

Prologue

Creating the Future

Is the world what we see? Is it the ordinary expected world presented by the media?

No.

Are there people who want to control more and more of the world for themselves?

Yes.

Do they have misgivings about committing cruelties? Do they care about other people dying?

No.

Are these “controllers” getting more of what they want, as time passes? Much more?

Yes.

Is the outcome decided?

No.

The leadership of any tyranny develops a way to hide secrets.

It kills people.

It jails them.

It puts them on work farms in outer areas.

But as time passes, and as the world discovers more ways to transmit data, secrets are not that easily disposed of.

Eventually, the leadership begins to define zones of freedom within the overall tyranny.

Then it discovers that secrets can be buried inside the public domain of billions of other pieces of openly available information. In fact, people can be paid to invent absurd data and float them out into the landscape, thus hiding and discrediting the truth.

When we come to the field of conspiracies and the hidden people who run the world, this proliferation of mounds of stories works very well for the tyranny. Where is the truth among the debris? Where is the diamond in the manure?

Also, people begin to believe wilder and wilder tales, and that further obscures the hunt for the real.

If I floated the scenario that large blue globes had been placed in caves below the surface of the planet ten thousand years ago, and are set to go off just after the turn of the 21st century, a certain number of people would resonate with that and would listen further.

If I said that these blue globes would release a microorganism that would begin to alter the DNA of the human race, making us more suggestible and docile, again a certain number of people would feel a kinship with that story.

If I concluded that, as our DNA is altered, we are to be turned slowly into a laboring species, whose purpose will be to provide raw materials for a race beyond our solar system, and that we will be supplied with enough entertainment on Earth to keep us marginally contented, a surprising number of people will buy into the sense and feeling of that story.

Even though I made it up.

So how are we to proceed, as we peel back layers, in finding out what is happening on this planet, behind the scenes of governments and financial and corporate elites?

We have to become pragmatic.

We have to admit that the point of the whole exercise is to learn what to DO.

We have to confess that some of us are becoming strung out and burned out on the information itself, and have forgotten that we are supposed to DO something about what we discover.

Creating the Future is the name of a project which begins with the publication of this book. Actually, it has already begun, in the form of weekend dialogues with small groups of twenty people. The purpose of such dialogues is to plant seeds in the minds of those who already know they can invent new projects in the world.

Creating the Future is a conscious effort to change the direction our planet is taking, by unraveling a tremendous amount of creativity to make “new worlds” within this one. To diversify power millions of times.

There are preconditions that need to be in place for these dialogues to occur.

Psychologically, participants need to be action-takers. They have not checked out of life. They are not waiting for something to happen. They are not trying to convince people that one and only one method of “salvation” must be followed.

The other precondition is an in-depth understanding of what is going on in our world today, so that subsequent creative solutions do not fall short, do not rest on a pink-fluff, pollyannish view of Earth and its problems. Attempts to characterize deep investigations of power elites, for example, as “unnecessary delving into the negative” or “conspiratorial ramblings” are very misguided.

As an investigative reporter for fifteen years, I have undertaken research into monopolies and their public relations lies.

I have come across many cover stories, artistic presentations designed to project fictional “universes” which convince people that everything is all right.

The number of significant cover stories afloat in our world is amazing, and one of the chief struggles we all face is working our way through them to the underlying truths.

But one thing we can be sure of. The world presents us with certain encroaching realities. We can opt for other thrilling realities which WE invent.

Anyone interested in participating in this project, *Creating the Future*, can contact me at my publisher’s address. Truth Seeker Co., P.O. Box 28550, San Diego, CA 92198.

In 1940, the world changed forever.

Buckminster Fuller began publishing articles which assured one and all that the human race could be a complete success.

We could use existing technology to guarantee survival for every human being on the planet, into the future.

That meant, and means, food and clothing and shelter and unlimited healthcare and unlimited education and mobility.

This would be given as a pre-condition of being born on this Earth.

Fuller had the technological background to make such a statement stick.

He was saying that up until then we thought we were playing chess, but we discovered that we were playing tic tac toe. The struggle for survival was no longer a mystery into which only the very brilliant people could see secrets exposed; it was a very finite game which we could all solve if we had the will for it.

At that point, the major power players on the planet became aware to an intense degree that there was a fork in the road. From then on, if they chose to continue their fanatical pursuit of land, resources, slave labor, technology, and money — instead of changing their mode and becoming true heroes of the human race — they would literally have to invent world conditions in order to lock in the cover story which says that life will always be dog eat dog, war, and shortages.

They opted for the second choice.

Ever since then, they have stepped up their INVENTION of the world as a place which is full of war and sickness and oppression and struggle for food and shelter. They have done this by creating the theater of the haves and the have-nots, and that theater is a work of art which draws all of us in and has been responsible for millions and millions of deaths and untold suffering.

We have to realize this.

The world which we see reflected in the great newspapers and television networks of our time is the LIVING MURAL of the controllers in action. Not a place of abundance for all — which Fuller realized was eminently in our grasp — but a world where conflict and pain and shortage rule.

The major players have decided to prove that the reality in which they greedily take, take, take is the only one, and the one we all have to live in.

This is a lie.

We can wake up to that.

We can wake up so much that WE actually begin to overturn this fictional world that has become real.

The propaganda wings of the planetary-controllers have floated certain kinds of quasi-science to justify their world-view. Darwinism and Malthusian economics have both been co-opted to “prove” that only the fittest survive, that this is the law of the jungle and the planet, and that there are not enough resources to go around for everyone.

It was this propaganda that Buckminster Fuller destroyed with his analysis of current technology and what we could do with it.

Because we have lost track of, and faith in, our own creative powers, we find it hard to see how power elites could literally invent our world, bring about wars and support all sides and maintain starvation on a vast scale and profit from that too. Our inability to see that inventive act is, again, the result of only one thing: our misplacing our own creative power and, therefore, our ignorance about its fundamentally far-reaching nature.

Up until the 16th and 17th centuries, this world was ruled by bloodlines, by families which took it upon themselves to manufacture and maintain concepts of royalty and divine right, and backed them up with raised armies.

When technology came on with a rush, that monopoly melted and cracked. Mercantile princes who could trade in the new technology began to ascend, and the royals and the great banking families began to see their moat around wealth disappear. They made adjustments, and they did not disappear, but they had to share the world stage with other players.

Those players grew and coalesced into the gigantic transnational corporations of today.*

These corporations and their partner governments and partner intelligence agencies and partner armies would be the natural people to extend technology, redirect it and make a new world in which there is a guaranteed groundbase of survival for every human.

*See Epilogue 1 for a sketch of transnational corporations at work in their toxic landscape.

Except that those leaders are bent on exterminating that vision of abundance wherever it pops up. In favor of their own greed and power.

Therefore, we have to look to other sources. We have to bring about the future of abundance in other ways.

The new monopoly of power has a pleasant corporate face, but turns out to be brutal. It moves further and further in the direction of the same absolute hold on the planet that the royals once enjoyed. In fact, now, as we probe the membership of the elite clubs of power at the turn of the century, we see that some of the old names and the old families and the old pushers of greed are still around. Their descendants have reshaped their participation in money and corporate control to align with the times.

And the same kind of fakery that originally conjured up the concepts of royalty and divine right has been used to create fake technology when that is seen as necessary. For example, huge segments of the medical monopoly of today, with its vast pharmaceutical profits, are based on a cheap art of phony science. By staging myriad fake studies and licensing trials, companies bring toxic medicines on to the scene to “heal disease.” When you have medical societies, schools, professional journals, government agencies, physicians, research labs, and drug companies all flying the same flag, and when that flag celebrates the religion called science with an icon’s hypnotic face of fake Objectivity, everybody is in trouble.

Out of the Masonic lodges of Europe, before their 18th-century infiltration by various political opportunists, there grew up a secret core of highly intelligent men who found fellowship in the idea that human beings could bring about freedom from authoritarian religion and organized tyrannies of government. In the eighteenth century, these men formed the inner circle of the American revolution. They not only led the colonies away from the British king, they ensured that individual freedom to pursue happiness would be written into the foundation of the new nation. They were battling against various aristocrats and against their own prejudices

and cruelties, but a unique wedge was driven in against the external control of populations.

From that platform can now be launched another kind of revolution without guns. A revolution based on the idea that freedom means decentralization of all power that is oppressive.

Freedom must now also mean a renaissance of creation. The creation of communities, technologies, organizations, art, healing, local money-systems, off-planet exploration, and more, all dedicated to the proliferation of power out into many hands and minds and souls, beyond the ability of any corporation or messiah or general or monopolistic wielder of food to control.

Beyond.

And somehow, through this decentralization, we have to find a way to guarantee that groundbase of survival for every human being, while we unseat the elite planetary control mongers.

While we also preserve the idea of evolution of humans, of meeting challenges, of the ecstasy that lies at the core of life.

While we avoid falling into the trap of blunted energy, sloth, passivity, a massive welfare world, and surrendered freedom.

Who said it would be easy?

Not many people know it, but the founding fathers of America pushed a radical business sentiment which became law in most states of the new 18th-century union. All corporations would be chartered by state legislatures to carry out the corporation's announced objectives. The legislature could revoke the charter of any company which harmed the citizenry.

All interpretations of capitalism as the original free spirit of America must be understood in this light. After all, the colonists were not only wary of tyrannical governments, religions, and armies, they were also suspicious of huckstering corporations.

Gradually, however, these tough state laws eroded, through the corrupt bribes of businessmen. Although some corporations did have their charters yanked. The most famous of these companies was Standard Oil of New York, which was thrown out of the state, only to find a home in New Jersey, much to that legislature's discredit. If Standard Oil had been denied a license

there, perhaps it wouldn't have survived long enough to cooperate with the Nazi industrial juggernaut, I.G. Farben, during World War II. There is now a grass-roots movement in America to get state legislatures to dust off those old laws about corporations and reinstate them. It is an admirable fight. For example, those chemical giants which pollute the landscape to the hilt, while paying nominal fines, or which loose toxic medicines on the public, would have their charters to do business pulled out from under them in an efficient manner.

Freedom erodes to the degree it is not given its full due. To those despots who run the affairs of the world, freedom not only threatens their control, it reveals the basic lie of their propaganda. That basic lie is: "The universe implies a system, and we must live according to that system." With this lie in tow, the elite players can convince millions and billions to bow before some icon or symbol or supernatural idol or divine leader or set of constricting laws or fake harmonies. It can be done and it has been done, over and over.

Freedom is not woven into this universe.

Freedom is not an illustration of this universe in action.

Freedom is a thing which was seen by human beings within themselves, a power, a release from overbearing restraint, an always-present capacity to choose, to reject, to ignore, to affirm, to take, to give away, to love, to not love.

With the consciousness of freedom comes the abandonment of all attempts to characterize the universe as an ultimate Thing which must be obeyed.

No painting, no piece of music, no novel, no poem was some intrinsic part of this universe. It was made.

Human creativity is the thing which reveals the true structure called universe.

The universe, whether we think of it as alive or as a gigantic home, does not contain any ultimate lessons about freedom and how it will be used. We must supply that. That is up to us. And all the way along the line, we have given away and refused to enact that freedom to the hilt. We have said no to that. We have opted instead for various systems which we believe are external to us and superior to us.

Spiritual and political paramedics rush to the scene to discredit true freedom. They subtly try to impose on us some “universal incorporated feeling,” some “way.”

That is not freedom.

That is not why the human race has come down this road of time.

That is not why we have reached inside ourselves now and then to grasp incredible glimpses of our own POWER TO INVENT and choose.

So fight this fight.

Or else keep your rulers. Keep your fear that without a Control worn around your head like a shackle you may suddenly do something destructive. Keep your ideas of the mediocrity of humans, keep your idea of some fake “wonderful” harmony. Keep all that. Play directly into the hands of those who want to run the world as their private preserve. They have none of your inhibitions. They depend on you to give in, to see the wisdom of overlords and overlord structures and overlord ruling thought-forms. They expect to see you submit with beatific smiles on your faces. They are banking on it.

Imagine this for a moment.

Imagine that you have traveled the skies and the heavens and you have come to the house of the highest, highest God. You see him and you sit by his side and the radiance and the peace that you feel are immeasurable. They wake up your inner spirit to the beauties of colors you have never seen, and as a natural response to this you become an artist, and you build yourself a world of color and shape and floating dreams, and you extend and expand that living art until it fills spaces too great to see all at once. And then, after a time, after that year or decade or century, you awake one morning to realize that this is only a slice of possible infinite realities, that this beauty is not the ultimate wall and ceiling, it is one thing. Just as any theater is one thing, no matter how gorgeous.

You then know that your freedom is greater than this, that it encompasses more than any IT by any name, under any flag, on any sea.

Now you have broken through the mythology of Earth.
You have come to a new place.

There is no slavery or enchantment which you will accept as Final Final Final.

In overcoming oppressive power you have several legitimate ways to go. You can organize resistance, as unions organize against management, or as pressure groups organize to get certain legislation passed that will limit entrenched power.

Or you can seek for an overarching union of people and governments and other groups, which will form a new structure that will make the oppressive power only a minor part of the new picture.

Or you can go the other way and decentralize power by finding unique ways to parcel it out to thousands and thousands of independent groups and individuals.

At this time, on planet Earth, the only way that will work over the long haul is number three. That is because simple resistance, though effective and necessary, only gives you a holding action as the decades pass. The overarching new structure, an admirable ideal, would be led by the very same people who are the core of the oppressive power one is seeking to defeat. Decentralization is the key, and with the discovery of new technology designed for liberation of the individual out of central grids, this can be accomplished.

This last approach is also the most exciting by far.

It can, among other things, revolutionize your very own life.

1

We are all asleep. We are all asleep in a particular way, which is to say we are all dreaming the same dream. We are dreaming the dream of conventionality, of normalcy, of an ordinary world which is operating according to certain scientific principles. This is the dream we are all having at the beginning of the 21st century. It was not always the shared dream, but it is now.

And for those elite power players who stand at the top of the mountain, it is clear that the way to accumulate an overwhelming majority of public support is to play to that common sleep, that common dream we are all having of a normal, conventional world. In the normal conventional world there is posited an “it.” This “it” is an evil thing and it can be personified in many ways, as a Satan, as a virus, as a bomb, as a terrorist, as a lone nut. That is entirely acceptable within the boundaries of the common dream that we are all dreaming. So that is played to in the explanation of events that are taking place around us.

Of course the pundits, the analysts, the news people are by and large sharing the same dream with us, so it is very easy for them to find exactly “the right sources” to validate the stories they are shaping about what is happening in our world. We keep weaving and weaving the fabric of our dream. We keep adding to it. We layer it. We color it. We expand it. We extend it. And we only ask that there be no serious disjunctions in it. We only ask that there not be such serious fractures in the dream that we suddenly find ourselves falling into another world, another reality, into another form of perception. We only ask that a certain uniformity of texture and surface and time and space be central to this dream which we call the world.

And it is a basic function of the press and of science and of government to provide that continuity. There are many

flexibilities in the fabric of this dream that are permitted. The fabric can stretch and bend so long as it doesn't break. And whenever little fractures show up people rush to the scene to do repair and to announce to the world a story, a story that itself becomes yet another interwoven layer in the dream. The battlements are shored up. The holes are plugged. The fractures are sewn. The beliefs are put back in place. The fear is tranquilized. We are told to be kind and gentle and love and share. And this is sprayed on like a kind of perfume to provide yet more glue for the dream. This is the background. This is the context. This is the setting that we have to understand.

I recently spoke with a documentary filmmaker who had gone to Missouri to watch a group called Sorrat in action. This group has existed for about 20 years now in a small town in Missouri. They meet on a regular basis and they produce or involve themselves somehow in the production of psychokinetic events. Objects move around the room. This has been observed and felt by many, many people over the years. Of course there are the usual accusations that this is being done by stage magic, but this filmmaker sat in a chair and the chair and she levitated off the floor about six to eight inches. She told me that she really couldn't accept straight out the idea that this was a true paranormal event or that, as she put it, Spirit was responsible for it.

But then I said to her, you know, I recently interviewed a major researcher in paranormal phenomena who used to run a laboratory at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. His name is Dean Radin and he is the author of a book called *The Conscious Universe*. And what he does so remarkably in the book is establish that over the course of 50-60 years of laboratory research into telepathy, ESP, remote perception, mind over matter, the overwhelming statistics from well-designed, well-controlled studies show that these phenomena are real, are repeatable. There is no doubt about it. She was very surprised about that. I had been shocked myself because I had been fed, like everyone else, the basic understanding that these phenomena were not predictable. If they existed at all they were in some nether, nether world and certainly the bulk of laboratory

research did not establish that these phenomena were real. But in fact, these phenomena *have* proved to be real by the most rigorous scientific standards possible. This, as I say, is a shocker. This an extreme shocker. This is one of those fractures that suddenly shows up in the dream of the normal conventional world.

I once wrote a science fiction short story in which a man dies and finds himself in the usual sort of cloud structure walking along and there is a bald man sitting behind a small wooden table. They recognize each other. The newly dead man sits down and they begin having a chat and soon all of the memory is restored and the new arrival remembers that he had actually signed a contract to go down to Earth and live a certain kind of life, as a composer in this case. He is now being interviewed to see how things worked out. Does he want to sign on again, and all that sort of thing.

I believe in a very real sense that is how things are arranged, as far as the collective dream is concerned. There is a clear understanding behind the ignorance and the passivity and the pretense. There is a contract. The contract guarantees enough continuity of reality that lives can be lived out in a storybook fashion. After all, how could one sign on for a voyage which would end up not being a voyage in the original sense? The seas part, the Earth opens up, the ship drops down into a vacuum and comes out the other side of the planet inside a glass bottle and then is transported to the top of a giant table and turns out to be a tiny molecule in a glass of water being drunk by a giant. That's not going to work.

So this very protective attitude develops toward the general underlying sense of the dream, toward its continuity. And when books like *The Conscious Universe* show up, people rush to say that the author has the information wrong, he's being too fast and loose with his conclusions. People try to discredit this. The best way to discredit it of course is to ignore it completely and give it no play in the press. And that's exactly what's happened in this case.

The emergence of the paranormal, in fact, as a legitimate field of study is one of those major fractures in the continuity of our sleep. It is very important to look that field over

to understand the implications of what's happening in it. I go over this to some degree in my last book, *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*. This book could be considered a Volume 2 to *Secret*.

The point is, we have a shared paradigm of what this universe is, no matter whether we are talking about Galileo or Newton or Einstein. We are talking about a universe which more or less goes on its merry way. And although our perception of it and our measurement of it may vary by the terms of relativity, the universe itself has a self-sufficient structure that is somehow separate from us, is buffered off from us, is not involved with us in any particular way.

That paradigm is now completely shattered. I'm not talking about oh, isn't it marvelous that the quarks are doing a dance, and they blink on and off and there is matter and anti-matter, and the universe is not as solid as we thought it was, and matter seems to vibrate and undulate and appear and disappear at a very rapid rate. I'm not talking about any of that. I'm talking about something much more dynamic and fantastic, our capacity to directly affect the space-time, color, shape, density, emotion of this universe with our minds, with our imaginations, with our creativity, with our consciousness.

This has been demonstrated to such a degree that we can no longer look at the universe in the same way at all, which is to say we can't look at our shared sleep in the same way any more.

Now from the point of view of the shared dream of the human race, an alarm bell goes off. The fire engines show up, and the officials show up, and the official media, and the scene is painted over so that ultimately we can continue this continuity of sleep. But in the paranormal we now have at the most basic level the opportunity for a major shift.

Let's look at the sleep of the Roman Catholic Church.

That was induced on the basis that we had a single personage, the Son of God, who had visited the Earth, who had been good beyond any human understanding of good and had sacrificed himself on a material level for the future salvation of all people. So we now had a myth that was all-encompassing, and a church to back it up made of real stone with real stone floors

and with magnificent developing art on the walls and ceilings. It was the closest thing to television that had yet been invented.

By bringing millions of human minds into such extreme focus on a single individual, Jesus Christ, the Church was able to carry off what was basically a hypnotic induction. As Salvador Dali showed, realism in painting can rise to such a height that one feels he has seen the image before, even though he is looking at it for the first time. Art has the capacity to achieve that. The art of the Catholic Church made that possible. Such a familiarity developed with Jesus that people on a subliminal level felt they had seen this before, they had heard this before, that this had happened before. The great sacrifice, the great death, the great resurrection were all embedded in such deep stone that they could never be shaken off. And the sleep of the mind and of the imagination which then occurred was profound and lengthy.

If you look at the people who tried to stir the slumbering mass you will see violence against them, you will see propaganda, you will see the fire engines rushing to the scene to put out the blaze, you will see hired pundits brought in to explain to the people that nothing had really happened except someone had committed heresy and he would be killed for that.

I have taken a tour through the vault of the Philosophical Research Society in Los Angeles and I've seen some marvelous and bewildering handwritten volumes from the 15th century created by heretics of the time. These were the works of individual cosmology. These were non-Roman Catholic explanations of the structure of the universe and of consciousness. These were put together with diagrams, in color, annotated in code so they could not be deciphered by priests of the church, because the profundity of the sleep that engaged Europe was also backed up by considerable force, pain and torture. So there's that kind of sleep.

There is the sleep of the decaying Roman Empire, the kind of sleep that we now have the fashionable word for — denial. The empire had become so confused about its own mission, about its own place in the world, about its own ideals that it had no real policy about its own frontiers. So as it crumbled

from the inside what was happening externally at the fringes was too fearful to take notice of. I'm talking about the invasion of the so-called barbarians.

The same kind of sleep, by the way, is taking place in America. When a nation loses its compass, no longer understands the source of its own energy, has only the most blurred perception of its original ideals, it is moving in the direction of disaster. And on the fringes of the American empire which is, of course, international in scope, there is indeed the potential for destruction and disaster.

Those are several kinds of sleep that we have engaged in. But they are subsets in a way of the major sleep, which has to do with the very continuity and conventionality of the physical universe itself. That is the basic dimension and boundary of the sleep.

Somehow this reality (dream, sleep) that we live in at the most basic level has been sold to us and we have bought it as something desirable, as something interesting, as something that may prove of value to us in the long run.

The globalization of economic power is the foundation of the 21st century. We are only beginning to see the extent of the uniformity and conformity and belief and attitude and allegiance to be required in the economic workplace in the next 100 to 200 years. You see, as these corporations can dominate the landscape more and more and become the very answer to the quest for survival on the part of billions of people, those people would be willing to pledge more and more of their souls to these corporations. That's just a fact. It's already a fact. It is becoming more of a fact.

Now to realize this is, to a degree, to be awake. The next thing one must understand is that the answer, the solution to the problem, is to begin in an unprecedented way, to create — to imagine and to create — new realities that do not depend for their existence on those powers that are promoting the general sleep.

If you were to take all the groups, all the humanitarian-minded people, and all the environmentalists, and all the political activists on the scene in every country in the world

today, regardless of motive, and say that as a whole they make up a kind of restraining force on unlimited fascist power, it would not be enough to stave off what is going to happen in the next century. It is a holding action. It is necessary and it is admirable, but it is a holding action.

The frontier of the battle is in the area of imagination and creativity. To fully wake up from the shared sleep, one has to create new realities that exist outside and around and beyond the scope of great coalitions of power. Now it is part and parcel of this fact that no one can know what new worlds are on the horizon. We can predict to a certain degree, but it is inevitable that we will fall very short of understanding what creativity and imagination can do in bringing us new kinds of realities and worlds and systems and structures for life *when the people who are inventing them are fully cognizant of the fact that our world is falling further and further under the sway of great economic powers.*

So there is a tremendous unknown “X” out there about the future. That is a good thing. It is good to have the possibility of unprecedented solutions to our problems.

You see, our world and the people in it are basically determined to carry on the sleep, the dream, the continuity of story. That is the fundamental substratum of the subconscious. That is what the subconscious is for. But to begin to wake up and exercise creativity at the same time — this crux of situations brings us to the potential of vast new worlds and of a different structure of reality.

Let me give you an example. I mention this in my last book but I want to expand on it a bit. It’s interesting that the major advances in industrial technology have been developed with industries in mind. That is, it is so natural that large factories would be necessary to produce large numbers of objects that we don’t even think about the fact. It’s a given. But in truth it’s not a given. It’s not a given that we are all slaves to this big, bigger and biggest system of production. It worked out that way because that kind of big, bigger, biggest system prolongs the sleep and prolongs the dream in a very fashionable easy way.

Suppose we now begin to develop mid-sized corporations that do research and development of technology whose entire thrust is to empower individuals so that they become self-sufficient in terms of mobility, energy, and health. Those three: mobility, energy and health. Suppose that were to happen as a result of people waking up from the dream and seeing that the situation begged for that. Very powerful mobile, flexible creative corporations pursuing a very intense line of research and development whose purpose is to bring technology to individuals, to make them self-sufficient in terms of mobility, energy and health.

What would that do? If successful, it would take millions and then finally billions of people off any central power grids. It would divorce them psychologically from the need of relying so heavily on centralized sources of information. You see? And if you added to those three (mobility, energy and health) access to tremendous storehouses of information and unlimited education in any direction, you would now have a kind of complete quintet of values. You would be talking about smaller communities of people. You would be talking about individuals. You would be talking about energy packs, various kinds of much cheaper, more flexible vehicles that run on fuel that costs pennies per year, structures for living that are practically self-sufficient forever, food production more localized and more plentiful. The need to work such long hours is ended.

Naturally an amount of automation is necessary here. But as Buckminster Fuller told all of us, the unemployment that would result from such automation would not have to be looked at as a social disaster, but rather as a vast opportunity for improving the mind, the soul, the condition of the human race.

These are all within our grasp. But you see, there is a kind of vacuum here in our perception. The perception of the potential for mid-sized corporations that have a tremendously different outlook on what's needed for the future, that are wedded to an ideal that, yes, makes them a prophet, makes them messengers of a new world, a liberated world.

Who's to say that this is not possible, that this could not be created? Of course, we are talking here about the larger theme

of decentralization of power, diversity of power, chipping away at the central block until millions and then billions of people have power. Is that preferable to a state of tremendous unity, harmony? It is if the harmony is false, if the harmony is undertaken for the real purpose of achieving control, maintaining and expanding slavery. If self-sufficiency is truly the goal for each individual and there are many small groups of people formed out of self-sufficient individuals, the kind of decentralization that develops is very different from the case of people retreating from a large centralized powerful machine totally out of fear, fracturing totally along ethnic or racial lines. This is completely different.

I certainly have no gripe with unity but what I have seen in my lifetime and what we can see in history parading itself over and over again is a false unity, a front, a façade created by players behind the scenes who hope to offer the promise of a more secure, a more beautiful world by the counterfeit joining together of many, many people.

The result of that is an even tighter weave of the fabric of the dream which we all share as we sleep, rather than an awakening into a true joining together based on the free sharing of common ideals and common emotions. It is not that difficult to entice people into a greater sharing based on what is subconsciously and powerfully felt. There are many notes that can be played, there are many scales that can be run, there are many themes that can be introduced which will entice people into wanting to join together under the umbrella of various structures and various names.

But as we can see, as true global power begins to collect into fewer and fewer hands, whatever reasons are offered to us for joining together and promoting a new world, none of these scenarios involves the dethroning of the corporate chieftains who run the ship. Quite to the contrary, those names are left out of the puzzle. Those corporations are never mentioned out in front where they belong, which brings rise in intelligent people to the suspicion about what the composition of these overall umbrellas really is, and rightly so. As I pointed out in *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, one does not have to

invoke tremendous conspiratorial and wildly secret groups in order to explain the evolving of power into fewer and fewer hands. The drama is being played, more or less, out in the open. It is we who are blind to the goings-on. It is we who have forgotten how to perceive the weaving together of gigantic interests. The truth is there for anyone to see.

It is an amazing but appropriate fact that when individual creativity and imagination are brought to the fore in people who can perceive the overall situation, you get a novelty of structure and invention which begins automatically to solve the problem of too much power in too few hands. You get decentralization. You get diversity. You get a breaking away from a false sense of unity. You get new systems of money and politics and community and energy and technology and art emerging. You get unforeseen and novel occurrences.

The universe is not two. The universe is three. There are the emerging poles of opposition recognized on so many emotional and structural levels, the poles which prompted the ancient Chinese philosophers to draw the diagram of the Yin and the Yang. But in truth, what has always been left out of the metaphysical analysis of the universe is the third factor, which is the individual imagination. The individual imagination does more than simply harmonize opposites. It invents new realities. It is capable of building worlds far more exciting and convincing than this one. The failure to recognize and to pay homage to this third force has brought us to the situation we find ourselves in now.

We hear a lot about the word “deconstruction” these days. It is now taught in the universities as a method of analysis, the taking apart of the structure of works of art, for example, along certain preset lines to reveal the assertion of power among certain elite groups. That type of deconstruction is only a fragment in a much larger story. What we really need to deconstruct are the institutions of this world, the underlying shared sleep that has been put together as the fantasy to end all fantasies, as a dream so real that none of us wants to dream again.

When in our educational systems we teach how those realities have been made for us, how we have bought in, and about the infinite power that each of us potentially holds in his or her own

creativity, then we'll be on the road to opening up the very essence of reality and showing ourselves finally what it is.

This is a secret hidden behind all other secrets and all secret societies. This is the secret hidden behind all religions and spiritual philosophies which seek to analyze the universe in an esoteric way, that promise to be liberation but end up only to be another structure, another system, another machine of organization.

Another one of the essences of the sleep and the dream: nothing is built without a system, nothing comes into existence without prior organization, without prior pattern. The Platonic ideal. It's the biggest lie.

At the moment we drift. We think we are living in a fine world, in a fine society that offers us unprecedented opportunities bathed in the tradition of freedom. And to a degree we are right. But this is only a transition, a transition from an attempt by a very few people to liberate the world politically to "the survival of the most criminal." We are passing into that now as we move into the transnational corporate world of the 21st century. Our children and their children will know what it is like to have freedom be a rotted fruit on a tree unless we begin now to liberate ourselves at the deepest levels.

2

Two brain researchers are privately discussing their feelings.

“The more adjustments we make, the clearer it is to me that we can do anything. We can build as many changes as we want to into the chemistry of the brain.”

“Construct any sort of person.”

“Starting with the assumption that a person is a blank slate.”

“A person has no personality.”

“Personality is our province. We’re the artists.”

“We can even change a person’s sense that he is an individual. We can have him feel at bottom that he is part of a group.”

“Society would certainly be better off.”

“It would be a guard against excess.”

“Against chaos.”

3

The last well-intentioned politician left in America is sitting in his semi-dark study looking through papers.

A ghost appears at his shoulder and says, “Why do things keep getting worse?”

“First we had the Bill of Rights,” the pol says. “It became obvious that whole groups of people were being excluded. We had to fix that, in order to get to the point where each human being in those groups could come forth and live a free life.”

“But,” the ghost says, “something went wrong.”

The pol says, “In the struggle the whole idea of freedom for the individual became buried. Where is the individual human being?”

The ghost chuckles. “You tried to fix the problem with organization. But there’s a fungus moving over the Earth,” he said. “A fungus. Of organization. It’s neutral. It’ll back up any position, any proposal, any truth, any lie, any product, any God, any service, any mission. What’s winning is the fungus, not what the fungus supports.”

The pol turned in his chair and looked at the ghost. “And what’s the cure?” he asked.

But of course there was no one there.

4

Oh yes. There was once a man who was quite sure that nothing was happening.

That is, all the usual things were going on in a daily way, but as far as the Mysterious was concerned, there was NOTHING.

Absolutely nothing.

This man worked for a corporation that was so large it could eat its own tail or buy its own leg, and the news would take a month to reach headquarters.

Then there was this.

The men who RAN this corporation met now and then with OTHER MURKY SHADOWY men who said things like, “The left and the right are just fictions. Don’t you get it? First we had the war in Vietnam, and the really sophisticated people hated the Army and the CIA and the FBI and they knew the Tonkin Gulf was a crazy fiction the government invented to justify extending the war, and all of a sudden, 25 years later they love the FBI and they think that law enforcement people should have more guns and bigger guns and better guns and there’s nothing to worry about, as far as law enforcement agencies are concerned. Do you see? You can change these people around like papier-maché dolls. They’ll think whatever you want them to think. Just start talking about racism and you can get them to jump all sorts of ways, and while they’re jumping and screaming, the fellows like you who run the big corporations can just keep gathering up land and companies and money and technology and slave labor and power and so on. Do you see? Are we going too fast for you? We’re the people who can make anybody who criticizes the administration in Washington into a racist and a bigot and a paramilitary nut in three seconds. We can make anybody who talks about freedom for the individual seem like a mass murderer or the person who ordered the A-bomb to fall

or the grand polluter of the Earth or a new Hitler or a pig in a suit or a southern sheriff or a Joe McCarthy. Isn't it something? The whole country is founded on freedom for the individual and all that that implies — which has been totally shunted aside — and now if anybody says the great thing about life is bringing it to the point where individuals can think for themselves and act for themselves, we can make them in three seconds look like a KKK nut in a hood driving a pickup down the highway with a shotgun straight up. We can do anything. We can arrange minds to make them smaller and stupider. We can do that. Are we going too fast for you? Left and right and conservative and liberal are now fictions. We can also make anybody who criticizes Jesus Christ seem like the devil in a suit, like a heretic who doesn't understand this nation was founded on principles of the New Testament. We can do that too. We can make the Bible seem like the word of God. Or we can make an atheist into a hero for the ages. We can make a Communist, an atheist, a liberal, a Martian, a humanist into a hero. We can make a product advertised on TV into the apex of human civilization. And while all this is going on, you fellows who own these corporations can go about gathering up more land and factories and resources and countries and governments and slave labor. Are we going too fast for you? We can make people hate one another for all the best reasons and we can make them want to kill their own mothers in the middle of the night. We can make the world want to watch decapitations and blood and guts spilling out and we can make them want to watch the glory of romantic love dripping like old wet noodles and we can bring on the parade of young blondes and make them the IDEAL OF A MILLION YEARS. We can do all this, and we can convince so-called thinkers and pundits and statesmen and scientists of the highest ranks that the people have no say in any of this swaying and swirling and manipulating of life, that the people are just blank slates and have no volition or intrinsic power, that the people cannot under any circumstances throw off this tyranny and MAKE THEIR OWN REALITIES. And the secret is we are one thin thought away from losing the whole game every day. Because if people began to realize that they could CREATE AND IMAGINE AND INVENT NEW WORLDS WITHOUT END, we would be on the junk heap forever — we would be fish out of water.”

5

In my last book, *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, I covered the whole question of whether paranormal occurrences and abilities have been well-researched. Relying on excellent historical overviews of the whole field of laboratory para-normal studies, I concluded that this field is legitimate, is filled with well-designed experiments, and reveals that tele-pathology, various kinds of remote perception, and mind-over-matter are real. The abilities are real, the phenomena are observable and repeatable.

If the reader wants to examine this crucial point, I suggest reading that book and the references cited.*

Furthermore, I also established that an invisible current in history, which I call the Tradition of Imagination, has not been given its due. This Tradition, in fact, reveals the true power of the human being. Creation, invention, imagination — they represent a human capacity “to influence worlds, to make worlds” that has been buried and minimized for at least 10,000 years.

I believe many if not all paranormal occurrences are instances of imagination at work. The most obvious category, for the general public, would be the placebo effect, by which a person who is convinced a pill will help him recover from a disease finds himself healed, even if the pill was only made of sugar.

Nevertheless, the public at large and so-called experts are not entirely ready to accept the paranormal venue as legitimate. They harbor doubts.

They rely on what they think is right and proper, and one proper thing is that the universe, all the way down to the bottom, is made of tiny particles and that is that. We are

part of that universe and we also are tiny particles built up into recognizable shapes ... This is all very fine and there is no problem. There is no problem as long as the great thrills and adventures of life and the great creative excursions are kept to a minimum. But when life exceeds a certain upward level, when the energy and the exhilaration and the power and the joy go past a certain line for any individual, it becomes as obvious as the sun rising that life is a great deal more than particles in motion. Life is far more than quarks and mesons and wavicles, and the idea that we are particles studying other particles is a joke that falls as flat as a dead duck.

If we open our eyes, we see that more and more planetary control is falling into the hands of fewer and fewer people, regardless of the names we give to “our side” and “the other side.”

To bring tremendous power to the INDIVIDUAL, however, is work that confounds the elites that run this world.

If ENOUGH power moves into the hands of many individuals, the history of the world can finally read, “And in the end, the people turned away from dependence on a Single Authority and became many.”

Freedom.

Power.

Imagination.

Unlimited.

*See Dean Radin’s *The Conscious Universe*. His historical overview of the vast scientific literature on the paranormal is especially compelling on the point of repeatability of the experiments.

6

As of 1994, 300 transnational corporations controlled 25% of the world's productive capacity.

What will happen in the next hundred years? Here is one possibility: we will see such conformity, such a concentration of power that individual freedom will all but disappear.

It may not be outlawed, but freedom for each person as an idea will be forgotten.

Or something else could happen. If enough people begin to create novel realities, novel worlds, we could see the crumbling of Central Control. We could see such a proliferation of communities, systems, energies, inventions and arts that the new core of life on Earth will be IMAGINATION.

My interest is in increasing the power, scope, and impact of this ultimate thing called the human imagination.

In public life, we have seen a downgrading of the individual human being in favor of the group. It has come to this in many quarters: the individual is portrayed as the problem, and the group is portrayed as the solution.

We are treated to so many representations of the "lone individual" on TV as the insane criminal who is out of control, we find it hard to locate a venue in which the individual and his power are put up on a pedestal.

It is as if some expert has discovered that the basis of the country, freedom for the individual, was a bad idea, and he is gradually putting it to rest. Think back over the last few Presidents, for example. Do you remember any of them giving out a stirring message about the individual human being and his power and his destiny and his future, a message that was not canned and rehearsed and perfunctory and knee-jerk?

All the way across the spectrum, we are now being fed “the group.” There is the all-connecting pink-fluff love of the so-called New Age. There is the authoritative-sounding docu-voice which implies that all scientific breakthroughs are being made by committee. There are angry protesting voices saying that no one in America is a person except by the ethnic group to which he belongs. There are smooth corporate advisors who extol the success of the team. There are all sorts of pronouncements about “family” from people who attribute that status to everything from sexual gender itself to the US Army to Alcoholics Anonymous to NFL football teams to your local police force to street gangs. As if to ensure one and all that no matter which side of the law you’re on, you’re just trying to be part of a family.

There are wonderful things that can accrue from belonging to a group of independent-minded people. But over the long haul, in belonging to a group of compromised people, what is lost is the individual creative force.

These days, BLENDING and HARMONIZING are hypnotic and are taken to be ultimates in the moral value-scale. In addition, when true power elites see the landscape of the world populated by groups, they feel no fear. They are experts at dealing with, negotiating with, co-opting and subverting group agendas.

These days you search in vain through TV documentaries and news programs and educational set-pieces for a real extolling of the individual as the primary value of civilization. That is passé. That is gauche.

“Oh sure, the individual. That used to be a big thing. But it isn’t anymore.”

And so we become a collection of groups and everything is moving in a blander and blander direction, and Absorption in the Whole is taken to be a very worthy ambition. Self-sacrifice is run up the flagpole as never before.

That means that imagination and creativity and invention are less and less understood, as if perhaps they were delusions to begin with.

The multinational coalescing of power vis-à-vis resources, land, technology, and cheap labor continues. Can this gathering of strength somehow be derailed by many individuals creating their way out of the morass, out of a conglomerate of a world?

The battle is never lost. You, the single human being, are the most unpredictable thing in this world. Billions and billions of dollars are being spent to shape your perception of reality and make you feel that anyone with an unfamiliar solution to life must be a deviate. Billions of dollars have been spent to make you feel that belonging to Normalcy is a very worthy goal. Billions have been spent to make you feel that if you have a problem, adjustment to the norm and the group is the proper strategy. Billions are spent to make you believe that the pinnacle of imagination in this world is on perpetual display at the multi-theater facility in your local mall. Our roles are to be the audience.

Billions have been spent to make you feel that we all automatically share a common putty of morality, the shaping of which is a task best done by external leaders. Billions have been spent to make you feel that your life is the property of interests outside you. Billions have been spent to dovetail corporate and government interests in many countries — and then the amount of money and power that can be exerted to form a general “acceptable reality” is considerably enlarged.

What general acceptable reality?

The plastic world in which everyone “good” behaves and anyone who is not part of the body-plastic is a deviate who must be brought back within the fold or put out of sight.

The existence of this plastic world is, of course, a matter of degree. It is already here, and with more corporate control over the planet, its influence will grow.

You can change all that for yourself in the blink of an eye.

We are shown by example over and over that the group survives, that the individual is a false kind of value. This is both a conscious and unconscious trend.

It even reaches deeply into physics, where, we are told, the most advanced concepts about reality reveal that there are no individual subatomic particles that can definitely be picked out, there are only groups of particles, there are only statistical probabilities concerning the whereabouts of particles.

And sages nod and say this is a good thing.

It puts our egos in the right place, they say.

It shows us how small we are.

It shows us we are all connected.

As if we, as individuals, have committed some crime that started out from our claiming the individuality of human beings. As if that were the starting point from which as individuals we all did terrible things. As if the cure for that is realizing that we are all an interdependent group and NOTHING ELSE.

As if you, in full knowledge of the consequences, authorized the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. As if you gave the command, in Nazi Germany, to arrest millions and put them in concentration camps and kill them.

As if you, acting alone, were the agent of great crimes.

As if the grand solution to these crimes and the amorality they reveal is the discovery that there are no individuals. There is only the group. There are only groups of atoms. No one can find a single atom. Each one of us is deluded and misinformed about our belief that there are individuals. As if this new corrected conclusion will put us on the right road and mash us all into a mixture, which will save the world.

Well, for example, Thomas Paine was an individual. More than any other person, he brought about the coalescing of outrage and will that made America independent from England. And Thomas Paine also maintained, right from the beginning, that slavery was a horrible crime that should be outlawed in America and all over the world. You don't hear much about that. But Paine wrote about it from the beginning, before this country had a Constitution. He was overruled. He was put aside. He was a human demanding that individual freedom go all the way to the right place for every person, and he was written out of the history books.

Thomas Paine was also against any religion that postulated an active God who acted like a demented human being. That eliminated a lot of religions.

We have been replacing, for a long time, people like Thomas Paine in this country with pretended loving voices (a number of Presidents have faked this very well) which subliminally say, AN INDIVIDUAL IS AN ABERRATION WHO COM- MITS A CRIME, AND WE ARE THE GROUP THAT WILL DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO BRING INDIVIDU- ALS INTO LINE.

When life as it is lived becomes homogenized enough,

from an early age, people feel that discussing THE INDIVIDUAL in a serious way is a waste of time, almost a taboo.

Individuals themselves are never seriously shown that, AS INDIVIDUALS, they can have and choose and invent personal values. As a student at Amherst College in the 1950s, and this has not really changed in America in 40 years, I found that nowhere in the entire range of courses called Philosophy was there a book or a test or an assignment or a teacher who asked, WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE? to a student.

If the beginning of individualism in the West was Greece, and if its father was Socrates, where is the extended ongoing Socratic dialogue modernized and made real for our time? Where is the drawing out of each young student's values and his own philosophy? Where is this?

Basically it is nowhere.

It is sugar and plastic and illiteracy.

So the disappearance of the individual becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

“Yes, doctor, you see there used to be individual atoms and electrons, but after enough plastic burgers and video games they began coagulating into a single sludge. Some people call that sludge God and others Consciousness and others The Higher Self, but whatever you call it, it is a wonderful thing.”

And yet I have found, over the course of thirty years, ever since on a whim I picked up a brush and began to paint in a studio in New York, that the imagination can surpass any degree of sloth or glazed-over soulhood.

Imagination transforms lives in a very short time when the experience is intense.

And imagination is not the property of a group. It starts with an individual. That individual may think he is the most down-trodden and sorry creature on Earth, but if he can be cajoled into CREATING SOMETHING DIFFERENT he will never be the same again.

7

Many years ago in New York I knew a woman who was a concert pianist. She would talk Scarlatti and I would talk the jazz masters, Bud Powell and Horace Silver. She liked to claim that she was very happy believing in nothing and living a kind of laissez-faire life, in which a gentle rejection of governments and war was “obvious but not really moral.”

She said the great music of the world was a mystery, in that there was nothing in science to account for it. We all knew, she said, that the brain was the source of music and every other kind of perception, but the arising in the brain of the Pathétique or the fugues of Bach was a “marvelous unknown.”

For her, we human beings were, in fact, matter, and she was “a piece of matter playing notes which are matter and energy for an audience which is also matter.”

I said, “Is there a difference between the electrons that are you and the electrons that are, say, old rocks from ancient civilizations?”

“Why should there be any difference?” she said.

“Because the geologists study the rocks, but the rocks don’t study the geologists.”

For a thousandth of a moment I saw a space open up and yawn in her thoughts. Physics says the universe, at bottom, is a collection of particles that are all the same. There aren’t some particles that are alive and some that are dead. Life is not a quality that adheres to some particles. If anything, “life” is just an abstract thought (made of more electrons) which covers over the fact that we are merely part of a long, long stream of particles moving through space.

She smiled at me and said, “I know what you’re driving at and I reject it.”

For that moment there was such beauty in her face. I saw her making a secret confession to me. She was saying, “Don’t you dare tell anyone but. I am creating every detail of my role as a person who believes in nothing. I won’t admit it if the judges of this world threaten me with incarceration and torture. Not in a million years. But every thread of internal modulation and tone and feeling and attitude and physical movement of my body that express my philosophy, that say I believe in nothing, that tell you I am nothing — all this is a creation of mine to accommodate my basic position about the universe. I have put together the entire coloration and shading and sensation and humility and indifference and gentleness and ease and all the rest of it, to give the impression that this is who I am. Isn’t it wonderful? Isn’t it a wonderful performance? But I’ll never tell. I’ll never show that I know any of this. But it is wonderful, isn’t it? Isn’t it exciting to affect an entire range of feeling and imbue it with all the accoutrements of manner? Isn’t this an art of the highest quality? Isn’t it magnificent to know, behind it all, that the parade of matter through our universe is just one level of life and that we, each one of us, is so much more than that? And isn’t it a fantastic play, a fantastic joke to be able to conceal that knowledge behind a certain amount of grace? A tremendous amount of art? Isn’t it wonderful to know also that I am not any child of some God living in the sky in a chair, that I am not the derivation of anything, that I am not a piece cut from some central debt of allegiance, that I am not a slave tinkertoy in a larger tinkertoy? Isn’t it wonderful to know that I am free and I have the power to live that out?”

Years later someone asked me if the paranormal was connected to the imagination.

“At the highest levels,” I said.

8

In 1957, a professor named H.J. Eysenck, chairman of the Psychology Department at the University of London, felt moved to comment on the staggering amount of research that, over the years, had been carried out on the subject of psychic abilities.

This research had been conducted in universities by dozens of scientists. The so-called ESP card-reading experiments alone involved close to a million guesses by volunteers in designed studies.

The question up for grabs was: are psychic abilities real?

Professor Eysenck wrote, “Unless there is a gigantic conspiracy involving some thirty University departments all over the world, and several hundred highly respected scientists in various fields, many of them originally hostile to the claims of the psychical researchers, the only conclusion the unbiased observer can come to must be that there does exist a small number of people who obtain knowledge existing either in [other] people’s minds, or in the outer world, by means as yet unknown to science.”

This statement is astonishing on several counts.

First, the general public, then and now, has not been aware that the arena of the psychic, the paranormal, has been explored in a systematic way by intelligent, honest researchers.

Certainly Professor Eysenck’s remarks gained no fame or acceptance. But beyond that, the fact that the good Professor’s comment sank like a stone indicates that the stamp of authority from a reputable source means nothing in certain cases. This is especially poignant, given that Eysenck was being so mainstream, so down-the-middle in his assessment. To him, the evidence was clear. The weirdos in this case were those who tried to discredit established studies and journal-papers. The weirdos

were those who said no to ESP, no to telepathy, no to remote perception.

This is a beautiful cameo because it represents the normal strategy of entrenched academia in reverse. Usually, a leading light in the world of scholarship and research will denounce a breakthrough by a scientist who is out on the edge, who is not part of the fraternity, who is breaking paradigms. And then everyone who is benefiting from maintaining the status quo will echo the denunciation. The whole performance will be bought by a public sound asleep, and that will be that. QED. End of problem.

Here, however, we have in Professor Eysenck a man of academic distinction admitting that Reality has dimensions which are leagues beyond our current picture of it.

If this same man had made mincemeat out of paranormal research, the halls would have clanged with support from many mouths of repute. But instead, silence. Nothing. Dead air.

Let us therefore begin with the understanding that in this territory blatant appeals to Authority are irrelevant. As troubling as that might seem, “those in charge who should know” will not lead us on this particular journey.

9

The new President of the United States goes on television and says to the nation:

“My fellow Americans, there is a world being born, and it is not the one we thought would come.

“It is not really made out of artificial genes, and it is not made out of artificial brain chemicals. It is made out of an insatiable desire to surmount the ordinary.

“That desire has been present on this planet since it cooled.

“It has given rise to religions, to technology, to crazy hopes in the face of disaster, to dreams of UFOs and aliens, to yearnings for a shining method that could take us into other dimensions of time and space. That same desire also propels us into a hundred scenarios about conspiracies which lurk behind the headlines.

“Depending on the specific situation, this desire may or may not be appended to fact. It doesn’t need fact. It can live on imagination alone, but sometimes it does encounter the truth hidden behind deception.

“Each of us, apart from our facades of satisfaction, longs for life that is greater than the humdrum job, the familiar shows on television. It is interesting, when you step back, that things should be this way, that this ‘human being’ should, at the center, be so restless and dissatisfied with matters as they are. But that is the way it has always been. Despite the herd instinct, something greater has always stirred in our minds and emotions.

“Consider: an abstract from a scientific paper, ‘Human Consciousness Influence on Water Structure,’ published in a 1995 issue of the *Journal of Scientific Exploration*. ‘The ability of human consciousness to change the structure of water is indicated by experiments utilizing light scattering indicatrix recordings. Alterations of scattered light intensity, correlated with

an operator's intention, can exceed by factors of 10 to 1000 the statistical variances observed before or after operator interaction. Such effects have been demonstrated by several operators, and appear to be operator-specific, although enhanceable by training.'

"Show you water and you will look at it and CHANGE it.

"Consider D.P. Wirth's 1990 experiments. Wirth inflicted skin wounds on the arms of 44 healthy volunteers 'after which each subject was randomly assigned to treatment [or a] control group. [In the treatment group each wounded volunteer received, unknown to him] 16 five-minute [psychic] treatment sessions ... Wound sizes were measured on a blind basis on days 8 and 16. On day 16 the proportion of healed versus non-healed subjects was significantly different [from one group to the other]....'

"What was the treatment?

"Wirth called it Non-Contact Therapeutic Touch. In other words, psychic healing at a distance. Those in the treatment group, who received psychic energy at a distance, healed significantly faster than those in the control group, who received nothing.

"Consider these remarks from a 1998 interview conducted with Dean Radin, Ph.D., author of *The Conscious Universe*, an incisive overview of 50 years of laboratory research into the paranormal:

"Radin: 'We thought there might be an effect from the focus of, say, a billion people on a single event. You get this on television, at the opening of the envelope at the Academy Awards, or during the Superbowl. We chose the funeral of Princess Di. We set aside a core two-hour period as the most intense in viewing, and we plugged in several random number generators at spots around the world. These are just machines that spit out zeros and ones randomly. We discovered that, before and after the designated two-hour period of the funeral, the generators churned out their zeros and ones in no discernible pattern. But during the core of the funeral itself, that changed remarkably ... There were strings of clearly organized patterns of numbers. You couldn't fail to notice it. It's hard to avoid concluding that the focused attention of a billion people changed the functioning of those generators. It introduced an order into it....'

"The same sort of mind-over-matter influence is seen in a whole tradition of paranormal experiments, in which an

operator mentally tries to influence the distribution of little plastic balls dropped into a funnel that bounce off pegs set in a large case. It is clear that such mental influence is real. It has been measured scores of times in different studies well-designed and carried out by university researchers around the world.

“The desire to surmount the ordinary, to go beyond what we take to be reality, has fueled such experiments. The result is, we have smashed every paradigm we have set up about how the universe works. We have opened the door to a new view of the cosmos, and of its meetings with us and our powers.

“As your President, I wanted to point this out to you. Thank you, my fellow American,s and good night.”

10

On April 4th, 1998, I read the preceding chapter to a chemist I had gone to school with many years ago. He now teaches at a Midwestern university.

His first comment was, “Well, if those paranormal experiments are real, that would be amazing. But I doubt they are.”

“Why?”

“Because we have no evidence in the hard sciences for anything like this.”

“The hard sciences? They don’t research this.”

“But you’d think we would have come across a hint, a clue.”

“Why? Do you come across new galaxies in chemical pesticide research?”

“I just doubt that all this is real.”

“What’s your doubt based on?”

“A view of the universe that’s held for a hundred years.”

“In other words, because you and other chemists assert the universe is closed in a certain way, it automatically is.”

“Our view of how matter interacts and changes works for us.”

“So if experiments showed that a human being, with his mind, could alter the composition of water, that would be filed under the permanent heading of absurd.”

“I’d file it under doubtful.”

“Have you ever read, say, several hundred of the many thousands of carefully done laboratory experiments on the paranormal?”

“No.”

“Then how can you comment?”

“The vast majority of hard scientists reject that whole field.”

“So?”

“All of them are wrong?”

“Have you ever heard of such blind spots in the history of science?”

“You mean Galileo?” he said. “That sort of thing?”

“Yes.”

“But things are different today.”

“That’s your whole reason for rejecting, out of hand, a field of research in which thousands of studies have been done all over the world in the last sixty years? ‘Things are different today?’”

“We’re more liberal.”

“Liberal enough to say something is impossible without even studying it.”

“Look,” the chemist said, “if I could concentrate on a glass of water and move the molecules around with my mind, then the entire basis of physics would be shown to be vastly incomplete.”

“And that must not happen.”

“Not in my lifetime.”

“The house payment, the car, the bills for the kids’ college education, your vacations in the south of France. Your standing in the academic community ...”

“I like to think I have more integrity than that. We’ve already learned so much....”

“In other words, there’s not that much more to find out about reality.”

“If a million scientists reject what you’re proposing, how can you say they’re all wrong?”

I said, “You mean in science majority rules?”

“Yes, and it’s called consensus. That’s the scientific method.”

“The scientific method involves verification. That’s obvious. Verification of experiments one scientist carried out by other scientists. And the reason is so they can find the truth. They find out whether the first researcher was right. The truth is the scientific method. Not the consensus. Have you ever heard the story of pellagra? For years every doctor in the world was sure it was caused by a germ.”

“I know. And then they found out it was a niacin deficiency.”

“So are you saying that, when there was a vast agreement

among researchers that pellagra was caused by a germ, they were all correct? That they had fulfilled the conditions of the scientific method? Is that what you're saying?"

"Eventually, the error was discovered, and a new consensus was established. A better one."

"Yes. So then tell me, how do you decide which consensus is the right one? How do you put your finger on that? If consensus is the only qualification for good science, then you have an unsolvable problem. There is no basis for taking the 1921 consensus over the 1924 consensus."

"Consensus isn't the only aspect of the scientific method. But it does count."

"How much does it count? Forty points? Sixty points? Three hundred points?"

"You can't put a number on it."

"No? Then what do you do? Go by intuition?"

"You see, so many scientists reject what you're claiming," the chemist said.

"Are they rejecting it after a close study of the evidence?"

"The one overriding factor is that these paranormal experiments are not repeatable."

"Sure they are. But I won't even argue that. Look at the human ability to alter the molecular structure of water with the mind alone as a capacity like running."

"Running?"

"Yes. On some days, Michael Johnson can run the 400 meters and break the world record. On other days, he can't. It's a feat that's not repeatable at will. Does that mean breaking the record doesn't exist, that it's a delusion and we are all crazy for thinking he broke it two years ago?"

"Well," he said. "Do you want to say that mind over matter is something you can learn to get better at, like running, by practice?"

"Sounds good to me. Quite good."

11

Here is a typical imponderable in the world of paranormal creativity:

In 1926, researcher Harry Price was the first person to study a poltergeist in a scientific manner. Poltergeist is a muddy term used to account for telekinetic and other strange effects by invoking ghosts as the cause.

Price, another researcher named Fritz Grunewald, and the Countess Zoe Wassilko-Serecki, “a patroness of psychical research in Vienna,” saw, among other things, mysterious bite marks appear on the flesh of a Romanian girl, Eleanore Zugun. Price also observed “the inexplicable flight of a letter opener [in the girl’s vicinity], and brought Zugun to England to be studied at his own National Laboratory of Psychical Research.” There Price “was able to witness the sudden appearance of an enameled notice-board letter ... which dropped [out of nowhere] on Eleanore as she played ... Finally, under controlled conditions, Price and his associates saw the appearance of bites and welts. Newspaper reporters covering the case for the popular press also saw the sudden appearance of marks. One student of parapsychology, Dr. R.J. Tillyard, had an object spontaneously teleported directly into his own pocket.”

I bring this case up only because it resembles so many others which have been reported throughout the decades and centuries. There are witnesses. More than one. There are very strange phenomena observed by the witnesses, more than once. There are apparently reliable people among the witnesses. What is one to conclude? It’s absurd to retreat from the phenomenon on the grounds that it cannot be repeated at the drop of a hat — and is therefore a delusion or a fraud. Can a summer hailstorm with a rainbow at the end be repeated on a moment’s notice?

Eleanore Zugun's manifestations were seen more than once. Similar, quite similar occurrences have been reported in other countries in other times.

No, something better than "scientific" rejection will have to be invoked.

What if the observers in the case of Eleanore Zugun were seeing exactly what they said they were seeing?

12

Here is a case of healing which I would call paranormal. It is spectacular by any standard. It also differs in most respects from any healing you are likely to hear reported. It suggests, ultimately, that a work of pure imagination, and the paranormal, may be linked together.

In 1987 I met a brilliant hypnotist named Jack True in Los Angeles. Jack had counseled a number of people who were trying to resolve problems that were clearly beyond the capacity of standard psychology.

Jack had a bent for the bizarre. His point of view was fluid, and this made him appealing to people who held unusual views about themselves and their lives.

James,* one of his clients, was an American who had lived in South Africa and Australia for most of his adult life. In 1984, he came back to America and settled down in Hollywood, where he developed a nervous affliction that, for him, centered around a conviction that he was literally seeing colored vibrations surrounding buildings and power poles. These auras disturbed him greatly. He couldn't sleep. He broke off most of his friendships. He retreated from events of the day. He began making up stories about the blanketing of Los Angeles with electromagnetic radiations from outer space, and he dove into a study of UFOs.

A year later, he came to see Jack. He told him about the disturbing colors, and said that he had cooked up a scenario about UFOs because he was so upset. In truth, he confessed, he had no idea what was going on. At the time he was 46 years old and was working as a computer programmer for a large corporation.

*When I use only a first name, the name has been changed for reasons of privacy

Jack treated James for two years, on and off.

“James, under hypnosis, told me about his childhood,” Jack said. “He returned to a time in Kansas and described idyllic scenes on a farm. He also brought up odd things he was apparently seeing while he was under hypnosis in the session. A disembodied hand, a wooden spoon, a traffic light. He was fascinated with them. He said they were floating around in his vicinity. I asked him where they had come from. He said from a long way off. Miles and miles.

“Several sessions later, James began talking about a fog that separated him from understanding what was going on with his life.” I said to Jack, “Were you just following along with James’ stories? Did you begin to develop your own ideas about what was going on?”

Jack said, “Early on I was completely adrift. I was trying to take my cues from James. In one session he told me he was tracking a creature in a forest. You see, I would just put him under and he would suddenly be there, in a place doing something, or floating around and watching things happen. As he tracked this creature his voice became quieter and quieter, and finally he just sat there in silence. I let him sit. Five or ten minutes later he said, ‘I’m in Jerusalem at the time of Christ. The drama is being played out. They need a gigantic sacrifice to raise the level of their blood. They’re putting him up on a single wooden pole. They’re lashing him to it and carrying the pole horizontally. This is a blood sacrifice. It breaks the chaos when they kill a person. Everyone stops and quiets down. The madness of society ends for awhile, and then they have to sacrifice somebody again.’”

Jack said, “At that time James became very interested in a Canadian group which had consciously created an imaginary character with an invented life-story called Philip. There’s a book about this which he read, *Conjuring Up Philip*. The story involves a successful attempt to manufacture a personage who responds to questions and, to a degree, takes on a life of his own. The small group of creators — as well as their invited guests — observed over a period of sessions many manifestations that seemed to come from Philip. In direct reply to questions and requests, Philip would make lights in the meeting room flicker.

He would knock or rap on the table around which the group sat, and he would make the table move around the room in a quite wild fashion, sometimes following people, bouncing up and down, three legs up in the air. As in other cases of telekinesis [the moving of objects by means not describable by science], there were many phenomena observed by several people, and the people seemed to be reliable and stable.”

James told Jack that he was now interested in creating a being on purpose, not through that fog he felt he was reaching into so much of the time. James wanted to find “the benefits,” as he called them, of “doing this kind of work.”

Jack said, “I asked him what those benefits might be. He told me that although the Canadian group had created Philip strictly as part of a scientific inquiry [to see what, if anything, would happen], and had never requested therapy from Philip or predictions from him about the future, they had all been pleased about their own evolving states of mind.”

Here is what Iris Owen, the author of *Conjuring Up Philip*, writes on this subject. “... as the experiment proceeded, each member of the [creator-] group was conscious not only of pleasure at the results obtained but also of an increasingly close feeling of kinship with and affection for, the other members of the group ... Everyone feels now that he or she has gained, not only self-confidence, but also that he or she has become more understanding of other people’s problems. The general feeling among the group members is that they have become more outgoing, and in most respects happier...”

At this point, James began to fill up his sessions with Jack with attempts to create a being he called Arthur. “I want him to be like King Arthur,” he told Jack, “but with differences. I want him to be Merlin, too, but he still has to rule the realm. He needs to be friendly toward me. I don’t want him to have a condescending attitude.”

Jack asked James why Arthur was his choice.

“Because,” James said, “that period always fascinated me. It was the border between the old and the new in the mythical story of Earth. When magic was given up, and when a more rational and dead religion was accepted.”

So, from session to session, James invented Arthur. He visualized him, he described him, he held conversations with him, he asked him for help. After several months, James felt a great deal more stable in his life. He was happier. He was sleeping. The colored auras around objects disappeared. Intermittent fevers and bouts with the flu, which he'd been experiencing, went away. He visited his doctor, who did blood tests. His immune indicators, which had been low, had returned to normal.

"James became a conscious creator," Jack said. "An artist. That made all the difference. He was no longer tossed around on the waves at the whim of every current. In his building up of the personage he called Arthur, he was coalescing his energies as an artist. He was also entering a more theatrical space."

Jack told me that James began writing out scenes and episodes that were taking place between Arthur and him. These writings revealed a kind of cosmic exchange about all the great themes: life, death, love, the future of humankind, magic, faith, creation....

"James' powers of imagination were considerable," Jack said. "He described vast landscapes to me in which conversations with Arthur took place. He had stories of adventures he and Arthur were taking, in which they encountered mythical creatures of all sorts. In the process of inventing all this, James was becoming more and more sure of himself. He gained a stature. In a way, he grew into the part he was playing, that of the knight to Arthur. Yet he knew he was creating Arthur and the play between them. James didn't run away and hide inside his own Arthurian legend. He stepped out into the world and showed his new brave face and gradually became different in his relationships with people, with his friends. He became stronger and more real. He didn't suddenly appear full-blown as a cardboard person making knightly pronouncements — just the opposite. His new persona was becoming internalized. It was eventually written into his face, as courage and intelligence. He was moving into the range of what he really could be. In that space it was obvious what his problem had been, the problem that no longer existed. His trouble had had to do with his former diminished character — which was now behind him. Which was now absorbed into his larger existence. He could now live. His

moment-to-moment life among friends and acquaintances and strangers changed. He became reliable. He took on a dignity that wasn't forced at all. He enjoyed the world more."

I asked Jack, "Did this creation of his have the quality of a fairy-tale? Did he become a Don Quixote?"

"No," Jack said. "First of all, James could turn off the Arthur he made up. He knew the difference between inventing and believing. He was aware that this was a self-induced therapeutic act on his part as well as a piece of art. He was helping himself, and he relished that. It was tricky at times, because there was the pressure, the internal pressure to believe completely in his invention, in Arthur, to become swallowed up in it. But he didn't do that, all in all. He became much stronger because he knew he was creating Arthur. In other words, it was his development as an artist that was partly propelling his internal changes."

I said to Jack, "James makes me think of the question of limitation. Are we supposed to conceive of human beings as limited, and are we then supposed to take up our time creating those boundaries? That doesn't work at all."

"Why not?" Jack said.

"Suppose we're using unlimited imaginations to work out a definition of ourselves which is limited. Since it's the imagination we're talking about here, why can't we spend our time defining ourselves as infinite?"

Jack said, "You think it's that cut and dried?"

"Absolutely. We have a choice. We can either leverage our image of ourselves into a mediocre compartment and leave it there, and then go about developing attitudes and feelings and views which mesh with mediocrity, or we can do the opposite."

"Which is?"

"Which is leverage our image of ourselves into something that is without boundaries, that is beyond any system or locked-in concept. Which is huge and amazing. We can do that. Isn't that what James essentially tried to do?"

"How would you do it?"

"By defining and representing the individual human being as infinite and as having infinite creativity and scope and power — by presenting that as the potential each one of us can move

toward — we start a self-fulfilling prophecy.”

“A definition that provokes change toward the incredible.”

“What James shows, to me, is that by use of the imagination a person can recreate his life in a much more exciting shape. A much more welcome shape. He did that. That’s a major, major thing. It supersedes biology. We have a strong belief that we, as a race, are discovering categories of knowledge that are in turn describing and defining the individual human being. That is monumentally foolish. We are beyond that. We are not defined by the sum total of what we think we know in the fields of biology or psychiatry or physics. The master key is the imagination. There was a great American painter of the 1930s and 40s, Arshile Gorky. He was an Armenian immigrant and he arrived in this country young and poor and lonely, and he named himself after the famous Russian playwright. When he began to paint in his studio in New York, he imitated Picasso. That was his hero, his idol. But Gorky went much further. He became the essence of Picasso. He got inside the mind of Picasso and he put on canvas, not copies of Picasso paintings, but what Picasso *would* paint. And, as Gorky said, he was, for a time *with* Picasso. And eventually Gorky emerged stronger from that, from fully creating himself as Picasso. Then after conversations with the Italian surrealist Matta, Gorky began to develop ideas about the Subconscious, about the great unknown quantity within the human, and inspired by this conception, this *imaginative* conception, he painted new works which resembled no one. He invented his way into the forefront of modern painting. It was a bootstrap operation.”

Jack and I discussed examples of people who had literally created themselves in obvious ways, and in doing so had enlarged their lives considerably, moving far beyond the advice that colleagues had given them, far beyond the limitations that others applied to the human condition.

I had known a super-salesman, Carl, who invented his way from the platform of a small set of very strong beliefs. Beliefs many people would call bizarre. Carl felt that he had lived before, many times, and in many civilizations, on many planets. To Carl, there were a number of archetypes that tended to hold from civilization to civilization, over the eons. One of these was the Salesman. It

was an integral part of every society, he claimed. And he remembered this persona, having been it many, many times, and he knew how it was supposed to operate. It had specific moves, in its enactment. So, in this 20th-century life, Carl sold cars and insurance as that persona, as the archetype of the Salesman. He was extremely successful.

“I adopt that personality,” he told me. “When I do, I almost never miss on a close. When I don’t, results are poor. People subconsciously expect the Salesman when I show up, because they have lived many times before as well, and in places where this archetype of the Salesman was present. And when I give them that they’ll buy what I’m selling.”

People may consider this bizarre, but Carl was an excellent salesman and a well-balanced person. He enjoyed his life.

Jack said, “I once talked to Laura Huxley. She told me her husband Aldous had had a conversation with Stravinsky, in which the maestro said that his music was really the outcome of his imagination, not so much his technical skill. Stravinsky told Aldous, ‘You can choose the conservative solution to a musical problem, and sometimes I do, just to please everybody. Or perhaps just to fool everybody. They think I’m making a moral statement. They think I’m permanently becoming stodgy. People like that. The veneration of the baroque, the old tried and true. They think they’ve finally got me in their sights, and they can define exactly who I am. But when I take the conservative solution, I’m just enjoying myself, visiting old territory and dressing it up. Morality is not part of that at all. I’m not interested in discovering a precise quality and labeling it Beauty or Stravinsky. That’s for those who are married to the mechanical...’”

Even Arnold Schoenberg, another expatriate like Stravinsky who lived in Los Angeles, who was the inventor of the twelve-tone row, a precise and rather mechanical method for generating composition, occasionally told his students at UCLA that they shouldn’t mistake his method for his entire range of thinking. “I don’t agree with a methodical view of existence,” he said. “It leads to disaster. Any time you think you’ve found the safe shore where everything can be reduced to a microbe or a puddle of amino acids, you finally end up with a tyranny. My

system is valid, but I also know that life has many, many forms. I give you one elegant one today, and perhaps I do something else next year ...”

“When life is stifled,” Jack finally said, “it invents its way up on to another plateau.”

In 1997, I spoke with James. He said he had “lived out” the Arthurian adventure and no longer needed it to sustain his own life. He had since participated in a paranormal experiment at a large American university. He found this avenue fascinating and was pursuing a study of it.

“What kind of experiment was it?”

“Telepathy,” he said. “I was the receiver in an experiment that involved photographs. I was put in a room that was shielded from outside communication. They had a sender some miles away in another room. They gave the sender a group of photos and he tried telepathically to send one of the photos to me. Afterwards, they showed me the same pack of pictures and I had to rate them. The highest rating was supposed to be for the one I thought he had sent to me. We did this sending and receiving a number of times. My accuracy rate was abnormally high for the experiment.”

I asked James if his “work with Arthur” seemed to help him in this ESP area.

“Definitely,” he said. “I actually prepared for the experiment by inventing Arthur. I hadn’t done that for over a year. Then it occurred to me that for telepathy I should focus on what I took to be the sender, just as I had with Arthur. Instead of trying to find the sender, I just made him up. I made him up in the same way I always invented Arthur, full-blown.”

“So it didn’t matter whether you made up a sender anything like the one who was actually in a room several miles away.”

“It didn’t matter at all. I invented a woman with red hair and I put her in an office somewhere in Nebraska.”

“Why Nebraska?”

“Because I thought that people in Nebraska would be honest and direct. I thought this woman would have a clear mind and just give me the image of the photo without any clutter attached to it.”

“And is that the way it came across during the test?”

“Some of the time, yes. I had her sitting at a small table without anything on it. There wouldn't be papers or telephones to get in the way. I pictured her concentrating on a photo she was holding in her hand.”

“Did you see the photo as she was holding it?”

“Yes. I had her turn the photo and show it to me and point to it with her free hand.”

“So imagination was a component of this whole exercise.”

“It was the exercise,” James said. “I also created a sender who was an animal. He looked like a fox and a wolf. A cross. He was silver and brown.”

“How did that work?” I asked.

“He would look straight at me, and I would have the image of the photo come out of his eyes. Again, I felt that this animal would be very truthful. He would give me the correct picture, honestly.”

“You let the correct photo come out of his eyes?”

“I created the animal. Then I reached out with my consciousness and drew the image out of the animal's eyes. That's how it worked.”

“Did that give you pause for thought?”

“Yes. I mean, there I was just inventing the sender and it worked. I scored quite high in the experiment.”

James' account was particularly fascinating to me because it involved his creation of a sender who was not merely remote, but was literally in another dimension, that of his own imagination. And the invention succeeded in the real physical-world experiment.

An artist at work.

13

In the *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, volume 10, number 1, Spring, 1996, Jessica Utts, of the Division of Statistics, University of California, Davis, authored a major paper titled, “An Assessment of the Evidence for Psychic Functioning.”

Utts wrote, “Research on psychic functioning, conducted over a two-decade period, is examined to determine whether or not the phenomenon has been scientifically established ... The primary work examined in this report was government-sponsored research conducted at Stanford Research Institute ... and at Science Applications International Corporation, known as SAIC.

“Using the standards applied to any other area of science, it is concluded that psychic functioning has been well established. The statistical results of the studies examined are far beyond what is expected by chance. Arguments that these results could be due to methodological flaws in the experiments are soundly refuted. Effects of similar magnitude to those found in government-sponsored research at SRI and SAIC have been replicated at a number of laboratories across the world. Such consistency cannot be readily explained by claims of flaws or fraud.”

Those who reject, out of hand, psychic phenomena have never heard of, or do not read the work of, Utt or others who have come to her conclusion.

This is an interesting situation.

Find twelve physicists who reject the existence of psychic phenomena and ask them if they have ever studied the work of major paranormal researchers like Jessica Utt or Dean Radin or Robert Jahn at Princeton.

As the gulf grows wider between so-called hard scientists and those who do legitimate research on the paranormal, we in fact observe the swelling and expansion of a marvelous superstition among the entrenched denizens of academe. The belief

is that by the arrogant tone of the voice and the style of manner alone, an entire field of research can be put out to pasture, can be cast aside.

Beautiful.

But it doesn't work.

Russell Targ, one of the principal researchers in the (now widely known) CIA-sponsored program to develop psychic spies (1972–1986), writes on the existence of paranormal phenomena:

Hundreds of remote viewing experiments were carried out at Stanford Research Institute (SRI) ... The purpose of some of these trials was to elucidate the physical and psychological properties of psi [psychic] abilities, while others were conducted to provide information for our CIA sponsor about current events in far-off places [remote perception]. We learned that the accuracy and reliability of remote viewing was not in any way affected by distance, size, or electromagnetic shielding, and we discovered that the more exciting or demanding the task, the more likely we were to be successful. Above all, we became utterly convinced of the reality of psi abilities. This article [*Journal of Scientific Exploration*, Spring 1996] focuses on two outstanding examples: One is an exceptional, map-like drawing of a Palo Alto swimming pool complex, and the other is an architecturally accurate drawing of a gantry crane located at a Soviet weapons laboratory, and verified by satellite photography. The percipient [remote viewer] for both of these experiments was Pat Price, a retired police commissioner [from Burbank, California], who was one of the most outstanding remote viewers to walk through the doors of SRI.

I showed this abstract by Russell Targ, and his accompanying article, to my skeptical chemist friend whom I'd interviewed (see chapter 3). I also sent the friend the pages on the remarkable healing of James, and several other published papers on the paranormal. He said he wanted time to read everything.

Several months later I hadn't heard a word. I left a message on his machine. I got a message back: "Sorry, I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to read your material yet."

Time. Marches on.

14

One of the journal-papers I'd sent to my recalcitrant chemist friend was authored by Stanley Krippner of the Saybrook Institute in San Francisco. An investigation into a Brazilian sensitive, Amyr Amiden, it laid out an extraordinary series of events that occurred around Amiden, who lives in Brasilia and holds a job as the secretary of a workers' labor union. According to Krippner, Amiden wants no publicity, does not want to appear on TV, has no ambition for fame.

From March 10th to March 20th, 1994, 20 "sessions" were conducted with Amiden. Present at some of these sessions were four staff members from the sponsoring International Holistic University in Brasilia. Also present were Krippner, Roberto Crema (a Brazilian psychologist), Ruth Kelson (a Brazilian physician), Harbans Lal Arora (a Brazilian physicist), and Michael Winkler (an American student).

Table 2 in Krippner's astonishing paper lists "unusual phenomena [occurring in the vicinity of Amiden] observed at each session. ..." Amiden and the researchers spent time in several places: restaurants, Holistic University offices, the Brasilia airport, and driving on the road between these locations.

Here is a partial collection of these phenomena:

In a Holistic University office, oily liquid is unexpectedly found in a chalice and gives off a perfumed odor; also a film of liquid is discovered on a "formerly dry crystal." A metal brooch and a metal ring are found on a road near the University. "A stone falls [as if from nowhere], then bounces across the floor" of a restaurant; also in the restaurant "a religious medallion drops on the floor" from nowhere. Objects turn up on the road from the restaurant — a medallion, a violet amethyst, a small crystal, a green stone. "A smoky triangular-shaped crystal drops"

to the ground outside a meditation center. In the reception room of the Brasilia Inter-national Airport, “three small stones drop to the floor” without explanation or source. In a University office, “red, blood-like liquid is seen on the front and back of [Amiden’s] hand;” also “a small wad of aluminum foil suddenly changes in shape and form into a diamond-like cone;” “a small polished stone suddenly appears on a piece of green note paper.” Pierre Weil, director of the International Holistic University, feels a medallion drop on his shoulder from out of nowhere. In Weil’s office, on March 15th, 1994, at 4:55 p.m., “a bright magenta stripe is noticed on the fax that had not been observed previously;” nine minutes later, at 5:04, “a small ring decorated with five small stones is found on the floor” of the office; at 5:05, a bell-shaped brooch with a black stone in its center is found on the floor of the office; at 5:10, “a pair of linked metal rings drops on to [Amiden’s] hand.”

There are a large number of other anomalous occurrences reported around Amiden during this ten-day study.

I called my chemist friend and caught him in. He told me that he still had not had time to read the material I’d given him. Except for the Krippner study.

“I’ve looked at that,” he said. “It was interesting.”

“Let me ask you this,” I said. “If you were the head of a research institute, would you fund a more extensive investigation of Amiden? Would you send the team back with more money and time, with a stage magician or two along for the ride to check out the environment?”

“No,” he said, “I wouldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because this is obviously a case of extreme sleight of hand. All these things are produced by confederates, and by Amiden himself. He’s a magician.”

“What makes you so sure?” I asked.

“It’s obvious. Stones don’t fall from the sky. They come out of people’s pockets.”

“So you can tell it was all a fake.”

“I can infer that.”

“Did you really read Krippner’s study? Did you go through the

hundred or so bizarre phenomena that happened? At one of the restaurants alone, during a forty-minute period, fifteen anomalous things occurred. Stones and medallions and rings falling to the floor or the sidewalk outside — and no one can figure out how it's happening.”

“Stage magic. What's the mystery?”

“You mean it conceivably could have been stage magic.”

“No, I mean it was.”

“You would have to be there to know that. You would have to be there and see how it happened more clearly than any of the researchers did.”

“Nonsense.”

“You mean, because you sense, you suspect it was stage magic, you're going to go ahead and make the leap and say it was. Could be, so it was.”

“There's no problem here. The strange occurrences were produced by illusions.”

“You could say that about any piece of research into the paranormal. You could just make a prior assumption and then ignore the research.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“You know what I mean. You haven't read most of what I gave you because reading it and studying it are not the point. The point is rejecting it, and you can do that without getting near it.”

That was pretty much the end of that conversation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, “Imagination is not the talent of some men, it is the health of all men.”

Like the Brazilian sensitive, Amiden, the American healer Hadidjah Lamas has often demonstrated, in her work, phenomena which evade explanation. I have interviewed her about one of her clients, Carol Smith, and I have concluded that a healer's explanation for his or her own work is not necessarily able to capture its basis. Or to put it better, a purely rational explanation of the work, the phenomena, does not suffice. Why? Because the line of movement which the healing work follows and invents is not going to be a “rational” line.

In the case of Carol Smith, as I will describe in more detail in a later chapter, Hadidjah was working with a wound that had not closed, over a period of some months. She was able to do SOMETHING which resulted in the wound closing. What was that?

I'll quote some of Hadidjah's statements on the subject. Remember two things. First, we are talking about a form of work that, to the outside observer, consists of little more than Hadidjah placing her hand on a spot on the person's body. And two, although these statements by Hadidjah do not constitute a detailed portrait, as it were, of her work, they do give off much more, in their own way: a vigorous, grounded and mysterious essence of what goes on in this healer's space.

Hadidjah Lamas:

"The wound on her knee would just not close. I had to invent tissue, finally, to make it happen."

"The tissue was disoriented and ripped ... [I was] recreating the edge of it so each little cell unit [became] whole and could function."

"The wound was soft and watery across the knee ... after it finally closed I still had to work to restore healthy tissue instead of what the body could do on its own."

"With my hand I can feel the electricity or the magnetism. I don't wonder. I just do it."

"I'm matching the frequency of her [wounded] spot on her body. So I bond to her ... it's now joined. Now it's both of us. That's why this work is so exhausting."

"After the bonding happens, something automatic occurs ... or, on the other hand, there could be a geometry. In the putting together, the mending and the healing, I sometimes feel a purposeful intention. For example, a part of the body is isolated and needs to be integrated, and I take on a role to make it happen. In that case my work could be directly psychic. But on the whole, the work is all improvised, from moment to moment. I'm a body detective."

"I palpate the molecules at the cell-level and then the molecules know what to do."

"I work to restore structure through frequency."

The wound did close and heal ...

In case you think, from her remarks, that Hadidjah is having trouble articulating what is essentially a straightforward process, let me disabuse you of that immediately. Hadidjah, a brilliant pianist, designer-artist, and student of world cultures has simply left the easy things of life, the easy kinds of work far behind her. She lives past the edge of activities that are easy to sum up. And she is describing a process that is not a closed system, that is not 1,2,3. She is describing a process that goes through some of the same shifts as brilliantly improvised music.

With Amiden, or with Hadidjah Lamas, the most lazy thing to do is turn your back and walk away, assuring yourself that the possibilities of Reality are the ones we already know about, that Reality is a set-piece, a potted plant.

That would be a mistake. A mistake of method and of life.

15

The history of the planet is replete with people stating that consensus and group definition are the true meaning of knowledge.

“We know. Let us decide for you.”

Fear is the root of it. As if fear could maintain the world and humanity in a proper state, whereas discovery and adventure would dissolve it.

I had, for many years as an investigative reporter, found areas of truth that brought a great deal of fear to so-called scientists. They believed that anything that had the aura and seals and the imprimatur of science was true. If it had been published in a peer-reviewed journal it had to be real. If editors of those journals and press officers at government research institutes gave the nod, it had to be so.

In 1993 and 1994, I assembled material on the track record of the pharmaceutical/medical industry. To give the briefest of illustrations: I discovered that if you laid side by side certain medical drugs, the 20 neuroleptics from the wobbling discipline called psychiatry, and if you added to those the AIDS drug AZT, and if you put alongside that the chemotherapy cancer drugs, and then the whole class of Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDS) given for arthritis, and if you threw in the 15 million unnecessary surgeries performed every year in this country — from which 60,000 people die — you were talking about a whole country being put under the gun. You were talking about 300,000 to a million cases of motor brain damage since 1954 from the neuroleptic drugs. You were talking about a drug for AIDS, AZT, which can create what AIDS is said to be. You were talking about 7000 deaths and 70,000 hospitalizations every year from NSAIDS. You were talking about

extreme toxicity and cancer-causing potential from chemotherapy drugs — which, for at least 70–80% of the cancers which kill people, are ineffective and do not improve the quality of life.

I have spoken about these things many times in public. I have debated with doctors and written articles and books. I have seen the shocked and angry and collapsing and blank bland looks on physicians' faces when this material and much other material like it are brought up.

So it is no surprise to me that the same general rule of denial is present when it comes to this subject of the para-normal.

An interesting over-the-top example involves the prestigious National Research Council (NRC) and its 1988 findings on parapsychology. The NRC was commissioned by the US Army to investigate this area for potential uses in the enhancement of human performance. The NRC final report completely discounted 130 years of research on parapsychological phenomena as useless and/or bogus. But there was some adroit hanky-panky going on behind the scene.

Professor Robert Rosenthal, a highly respected Harvard psychologist, had been commissioned by the NRC to do a background paper on one aspect of parapsychology: the formidable research literature on Ganzfeld experiments. These experiments involved various devices which randomly generate numbers or physical positions of plastic balls in compartments. It was well known to many competent researchers in this field that the entire journal-literature showed that human beings could, on purpose, change the randomness of the numbers or the balls in significant ways, with their minds alone.

Rosenthal wrote a paper that, by implication, was favorable to the idea of paranormality at work in the Ganzfeld domain.

Before issuing its final report, the NRC Committee, in a total violation of the basic principles of scientific research, asked Rosenthal, as he states in his own words, to "... omit the section of our paper evaluating the Ganzfeld research domains. I refused to do so but was so shocked and disappointed by this request that I discussed this request with a number of colleagues in the Harvard departments of Psychology and of Statistics. Without exception they were as shocked as I was."

Rosenthal would not withdraw and conceal his findings, and in the end his paper was published.

If scientific validity is thought of as synonymous with consensus, if that is the total bulwark between the public and deception, then as this example shows, the way is clear for profound manipulation of the truth.

16

When it comes to the paranormal, the traditional apparatus of the science establishment is in danger of being overwhelmed by public and professional opinion.

Overwhelmed in the sense that a cold denial of extraordinary phenomena will so violate the facts that it will create a critical mass of opposition. That opposition will break the establishment's political hold on Validity, the final seal on what is provable and what is nonsense.

If that happens, if august bodies of review such as the National Academy of Sciences refuse to admit what is plainly true, that the paranormal is real, the whole structure of Science in America and in the world may fracture and decentralize.

In a September 1995 speech in Atlanta, President Carter told college students about the crash of an American plane in Zaire during his administration. For the first time he revealed that, after spy-satellite sweeps had failed to find any signs of wreckage, Stansfield Turner, then head of CIA, "without my knowledge," brought in a psychic. "She gave some latitude and longitude figures," Carter said. "We focused our satellite cameras on that point and the plane was there."

It is easy to back up from this and say that it is not ironclad evidence of the validity of paranormal phenomena. In the same way medical "experts" will back away from a Houston physician who (a) gives an innovative medicine to a child who is suffering from a huge inoperable brain tumor, and (b) then shows by X-ray that the tumor has shrunk to a tiny size, when the best conventional medical knowledge says this is not possible.

These medical experts remark that even if this maverick doctor's "story" is true, it does not prove anything about the efficacy of his treatment. These experts up the ante. They go on

to support federal and state law enforcement efforts to shut down this doctor, Dr. Stan Burzynski, take away his medicines, restrain him from ever manufacturing the medicines again. Patients and parents of patients write impassioned letters to Texas state officials and to federal attorneys. They write that without this medicine they and/or their children will die.

But this does not persuade attorneys general in Texas and Washington that Burzynski should be left alone or that these patients even have the right to decide for themselves, on their own recognizance, what to do for their health.

Somewhat embarrassed by circulating reports of Burzynski's successes with some cancer patients, the US National Cancer Institute (NCI), a government agency, decides to visit Burzynski's Houston office and examine his files. A team of investigators uncovers a handful of boggling cases in which Burzynski, against huge conventional odds, has produced success with different types of cancer patients.

The federal NCI decides to undertake its own research on Burzynski's medicines. This, while the state of Texas (and, soon, Washington) is busy trying to cancel Burzynski's license to practice medicine.

The federal research ultimately degenerates into a debate with Burzynski, who states that the government has chosen much more severely ill and debilitated patients than were originally agreed upon. Therefore the dosage levels on the medicine must be increased. The federal researchers refuse to go along with the new dosages.

The federal research project is canceled.

This is the underbelly of an attempt "to preserve the meaning of pure science in America," according to one researcher at a highly funded private lab in New York. The researcher knew that when he said "pure" I understood that he meant "centrally controlled."

Dr. Burzynski gave a child a medicine after all other medicines had failed, and the child's tumor shrank in amazing fashion.

The psychic was brought in after all the satellites had failed to find the plane. She announced the coordinates, the satellites went there and the plane was at the spot.

Can we find ways to deny that these events have any meaning or importance? Can we invoke logic in such a way that we prove they are inconsequential happenings?

Absolutely. As a former student of logic and philosophy I know most of those ways. But they all fail in one important respect. From time to time there occur certain key events which, to any alive human, signal the great need for further encouragement and research and thought. And assistance.

There are doctors who, bucking conventional wisdom about treating cancer and AIDS with horribly toxic drugs, have done some remarkable things with patients. There are people who have shown remarkable psychic abilities beyond the five senses.

These are part of our world.

To reject all this because it doesn't form a segment of a larger, approved "research-study program" is illustrative of a psychosis. The same psychosis that once generated the belief that it was good, if the US federal government said so, to designate monies for research that would allow us to blow up the world with nuclear weapons eighty times instead of forty times.

Big brother did not disappear with the end of the Cold War.

17

It is instructive to know some fears run so deep that, no matter who reports a new frontier, a new breakthrough, he is ignored and placed on a very distant back burner.

One would think that when the CIA and the US military are involved in proving the existence of the paranormal, that would permanently raise the credibility of the field.

Not true.

No real stir in the press.

Despite an explosive report issued in the spring of 1996 by Hal Puthoff, one of the original contractees for such a CIA program begun in 1972 at Stanford Research Institute (SRI) in Palo Alto, California, the subject in question has remained a mere curio.

In his 1996 report, Puthoff recounts a project carried out at SRI in 1973. The topic was remote viewing, the capacity of a person to discover what is happening at a geographical location beyond the reach of his ordinary senses.

New York psychic and painter Ingo Swann proposed to Puthoff an extreme version of an experiment along these lines. He told Puthoff that he could be provided with no more than “geographical coordinates, latitude and longitude in degrees, minutes and seconds.” That he would work from that to determine what existed at the target location.

A pilot-study was formatted. To avoid charges of fraud, protocols were designed “to eliminate the possibility of a combination of globe memorization [of coordinates] and eidetic or photographic memory ...”

Two remote viewers were chosen: Ingo Swann and Pat Price. A request was put into the CIA for a set of coordinates, and these were sent back to SRI. Under the auspices of the CIA the pilot-study was carried out — and in such a way that both the

viewers and the researchers at SRI had no knowledge of what was actually located at those coordinates.

The results?

“[Price and Swann] targeted on the site, a sensitive installation. One subject [i.e., psychic] drew a detailed map of the building and grounds layout, the other provided information about the interior including codewords, data subsequently verified by sponsor sources [CIA] ...”

The site, in West Virginia, was apparently the US Navy Sugar Grove facility, an intelligence listening post.

The psychics’ work definitely had an effect. Puthoff writes, “... interest in the client community [SRI and its resident psychics] was heightened considerably following this exercise. Because Price found the above exercise so interesting, as a personal challenge he went on to scan the other side of the globe for a Communist Bloc equivalent [to Sugar Grove] and found one located in the Urals ... As with the West Virginia site, the report for the Urals Site was also verified by personnel in the sponsor organization [CIA] as being substantially correct.”

The ability to see inside a building and pick out classified code words, while thousands of miles away?

Yet on a scale of one to 10, with speculation about Monica Lewinsky’s sexual proclivities being a 10, these psychic phenomena are about a .0005 as far as mainstream press interest is concerned.

18

In the book *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, I offered a newer and wider paradigm for the concept of the imagination.

I likened it to a spectrum of human creation in which the individual can fluidly pass from one aspect to another — through all of what is suggested by words like imagine, create, invent, envision, improvise, innovate, conjure, invoke, merge with, become, pretend, materialize, manifest, “paranormal” (as a verb), etc. — without being frozen in any of these aspects.

I have spoken with a number of artists, and a number of other people who have apparently had experiences we would call paranormal: connecting telepathically with another person; perceiving locations which are remote and obviously beyond the capacities of the five senses; psychically traveling to “other realms” where events and scenery are much different from that of Earth, etc.

In conversation with the artists, I asked whether doing their art involved paranormal experiences such as the ones listed above. In conversation with the “paranormal people,” I asked whether their capacity to experience the paranormal seemed to involve acts of imagination or creation on their part.

The results were fascinating. Roughly 60% of the 20 artists said doing their work sometimes involved paranormal experiences, although these experiences weren’t sought out. And 70% of the 20 “paranormal people” said that some form of imagination was part of their capacity to go beyond the five senses, although an awareness of that fact was often not present.

Conclusion? Why try to draw boundaries all the way along the line between art, the paranormal, and other possible actions where the imagination is involved? The overlap is too large.

A conversation with June, a woman in her fifties who had been a volunteer in a remote perception experiment, confirmed matters for me on this point.

I asked June whether she had been successful in her work in the remote viewing study, done at a private institute in Europe in 1995.

“I was quite successful,” she said. “I managed to find two out of the three locations given to me. They handed me latitude and longitude coordinates, and that was all. I had to go for what was in the space. Describe it.”

“What was there?”

“In my first successful hit, I saw a house, a kind of farmhouse with a barn nearby. There was a field. They were growing green vegetables or fruit. I couldn’t tell what they were. They grew low to the ground. Maybe strawberries. The house had a skylight on one of the slanted roofs.”

“And that was all correct?”

“It was pretty close, yes.”

“Did you feel that you were using your imagination to find the house and the barn?”

“I don’t know.”

“How did you get to the house?”

“I always do the same thing. I reach out into the space that I feel. From the coordinates, I get a sense of the space and I reach out into it.”

“Do you project your consciousness there?”

“Not really. I just reach with my mind. It’s like trying to find your way in the dark.”

“And then does the house come into focus? Is that how it works?”

“Yes. It just comes to me.”

“So there’s no imagining.”

“No. Not in that part. But I am moving.”

“Moving?”

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“Yes. When an object, like the house, comes through to me, I go toward it and around it. That’s what I mean. I sort of fly around the house with my mind, to view the whole scene. It’s like a turret effect, except it’s a ring and I’m the ring and I’m circling the house and seeing what’s there.”

“So what you see is there. You don’t create it. But part of getting to look at it all is an imaginative thing.”

“That’s right. To see it all I make a trip, and that’s pretty imaginative when you stop and think about it. I mean it’s inventing your own helicopter and taking a ride in it ...”

19

**Create.
Decentralize.**

I assume that many people, in their better moments, would like to help this world avoid a potential disaster coming down the pipeline in the 21st century.

This is a disaster that I can predict with full assurance will be upon us.

It is made by a combination of dire factors: the passivity of the human race, and the falling of more and more power into fewer and fewer hands.

What kind of power?

Power over natural resources, land, technology, money and very cheap labor.

As of 1994, 300 transnational corporations controlled 25% of the world's productive capacity.

It isn't getting any better.

The solution to this problem does not lie with working for one political party or group over another.

This power-grab, and the resulting level of uniformity and conformity and robohood that accompanies it, is a tremendous problem and crisis. The answer would be a revolutionary upsurge in the capacity of individuals to create realities.

Realities that lie outside the control of the current forces of power.

I am talking about making alternative worlds on this world. Many of them.

Example: Paul Glover, a resident of Ithaca, New York, starts

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his own money system. He prints up perfectly legal money and judiciously circulates it as an alternative to federal dollars. His system does not favor the transnational corporations and their merchandise, it naturally and easily favors local producers of food and other goods and services. To date, 350 businesses, including a bank and a hospital, and 2000 individuals in Ithaca accept this money. People involved in this innovative system find that they seem to be able to go out on a limb and do in their lives what they really want to do. The system is transforming on many levels. Glover has helped 50 people start their own money-communities in the US.

Creation of realities.

There are a million more where that came from, and they can help free us from a Central Machine of control.

20

The central theme of the modern era is: technology and organization.

It was not always seen to be that. But the men who are riding the biggest horses of organization in this world today, the biggest corporations and governments and religions and other institutions, have come to realize that they can truly dominate and own the globe, and that domination can be achieved just through improving the functioning of their organizations. Their ant colonies.

This is a hard-won and staggering realization they have come to.

What goes along with it is this: in the long run it doesn't really matter what car or movie or CD or medicine or cosmology or God or law enforcement system is sold as the product of a given organization. Yes, it has to be interesting and good and functional up to a point, but whatever wild desire and surmise once motivated an inventor or a theologian or a president to start one of these organizations, and make a product, a service, a particular THING for the public, much of that is gone now, that passion is gone and it doesn't matter.

What matters, to an alarming degree, is making the public PERCEIVE that it likes the product.

What matters is that the public, the people of the world, have somehow deadened their own perception of reality so that they can become passive enough to accept organization as the ruling force of the world, so that they can accept what organization gives them as consumers and demands of them as employees without blinking or rebelling.

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And individual creation, and small-group creation are the magnificent trumping answers to that.

Undeading perception and expanding the scope and power of the creative imagination.

To the point at which thousands of people are each creating projects which are unprecedented and novel and are making alternative worlds within and around this one. Alternative worlds that take us off the power grids and off the nuclear power plants and off the deadened systems of education and off the scam of "choice in government" and off the passionless rinky-dink android formats of behavior which are moving like a fungus through the corporate workerhood. For starters.

Let's break out.

As the writer William Burroughs used to say, Wouldn't you?

21

Whether you are talking about art, consciousness, evolution of human beings, the paranormal, new communities of living, new forms of money, new political systems, new ways of keeping the planet free from chemical poisons, new energies, new whatever ... you are talking about the need to increase the power and scope of the individual imagination, so that we get many, many novel realities along these lines springing up, realities some of which we can only vaguely apprehend now because they ARE novel.

Take the example of cold fusion, a revolutionary form of energy which has been called phony, fake, a hoax, a delusion, "pathological science."

Despite massive negation leveled at the first report on room-temperature fusion issued by two scientists, Martin Fleischmann and B. Stanley Pons, on March 23rd, 1989, professional interest in the phenomenon has never died.

Pons and Fleischmann, made *personae non gratae* in the US, were then set up in a lab in Nice, and supported to a degree by Toyota. By 1991, a number of labs around the world had shown positive results in their own cold fusion experiments, modeled after Pons and Fleischmann's work. Eugene Mallove, former Chief Science Writer for the MIT News Office, in his authoritative book, *Fire From Ice* (1991), states, "Recently compiled reports of positive evidence for cold fusion have come from 90 or more research groups in at least 10 nations and at five federal laboratories in the United States."

These labs and groups are located at such institutions

as Stanford University, Case Western University, University of Rochester, University of Rome, Los Alamos National Laboratory, Texas A&M University, Chinese Academy of Science, Oak Ridge National Laboratory, University of Ottawa, University of Madrid, and Hitachi (Corporation).

Basically, the thousands of positive results which have been obtained for cold fusion experiments show that, at room-temperature, with no harmful side-effects, energy in is far lower than energy out. There are many instances of 1 in and 4 out. There are some instances of 1 in and 200 out. This is forming a potential prelude to an age in which each individual, for very few dollars, will be able to purchase an energy pack that will run his home, car, and other personal devices for a hundred years.

No power company, no ties to federal government infrastructure.

Decentralization at a vast level.

The use of imagination, in science, yielding the result of spreading around power to individuals at fantastic capacity.

“Well,” a science writer for NBC told me, “we’ve checked around and we don’t think cold fusion is real.”

“Let me guess,” I said. “You spoke with press officers at government agencies. You know, the apple sauce people.”

“Not just them,” he said. “Researchers too.”

“Suppose I give you the names of a hundred legitimate scientists in five countries who say that cold fusion is real.”

“Sure,” he said with enthusiasm. “Fax it to me.”

So I did.

After a month, I’d heard nothing. So I called him.

“We’re JUST not interested in the story,” he said. “We believe it’s been discredited.”

22

Whether we are talking about a scheme to clean up the environment and/or stop the corporate polluters, a local money system that doesn't tap into multinational corporate power, a new energy technology that reduces costs and allows individuals to get and stay off the power grid for pennies — whether we are talking about any of those things, or about creating a community of people living together with their own form of self-government and social mores, or about a work of art, a painting, low-power radio that can bring real information to people instead of the predigested pap that is the news — whether we are talking about a way to get off this planet into space that does not involve military control of the project, or about higher consciousness or evolution of individuals, or about enhanced capabilities, paranormal perception and power ... we are talking about IMAGINATION. Creativity, invention.

Spectacular projects that free individuals and make new forms of living that decentralize power.

23

In the coming century, we are going to see an upsurge in robotic obedience to certain pre-set contexts.

This will be the result of further corporatism as the chief economic force on the planet.

Employees will be more carefully profiled and used in specialized ways, and loyalty will be at a higher premium than ever before.

The implication will be: the human being is ultimately a group-worker in a colony, this is his being, this is his destiny, this is his hope for prosperity, this is his makeup.

Various new-age pseudo-philosophies will be invoked to bolster this view of humans in a “kinder, gentler” way, and wherever the individual independence of humans exceeds a certain power, the group-concept will come drifting in to perfume and co-opt and re-educate the person who has “wandered too far afield.” This will increasingly be the strategy of the elites who run the resources of this Earth.

Creativity will be encouraged but always within the dominant context. And that context will be: ideas that help the company to expand its influence.

What I am talking about in this book is the fostering of creativity which lies outside that context. The kind of creativity and power that is TAKEN by the individual, is chosen and taken by the person who comes to realize that he is being hemmed in in his existence, that the people in his vicinity, in his country, are being indoctrinated and are indoctrinating themselves to believe in certain limitations.

Take this several giant steps further. When a person thinks about sex, for example, imagines it, systems within the body

react. Imagination triggers reactions in the nervous and circulatory systems. Hormones move.

This, incidentally, is a perfect example of the paranormal at work. Materialization starting from the imagination.

The more we study the body and its workings, the more likely it begins to appear that this body is a marvelous creation fashioned by someones who had the skill to design it from the ground up. This is no longer a ridiculous assumption. Through gene manufacture, through electromagnetic manipulations and creations of fields, through many types of chemical and bio-manuevering, somewhere, somehow, these bodies could have been fashioned. As a marriage of art and science.

Theoretically, then, these bodies — which we inhabit — could have been made so that on many levels non-physical thought could plug in immediately and cause whole systems on the physical level to react.

Example: health. Suppose that originally if you or I were to imagine being very healthy, the power of that creation would immediately cause the body to shift into very specific gears and systems and hormonal pathways and electromagnetic field adjustments and nervous system modulations and bring it about. Bring health about. Quickly.

Suppose that were also true in the arena of mind over matter. You think about and conceive a clock on your table as moving to the edge and falling off and then flying in the air, and it does, right away, through energies produced within the body according to a whole network of endocrine and chemical and electrical systems.

And suppose that in these last two examples, and in others, these physical systems that take over from imagination and automatically bring about the thing imagined have been disconnected, shut off.

Just suppose that.

Suppose the body is theoretically capable of carrying out in splendid and immediate ways paranormal conceptions of the imagination. But that now, the systems that would do this have been shut down.

Now — it is apparent that there are ways around this, roads that can be taken which circumvent the blocks and stoppages and dead-ends and shut-downs.

Suppose these ways are much older. That they refer back to a whole other eon in which creation by the imagination was the order of the day, the “paranormal thing to do,” the activity of every person. A different age, a different realm, a different principle.

And suppose that now, we, in our frustration and desire to surmount limitations, are bringing to bear on our problems the glimpses and hints and clues and fragments of this more direct way of manifesting what we imagine.

Suppose that the reason these theoretically very high-powered bodies were curtailed and limited and subjected to shut-downs had to do with the limited use to which these bodies were “supposed to be put.” And that elites took it upon themselves to decide this point. To decide how these bodies were to be used. Their decision being: to produce work. Labor. Tasks of specialized natures.

Then every human attempt to define and enact individual freedom on this planet would be looked at as a potential threat. Because a free human can begin to throw off inhibiting ideas and thought-forms and step out of the shadows and re-learn the most direct and powerful ways of manifesting and materializing what he wants. This, of course, would destroy his need for large structures and organizations and religions and governments and elites. This, of course, would bring about a vast decentralization of power, bringing it all back to each individual.

Where it belongs.

And if this all seems just too far out to consider, even as a metaphor, then imagine this. That there are, right now, on this world, elite types who, posing as concerned environmentalists, citing *very real* environmental problems and catastrophes, are actually environmental only in the sense that they see this planet as theirs, as belonging to them. They want to clean it up for themselves and perhaps half a billion people, and they want to get rid of what they see as the real cause of the problem:

overpopulation. Their sense of depopulation is “thinning out the herd.” That is their program. They see many ways in which this can be done without giving away their plans. One of those ways involves sterilizing large numbers of people. On smaller scales, experiments along these lines have already been carried out; in Puerto Rico, for example.

Imagine that these elites go ahead and disrupt the sexual physical system that gives the green light to have sex for both women and men, that creates the physical desire. Suppose they shut this complex of physical systems down so that when a man, for example, imagines sex, the physical systems that would give him the green light won't work.

I think we can see that this would be possible at some point in time. It is possible now, with gross chemical interrupters, but the means in the future would surely become more sophisticated.

This example of a system shutdown would leave people of the future wondering what had happened to their ability to “materialize” sex. They would be in the dark about it.

In exactly the same way, it is possible that in the remote, remote past, in places and times far removed from this one, sophisticated people with more than just a taste for power, found ways to lower the capacities and joys of life, in which people could do many, many extraordinary things — leaving those people wondering what had happened.

And yet ... to float a scenario like this one makes some people lapse into passivity.

We have to decide in our bones that what we want to create will not be stopped by ANY scenario about human weakness or shutdowns or conspiracy.

IT IS BETTER TO CREATE THAN SLEEP.
CREATING IS KING.
AN UNSTOPPABLE PRIORITY.

24

The philosopher Carl Jung told the world that every human being had a shadow self, a darker self he was denying, and that one of the great goals of human life was the integration of the conscious and shadow selves.

What is in the shadows? Impulses we sense we have in the direction of anti-social action. Impulses to break taboos, to engage in actions that society would condemn with great force.

We are told that the way to handle this part of ourselves is by denial, by not admitting it is there, by having faith in a light of the world that will save us from our baser natures, and so on.

On top of that, we live in a society where shadows themselves are trivialized to such a degree that a young person thinks they are only about playing hookey from school or smoking dope or stealing a car. We are so imbedded in the television depiction of our world that we think shadows are about what bad people do on sitcoms or cop shows.

This is how far people can move from what they are. The media of the society fashion images to sell to the public, and the substance of those images then seeps into the mind and is put on like clothes, like identity marks, like essences of what “life is all about.”

The actual shadow self is about all that we can potentially create. It hides the attraction for breaking taboos and also the greatness of our imaginations, our power, our liberation.

Open the door on unexpected things.

Assume you can create in large dimensions. In large and epic and strange places, you can create far beyond the mere context of this Burger King movie-down-at-the-mall society. Assume the universe is many things. Break a basic taboo which is: we shouldn't create epic reality.

We are expected to accept reality and make the best of it, work totally within its context. We are expected not to have the ability to manifest things around us at the drop of a hat. We are not expected to be able to send or receive images across space without machines.

The shadow self is about breaking taboos. The taboos are like strange and exciting books on dusty shelves. Each book contains a hundred million units of radiant and dark energy. That energy can be released.

That energy can be made available.

That is the fear of the controllers of society. They want to keep all that energy bottled up. As a strategy, they convince people that they can't begin to deal with their shadows because if they try, SUDDENLY IN THE REAL WORLD they will enact horrible things.

Do you see?

The underlying essence of shocking crime on television news is that. If you try to come to terms with the shadows you will find yourself walking into a school with a gun and mowing down a whole classroom of children. If you try to release the energy bound up in the taboos that live in your shadow self, you will shoot John Lennon or climb the tower of a Texas university with a rifle and begin picking off coeds below in the quad. You will murder the President.

Sheer baloney.

This civilization is built on the idea that taboos should be locked up behind bars and gassed and electrocuted.

The shadow self is really a collection of both dark impulses and light impulses and many remarkable shades in between. It is also, for example, the place where you walk across a street of traffic in New York and put out your hand and have the front tires of every car suddenly melt — and then the police arrest you and people in suits arrive from Virginia to talk to you about going to work for the federal government and “you see, son, we can't have ability like this loose on the streets, you'll either have to help us out in the eternal battle against the forces of evil or we'll put you in a dark cell thirty stories below the ground where no one will ever find you ... now we may need to do

some exploratory surgery on your brain to figure out why you are able to do this remarkable thing, don't worry about it, you'll come to no harm, we just need to know what is involved here, and how we can bottle it."

Get it?

The shadow self is a million suns of energy kept in check, and the controllers of this civilization want it kept that way, they want to feel comfortable about all these billions of people, they want to feel that people are not going to suddenly spring out and display all that repressed energy. That could be a major threat to the structure of the society and to those who run it.

It is one thing to imagine something and just entertain it as one might an ad on TV. It is another thing to be able to imagine a chair move and have it move. It is still another thing to be able to liberate suns and suns of energy and use THAT to enact what you imagine.

By media example and by the many, many proponents of our civilization, we are taught that, above all, the solution to our problems is to BEHAVE.

That is, of course, the basic lesson of our most expensive institution, the military. The Catholic Church has always taught that fear of punishment, contrition, and confession to the right people, could take a person a long way.

Behave.

Pioneers like Freud, Jung, Wilhelm Reich, Fritz Perls, and J.L. Moreno founded schools of thought and practice that opened other doors. Unfortunately, with the partial exception of Reich, none of these men or their descendants assumed that the capacity of an individual to create was astonishing and exceedingly "paranormal" and ultimately took in areas of territory reserved for the gods.

Our backward society has, despite its protestations to the contrary, always insisted that if you imagine a thing in any form, or talk about it freely in any form, the chances are that you will act it out in real life.

We, who fancy ourselves more sophisticated than that, like to attribute this absurd idea to people like television evangelists and other puritanical types. But when push comes to shove,

each one of us can find a taboo that we would rather not talk about personally because we'd be afraid at least that OTHER PEOPLE would suspect us of something bordering on perversion or criminal behavior.

This is how the category of thought crimes is born.

"Did you think about having sex with that stranger on the street?"

"Certainly not."

"That's good, because if you had we could force you to attend one of our classes in self-humiliation for six weeks. Those classes are wonderful. You emerge with a much better picture of how to BEHAVE."

In other words, the authoritarian view of the shadow self is that it should remain in the shadows, that no reliable way of tapping into it protects us from possible destructive consequences.

Translation: Keep people operating at a tiny fraction of their capacity. Don't let them plug into their vast hidden reserves of energy.

There may be several ways to do what Jung hoped for, to integrate the conscious self and the shadow. None of them requires taking actions that break fundamental and enlightened understandings of human society.

It is a fiction that the integration of the conscious and the shadow must be accompanied by massive destruction.

One path along which this vital integration can occur involves having people imagine various scenarios AS IF they have far more scope and latitude and power and fluidity than they currently display. That may seem improbable but in fact it opens doors, most of all, to a wider conception of self and what self can do.

Needless to say, this is not a cookie-cutter two-day-seminar type of operation. This is a life.

There are other paths. As revolutionary psychologist Fritz Perls showed in his work with patients, you can get a person to take on the role of literally anything and, as that role, *speak*. With that simple but monumental idea in tow (but not as

therapy), one can arrange all sorts of fantastic conversations between aspects of the shadow and the conscious self — and much more. Such imaginative conversations are integrative, to say the least. I will be taking this up in a future book.

The original and basic meaning of the God and Satan story was about light and dark, told from the point of view of light. Lucifer broke off from God and thus was born the shadow self of God. Lucifer and all his realms became God's shadow self, and as we can see from Christianity, the story has been translated into a mere stolid maxim: rely on the light and ignore the darkness. Unfortunately, that strategy is like ignoring the massive amounts of energy we can harness to run our world, the energies of hydrogen and cold fusion and biomass and so on, instead of a depleting oil system which has polluted the air of Earth.

The shadow self is not only what we perceive to be our “darker impulses.” Expand that concept to include our potentially vast powers to invent novel realities.

Is the shadow self actually a self? I say it is a poetic expression of a very high and deep order that points us to lands, territories, spaces, realms, energies, feelings of a fantastic nature that we might otherwise, to our own detriment, ignore.

25

Let me tell you about a man named 2134.

2134 lived in Los Angeles. Every day he drove to work in the San Fernando Valley, and he checked in at his office and went directly to the plant where he took up his position as an inspector on the line. The parts manufactured in this particular plant were electronic gizmos of some kind, and although 2134 knew that they were used in “communication devices,” he didn’t know what devices, and he didn’t know what sub-level of part his plant was busy making.

2134 played touch football after work on Wednesdays, went to a card and pool club on Mondays, and ate dinner at home on the other work-nights with his wife and children.

If you mentioned to 2134 that anything significant was wrong with his world or the world beyond that one, he would have thought you were slightly off. Well, he knew that things were not perfect, but who cared? He knew that big chemical spills and child murders made the headlines every day, but that was normal.

Shadow self?

Darker impulses?

Hidden power?

The capacity to create?

These things would make no impression on him.

He was, in a way, trained as an android might be trained.

He felt urges to possess things in the world and he went after some of them. A car, a home, a dog, a vacation, a family. But he was not aware that beyond this there was anything else. He was physically alive in a certain way to events around him. He perceived through attraction and aversion, for the most part; so, he thought, how could there be anything else, how could there be anything important besides pleasure and pain?

Truth was, at any early age, his father had showed him by example and by words and by slapping his face now and then that the world of imagination was a fiction, an unacceptable fiction.

Dreams, sleeping or waking, were of no importance.

So 2134 put a kind of energy cover over that aspect of his own being. He erected the walls and shut off many rooms and honed and polished his superficial self to take on the world, such as it was. Attraction and aversion, pleasure and pain, good food and bad food, muscles, stamina, etc.

2134 had friends and they were like him. By example they had been shown that the world was three shallow dimensions too. They lived that life with him. And gradually there built up just below the level of 2134's consciousness resentments, angers and energies that were seething and frothing. And below all THAT were the vast halls of imagination, which were the entrance-ways to great arenas and dimensions in which he could, amazingly, create realities with tremendous power. If only he knew it.

But he had no conscious knowledge of this.

2134 had several awakening moments during his life, but he never tracked their roots to their origins. He translated them into some kind of quasi-religious jargon and imagery and left it at that.

Take the case of 3145. He was just like 2134 except that his IQ and education were higher. So he had a job overseeing plant operations at one medium-sized company facility. He had a little inner turmoil that surfaced from time to time, but he resolved it with drugs prescribed by his therapist. The drugs actually slowed down his thought-processes and reactions and drives.

Larger self?

3145 might consider this for a few moments as a theoretical possibility, as an abstract idea, but it would just be a flicker on his screen.

4267 was a regional company director. He had a Ph.D. in communications and belonged to a golf and tennis club. He was an active proponent, with his wife, of the Committee for Responsible Medicine. This international organization

sponsored conferences to educate the public on the “proper” medical approach to human problems in industrial societies. 4267 was passionate on the matter of not allowing people to self-medicate or try unapproved treatments or do their own research into possible cures for illnesses. He considered himself a bit of an intellectual. He kept up on all the university-sponsored and federally funded cutting-edge medical “maybe treatments” that made the news. He made a point of ignoring and belittling alternative research into disease that took fundamentally different points of view. Of course he never investigated this research. If you had introduced the subject of the imagination or the shadow self to 4267, he would, if he could grasp what you were talking about, tell you that his great energies were all directed, from the bottom up, toward the future of “responsible medicine” and that was really all there was to it.

6751 was a writer of texts and popular books on corporate management. He was well aware that creativity and imagination were key elements of “a good manager.” He further believed that civilization was the result of the conscious repression of darker impulses, so if you asked him about Jung’s shadow self, he would have told you that, yes, it was quite real, and its imprisonment in the closets and cellars of the human mind was absolutely essential for the building and continuance of society as we have come to know it. Creativity was a faculty whose strength lay in its limited use within problem-solving contexts.

8639 was a researcher at a large psychiatric facility. He had studied the “old-fashioned” psychiatrists at college, the Freuds and Jungs, and Reichs, and he was familiar with their work. 8639 was proud of the fact that he was, in a way, the arbiter of sanity and insanity in the society. He was accorded the right to make decisions on all potential truth and knowledge based on a specialized evaluation of the human being who held a particular piece of knowledge to be true. In other words, 8639 could defame any so-called truth by “uncovering” the mental condition of its proponent.

8639 would have told you that the shadow self was a construct invented by Jung to describe certain impulses of the human being, just as the Subconscious was invented by Freud to account for certain bizarre human behaviors. 8639 believed that chemistry was actually the source of all human behavior, and with the right doses

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of the right substances, you could radically improve human action — and you should look no further for “mythological” explanations of human activity.

8639 had never really experienced a moment of tremendous inspiration in which huge energies poured into his space and imparted the feeling that the cosmos was a gigantic adventure. Or if he ever had such epiphanies, he had long since covered them over with concrete.

This is the world that is expanding around us.

26

What should we be interested in?

Shifting the imagination, the creative power of individuals into a much higher gear.

One principle is simple and unusual: you get people to imagine AS IF they have more power, as if they are operating in a large realm, as if the context in which their creativity moves is marvelous and malleable and thrilling.

And then, by degrees, it IS.

In this regard, let me describe a series of imagination-sessions I did with Frank, a man who owned his own truck and worked for thirteen years hauling coast to coast, while trying to write books and articles.

Frank wanted to “improve.” He had a college degree from New York University in political science, he had started a master’s program some years later in California, but he’d dropped out. He felt he was stagnating.

At the beginning of our first session, Frank and I had a conversation. He told me with a perfectly straight face, “I have no imagination.”

“Meaning what?” I said.

“Meaning I don’t see images in my mind. I don’t invent anything really. I just follow through. I follow the signs on the road and go to the end. I mean, I make choices, but they’re always between alternatives. I don’t start from zero.”

I was familiar with this attitude. I said, “You mean if I say a red cat is walking along a bright green road and a blue hammer falls out of the sky, you don’t see anything?”

“Well,” he said, “you’re just giving it to me. I’m not doing it.”

I said, “I’m talking the words. I’m not putting the images in your mind.”

“Oh,” he said, “I know that. But all I’m doing is understanding what you’re saying. The cat is red, the road is green.”

“Really. All right, the red cat has gold eyes. They glow. Can you see that?”

“I get a feeling of gold eyes, I guess.”

“But you don’t see it?”

“Well of course I see something! What does that have to do with imagination?”

“Who is generating what you see?” I said. “Where is it coming from?”

He shrugged. “How should I know?”

“It’s your mind. Aren’t you a little bit interested in what kicks it over?”

“You kicked it over. You say the words and my mind interprets them.”

“Automatically.”

“Yes.”

“You have nothing to do with it.”

“Not that I know of” he said.

“Can you make that red cat bigger?”

He hesitated. “I can think that it’s bigger. I just believe that, though.”

“Does the cat look bigger when you believe it is?”

“Yes,” he said. “I guess so.”

“It does look bigger?”

“Right.”

“And if you believe that it has one paw the size of a watermelon, does the paw now look different?”

“Why wouldn’t it? Sure.”

“You believe it. And that’s one way the imagination works. You believe something and then it takes that shape in your mind.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Why not?”

“Because that’s just fake.”

“It is?”

“Sure. I pretend to believe in a big paw and then that’s the way I see it.”

“So now you’re not just believing, you’re pretending to believe?”

“Yes,” he said. “And you started the whole thing by telling me the paw was bigger.”

“So I somehow started an automatic process. I said the paw was huge and then something in your mind pretended to believe that, and then it looked that way. It looked huge.”

“That sounds right,” he said.

“But now if what you say is true, you’re aware that by some process your imagination creates the red cat and the big paw and the green road.”

“I’m aware of it,” he said.

“Were you aware of it before we started talking?” I asked him.

“I don’t know. Maybe not.”

“If I sat here and told you a story,” I said, “your imagination process could fill in all sorts of details, make a whole string of images.”

“Maybe,” he said after a few seconds.

“Isn’t that what it’s like when you listen to a story? This whole parade of images and feelings comes into your mind? It isn’t just words traveling from one person to another.”

He shook his head. “I don’t know,” he said. “Anyway, you mentioned something a few weeks ago about the paranormal, and solutions to world problems. What does what we’re talking about have to do with that?”

“It does seem remote, doesn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“But it isn’t. We’ll get to it.”

“You believe the pictures in my mind are important,” he said.

“It’s what you do with them that counts,” I said. “You stimulate the field of imagination, and all sorts of things come up, and then you choose from them some intense feelings and images and ideas and you work with them. That work can go in any number of directions. It depends what you want.”

“I can still see some of the red from that cat,” he said.

I said, “I want you to look at a wall in the room and imagine that inside it’s made of iron. It weighs a ton.”

He did that, and then he said, “How do I know whether it’s real?”

“Whether what’s real?”

“What I’m imagining.”

“Do you want somebody to come into the room and tell you one way or another?”

He laughed. “No, but it’s strange. I’m not sure how to understand it. I made the wall in my mind become iron, but the real wall is still there, still the same.”

I had him make various objects in the room suddenly be composed of iron. He did it easily, but always with the same question: is it real?

“What does real mean?” I said.

“Something I can touch, walk on, step on.”

“Can you touch the iron wall?”

“No.”

“So?”

“So it’s fake.”

“Is that okay with you?” I said. “You made a fake wall?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“So listen, now make a fake snake floating in the air of the room.”

“Yeah. That’s easy too.”

“How long is it?”

“About two feet.”

“Now here’s a question. Is it two feet in your mind, or is it two feet in the space of the room?”

He paused and thought about that.

“I’m not sure,” he said.

“Well, did you invent the snake inside your head?”

“You mean inside my skull?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t think so. There isn’t two feet of diameter in there. Unless the two feet of snake is fake too.”

“Is it?”

“Well, it might be. I can’t prove it’s two feet long.”

“So you’re hallucinating.”

“No, that’s not right. I’m making this snake on purpose.”

“Are you imagining it two feet long?”

“Yeah.”

“And where did you make it?”

“Where you told me to, in the room, floating in the air.”

“Is it still there?”

“No. It disappeared.”

“When it was there, was it two feet long?”

“Yeah.”

“You made it in the air of the room?”

“Yeah.”

“So was it in the space of the room?”

“It was in my mind, but pretending to be in the room.”

“How does that work?”

“I have no idea,” he laughed.

“Suppose I told you that I could mentally invent brass spheres and pile them up on a scale and change the weight of the scale.”

“I’d have to see that.”

“Suppose I told you I could look at a glass of water and with my mind reach out and rearrange the molecules of water.”

“I like the idea.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s power.”

“Well, that has been done by other people and there’s a journal paper on it, and you can read it.”

I made a note to send him the article.

He said, “If you’re serious, that would be fantastic.”

“I’m serious. Let’s go back to the snake. How did it seem when you made it?”

“It seemed like I put it in the room floating in the air.”

“You saw that.”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

At that point I had him imagine all sorts of animals running around and lying down and standing in the room. I asked him to try to smell a few of these animals, I asked him to touch them, to push them, to throw pink rubber balls to them.

He did these things. Then he said, “You know, feeling them there is part of it too. I didn’t realize it before, but just seeing them is one piece of the puzzle, but feeling them, that’s big.”

“It’s big,” I said.

“How real can this get?” he asked.

“No one has the last word on that,” I said.

“But you think I could in nine thousand years get powerful enough to actually create things. Materialize them.”

“Yes. I cannot tell a lie.”

“So now what should I do?”

“Pretend that all the drawers in that file cabinet of yours are banging in and out.”

“Yes.”

“Can you hear them?”

“Now I can,” he said.

“What happened?”

“I added sound. Noise.”

“Yeah. Hear the sound ripping through the room.”

“No problem. Metallica.”

Frank had a good time as I asked him to imagine more and more elaborate things. At one point I had him working on castles sitting out in the street near his house. He said, “There’s no doubt now that I can put things in different places. I can put them in my imagination — which is a place I make up on my own — or I can put them in this room, or in the kitchen, or in the sky ...”

Up to now I had Frank working with his eyes open. Now I had him close them. I asked him to imagine he was flying over Missouri.

He said, “No problem. I’ve driven through it many times.”

“What state haven’t you been in?” I asked.

“Alaska.”

“Imagine you’re flying over Alaska.”

He took a long time with this. “I’m flying over a place I pretend I’m in.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “Pretend Alaska is in Russia.”

“How the hell do I do that?”

“I have no idea.”

“I could move Alaska over Siberia and drop it ... wow, that’s a pretty big hit.”

“Move Alaska over Tennessee.”

“But I just broke it up into a million pieces.”

“Do it with a new Alaska.”

“All right.”

“You could drop a lot of Alaskas all at once on the moon,” I said.

“Yeah. The sound part is weird. There’s hardly any sound. Wait a minute. Now I can hear it. I guess the moon has an atmosphere. While I’m at it I think I’ll bring in some bombs and some rockets and some comets. They’re all crashing into the moon at once. Fantastic fireworks ... I could create a black hole. Suck in all the known matter east of the moon stretching out to the end of the Milky Way.”

Frank played with this outer space business for a few minutes. He said, “The bang is enormous. The impact and the hit, as the black hole sucks it all in. It’s tremendous. Like hitting home runs in Yankee Stadium. I feel like my blood pressure just went down several points. Like I had a spinal adjustment....”

I began to tell a tale about the collision and vanishing of matter and asked Frank to go along with it. It involved mythic monsters and heroes all coming to the moon and battling over it. He was seeing it as clear as day, as I went. Then I asked him to take the part of one of the players.

“We’re talking about a lot of energy,” he said. “I’m walking up and down this valley, this crater on the flat bottom. It’s sparkling white and the grains of dirt and rock go up into the air. I have a big sword in my hand. I’m flailing it on all sides, cutting and chopping a monster. He’s made out of some weird kind of rubber flesh. It’s like a dance. The flesh floats in slow motion and then crashes down in the powder. The monster opens his mouth and breathes all over me. His teeth are huge. He’s slobbering. It smells real bad.”

“Okay, now I want you to talk with this monster. What do you say to him?”

“I say, I want you to die. I want you to dry up and blow away. I want to see you made out of clean dust.”

“Now you be the monster. What does he say?”

“I have no idea.”

“Make it up.”

“... I can’t.”

“What’s the problem?”

“I don’t know. He doesn’t want to talk.”

“Can you get around that?”

“I don’t know ... I could just pretend he does.”

“Yeah. Let’s start from there. Make up something he could say.”

“You son of a bitch. I’m coming after you. I’ve been waiting for you people for a long time. You think you know everything. You run the world.”

“And what do you say to that?”

“Run the world? What are you talking about?”

“What does he say? Just go back and forth.”

“He says, you hold the keys. You think that’s such a big thing. The books and the keys. The laws. And if we break the laws then you come after us and try to kill us. Then I say, but you started the whole thing. Everything was peaceful until you came along. And the monster says, no it wasn’t. Everything was peaceful until you decided the laws. You made the rules and told us we’d have to live by them. What gives you the right to get in our way? We like to destroy. That’s what we do. And I say, you don’t think I’m going to let you run over us. You’re crazy. Who’s going to just stand there and let you eat him with that disgusting mouth? I’m going to kill every one of you bastards. He says, we’ll never give up. Don’t you see? We like war. We want to kill. You’re just playing into our trap. We have digestive systems that take in anything. We can eat metal if we have to...”

At this point Frank told me that he was beginning to feel sympathy for this monster. He actually liked, to his surprise, the fact that this thing mowed through civilizations without the slightest guilt over it.

(Taboo: wanting to do nothing but destroy without any inhibition or guilt. We could argue forever about whether we all have this buried desire, but Frank was getting down to it. Because there is no way in our society to look at this “aspect of our shadow selves,” most of us wall off this sector as “not to be visited” and therefore a huge amount of potential energy is partitioned away from us as well. The theatrical core of early Greek civilization included the great tragedies and their enactment by

local citizens on stage for all to see. That Sophocles was able to tell the tale of a man who slept with his mother and killed his father, and that the whole community was able, at least on some level, to participate in the theatrical presentation of that, was the mark of an effort to bring a taboo out into the open, to bring it out of a buried and unmentionable place in the psyche and SHOW IT on stage. To “imagine with it.” This was not a trivial thing. It was a sign of profound understanding. The Olympian stories of the gods also show this allowance of taboos woven into art. It is when people begin to take the art as literal description of the universe that, instead of catharsis, instead of the freeing of great energies which have been salted away in the recesses of the spirit, we get massive fraud and cruelty, as with the Roman Catholic Church impressing on the people that a sacrifice of a healer, a Christ, must be groveled before and made holiest of holies forever and ever and made the highest of realities. This, as I detailed in *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, is the foundation of a fantastic cult of indifference and criminal control.)

Frank continued the dialogue between himself and the monster for some time, nearly an hour. He went into interesting regions. “I was born a monster because there was no other way to come into this world. I followed my bloodline. I did what was expected of me, but you people think that we have no thought, no consciousness, that we’re just killing machines. You’re so stupid. You think that we have no minds, that we don’t register what is happening in the world, that we just stand on our legs and howl and kill. Then I say to him, well, isn’t that the way you are? I mean, what do you think about? Do you care about anything? And the monster says, for you destruction is just one thing, but for us it’s a whole series of happenings that we can tell one from the other. There are all kinds of destruction, all kinds of ending of life. We are the ones charged with ending things, That’s our purpose in life. We take down the things that are made and put in place, we tear down the things that make you believe you’re alive. You’re completely dead inside. You have to build to think you’re feeling anything. You build and build and build until the world begins to suffocate from the weight. And you think that every step you take is life. You really believe in that, like a religion. We’ve studied you, and this is the thought we’ve come to. You can’t help yourselves. You’re obsessed. We have to

come in and sweep it all away, time after time, until you learn what it is to feel alive. And I say to the monster: You're afraid to admit you don't know anything except how to kill. You're afraid that if you really saw yourself, you'd jump off a mountain, you'd commit mass suicide. You're afraid of looking at what we've done, because if you stopped your killing long enough you'd appreciate one thing, one thing you saw that we built, and you'd feel horrible pain, you'd know that we are real and you're nothing...."

This back-and-forth finally ended when Frank said he had nothing more to say from either side. We stopped. He went for a walk and came back and said, "That was a wild encounter. To take part in it ... I feel as if I'd been cast in a role in a play. But it was a play that was coming out of life."

We went into a completely different area. I had Frank guess the suits on cards I was holding in my hand. He was reluctant at first, but then he took to it. "You know," he said, "I'm seeing bright colors and shapes when I close my eyes. I look through them and I see a suit. It's very clear. After that battle with the monster I feel very easy about this, not uptight at all. I don't care whether I guess right or not. I like the feeling."

Frank did nothing extraordinary on guessing card-suits, but it was very good, as far as he was concerned, that he was so relaxed and easy about it.

I then had him imagine that he was sending thoughts and receiving answers from a person on the other side of the world. At first this was very difficult for him. He said, "How the hell can I figure out who a person is that far away and how can I send them thoughts? I don't get it."

I said, "Just fake it."

"Fake it?"

"Yes. I won't tell anybody. Just fake it completely."

"You mean lie to you? Tell you I'm doing it when I'm not?"

"Absolutely."

"I can try, I guess."

And with that we were off and running. He faked it totally for a few minutes and then things started to bend and change. "I sort of see somebody out there," he said. "I don't know who it is, but he seems very far away."

“Go with it,” I said. “Describe this person.”

“About six feet, black hair, wearing a robe of some kind. Maybe from India or Australia. An aborigine.”

“So let’s say that’s who it is. Now throw a baseball to him, just send it out.”

“All the way?”

“To wherever he is.”

Frank did this several times. Then I had him imagine he was writing a short message on the baseball before he threw it. That was no problem. Then Frank began throwing the message without the ball, and after that he threw images and ideas and books at the man. Finally, he did what he called “instant link-ups,” where there was no real throwing, just a connection “like in a telephone wire.”

“I’m still sort of faking it,” Frank said.

“Good,” I told him. “Be more of a fake. Be a complete fraud.”

“I can do that.”

As he did, the images and the feeling of actually sending thoughts became clearer, as if Frank had stashed his ability to do telepathy in a space he called FAKE, and was now accessing it.

I had him invent messages he was getting back from the aborigine.

Pretty soon, Frank was sending thoughts to many people in many different places. I told him to invent a realm that was not of this place or time or planet. When he did that, and when he fleshed out some of its structures and people, I had him send messages to various leaders of this civilization. Frank seemed excited about that. Whole telepathic political discussions emerged, in which Frank elicited/imagined descriptions of a government-system much different from any on Earth....

I had Frank begin creating images and symbols of new civilizations he imagined would be closer to the ideal.

“I’ve got a circle of gold inside a circle of silver. I see flags waving, and a parade on a wide avenue. There aren’t any officials around. It’s just the people. It’s their festival, seasonal I guess. The leaders are in their palace changing their shape. That’s part of the ritual. The leaders have the

ability to shape-shift, and they do every year, to close out everything they've done up to now and start on a new note. This process goes on for a week. They form new ideas about how things can be done better and they drop away the old practices. There's one of the leaders in his chamber. He's changing into some kind of animal and he's turning toward me. His face is gray and gold, a wolf's face. He walks on two legs that look pretty human...."

Frank broke off the imagining at one point and began regaling me with tales of his undergraduate days when he was studying political science at NYU. Undercurrents of opposition between Marxists and Liberals, and so on.

We continued our parade of imagination with a conjuring of machines that didn't exist on Earth. I had him imagine machines that could produce trees and flowers and emotion and healing energies and could teleport physical objects and people. I had him describe these devices in great detail, inside and out. He began to see other devices, claptraps that interconnected like Rube Goldberg apparatuses, and with these he found that in his mind he could begin to trace the series of operations that led down the line to the final depositing of an egg in a cup or a ring on to a false finger. This was new to him, to be able to see, in sequence, the movements of a complex device.

Then I led him through a series of actor's sense exercises, in which he smelled the machines, imagined he tasted the oil on certain of their working parts, listened to the sounds of their small air conditioning units, touched the cold metal and felt the corners and edges of the plates. We went on from there to the same sort of exercises with trees and rocks. The purpose of our work wasn't the training of an actor, but the training of a person who might step out further into his LIFE and create new realities.

I introduced Frank to the idea of the shadow self, and then we got into inventing a dialogue. He took both sides, again, and spoke as himself and as his shadow.

Frank began, "I don't think I want to get to know you. You're stupid and evil, aren't you? Shouldn't I just sentence you to

prison? The shadow self says, is that what you think? You think just like an American. A stupid man who believes he runs the Earth because he can buy a new car and a TV set.”

Off and running.

I worked with Frank for several months. During that time he would occasionally fall back and bring up the question, is the imagination real? Frank, like many people, are brought up to believe that the imagination and the so-called real world don't intersect. They have no faith in their own capacity to create. Or they think that creativity is only important within a limited context, like business, or is always and forever on the fringe of things, buried in the arts. There are so many ideas floating around about imagination that are based on a collective normalcy — which is to say, lunacy — that we all share.

For example, look closely at the work of comedian and actor Robin Williams. He is constantly pulling on the string — which is connected to the audience — that says, I'm crazy, I keep making up all this crazy stuff and you keep laughing at it and then I pull the string in and act completely normal and you feel relieved (and terrified) because for a second you think I'm just like you, but before you can possibly get comfortable with that I'm off and running again with more bizarre weirdness, and we go back and forth and back and forth faster than you can possibly keep up with.

Williams' most direct influence, Jonathan Winters, did the same thing. He started out with utter normalcy, banal to the point of silliness, and then began to stretch and bend reality so that the Mr. Milquetoast persona who was at center stage began to melt and splinter into different voices and dimensions.

People need hundreds of ways of expanding their own imaginations so that they can feel the rush of invention themselves. They also need to perceive how our institutions have systematically tried to bury the individual imagination, and how many ways they can use their inventive faculty to change their own lives and reality in general.

This description of my work with Frank is just a taste of that in action. Frank kept realizing by degrees that what he created and imagined was important, was vital, could be the core of his life as it was emerging.

Here is an exchange that took place in a later session with Frank. It was a conversation with “a ghost,” which Frank said would be “interesting to talk to.” Frank played both himself and the ghost.

Frank: “Who are you?”

Ghost: “I’m a spirit who’s been here quite awhile.

“How long.”

“A hundred years.”

“Why are you with me?”

“To haunt you.”

“I seem to remember you when I was a small child.”

“I came into your room one day and saw you. I liked you. You were an attractive little boy.”

“Why did you decide to haunt me?”

“I just wanted to hang around. Then I decided to hurt you.”

“How?”

“By causing you physical discomfort. By eroding your confidence. You see, when you think of me, you can’t think about yourself. I diverted your thoughts, your attention, so it came to me instead of to yourself. You began talking to me even though you didn’t know it. So we began a relationship. But I am very old.”

“How old?”

“A few hundred years. My origin is obscure.”

“Where were you born?”

“In Europe. Can’t you feel that?”

“I think I can. You’re arrogant.”

“That’s right, I am. I think I know everything. I think I have an advantage over you. Of course, I’m also invisible.”

“So what?”

“That makes me able to move around without your knowing it. So I can get into your stomach and cause you fear.”

“I’ve noticed. But you see, that doesn’t give you ultimate power. It only gives you temporary control. You’re always living on borrowed time. Actually, you’re living in a borrowed place. You can be kicked out. You can be exposed. You’re swollen with energy now, my energy, but that can be taken away from you because it’s my energy. You don’t really create any. You just suck it up from me and call it your own.”

“You sound like that doctor who tried to kill Dracula. But you see, I’m more clever than that. I know how to keep my distance when you feel I’m there, and I can avoid your blows. I know you try to strike out at me. I can tell.”

“What do you want?”

“I want to live off you. Isn’t that obvious?”

“But why?”

“Because it’s fun. I enjoy seeing you scared. When you’re scared I get my thrills.”

“Why?”

“It’s just the way I am.”

“Who built you?”

“You helped.”

“I did?”

“Yes.”

“You think I want you around?”

“Part of you does.”

“That’s crazy.”

“Maybe it is, but that isn’t my fault.”

“I guess I do want you around. At least I know I won’t be alone. I see you vaguely. You’re naked I think and you have no hair.”

“I like economy.”

“You once helped me.”

“Yes. When you were very small, you almost died. I kept you breathing. No one else was around.”

“I should thank you for that.”

“You should, but no need. I was there, I liked you. So I saved you.”

“Was I really close to dying?”

“Yes.”

“I want you to stay, but I don’t want you to torment me.”

“That’s part of who I am. I cause people pain and fear.”

“I’m not crystal clear about you. I want you to go. I want to destroy you. But I also want you to stay. I’m wrapped around you.”

“Yes you are, aren’t you? Look at it this way. When you think, you have two minds to think with. Isn’t that good?”

“It isn’t good when you’re doing things to hurt me, when you put fear and pain into my emotions.”

“I regret it sometimes. I really do. But I have to keep you preoccupied, because if you weren’t, you might find a way to kick me out, to separate from me.”

“You’re a son of a bitch.”

“Yes I am, and you’ve developed a taste for that, haven’t you? Without me you’d just be a sweet person, without a bad thought. You’d be a little angel. How would you get along in this world? They would have gobbled you up long ago.”

“I don’t think so. I would have gotten strong. I would have been much more sure of what I thought, and I would have acted on it. I would have taken much stronger positions. I wouldn’t have had fears of acting on what I believed.”

“Hogwash. Who cares? I think we ghosts have a mission. Our mission is to keep people down, keep them afraid, keep them from getting too strong and real and fearless. That’s what we must do. That’s our ‘mission statement.’”

“Then my mission must be to free myself.”

“Good luck.”

“Don’t you think you can be defeated?”

“I don’t think you want me to go away.”

“No?”

“No. I think you want me to stay, because I know so much, because I’ve been to so many places. We help each other. I have the older wisdom of times and places, and you have the strong nature of acting and doing things. We complement each other. Without me you’d be too ignorant, without knowledge of the old things.”

“I’ve fed you a lot of knowledge, haven’t I? It isn’t all coming from you. When I studied in school, I helped to create you.”

“Excuse me?”

“That’s right. I helped create you then. When I read the literature of Europe, and the philosophy, all that felt so old, and I was young. I didn’t have any place to put it. So I created part of you and I gave all that to your mind. It was a place to put it. I searched around for someone like you in my mind, when I went to Europe during those years. Maybe that’s when you showed up more.”

“Do you really think any of what you’re saying is going to change things between us?”

“It already has.”

“I am your ghost.”

“Maybe I create you. As the ominous one. The one who would take the moon out of the sky if he could.”

“I am circled around you like a snake.”

“So if you’re based on fear, how do I deal with that?”

“Are you asking me?”

“Yes. You’re my brother.”

“I’d rather not think about that.”

“Why not?”

“Because then I owe you help.”

“How can I get rid of this fear?”

“That’s part of my personality, to put that fear into you.”

“I feel it, but I don’t know what to do.”

“Love me.”

“What?”

“Love me.”

“I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re evil.”

“Love me anyway.”

“That’s hard.”

“Try.”

“You’re just mocking me. I can see you standing off at a distance. You still look like a demon. You ruin my life.”

“I can only try my best.”

“Is that all you can think of doing?”

“It’s the most fun. To watch things crumble and fail. It’s the thing I like to do the most. It gives me a sense of power.”

“But you can think of other things too.”

“You know, nothing you do is going to change my mind.”

“You’re just pure evil.”

“By your standards.”

“I know you look serene and self-contained, but I think that I’m contributing to your existence.”

“What makes you say that?”

“I just feel it.”

“You have something there.”

“I created you. I can destroy you.”

“What a cliché.”

“But it’s true.”

“I want to see you try.”

“You see, if you were truly independent you would leave and go off on your own and do other things. But you’re tied to me. No matter how smug you make yourself out to be, you’re depending on me, on my energy.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes. I also know that you have another side, a poetic side. You’re not just a demon standing there without any soul. Your soul is art.”

“Is it?”

“When you keep asking me questions, I know I’m getting somewhere. Deep inside you see the world as art. Only art. Only you have no conscience about what to do with the world, with the art you see.”

“And you envy that?”

“Of course I envy it. What could be more exciting than an artist without any conscience? I want that feeling. I borrow it from you. That’s how we connect. We borrow things from each other.”

“And what do I take from you?”

“You borrow my happiness. You borrow my eyes and look at the world as I see it. When I was a child you looked at the summer through my eyes, the long summer days.”

“That’s true.”

“So we really are connected.”

“We mix.”

“We come together. We are both myself. When we come together we are one person. We keep alive the flame of adventure and art. Together we are one person. We have divided off from each other and now need to come together.”

“I can be a monster, you know.”

“And I can be a monster killer. But we both pull our punches with each other because we are looking in the mirror.”

“Am I the devil?”

“I thought so for awhile. But now everything is changing. It’s not me the good one and you the Satan. That’s just the first layer on this whole thing. That’s the popular story. This goes a lot deeper. The appearance you have. I can make you into a dog or a horse, it doesn’t matter. But I still see you coming into focus in Europe, when I was there a long time ago, as a boy. I gave you all the old things, I put the old things in your mind, and you gave me back the strange and bizarre feelings of objects like banisters and stairways and columns that were full of the dark past. There was a crust on the things you gave me, a weird crust from the past. It was creepy, strange. It felt nasty.”

“You’re getting close.”

“You were there lurking far away from me and I saw with my mind and I gave you all the strange sensations from objects I was feeling and you stepped forward and grinned and said you would take them, but what you meant was, you would take me.”

“You think so? Well, I was just helping out a poor boy who didn’t know where to put a whole collection of new feelings.”

“They were not like anything I had run into before. There was an old slime about the objects of Europe I saw, as if they were doorways letting in the smells of the past.”

“Yes, that’s why I liked to live there. I thrived on blood and death and injustice. To me it was excellent fireworks.”

“But now I see that if I come close enough to you, you start to melt away. The demon disappears bit by bit. You want to control the dance. But once I do it, once I make the moves first, you get panicked.”

“How did you find that out?”

“I experimented....”

Frank had come a long way. After the above exchange, he said to me, “This is fun. I can work both sides. It’s like steering two cars at once. Why is everything so melted together in the first place? Each person could be inventing something different. It would be very different.”

Frank talked about fuel crunches, possible oil shortages in

the next century, alternative energies. “It makes more sense to me now that we need a lot of small companies. Companies that have new ways of supplying what people need.”

The more we talked, the more I felt that in this imagination work, Frank was moving toward a sense of diversification of power and creativity in his view of the world, the future. He wasn’t thinking about himself only. He was naturally plugging into a wider context.

Michel Kasset, a friend for many years, who had produced and hosted the prolific Network 23 TV show in Los Angeles, had recently written me a note: “Imagination is political in its effect. It makes me feel much more fluid in my connection to the world. If many, many people can just wake up to the feeling of their own creative spirit, I don’t think this insane system of control we live under more and more, this perverse weirdness, will stand up under it....”

Frank and I watched part of a videotape of a C-Span program, a meeting of the Economic Club of New York, held on June 3, 1998. Alex Trotman, CEO of the Ford Motor Company, was making hard predictions about business in the next century. Trotman said he felt there would be six car manufacturers left in the world, only six. Two in the US, two in Europe, and two in Asia. He mentioned that in the last several years a trillion dollars worth of mergers had taken place in the US economy, and that the number of automotive parts suppliers in the US had gone from 30,000 to 8,000. Trotman foresaw a fantastic global consolidation of economic power in a relatively few hands. For him this was an inevitable outcome of modern technology, and he was excited to meet the challenge.

“The fight of the tigers,” Frank called it. “They battle each other for multitrillion-dollar control while we sit by and watch. I think I see more about what you’re trying to do. Instead of just running around putting out fires, if enough people can become creative enough, we can make something new.”

“Besides putting out fires,” I said, “we have to make systems and worlds and spaces that don’t depend on the major power structures.”

Frank looked at me. “It isn’t going to be a piece of cake,” he said.

So I told him about my friend Hadidjah Lamas, a brilliant non-traditional healer in Los Angeles (mentioned in an earlier chapter). For years she had been taking on people who had conditions and situations that were unmanageable by any conventional standards. She was approached by people like this, because they had heard about her. In a way, she was mirroring our own situation on a global scale, coming along late in the game, when the outcome seemed already decided — and she would go to the well to find the resources she needed even when they didn't seem to be there.

For example, there was the case of Carol Smith who, in 1993, had broken her kneecap in an accident. One third of the cap was then removed in surgery. Carol states that the surgical incision developed into a wound that would not heal, under any condition. There were many other problems with her leg, which, Carol says, “looked like a stick. It looked like I was dragging around a phony leg. It was on its way to dying.”

In January 1994, in a wheelchair, using crutches, in great pain, she began to work with Hadidjah. “Today,” she says, “I am fully recovered and I have no pain. The wound that wouldn't close had been four inches across and one inch wide and it was running.”

Hadidjah worked on the wound for about three months. Carol says that it took almost six weeks for it to stop running and bleeding “and to see the distance closing in it. A hundred little scabs began to form...”

Hadidjah at one point was very pessimistic about her chances of closing the wound. “Eventually,” Hadidjah said, “it happened. It was a combination of factors in the healing, one of which was me feeling the necessity to invent tissue...”

Frank commented: “Whether Hadidjah really invented tissue to heal with, I know there are a tremendous number of people who say it can't happen. Most people want to create being normal. That's their ambition. Because they think they'll stay out of trouble that way.”

Two days later Frank called and said he wanted to start a community in South Carolina. He was already in mid-stride. He sounded as if he had been up all night.

“Getting off the power grid,” he said. “I’ve got a few ideas about hydrogen energy. I’m talking to a guy in New Mexico who has a lot of info on it. Some friends of mine in Pennsylvania are interested. They have land to sell. It’s an open field. We can build whatever we want to. Everything from scratch. Organize it any way we want to.”

We talked for awhile. Frank said, “You know what’s suddenly jumped out at me? Projection. When I project out what excites me, it’s as if I can taste it already. I don’t have that depressed sort of swamplike feeling. I feel it’s there already waiting to be filled in. That’s a hell of a sensation.”

I told him a story about an old friend of mine, Peter Hilton. I haven’t seen Peter in twenty years. The last I had heard, he was traveling around in New Zealand. In 1973, Peter was living in Los Angeles and doing his usual sort of “mind-experimenting.” His self-invented practice of the moment involved swimming in the pool in his apartment complex and forming the idea that his body *was* swimming. He would tailor and streamline the idea down to something simple like one word, and then he would think it and let it plant itself in his mind. Then when he was satisfied that it had a life of its own, he would let go of his body, he would cease the conscious effort of swimming and, lo and behold, a different and more natural swimming would take over.

“It would feel,” Peter said, “like I was the skipper of a ship and by pressing a button the ship would move out on its own. It would change direction with another button and change speed with another button. It was a very exciting thing.”

During this period, I met Peter for lunch at a Denny’s on Alvarado Street in LA. We sat in a booth near the door. The place was crowded. As we ate he said, “I’m ready to show you something.”

“What’s that?” I said.

He grinned at me. “Look around this place and pick out a person at a table. Anybody.”

I looked for a minute. I settled on a businessman type, about 40, balding, with a mustache, who was sitting three booths down from us. He had his sportsjacket on the seat next to him.

“The guy in the shirt and tie,” I said.

“Eating his soup?”

“Yes.”

Peter said, “Watch him for the next little bit. He’s going to do something interesting.”

I sat sideways. “What?” I said.

“It’ll be like a funny movie,” Peter said, smirking like a jokester out of the Hindu lineup of demigods.

I shut up. About thirty seconds later, the businessman leaned forward. He bent lower and then the end of his tie went into his soup. It floated and sank. The man suddenly looked down and saw it. He blushed and pulled it up and started rubbing it with his napkin....

I looked at Peter. He just kept smiling.

27

The secret and esoteric role of religion is to repress energy.

28

My experience in working with Frank led me to realize that I was conducting a class, as it were, in basic education.

I was teaching Frank, on a compressed scale, about creating realities.

THAT SHOULD BE THE SINGLE HIGHEST GOAL OF EDUCATION.

In school, in the classroom, teachers should illustrate in great detail how solid and dense realities are put together by imaginations and launched into public life ... where we accept them as staples, as institutions, as intrinsic parts of the world. And then those teachers should go on and help the student get his feet planted when it comes to creating his own realities.

Political realities, artistic realities, paranormalities, and so on.

Then we would have a world full of people intent on inventing their own ways and structures of life.

We would never have one Central Control. We would work away from the coalescence of power.

This is what education should be, and I would give time and effort to anyone with the desire to make such a school come alive.

This is the kind of education that should have come out of the American Revolution. But no one came forward and said, "Now that we have freedom, we need to take apart the delusions called institutions made by kings and other tyrants and we need to understand their component pieces and their ARTFULNESS. And then we need to start schools that teach this kind of analysis, and we also need to help students invent their own versions of society and life...."

And because that didn't happen, unfree binding institutions crept into public life in what were thought of as free countries.

Take this even further. We have been convinced that the universe itself is a given, that it somehow has come down to us directly from God or from a Big Bang or from Nature, and its rules are unbreakable and true forever. And the first rule, we are told, as far as humans are concerned is, it takes physical force to move matter and energy.

And yet the clear evidence of 50 years of paranormal laboratory experiments contradicts this. We learn that we can affect the universe directly with our minds.

We begin, therefore, to suspect that the universe itself is another institution that has been presented to us deceptively. Regardless of where we place the blame, the shape we take to be the universe can also be subjected to analysis ... to see how it has been put together. Even if today's physicists do not feel comfortable about explicitly signing onto such a baldly stated program, it needs to be done and it needs to be thought about in this way. It is a marvelous possibility. Let's look at the universe as a complex physical manifestation about which we are far too reverent. Let's dig into that, with the ultimate idea of individuals making their own universes.

Yes. As wild as it sounds. (See my section in *The Secret Behind Secret Societies* on the Tibetan mystics. They are the foremost practitioners of such a wild idea on the planet. They've been doing it for about 1300 years now ... although I believe much dilution has come into their practices in certain places around the world.)

And look back at the chapter in this book on Stanley Krippner's paper about the Brazilian sensitive, Amiden.

Think about it.

29

There are a few things we have to realize about power.

One, the corporate shapers of this world, who control the lion's share of land, natural resources, cheap labor, and technology are, without a doubt, being touted as the wave of the future.

Touted by whom? Supported by whom? By governments, by the armies and the intelligence services of those governments, by the major banking and financial institutions of this planet, including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

These major, major corporate players who seek power do not, at bottom, care about anything else. Many people believe the bottom line of these power players is racism or sexism or various other sicknesses, and there are all sorts of fancy "psychological" constructions floated to explain this.

But their process of gathering more power is teaching these elite players that their own biases and hatreds are, in the end, much less important than the fact of grabbing naked power: land, people, technology, military support when needed, resources. That becomes the game, over time, in its distilled form, and we had better realize it, because that tells us the coming shape of the world and it also tells us what actions will work to fracture the big power-grab, and which actions will fail.

What, in fact, are we dealing with when every seeming social advance is accompanied by the growth of a new arm or leg of an existing establishment bureaucracy to administer and control that advance?

We are dealing, IN THE LONG RUN, with another increase in the centralization of power.

And what we need is SUCCESSFUL decentralization of power for many, many people. Ultimately, for everybody.

There are two areas that are very much linked on the personal level: consciousness and health. Once a person sees that health has tremendous positive dimensions, and is much more than freedom from serious illnesses, this link becomes evident.

However, through a combination of sheer confusion, grandstanding by a few would-be “cutting edge thinkers,” and a promoting of certain absurd “new age” ideas, the whole sense of consciousness/health has been distorted for popular consumption.

The key to that distortion is the repression of power.

I can't tell you how many people I have seen who, as the years pass, find that their “philosophy of love and acceptance” leads to misery, poor health, a very fatigued energy state, and swampy feelings about their once-fresh search for greater consciousness or greater ideals.

Several books could be written about this, but suffice to say that a number of Western thinkers who believe they have grasped the essence of “the Asian Ways” have promoted some very superficial images of Higher Reality.

They have said:

Body and mind are the same.

Power is a delusion of separateness.

Unity of all things is the only goal.

The individual human being is a delusion.

The universe itself is a winking melting affair, not objects in space, and we are a melting part of that universe.

The degree of truth in all of these statements is ultimately this: by the power of the individual imagination, all of the above conditions can be made to come to pass ... but many other conditions can come to pass also. As an actor, I can be me or I can be you or I can be me *and* you or I can be the tree or the forest or the freeway or the stars in the sky. The Tibetan exercises of becoming, carried on for the last 1300 years (to say nothing of theater itself), have illustrated this point quite dramatically.

However, what has been bizarrely accepted as cutting edge in some circles is this: the subsuming of the individual, metaphysically, under The Universe and under The Unity and Melting Down of All Realities. This eliminates the idea of individual power, it eliminates the attitude that the mind is separate from the body and the brain, it eliminates the idea that creativity and imagination are real, it eliminates the knowledge that the individual can summon up and find and exercise great power.

And, it eliminates the possibility of great health, because great health is predicated on the creative capacity to use tremendous amounts of energy.

Are you beginning to see the picture?

Another version of individual power being discredited.

It has become fashionable in the last hundred years to ignore esoteric Western efforts at enlightenment, such as magick and alchemy, in favor of Eastern methods. Of course both East and West, in their efforts to advance consciousness out of the mundane, have seen elite political players use their schools of thought to bring about caste systems, to support sadism, to repress the individual imagination under a welter of secret teachings. These days we are seeing the Melting Down philosophy. It has been floated out there before. This is not new, even though some ideas borrowed from quantum physics have now been used to carry the load. Remember, the “thinkers” who create these metaphors for our time which put everyone else into a “unified and glorious meltdown” are not coalescing into the great oneness at all. They are basically recommending it for everyone else.

Over the last 35 years I have watched a few spectacular healers at work. Richard Jenkins, described in *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*. Hadidjah Lamas. A few others. Let me tell you something. These people can melt down with the best of them — WHEN IT IS CALLED FOR IN THE IMPROVISATION CALLED HEALING. They can also be very much themselves and direct energy into areas where that is needed. They can change the shape of energy fields and they can do it willfully and purposefully and with power and they can use

their imaginations to create energies out of nothing when that is needed. They can do this.

The famous Zen archer who is the arrow and the bow and the target at the same moment — and therefore can even hit the bulls-eye in the dark — also goes home and puts his feet up and has a bowl of soup and washes his face and brushes his teeth and decides to be himself when he wants to. Being the arrow and the bow and the target is not a necessity, it is a theatrical act, it is an act of the imagination.

That choice can only exist in a society, can only be taught in a society which is free to a certain degree.

What does free mean?

It means that you as a person have certain rights guaranteed.

It doesn't mean that you are first and foremost a part of the whole.

It means that you are a human being with a mind, with an imagination.

We are now on the verge of giving the whole farm away for a philosophy which takes THE GROUP to be the primary unit of existence.

Because many “lone criminals” have abused freedom, we are being taught in a subliminal way that the whole IDEA of the individual is wrong and dangerous, that it must be trampled on and turned into an unrecognizable shape.

In every case, the teachers of this idea are people who maintain a separate life for themselves and would never, under any circumstances, surrender their own concept of their own individuality. In fact, they see THE GROUP as a great chance to spawn a world in which their own individuality will be increased.

30

The political categories we have been taught, radical and conservative and centrist and Democrat and Republican and Communist and Capitalist and Socialist and Collectivist and free market all fall short. None of them explains what is really going on in our world today.

No delusionary veneer can mask forever the fact that you are an individual human being, and that you have the capability to materialize power, imagination, that you have endless spaces of your own which could be called mind — which are distinct from brain.

For eight centuries there existed in Europe a spark, a widening of a flame, and that flame was about freedom of the individual over and against the rule of authority in religion and government. That flame was never pure in the sense that it was absolutely protected from those who had ulterior motives, who saw freedom as a gimmick behind which another authoritarian regime could be built.

But it was a flame and it was real.

You are now living in the age of the co-opting of that flame. The use of the flame for empire-building by illegal means. The empire is all about control of people, land, resources, technology. The empire coalesces and its leaders learn more and more about what they should be doing to forward their designs.

The solution to these crimes and abuses is, in the long run, a vast movement away from the toxic technologies and strategies and Anthoods of these corporations. We need many new sources of energy and food and organization, many new technologies which take us totally away from these perpetrators. We need innovation on many fronts, and that starts with the

individual and with the imagination. This is not an operation which can work by robotizing large groups of people in “a better direction.”

That won't work in the long run.

There are many cynics who believe that all humans are really passive blank slates, and the only way to save the world is to imprint a “better, more humane message” on the accepting minds of millions.

These cynics can be found in every political movement and party in the world, usually at the head of the table.

They are wrong and they are without hope.

The only solution to the world, *in the long run*, is through the skyway called freedom, which leads to imagination, which leads to ultimate power for each individual.

The people who are desperately afraid of this idea will tell you that it is a sure formula for runaway self-aggrandizement.

But I assure you that the idea I am talking about is for every individual, and the real punishment starts with the conviction that human beings are machines and have no rock-bottom creativity.

This is the battleground. This is the place where you either check out and say “I don't care, I don't want to know,” or you make a move for greater life.

We see in our world today a thing called GATT and another thing called NAFTA and another thing called United Europe. These all say they are efforts at free trade, efforts at curtailing national and ethnic conflicts by the process of unification. And on one level that is what they are.

But on the most important level, for the long haul, they are the girders of a civilization in which the word HARMONY is used like a hammer.

This is the word that will make it possible to ship corporate toxic goods for human consumption all over the world. If it is only partially possible now, it will become completely possible

in fifty years — and the rubric will be HARMONY.

“Don’t offend your brothers and sisters on the other side of the world by refusing to allow their produce into your country....”

What is left out of this statement is the following: These “brothers and sisters” are working (slaving) for a gigantic complex of agribusiness corporations, and that complex is using a pesticide on its produce which will slowly cause nerve disease.

In exactly the same way, humans are taught that they must fit themselves into the laws of the universe. This is another form of harmonizing, and it is ultimately an anesthetic for the imagination.

Does that seem too large a leap?

Isn’t. Philosophies of both East and West have woven pictures of the Universe as a kind of closed system which will benefit us greatly if we only learn how to harmonize ourselves with it. We are told that the only alternative to that is a harsh philosophy of the “domination of nature by humans,” and because of it we are on the verge of destroying our planet.

First of all, domination is not the only alternative to harmonizing with somebody else’s crafted picture of the Universe.

The basic alternative is the creation of many novel realities by you and me and everyone else.

Harmonizing is a very good thing to know how to do WHEN YOU WANT TO DO IT. It is not the end-all and be-all.

It is often used as a strategy for limiting human power and achieving an emotional blend with an image of reality which fronts for the naked force of elite players.

31

The history of this planet as we are told it commences with “very primitive people who worshipped gods out of fear.”

That is a comfortable interpretation.

But suppose we drop the word primitive because “all these people” had vastly different tribes and villages and practices. And many of them were well aware of other dimensions of perception and could make paranormal leaps at the drop of a hat day in and day out.

However, the idea of God or gods was, for many of these societies, an object of worship. The same is true today. That is the primitive thing, because as I spelled out in *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, worshipping a god is just one aspect of creating a god.

And creating a god intentionally is a monumental overall consciousness practice, and it is a practice of high art.

You are the artist.

You create a god.

You then become more alive and energetic and healthy and powerful.

Without apparent limit.

That is the practice.

That is what Tibet brought to this world.

The practice has been muddied and stepped on and minimized but it is still alive.

But now forget for a moment the idea of a god as an object of creation. Let me give you a practice for yourself.

Create experimentally a number of beings of your own

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choosing. Play around. Eventually you will come to one that seems natural and right and fascinating. Settle on that one and create it every day. For how long? That's up to you.

Is this creating just visualizing?

Not just. There will be feelings you find and imagine around this personage.

This is not religion.

Religion is the attempt to bury this royal practice.

Royal in the sense that it represents a fabulous road that is open to everyone.

This is one of the hidden secrets.

This practice.

This is more important than all the UFO sightings and landings ever reported.

But if you do this practice, remember this: this is yours. You do it, you are in charge, you are in control. This is not for the purpose of ATTACHING yourself to a being and going the distance as an obedient devotee. NOT AT ALL. You are the creator. You can stop and drop it anytime you want to. Think of it this way. You paint a mural. Is this mural the ruler of you? Of course not. In fact, anytime you want to, you can walk away from it or paint over it or whitewash it.

32

Here is a very short story.

Here is a cluster of events which illustrates, to a surprising degree, some of the points I have been making in this book.

On April 26th, 1986, the unit #4 reactor at the Chernobyl Nuclear Power Plant in the Soviet Ukraine exploded. More radioactive material was sent into the air than at Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

Professor John Gofman, at the University of California at Berkeley, who had spent the better part of his professional life studying the effects of radiation, wrote, “Chernobyl is not a distant problem ... There is a health-holocaust occurring in the Ukraine, Belarus and the western part of Russia, areas most contaminated by the Chernobyl accident.”

In fact, more than a million children — to say nothing of adults — have been seriously affected in these regions of the former Soviet Union. Many of these children have died or are dying.

Is it academic to mention that, had the creation of alternative energies spun sooner and faster away from the central axis of monopolistic energy-power on this planet, Chernobyl might never have happened?

It is not academic at all.

In 1990, and then in 1994, two California cities, Petaluma and San Diego, respectively, started chapters of what they called the Chernobyl Children’s Project. In 1996, 24 children from Belarus were brought to San Diego for six weeks and lived with volunteer families. This was organized by the First Unitarian Universalist Church of San Diego. The children were fed good

food and breathed cleaner air. Their immune systems improved. Physicians in Belarus said that even a month in such an environment could give these children an additional five years of good health.

I recently attended a service at the Unitarian Church in San Diego. Some of the 1998 children of Chernobyl were present. They spoke. The American families who were having them in their homes spoke. There was music. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

I found out that a Children of Chernobyl art project had been underway for some time. Based at a boarding school in Belarus, children were doing paintings, and the show of these works was traveling in the San Diego area. The paintings were quite remarkable in their own right. The sale of reproductions was helping the overall project along.

Peter had seen one of the exhibitions. He was a distributor for a nutritional company in America. This company sells a product I won't name here. Peter found out that a study of breast cancer patients was under way at the N.N. Alexandrov Research Institute of Oncology and Medical Radiology in Belarus. He arranged, with the company, to have shipped sufficient capsules of product X for the study.

The results of the controlled trial, which involved 25 patients, showed that, "After the total of 21 days of taking [X] (14 days after the breast surgery) there was a visible tendency to normalization in the T-helpers and T-suppressors ratio [normalization of immune factors] in the study group, compared to the control group of the patients [a retrospective group from past treatments] who had not received [X] ... The level of the thyroid hormones (T3, T4, and thyroxin-binding globulin) came to normal [level] in nearly half of the patients after taking [X] for one month. This observation is of great significance because of the involvement of the thyroid gland in the development of a number of pre-tumor diseases as a consequence of the Chernobyl accident, which had affected the functional activity of thyroid glands in the population of Belarus ... Conclusion: introduction of ... [X] ... has revealed the normalization

of some indices of cellular immunity, an increase in the phagocyte activity of the lymphocytes, an increase in the function of the thyroid hormones in the patients with a decreased thyroid gland function. Besides, it has demonstrated improvement in the general blood protein level in the patients receiving [X] for 6 weeks and more. Taking into consideration the favorable effect of [X] as part of a complex treatment for the breast cancer patients, we consider a follow-up study and more clinical observations to be highly desirable.”

This is remarkable, to say the least. A nutrient which has a fast and profound effect on problems associated with radiation from the Chernobyl catastrophe.

You want paranormal?

I'll give you paranormal. A whole population in a situation more desperate than any we have personally known, and they begin by having the children make paintings.

What could be more absurd, yes?

And what does it lead to?

The possibility that a plant-nutrient can mitigate the effects of radiation in that population.

What needs to be done now is release a huge supply of X, on an experimental basis, to the devastated areas in the former Soviet Union. Will a cure be guaranteed? Of course not. But in a race against time, when a promise and a hope appears like this, why wait for further studies, for further mullings? Why not act decisively? Why not do the right thing? And in the process build a new world.

33

For over two decades, a group called Sorrat has met in a small town in Missouri to explore the possibilities of manifesting paranormal phenomena.

Many, many people have reported the movement of objects in the Sorrat meeting room that defy gravity and explanation.

I spoke with Emily Edwards, a reporter who has just completed a documentary on a journey to see and experience Sorrat.

Ms. Edwards does not accept “Spirit as an explanation of objects moving in the dark room where I sat ... I sat between two men. My hands were on their hands. I had brought my folding chair into the room myself, so I knew it was not rigged in any way. The men could not have lifted up my chair with their two free hands. But the chair went up in the air with me on it. My feet were six to eight inches off the floor ... I don’t know what caused this to happen. I’m a skeptical person. I just don’t automatically accept the paranormal as a true fact.”

Assume for a moment that what seemed to have happened did happen: a levitation.

In that case, it is clear that the so-called ordinary normal world around us is an incomplete version of existence.

We are all drawn to this normal world. We believe in it. The power of that belief, as a creative force, gives us the product of our state of mind: a world in which physical force is necessary to move objects, a world in which only by machines can we communicate over a distance.

That belief is powerful.

But what happens if we begin to let it drop away like an old suit we no longer want?

What happens if we replace that worn-out belief with another dream, another creation, another belief?

34

This chapter is a severely edited-down version of my taped program called The Imagination Course.

A little background here. Think for a moment how unusual it is that we live in a country in which it would be possible to formulate a kind of education based on the imagination, in which there really is no limit. This speaks of a lot of freedom. Now most of us, including myself, don't happen to look at the United States of America these days through the eyes of, "Isn't it fantastic that we have all this freedom?" Because what strikes me and a lot of other people is that the amount of freedom is lessening in this country and has been for some time. Nevertheless, I think it is important to understand that there are other times and places in which even talking about what I talk about here would be considered heresy, and any sort of visual or other type of imagined scene would be incorporated into the central myth structure or religion of the age.

There are many societies that have existed in the past, smaller societies for example, where a person who is inventing dreams or imagining other times and places would immediately understand that what they were dreaming of had no currency outside the central myth structure and religion of that time and place, so everything would be immediately re-edited, re-cut to fit the mold of that time and place.

A large number of people who begin to exercise their imaginations in serious ways, and know that that's what they're doing, could certainly alter the history of this planet in the coming century. Now for this kind of freedom there are many people whom we have to thank. At the top of that list perhaps would be the man known as Thomas Paine, who wrote *Common Sense*, *The Age of Reason*, and a number of other works, around the

need for freedom from authoritarian religion and government. Those people who staged that revolution were not simply pawns of somebody else, but were seeking a new frontier. They were successful to a degree that was unprecedented in history in establishing on this soil an opportunity for freedom.

Now we don't talk about that much these days, and people who do talk about it are usually put into some sort of a bag by reporters and pundits and media as being terribly right-wing, as if this country had nothing to do with the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War and the Constitution and the separation of church and state, and all that. And it's surprising how little we hear any of that invoked by our current President and past Presidents in recent times, as if the origins of this country have fallen out of favor. At any rate, those men and women who had the vision, the imagination if you will, and the force of will and the dedication to work for a different kind of country, were successful to an amazing degree. And we need to understand that.

Now to turn that on its head, I'll mention a book called *Science of Coercion* by Christopher Simpson, a long monograph in which the author spells out in great detail a very strange thing. Talking about the years, oh, 1945 to 1960, when the CIA and other aspects of the United States government exerted a fantastic influence on an emerging social science called Mass Communications Research, extending all kinds of grant monies for papers and books to be written by certain people. The most influential people had come out of what was called psychological warfare research during the 2nd World War.

Psychological warfare research to Mass Communications Research, and in Christopher Simpson's very insightful analysis of what this all means, he shows you how through government funding of various researchers in this emerging field after World War II, there is buried, embedded an implicit definition of what communication is. Communication means basically: how does one person dominate another; how does one country dominate another? How do you set about to propagandize, to influence through media, through communication, the minds of other people to hold certain ideas you want them to hold and thereby influence them and thereby dominate them? The very opposite of freedom. The very opposite of an open society.

The art, the imagination if you will, is in concocting this appearance that fronts for a reality. The appearance is that, lo and behold, spontaneously a new field of research called Mass Communications Research is emerging and it is becoming very popular and widely funded and there are many people writing about it, and it's quite a terrific thing.

You see, that's the mural that is presented to the public, when in fact the reality is what I've just described. And the purpose of all this would be to justify and bleed into various government agencies a certain kind of philosophy, an overall strategy for how communication is to be handled, when it comes to other nations around the world. How it can be woven into almost a subliminal understanding of the fact that the purpose and the goal of the United States is to dominate, dominate, dominate, dominate.

That is one reason why I think we are in a very vital time here. When so much of the human imagination is called into the kind of employment that I just described, in which the art is to deceive people, to present a fake reality, a façade behind which sits the agenda of control and domination, then we need to have many, many people take advantage of the freedom that *does* exist now to create alternative realities. To change the *focus* of power, remove it from its overwhelmingly centralized corporate/government version that exists globally.

Now I've been asked the question, what will the results be of doing the exercises in this home study course, *The Imagination Course*. The purpose is to increase the power and scope of the imagination.

Many people ask the question, will imagining what I want bring it into being? And the answer to that is a little tricky and it is something like this: ultimately at a high level of capacity the answer to that is yes, if you really want what it is you are imagining. For example, imagining a red scooter just for the hell of it in order to beef up your imagination in general won't necessarily bring you a red scooter. But imagining money could bring you money, if you want it and if you are willing to do in the world the new things that emerge in your mind from imagining that money.

Here's a possible scenario. Somebody begins to imagine

money. A stack of money, feel that stack of money. Oh, feel that crisp one. And they're doing this as an exercise. Now as they do this, say they do this for 3 or 4 minutes and after a few days of doing it for 2 or 3 minutes or 3 or 4 minutes, whatever, a couple of new ideas occur to them about their job, their work, their business. They begin to see a new range of possibilities. And then after another six weeks of doing that they're off and running with all kinds of ideas about home-based businesses, entrepreneurship, this and that and the other thing.

Well, it would be a mistake at that point to simply discount all those ideas and say, well that's just fallout from my doing the exercises and what I really need to do, see, is just keep on doing the exercise and never follow up on anything, any of the brainstorms that have just occurred to me.

No, you need to pick and choose among the brainstorms, you need to be ready to actually implement some of these new ideas that occurred to you.

At higher levels of capacity to work the imagination, it is possible that no action is necessary because imagining something *is* materializing it or having it.

Using the imagination is a multi-faceted process that expands and extends in many directions. As you do this course many new possibilities and ideas about your life, about the way things are, about the world will occur to you. Think about them. New possibilities are part of the course. Thinking about those new possibilities is part of the course. Acting on some of them is part of the course.

And here is something I have not emphasized so far. Of course we all use our imaginations all the time. We are all creating all the time. But this is not the same as doing it on a conscious basis, just as it's quite a bit different to run down to the grocer for a snack at midnight and going out onto the track on your local college for a program of daily running. It's a whole different ballgame on all levels.

The wonderful thing about the imagination is that it's an open thing. It thrives on energy, and it thrives on practice, and it thrives on immediately deciding that things are going to go in a certain way. And it thrives on the breadth and the scope of

your vision. And it thrives on confidence. And it thrives on just that sort of go-for-it immediacy. These are all the things in our lives that have been given shortshrift, that have been pushed into the background for the more sober kind of considerations. I'm not really putting down the analytical faculties, the IQ, the intelligence, technical know-how, skill, the understanding of how to, say, organize situations. Those are all very valuable. However, our world is becoming more and more mechanized, more and more and more mechanical in many ways because very few people are saying that the center-core for our being is our imagination. Do you understand?

The fewer people who are saying it and the less attention that is paid to it, the easier it is to have a docile obedient population. I don't care what part of the political spectrum you may be from, or who your favorite politicians may be, or were. This is, believe me, not an issue here of left or right or center or Republican or Democrat or conservative or liberal or radical or revolutionary or monarchist. This has nothing to do with any of that.

As I quoted earlier, there is this overwhelming statistic: 300 transnational corporations control 25% of the world's productive capacity as of 1994. So now in 2004 who knows what we are dealing with here? Exactly how far has that advanced? It is always advancing.

There's been a misunderstanding for a very long time in this country and I'm forced to bring it out into the open. Other people have brought it out into the open. There are people who have labored under the delusion that this country was created by religious men fundamentally and that the whole idea of America was that it should be dominated by religion. I simply can't square that with the facts, not at all. The overwhelming majority of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. The Masonic code indicates that a person who becomes a member asserts a belief in the Supreme Being and that's the beginning and the end of it. There's no discussion of specific religion at all in the Masons. And there are reasons for that historically. If you read an excellent book called *Born in Blood* by John Robinson, you will get what is, to me, the best, most sane version

of the history of Masonry, absent all of the incredible frills that we've been treated to.

Within the group of men that created this country, there was a subgroup that understood they were trying out an experiment and this experiment was from the beginning in danger. There were people, supposedly on the good side who were really not on the good side, who had hidden agendas and so forth. Nevertheless, within the American revolution there was a core of a fantastic proposal for an experiment. The experiment was freedom. That's what it was.

It wasn't an experiment in religion. It wasn't an experiment in obedience to God. It wasn't a nation to be created as a "Christian" nation or "Jewish" nation or any kind of religious nation. That had nothing to do with anything. Even if people are absolutely convinced that morally this country would be better off right now if we were all devoted to religion, that is not the same thing by a long shot as saying this country was created to dwell under God, with all the accoutrements that religion has, all the morality and belief system that it entails.

So I want to make that clear and make those distinctions, because it's important to understand that this country was formulated by a core of people who genuinely did see that the individual pursuit of happiness was a major partner to the idea of freedom.

What good is freedom if nothing happens? How can you say there is freedom if all you're talking about is a big empty gymnasium? We propose the freedom to play basketball. So what we've done is we've built the gymnasium and nobody comes. We have the freedom to play basketball. Yeah, but you have no basketball. We have created freedom, and inserted into that arena of freedom the inalienable right to the pursuit of individual happiness. A startling idea at the time. What does it entail? It certainly entails the creative faculty if you look at it, imagination, invention, although that wasn't spelled out. The implication is there. Other people coming along, and unfortunately this did not really happen in any major, major, major way, could have pointed that out by making the imagination the centerpiece of freedom.

Although we *assume* this has been done somewhere at some time by intelligent people, and pushed to the fore of our understanding, you know it has not been done in a really highlighted, accentuated, bold way.

Imagination, freedom, power. The three link up together. The freedom gives you the opportunity, the arena in which there is not going to be coercion and co-option of the imagination, so that one can not only pursue happiness, but also can invent, imagine, create. Without freedom you are constantly trying to create in the face of secret police and oppressive kings and a religion that arrests people for having heretical thoughts and burns them at the stake and all that.

The conscious use of the imagination definitely leads to greater and greater power on several different fronts, the power to act, the power to be decisive, the power to focus, the power to materialize what one wants, and the power to achieve fluidity of action and ecstasy. So the imagination part of the triad has been ignored basically. It certainly hasn't been given its due.

Freedom has been suffering reversals for a very long time in this country, and it has also been atrophying. Without the use of tremendous creative faculties, freedom is going to deteriorate because creation is what freedom is *for*.

35

This is a condensed version of a taped program called The Paranormal Protocol.

There is a very rich history of laboratory research that indicates beyond a shadow of a doubt the existence of the paranormal, and not just in a spotty, random fashion. This is not simply anecdotal, this is legitimate science. That science is denied by most conventional scientists who are terrified of the implications of those experiments because they are paradigm-breaking from the ground up.

Let us say you are sitting here with your eyes open and you are looking across the room at a table or a desk and there is an object on it. A small alarm clock sits on a table. And you imagine in some form or another, and it's not systematic so there's no dictation of the way you must conceive of this, but in some form or another you conceive, you create, you imagine, you invent that this clock is actually going to slide across the table. You don't touch it, nobody else touches it, but lo and behold the clock moves across the table.

There is a strong conjunction there between what we could call paranormal and creative. The imagination is not merely and only a visual faculty that makes up interior images that have no effect on the real world; the imagination in its widest sense is a marvelous spectrum of creation that involves idea, feeling, sensation, full-bodied visual conception, all of the senses created.

A good example of that would be a small analysis of what happens in theater. You're not simply asking an actor to visualize in his mind another character and his actions, to sit there in a chair and imagine that he is actually playing an older man of

70. You're certainly not going to cut him off from that avenue because that may be very important, that interior visualization, but there is a great kinesthetic sense here too. The actor is going to stand up and he's going to move like this old man. There are feelings involved and he is going to tilt his head in a certain way and he is going to gaze out of his eyes in a certain way, and if he is a bit over the hill he is going to put a kind of mist in those eyes, and the movements of the hands are going to be a little bit slower and less emphatic, less deft, more vague. There's going to be a wistful air that he creates, an aura about him. The voice itself moves in and out and up and down. And then of course there are feelings engendered in the course of dialogue on the stage with other characters, his daughter whom he hasn't seen in 15 years who suddenly appears in the middle of dinner.

Where do those feelings come from? They are invented, created, imagined in the fullest sense of that. And there can be lots of discussion about: is this something from nothing or is this *existing* material that is *reshaped*? But in either event we are talking about creation and a multi-layered, multi-faceted spectrum of it in the theater. That is the best example I know of to show the wide-ranging character of imagination.

Let's take an experiment — the capacity of an observer to rearrange in some way molecules of water simply by imagination, by the desire to do so, not by stirring with a finger, or swizzle stick, but by sitting there and looking at the water in a container. And yes, there are machines that can measure this. It's done by light scattering equipment. The point of that is to show that on a level which may not be visible, but is nevertheless measurable, a person can affect and change the molecular structure of water through his — what? — his creative, inventive faculties. There are baseline measurements taken to insure that we are not mistaking the intent and the creative power of the person for simple random fluctuations. Contrary to what most of the public thinks, because they've been fed false information, a huge body of these experiments is done very well. The design is very good, the controls are good. These are not flimsy experiments.

Let's take another one. A practitioner of a certain type of yoga — and this was detailed by Dr. Herbert Benson, M.D., Harvard, is able to raise his body temperature at will. It is measured. It is very easy to see that it was accomplished by the paranormal ability of the practitioner.

There are several things I'm getting at here. One of them is that it is foolish to think that all paranormal ability is visible, because it may start out on a subvisible but measurable basis. A great deal of paranormal research that involves measuring equipment such as light scattering is of that nature. I believe from what I've observed that many, many, many of us already possess paranormal abilities but at a level not easily visible, but that would be measurable if we had the equipment available to us.

The paranormal is not simply something cold and brutal and scientific and very, very boringly specific that happens in a laboratory. We are talking about the realization and the bringing into being of — and these words may be a little confusing, but let's use them anyway — worlds, universes, situations, paintings, murals, spaces, events, futures. Look at these any way you want to.

Let's suppose you are a young boy and you have a baseball and your parents own a farm and you walk out with the baseball to the barn and you measure 60 feet six inches out from the side of the barn, which is the distance from the center of the pitching mound to home plate on a professional baseball field layout. And you begin to throw the baseball against the side of the barn. All right? And let's say that there is no such thing as major league baseball or minor league baseball, or college or American Legion or recreational baseball. Let's suppose there is no such sport as far as anybody knows. There is just this boy with a ball who is throwing against the side of the barn. And let's say that if you were suddenly to transport somebody with a radar gun to the site, he would notice that this boy was consistently throwing the ball against the barn at 103 miles an hour.

Now that is faster than any of the pitchers in the major leagues throws a baseball. But it would go virtually unnoticed. No attention would be paid to it. It wouldn't be thought of as

an ability. There would be no labeling of it or naming it. The person, the boy who is doing it, would not be spoken with in any way or rewarded or paid attention to in any way for being able to do that. It would be a meaningless pastime. Are you beginning to get what I'm talking about here?

The development of a context around that ball being able to fly at the side of the barn at 103 miles an hour, the context of the game, the game which has been called the National Pastime in America, which has many, many, many devoted fans, which has heroes, which has a rich tradition, which has a tremendous amount of emotional, aesthetic investment on the part of these fans suddenly changes the picture entirely.

Somebody notices this kid doing that and says, "Hey kid, we want to sign you up because you've got a great fastball." And that was in fact part of the story of a pitcher named Bob Feller who became a hero for the Cleveland Indians in the period just before and after World War II. He was known as the fastest pitcher in baseball. I believe it was Iowa where that barn was located.

Consider those people who obviously have paranormal abilities. Were they to be told that this is the case, at least some of them who weren't too skittish would begin to develop a kind of confidence, a growing confidence that they had a capability that was important in some way. And if all this had a public arena in which there was a context of some kind, and there was a general knowledge on the part of people around the world that this was important, that this was in fact a great sign of creativity, and that it might be signaling for the human race a movement toward the next step of *evolution*, the next step toward a much different kind of civilization, then the further development of these capacities to enormous proportions might soon take place.

With a thousand plastic balls dropping into a case, instead of an overload to the left of center by a factor of one or two or three balls, suppose it became twenty or thirty or fifty or a hundred or six hundred or nine hundred balls.

Let me just give you a simple starting technique. You work with a partner. One is called the Facilitator. The other,

the Participant. These names are not engraved in stone, but they make it easy to explain who is who.

You as the Facilitator take an ordinary deck of playing cards and you strip it down to 12 cards so that each of the four suits is represented by 3 cards. There are 3 clubs, 3 spades, 3 diamonds, 3 hearts. That makes 12. It doesn't matter what the cards say, what numbers they are, or whether they are Jack, Queen, King, or Ace. It doesn't matter at all. We're not concerned with numbers here, we're only concerned with the suits. You now have a very small deck of 12 cards: 3 clubs, 3 spades, 3 diamonds, 3 hearts. The rest of the deck is discarded. This 12-card deck will become your ESP deck of cards. Very simple.

You sit across a small table from the Participant who is going to "guess" (that's not a good word here, but we'll use it anyway) what the suits are of the cards. The deck is face down after it's shuffled on the table. The participant is going to tell you the suit of the first card. He's going to say it's either a club, diamond, spade or heart. You have a small pad of paper and you record what he tells you. When he tells you what the first card is you then take that card and without letting him see it you pick up the deck and put it on the bottom of the deck face down. So now the second card is on top. You put the deck back on the table and he tells you what the suit of the second card is. You write that down. You give him, in other words, no positive or negative feedback until he has guessed the suits of all 12 cards and you have written that down in a sequence on a piece of paper.

When he's all done the deck is sitting on the table and you're now back to the top of it. So now you can begin to turn over the cards and see how he did. How many suits did he guess correctly out of the 12? Was it 1, was it 2, was it 3, was it 7? Whatever. And you add that up and you put a number next to that run. A run is a time through the entire 12-card deck. So on the first run let's say he has 4 correct and you write a 4 next to that list of guesses and you circle it. You as the facilitator become a record-keeper. You have a record of every run-through and you also have a record of how many right on each run.

Now were you to do this for 20 minutes as the Facilitator,

you would accumulate a number of runs. You would have all that recorded. Then you would take a short break and then you would turn that around so that he becomes the Facilitator and you become the Participant and he does that for you for 20 minutes.

That's a paranormal exercise in remote perception. In this case it wouldn't be telepathy because you as the Facilitator don't know what the suits on the cards are. So you have Exercise #1 that I've just given you here in a Paranormal Protocol.

I'm going to make this fairly precise simply because I don't want you to get the idea that this is an occasional party trick or something to amuse yourselves when there is nothing else to do. This is like going to the gym, but in reality it's much more adventurous. If you decide you want to work out, trim your body down, sculpt it a bit, yet you're only going to go to the gym when you feel like it, it's not going to work out very well. But if you say to yourself, I'm going to the gym 4 times a week and this is when I'm going and you stick to it, that's different.

So in the same way, I'm going to say that this Protocol is 3 times a week for an hour each time with your partner. That's 3 hours a week. And you do it for 90 days.

Now here is the other Exercise. You have a Facilitator and a Participant and you do it both ways, alternating. In this case, however, instead of 20 minutes one way and 20 the other it is 10, and then 10. You do it after the first Exercise I just described. This is Exercise #2 in the Paranormal Protocol.

Both people prepare pieces of paper which are thick enough not to be read through when they are upside down on a table.

Let's say you are the Facilitator. You come to the session already prepared and in the top left-hand corner of that piece of paper you write a sequence, vertically down the page, of 20 numbers, one under another. No number is more than 2 digits. And you try not to fool somebody here. You wouldn't take the number 63 and write it down 20 times just to be obstreperous about it. You would give a random distribution of many different numbers. You can have either one digit for a number or two digits for a number. You write them under each other, 20 of them. You write 12 series of 20 numbers on that page.

Each series is separated distinctly from the other so there is no confusion or overlap. You as the Facilitator arrive at this exercise with the piece of paper, you slap it down face down on the table. The Participant has a blank sheet of paper and a pen and he begins to think about what is series #1 on the page you have.

The Participant writes down what he believes is the sequence of 20 numbers that is Series 1. He puts Series 1 at the top on his page and he writes that out. Then he does Series 2. Then he does Series 3. And so on. And he gets no positive or negative feedback from you whatsoever until he's done with all 12 series. He doesn't hold them up and show them to you to try to get a reaction from you.

When he's done you flip over your sheet, and you begin to compare, and on his piece of paper you write down next to each series how many he's gotten correct.

Now what is a correct guess? It is the right number in the right place in the series. If the number 6 was the first number in a series and he put down 6 as the fourth number, that's not correct.

One of the things you might find is that during a 20-number sequence he's wrong, he's wrong, he's wrong, he's wrong, he's wrong, and then he's right, right, right, right. There's a burst of right. And then it drops off again, as if he was able to tune in and then he tuned out, some clarity began to disintegrate.

So what he is attempting to do again is to read, as it were, something he can't see, or to see something he can't see with his eyes. But it's a mistake to see this merely as a perception exercise. This is where some paranormal pundits begin to wobble in their analysis of what's going on here. He might be meditating to come up with a number that's going to appear in his mind if he thinks that strategy is going to work. In fact as I mention in the book, *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, according to Brenda Dunne and Robert Jahn the participants in their paranormal experiments evoked many different strategies to try to do better or be successful.

Suppose that in his realm he is now looking into your mind to see what you wrote down, in which case we would now be

talking about telepathy. That's possible in this exercise. Are we going to call that seeing? Well, I don't know. It might be for you but it might not be for him. He might say, no, no, no, I'm not seeing what you wrote down, I'm picking it up as it were, almost like a magnet might attract iron filings. It's as if the numbers you wrote down in Series 1 are like little nails sticking into your jacket and I wave a magnet over it and these numbers suddenly accrue to the magnet in exactly the right order and then I simply write them down.

There are people, of course, who say that's absolutely absurd. It's absurd if you are talking about a mechanical robotic systematized universe, but this is not that. This is one of the major reasons that the paranormal has been belittled and has been repressed. There are different ways that people work when they do paranormal stuff. There are many different ways and all of them are legitimate. None of them has to be "rational" in the ordinary meaning of the word rational. That is not the issue. The sky is the limit.

So somebody might come along and say, well, here's how this works for me. You write these numbers down on a piece of paper and then what I do is I go underwater — underwater? — yeah, it's a kind of feeling I have that I'm under the water. And when I'm under I see these fish swim by and I put out my hand and the fish rub up against my hand and then I just know what the number is. And there are 12 fish and each fish does that. You say, that's ridiculous. Then you turn over the piece of paper and you see that the guy got 6 out of 12 right.

Or he could give you a very, very "rational" sort of imagery for telepathy. He could say, now you see what I do is I have this sense and it is very difficult to describe but it's a perceptive sense that is not connected to my eyes. I believe that it is sort of a brain shift that occurs and in the brain shifting I move from the left hemisphere to the right. And I sense that the velocity of transmission of neurotransmitters seems to change. And he gives you this whole song and dance. You turn over the paper and the guy got 1 right out of 12.

You should be getting a flavor now of why it is that many people repress their own paranormal abilities and the knowledge that they

have them. The whole business doesn't fit what they consider to be *normal*. One of the major occupations of our society is to make sure that people grow up to be normal. And rational.

I hope that begins to open that up a bit for you. There is no "supposed to" as to the way you see what numbers have been written on the upside-down piece of paper.

Somebody might say, well, you see I kind of crawled between the page and the desk, as it were, and I looked up and I saw the numbers written on the underside of the page. Fine.

I go to heaven and I ask God and he tells me. Fine.

Inside the stove is a frog and the frog is a magical frog that I rely on at times and he explains to me what numbers you've written. Fine.

Who cares? It doesn't matter.

It is not advisable to assume that you must imagine this in a certain way. "We're going to divide up the space above the page in a kind of grid, you see. This is the way you have to imagine it. And there are 14 squares in the grid and we're going to show you how to look at each square on the grid with what sort of attitude or what kind of perception." Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Because it is the unsystematic individual, it is the inventive, creative individual who learns in the long run to use the imaginative faculty in the most expansive ways. And I know that some remote viewing courses and teaching methods employ systems and I'm not criticizing them as being wrong. I want to include *more* people to build this platform from which we can move to a higher, deeper level of things.

But I just want to say that to try to limit the game to a certain style or format of imagining is a fatal mistake in the long run. And we're talking of the long run here. It would be on the order of my saying, now look, I'm going to teach you how to paint. The first thing you have to know is that you divide the canvas up into six squares and I'll show you how to do that. And then I'm going to take a photograph, You're going to learn how to make a "transfer" from the photograph, which is also divided into six squares, onto the canvas by drawing, and then we'll fill in the colors later and you'll have a very realistic

painting. I guarantee you that within six months you're going to be boggling yourself at your capacity to reproduce on canvas what is in a photograph, and of course, since nobody else knows you used the photograph, they will be boggled too. Amaze your friends.

Is there anything wrong with that? Absolutely not. In fact I know some super-realistic painters who operate exactly that way. However, to go on to say now, as a teacher, *don't do anything else*, I noticed you over there making some little marks and fooling around and trying something different and I don't want you to do that because that's not the way to do it. This is the way to do it ... that's a bad way to teach.

We can look to the artists of the centuries to see that the ones we love were individuals. They broke some kind of mold. Their imaginations ranged over large areas. And even if they ended up inventing their own systems, they were their systems, see, not necessarily fit for the consumption of anybody else. This is where people always run into problems. They seek for the mechanical solution.

So it is that many people who seek to learn how to do paranormal things are always looking for a mechanical system. It would be very easy for me to try to impose that on you and assure you at the same time that since you know nothing about this subject you must follow my directions. And give you all kinds of reasons why it has to be done in this way and no other way. If I did that I would now be entering into the tradition which I spell out in my last book as the Formula of the Secret Society. That's what I would be doing at that point. I would be promising you freedom and giving you slavery.

So the field is wide open. Enjoy it. Play with it. Experiment with it. Go anywhere you want with it. Try your *own* systems. Or not. Or no-systems.

Now, is this a kind of practice in which you improve on a steady line? You tell me. If you were to make a graph of your performance you would notice all kinds of — well, you would notice whatever you would notice. Let me assure you that you will only be making a bald assumption if you assume that this graph is going to look like Mt. Fuji and just go up on a steep

angle from the bottom to the top. That assumption may prove to be right or it may prove to be wrong. But if you find that you have an “erratic” performance chart, do not be disturbed by that. The residual capacity and ability that you gain here bleeds in through time.

Don’t get mechanical about this whole matter in terms of performance. Just do it and work with it and experiment with it and have fun with it. On the other hand, if you are extremely competitive about this and want always to improve on what you’ve done before, great. Who am I to say that there’s anything wrong with that? If that’s the way you go at this, then that’s the way you go at it. Tremendous.

You begin to learn that in fact you are creating and imagining not simply “in your head” or “in your mind” but out into the space of the physical universe. Out into many spaces. Many universes.

Have fun. Be free with it. You begin to loosen up and you begin to see that you can imagine beyond any kind of description that you’ve been given about the way you’re supposed to operate.

You might be saying, these exercises are too simple, much too simple. No, they really aren’t. When you begin to do this as practice you will find out whatever you find out because it’s your imagination.