

And high above this, more consciousness conscious of this our puzzle, these our lives. Chapter in Earth-framed time, as opposed to Universe Time, close. And I, all the while, will be saying thanks to all those I know who gave so much—unseen collaborators at the computer, salute.

A MAN CALLED MILTON

Experiments in Consciousness

faithfully recorded

by

Margaret A. Harrell

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PREFACE

To linearize what was originally a many-circle style of presentation, the intelligence, I discovered, could be retained, put into a new form, by adding some of the references in the form of footnotes. This footnote style is intended to indicate other centers than my own, each with equal importance, that seem tangents here, but that are met in a sense of high respect. I cannot do justice verbally, but count on the reader to understand that the information, recorded without elaboration, was in each case a synchronicity. It also became clear that to try to centralize in a logical form what had been conceived in a circular form risked becoming egocentric. However, beneath that appearance ran an energy line. Interestingly, to me, in the case of an energy line anyone, by identifying with the level of energy, can then take the place of the apparent center. Explaining why he felt he was at seventeen not so interested in mathematics, Einstein said, in “Autobiographical Notes” (for “something like my own obituary”) that it was because his intuition in that field was not strong enough to determine the “fundamentally important” from “dispensable erudition”; his style was an immediate recognition of which material was of interest, to him (Ferris, ed., 1991, p. 583). This is the intuitive’s shortcut. Gandhi said a similar thing, calling it a law. To approach material in this way, I believe, means following lines of energy. Therefore, this essay has such for a structure. From the very beginning, one is inside a theoretical position, a seemingly abstract location, a quantum reality concept, that for myself was the best way to picture my position, as teller of a story that mapped connections of different stories, seemingly disconnected, but that had reasons to be viewed in a larger context, which it was allowed myself to discover. Even that is not entirely true, for I felt beneath everything, and it is what gave the motivation, that this position I found myself in could have been held by anyone in the story, had it been conceived, beforehand, in that way. Further, that the story took this form, I believe, was an unfocused-on gift of the most large-spirited of the masculine, behind the scenes and thus far mainly anonymous, to push forward the feminine. It is in this acknowledgment that a place that could have rightly been filled by another was instead willed to me that I call my own autobiography “A Man Called Milton.” Had he wished, I contend, he could have done anything he left undone, but he did not wish it.

A MAN CALLED MILTON

Carl Jung wrote (in *Man and His Symbols*) of a “shadow of death” (1978 ed., p. 63). In what I now picture as a full, frothing, future-prognosticating wave, this “shadow of death” preceded Klonsky’s death for a year in dreams, strongly indicating (but unbelievably or -decoded by me) the death was coming. (Klonsky had said: “I believe time is all one tense: a burgeoning present. And foresight isn’t, by the way foresight: it’s immediate sight.”) Jung’s words were written after age 80 (completed approximately ten days before onset of his fatal illness); the time frame to pronounce these words was, for Jung, in addition, after a near-death experience (not to mention having had a practice of alternating between personality Nr. 1 and 2, a time- and nontime-bound dimension of himself).

A mind (Klonsky's) which "compressed the world to the space between his hairline and the bridge of his nose," who read and mentally retained libraries of books, which he assimilated, where did it go (Krim: "he was indirect, elusive, paradoxical, frowning, iceberg-cheerless often," p. 69)?¹ Did that mind *disappear*—"muck"—merge with the Earth? Or did it gravitate? The man who told me, his face coming close, insistent, in a vibration I found myself always in his presence: "I was a crazy kid. You know what I was *crazed by? Immortality*"—was he immortal?

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I came as a recorder of a wave—the physical *point that observed it* at the collapse of the wave,² where the point of the story and the story itself became visible. To write my EHE autobiography therefore means holding the biographies of others. Even for an EHE autobiography, the details might sound unbelievable, fantastic—embedded and encrusted with precognitive experience, if seen in hindsight as that. The last link, in fact, is the death of a saint in India, Shri Dhyanoyogi Madhusudandasji, August 29, '94 (whose official Western biography I had been helping edit), on Lord Krishna's birthday. He died on the day after my own two-volume book was finished—in computer-PK restyling (psychokinesis, or mind through matter) that made the writing on every other page *disappear in the print-out except for the final letter or two on every line*. Unaware of the death, as in experiences in the past, I saw no immediate connection, as I am sure the reader will not either. The point of my life was to make the connections—not one connection, but threads and pathways of connection, more appropriate to a critic of a novel, who studied image development. But this line of thought—not usually followed on an everyday basis, this metaphysical strain, this symbolical thread—was the only way to understand my life.

The second unusual thing—added to an omnipresence of the precognitive vein—was the fact that everything was either backwards or internalized. It happened and couldn't be spoken of, at the time. Things were deductive (starting from the higher, not lower reference point). Things of felt importance, however disparate and anomalous in the beginning, accrued meanings that after-the-fact and by repetition became explanations, adding to proof. Therefore, inductively, from the inside, I established belief in what I myself learned and its context, but outside proof waited. I was published in Romanian³ (not English) first, in 1994, and also Flemish. At the same time, momentum of the story I was in pushed me into *Who's Who in the World*, for my reference value—which was to

¹Continuing the quote: "a fine and deep mind that was fixed like a rule beyond every flare of ood, behind his furrowed swarthy face . . . [Although] most of the whole noble repertoire of English-speaking verse—sprang to his dark purplish cracked lips at appropriate moments, he electrically bit out the language of the ballpark and streets too" (pp. 69, 73).

²The wave in quantum physics is described as a probability wave of energetically interacting influences while in wave form, before it collapses into the fait accompli of fact (cf., Davies, 1982, pp. 64, 67, 69, 102, 130). Also of relevance is Briggs & Peat, on the "soliton wave" (1989).

³I was discovered and translated by several outstanding Romanian poets at a moment when I myself had hardly any formal reputation: Mircea Ivanescu undertook to translate my entire two-volume work while translating Robert Musil.

refer to those in this story. It was only after this that the request for this autobiography arrived—synchronized with (inside the energy of) the death of the fore-mentioned Indian sat guru Dhyanyogi.⁴ I couldn't by normal cause-effect explain any position I was in. But energetically and intuitively it fit.

Did things that “fit” attract causes to them? I lived in just such a turned-around world, not chronological, not linearly explainable, in terms of time. And yet once the precognitions had events to match them, then explanations could be looked back at in a logical form. However, this required a theory in which things that had a meaning and purpose could announce their intention prior to actuality—to a large extent, in Big Dreams.⁵ This would not look strange in a biography of Carl Jung, the psychologist who entered study of medieval alchemy after a dream indicated that he would—the door was locked and he knew he was imprisoned in another century than his present one.

To make sure what was being compiled wasn't overlooked, there was PK nonstop in my computer the last four years, in the advent of a death of the person who shared my apartment, at just under thirty-five years old. But that was one death; this was a story of a wave of death, turned and twirled around to reveal the purpose of the event, if one could find the collective explanation, an explanation that warranted to be the explanation of more than one life purpose.

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My EHE autobiography follows the line of the life of a second person, the to myself completely unique New York City poet-genius Milton Klonsky. Everything I had to do was repeatedly led to by him, introduced to me by him. This includes before and after death. He said: “I don't want you to make the same mistakes I did, though in many ways they weren't mistakes.” How often he quoted (about himself) the *Ethics of the Fathers* in the Talmud: “It is not *given* you to complete the task. Neither is it *allowed* you to leave off.” He also often quoted (Krim, 1991, p. 67) William Blake:⁶ “O why was I born with a different face? Why was I not born like the rest of my race?” As Socrates taught Plato and died without writing the teaching, so did he teach others in New York City. The work he left unfinished seemed to have been left for me (among others) to make the point to. Nothing would make sense while that task remained unfinished—as if it was not given to him. It was given to me. (Again, and others who felt similarly involved. OR: who felt a similar life-entanglement, as if looking out from the heights of his Nr. 9 apartment, down over a part of New York City and straight out into the skyline was indeed to look into a mutual level of reality and scope. Indeed, it was.)

⁴Sai Baba had referred his own disciples to Dhyanyogi (who died age 116), in cases where they wanted a personal, not mass, guru.

⁵Such a theory is also posited in the concept of the hologram or holomovement (Bohm and Pribram, in Wilber, 1982, pp. 17-34; pp. 44-104); it is pointed out, p. 91, the significance and elaborative nature of each added “detail”; no single part contains all the details, though it leaves room for them.

⁶Klonsky, who could have been speaking about himself: “Blake was almost starving at the end of his life.” I said: “But he *never* gave up?” Klonsky: “Of course he gave up. He gave up *over and over* again. But he went on *after* giving up.” (In contrast to material matters, Klonsky had such friends as British poet W. H. Auden and American writer James Agee.)

I hardly dared step into the place; it was in many ways totally unprepared for. It was, however, concurrently being prepared for. It was the *greatest opportunity* I could imagine; by luck was not only imaginable but possible. In fact, I realized it was expected of me.

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My meeting with Milton Klonsky became the shaping event in my life. If I was born with a purpose, it must have known about this meeting, for without the meeting the important work could not have occurred. How know about an event—be sure it will happen before it occurs? One could “explain” that an event so important, with such force behind it, would “have to” occur. That would be a variant of Aristotelian teleology: That the event had a driving purpose as powerful as anything physical. That it provided its own gas and transportation vehicle (be it archetypical). Already when I was seven it was shaping the child, the teleology striking in the fact that the child had the surety she must write a book.

“The force that through the green fuse drives the flower drives my green age” (Dylan Thomas)—it was the same force that drove through the child the fact (in intuition form) that there was a trip underway, there was a “green fuse” conductor. At each point where no other container would be strong enough, it was the heart that offered to conduct.

Looking Back: The Mentor

“But just as I thought that poetry was a higher form of expression than prose—because I could never enjoy or want to understand it in school (it seemed like punishment compared to the groove of prose) and admired those who could—so I thought without a hair of doubt that Milt’s judgment was superior to mine and I strove mightily to sculpt those raw ‘distortions’ in my own makeup so they could live up to the more authoritarian standard he set. It was a strange war I was living out in myself after I began digging Klonsky’s ideas, a war between my powerful instincts which led in many directions and his even more powerful reasoning abilities *which compressed the world to the space between his hairline and the bridge of his nose* [italics added]” (Krim, p. 73)⁷; “. . . legendary Village poet-genius . . . [reputed to have] ‘an IQ that would stutter your butter’” (Wakefield about Klonsky, 1992, p. 134).

What might the death of such a figure be, in awakening someone else?⁸ For it was at the death, in November 1981, of Milton Klonsky, that my conscious process began, that the threads started to connect, that I began to understand why I had chosen him as the subject of my novel in 1965, a novel in 1981 unfinished, for I didn’t yet understand its purpose. I could not have suspected, even sixteen years after beginning the book, that the book I conceived as a novel (knowing since age seven I had to write it) was in fact a revelation—to which his story was central.

⁷There is a good introduction to Klonsky’s friend Krim by Wakefield (p. 134): that he, “. . . to the everlasting amusement of his friends, once entertained Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward by turning a couple of garbage cans [in his studio apartment] upside down for them to sit on—the only seats in the place.”

⁸Cladio Naranjo observes (Preface, Jyoti, p. vii) that it has been pointed out infrequently that contact with death through that of loved ones—not only one’s own near-death experience—can catalyze spiritual imitation (cf., among shamans, including herself).

According to Klonsky's close friend Anatole Broyard, in the March 7, '82 obituary of Klonsky, in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*: "There are writers, admittedly only a few, who are so entirely themselves that any utterance one might presume to make about them must seem barbarous." This, he said, was said about the writer Franz Kafka, but that about Klonsky it equally fit (p. 12). That noted, the complexity of the subject is established—to place into a difficult, sometimes esoteric background a person whom one so able to contextualize as the *New York Times* critic/editor Broyard found impossible to mention without profound thought (Klonsky said, about a person contemplating suicide: "If he's looking for profundity, tell him to look somewhere else." About his own storage of wisdom: "I think our faces tend to form themselves around our dominant emotions"; that he had "a face like a creekbed, worked upon by the attrition and erosion of time"). In addition, Broyard told me in '90, months before his own death, Klonsky was "an ironist."

Was he, indeed, as I came to believe, part of a group project (about which I will speak later) specifically designed to endure sacrifice in order to show us a different level? A project that risked never becoming known, and that is why I resort to quantum physics language sometimes and speak of my autobiography as the surfacing point of that very wave. It is the fuel that makes the multiple deaths purposeful. For whatever we may eloquize about death, it contains separation and in that way loss—loss, for instance, of the unrealized potential details.⁹

A book of parapsychology laid aside in order to sleep, I dreamed the following: people in a group wore officially (being required to) as part of their outfit an emblem: a shape like a Third Eye cut into the cloth that covered their heads—a cut-out, external shape; though identical outwardly to the sixth-chakra energy center, of inward-looking sight, not connected to it. Some, in the dream, had not liked to put on this uniform (as numerous essays attest). A dream, said Jung, counterbalances the nondream situation; it can exaggerate.

Through the Third Eye, it was indicated, parapsychology would be brought forth. In the way Einsteinian theories (some jotted onto the backs of envelopes, as Mozart wrote down music, playing pool) set the stage for the modern world view, here would come answers to the questions. This not to replace but complement laboratory investigation.¹⁰

For the "Observer" (of 20th century physics), in parapsychology it would be imperative to have a subjective aspect—the nonphysical eye in a creative balance with the technical laboratory. Already, such a suggestion has frequently been noted (cf., *The Limits of Influence*): "I now believe that the non-experimental evidence of parapsychology has been unjustly maligned. . . . Even more important, I now believe that such material is at least as valuable and reliable as the evidence gathered from laboratory experiments. . . ." (Braude, 1991 ed., p. 3).

⁹The soliton wave, identified by Scotch engineer J. S. Russell (1834), is instructive here. Waves normally "break up" (Briggs & Peat, 1990, p. 119ff). Because of **connections that unlike the normal wave are internal, nonlinear**, this wave, passing through a second wave, emerges intact. This wave has become a leading concept in the contemporary sciences; demonstrative, in particular, with regard to the chaos theory, whereby seemingly unimportant or unrelated things do have a relationship (pp. 119-120). It could be said to support Einstein's "instinctive attitude" (letter to Max Born; in Ferris, ed., 1991, pp. 808-809) that God ("the 'Old One'") did not play dice—but was law-establishing.

¹⁰In another Third Eye concept—of the Indian god Shiva—when this Eye opens, it destroys what it looks at (for re-envisaging).

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To begin chronologically: at two years old, I remember being at the top of the stairs in my home, listening to the people below. I wanted to walk down. I could. Only, I was afraid. I later understood this to be a photograph of my path; to walk down to the ground, from a listener position, an *observer*, on the stairs. I particularly wanted to see how my father's friends fanned out their hands at the card table (I even sleptwalked down), how they hid the cards—how they played them.

At seven, holding a little book of poetry by me, I realized in one instant—of lifelong impact—I was a writer. My immediate thought was: I was seven; Mozart had been four. It was not understandable to me how I could have done nothing, at such an age. The child made a vow to catch up. Later I could interpolate or translate that at such a powerful moment an actual energetic part of myself (what some refer to as a “past life” or a “future life”)—anyway, energy far beyond the years of the child, and with some different details in the biographical history, for a blazing moment, “stepped into” my body, as if finding himself (for I feel it was a male) in a lifetime situation that was entirely unfamiliar. So by the fact of “stepping in,” letting me feel the energy on a much higher frequency, inside me, calling itself me, he, as if a “Higher Self,” in fact insured that ever afterwards I would be in pursuit of his lead, his vision, how he saw himself (me), with certainty and therefore confusion at the disparity. Not a single detail as to why he felt this was available. He shot instantly into the state of knowing, which I would thereafter look to find again, instantly into the certitude that exists in “peak moments.” Only, his was a reverse peak moment, though his total energy was still present in the peak moment level, as his awareness revealed to me, inside myself, what was different between us, where I fell short, even at 7. So he lifted my horizons and my energy, in that brief “step in,” while I witnessed myself totally transformed and fully conscious. It is, in fact, the call of a lifetime to rise to the level that was experienced as a fact, a living Presence whose consciousness “fell,” as it were, into a personality of itself it had never met, and then quickly left, leaving behind not scars, but INSPIRATION AT ITS FULLEST: the answer to the question “Who am I?” (Or rather, who I am but am not.) This, without names or associations as to how he knew so certainly that this was not his childhood, all appearances to the contrary—not his true biography, not how it looked, in comparison to the biography of his acknowledged peers, who at seven were well into their careers. The shock, the utter truth-bearing core, he reacted from remained not a week, not a year, but every single day, in the core of the lifetime. “I” had come into myself. Here I was. And “I” had not recognized myself. However, the other “I,” the child, me, did “recognize” myself. I knew that was me thinking inside me. So I had to become me. For some reason, I had to “catch up with” myself. I had gotten somehow down inside a lifetime that did not fit. And so from that moment on, I knew at least one thing: who I was.

By nine I wrote a mystery novel, by eighteen part of a novel (by Miriam Britain). This wasn't yet right. I had had other experiences I now call scenic (a formal writing term about Henry James, who crafted the “observer”/“filtered” point-of-view into the nineteenth-century novel, that by cross-disciplinary viewing can be juxtaposed to his brother William, who investigated consciousness through philosophy and para/psychol-

ogy),¹¹ that would outline visually my task: for example, also at seven, *in playing the piano* at my first recital, I couldn't remember the ending of the composition, by Bach. I stayed stubbornly on the piano stool, repeating over and over beginning and middle, till suddenly I remembered. And finished. The task, summed up—right-brain-dramatized and formulated—outside time, was to remember the end.

These visual capsule-memories turned into nonauditory, nonverbal announcements of focuses I would have—little tests or epiphanies asking in child context what would be the response, if hologramistically replayed, in adult life. It was access to a form of internal focus and pre-viewing that everybody has. I had not begun fast enough and I had forgotten the end. This much, I knew about myself, about my life. However, for one level of me, this was a full cup. This ragtag relic of a list of what I was here to do was now inscribed in my memory in these tiny clues. I knew certainly enough to make the middle, or rather, everything except very beginning and end, meet in a way that my guiding consciousness could see itself in.

The Year Before Klonsky's Death

A tiny coastal area in Morocco, 1980, touching the Atlantic Ocean (Larache), and a copy of *Man and His Symbols* (originally published in 1964 by Carl Jung) set the stage for a first experience of dream-recording. Women in this village, in the years I lived there, were restricted—not being permitted, for instance, to walk on the beach or attend a movie unaccompanied. But this lack of outlets was ideal for a solution: dreams. Anyone who had any interest in knowing his- or herself had to follow his/her dreams, said Jung. Adhering to this advice, it was as if, as Freud had said, suddenly I was on a “royal road to the unconscious.” I had been on it before, but from this moment in a different way. Almost the first dream showed myself being taken on a journey by a mysterious man on a donkey, over a desertlike area, while the father I left behind was in some way present, sending me off (his voice disconnected from his person). I had a feeling as mysterious as in the approach of the death of Mozart, when the strange visitor commissions *The Requiem*.

Meanwhile, unknown to me, except through this dream medium, Milton Klonsky in New York was beginning to die. I had to discover dreams, in order to keep the contact that was opening. Jung (p. 63) stated in that very book I had accidentally (or as if in a trance attuned to this very context) selected: “Experience shows that the unknown approach of death casts an *adumbratio* (an anticipatory shadow) over the life and dreams of the victim. Even the altar in Christian churches represents, on the one hand, a tomb and, on the other, a place of resurrection—the transformation of death into eternal life.”

Even as I read the sentence in a village, Klonsky, in New York, was beginning to die; I would not know this until nine months after the death occurred, except through this medium, just discovered, that told me. This medium, just discovered, replaced and supplanted the normal means of information, that I did not, through lack of physical means, in any case, have. A moment, so important—how could I not be present? And so by this means, I was. It was the dimension that stepped forth and offered its services and

¹¹Gandhi observed, about friends (what could be said about brothers), that “the relationship should be used to reach the whole through the fragment” (Jack, ed., ‘51, p. 51).

ways of learning things when the other was withdrawn and removed. In the way my mind now began to concretize its values, I was already in the debt, from this moment on, of Jung. I say this in all seriousness. Jung as if dropped a lifeboat to one who could not have gone on—my life entering the phase it did—had he not. I was never to meet him, of course, personally, as I did not meet another so important in this story, personally—the saint mentioned on page 7, Dhyanyogi—but whom I am quite sure I did meet astrally on New Year’s Eve, ‘91-92, in California, when I had a guided meditation into conceptualizing energetically (at the home of Jyoti and Russell Park, whose importance in this story we will in due time get to) the publication of this information. I use this language, because an energetic formulation or integration of material can be the first step preceding its physical manifestation. It can be. It was part of my teaching. And I would not be in this present position, had I not had teaching about energetic forms that become physical forms. Already, we were in an area related to energy fields.

Back to 1980, when all of this was as foreign to me as extraterrestrial life forms—as a trip to the moon. I was just in time. Had I not turned inward at this moment, my whole life would have been different. Had dreams not existed, had Jung not written. (*Jung, like Dr. J. B. Rhine, stretched out his hand, in a way not explicable to the normal mind, but inevitable to the mind I was now focused on, the unconscious becoming conscious.*)

The dreams that Jung emphasized would help me know myself came pouring in, on what I call this wave of death. For Klonsky, beginning to die, had a universe of dreams that told me this and that would now introduce itself to me. I could never turn back from this moment if I stepped into it, no more than Jung could forget his dive into the unconscious, from which he received the seeds that grew into his theories of the collective unconscious, to name just one of his contributions.

From this moment on, the shift from outer stimulation to inner had occurred. I was consciously using dreams in the writing, consciously putting my hand into archetypal areas; I began to realize that my book had a Jungian structure and even sequence (shadow, animus, Self), arrived at completely unconsciously. Van Gogh, who had drawn in waves, while others had discovered pointillism—I was inside and on top of a giant wave.

Explaining (p. 64) that a future fatal event (in casting a backward shadow) might draw on “long-forgotten psychic sources,” . . . “thought forms . . . normally dormant,” Jung anticipated what was present synchronistically, though unsuspected. His formulation, I picked up in terms of a collective event—a wave, that, when important enough, would be large. This wave, as it rolled over and over, was tremendous, bringing the Great Dreams that indicated a *puzzle, secrets within secrets*.

Among the big dreams was one experience, not quite a dream, of being spun awake with a sense of very fast travel (Feb. 3, ‘81)—in a split second—from an area faraway, where I had been questioned by two people, who spoke wordlessly through a beam of light. They gave me a test: “When else did you know Dan?” “It was in New York,” I answered, not understanding what I meant. I passed. I woke instantly—retaining the sensation of travel, in that physical sense of spinning.¹²

¹²The location, identified in the dream as the office of the AO, Accounting Officer, is intriguing, in that to take the account of is a fitting description of Day of Judgment. A four-volume French *Dictionary of Symbols: Myths, Dreams, Customs, Gestures, Forms, Figures, Colors, Numbers* was found, to help with dream interpretation, in this village. Currently having learned that

Once, lucid, I dreamed what would happen in my life. I wanted to see how it ended; realizing there were no more pages to write on, I turned the light on to look for a blank page and in that way understood I had been writing in the dark before. All the rest of the pages, I could not use—for they were filled with masterpiece paintings. It was as if I had entered a museum of great artwork. This dream so encouraged me that I would be able to stand almost anything; this raft would hold me up throughout: knowledge that the light would come on and I see beautiful paintings by those hands, so skilled. The structure was clear, in the dream. There was no doubt the ending could only be in this form. I didn't know, then, about the crown (seventh) chakra. Seven—the crown. The child of seven—did she?

The poet, Jan Mensaert, I had married in 1970 was writing a novel in Morocco, *The Suicide Mozart (De Zelfmoord Mozart)*, about the anti-Mozart and a location beyond the Earth, Vega Funf. It planted archetypal concepts in myself. At the end, the main character, negative, dies and wants to be erased forever. Mozart opens the character's heart by telling him of a new Mozart opera. Fis (Son), the autobiographical character, is interested. When he watches, he learns that the script is an uplifting, positive, more humorous form of his own text, being revised by Emily Brontë. I wondered (when Mensaert, estranged from me since '83, died in late '90), if this would indeed develop, for ten days afterwards Willy Van Luyten, my housemate, suddenly died, and soon after these two deaths, I had an audible, nonphysical bell ringing in my apartment in conjunction with the computer intervention. I often felt how strange and marvelous it was—that it was as if JM had written this part of the ending of the story. It was he who had given me inundations of European and Arabic culture, for he was ultramental, ultraintroverted and on the outside, as he put it, had “crazy characters.” He provided the opposite pole to Klonsky. I had externalized an animus (or masculine aspect of myself, in Jungian vocabulary)—who was two extremes (Apollonian/ Dionysiac or order/chaos), equally as was the single female I unconsciously divided into two characters in my book, without knowing they belonged together, Anny and Paula (body and spirit). My subject was the mind-body relationship, and it was intricately woven into experience (“You've been the same, not person, persona, all the time I've known you,” Klonsky was to say. “Get with the more inward Margaret. And I've generally found the capacity to do so coextensive with the natural bent”). Montaigne had written that he was “coextensive with what I write.” And Cervantes (through Cid Hamete): “For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him ...”

Multidimensionality had made its appearance.

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Later the threads were plentiful. Everything made sense in the secret unfolding. In that, the importance of the fact, so often repeated, that my father bought me a doll my own size Christmas Eve, at 15 months, at midnight, when the sales were put on, was shifted in focus to note that the doll was Shirley *Temple*. A TEMPLE doll. The emotional side of myself, shadow side, and her corresponding male side, related to this. I was a very good

chakras “spin,” I could have been receiving information from a trip possible through chakra-spinning. By the 90s in the study of light body, I could see relevance as well.

child, who walked on tiptoe and rebelled only in pulling the tablecloth off, just as the rebel Christ had turned the tables *in the temple*; it was a farfetched association, but not to my locked-in animus. I would have first, of course, to project him—a projection that culminated in the man who died in January '91, Willy Van Luyten, just prior to the appearance of the bell. Like a man returning from a cameo role for another cameo role—I could explain his character, his personality in that way, as if a version of the Christ of the Temple. The energy teacher I first studied under in Belgium, giving me a private reading, was silent about others mentioned, but about Willy, of whom he then knew nothing, was eloquent. He said—and this can be interpreted according to one's formulation of what reincarnation is, but in any case the description was accurate—we had known each other in a castle in the Middle Ages, I being in charge of the workers; he, a rebel leader of the workers, a loner even among them, with a volcanic temperament. I was the in-between, who saw both sides. Sometimes he would have suffered persecution, for needless rebellion; I calmed him. "He was propelled into this lifetime to pay you back," he said (who had then been a father figure; and he, something of a Lech Walesca). "A master of transforming others, but not himself," he said. "A chameleon."

These are some of the characters. To tell this properly necessitates including the other stories, even as in a grand finale, an extravaganza. I couldn't imagine how many people's stories were involved, but it would become apparent when it was discovered who was "the leader of the band." Also, it could have developed that they or someone told my story. This was one story, on a wave. The point goes through, the wave follows.

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**"Mc²Luhan's Message, or:
Which Way Did the Second Coming Went?"
REVISITED**

To the Ancient Greek philosophers the world had an aesthetically shaped explanation. To the politicians oratory or the draft of a paper might be in rhyme.

The man, Klonsky, who asked the above question, in his essay (Solotaroff, ed., 1991, p. 196)¹³ had a classical clarity of mind. Klonsky asked unthinkable questions, such as which way the Second Coming had gone. He would be dead when the time came more appropriate to pose this question. So he left it in the air. He planted the question, to see how it would grow. It was a profoundly spiritual question, that we might have to search for the Second Coming, that it might not be in obvious places. Few were occupied with the Second Coming in 1968 in the way that they are now, as the century draws to a close.

To even ask the question implies an involvement with it, when the question is not one frequently asked, and not, by anyone, this extravagantly. I was to find out, following his trail, that it was in actuality in some respects a Second Coming trail. Much later I would be able to refine this and say—a trail of transformation of the Earth in the next century. But does such a trail exist? It does, in space, in a curve as clear as any made by mass.

If the universe expansion means that things close at a beginning point are at a further distance as the expansion continues, then it will take more and more understanding (or explanation) to grasp something that at the start was known instantaneously, however

¹³To be cited hereafter as *SW, Selected Writings*.

large a context it had. Someone would have been able to seize that one fact, that one combination of facts, as answer in an instant. But the expansion makes the distance between here and that lengthen, and lengthen in what we call time, unless there is a way to jump over all the time and bring the answer, once so accessible, into current thinking.¹⁴

An answer further enough away would require that much more affinity to it, in the sense of ability to reach across the expanding space-time. And that is what I found to be my case. He had to ask the question, for the future, Which Way Did the Second Coming Went? and I had to follow the trail to where his death was leading—to its purpose—as it traversed life into beyond-life and continued to speed into the distance. It sounded impossible. Was it?

“Time is a sin,” he had exclaimed.

But if expansion of the universe exists, as has been established, that offers solution. For expansion means something far away now is not so at all times. It means a potential for a mind to travel or expand to the location where the answer exists, for not bound by time. The mind could magnetize itself to a particular answer and locate it, go to where it was, through the very same process that the answer arrived in its distant position—expansion. It would not require time, for all the distance to the solution would be traversable without absorbing all the in-between material. It could be reached by magnetizing oneself in a need and determination and propulsion that resulted. Velocity would be merely a restatement of determination, of need if it was greater than a normal possibility—for instance, one of the heart.

Velocity, then, is not dependent on physical propulsion, but on something else, such as undivided attention and focus, as witnessed by the all-consuming attention involved in certain scientific discoveries or in artistic achievement. Edwin “Hubble has been described” (Smoot & Davidson, 1993, pp. 42-43) “as an ‘extraordinarily exact and careful scientist who normally refrained from assertions that were not well supported by evidence.’ Yet his science was filled with passion: He spent hundreds of bone-numbing hours in the observer’s cage at the Mount Wilson telescope. Anyone who has spent time in ‘the cage’ knows what an extraordinary effort of will it can demand: total concentration, and an ability to suppress shivers in the constant chill, lest you vibrate the telescope. Hubble subjected himself so slavishly to this discomfort because he wanted to transform the science of astronomy. In his graduate thesis he had called on astronomers to investigate whether the spiral nebulae were located within our own galaxy or outside it . . . Conventional wisdom held that . . . the galaxy constituted the virtual extent of the universe. If, as Hubble suspected, the nebulae were extragalactic, discoveries of mythic proportions would be possible [*italics added*].”

Is not any path a link between two points (or more). Take any two points—the geographical connection is physical, a path. Take any two points of an idea; the connection, to the reasoning thinker, is probably logical. But put any two points into a system of quite different connections. So long as the link exists—in any medium—it has the same power of connection as logic in its world, as the physical path in geography.

¹⁴The theory behind this has to do with the fact that in an expanding universe, things far apart now were closer together once. See, for instance, Stephen Hawking’s essays, ‘93 (p. 17). Also, the Einstein distinction of the “fundamentally important.”