic.

A couple of weeks ago, I was caught up in a conversation among friends about a variety of topics, and we ended up talking about the sun-worshipping practice of long ago. One of my friends, Lawrence, who is far more eccentric than the word itself shared his own experience with us. He stared at the sun during daybreak, and he claimed to have felt a phenomenal rush of understanding and calmness. I was skeptical at first, but my curiosity overpowered me, so I decided to try it.

I was camping up north with my surfer friends and none of them knew what my intentions were because I didn't want to be disturbed or ridiculed. I sat on the damp sand in shadowy pre-dawn light while the sound of the ocean waves broke and waited eagerly for this beautiful aurora to reveal itself to me. The air was fresh and smelled of nature, and as if by magic, this brilliant light slowly extended its arms, giving dazzling colors to anything it touched. I was hypnotized by such magnificent beauty. This unmatched radiance made me realize that there is more to life than what we are accustomed to. I felt content with what I have and for the time being let go of all my insecurities. I felt oddly satisfied with my own being and what I stand for. I think that this supreme force that possessed me for the time being gave me the taste of PURE HAPPINESS, PURE LOVE and a SENSE OF INNOCENCE. I'm not sure if my heart stopped beating, my breathing was faster, or if my soul actually flew to this big fire in the sky, but I was FREE. I never felt this way before in my twenty-four years of existing in this life time. As the sun slowly but surely showed its powerful rays, my eyes began to

bother me and suddenly I focused on that. I became 'normal' again, but I felt, and still feel, that I gained a certain trust and understanding of a far more intelligent force that is omnipotent.

I read Kelly's page over and over. I couldn't have written it better. She described the experience perfectly.

I spoke to my friend John who introduced me to the idea of looking at the sun. I told him of my profound experience and what it meant to me. He corrected me by stating that I am looking into the sun not looking at the sun. And that intent is what will determine the outcome. What we are doing when we look into the sun is creating an optical link up with a super-computer. We are accessing within our DNA our chromosomal information banks as the photon train hits the receptors in our retina. And we in turn pulse back. This cleans our pipes so to speak. Freeing the mind to think properly. More clearly. The anti-television if you will. The sun is the center of the Earth system. It is a tetrahedron in sacred geometry. The four faces of the tetrahedron represent the past, present, future and eternity. The base triangle represents eternity. By looking into the sun with good intentions we are accessing the base of the tetrahedron, or eternity.

Reality is not as we perceive it. The sun and you are just electronic wave behavior. Everything for that matter is just electronic wave behavior. The theory of quantum physics tells us that all atomic particles have relatively large spaces in-between them. And they all manifest as short bursts of energy called quanta. Not linear consistent streams as believed before. This suggests that reality is much like a stack of cards with cartoon drawings on each card slightly different than the card before so when one flips through the cards fast enough the cartoon character becomes animated and hence the illusion of linear time is achieved. To remain unconnected from true reality we have been taught that our Earth is just an infinitesimal speck in an endless sea of infinitesimal specks and we are just an infinitesimal speck existing on an infinitesimal speck with no point of reference to any beginning or end. By practicing

looking into the sun on a regular basis with good intentions over time we will create within ourselves incredible clarity of thought. We will connect with a point of reference to all living things in our world. Negative results can occur if done with poor intentions. A good rule of thumb would be to always pray/affirm for the good of the planet and everyone on it as opposed to just yourself, or whatever group you happen to associate with. The way we are going to get through this transformation is by focused intent. Both individually and collectively. Recently some indigenous people used this technique to change the direction of a large comet on a collision course with Earth. Its ironic how some government types have been systematically erasing these people and their traditions off the face of the planet and yet it is these few survivors that saved the entire population. Including those that did them so much harm. Like with the comet it is us who determine whether the sun is to deliver us or destroy us. Now like all things moderation is recommended as damage to the eyes can occur if this is done excessively. But if done in moderation I assure you none will occur. In fact there is a greater chance for damage to the eyes resulting in poor eyesight occurring if there is a lack of sunlight interacting with them. Believe it or not sunglasses or colored contact lenses can cause more damage to the eyes and the mind than the sun ever will. Just go live in a cave for a few years and see what a lack of sunlight will do to your eyes. This resulting clearer more accurate view of reality may be a bit too much for some to handle if it comes to quickly so again moderation is recommended.

I SAVED THE WORLD AND THE WORLD SAVED ME

(finding God in the moment of truth part two)

In one week all hell broke loose it seemed. Tina and I broke up. Our kitten was hit by a car and killed. Tina totaled her car and received a pretty good head injury. Her father attempted suicide. A couple of days later she got a D.U.I. Eighteen hundred dollars was stolen from her checking account. Several of my checks bounced because of a bank merger. I didn't realize I had used the wrong checks with the old bank name on them. One check that had been written for rent bounced. And another that had been written for studio use at a radio station. I had gotten my own radio show over the internet and because of this I was canceled. I was very disappointed. Kevin got into a dispute with his job and quit.

I was sitting one night thinking about all of these things that had gone wrong literally over night and how I had this overwhelming feeling that I had slipped into a parallel universe during one particular bad dream that stuck out in my mind as the possible catalyst for this transition. As if I had went to bed in one reality and woke up in another. To add to this feeling as I was sitting there on the couch the wind was blowing extremely fast. It sounded horrible. To the extent that trees were up-rooted and large trucks were toppled. I thought great, all along I was shifting in and out of these different realities. With all of my deja-vu and repeating-time experiences I was experiencing both possible future becomings. One with all of the horrors predicted with the end times scenario and one where everything is relatively pleasant and we evolve to-

wards peace and love. And now I was undoubtedly in the disastrous reality. Or we all were. In other words all of the people and places were exactly the same but we were now in line with the future possibility pool synchro-net that was latent with all of the more unpleasant becomings that have been predicted throughout the ages as the end of the world. And as a result all of my hopes, dreams and aspirations would not come to fruition in this version of our reality.

I had a deep intuitive desire to go to the top of Mt. Wilson and look into the sun and pray that I might escape from this hell and return to the place that I belong. Could this be true, I wondered. All of us or some of us bounce around through different realities in a multidimensional universe that are so similar that we don't even notice? That might explain why I have at times felt that so many people exhibit symptoms of having multiple personalities. Some so subtle that few would ever notice. And some believe that people become possessed by other spirits. Many have experienced a loved one change to the degree that you don't even know this person anymore. The alleged channeled aliens that I referenced earlier said "The age of multidimensional travel is upon you. Many of you do it and aren't aware that you are doing it. If you were to wake up to soon to this awareness you might feel to alone, to separated, and you might be enticed to leave." Ironically this is exactly what I was feeling. I wanted out. I wanted to leave. However suicide never crossed my mind. I felt as though there was a way out other than through the death process. And I knew it had to be the sun. The great stargate in the sky. Yet at the same time I thought that maybe I am here for a reason. Maybe I am here because I'm needed. Maybe there is a way to help everyone escape with me.

That same night a movie came on television called the 13th Floor. I was amazed at how closely this movie mirrored what I had been thinking about the reality of my life and our world. In this movie the characters had developed a virtual reality world within a computer program that they could enter into themselves and in-

interact with the subjects within the program. Once inside they discovered that the people in the program thought that their world was real and did not realize that they were a computer generated program. However the comings and goings of the creators of the program promulgated anomalous interruptions in the normal program such as deja-vu-type experiences that caused the computer generated subjects to start to question the nature of their reality. They had previously taken for granted that the freeway leading out of their city went to Arizona but had never actually went to Arizona themselves to confirm the theory. Finally one courageous virtual person went out onto the freeway in his car to test the theory and discovered that the freeway abruptly ended and so did the computerized world that he lived in. Their reality stopped and it was for the first time in his life painfully obvious to the virtual world inhabitant that the world he knew was not at all what he perceived it to be. He lived in a simulation of the real world not the real world of his creators. The creators of the program left the virtual world that they had created only to find that when they went to Arizona they too found a dead end road that dropped off into oblivion. They too were living in a simulated version of even another reality created by others somewhere else. I was shocked at the synchronicity of viewing this movie at that time and how well the movie described the reality that I was imagining ours to be. The name of this movie, the 13th floor had special meaning to me also. I am a singer and songwriter who plays piano, drums and guitar among other instruments and as I mentioned before there are only 12 primary notes, the 13th being the first note of the new octave. If one applies the Hermetic principles "Everything vibrates" and "As above so below", then everything makes a sound as well. Whether we can hear it or not the entire universe is a song. If the ears can perceive distinguishable notes or tones and that is the microcosmic then it is safe to assume that the number 13 is a significant number in the macrocosmic as well. I.e. multidimensional travel. Just as I climb 12 notes in a musical scale to repeat at 13 an octave higher, 13 floors could be analogous to a parallel

universe or computer generated program as was described in the movie with the same name, *The 13th Floor*. There have been several movies with similar scenarios to come out recently. *The Matrix*, *Pleasantville*, *The Truman show*, and *Antz* to name a few. These Hollywood writers may be on to something. Only there have been many of us that have been to Arizona but not many of us have been in outer space. What if a similar thing happens if you leave Earth's atmosphere. The program stops or changes dramatically enough for us to reconsider how we perceive our reality. Maybe we too are living in a simulated version of a greater reality.

Our astronauts as part of their preparation for space travel are given a drug called ketamine to simulate their anticipated experience. In other words while in space they have described a feeling of euphoria associated with brilliant colors. They say that we can't imagine how beautiful the Earth actually appears. So the experience one has while under the influence of the drug ketamine closely resembles what the astronauts experience once they are a certain distance out into space. Ketamine ironically has become a popular recreational drug amongst kids at raves and has been known to invoke out of body experiences. Does anyone make the connection? When you travel far enough into space and leave the electromagnetic gridwork of the Earth you feel like you are high on psychedelic drugs. Hello! Reality as we know it breaks down. The program ends. The movies I mentioned earlier are all much simplified analogies of our everyday reality.

The date that one attempts a mission into outer space may very well dictate the results that one experiences while out there. Some ancient cultures in antiquity were extremely advanced astrologically. Perhaps as some have theorized they were well learned in the art of multidimensional travel. The dates on Earth may relate to certain planetary alignments and positionings that correspond to certain universal sacred geometric codes that have a direct effect on the observer-probe being used to perceive such a world. Whether the eye, the telescope or the microscope. They all still fall under the same laws of the frequency in which they manifest. Perhaps in

this alleged state of euphoria that the astronauts claim to have experienced in space an extra-sensory mechanism within them is activated that does not fall under the same laws and is able to perceive things much differently than can be achieved through our conventional methods here on Earth i.e. the eye, ears, microscope, telescope, etc. Sunglasses and earmuffs they never knew they had came off. Perhaps as those connoisseurs of the psychedelic 60s past claimed to have been able to do. Maybe there is a reason that all of the planets in close proximity to Earth and perhaps all of the planets in the solar system have an anomalous region in exactly the same place. 19.5 degrees N. longitude. Represented on Earth and Mars by large pyramid structures. One might find that every NASA manned mission to leave Earth's atmosphere that was not top secret may all have corresponding dates. Dates that are all the same in some way. Well as fate would have it they do. Author Richard Hogland discovered that all of the NASA missions had dates that corresponded to the number thirty three. And any date that didn't was continually postponed until it did. And so did the Chinese missions as well. And probably every other countries publicly observed missions. We might even find that these dated correspond in some way to this 19.5 degree positioning of these great pyramid structures. And all of these may correspond to a higher sacred geometric universal language by which creation or the creator communicates this reality. It may be this very geometric symbolism that quite literally locks us into the level of consciousness that we currently entertain. Or will free us from it. Or both perhaps depending on who we are. We might even find that certain major consciousness altering historical events relating to the attempt by one or many to uncover, understand and expose this conspiracy (for lack of a better word) correspond to this geometry as well. For example the age of Christ when he was killed. The location Kennedy was killed. The location and number that the date adds up to of the first atomic bomb dropped on civilians. Hiroshima Japan. The land of the rising sun. And one of the last and largest remaining

sun worshipping societies. Hit with what was described as the force of one thousand suns.

To this day thousands of people still go annually to the Futamigaura seashore at Ise and await the dawn on new years day. Sitting on the shore one views the sun as it rises above a large pyramid shaped Mateo-iwa rock connected by a rope to a smaller one representing the connected male and female energies. At the apex of the larger rock is a man-made gate said to be the gate-way of heavenly deities. Shinmai-Dorri. This is the universal sun-door of life and death and symbol of immortality.

Again if it is true that someone or some group of people have conspired to make sure that all of the NASA missions took place along certain numerical lines or geometrical coordinates. Or staged major events throughout history along the same patterning, then the questions to ask would again be, Who? and Why? For the question why I submit that it be for the manipulation of consciousness. Or them whom are being manipulated by the collective consciousness. For the question who we have to go no farther than the common scapegoat the Illuminati once again. Or more specifically the organization that allegedly houses them, the Free Masons. Again we find in there signature, visible on lodges scattered all across the country, all the tell tale signs. Yes this is the compass and protractor set at thirty three degrees with the G in the middle. This capital G is said to represent this sacred geometry or god as some of call it. Now do I think all Free Masons are in on this conspiracy? Of course not. Most if not all are just filling in the spaces already carved into this collective consciousness matrix we call reality. In fact the simple and unsuspecting act of merely making a pledge or sounding an oath to keep secrets real or perceived locks you into a particular way of perceiving the world. The mere fact that you believe it is even possible to have such a thing as a secret or that you can benefit apart from the rest or majority of humanity limits your ability to understand reality and your relationship with it. It locks you into that very thirty-three synchro-net spoken of earlier. So you fill the spot already carved for a per-

son like you. You play a role perfectly that was scripted before you were ever born. A role that has been performed again and again by many others. Some are co-conspirators but most are unwitting participants in this great (holographic) game we call life. And those that believe that there is but one reality, theirs, it is they who live the illusion. And it is they who are only conspiring against themselves. But those who believe that their reality is only part of a much larger reality, it is they that live in the real world. Few of us have a significant amount of free-will. Few deviate from the script we are given. We have been led to believe that there are valuable lessons to be learned and that might be so, but once we have learned the lessons it is then time to move on. Naturally there are those who don't want us to move on. They have grown quite fond of being the game masters as they have perceived themselves to be for so long. The intent of an individual determines whether they are part of the conspiracy or coincidence. Both are exactly the same in all aspects with one exception, one is aware of his role and his intention matches it, and the other is not aware and he is the pawn of coincidence. A synchro-net established by another game player that is aware of the game who sets ideas in motion that get absorbed by those who are unaware and believe them to be their own. They in turn continue to carry out his ideas without question. You are either trying to bring more light/love to the planet or more darkness. The jury is still out on whether neutrality is even possible in a dualistic reality. Neutrality may very well define the great slumber. Having no self awareness at all. What you have to ask yourself is do you desire that everyone have freedom? Or just you or those like you? Do you think you can ever have freedom while enslaving others? Do you think you can know the truth while keeping it from others? When your intentions benefit only you, you will never find such a person. When your intentions benefit all, only then will you be able to recognize a you to call.

About four days before new years 2000, John, the bass player in our band asked me to pray for his son who recently passed away. So the next morning I went to the top of the hill in my backyard

and stared into the sun. I prayed the name of his only son. I affirmed that his son be safe and not frightened in the next realm, knowing by feeling that it was so. I also wanted to pray that I would be living in the version of reality where things are all good and getting better as opposed to the more unpleasant end of the world scenario that I felt I was in. I then thought of the Lakota tradition of looking into the sun. One tradition, the sun dance, involves dancing in a circle and fasting from sun up to sun down looking into the sun all the while. The ceremony ends with body piercing to balance the male and female energies. Another involves getting up early in the morning and catching the sun rise and praying while staring into to it. The thing that had my attention was the intent of the Lakota Indians. They felt that you should never pray for yourself because others were doing the praying for you. This would assure that the intention was good and not selfish and that the prayer would indeed work. I must have intuitively felt this way because all of the times that I looked at the sun and prayed I never prayed for myself I always prayed that the light and love would increase all over the planet and that there might be more love available for all to experience. And that this increased love might inspire people to show more love to others as well. A snow balling affect. So how can I pray that I might leave this reality and go into another one without me praying for myself I wondered. I must pray that we all go together. Every last one of us. And that is exactly what I did. I made an optical link-up with the great super-computer in the sky and voice activated or emotionally activated a change in the program to include more pleasant possible becomings and eliminate some of the more "grey-ish" becomings. I was able to do this not because I wanted it badly enough, wanting only creates the feeling of not having, I felt that it was already done. The emotion was the prayer not the words. The words are a tool to create the emotion. And this I accomplished not because I am special but because it matched the collective will and consciousness of the majority if not the entirety of the awakened people on the planet. In this case critical-mass is

about 2% of the population. It was perhaps the “Battle in Seattle” or the “Seattle Tea Party” as some call it, that made this critical-mass a reality. Never before in modern history have so many people in so many places come together for a common cause of love and concern for the future. The people of love were glued to their televisions and computers in every part of the world. Few can even comprehend the impact that this event had on the world. When it became obvious that the event successfully polarized popular opinion towards freedom it sent waves of unprecedented joy through the hearts and souls of all of the divided and allegedly conquered light filled souls who desire peace, love and freedom to be the model for Earth’s future. Not only was this consciousness linked up through the internet unparalleled but it was matched by unparalleled waves of energy pulsing through the Earth’s electromagnetic grid of ley lines and meridian points that literally healed mother Earth in an instant. Acupuncture if you will. For the first time in modern history this malignant cancer we call humanity has been rendered benign and is having a healing affect. The cancer has become a medicine. Now Mother Earth need not purge herself of humanity but embrace it and nurture it. Yes I saved the world. And the world saved me. I thank everyone who loved enough to make this happen.

Now the true test of this theory will come on New Years Eve 2000. Will chaos ensue? Will there be violence and mayhem? Will the computers crash? Will the economy crash? Will the power fail? Well, New Years eve came and went and guess what? Not one incidence of violence was reported anywhere. All over the world once again people came together in peace and fellowship. Not one incidence of violence anywhere. I don’t think people realize what a miracle this was. Even people intent on causing disruption found that on the way to their destination a tire on the car blew out or the bomb mysteriously didn’t detonate. Bizarre synchronicities prevented them from achieving their goals. The new paradigm is in. We will now be witnessing an increase in scandals both public and private. Not because they are increasing but because they will

be exposed in the new paradigm where secrecy is no longer needed or desired.

I watched a live televised program of Times Square in New York. They had on the New York crisis center explaining how strangely the two million plus New Yorkers who had gathered there were unusually friendly and peaceful. They almost sounded disappointed that there was no crisis to be reporting. Then I flipped the channel to the Larry King show and his guests were the Dalli Lama of Tibet and Billy Graham. I couldn't believe my ears. The Dalli Lama was speaking of this very reality that I had intuited. He confirmed for me what I knew was possible and indeed a reality with his vision of the future. It brought tears to my eyes. The Dalli Lama is in exile from the persecution of the Chinese government and ironically the Tibetan culture may be the very last culture on Earth that fosters a believe in vegetarianism or love for all life to the extent that Tibetans don't like to even dig up dirt from the ground out of concern for the worms. And of course you can just look at the symbol on their flag with 13 sections and a sun rising above a pyramid and all of its powerful rays to know what their beliefs concerning the power of looking into the sun are. And also why they might be persecuted in the manner that they are.

Then I listened to Billy Graham who Larry King said is to have been voted most important man, or something to that extent, of the twentieth century several years running. He said that the end times are coming with all of the terrible events predicted in revelations in the bible. He said that we don't know when but he suspects soon. He sounded absolutely ridiculous speaking of his vision of the future after the Dalli Lama had spoken his vision of hope. This really put things into perspective for me. What he was saying in a sense is there is no point in praying for peace in the land because god says there will be none. There is no hope for anything other than gods will which is to pour out his bowls of anger on the unlucky ones left on Earth. There is no mention of everyone being saved. Only a select few. Again keeping people disconnected from the sense of unity that we are all in this boat

together and that we can come together and create what ever reality we desire. As long as we believe otherwise someone or something else is in control.

Between the Seattle Tea Party and the peaceful passing of New Years I was convinced that myself and others like me had pulled off a coup d'e tat and thwarted allot of drama that would have otherwise occurred. And furthermore I had this overwhelming sense that I was now living in the version of reality that I desired. I felt great. I was happy to be alive again.

One night after work I went out to eat with Kyle my Sufi friend who like myself, was a vegetarian for reasons of not wanting to kill animals, from the band cosmic trigger. He told me an interesting story. He said that on his last trip to Amsterdam he met a Russian KGB officer that told Kyle this story and Kyle wanted to turn it into a movie. It was about consciousness and how in life there is always one person who represents its entirety. Upon who's thoughts reality manifests. What he or she thinks occurs. The question is does this person have the power to create reality, is it mere coincidence or is it intuition? The answer is most likely all three. This is the outer limits of consciousness. Where the program begins and ends. It is the literally symbolic nature of our reality and where parallel universes and multiple dimensions interface. It is where the astronauts go when they leave the atmosphere and affects of the Earth's planetary electromagnetic grid system. It is where the hippies went in their acid trips in the 60's. Naturally government agencies such as the KGB or the CIA who's purposes are to monitor and ultimately control its populations see only the first reality represented by this individual. That he or she can create reality. So as Kyle continued the story it involved these government agents trying to track down this individual so they might be able to control him and ultimately control all of humanity through the manipulation of consciousness and therefore alter reality as we know it. I said to Kyle "Yea you could have them use remote viewers to discover that this person would be living in Atlanta at a certain time and be involved with the Coca-Cola company in some

way with dreams of being successful in a musical career that ultimately leads them to put an 800 number on Coca-Cola cans distributed only in Atlanta asking people to call it if they are experiencing any of these strange coincidences. This could be one of the ways they try and locate this individual.” He said “Sure why not”. I then told Kyle that this story that he was telling me may not be that far from the truth. However in reality there may be many such individuals who could be that person at any given time and may not even be aware of it. But may need to have this very understanding to be eligible. In other words there may be those individuals who have obtained a certain level of awareness that creates a vibration within their being that would be akin to the handing back and fourth of a magic baton according to who was in the lead at any given time in the race for Karmic brownie points. Kyle smiled and told me that this is also what he believed and that he told me this as a fiction to see how I would respond. Most people would think you were crazy if you spoke of these things as truth so he speaks in parables to weed out the ones that know of these things. I told him that I do the same thing as well and that I believe some of the Hollywood movie writers do the same. Both Kyle and I believe that we are one of these players that pass the magic baton back and forth generally unaware of who we might be passing it to or when. A benevolent Gestalt. I went on to propose that perhaps one of the tasks of being one of these players is to be aware of the game and your role in it and be able to acclimate this understanding into your everyday life and not get swept away into delusions of grandeur and end up in a loony bin claiming to be Jesus Christ. But rather to be in the world as a “normal” human being quietly knowing and operating as though you are a christened one. And as the alleged channeled aliens referenced earlier put it, “We should operate as if every thought makes a major difference. And that we operate as though we are in charge of the empire of the Earth and that we begin to decree out over the land what this empire can be without validation from the outside world.” Traditionally our numbers have been very small and scattered

throughout the world mostly in places like India and Tibet. Some tend to be social misfits or fall victim to substance abuse or asylums or execution. In the few remaining societies that foster an environment that nurtures such an understanding these christened ones generally remain in hiding as they tend to get killed off or persecuted by foreign governments who have supplanted their traditional rule. This is done in an effort to control what cant be controlled. The very nature of an ever evolving reality system we call consciousness. The irony in it all is that unless ones sole intent is freedom for all he or she will never have control of even themselves.

In the past there have been those who have been tricked into thinking what they were doing was for the good of all but ultimately led to great destruction and chaos. However that kind of deception is becoming increasingly more difficult to accomplish as consciousness evolves. More and More people are awakening to this potential and the pool of players are growing in leaps and bounds. From hundreds to thousands to millions. As the benevolent Gestalt grows it possesses within its boundaries an accessibility to powers of telepathy, intuition and feeling of overall connect-edness that has traditionally been more difficult to obtain by the individual. So now it is harder and harder to maintain the illusion of secrecy. For example if there was something of interest discovered under the sphinx and only a few elite were able to view it and were sworn to secrecy under penalty of jail or death, it would be available to all to remote view from the power invested in the collective desire of the benevolent Gestalt. As the Gestalt continues to grow and the christened players become more and more secrecy and the ill-fated belief in the need for it will become a remnant of a fleeting past. This awareness will continue to compound incrementally until eventually in less time than one might imagine everyone awakens and we all know who each other is and everyone knows everything about everybody else and literally experiences every experience that anyone has ever had. By resisting this potential one is only resisting knowing the truth. In this case knowing the true nature of his or her own reality. The only reason to fear

the reality of ones self would be if one has places of judgment not of others but within ones self. On a subconscious level we have always known what each other was thinking and all the things they have done that they were so sure nobody else was aware of and we have already forgiven ourselves and others for any indiscretions. So here again no one need fear the becoming of that which has always been. We are literally creating a new reality. As the elector-magnetic grid of the Earth and sun shut down we will slowly begin creating our own field generated within our selves strong enough to hold our memory. And the boundaries of the old field will no longer exist. There will be no boundaries, no end to what we can create. As this occurs the old program ends. Just like in the movie the 13th floor. Just like when our astronauts go out into space and leave the pull of the Earth's field. This is why the kids are going to raves and taking Ketamine and ecstasy. This is why in a nation wide survey when asked what the most important thing in life was, the kids overwhelmingly answered, to help others or make the world better. Ten years ago the same survey was given and the overwhelming response to the same question was get a good job or make allot of money. Contrary to popular media influenced believe violent crime among teenagers is down considerably from twenty years ago and is continuing to drop. In 1999 there was not one reported drug overdose resulting in death of a teen in the entire state of California. We all may even feel as though we are high on drugs or hallucinating as the energies of the planet and within our bodies intensifies and we are able to manipulate matter in the manner that we wish. We are preparing for lift off. This is how we all wake up together and regain control of spaceship mother Earth by simply remembering the dream (our dreams).

One day, I was driving in my car along the 134 freeway on my way to work and noticing how beautiful the mountains were and how they all seemed like natural pyramids. I started thinking about all of these bizarre synchronicities and about looking at the sun and what it all means. At that moment, a song by the band U2 came on. It was a good song. It was titled "Staring at the Sun."

The lyric was: "I'm staring at the sun and I'm not the only one. Afraid of what you'll find when you take a look inside". I started thinking, Wow! What are they talking about? Are they being literal here or is this a metaphor? The synchronicity was astonishing once again.

I then thought of my song "Holy Ground," and the significance of the lyric when I too wrote "We'll look right at the sun in the light of information we have begun" and how I had no idea at the time that I was writing it what I was indeed writing. But then, that is art, isn't it? Artists most often pull things from the ether that they're not even conscious of. U2 doesn't need to be staring at the sun to subconsciously know its being done. Maybe that is why the "crazies" think artists are speaking to them through their art. Maybe that is why the author of *Alien Influence on World Art* (remember the book I lost my religion to?) thought that aliens were influencing the artists who created the buildings, artifacts, paintings, etc. This is it. Synchronicity is the manifestation of the will of the collective whole. It is the mind of God at work.

It hit me like a ton of bricks. Baskin Robbins with its 13 letters and 31 flavors and its logo of a half-circle with the number 31 in the center. Remember, 31 is the number of the pure energy of light and love (i.e. God) that answered all of my questions in one four-letter word. And flavors being a reference to something we desire and something that feeds us, be it food or knowledge. Sweet honey, nectar of the gods. The half-circle represents the rising sun and the source of where we can find this God energy and all the answers (i.e., that which feeds us the flavors we desire). The same God that feeds the plants; that is in the fruits and vegetables that we eat. The God I talk to when I tell the food what it is to do upon entering my body. The same God that gives life to the annoying roach. The same God that is in the cows we slaughter. The same God that is in the light that sparkles in a loved one's eye when he or she says "I love you." The alpha and omega, beginning and end.

This is the ultimate synchronicity. The 13th insight. I found God in the strangest of places: Everywhere. God spoke to me in

the most bizarre fashion. Through everything. I see God every single day. Most of all I found God within myself. And in everybody else. God is the answer to which there was never any question. The final chapter of a bizarre book. The final piece to the master puzzle. The solution to the ultimate riddle. The punch line to the funniest joke ever. Like Charlee giving the gobstopper back to the chocolate factory, this is the final submission. Now “it all” makes sense. I truly see the light.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!

“May GOD strengthen the rays of the SUN so you may ascend to heaven through the ALL seeing ONE eye of justice” -“LAAL.”

