

Introduction

The way of the secret society is a way of life. At its root, it is not grinning skulls and sputtering candles in dark rooms. It is not that provincial.

The secret society reflects one invisible tradition that has existed on Earth for a hundred thousand years. It is the main Way that people have lived on this planet.

There is another way, another tradition, more invisible, more powerful.

This book is about these two avenues.

It is amazing, at this late date, that so many people think power is merely a cake of clay that six billion of us are beating at with hammers. It is astonishing that so many people think power is a mound of lumps and dust that six billion of us are fighting over.

Power has been taken by very well-run organizations. Major power.

On the other side of the coin, there is a growing crowd that thinks we must invoke fire-eating lizards or Satan to explain how power has been stolen from us.

This is a book about the organizations that have carted off something very vital in the middle of the night — and how to get it back. More than that, it is about the exact methods used to unhook us from all that we are.

I have done enough excavation to expose the central ruse, to show two invisible traditions of history.

I have gotten into the shiny stainless steel vault in the big bank, looked around, and pointed out the obvious. And then after that I have refused to budge.

I believe we are grappling, as if in a dream, with the layers of anesthetic that surround the core of our being.

This book is a search for ... what? A platform from which to view the place in ourselves which could revolutionize the future.

This search is not new, and we have all been over significant ground before. But we turn away, we demean ourselves, we fabricate existence and lessen its meaning. We pay allegiance to myths and gods, we accept a shrunken view of history.

But in history are veins of master substance, as it were, that can lead us back to ourselves in a new way.

The style of this book is not to set out, like file cabinets, a precise robot-march of facts which ultimately spell out a hypothesis. I rather take you along on my own adventure of discovery, because I want you to see and feel something, not merely make notes in the machine-part of the mind.

These days, the terms cult, secret society, and religion are all so loaded that their meanings are melting down.

I use cult and secret society to mean: organized groups which harbor a hidden agenda whose purpose is to dominate and control others.

This agenda doesn't rule out the existence of a merry public face. In fact, a cult may be doing good in one sphere while destroying life and limb on another front.

In this book, religion means a group which has a hierarchical power structure leading up to an invisible God. Naturally the God favors the religion which worships Him. Otherwise, why bother?

Most religions are secret societies. They have an agenda which involves controlling their devotees, all their charity-work notwithstanding.

Historically, people seek out secret societies and religions and join them to gain freedom from pain and turmoil. People also join because they are forced to. For example, the country they live in leaves no choice. Such was the case in medieval Europe, where the Roman Catholic Church held the wand of dominance.

But there is another factor. The popular term for it these days is mind control. It used to be brainwashing, hypnotism. I will discuss that aspect at length, in an unusual way.

When I use only the first name of a person, that name is fictitious. The reason is the same in all such cases: to ensure privacy. This book can offer much evidence to support its conclusions, but it cannot rest on absolute proof. Because of the nature of the subject, I have had to rely, in certain crucial situations, on the testimony of anonymous sources.

I have also, as I say, chosen to rely on my personal experience, because the story that will now unfold is empty without it.

What city is this
Whose moments tremble
Azure sky and lime lights
Walking in the intersections
Through the squares of paradise

PART ONE

1

This is a book about missing history.

I am taking core samples, drilling down into the strata of invisible events and lives and persons that have been ignored.

The first core may seem a bit fantastic. But I am clearing out a great deal of refuse, pushing off to the side some of the delirium that has been clouding our curiosity.

Curiosity about what?

About another kind of life that is closer to our desires.

2

June, 1960. The day after I graduated from Amherst College, I packed my bags, left them in the hall closet of my small empty dormitory and walked through the town.

I had lunch in the local diner and then dropped by several off-campus houses to say good-bye to friends. Late in the afternoon, I strolled to the top of the hill that looks out over the College field house and the baseball diamond. I sat down and thought about the rather amazing fact that I had just finished four years of studying philosophy. A strange trip, indeed. Most modern practitioners of this art favored a form of analysis devoted to burying, and spreading lime on, their famous predecessors, the Kants and Spinozas and Aristotles. They were killing their ancestors. An interesting ritual, except that it left the ground with nothing but old blood.

The subject of Western philosophy had really hit its Waterloo just before the turn of the century, but few people were willing to admit it. Science was then taking over as the muscle man, and its message seemed to be: Everything, including humans, consists only of atoms in motion. What may appear to be free will, love, power, joy, wonder, consciousness and the like are delusionary products of the movements of atoms in the brain and the nervous system.

Back in my room I found a few stray things on the shelf of my closet. There was a paper bag containing a small box of pastels and a pad of sketch paper. A friend of mine from Mt. Holyoke College had left them there months ago.

Without any thought, on a pure whim, I took the pastels and a sheet of paper to my desk and sat down. I began to draw a full yellow moon and clouds, which, over the next hour, turned into something more interesting. It was the first

time I could remember drawing since elementary school art class.

I continued to work for several hours. Finally, I stopped and took the sheet of paper off the desk and put it on the wood floor. I stood over it and looked down. Among the gray, yellow, and white masses, I saw a threading silvery form. What was it? I kept staring at it. It reminded me of the turn of a naked shoulder, or a narrow birch tree, but really it was a suggestion of crackling energy. I was astonished that I had somehow put it there.

The last thing I learned, or thought, at College was that energy was a presence, no matter how brief, that could come out of nowhere.

A silver line on a piece of paper suddenly meant far more to me than four years at Amherst.

Why? Because it was my line.

3

In 1961 I was twenty-three and living in New York. Fresh from college, I was writing jazz reviews for *Metronome*, a well-known magazine which was on its last legs.

On a spring afternoon, I quit (for the second time) my job at a bookstore in Greenwich Village, and walked from Sullivan Street to the Third Avenue branch to tell the owner.

He had left to go to lunch, so I hung around the shop and put new deliveries on the shelves. A thin man in a loose-fitting blue suit walked up to me and asked if we carried Trevor-Roper's World War II book on Hitler. I told him we didn't. I knew that because the big distributor who handled those books had just cut us off from all deliveries for non-payment of bills. The shelves throughout the store were thinning out.

"Well," the man said, "something on healing then."

"We don't have a category for that," I said. "Unless you're interested in Wilhelm Reich."

"I have those," he said.

"They just came out. Grove Press."

"Yes," he said. "Your government finally lifted the ban. But I've got them in German and French."

"Where are you from?"

"I have dual citizenship. British and Indian."

"I don't see Indian."

"My mother was. Stepmother. You know much about Reich?" he asked.

"I'm reading the books."

His face had a very steady look. "Reich was on the inside trying to look out," he said. "He found out a lot, for someone in his position."

"That's ridiculous," I said. "A student of Freud, who

breaks away from the teacher, and then is arrested by the U.S. government and dies in jail? He's an insider?"

"I know," he said. "Inside's a relative term. But compared to Reich, the healing I'm talking about is on Mars. These people don't write books."

"Then why did you ask for them?"

He shrugged. "You never know. What do you do?"

"I'm quitting my job in a few minutes."

"Good. Then you can have lunch with me. I'm between clients."

"What kind of clients?"

"Sick people."

"Doing all right in New York," I said.

The owner of the bookstore was known for long 70-proof lunches, so I didn't wait for him. I left a note saying I was quitting, and the man, whose name was Richard Jenkins, and I walked over to the Cedar Bar on University.

That's how the whole thing started.

4

Jenkins and I saw each other several times the next week. He told me his wife Rachel was living in Algiers at the moment, but she would be coming over soon. He was looking for an apartment on the upper West Side the two of them could settle into.

He alluded to some problems his mother was having “with the authorities” in Bombay, but he didn’t spell the situation out.

He was thin and he was losing his light brown hair. He reminded me of a British runner, one of those men who simultaneously appears a bit anemic and very fit. I put his age at 30.

Jenkins said he had lived most of his life in London and Algiers. After several years in New York, he was ready to call it home.

He knew about Wilhelm Reich’s maverick theories. The orgone, which Reich coined as the term to describe the basic particle of all energy, Jenkins said was “just one sample of a family of energies” which applied to humans and the electromagnetic fields that permeated their bodies. Jenkins claimed to have replicated a few of Reich’s esoteric experiments. “They didn’t turn out right for me every time,” he said, “but I worked out one good variation. A very small quantity of metal and wood would, under exposure to orgones, yield a little more wood and a little less metal. Transmutation.”

“What kind of exposure?” I asked.

“An orgone accumulator. Do you know what that is?”

“No.”

“It’s a space — a room, a closet, a cylinder, a tube — made of alternating layers of organic and inorganic material. It draws in energy.”

I was skeptical.

After a week of conversations at the Cedar Bar and in Washington Square Park, Jenkins came over to my place on 71st Street. He examined my shelves of jazz records. "My cousin Harriet Katcher is a friend of Bill Coss," he said.

"Bill Coss publishes *Metronome*. I write reviews for them."

He smiled a little. "Auspicious events at hand ... that's what my mother's spiritualist friends used to tell me every time a coincidence of any kind popped up."

We listened to records by a piano player we both admired, Herbie Nichols, then Jenkins stood up and said, "All right, let's go over to my studio. There are a few things I want to show you."

Jenkins lived on the second floor of a building on Lexington Avenue in the 30s. The apartment was a large one-room studio with high ceilings and two big windows. The couch was a disguised bed, and a kitchenette hid behind a screen covered with a reproduction of a Tang Dynasty painting of female dancers in a faded emerald-green atmosphere.

On one wall, from floor to ceiling, were shelves holding clear bottles of herbs.

"These are for your clients?"

"Yes. Actually, not all of them are ill. In fact, many of them are quite healthy. They're trying to up the limit."

"Up it to what?"

"Beyond what people accept as normal life."

He poured us glasses of beer, we sat down near his small desk in metal chairs and he spoke about his healing practice.

"None of these herbs are given for curing disease," he said. "At least not by me. I use them only to change energy. When you do that, you're into another domain."

"What kind of energy?"

"One that integrates inside the body, that ties together physical apparatuses."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look at it this way. I can fill you full of coffee and you have more energy. But there's a limit on it. It's useful for

awhile, but then you develop an uncomfortable edge ... or if not, you start building up side effects you aren't aware of. Your digestion is off, your acid-alkaline balance goes to hell. On the other hand, I can figure out a way to impart energy to you that normalizes blood pressure while it also makes your thought processes slicker and easier — and there's no drawback. If I can help you to relax, and you also feel more alert and energetic at the same time, now we're talking. And this is elementary. There are subtleties about human energy that have no language. They're real. You can feel them, but we have no way to explain it in plain English."

A little while later, a middle-aged woman in a print dress walked into the studio. Richard introduced her as Grace, and he pulled out a massage table from a closet and set it up next to the couch.

"I told Grace you might be here," Jenkins said. "She said it'd be all right if you watch. But you have to be quiet."

Grace grinned and climbed up on the table and lay down on her back. She closed her eyes, and Richard placed both hands on her stomach.

He left his hands there for the next five minutes.

Then he moved his hands to the back of her neck. He didn't rub her neck, he just placed his hands there. He stayed with that for about half an hour. It seemed to me that Grace was now asleep but I wasn't sure.

Finally, Richard put one hand on Grace's knee for a few minutes. Then he walked behind the screen and washed his hands in the sink. During the whole session Richard had said nothing, and Grace hadn't spoken either. (In the totality of the future sessions I would watch Richard give, he would speak no more than once or twice.)

Grace opened her eyes and looked at me.

"I travel," she said. "Different things happen to people. I go places."

"Is it like dreaming?" I said.

"Yes. It seems more real."

Richard walked back into the room. "Grace is quite conscious the whole time. Some people fall asleep or get groggy for awhile."

Grace sat up. "I saw a train station," she said. "There was a furniture store too. A man came up to me and asked for money. He was wearing an expensive suit. I started smelling coffee. Very good rich coffee. But I couldn't see where it was coming from."

After Grace left, Richard told me she was "moving into taste and smell" in her sessions with him. Those senses had been in a vapid state, after an illness and a three-year marriage gone bad, and now they were coming alive. Not just in the sessions, but on a daily basis.

I listened to Richard talk about Grace and other clients, and of course I was puzzled. He was just placing his hands on them.

Richard said, "Where do you think this technique comes from, what I was doing with her?"

"The laying on of hands," I said. "Everybody knows. It's in the Bible, isn't it? Christ curing the crippled, raising the dead. Priests do it in last rites, don't they?"

Richard laughed. "I see," he said. "An allusion in the Bible ... and then nothing until today. Maybe not even one true mention in the Bible, if you could read the original text. Is that it? That's a tradition? Where are the books? Where is the teaching literature? Where's the whole history of it? Who were the thousand teachers? Where's the lineage, the ancestry?"

"How should I know?"

"Exactly!" he said. "You wouldn't know because there is none. I dare you to find it. Go look!"

"So?" I said.

He didn't answer. But I felt a little uncomfortable. What he was pointing out was odd. Something everybody has heard of, everybody knows about — but where is the history?

I spent the next couple of days at the library. As far as the laying on of hands was concerned — its teaching, its transmission — the stacks were mute.

5

For the next month, I watched Jenkins work on his clients. Why? Because he let me and because it was fascinating.

Old people, children, sick people, people who looked in the pink of health came into his studio. All he did was have them lie down on his massage table. Then he placed his hands on them.

In almost every case, people got up from the table feeling very refreshed. Jenkins gave some people envelopes of dried herbs for tea.

"I'm moving energy," he said. "It's not unheard of. I'm taking their old encrusted energy and moving it off, into the air. It breaks up like a little storm and becomes alive again, disperses. That's chapter one. But there's a lot more going on. You've heard of the chakras, the Asian tradition of seven or eight or nine or twelve energy centers?"

"Vaguely."

"They're like train stations. Certain kinds of energy come in and go out. It's a system, a way to think about things. Sexual energy comes in through one chakra, mental energy through another, love or heart energy has a third train station. But the truth is, there are thousands of energy centers in the body. All over the place. They're not the same from person to person."

"What kind of energy are we talking about?"

"Yes," he said. "That's what people want to know, particularly when they're used to a medical view of things. The accepted idea is, you get energy by burning fuel in the cells and that's it. Everything else is a fairy tale. But it isn't a fairy tale."

Jenkins' next client was Carl, a college student from NYU. This was the boy's second session. He couldn't lie down. He

said he was too paranoid to close his eyes. He had been under the care of a psychiatrist for six months, and during that time his condition had deteriorated badly. From worry about grades and alienation from his family, things had moved to depression, paranoia, and recurrent high-tension jitters. Carl had been given several powerful psychiatric drugs for three months, and then, in terror, he had cut himself off from the chemicals. He was sure they were turning his mind into spaghetti. The withdrawals were horrendous, and he had almost committed suicide. Now, three months later, he was still on quite shaky ground.

"Go ahead and lie down on the table," Jenkins said. "You don't have to close your eyes. If it becomes unbearable, then you can sit up. I'll keep working on you."

The boy stared at me. "Who's this?"

"My new assistant," Jenkins said. "He's just watching. You can trust him, don't worry."

Carl lay down on the table on his back and stared at the ceiling. Immediately his face began to perspire. Jenkins put his hands on Carl's chest. I sensed this was going to provoke a dramatic reaction. Instinctively I leaned back in my chair near the window.

Carl started to scream, and then it cut off. He raised his knees and his face contorted. He began saying "ah," "ah." It wasn't the sound of release, but of pain.

Jenkins pressed down on the boy's chest and moved his hands in circles. After ten seconds or so Carl stretched out his legs and stopped making sounds. He closed his eyes and lay there stiff as a board. Jenkins kept moving his hands around in circles.

A few minutes passed. Carl's body started to relax. Tears rolled down his cheeks.

Jenkins moved his hands to the sides of Carl's face. He held them there for five minutes or so. Carl's breathing was now deep and audible. Jenkins rubbed the boy's hands and then his feet.

He placed his hands back on Carl's chest and left them there for the next half hour. The breathing slowed down. Every few minutes different parts of Carl's body twitched.

It seemed to me he eventually fell asleep.

Finally, Jenkins rubbed the boy's scalp vigorously. This caused his client to open his eyes. Jenkins moved one hand over Carl's face, as if searching for a spot. He settled on a place at the top of a cheekbone and put one finger on it. After a minute he took his finger away and then also the hand that was still rubbing Carl's skull.

"That's all," Jenkins said. He walked behind the screen and washed his hands. Carl sat up, took out a comb and combed his hair. He stood and walked past me to the window and looked down at the street. He was quiet.

Jenkins came back in the room. "Anything you want to report?"

The boy shook his head. He walked past Jenkins to the door. "I feel better," he said. "I'll see you next week."

He left.

Over the next few weeks, I saw Carl's demeanor change dramatically. He relaxed, talked with Jenkins and me, said he had started playing basketball again. In high school, sports had been his whole life.

Basically, in several sessions, Jenkins had put Carl on the right track again.

Jenkins gave me the following assessment: "Carl hates his parents. If they say they want him to be happy, then he makes sure it doesn't happen, because he knows they'd misinterpret it. They'd refuse to accept his satisfaction, they'd stay on his ass and keep insisting he do this or that. He can't win. So he gets into a severe bind, and that bind is energy. With me, he could see I didn't care. I didn't want anything from him. So he let the bind do what it wanted to — which was unwind and disintegrate."

"That's not the whole story," I said. "What about the circles you made on his chest?"

"That vortex," Jenkins said. "I put it there. I'm not just removing, I'm introducing compatible energies. When I did that, at some level he remembered what it's like to be more powerful, and he accepted it. He bought in."

"Carl wasn't really that bad off, then," I said.

Jenkins smiled. "Yes and no. You're right. He looked worse than he was. He had a lot more resilience than you would suspect, given the way he was acting. But on the other hand, if he didn't have this experience with me, if he had just gone on thinking that things were terrible, in another year he would have been in bad shape. Maybe not in a mental ward, but definitely in a state of hardened cynicism about life on every front."

"I don't know," I said. "Is he really that stable?"

"We'll see. I'm only saying he's reached up out of the pit and seen the sun again. He can jump back in. Hopefully he'll learn a few things while he's all right, and he'll reject the idea of going back down."

Jenkins rubbed a cloth over his massage table. "You think the circles on his chest were important?" he said.

"There was a force going in, wasn't there?"

"Yes," Jenkins said. "There was. What color was it?"

"How should I know? I didn't see it. I'd say orange. That's what it felt like."

Jenkins didn't say anything.

Two days later, he gave me a client to work with.

I was galvanized. I had a strong sense that Jenkins had created energy and put it into Carl. That he invented the energy out of nothing or shaped it from ... already existing energy. From the air, so to speak.

Something outside the resolute laws of mechanical physics. Why not?

It could even be outside the closed system of energy called the physical universe — which suddenly seemed to me like a box, a not very important box.

I was immensely pleased.

I had already begun painting on large rolls of paper in my apartment on Bleecker Street. A friend of mine from high school, a painter, lived nearby, and he would drop over to my place and make encouraging comments. I was untutored and rebellious and I was launching myself and I didn't care. I painted faces and shapes and laid the colors on liberally, looking for strange and exciting combinations. Most of this would be labeled "abstract,"

but the feelings coming off the canvases were anything but abstract to me. They were strong and thrilling and they didn't have names.

To me, what Jenkins was doing, and what the paintings showed, were of the same family. Energy. Every time. In unique events.

I absolutely wouldn't let go of this.

I was steering without much of a rudder and that was just fine with me.

6

Carol was a fifty-year-old artist who lived in Brooklyn. She took the subway to Jenkins' studio every week. She'd been seeing him for almost a year. For her, the whole process of healing was putting her in touch with "other realms."

She was agreeable to Jenkins' suggestion that I do a few sessions on her.

Jenkins hadn't briefed me. He had only told me to concentrate on her feet and hands. So that's what I did during the first appointment — and like Jenkins, I maintained silence. I found as I held Carol's feet that they weren't quite still. If I focused well enough, I could feel small shifts and movements. Likewise, my own hands were moving too, very slightly.

After the first half hour, I began to feel as if I were steering a vessel. Carol and I were connected. An energy between her feet and my hands set up a field. In that field certain movements were "advisable." I would move and then she would move, at an almost imperceptible level. Together we were orchestrating something. I didn't know what it was. What I was doing didn't have a name, but it was definitely navigation of a kind.

By the end of the hour her feet were very warm. I stepped away from the table and sat down by the window. She lay there with her eyes closed for a few minutes and then rolled over on her side and looked at me.

"I saw a city," she said. "An aerial view. Then I was in among the buildings. Right now I can feel energy streaming from my head all the way down."

Jenkins made tea. As we sat and talked, Carol said her eyesight seemed sharper. "It'll be interesting to go back home and look at my work."

After she left, Jenkins and I took a walk over toward the East River "You're on the right track," he said. "I'm going to give you a few more people to work with. Don't worry about what to do. I'll fill you in as we go along. I won't show you methods. You just need to keep steering, as you say. You have the knack. You see, if you steer into a place where nothing is happening, you have a choice. You can stay there and wait. Eventually something will happen. Or you can just go somewhere else."

The bizarre part of it was I knew what he was talking about.

7

I worked with Jenkins' clients over the next three months. He asked me not to talk to anyone about what I was doing, so I didn't.

I told him I had been to a number of good libraries in the city, and I had found no real texts on this practice we were now both involved in.

"I learned it in Algiers from another Englishman," he said. "His name was Joseph Linwood. He may be dead now. He was a friend of my father."

"Did he write anything down?" I said.

"No."

Jenkins showed me books of notes he kept on clients. They weren't case histories. They were his own thoughts on what he was doing with them. A note might say, "More circles." Or "Try spiral shape." "Press harder." "She's coming to the end of her sleep phase." "Her stomach is full of shapes. Bring them to the surface." "Behind his knees. Work there a lot." "Put red into the chest."

I copied down some of these notes. One longer one said, "She's working from water, not fire. Very little earth. I can try to change the balance or go with the tendencies that are there. For the next year or so, I should accept the situation. She runs into obstacles, but with this water emphasis, she survives. She outlasts everybody around her, because the water is coming from a huge supply. The flow doesn't shut down. Psychically she changes shape."

All of these notes, to me, were on one level nonsense. But right next door, on another level, they were navigation-directions. I was already seeing the effect of literally putting colors into the bodies of the people I was working on. Sometimes I had the colors flow through my hands. Sometimes I

just bypassed the hands and introduced them directly. You may say this was a delusion on my part. Perhaps, but that was my impression. To me, there were no superior hues. They all had their moments, and the situation could shift quite quickly. I read fragments of spiritualist and metaphysical texts, but they always assigned specific values and meanings to various colors. Immediately I rebelled against this.

For example, I had a client report a significant upward shift in energy level and improved digestion the week after I moved the color black into his stomach. The next week black was completely out of the picture. I sensed it was time for silver and copper.

Likewise, I was finding out that there was no standard sequence of places on the body: You didn't place your hands on the head and then go to the neck and from there to the chest, etc. One day that might work, but on another day I felt I should start with the feet or spots above the kidneys.

One client, a middle-aged accountant, released a huge amount of stress when I placed my hand on his arm just below the shoulder. On that day, that was the place.

Jenkins was pleased that he didn't have to convince me to abandon all systems. In fact, I began to get the feeling that this was a major reason he continued to work with me.

I felt the similarity between healing and painting. Not just the colors, but the style of working. The improvisation. Creation is a slippery word, and we sometimes take it to mean a remote consciousness imposing a completely pre-worked-out plan on a blank space or "unformed matter," but the kind of creation I was experiencing was much closer to the action. Doing sessions with Richard's clients, I was reacting to what I sensed were their changing states of energy and feeling. It was all intuitive and very immediate and subjective. In the same way, working on canvas or paper I was building or moving from one brush stroke to another, from my own reaction to a mass of color I'd just put on the canvas to the next shape, the next mass.

I watched Richard, and he too seemed to be working on people in a very spontaneous way, assessing their "energy-state" in the moment and then doing something in response.

It was natural to me. I was at home. When I went to the Metropolitan Museum — three or four times a week — I had to adjust to appreciate the worlds of painting that were more contemplatively organized.

Creation, imagination. These were words that had many more meanings than they appeared to. At times, I felt that Richard was actually merging with the person on his table. He was resonating to such a degree, he was so empathic that separation between them fell away. Was that imagination? Creation? It was to me. But it was seamless, without fanfare. It was an action wedded to the moment and so immediate. I also felt at times — and this I had never seen before — that Richard became a worshipper of the person on the table. There was no sign, no ritual. He just fell into a few moments of direct felt worship — more than devotion or concern. Much more. A flash of ecstasy would appear on his face. And then he would pass on to something else.

How he moved around the table, his grace — it was a kind of understated art. A dance.

Just before Christmas, 1961, Jenkins' wife Rachel came to New York from Algiers through Mexico. He and I didn't see each other for several weeks. Then he called and told me we needed to talk. The next afternoon we met in Central Park. Rachel was with him. She was a tall woman with very fair skin, green eyes, and black hair.

"Richard's told me about you," she said right away. "I'm glad he's found somebody to work with."

The three of us walked through the Park up to 72nd Street. Rachel did most of the talking.

"What Richard's shown you so far is just the tip of the iceberg," she said. "I understand you've brought about some good energy changes in people. In a year's time you'll see a few quite spectacular things. Recoveries from debilitating conditions. Dramatic changes in personality. Withdrawn people becoming confident. All that. I've been doing research in North Africa and England. We're looking for the next link in the chain."

"What chain?" I said. She seemed to be fitting me into a scenario of her own making.

"The Linwood," Rachel said. "That's where it starts for us. You met Richard. Richard met Joseph Linwood. Linwood was his teacher. We're looking for the next connection back in time."

Richard said, "It fits together."

I said, "This is just an intuitive way of working with people. Every new client is like reading a book. The learning, if you want to call it that, has no set sequence. Things fall into place naturally."

Rachel started a new line of conversation with Richard. She mentioned names that meant nothing to me. One of them was Edward Clark.

Later on, back at the studio on Lexington Avenue, Richard explained.

Edward Terry Clark had been the vice-president of the Sterling Drug Corporation in America. For many years he ran a lobby group in Washington. This lobby promoted the interests of I.G. Farben, a consortium that eventually became the infamous Nazi chemical and pharmaceutical cartel. Clark's Farben lobby was active even during World War II.

"Clark maintained a collection of personal papers," Richard said. "After he died in 1956, his wife sold the papers to a man named Charles Kohn, who owned a collector's shop in Washington D.C. Kohn no longer owns them. They've vanished."

"What the hell does this have to do with anything?" I said.

"We're trying to build a road back into history," Rachel said. "Do you understand? We're searching for one of the people who did this healing — a friend of Linwood, a German. He was part of an effort to fight the Nazis. Maybe he was mentioned in Clark's papers, the missing papers."

Richard could see I was confused. "We're rushing things with you," he said. "It's because I don't know how long we'll be in New York."

"I thought you were going to stay here," I said.

"That was the plan," Rachel said. "But the trail is taking us back to Europe. The reason you've come up with nothing in those libraries is clear. And it's very important. We're not

dealing with a written tradition here. This healing, we believe, goes back a long, long way. If there's a literature, it's not visible. We feel this is an oral tradition."

"Starting when?" I asked.

Rachel smiled. "Name a number. Ten thousand years ago?"

Richard said, "As I think you're beginning to understand, this healing isn't a system. Imagine trying to impart it down through time. How can it be written about? You have to be there, with somebody who does it, to see what it is. And then if you don't have an aptitude, things go nowhere."

Rachel said again, "There is Richard, and then going back in time there is Linwood. And then there is this other younger man who worked with Linwood, the German, a strong anti-Nazi in the 1940s. We think we know his name. I've been researching him. We want to trace the line back as far as we can."

"Why?" I said.

"Because we think the healing Richard does is only a fragment of the original work. There's more, and it's very wide-ranging."

"Only a fragment?" I said.

"That's right," Richard said. "Tantalizing, isn't it?"

"We don't want to lose this," Rachel said. "There are a hundred things Richard can do with energy, and all of it is beneficial. He can sense various energies and how they're moving in a person at a given moment. He can feel that. His teacher, if you want to call him that, Linwood, showed him he had that capacity. He awoke Richard to the fact that he had that aptitude. Linwood had previously tried to work with three or four other people, but success was very limited. Richard has, in London and New York, come across a few people who seemed promising. None of them panned out. Now he's found you. It's very early, but so far the prospects are good. If we had the time, you and Richard would work together for another few years. You would encounter some amazing phenomena, and through conversation and spending time together, you'd see much more about how this healing works. But we can't. We have to go to the trail while it's

warm. You're interested in writing and research. We can continue to work together. You can help us from here ..."

I wasn't following this very well, and I thought the whole thing sounded too precious, but I didn't say anything.

Late that night, Richard gave me my first session. It lasted about half an hour. He just put his hand on my chest and left it there. I dropped off the edge of a cliff into a level below thought. My mind still chattered away, but I wasn't part of it. Instead, I lay in an energy pool, and the quality of it was quite peaceful. Long radiations of some kind moved out from me. I had very brief silent conversations with people I'd never seen before who seemed familiar. My breathing slowed down. I saw a house in a field full of stones and small trees. As I realized I was looking at the house, it grew very bright and vanished without a sound. After a moment, a sensation of peace flooded through me.

After the session, walking home, my body felt fluid, coordinated in a way I'd never experienced before.

I thought about Richard. He had shown me almost nothing. The intelligence of his approach, if it could be called an approach, was in his complete lack of interference.

But as far as an historical tradition was concerned, I didn't see how that was possible. Without a system, how could learning be passed down?

The next morning I jotted down a few quick things:

— Do you have to put energy into the body of the person?

— Not necessarily. If you want to, you do. But you can do nothing too. Just lay your hand on his head.

— Do you move energy that's already there in his body?

I was beginning to get more interested in what I was doing. I was making a leap of faith, deciding that my subjective impressions of this so-called healing process were real.

I went to the phone and called Richard. There was no answer.

Then for three days there was no answer.

On the fourth day, Saturday, I went to the studio. Nobody came to the door when I knocked.

I found the superintendent on the stairwell above the second floor.

"They're gone," he said.

"Moved out?"

"Yes."

I felt strange.

"Is there a forwarding address?"

"No," he said.

8

On Monday, two of Richard's clients showed up at my door.

They told me Richard had referred them to me. So I worked on them, on my bed. Late that afternoon I went out and bought a massage table.

In the following weeks, I worked on a dozen of Richard's clients.

Part of the time I was sure I was doing absolutely nothing to help them. At other moments I thought of myself as a masseur. Occasionally something, a connection, would stream into being, and energy would course between the client and me. Why was I even calling them clients? That seemed such an odd name. Were they patients? Were they just people who lay down on a table?

Between sessions I would take long walks in Washington Square Park. I would try to dream up systems of working, as if there were a true energy map of every body and it was the same for all people. Through a friend I obtained a chart of acupuncture points. I studied this bewildering grid and tried to make sense out of it. Of course I was completely without skill to make traditional Chinese diagnoses.

One day Evelyn, a fifty-year-old nurse, showed up at my apartment for her appointment. I had given her three or four sessions since Richard's disappearance. On this afternoon she looked a little pale and tired. She lay down on the table and immediately fell asleep. I was moving my hands in slow circles on her back, just because it seemed the right thing to do, when I began to see a very bright blue color in the space between us. Evelyn made a muffled sound, and then sat upright. She stared out the window.

"Did you see that?" she said.

"See what?"

"A man's face. It got clearer and then it faded out."

Evelyn slid off the table, and without a word she put on her jacket and walked out of the apartment. About fifteen minutes later she came back. Her face was very bright. The paleness was completely gone.

"I don't know what happened," she said, "but I feel a hell of a lot better." She sat down on the floor and did a few stretches. "My body feels flexible," she said. "This healing ... it's irrational. You can't put your finger on something and say that's it, that's what happens."

"I know," I said, "and it's driving me crazy. I don't know what to say to all these people."

"Don't worry about it," she said. "Just work on them. They came to you. Richard recommended you, obviously, before he left. So just do what comes naturally and forget everything else."

It was decent advice.

By the fall of 1962, I was feeling a bit more confident. I could rely on the fact that by placing my hands on a person a process began automatically, and one of the main features was the client's tendency to "drop off a cliff" and move into other realms of experience. It worked this way: For a brief or long period, while I had my hands on a person, he would think. The thinking, the radio stations in the head, would continue. Then the consciousness of the person would slide off the edge of that dimension into a place where thinking-thinking-thinking wasn't the defining rule. In this new space there were unusual images or sensations of energy or a sense of place:

"I was in a city. There was a turnstile at a gate. A person put a package in my hand."

"I went to a school. There was singing. It got louder, then softer."

"A woman turned around and the purple in her dress became very bright."

“There was sky, and then a piece of furniture. A cabinet. I was in a room and a man walked toward me. My face got hot.”

In every case, the imagery happened fast. It just came upon the client. It was vivid. The meaning was usually unclear. But afterwards, a sense of peace moved in. Relaxation of mind and body, an easy-going clarity, and sometimes that well-oiled feeling in the body.

This wasn't the limit of what happened during these sessions, but it was a groundbase, a familiar place.

I had something to talk to Jenkins about, and he was gone.

I hadn't heard from him, and neither had any of his clients.

But I began to think that Richard and Rachel's idea about a tradition might have merit. There was something so natural about some of my sessions that I felt they must reflect a process that was part of being human. Perhaps at distant times in history, whole communities or populations worked in this way with one another. It could have been thought of as a kind of “travel,” because people did have a sensation of moving or suddenly showing up in unlikely places, in scenes that were “out of a different reality.”

We, of course, in this century, in the West, were married to the idea that the reality in front of us was the only one — unless we also happened to believe in a heaven you could go to when dead. I liked breaking through that, to show that there were other places, realms, dimensions. The sensation that came to mind was of walls falling down.

9

In October of 1962, Evelyn was offered a job at a hospital in Colorado. She accepted. She came to see me for her last session.

"Once I heard Richard talk about Jung," she said. "He told a few of us that Jung's true contribution was pointing out the shadow self, the part of ourselves that we shut off from the world. The self that contains our darker side. Richard said his work was an attempt to integrate the sides, dissolve the walls between energies and let them run together. The integration would let us really live ..."

I said to Evelyn, "What still gets me is this crazy idea of a tradition handed down from teacher to student, when there really isn't any teacher because there isn't any system."

Evelyn said, "Remember, you only had a short time with Richard. But over the course of four or five years — if you'd had that long — a lot would have passed between you two."

She took out a piece of paper and handed it to me.

"This is for you," she said. "Richard mailed it to me. The postmark was Greece. There was no return address."

I felt as if I was suddenly a character in a melodrama.

The handwriting was Richard's. The cryptic note said: "Sorry for the fast exit. You're part of our group now. To be able to pass into every energy and pass through it. That's the work and that's the group. It's the best kind of society. There are no blockages allowed. Nobody tries to hold on to anybody else."

"What group?" I said.

"I don't know," Evelyn said. "The one he's trying to trace?"

"Go back more than thirty years and everyone would be dead."

She shrugged and got up on the table.
I gave her a session.
That was the last time I saw her.

10

By November of 1962, I was down to two clients a week. In part this was because I had begun to paint for long hours at a stretch, and my apartment was overrun with canvas and board and tubes and cans.

Although I had no formal training in art, I was determined to jump ahead.

The riot of colors and the non-realistic shapes I was putting on canvases was like having music in my mind at all times. A recurrent theme I found or imagined in the canvases was great wars of beings in the sky. There were also nostalgic moments of streets and roads from childhood and from what I took to be other existences and other times. A white twisting painted shape in a field of blue would suddenly hit me like a revelation, but there would be no language to describe it.

After five or six hours of painting without a break, I would walk out on to the street, and the buildings would have a life of their own. They would speak. It was as if those buildings were describing their own shapes and the descriptions were their very existence. Materials at a nearby construction site were letters of some living alphabet. That its meaning was not literal made no difference to me. In fact, for that reason, the impact was all the more thrilling.

Today somebody might call that an altered state or a hallucination or ... whatever. I didn't call it anything. It seemed close to a key turning in a fantastic lock. Tantalizing. It was a bit unsettling but I tried to stay with it.

Just before Thanksgiving, I received a letter from Richard. It was postmarked Phoenix, Arizona, but the first line read, "We're not in Arizona. We're using this Post Office Box."

Richard wrote: "We've located Linwood. For five years we didn't know where he was, or whether he was alive. He's still twenty years older than I am, only now I'm forty-eight, and he's slowed down. I've been giving him sessions every day, and he's coming around, but he's pretty discouraged. There's a mental attitude of defeat. It's like a rock. He's surrounded by people who have that too, and it isn't doing him any good. They combine their small picture of themselves with a spiritualist bent. They have a group and a leader, and they talk incessantly about a Plan for Humanity. The world, of course, will be saved only by The Plan. I know people can be moved to do heroic things through their faith, but in this case it's clear these devotees are building a metaphysical structure to supply the energy they can't find in themselves. They admire Linwood and his work, but they insist on applying what they get from him to the damn Plan. It all fits in, according to them. They have a little cult going. I'm not privy to their secrets. Linwood has come to rely on them for steady income. We need to get him into a new apartment, maybe move him out of the city altogether.

"I'm sorry we had to leave so quickly, but we got the word about Linwood, where he was, and we didn't know what kind of shape he was in. The story was he was very ill. That was exaggerated, as it turned out.

"At the same time we're dealing with all this, we're carrying on the search for the other person, who'll have to remain nameless for the time being. The younger German contemporary of Linwood. We believe he's still alive. Both he and Linwood took up this healing from the same couple, I think. That's how the lineage goes back.

"The German is the anti-Nazi we spoke to you about. He may have been active in Paris during World War II. We're not sure. Our search needs to be invisible. That's why all the secrecy. There are apparently people around, ex-Nazis, who still like their old philosophy and still want to take over the world. I'm not talking about a few lunatics drinking in bars in Bolivia. As far as I can tell, these people are serious and they have resources. Whatever happens, we don't want to give away our German friend's location — if we can find it.

According to Linwood, although the man was a healer, he has extensive information on the Nazis which is still somehow relevant to current affairs. We're not sure what this is all about. All we're getting so far is that some people view the Nazis as a kind of continuing secret society. Any help you can give us on this would be appreciated.

"Don't know whether you're still working with clients. I'm sure much is happening with your life ..."

What possible help could I give Richard and Rachel?

11

In the winter of 1963 I moved to Los Angeles. I settled into a small apartment in Santa Monica three blocks from the ocean, rented a garage to convert into a studio for painting, and started teaching at a private high school in West Los Angeles.

In March, I met the father of one of my algebra students. He was a musician who had retired from symphonic work after he'd made a great deal of money in local real estate.

This man had relatives who'd survived the Nazi death camps. He spent an evening at my apartment explaining his own view of the Nazi regime:

"You have to understand that, on the surface, these men, all the way up to Hitler, were just clever and ruthless politicians. They fronted for corporate gangsters in their own country, and they had the support of scientists who were transforming their society technologically. They gave out a message of pride to the German people.

"But Hitler and some of his key people were engaged in cult-sadism. It's strange when you think about it. Here they were, talking about the Aryan personality, the youths with yellow hair and blue eyes, and they made these films that showed boys and girls doing gymnastics in the bright sun. They had a pagan belief that the sun was the source of all things, all life. But then the SS uniforms were black, and they doted on the occult, the darkness."

12

For the next ten years, I lived and worked teaching in Los Angeles.

I continued to write and paint. Nothing was more important to me. I sold paintings and drawings now and then, and had a few poems published in American magazines.

Between 1963 and 1973 I received two letters from Richard. The first, in 1965, was brief. He and Rachel were still with Linwood "in Europe," and were still looking for their German counterpart. Linwood, apparently, hadn't been very helpful in that regard.

... The second letter, eight years later, like the first, was sent through Phoenix. It was dated February 15th, 1973, and was longer. Richard said Linwood had died the year before, "peacefully."

Richard and Rachel were spending some time at her mother's, wherever that was, but they would be "moving soon." Richard's mother was coming to join them.

"I don't suppose you've done much healing work in all these years," Richard wrote, "but you still have it in you to pick it up again, even without any close compatriots around. It's a shame we couldn't have spent more time together. The whole business in New York may seem to you nothing more than a dim memory, a fantasy, and as you let us know in one of your letters you're painting now. That is its own world, and perhaps the sense of healing, as something in and of itself, doesn't penetrate anymore.

"We still haven't found our German friend. He may be dead, but I don't think so.

"I have a few clients, and it pays the rent. Rachel is teaching English two mornings a week to private students. We live

modestly, and don't mind it. I still firmly believe that I have just scratched the surface, as far as my work goes. There's something else in this tradition of ours which hasn't surfaced. It is vital, and it goes back a long way. I'm determined to do whatever I can to find the answers."

Richard was right. I hadn't been doing any healing, and I wasn't thinking about it much. My last client had been Evelyn, in New York, in 1962. In Los Angeles I'd had a few situations in which there was an emergency, and I'd tried to help. That was all.

Other than that, I knew there was tremendous power in painting, and this inspired me to the hilt. For the past ten years, I'd painted almost every day.

My original experience at Amherst the night before I left for New York had since been repeated countless times. I made energy when I painted. On canvas, on board, on paper. The energy had no name, and the "abstract" shapes it took had no names. The suggestions of personages and events and non-rational places and emotions were sometimes tremendously vivid and thrilling. They were like myths placed into the everyday world. They were like waking dreams. That's all I knew, and hopefully that's all I needed to know.

13

In the fall of 1973 I met a woman named Hadidjah Lamas. She lived in a lovely house in Westwood Village, not far from my apartment. Hadidjah was a Rolfer. She practiced a system of healing which involves the re-invigoration of connective tissue. In this work, the misaligned body posture is set straight. Hidden and frozen emotions can come to the surface and release.

This brief description of Rolfing is, of course, inadequate, and doesn't give the flavor of the work itself; nor does it suggest the profundity of experience that is possible.

Hadidjah and I shared interests in painting and music. Twice she would turn her home into a gallery for me, and put on successful shows of my work.

One day I did a healing session on her, and she was excited.

After working on several large paintings in 1973–74, I found myself burning out. I wasn't accumulating an ordinary kind of stress; this was inverted, a sponginess, a slowing down of functions of thought and feeling that was increasingly irritating.

I imagined myself on vacation in Jamaica for two weeks playing golf and sipping vodka tonics on a veranda overlooking the blue, blue sea. Yes, I decided, that's exactly what I needed — despite the fact that I was a terrible golfer and lost interest in vodkas after the first round.

So instead, one afternoon, I asked Hadidjah, whom many people consider one of the best Rolfers in the world, to give me a session of my own medicine. Would she mind?

"Just put your hands on my head — and leave them for awhile. Turn off the phone, okay?"

"Sure," she said.

I lay down on her table on my back and closed my eyes.

She placed one hand under my neck and the other at the base of my spine. She held her hands there for about fifteen minutes, during which time I felt absolutely nothing. I didn't drift off to sleep, I didn't sense any relaxation creeping in. Nothing at all. Of course, I thought, this isn't going to work. I should have realized it before I even asked her for a session. What do I do now? Get up off the table and say it isn't going anywhere and thank you very much anyway? I was embarrassed.

Then out of nowhere, with my eyes closed, I saw a shape in front of my head, a foot or two away. It was dark and it was about the size of my head. It was made out of strips arranged in a cross-hatch pattern, so that the inside was hollow. I thought of a mask or protective covering for a warrior, a knight. The shape began to turn in place, rotate, gaining a little speed.

I felt absolutely nothing, except a curiosity.

The thing spun smoothly and then it moved away from me across the room and past the open door into the bathroom.

This amused me.

There was a space of, perhaps, ten seconds in which nothing happened, and then I saw colors around me — blue and yellow. And then I was lying surrounded in a very rich sea of blue and yellow and the two colors overlapped and interlapped and effervesced. It was quite gorgeous and I began to enjoy it. As seconds passed I enjoyed it more and more and broke out into a big grin. The grin kept grinning.

I just lay there and watched the beautiful color field and felt better and better.

Finally I said, "I guess we're done."

Hadidjah said, "I guess we are."

I laughed, opened my eyes and sat up. I stood, stretched, and we walked out of the room into the kitchen. "I just had a two-week vacation in Jamaica," I said.

That night I wrote a long letter to Richard and Rachel and directed it to them, as usual, through the Phoenix address.

I walked six blocks to the nearest mailbox. It was about ten o'clock. As I turned to go back home from the box, I

suddenly felt sleepy and very relaxed. When I reached my apartment, I pulled a chair outside under a eucalyptus tree. I sat down, listened to the mockingbirds and fell asleep.

When I woke up, perhaps an hour later, I felt different. I stood up and stretched and walked out to the street. There was a complete quiet in me. There was no passive mind as such. No place where radio stations play on and off and fragmentary thoughts flow into one another. There were no doubts about anything, there was no substratum of guilt, there was no hint of a desire to dredge up little pieces of memories, there was no regret, no worry, no anything except ecstatic joy and peace.

I wasn't robotized. Just the opposite. My perception was extremely sharp, and the night street of small flowering trees, streetlights, and houses and apartment buildings spread out in gorgeous aliveness, as if I'd previously been seeing a dead, foreshortened and flattened-out world.

My whole life felt brand new. To choose whatever I wanted to do from this moment on, with no reference to the past.

There was no rush to decide ...

Over the next three days, the newness slowly subsided, leaving me with a sense of nostalgia, which then itself faded out. I was determined to find out how to move through that door further.

14

In June, 1974, I found a new studio to paint in.

I was doing faces in pastels. I started each one without a pre-set idea. Some faces turned out to be humanoid; some didn't. Pushing the pastel colors around on paper felt like sculpting clay. The faces suggested other times and places, and some of them came out of no time or place ...

For the next eight years I would continue to paint.

Then, in 1982, I made a big switch in my life. I started writing articles for newspapers and magazines. These pieces were mainly about politics and health.

That work in turn evolved into a book and a contract with a publisher. The book was *AIDS INC.*, and it was finally printed and released in 1988.

AIDS INC. and one of my later books, *Oklahoma City Bombing* (1995), made me seriously consider the possibility that, on the world scene, we were witnessing major staged events. This was not aimless thinking. A great deal of investigation was involved.

I began to roll key political events around in my mind, considering them as activity on a certain kind of thermometer of power. Toward the possible goal of frightening, demoralizing, and ultimately controlling populations.

Perhaps certain elites would do or say virtually anything — they would allow fraudulent medical research to stand without challenge, they would release terribly toxic “curative” drugs to the public, they would squash cheap and reliable sources of healing, and perhaps even attempt to terrorize populations by acts of sudden and tragic destruction ...

Could this really be true?

There was, by the mid-1990s, a growing underground

sentiment that secret societies were behind various planetary-control scenarios. After reading some of the available material on this, I wondered whether, out of the welter of cults, secret societies, and communities which had at one time or another appeared on our planet, there was a particular and vital stratum of hidden information. I couldn't put my finger on anything.

I was still fascinated with Richard Jenkins' search and his belief that, concealed in Earth's past, there lay an unheralded oral tradition of healing.

In July 1995, I wrote Richard a long letter, and sent him copies of *AIDS INC.*, *Oklahoma City Bombing*, and a compilation of testimony given in March of that year, before the U.S. President's Committee on Radiation Experiments, indicating that agencies of the federal government had conducted brutal mind-control experiments on children.

Three weeks later I received a note from Rachel:

Richard died this year at 64 years old. He was traveling in the Mediterranean. He had a case of food poisoning. Someone took him to a hospital where he was given an IV. He went into shock, and before anyone could determine what happened, he was gone. Perhaps it was penicillin. He was allergic to it. Richard, Linwood, Richard's mother and my mother are all gone now. I won't burden you with the details. It's been a tough few years here.

... We had been pursuing leads from relatives and friends of this German man. I still think that if he's alive, he could be in danger. Did we ever tell you that he always considered Nazism a kind of secret society, not simply a political movement? It was on that basis, according to Linwood, that he attacked it. After reading your books, I feel confident that I can give you his name. I still fear for his life, even now, although that might be complete nonsense. The name is Paul Schuman ...

I didn't know what to do. I hadn't seen Richard in all this time, and now he was dead.

That night I lit a candle, turned out the lights in my apartment, stared at the flame for awhile, lay down on my bed and didn't sleep.

15

Richard's quest for a tradition. What could it possibly consist of? Did it have a kind of opposite which would throw some light on it?

A vague scene plays over and over again: the end of human society as a dog-eat-dog business, as a war for money and food ...

16

Now, in the summer of 1997, I've written a long, rambling letter to Rachel Jenkins. It's based on research and thinking I've been doing over the past ten years, and also on a "click" that occurred one night while I was painting in my apartment. The section I'm quoting here includes pieces of writing I'd been doing about Nazism and other secret societies. As you'll see, there is a tie-in with my feelings about painting, a very strong tie-in — which, somewhere along the line, had occurred as I was writing articles and books about politics:

"I keep thinking about what you and Richard said in New York. That Richard's work was just a fragment of a much larger tradition. I didn't see how that was possible at the time.

"But now ... In doing his healing Richard entered a space at the beginning of the session. He started, in other words, as a musician would, shifting into a slightly different 'realm' and then playing.

"Then he sensed the energies and colors and shapes and feelings coming off the other person on the table. He answered that with his own energies and shapes — which he invented, in a way.

"A dialogue went back and forth.

"There are so many ways he could respond to the emanation of the other person. His choice involved the invention of forms and energies which he put into that person.

"This is art, art on the wing. It reminds me of jazz, improvised.

"Suppose the larger tradition Richard mentioned is just that? A kind of art.

"And suppose that when we look back into history, we find places and times where some kind of creation was taking place but was misunderstood or ignored, because there was

nothing to hook it on to. I know that's vague. Let me just put it this way: Suppose we are ignoring something major about the past because we are seeing it in the wrong way?

"Some reading I've done on several secret societies fits in here. Take Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union, the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I believe these are three of the major cults of our time. But think of their real leaders as artists who work in a sabotaging way, in order to control populations. This artist metaphor is not trivial. I don't mean it as a convenience for thinking about 'the bad guys.' I mean this literally.

"The whole business of cults and secret societies has made an impression on me, because they are worlds of their own, and you can see how human beings are duped into living lives within highly artificial boundaries. That piece of trickery applies to the whole human race, but the means of conjuring the boundaries are clearer in the setting of the cult.

"I don't know if you're familiar with Jackson Pollock, the famous American painter of the 1930s and 40s. He dripped and spilled paint on large canvases he tacked down to the floor of his studio in Long Island. His whole activity was a kind of dance, as he circled the canvas, stepped on it at times, and dripped paint from sticks. He talked about 'being in the painting' as opposed to standing on the outside and calculating each move. He worked quickly. Most painters of that breed who became famous as so-called Abstract Expressionists talked about space. The space of the painting. The space you made. The space you found.

"Healing to me is very much like this. Richard gets into the space of the painting, except in this case the canvas is the person lying on the table, who talks back through his energies.

"Well, in a secret society, there is already a space. One space. And the trick is to get you to believe in it, to take it on, to put on the coat and leave it on, to think it is the only coat there is and the best coat and the highest coat. Do you see? This really is art, and to ignore that is to miss the whole point of how the deception works.

"Goose steps. Blonde soldiers. Black leather coats. SS chiefs overseeing torture in the death camps. Hunting down Jews and Gypsies behind closed doors ... Nazi party members, a long

line of nothings, each nothing ready to follow the Fuhrer's orders to the letter forever. Without question. All based on art.

"More art. The recommendation for destruction of all private property and all ideas of private property. Paradise. Utopia. Pink and purple of a new day above the beautiful green trees. People loving each other. Nothing private.

"That was out of the 18th-century Illuminists (Illuminati). Of course, when you eliminate all private property, you invoke an impossible ideal. Humans can't pull it off and like it. You pave the way for a few human beings who — espousing generous this and that — will actually take ownership of ALL land. The essential inheritor of this particular utopian art is the Soviet Union of the twentieth century.

"Lenin and Stalin stood for the universal giving of resources, but as leaders they had the hearts of concentration camp commandants. Equality doled out in a huge gray emptiness.

"Or another cult-art mural starts with the announcement that the gate is finally open to every citizen to live out his true destiny — which involves the full exercise of power based on a prior elite history all true-blooded citizens share.

"Hitler was the king of that painting. Build them up before you let them down. Before you homogenize and flatten human power.

"I believe Nazi Germany was the watershed moment. After that, we had thrust on us an almost psychiatric equation of power and insanity, as if the entire modern world could only become mature by realizing that mediocre and adjusted people were its best products.

"... For the Germans, it took a grandiose vision — a grandiose painting — to stir them from the destruction of World War I. They grabbed on to an ancient past of the so-called Aryan race, a people from whom 'the pure German' was supposed to have descended. The fact that no one has ever proved the existence of an Aryan race is entirely beside the point. But it is a painting. See it that way. Conjure images of ancient Teutons, Aryans, and gods of Valhalla, and the German soul goes ping. At least it did in 1920.

"The image-making was compelling. It involved the work of more than a hundred German scholars who explored a

myth of a past in which Pure Aryan Blood was King.

"These scholars, aided by well-off citizens and dedicated drawing-room clubs — and by Hitler and Himmler and Hess — brought home the bacon.

"The overall conclusion was Yes.

"Yes, this German race once existed in a sublime state of blood purity, untainted by lower forms of life. Once it controlled much of the planet, actually, by virtue of simple inherent body-strength, superhuman mental powers, and psychic/mystic third-eye omniscience!

"What?

"Yes. This was the painting.

"Then the painting showed that these fantastic German powers were diluted and polluted by incautious sexual joining of Aryans with lesser races — mainly the Jews.

"Otherwise, the 'research' concluded, Germans would still be physically huge and Viking-like, would still rule seas and continents, would still be taking what was rightfully theirs (basically everything in sight), would be residing in your standard colossal castles above winding mountain roads, would be emanating for the throngs a superb glow signifying at the very least an elevated and pure state of health at all times.

"The amount of 'scholarship' which, following World War One, went into establishing a special German past was staggering. The painting was definitely a group effort.

"O citizen. Don't worry if today it takes a wheelbarrow full of paper currency to buy a loaf of bread. That is the devious doing of the Jews and their financial chicanery. Don't worry if the machinery of the country lies in ruins and you can't find a job and are teetering on the brink of abject poverty. We are the true rulers and we will rise again. We will mangle those who have infiltrated us and compromised our blood. We will force the issue. The boundaries of Germany are arbitrary and deluded. We will build a juggernaut and take Earth for our own. That is truth. That is history finally put in its proper perspective. That is our destiny reborn.'

"Hitler came on board with that.

"Elite scenes in the huge German painting — the mural — abounded. See Northern caves of ice. The Arctic. See ancient

Germanic giants there rising out of their slumber, thousands of years ago to take on the whole Earth. See the radiating lines of force coming from the third eye of these ancestors. 'The Sun is our source, our god. It has our color, the gold, and we flourish in its presence.'

"One night, it clicked. At least I felt a first click. This was a kind of literal painting I hadn't deeply considered. It was accomplished by a group with a leader, and it invented a landscape it hoped would last forever and be worshipped as ... what? The Real World of the Human Soul.

"On one level, of course, I already knew about this kind of strategy. But for some reason, the point now was coming home with extreme lucidity. It was as if I were visiting a museum of human manipulation, and all I could find were groups of artists. They were in a trance and they were trying out different ways to take over the human mind.

"... Lots of disparate material on the palette of the Nazi artists as they painted a new world for the German people.

"Start with a little cultural atmosphere and backdrop — an ongoing national pagan/occult revival: the popular Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, the Valhalla gods, an ancient and secret Arctic homeland of original German giants, a rune-fad, Masonic initiatory rites, Knights Templar, peasant solstice fertility practices, the Tarot, Masters of the Himalayas, Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, the Bhagavad-Gita, astrology, Tao. And more.

"Such a mystic/occult stew of influences was edited and reshaped to show that psychic and physical giants — the old pure Aryan ones, the German ancestors — once dominated in Tibet, the Arctic, America, India, and other incredible key spots around the planet. Never mind that no historical research could establish that!

"Nazi artists dredged up a hodgepodge of heraldic and mysterious symbols and used them to stitch together a legend of a glorious bygone era. The blonde, blue-eyed Teutonic people — instead of confronting their washed-out defeated Germany floundering on all fronts after World War I — could look back on mighty mythical ancestors, who scholars and researchers said had once emerged from a strange uncharted

land called Thule, somewhere in the Arctic. From underground caves, as actual physical giants, these hyper-Teutons took to the seas, and eventually ruled in foreign lands.

“Many men in Germany wanted to enter that painting and live in it, take up residence, abandon their former ideals.

“This is a way to understand the actions of a cult. Flesh out the painting they are creating. See the whole landscape, and most importantly, realize that they are claiming there is only one painting, one universe — which is as they imagine it. And so the devotee signs on to the narrowing of his own imagination.

“Jorge Lanz von Liebenfels, who served in the early days as an intellectual inspiration to Hitler, invented an anti-Semitic secret society called the Order of the New Templars. This group searched for a Holy Grail it ultimately defined as German Aryan blood itself, purified of “lower-order” (Jewish) content. Von Liebenfels said that the original Aryan race had, among other powers, telepathy and all-knowingness. His Order of the Templars would restore these powers to Germans and, at the same time, eliminate from the face of the Earth or enslave all inferior races.

“Peter Levenda, who’s written an excellent book, *Unholy Alliance*, remarks that Hitler legitimized the New Templars and completely accepted their specific proposal for incineration of lower-order life. Hence, the World War II ovens in the concentration camps.

“Nazism was a cult fed by other cults. In addition to the Templars, there was the *Germanenorden* (German Order), another exotic invented secret society. You may know about these groups from trying to find that German healer. Anyway, if not, *Germanenorden* was begun in 1912. The leaders, including industrialist Theodor Fritsch and Baron Rudolf von Sebottendorff, organized a series of initiatory levels and rituals, ‘replete with [mythic past glories of] knights in shining armor, wise kings, mystical bards, and forest nymphs ... patterned after Masonic ceremony ... its Theosophical-style philosophy encompass[ed] everything from eastern mysticism to runic lore to a rabid, pseudoscientific racism.’

“More aspects of the Nazi painting.

“*Germanenorden*’s explicit targets were Jews and also Freemasons. *Germanenorden* lamely used the Thule Society as a cover name. The Thule Society was the known title of a German mystical-literary group, whose symbol was a dagger over a swastika. *Germanenorden*’s members included Franz Gurtner, who would become the Justice Minister under Hitler, and Munich police chief Ernst Pohner. The group occasionally took on the work of carrying out assassinations.

“Thulists did manage to create a worker’s group within *Germanenorden*, and in 1919 this German Worker’s Party was renamed — to sound appealing to the German Communists — the National Socialist German Worker’s Party. This was to become Hitler’s political organization.

“Fast forward ... the famous Nazi-artist Leni Riefenstahl’s 1934 film documentary, *The Triumph of the Will*, shows Hitler’s mass rally at Nuremberg. I’m sure you know it. It’s very clear: The power being built by the Fuhrer was one to be created by millions of nameless ciphers organized in regiments of workers and soldiers and children awaiting orders from the top. The idea of free individual expression is completely missing. What you see is a sea of standing thousands, in perfectly squared-up regiments, plugged into their messiah. Proud nobodies ready to do anything.

“‘You are a potential god. To realize your capacities, join the club. Pick up a spear and march. If that doesn’t sound like ancient Aryan godhood, ignore the discrepancies and keep your mouth shut.’

“The cult. All order, no individual imagination.

“The cult. A painting of a Secret Elite Past joined with the present — designed to inspire — which sucks in Germans yearning to embody a higher power, to escape humiliation, etc. The payoff? A membership card in a fascist ant-colony.

“Occult connections all the way across the big Nazi board.

“One of Hitler’s advisors, Thulist Dr. Wilhelm Gutberlet, owned a device called a sidereal pendulum, and stated to Hitler that by use of this instrument he could silently pick out Jews in any gathering. Hitler consulted Dr. Gutberlet in this arena.

“Part of the Nazi cult ‘mural’ of the universe includes a science laboratory/factory. The Teutonic gods pass judgment

on the sperm and ova of various racial types. Will they be permitted to breed? The gods — and their favorite Aryan descendants, the Nazi Party devotees — have the power of life and death over the future. So the myth is extended from the far past of the ice caves to the far-ahead centuries of gene manipulation on a grandiose scale.

“This is what now occurs to me very forcefully: it is the duty of every cult to deny the possibility that multiple universes can be created. Why? Because they are painting their universe and calling it All That Is. Even if they start off with multiple realms, they ultimately weld them together and coalesce them into the Final Single Painting.

“That leaves us with a workable definition of freedom. The latitude and the capacity to create many universes. Many worlds. Many spaces. Many paintings. Many dimensions.

“I’m not completely clear on how far ‘many universes’ goes — but all this connects to Richard’s healing work, I believe. Because in that healing people travel and see things. They find various scenes or worlds, if you will, and they bring back memories of those places. Multiple realities, multiple realms, multiple energies. If that assumption is denied, and every cult or religion I know denies it, it would inhibit healing, it would lock people in.

“It does lock people in.

“Richard’s kind of healing, as I witnessed it, said, Look, there are many dimensions and places of energy, but in this everyday world we deny that. We try to convince ourselves there is only one dimension and we are living in it. But when people lie down on the table they experience a whiff of the truth — the multiplicity of reality. They may not be able to articulate it, but they experience it. And then things go one step further. The rigid separating walls of energy between dimensions or planes or realms or worlds or universes or ‘paintings’ begin to dissolve, and that brings healing.

In other words, healing starts out by admitting that there are multiple dimensions and then it dissolves the walls between them which were put there, in fear.

“The feared German SS, under Himmler, was a huge cult of its own (50,000 men by 1933). Headquarters in the ominous

Wewelsburg Castle. The dining room was perpetually set for the Inner Twelve, Himmler's closest men.

“... the most dreaded police force and secret society in modern history,’ Himmler’s SS — also called *Schwarze Orden* (Cult of the Black order) — specializes in arrest, interrogation, medical and mind control experiments, torture, and murder on a grand scale. Seen from the correct angle, these acts are more than political. They’re a ceremonial carrying out of duties based on prior secret SS cult-initiations and oaths — which in turn are based on an invented mythic Teutonic history of godhood, power, blood-purity and world rule.

“Although the precise oaths of the SS are still secret, it’s said that periodically they would pick out one of their own, a true Aryan type, and chop his head off — and then use the head as an intermediary communication device between themselves and various ‘disembodied Masters of the East.’

“What many Americans would now call a Satanic cult resembles the SS, except that when you throw in SS-run concentration camps like Dachau and Auschwitz, you stretch the mind’s ability to hold on to the word ‘cult.’ It appears that you must be talking only about a government or a nation, a strictly political entity. But that’s not so. Nazism spilled blood as a cult-rite of passage.

“Everybody now realizes that, armed with supplies of cash, gold, and art treasures, thousands of SS members survived World War II and fled to other lands. It’s preposterous to imagine that, having been initiated into the Black Order of the SS, and later in possession of wealth, most of these men would simply lie down and renounce their blood-ties. The agenda would go on. It did.

“It’s significant that Auschwitz, run by the SS, not only involved itself in heinous medical experiments and mass murder, but in the hiring out of labor. The notorious and gigantic German chemical cartel, I.G. Farben, built a rubber plant at Auschwitz. It paid the SS a pittance to send over inmates to work at the factory every day. Those selected who were too weak to work, or who couldn’t last the day on their feet, were killed.

“So the SS cult had very close links, not only to Hitler, but

to Germany's highest-ranking corporate elite. These connections would have continued after the War, because, for example, one of the longest sentences handed down at Nuremberg to a Farben executive — on charges of slavery and mass murder — was only seven years. It was doled out to Dr. Fritz Ter Meer, who, after his release, was made chairman of the supervisory board of the Bayer Corporation, now the largest chemical company in the world. Can you believe it?

"... The created art of the cult, the secret society, is used to get from the promise of power to the reality of slavery. This is done on a fast arc.

"This is a kind of art that is not studied per se in colleges and universities. And with good reason. Once you look at certain groups as artists seeking to invent and impose a mural of a universe, all sorts of revelations about the way power operates, on many levels, become clear.

"Again, I am not using this description of Nazism as a metaphor. I am saying that secret societies really are artists inventing their worlds. They really do this. Whether they know it completely or not.

"I am also saying that if the guises of power on Earth were seen and well-analyzed from this point of view, they would start to crumble.

"In Nazi Germany, as well as other such cults and societies, 'power' for the devotee is obtained by proxy, by kneeling before the already-created painting of a myth, by swearing eternal allegiance to the image of the messiah who, sooner or later, strolls on to the mural to embody all that the painting stands for.

"In the case of the secret society called the Illuminists (*aka* Illuminati), their ideas about destroying all private property which they put forward in 1780 took over a century to percolate, until Lenin seized the reins of Russia. Worship of that cult messiah, which was supposed to produce a renaissance in the millions of citizens of the nation, ended up, at best, making everyone a functionary in a bleak, slow-motion bureaucracy that stretched from East Germany to China.

"This says something about the kind of power you obtain from ideas and images that are frozen into an absolutist paint-

ing, even if the painting promises Christmas on Earth.

“The cult, the secret society, creates the painting. The devotee, unaware that he can invent his own paintings, his own worlds, worships the well-done ready-made version.

“In late-eighteenth-century France, revival occult Pythagorean groups settled on ‘mystic’ geometric figures to explain and enhance the legitimacy of their ideas. The two principal shapes used were the circle and the triangle.

“And in that same period, there was the Illuminist conspiracy-cell of nine men. It was conceived as a circle. The Rosicrucians used the circle in the same way. In fact, Adam Weishaupt’s Illuminist symbol for human progress within his secret society was a circle.

“These geometric shapes were considered ‘inner universal reality’ of a sort, and therefore gave a metaphysical certitude to the activity of the secret society that employed them.

“The triangle, of course, was a basic symbol for the Masons. It signified harmony, and on seals of Masonic orders the triangle was often inscribed. Pythagoreans used this shape to surround some other vital signifier. A ‘point of sunrise,’ which was said metaphysically to animate the elements of nature, would be placed, as a dot, in the center of a triangle.

“Here’s the 64-dollar question. Was the flavor of all this off-the-cuff symbolism and myth, in eighteenth-century France and twentieth-century Germany, one of discovery — or creation? Most certainly discovery. The leaders of these groups didn’t let on, or know, that they were inventing artful emblems and myths; oh no. For them the whole business was constructed to mean they were penetrating to the core of the universe to find out what the inner truths and intrinsic symbols actually were — and once having done that, they would return with the spoils.

“And these cultists subsequently found many followers who would deeply believe in the reality of the spoils. So the method worked.

“People took invention for discovery.

“Are you likely to believe in your friend’s God if he tells you he just invented Him?

“Obviously not.

“This is cult-painting at its most obvious. Give them the triangle and the circle and tell them that these shapes mean certain profound truths, and that’ll help them sign on to live in the painting, to make their home in its universe.

“But there is no root meaning to a universe, any universe — except the one it may have been arbitrarily imbued with by its creator(s). I admire Cezanne and Van Gogh, and I sense the underlying feeling that they transferred to their worlds, but that doesn’t make me want to join up as a slave to their inventions.

“The solution to secret societies and the tyranny of groups is art, creation in the widest sense. The artist can create many worlds. Many artists can create a profusion of worlds.

“A cult, a hierarchical religion, a secret society is one world. Only. It is the equivalent of a painter asserting that he has made the quintessential canvas-space and has filled it with the quintessential energies and shapes of all time.

“So here is what we have. We have the existence of a profound creative impulse in all people.

“Then we have the art of the secret society used to repress that creativity by trying to mesmerize people into living as slaves inside the already-made Single Exclusive World of the cult painting. This applies to our planet and the way, in general, institutions have established control over populations.

“Then we have the existence — which is something of a mystery — of many different worlds, dimensions of experience and intuition, realms, which you do not simply travel to in powered vehicles made out of steel and plastic. You get to these places interiorly. If this alternate-realms idea seems too bizarre, then just think of it all as interior spaces of the imagination.

“But I’ll say this: you won’t get to those mysterious worlds and scenes if you are fundamentally transfixed by a single painting perpetrated by a secret society or cult or religion or government or institution. They are all secret societies because they have private agendas away from the light of day which are designed to limit and narrow and control and harm people ...”

17

In the days that followed my sending this letter to Rachel, other thoughts occurred to me:

Here is the beginning of the perverse formula for control:
Describe all human energy and power and creativity as bounded by a single space.

Convince people that this space is the highest reality possible.

Tell them the space was put there by a particular invisible being.

Now dress up the space with fancy and fascinating and esoteric details, to keep everyone occupied.

The Formula of the Secret Society.

Of course there are other tricks too, and we could embark on a treatise that covers the ways of manipulators, from the bait and switch to the rolling hypnotic voice of the salesman, to the sudden doling out of "love" to the new adherent, to the imposition of malnutrition and ill-health, and so on. But the Formula stated above is the big picture, or a major chunk of it.

18

The Communist Party, obviously taking up ideas from the late-18th-century cult called the Illuminati — ideas about destroying all private property — corrupted the entire meaning of Christmas on Earth in favor of gulags and coercion at every level of work and thought in the Soviet Union for 70 years. Yes, there were honorable people who truly believed in the abolition of private property and the universal sharing of material resources. Many of them were awakened to these ideas coming down in time from teachings of the Illuminist secret society. Yes, there were people in Russia who deeply wanted to create a national commune of equality. But what happened was the opposite.

We could rail forever at the betrayal of noble ideals, but in fact a principle is at work: the erecting, like a heaven, of a Pattern of Truth within the fabric of the cult mural.

“Natural law” or “inner principles of the universe” or “hidden history.” Those are some general patterns.

And of course, in a modern nation like the Soviet Union, the pattern of society WAS the ultimate good and the ultimate god.

Once faith has been cast in favor of a pattern of truth, in favor of that aspect of the cult painting, the best-laid plans will circle around and devour their own tails. Why? Because the pattern is revered above all, and allegiance to it cuts off the human being from his fluid core. The result will be sacrifice and martyrdom to the pattern and then deep disillusion at every level. Finally, the whole horrible structure will come down in rotten pieces.

And of course, what is The Pattern? It is just a clever, complex aspect of the painting “they made for you.”

19

By art, by a mural, make a single space and convince humans that power exists only within that pre-defined space, which is run by Someone Else.

Convince them that within the pre-defined space, the best life is to (1) uncover a hidden pattern which “illuminates” the space — and then (2) study and meditate on and understand and swear allegiance to the pattern. Then you’re all set.

If they follow your advice, you’ll be their slavemaster. That’s how insane worlds are made.

20

I'll now describe two clients I watched Richard Jenkins work on, at close range, in New York, in 1961. To an important degree they illustrate these statements about Pattern.

In the winter of 1961, in New York, Richard gave sessions to Ralph, a man who fit perfectly the mold of a bureaucrat. He worked for the County as a record-keeper in the court system. He was fifty years old. His fingers were always ink-stained, and his pallor, slouched posture, and drab suits begged for a green eye-shade.

He had high blood pressure. He heard ringing in his ears. He wanted the ringing to stop.

He was only five pounds overweight, by his calculation, so it didn't seem to him that simple dieting was going to do the job.

In Richard's first session, all he did was put his hands on Ralph's chest and leave them there for an hour.

Ralph fell asleep after ten minutes and stayed that way for the rest of the time. After he woke up and walked around the room a little he said the ringing had stopped.

The next day he called and told Richard the ringing was back, but it had vanished for several hours at a time the day before, so he knew something was happening. He scheduled a session for the following week.

In the second session, Richard put his hands on Ralph's chest for half an hour, and then moved them to his shoulders for the rest of the appointment. Ralph was asleep most of the time. Afterwards, he said the ringing was very faint.

On his way out, he told Richard he had been a socialist when he was younger. "I was very active in several labor

groups," he said. "I'm still committed to it, but I wish the people would act differently. They don't have the same fire anymore."

In the third session, Ralph fell asleep, and then periodically his body shuddered. The shudder seemed to go from his shoulders downward each time, in exactly the same tempo. Twice he opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling, then went back to sleep. I got the impression he had been in an operating room.

Several days after the third session, Ralph called Richard. He had developed a head cold. What did Richard think? Should he come for his next session or wait until he was better? Richard told him to show up unless he didn't feel well. The day before his appointment Ralph called to say the cold was gone. It had dried up overnight. He was surprised.

This time, during the hour, he didn't fall asleep. He told Richard he saw images of books and places and buildings he had never seen before.

He was the last client of the day. We all went out to supper together. Ralph said he had devoted thirty years of his life "to the system." It was his considered opinion that bureaucracy was the only way to join together great numbers of people trying to do service for one another.

"A society has to survive collectively," he said.

In Ralph's fifth session, he started to cry, stopped himself, then fell asleep. He woke up near the end of the time, and a few more tears rolled down his cheeks.

Afterwards, he told Richard he remembered his college days. He had gone to school at a "progressive university." During the session he had gotten very clear flashes of that time. The weather, the trees with spring leaves in the quadrangle, political meetings in teaching rooms.

"Very boyish stuff," he said, "but the clarity of it, it came back to me like a rocket. It was alive."

He said that words like revolution and socialism had really meant something to him in those days, and now he had come all the way down the line living out a pale reflection of that, in a bureaucracy that was hopelessly bogged down in procedure.

During the next few sessions, Ralph had flashes from

much earlier times in his life, fragments of conversations in rooms, scenes of streetcorners in Brooklyn where he'd grown up, lakes and ponds in upstate New York.

His eyes seemed more alive to me, and his conversation was a bit more emphatic, less flat.

Ralph took two weeks of vacation time and went to visit his son in Oregon. His ex-wife lived in Vancouver, so he saw her as well, for the first time in four years.

When he came back, there was some color in his face. He'd gone hiking with his son. He seemed much more animated. He talked about the restaurants in Portland. The food, he said, was marvelous. He'd thought a great deal about his "revolutionary youth," his early years in college. He'd once read works by the "real revolutionaries," men and women who believed in true equality in life. Their form of sharing was community, not a political leadership taken over by a few people to direct millions of featureless proletarians ...

Ralph began making inquiries about communities in the Northwest. It turned out there were several of these, and they welcomed visitors. Each community was structured differently. The one common denominator, at least on paper, was that everyone participated in decision-making.

Ralph had a new lease on life.

In his next three sessions, while Richard had his hands on Ralph's stomach, Ralph began breathing spontaneously and deeply. Several times his face flushed bright red.

"Layers of crap are falling away," he said. "I don't even know what it is."

He commented it seemed a gray smoky substance — that had been infiltrating his body — flew away.

By the fifteenth session, Ralph lost interest in communities. He decided he would take his savings and move up to Oregon near his son. He considered various small businesses he could start.

In session, Ralph was experiencing a "waking up" of his arms, legs, and lower back. "It's as if they've been encased in wood," he said. "I thought I was feeling them, and I'm sure I was, but nothing like this. I think I can start hiking long distances."

At the end of the seventeenth session, Ralph said he had traveled to “a place that was like a dream. There were five or ten people standing around. They were all talking at once. It was as if I knew them. As soon as I saw them clearly they blew up. Just disintegrated.”

Two days later Ralph called Richard to say he was walking around during the day feeling “an effervescing in my body. It’s very pleasurable. It’s an energy. I’m seeing things more clearly. My vision is better ...”

Ralph quit his job with the County two months later. After placing ads in Oregon newspapers, he was getting inquiries from people who wanted to sell their businesses. Ralph was looking for a company with not more than ten employees.

“Gradually I want to make it worker-owned,” he told Richard. “Do it right, so we all feel excited. Never get back to that procedural stuff that’s nothing but paper ...”

Somewhere around his 20th session, Ralph said a jumble of shapes and symbols flashed by his head. Afterwards, he felt a huge relief of pressure he didn’t know he had, and dozed for a few minutes on the table. The next day he was full of energy, and walked five miles in the city.

Ralph was now enthusiastic about life. It was written on his face. Richard said they could take things a lot further, but he also knew Ralph was itching to leave town and move up to Oregon. He was very motivated.

(After the fourth session, neither Richard nor Ralph had ever mentioned the ringing ears again.)

The last night I saw him, Ralph said, “This healing unglued me from what was filling up my mind.”

“What do you mean?” I said.

“This may sound crazy, but it was as if my whole mind had become a series of shapes of the life I felt obligated to lead. I had committed myself to support an ideal world in the form of an organization, really. An organization I imagined could run humanity. I ended up working for a part of that organization, but long after I realized it wasn’t the answer, I couldn’t get out. My mind was filled up with old shapes. I used them to dominate myself. They hemmed me in. In the sessions, they began cracking piece by piece. Came apart like real

buildings and offices. The feelings connected to the whole thing came apart too. They blew up or just dissolved. I still have that original idea of sharing with other people. That's got happiness in it again. Now I can really do it, for the first time ..."

It was driven home to me. There are all kinds of patterns that become woven into the mind, as energy, and we become devotees to those patterns. When they crumble, we feel: freedom.

If you want a literary parallel to this, simply read *Age of Reason* by Thomas Paine. It is an effort by an exceedingly brilliant mind to subtract what he considered was dross (pattern) from the myth of Christianity, in order to leave in its place freedom.

21

In early 1961, I saw Richard Jenkins work on a client, Allen, in New York. Richard gave Allen approximately fifty sessions. I was there four times, and Richard and I spoke about what was happening to Allen on several occasions.

Allen worked for the U.S. State Department. At the outset, he made it clear that he couldn't speak about his work. Richard told him that didn't matter at all.

Allen was forty years old. He appeared to be quite confident and easy-going. He had come to Richard because he was experiencing fatigue, and because he was having headaches on a regular basis. Richard said he didn't treat symptoms, he just worked on energy. Allen accepted that without question. Richard told Allen to stop drinking so much coffee. He gave Allen two bags of herbs with orders to make tea and sip it on and off during the day, every day.

In the first session, Richard worked on Allen's feet. He held particular spots and massaged the insteps. Then, sitting in a chair at the end of the table, Richard just held his hands on the bottoms of Allen's feet for half an hour or so.

Allen started talking at that point. Sometimes Richard would tell clients to be quiet, but he let Allen ramble.

Allen said he was in a business deal that involved commercial property in North Carolina. He said he had recently started going to church again. He was doing a few things in his private life he wasn't proud of. He said life in general had once been so easy for him, but now the problems he was having were closing in. He started laughing. Then he stopped, became quiet and fell asleep.

After the session he said he wasn't usually talkative "in that way. I don't skip around and gab about things. Just discount it."

Richard said there was nothing to discount.

The next time I saw Allen was after his tenth session. He told Richard his headaches had gone away for awhile, but now they were back. The fatigue was a little better. Richard said nothing. I noticed that Allen's complexion had become more pasty. He seemed to be in the middle of a crisis. After he left, Richard told me the healing work was driving Allen toward a confrontation.

During the fifteenth session, Allen fell asleep for a few minutes. When he opened his eyes, color rushed into his face. "I feel better," he said. "Something lifted. A cloud."

At the end of the session Allen talked. "I thought I was going crazy," he said. "My marriage has been falling apart. I have a very responsible position at work, but in the last year I've become privy to some information. I'm king of the hill in my area, and I control what's going on. I can't give you details. They all like me. They put things in front of me, on my plate, that would benefit me to accept. I accepted these things. I went along. My future was looking very good. Unlimited, really. I was a fair-haired boy. I guess other people just live with that."

"Live with what?" Richard asked.

"With having more and more authority," Allen said. "In one way you love it, but then I began feeling hollow. I should have felt just the opposite, you know? I should have been overjoyed. I was on a road straight to the top. Other people take that in stride. I thought I was built like them, but I'm not. In these sessions, I'm starting to feel another part of myself. It's been very uncomfortable, like crawling through a tunnel. But now I think I'm getting somewhere ..."

Later, over lunch, Richard told me he believed Allen had been "one of those power people who was ready to live his whole life off the sensation of control. It was as if he had been born to do that, and then he found out, much to his horror, that it made him feel like nothing."

The next time I saw Allen he had had forty sessions from Richard. He looked much healthier. During his appointment, he dozed for a few minutes on the table.

Afterwards, he said he had "visited" an incredible sector

of a city under construction. The materials and the machines were totally unfamiliar to him. Like Ralph, he used the word "relief."

"It was such a relief to see this place," he said. "I have no idea why. It's as if something was keeping me away from there. Maybe I was keeping myself walled in. I'm traveling a lot more in these last few sessions. You know, it gives me a sense of freedom, when I come back from these quick little excursions, as if I've taken off a rope."

When Allen left, Richard got out a pad and jotted down a few notes. "Allen has been talking to me about power," he said. "Very interesting. He says he had been groomed, almost from birth, to accept a position of authority. He came from an upper-crust family around Boston. The idea was, he would accept all the good fortune that flowed to him graciously. It would be smooth sailing. Everything was geared to the idea of taking success with grace, because that would make other people around him feel less jealous or upset when he passed them by. Then, when he grew up and started working, the payoffs to all that preparation began to arrive. He liked it for awhile. Who wouldn't? But to his horror, the whole thing began to turn him sour. I guess there are some slippery activities going on at the State Department, and he's been playing the game, turning his eyes away from it. He found out he had a conscience, and also he just didn't get a charge out of his destiny. I think it bores him. He has power of a kind, but it isn't really exciting. He's finally getting through that shell of nothing that surrounds him, and real energy is definitely showing up. So he's beginning to get the idea that he can replace one type of energy with another one that's much more real. So real he can taste it. He told me that if he'd known, at the beginning of our sessions, that this was going to be the direction things would take, he probably wouldn't have shown up. You don't come across too many people like him. Most of them just glide through life and become sipping alcoholics. They're sophisticated. They're a bottle with a vacuum in it, instead of a bottle with blue lightning. But Allen is in transition. He's finding life in himself he never knew he had. It's very vital. It never goes away, it's just covered up. When

you think about the fact that whole nations are run by people like him, you can see why we're in the mess we're in. Part of their power, a major part, is to really feel nothing. That means they can commit crimes at a distance, and think, so what? With a little practice, Allen might have gone the whole distance and become a sadist. Some of them do. It's good that he's out of that. He's getting a real taste of freedom ..."

Several weeks later, Allen, Richard and I had supper together in a little restaurant near the UN building. Afterwards, we walked over to Grand Central Station. Allen told us he had "been on the scene" at the end of the War when numbers of Nazi scientists started coming into the United States.

"They were dispersed into different projects and agencies," he said. "But there was no animosity on the part of our government at all. Everything was chummy. A few of us were amazed at the parade. We knew it was all strategic, and we were trying to get better Nazi researchers than the Russians, but still, I thought it was insane. The feeling of it was insane.

"The Nazis got out of Europe with a tremendous amount of money. Gold, jewels. We felt the Vatican paved the way for their escape. These are lots of murderers I'm talking about, mass murderers, SS people ..."

Allen looked around at the street. "This sounds so stupid," he said, "but I can feel the air tonight. I'm not made of concrete anymore. At first that scared me, but not now ... I was raised in a cult of indifference. We thought of ourselves as natural aristocracy. People who were a certain type. Descended from kings, I guess. It was never entirely spelled out, but the sense of it was there. We had the lineage. Other people didn't. After all, if I didn't believe that, then other people would have become a problem to me. Who were they? Why were they upset more often, and so on."

"Suppose everybody gets energy," Richard said. "Real power."

"Everybody?"

"Yes."

Allen began to smile. "Why not?" he said.

22

In painting you begin with the idea or feeling of space.

You put masses of color and energy into the space.

The way to take life away from people is to convince them that all life exists in a single space, never outside it. That what they should do is study the space and discover its core pattern — which may be physical or metaphysical or both. They should, more and more, rely on the pattern they are discovering and give their loyalty to it. In this way, you tell them, they'll become illumined to the degree illumination is possible.

Now, when you have done this to people, and when they have bought it, what do they have?

They have a Someone Else who supposedly made the space and they have a Pattern. They can argue among themselves, if they wish, about which of these is superior, but the argument is not going to lead to an open door.

No open door.

This is part of the Formula of the Secret Society, and it has dominated the planet from time immemorial.

23

Near the end of August, 1997, I received a startling phone call from England. The woman on the other end of the line hit the ground running. She said, "This is Carol Schuman. I got your number from Rachel Jenkins. She doesn't want to be part of this. Her life isn't the same since Richard died ... if it's all right with you, I'll tell you some things about Paul."

"Paul Schuman?"

"He was my father."

"Was?"

"He died in 1978, in Jerusalem. He was researching the Dead Sea Scrolls."

"I'm very glad to speak with you," I said. "How old was your father?"

"When he died? Eighty-two."

"I got the idea he was young during the Second World War."

"He was over fifty when the War ended."

I told Carol I didn't know where to start. My mind was racing.

"Well," she said, "I'm sure I only have a part of what you want. My father tried to protect me from certain things. But there's something you need to know about me. When Rachel found me, and we talked, I didn't want to speak with you, or even her. It's not that I don't think my father's work was important. Not at all. But it brought him a great deal of uncertainty. I've been subjected to the effects of that all my life. I'm in the theater. I'm an artist. That's what's important to me. I'll tell you what I know, and then that's it. Then we won't talk anymore."

"Whatever you want to do."

"Good. Let me tell you about the Nazi part first. Then we can get on to the other side of it ..."

I took a breath.

She really wanted to get this out of the way. No preamble, no embroidery. Just one time through and move the hell out.

"My father," she said quickly, "started working against the Nazis in 1934, in Germany. He knew some of the theoreticians, as he liked to call them. These were people who were trying to design the future of the country. They wanted to eliminate the Jews and lots of other people too. It was either enslave or kill. That was their plan. Africa would be put into complete slavery.

"Paul watched Hitler arrest astrologers and psychics and people who worked in the occult. Hitler put them in camps, because he wanted to corner the market on all that. He didn't want to be known by the world as a crazy man who dabbled in black magic.

"Paul wrote letters to people he knew in America and Canada. He told them about Hitler's reliance on the occult. Paul believed Hitler was going to send people to war again. He felt that Hitler viewed his own ongoing leadership of Germany as emerging from an occult base."

Her voice was very smooth, as if she had been over this ground in her mind many times, to prepare a presentation for someone ... and whoever it would be, the torch would be passed and then it would be over for her. I imagined Paul had dragged her to a number of cities and countries over the years, so he could continue his work. Or else he had left the family, and her mother had brought her up. I didn't think she'd delve into that ground.

I asked, "Was your father chased by the Nazis because he was a healer? As you say, Hitler and his people looked into all sorts of occult, esoteric activities, and also psychics, healers. Then he closed the whole area down and had the people arrested."

"From what he told me the answer to that is yes," she said. "At one point early on I think they were trying to find out about him, his work. Then there was a time when everything changed. I believe they wanted to arrest him and we escaped. That may have been why we went to England ... But he was involved in other activities that got the Nazis

mad at him.

“In 1934 my father told people that Hitler saw himself as a messiah. In that role he would put the whole world right, genetically, by excluding or destroying a significant percentage of the human race. Paul wrote articles about Hitler being an occult student and tried to have them published, to discredit him in the eyes of other governments, but no one would touch them. Paul went underground in France for awhile. This was just prior to Germany’s invasion of Poland. I don’t know what he was doing then. We spent most of the war in England. By this time, he said, no one was interested in Hitler’s background or his motivation. They just wanted to beat him and end the killing.”

I thought about the fact that both the Nazis and the CIA were famous for exploring the areas of occult, psychic, “New Age” activity ...

Carol continued. “My father knew that thousands of war criminals were escaping in 1945 to America and South America. He went to Nuremberg and spoke with several of the American officials who were trying cases, the war criminal cases. He felt that if the prosecutors understood the depths of the SS psyche, for example, their efforts might be more profound. Especially when it came to the German business executives, the top echelon who built the whole war machine for Hitler.

“Between 1945 and 1978, when he died, Paul spent a lot of time accumulating and mailing out information on the activities of Nazi war criminals. He got into conflict with several governments who were employing those people as spies or researchers. He told me that the American people would be horrified if they had a thumb-nail biography of each Nazi their government was employing.

“I can tell you that, during the War, Paul put together a phony cell of psychics. This was in England. I don’t know whether he did this under the auspices of the British government, or on his own. The word got out — I believe it was in 1943 — that Mussolini had been kidnapped by an opposition element in Italy. Paul told me he and his friends posed as a Hitler-friendly group, and they began sending messages

across the English Channel into a contact in Germany. Hitler needed to find Mussolini to keep the Axis alliance intact, and nobody knew where he was. Paul and his friends pretended to look psychically for Mussolini, and they sent the message over that he was a prisoner in Greece. I don't remember the exact area. They hoped this would cause the Germans to waste time looking in the wrong place. It could have saved lives in Italy. I think they actually got an encouraging word back from Himmler. And then all communication stopped."

"Was Paul interested in the activities of Himmler and his SS people?" I asked.

"Very. The occult goings-on there in the castle were very revealing. Once every year, as you probably know, Himmler and his Inner Circle spent a period of time conjuring — doing occult techniques. They were in total seclusion."

I said, "I've read that the SS periodically sacrificed one of their own. They chopped off his head, and then the head was used to communicate with various disembodied spirits in the East. They tore out cats' eyes too."

"Paul mentioned something like that," she said. "The SS did all sorts of grisly things supposedly on behalf of 'Spirit.' This has been written about. The whole emphasis of their training was to make them immune to violence and horror. The SS was a society separate from the world. They gave up their family names and adopted names from the past. You know, mythical Aryan titles. They took mystical oaths. If they betrayed their Order, or even broke an important rule, they and their family could be murdered. They were the glue that held the whole Nazi Party together. The lunatic monks."

"Except," I said, "they were ordered to procreate liberally with Aryan-type women. At the special breeding farms Hitler set up."

"Throughout the 1930s," Carol said, "all the way up to the time he died, Paul was in touch with an American soldier. I don't know the man's name. One of their topics of discussion was the possibility that some group or several groups had an agenda that involved destroying the United States.

"Paul was convinced that this group was essentially Nazi

in character, and that it was operating on the idea that the best way to take over a country was to reduce it to chaos first, and then move in.

“As far as my father’s healing work was concerned, he managed to do that for the last fifty years of his life, but rarely in an organized way. He didn’t have an office. Linwood learned a great deal from my father — but the words ‘teaching’ and ‘learning,’ as I’m sure Richard has told you, don’t have much meaning here. There isn’t any system. My father said this to me over and over. He looked at a treatment, or a session, as a kind of theater. The result depended only on your capacity to grasp the essentials of what was going on in yourself. It wasn’t so much a matter of discerning the state of the patient. I say patient — I don’t believe Americans use the medical terms. Paul knew the problem was in energy or feeling, and he knew he would get to it by expressing what was in him.

“It’s a funny thing,” Carol continued, “but people close to someone who is gifted in this way often don’t respond at all. I mean family in this case. Neither my mother nor I wanted treatments from Paul. Once in a great while, when we agreed to let him work on us, we didn’t feel very much happened afterwards. I think resentment was part of the reason we held ourselves back. We thought, well, if he isn’t going to act like a regular father and husband, then we’ll be damned if we’ll reflect anything back to him. A competition set in. We didn’t want to be put in the same boat, in his mind, as his other patients. We were supposed to be different, special.

“But I saw people come out of treatments with him totally changed. Not that they were always happy, because he sometimes tapped into very deep things in them, things they wanted to forget. But he didn’t care. He went for liberation, as he said. He wanted people to be masters of the universe. That was one of his joking phrases, but he wasn’t joking. He said that anybody ought to be able to lift up a house with his mind and move it out into the country and set it down in a nice spot by a stream, and move in.

“He had a mentor, actually two people, a husband and a wife. I never met them. He started with them when he was

very young, still in his teens, and I don't think he saw them after he was twenty-five. They were from North Africa. I don't know what city or town. Paul spent several years living with this couple. They all moved to Paris together. He said they never told him what to do with a patient. Of course, many things would come up between the three of them in conversation, and this was very helpful up to a point. At first Paul wanted to meet the mentor of this couple. They told him that wasn't possible, because the man, an ex-Tibetan monk of some kind, from the Kargyupa sect, was traveling in Indonesia. Eventually word came back that he had been in Bali. That's apparently where he died. This man was involved with some Tibetan practice of visualization. His version of it was supposedly a modification of the original. That's all I know about it.

"Paul believed that, in the very distant past, there had been communities where, in various ways, higher consciousness was pursued completely apart from any religion or doctrine of metaphysics. Spontaneous healing was an aspect of an entire spectrum of advancing human powers."

"What do you mean, advancing powers?" I asked.

"Paul used that phrase. He meant projecting a thought to another person, being able to move matter with the mind alone, the creation of matter, the ability to travel in many spaces without a physical body, but instead an energy body. All of that and more."

"And," I said, "he believed there was a continuous historical tradition of advancing powers, a tradition that had nothing to do with religion?"

"It's hard to say, about the tradition part. Sometimes he thought that way."

"It's not in the history books," I said.

"No."

"Perhaps there's a thread of inspiration that would tie all these people and communities together, down through time."

"You mean an idea like a messiah?" she said sarcastically.

"I mean a principle of some kind that doesn't bind people."

"That liberates them."

"Yes."

"The idea has occurred to me," she said.

"Did your father ever suggest something like that?"

"No. But he said there had to have been communities of creators."

"That was the exact phrase?"

"Yes. He gave an example. He mentioned the original Taoists, whoever they might have been, and then he said something even more curious. A community of people who put on the Greek tragedies. The original community."

"He had been researching this himself?"

"I suppose so. I don't really know."

"You said he was looking into the Dead Sea Scrolls."

"Yes, when he died. He never told me much about that. I remember he was involved with what he called Cave 4 documents. That's a designation the scholars use to distinguish various sets of materials. Of course, Paul was also researching other things in those years, not just the Scrolls. He read works by Giordano Bruno, for example."

"Was he specific about the Scrolls?"

"He said he was interested in the problem of the messiah. Don't ask me what he meant."

"You know," I said, "you may be the last person I ever talk to who can give me clues to the tradition, if there is one."

"Well," she said, "my father did some amazing things as far as healing was concerned. I want you to understand that. I know a woman who was able to move an object with her mind for a few minutes after he treated her. Looking at a bracelet on a table, and it slides all the way across and falls off the edge."

"Did your father have any of those abilities?"

"Not that I'm aware of, except his ability to trigger the healing process. Although he wasn't aiming at cures, people who had been treated by him were known to have lost diseases. One patient of my father, a medical doctor, a psychiatrist, had an interesting experience after a healing treatment. He went to see a schizophrenic man at a local asylum. On the way over to the hospital, on a whim, he went into a shop and bought a clear glass marble, a large one. At the

hospital, he sat down and held up the marble and told the patient to look at it. Call it force of will, or whatever you want, but the patient looked at that marble and in a few minutes he became functional. Not sane, but able to function. There was no logic to it. A month later the patient left the hospital. The psychiatrist kept telling my father about it. My father said the psychiatrist had just taken his first step toward becoming a healer, but it was obvious he would never go any further, because of his fear of jumping into unfamiliar territory. 'But you see,' my father said, 'this is how the relationship starts. If this were to progress any further, I would see this psychiatrist once a week and we would talk. He'd tell me about his own healing work with others, and I would tell him a little about my own. Gradually this would develop into a friendship, and we would feed each other. We wouldn't recommend technique, we would just talk. Things would come up, a kind of learning would take place, but not in a step one step two fashion. Not at all.'"

"Yes," I said. "I know what you mean."

"It sounds like Zen," Carol said, "but historically Zen became codified."

"Did your father work with many medical doctors?"

"No," she said. "He saw a great many artists. Poor ones, unfortunately."

"Did he ever talk about his own tradition versus the tradition of groups like the Nazis?"

"Yes, of course. It was hard to ignore. There is a history of trying to take from people what is innate to them, and there is the unknown tradition of trying to restore to people what they have forgotten is theirs."

"Is that your father's thought or your own?"

"We share it."

"You two probably share a great deal."

I kept her on the line for another minute or so, and then she said she had to go.

"Nothing else you can tell me? There's so much more. I want to hear about some of his other patients."

"No," she said. "All I can do is wish you luck ..."

24

The conversation with Carol Schuman, daughter and somewhat reluctant messenger of Paul Schuman, left me with a great many ideas.

I made a list of potential avenues I could explore.

1. Paul's two mentors — North Africa, Paris.
2. The Tibetan monk — Bali.
3. Communities of evolving consciousness.
4. Communities of creators.
5. Original Taoists.
6. Greek tragedians.
7. Dead Sea Scrolls — Cave 4 documents.

The first two items would take me on a straight line back into the past beyond Paul Schuman, but since all three people involved had to be dead, that was no road.

Communities of evolving consciousness and communities of creators ... In an initial search of various library sources I found nothing that impressed me. In fact, anytime I verged on thinking I'd discovered a past group of artists who had a bent for healing or "consciousness," they turned out to be organized around some mystical sect or cosmology that was drastically limited — full of magic symbols which might inject rich allusions into poetry, but bereft of real direction.

I had a feeling I wasn't looking at some of these groups in the right way. Maybe I was missing something.

The "founding fathers" of Taoism was a myth that was impenetrable. That was because the essence of Taoism was no-system. Philosophic structures, Taoists would say, came long after people had lost the instinct for following the natural Way of Living. That Way had no code of behavior. It was just the Tao.

Perhaps Paul Schuman simply saw an affinity between Taoism and his own inclinations about healing.

The idea of a community of Greek tragedians — say, 5th century BC — did not show up from my research. The original performances of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus were done by local amateurs. I attempted to discover whether the language of those plays was sufficiently different from common speech of the day to be considered esoteric. In that case, perhaps a community of people had grown up around that. I discovered that although the language of tragedy was elevated and artificial, and although the chorus sang and danced their lines in a kind of meter, the uneducated audience had no trouble understanding what was presented.

That left Carol's reference to the Cave 4 documents of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

I then added several more items out of Carol's conversation to my notes: Giordano Bruno; Tibetan Buddhism; and advanced powers. Next to the last item I wrote "paranormal," a more modern term.

Of course, there were hundreds of ways to connect these subjects.

Bruno was himself an ex-monk — sixteenth-century — who defied the Catholic Church and its rigid views. He wandered about Europe, preaching a sometimes-lucid form of mysticism, and a surprisingly modern astrophysics.

Tibetan Buddhism was, in several ways, a spiritual philosophy different from all others on the planet. I made a note to read a long out-of-print book on the subject by John Blofeld, a book I had browsed in the early 1960s in Los Angeles.

The paranormal was a subject as broad as the sky. And Paul Schuman's interest in it was not hard to infer, if he had seen it demonstrated in his patients from time to time.

I decided on an open approach: accumulate information on Bruno, Tibetan Buddhism, the Dead Sea Scrolls' Cave 4 documents, and "the paranormal," without going overboard. I would hopefully see a way of narrowing down things.

25

At this point, as I launch into research on Paul Schuman's "clues," I want to assure the reader that I will try to tie them together. There is an unknown amount of work to follow down each possible trail left by Schuman, and at least several chapters will take them up. This is all for trying to understand what may be a hidden tradition in human history. A tradition which includes, but is larger than, the kind of healing I have been discussing.

If such a tradition exists, is it concealed inside an ancient civilization, in caves, or is it invisible because past events which seem to us unrelated would, if properly seen, suddenly join and produce a new awareness?

If such a tradition exists, how does it contrast to the *modus operandi* of secret societies?

These are the questions I'm going after.

I won't try to give a blow-by-blow, book-by-book account of my trip through each Schuman topic. I'll more or less bring forward the sets of results *en masse*.

26

The Dead Sea Scrolls

Between 150 BCE and 70 CE, a sect called the Essenes lived “in the wilderness” at the western shore of the Dead Sea, eight miles from Jericho.

This community thought of its numbers as representatives, students, and preservers of true Judaism, as opposed to the “heretical” reigning priests in the Jerusalem temple.

Consisting of no more than 200 members at any one time, the Essenes had, as their overt goal, the seeking of God. Members “... were to love one another and to share with one another their ‘knowledge, powers, and possessions’ ... They were to be scrupulous in their observances of the times appointed for prayer, and for every other event of a liturgical existence ...”

In 1947, a Bedouin boy happened upon Aramaic and Hebrew manuscripts hidden in a cave by the Essenes, possibly shortly before the community’s destruction by Roman soldiers in the summer of 68 CE.

Several scandals have come to light concerning modern scholars’ handling of, and access to, these voluminous Dead Sea Scrolls, which, as it turned out, have been found in eleven caves.

Reading the English translation of the Scrolls, you are struck by the fact that the Essenes were a sect dedicated to obedience to law. Scroll documents allude to behaviors as necessary — or unacceptable. The sect’s membership standards, its daily life and practices, its handling of transgressions and expulsion were all to be broken down into regulations and followed

to the letter. The rules were of great specific concern to members.

In fact, one could say that the mural created by the Essenes was a detailed moral universe, and only in that context would they allow members to seek God on a long-term basis.

God's central and exclusive (and swaggering) position in the firmament-mural is clearly indicated in a Cave 4 document, *The Song of Michael and the Just*:

... a throne of strength in the congregation of 'gods' so that not a single king of old shall sit on it, neither shall their noble men ... my glory is incomparable, and apart from me none is exalted. None shall come to me for I dwell ... in heaven ... who is comparable to me in my glory? ... And who can deal with the issue [statements] of my lips?

Another Cave 4 document, called *The Wicked and the Holy*, goes further in delineating the boundaries of the Essenes' universe:

In accordance with the mercies of God, according to His goodness and wonderful glory, He caused some of the sons of the world to draw near (Him) ... to be counted with Him in the com[munity of the 'g]ods' as a congregation of holiness in service for eternal life and (sharing) the lot of His holy ones ... each man according to his lot which He has cast ... for eternal life ...

Of course there are those who are inspired by such words. I readily admit that to me, beyond their poetry, they sound like a prescription for bondage carried out over a never-ending period. Would one necessarily want a God to "cause" or magnetize him, like an iron filing, to come near and serve Him forever? I gauchely prefer a document called *The Declaration of Independence* — because it has a little line in it about the right to the pursuit of happiness, an individual choice which is, by implication, changeable — without the fear of ostracism or rejection. The Essenes demanded a severe group-shunning of members who overtly turned away from the path of the group's God.

The Cave 4 document designated 4Q286-7, titled *Curses of Satan And His Lot*, sculpts the to-be-avoided evil wrinkle in the moral space invented by this community: “[... Be cursed, Ang]el of Perdition and Spir[it of Dest]ruction ... [and] may you be [da]mned ... Amen, am[en].

“[Cursed be a]ll those who practi[se] their [wicked designs] and establish [in their heart] your (evil) devices, [plotting against Go]d’[s Covenant] ...”

Metaphysical light vs. dark. Superstructure good vs. evil. Consider the authors of these Scrolls as artists and see what they are inventing — in which invention sect-members will dedicatedly live their lives. Consider that. Although good vs. evil of course has its counterparts in real life, the creative polarizing, to an extreme, of these concepts is an invitation to tyranny, to elitism, to internal spying and paranoia, to mountains of rules.

What a community like the Essenes does — regardless of how much good it performs — is define a painting for people to inhabit. Then it states that Someone Else runs the painting. Then it implies that the painting contains a pattern to be plumbed and understood — which takes a great deal of effort. In this case the pattern is a moral good-and-evil fabric which is inextricably woven into the “canvas” — and prescribes rigid behaviors, as well as suppression of deviation from the rules of the group.

Again, regardless of how much good the group does, it does no business with individual power and freedom. Those are foreign notions.

The Cave 4 document designated 4Q521, titled *A Messianic Apocalypse*, begins to flesh out the traditional deeds of a messiah, after it asserts with aggrandizing force that “..... [the hea]vens and the earth will listen to His Messiah, and none therein will stray from the commandments of the holy ones.”

What are some of the traditional acts of the messiah? He “restores sight to the blind, straightens the b[ent] ... will heal the wounded, and revive the dead”

In another age, would Paul Schuman call these, with more than superficial intent, “advanced powers?”

Internationally respected Biblical scholar Dr. James Tabor, in a 1991 video lecture on the Dead Sea Scrolls, explored the notion of the messiah and the actions which signaled that he “was the One the world was waiting for.”

Without necessarily concluding that the Essenes gave birth to the person now known as Jesus, Tabor discusses three secret scrolls from Cave 4 which were assigned to the Catholic scholar Abbe Jean Starcky for translation. These scrolls, Tabor states, have, in certain respects, very close resemblance to Biblical texts — namely Isaiah 35 and 61 and Luke 4.

The subject? The coming of the messiah. There are clearly tests which must be passed if a man is to be elevated to this supreme status. When Jesus is questioned by disciples sent to him by John the Baptist — when he is asked, “Are you the One?” — Jesus summarizes what he has done. He says the blind have received sight, the dead are raised, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear. As Tabor points out, this reply is “coded” language, which will be well understood by John, and which will indicate that Jesus — or in the Scrolls, an Essene Teacher — has passed the test to become a messiah.

The fact that such tests are mentioned in both the Bible and the Dead Sea Scrolls naturally brings up the question of “the Essene Jesus.” That issue has been debated on several grounds by scholars and religionists. My reading of this debate reveals no clear-cut answer to the question of whether Jesus was an Essene. However, it does raise fascinating points. Were there at least two different men, historically, who would be assessed as potential messiahs on the same standards? Was there, in fact, a tradition of messiahship in which the production of miracles was the keystone?

Was this what Paul Schuman was interested in? Is this why he had studied the issue of the messiah in the Cave 4 documents? Because “paranormal miracles” were key factors?

Given what his daughter said, it makes good sense to me.

27

The Paranormal: Advanced Powers

Several thousand books have been written about it. It covers wide, wide spectra of human action and experience. People make claims for it on television magazine shows. Print magazines devote themselves to a monthly exploration of it.

What about a scientific analysis of the paranormal field? How much has really been done?

Margins of Reality is an enormously important book by Robert Jahn and Brenda Dunne. Jahn is Professor of Aerospace Science and Dean Emeritus of the School of Engineering and Applied Science at Princeton University. Brenda Dunne is manager of the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research laboratory.

The book discusses their controlled studies which examine the direct influence of consciousness on matter.

"Some of these experiments," the authors state, "study the interaction of human operators with various technical devices and systems. Others concern the acquisition of information about remote geographical targets inaccessible by known sensory channels."

Jahn and Dunne's trials show that, beyond any possible random variation, the mechanical operation of a machine can be influenced by the intent of the operator. A kind of "Dalton's desk," as it is called, was employed in one series of experiments. This device allows 9000 small plastic balls to cascade down from an entrance funnel into bins formed by a tight display of 330 nylon pegs.

Operators sat eight feet from this device, and attempted “to distort [the random range of] the distribution of balls in the bins toward the right ... or to the left [of center] ...”

The conclusion? The authors state, “At this writing, 22 operators have completed a total of 76 experimental series ... Of these, 8 operators, or 36%, have generated significant overall data bases ...” A significant overall data base would mean the distribution of the falling plastic balls distorted the known random range, and also matched the stated intention (*e.g.*, overload left of center or right of center) of the operator.

This is, as Dunne and Jahn would say, anomalous. Beyond random results. It indicates the direct effect of consciousness on matter.

More extraordinary than this result is the outcome of attempting to measure “operator signatures.” Using three very different types of random-generating devices — cascading balls, a flow of electrons, and digital generation — two operators revealed that their graphs of performance maintained a pattern of similarity from one device to another. The degree and tempo, so to speak, of their ability to distort the random physical world showed a consistency over the range of these very different kinds of equipment.

Jahn and Dunne state that operators used various approaches.

Some operators self-impose preliminary meditation exercises, employ visualization techniques, or attempt to identify with the device or process in some transpersonal context. Others invoke competitive strategies, attempting to outperform other operators, their own earlier results, or simply the laws of chance ...

If there is any unity in this diversity of strategy, it would be that most effective operators seem to associate successful performance with the attainment of some sense of ‘resonance’ with the device.

For example, one operator states,

I don’t feel any direct control over the device, more like a marginal influence when I’m in resonance with

the machine. It's like being in a canoe; when it goes where I want, I flow with it. When it doesn't, I try to break the flow and give it a chance to get back in resonance with me.

The feeling of resonance was very familiar to me. It happened every time a person had been on my table and I had done a healing session. Richard has said that, for him, there was a potentially infinite number of "melodies" in that respect. The two most obvious were: He could simply resonate with the overall energy of the person; or he could introduce a new energy which would result in the person expanding his energy-reach. In either case, a kind of integration (healing) would occur.

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Further experiments undertaken by Dunne and Jahn involved what they call RPR: Remote Precognitive Perception. This tests the ability of a person to identify a geographical target at a distance before another pre-selected person shows up at that scene. Of course, the geo-target is adequately concealed from the “remote perceiver.”

To avoid obtaining only anecdotal results, Jahn and Dunne constructed a rather complex mathematical model, so that they could determine performance above and below a set norm. Acknowledging that this type of experiment offers challenges to scientists seeking quantitative certainty, Dunne and Jahn nevertheless conclude, from their work:

Using ... [our] experimental protocols and analytical scoring methods ... individual percipients [remote perceivers] can acquire statistically significant information about spatially and temporally remote target locations by means currently inexplicable by known physical mechanisms.

In fact, some of the most convincing results Dunne and Jahn obtained were in cases where the perceiver misread an element of the remote target in a startling way.

For example, parts of a Saturn rocket at NASA, in Houston, were chosen as a remote target. The pre-selected person, or agent, went to that location in Houston. (In all experiments an agent was used, because he might provide a “beacon” the perceiver could lock onto.) The perceiver totally missed the chosen target. Instead of remotely perceiving the Saturn rocket from his location in Princeton, New Jersey, he saw a scene in which the agent was playing on the floor with a group of puppies.

It turned out that “Later that evening,” write Jahn and Dunne, “before learning any details of the [perceiver’s incorrect remote] perception, the agent visited a friend’s home where he played at length with a litter of newborn pups, one of which he was prompted to purchase.”

Again, the remote perceiver “saw” this before the agent met the puppies.

To my surprise, I’ve discovered that supplies of reliable experiments in paranormal areas are large, the results are clear, and the extent of confirmation and replication of the research is formidable. Unfortunately, no ongoing currents of “news” have been fashioned out of these results. The experiments are generally treated by the press as quirky, unverifiable happenings, at best suitable for program-filler on slow days.

Who knows what would happen if even 5% of the cumulative evidence of paranormal occurrences were alive and well out in the minds of the general populace? By a kind of contagion based on acceptance and a growing confidence, we might see, before our eyes, a large upsurge in paranormal achievements — an evolutionary step. Of course, in that case, a great deal of nonsensical “knowledge” about humanity would have to go on the junk-heap of history — especially if the range of paranormal occurrences were not just percolating in a small elite — but at every level of society.

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With a background at Princeton and the Stanford Research Institute, Dean Radin has also been Director of the Consciousness Research Laboratory at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. He has worked for Bell Labs and Contel. His recent book, *The Conscious Universe: The Scientific Truth of Psychic Phenomena*, provides a truly remarkable overview of accomplished results reported in paranormal research.

Radin leaves no doubt that the paranormal has already been proven to exist by the most conservative experimental methods, and that the delay in public acceptance is largely due to a skewing of facts in the press and in certain halls of academia.

The “ganzfeld” technique is a method to test telepathy. The so-called sender is absolutely isolated, by experimental design, from the receiver. What is sent telepathically is usually an image. The image may be selected, for example, by the sender from a pack of photos.

After the sending period is over the receiver is shown the pack of photos. The receiver then ranks the photos in degree of resemblance to his impressions during the sending phase. If the receiver ranks the actual telepathically sent photo “number 1,” the session is scored a hit. Any other outcome is considered a miss.

Details of experimental design have been modified over the years by various researchers. Attempts have been made to upgrade the ganzfeld approach through better scoring methods, more certain isolation of sender from receiver, and blinding of any intermediaries who might unconsciously (or intentionally) tip off the receiver about what was sent to him.

Radin offers a number of examples of hits. For instance, from the work of well-known researcher Charles Honorton, a 1990 experiment — in which video footage of a suspension bridge collapsing into water was telepathically sent to the receiver — yielded the receiver’s following impression, recorded during the sending period:

“... Something, some vertical object bending or swaying ... Almost like a ladder-like bridge over some kind of chasm ... it’s coming down ...”

Honorton, in 1982, presented a paper at a national Parapsychological Association meeting “summarizing the results of all known ganzfeld experiments to that date.” Honorton concluded that the weight of the evidence was clearly on the side of accepting telepathy as a real occurrence.

Psychologist and confirmed skeptic Ray Hyman¹ took issue with Honorton, and both men agreed to do meta-analyses of the history of the scientific ganzfeld literature.

Their opposing views were published in 1985.

Subsequently, Hyman admitted that, on 28 studies which showed hit rates at all, the percentage of hits, collectively, was remarkable. But Hyman wasn’t ready to concede that the explanation was actual telepathy.

What ensued was a professional debate between Honorton and Hyman. It spanned the next six years. During this time, upgrades were made in the experimental ganzfeld design: Computers were introduced to automate procedures; video players recorded the pools of image-messages which the sender would choose from; and electromagnetic shielding was introduced to further isolate the receiver from accidental or deliberate “message-leaks.”

By 1991, new computerized “autoganzfeld” studies had been run. The research literature showed 354 sessions, using

¹ I’m told Hyman has subsequently given both grudging acknowledgments and outright denials of “anomalous” (paranormal) results on studies of psychic phenomena. If this is so, I myself can’t discern a pattern of logic in Hyman’s reactions.

240 men and women, in eleven separate studies. The overall hit rate for the eleven studies was 34%. This remarkable outcome was about the same as the total hit-rate calculated by Honorton and Hyman in their 1985 meta-analyses of the entire ganzfeld literature up to that time.

Hyman published a statement in which he called these new results "intriguing." He then asked for further work from "independent laboratories."

Dean Radin summarizes just such ganzfeld research from 1991 to 1997, carried out by seven separate researchers. He concludes that "each of the six replication studies ... resulted in point estimates [significantly] greater than chance [could account for]."

Looking at the history of the ganzfeld research literature from 1974 to 1997, which encompasses 2,549 experimental sending-sessions, reported in over forty journals, Radin concludes that initial positive results have been replicated over and over.

"Psi [telepathic] effects do occur in the ganzfeld," Radin writes.

Radin proceeds to examine the complete allied research field of perception at a distance.

From the 1889 "ESP cards" of French Nobel laureate Charles Richet, to the huge body of work of researcher J.B. Rhine, and beyond, Radin reports on experiments in "guessing" concealed cards.

By the 1940s, Radin writes, "142 published articles described 3.6 million individual trials [at guessing the faces of carefully concealed cards] generated by some 4,600 percipients in 185 separate experiments."

Radin states that in the most tightly controlled of these experiments, the hit-rate of accurate guesses was significantly above chance. He quotes a statement reacting to these and related studies from the chairman of the Department of Psychology at the University of London, H.J. Eysenck (1957):

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.

Radin reviews what have popularly been called remote-viewing experiments, carried out with \$20 million from agencies of the U.S. government, between 1972 and 1994 at Stanford Research Institute and at SAIC (Science Applications International Corporation).

Radin confirms that results in psychically locating and describing secretly selected geographical targets have been successful. He cites a government report issued on SAIC remote viewing studies done between 1989 and 1993. An oversight committee, which included statistics experts, a Nobel prize-winning physicist, and an Army major general, concluded that remote viewing ability is quite real.

Even Ray Hyman, the dyed-in-the-wool skeptic on ganzfeld experiments for six years, stated, "I agree ... that the effect sizes reported in the SAIC experiments probably cannot be dismissed as due to chance ... So, I accept Professor Utt's assertion that the statistical results of the SAIC and other parapsychologists' experiments 'are far beyond what is expected by chance.'"

Radin goes on to examine the history of mind-matter interaction research, concluding that "After sixty years of experiments using tossed dice and their modern progeny, electronic RNGs [random number generators], researchers have produced persuasive, consistent replicated evidence that mental intention is associated with the behavior of these physical systems."

What about "mental interactions with living organisms?" Radin recounts three separate studies done between 1962 and 1972, in which researchers in New Jersey, France, and the Netherlands "all observed significant changes in receivers' finger blood volume when a sender, located sometimes thousands of miles away, directed [stimulating or calming]

emotional thoughts toward them.”

Psychologist William Braud is credited with having accumulated the “largest systematic body of experiments” in this area. His work of seventeen years at the Mind Science Foundation in San Antonio, Texas, consisted of 37 experiments (655 sessions) using 602 people and animals, run by 13 researchers. “The thirty-seven experiments combined,” Radin summarizes, “resulted in odds against chance of more than a hundred trillion to one. Fifty-seven percent of the experiments were independently significant ... where 5 percent would be expected by chance.”

These experiments involved separated senders and receivers, with the receiver hooked up to a monitor that continuously measured skin conductivity — “electrodermal activity.” Such activity is associated with unconscious changes in emotion. The sender, at randomly chosen moments, was told to think about the receiver with one of two motives: to emotionally arouse or calm him. The results of such attempts are measured by electrodermal fluctuations.

Clearly, the positive statistical results of these studies show that contact, through thought, is being made between human beings at a distance.

Radin concludes, “The [positive] implications for distant healing are clear.”

Although Paul Schuman was obviously not alive during the period of much of this research, he might have been aware of some earlier forerunners of it. Regardless, I felt certain that the sorts of results which I have been discussing were part of what was on his mind as he considered “advanced powers.”

Suppose, when he read Cave 4 documents of the Dead Sea Scrolls, he was in fact seeing the so-called miracle tests for a messiah in conjunction with this arena of paranormal activity.

That was reasonable. Of course, such a crossover similarity has been pointed out before. But for a man immersed in healing, it can pique the interest in a compelling way. For example, Paul may have begun to conclude that many different manifestations of the paranormal — of which healing

is one — were connected by common threads. Threads of awareness, of attuning to events and people, of imagination, of desire to surmount ordinary experience.

In that case, he could have thought that new universes were just over the horizon for him. After all, if he had already found one zone, healing, why wouldn't other zones become accessible to him?

And if he could expand in that way, perhaps many, many other people could, too.

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Giordano Bruno

I continued my exploration of the clues Carol Schuman had left me about her father Paul.

I was, of course, aware that I was operating on supposition. But ... why not? When that's the door that is presented, walk through it.

Carol mentioned that Paul had an interest in Giordano Bruno, the 16th-century ex-monk who had left his position with the Catholic Church and taken to the road, so to speak. Teacher, philosopher, poet, dramatist, and outspoken critic of "limitations of thought," Bruno traveled all over Europe fearlessly spreading his ideas, in various venues, until his arrest by the Church for heresy.

Bruno's works are not easy to tackle. But you always feel you are on the edge of discovery, and gems are planted along the way.

He is a revolutionary thinker who straddles several realms. One of his masterworks, *On the Infinite Universe and Worlds* (1584), stretches the imagination as God, the individual, the infinite, the universe, planets, space and time are all thrown into a cosmic soup — just as they are, almost at the same time, subjected to close analysis to determine their exact meanings and relationships.

Bruno's simultaneous approaches tend to make the mind of the student ricochet like a ball bearing in a pinball machine.

What would Paul Schuman have seen, or reacted to, in this?

I was very taken by Carol's reference to her father's healing sessions as a kind of improvisational theater.

Such reliance on one's own resources as a healer — or as an artist — would have enormous personal consequences. In such a state of mind, rigid concepts tend to melt down and flow as usable energy. There is a sense of that in Bruno's writing. A capacity to gather in energy-strips of the cosmos and sift them, make large sudden leaps of vision, turn set-pieces of traditional Church metaphysics on their heads.

In *Giordano Bruno: His Life and Thought*, author Dorothea Waley Singer traces a line of influence through Bruno back to "the philosophers of Islamic Spain." The effect of this unheralded tradition was the revolutionizing of European thought on the basic image of the cosmos.

Singer: "... the earth no longer formed the summit of a hierarchy. The universe itself came to be regarded as a continuum rather than as a hierarchy."

This staggeringly modern idea, which through Bruno began to take hold in Europe at the end of the 16th century, implied that energy could transfer or broadcast its essence through space in any direction without impedance, without coming across ideological check-points or central ruling barriers that were set up by Divinity.

If healing is a transference of energy — and one kind of it certainly can be that — Bruno would be illustrating that the medium of space is extremely cordial to its progression.

In his seminal work, *De magia*, Bruno enunciates what could be taken to be a maxim of paranormal ability:

Thus it is that [the individual soul] doth apprehend most distant species, in an instant and without motion ... The power of each soul is itself somehow present afar in the universe ... Therefore certain impediments being removed, suddenly and at once it [the individual soul] hath present to it the most remote species which are not joined to it by motion.

Whether one takes healing and the sending of energy as events in wave-physics or as "instantaneous arrivals" at distant points, Bruno has described the phenomenon and affirmed it. Not only that, he also depicts the "traveling" aspect of healing in which a person instantly connects to

places/images/happenings from another mysterious place.

Bruno bypasses the pre-defined universe of Catholicism, with its hierarchy of priests and saints and divine, judging entities. The Church of Rome hated him for it. Bruno was called an atheist by the Inquisition at Rome, which insisted on taking over his case from the Inquisition at Venice, where he had originally been arrested.

Bruno's writing is saturated with references to spiritual essence cloaked in various names. To call him an atheist is like labeling Einstein nothing but a hard-headed mathematician.

But the Church was reeling from the unexpected exposure to a mind — Bruno's — that suddenly cast off limits like petty housekeeping duties. Such duties of the Church consisted of relentlessly creating a universe replete with rules, named entities in full dress, and human sin that must beg for redemption.

Like any good cult, the Church had painted a space, had said it was run by Someone Else, and had conjured an intrinsic pattern embedded in the space. In a lifetime, with a great deal of work, one might understand and appease this complex pattern by relying on its link to the divine — called a priest.

The alternative to this devotion was an eternity in fire and lakes of feces.

Bruno, again in *De magia*, beautifully, and with great generosity, depicts the idea of resonance, which I've alluded to above as a feature of healing and paranormal sensing:

Thus since the soul of the individual is continuous with the soul of the universe, it is not impossible that it may be carried to bodies which do not interpenetrate with it ... as if innumerable lamps are lit and together give the effect of one light, nor doth the one light impede or weaken or exclude the other.

Similarly when many voices are diffused throughout the same space, even as with light rays. Or as we say popularly, the rays are spread out to receive the same visible whole, where all penetrate the same

medium, some in straight lines and some obliquely, yet they do not on that account interfere one with another; so the innumerable spirits and souls diffused through the same space interfere not at all with one another, nor doth the diffusion of one impede the diffusion of the infinity of others.

The imagery of this joyous, if slightly vague, piece of ontology caused a huge reaction in the Church — for its omissions. Bruno's animated universe is not about guilt. He makes no pronouncement of authority, as in Who runs cosmic space? He places no one in hierarchical relation to another. Bruno in fact clears the decks for the non-denominational triumph of the human spirit. At once mystical and lucid, Bruno applauds Reality as he finds it. He refuses to build into the universe an absolute need for human redemption sought through the channel of a single sacrificial lamb.

Though Bruno could have become bogged down and vague in a metaphysic of interconnected souls, he also shocks us as he springs out in Whitmanesque glorification of the individual — long before it was physically safe to be moved by such feelings and visions:

“Henceforth I spread confident wings to space; I fear no barrier of crystal or of glass; I cleave the heavens and soar to the infinite. And while I rise from my own globe to others/
And penetrate ever further through the eternal field, That which others saw from afar, I leave far behind me.”

At the end of *The Five Dialogues Concerning the Infinite Universe and Worlds*, Bruno has Albertino ask for a fresh reinterpretation of the cosmos. If we understand that he is uttering these words at a time when the Earth-Heaven space authored by the Church of Rome was a closed issue, when individual freedom and power were potential clues to heresy, we can perhaps begin to taste Bruno's courage:

Open wide to us the gate through which we may perceive the likeness of our own and of all other stars. Demonstrate to us that the substance of the other worlds throughout the ether is even as that of our own world. Make us clearly perceive that the motion of all

of them proceedeth from [the impulse of] the inward soul: to the end that illumined by such contemplation we may proceed with surer steps toward a knowledge of nature.

Bruno seems to verge on saying that each one of us, as a soul, animates the universe.

That would not only clear the deck of so-called rulers and gods and various invented watchdogs who claim to dominate the infinite (for our own good), it would suggest the potential for retraction, as it were, of the whole physical universe into the individual soul.

Bruno comes close to turning upside down the entire formula of the secret society and exposing it for what it generically is: self-appointed insiders who define a universe, manufacture its ultimate content and administer it.

In this exposé, Bruno is an unlikely ally with a tradition which was walled off from Europe in the 16th century, the mysticism of Tibetan Buddhism.

For his trouble, his wisdom, his great spirit and his poetry, Bruno was stripped naked, tied to a stake, and taken to the Square of Flowers in Rome on Saturday, February 19, 1600, where the Church burned him alive.

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Mystical Tibetan Buddhism

Is there a clue to “a hidden tradition” in the environment of Bruno’s time?

Forces on the planet which, sooner or later, are seen to be repressive follow a pattern.

It is one thing to celebrate a felt God with inspired art, with frescoes on the walls of churches throughout Italy.

The artists themselves come to be recognized as creative forces. But when their work, their adornments, are used as mesmerizing emblems within the universe of the Holy Catholic Church, which Church has set itself up as the Earthly arbiter of all matters spiritual and moral ...

Of course, no period of civilization presents this dual aspect of human life more sharply than the Italian Renaissance. Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Piero, Raphael — their use by Holy Rome to “televise” images of the Church’s spiritual world to the people was brilliant. At least from the point of view of men who wanted to control the minds of human beings all over the world. At the same time, secular patrons were so anxious to commission works by the great artists of the time that, gradually, the personal stature of these painters and sculptors grew into a form of demi-godhood.

The human being as creator.

The human being as designer of worlds of his own making.

Were various historical messiahs in this same crux? Did they in fact create “miracles” which were paranormal occurrences, and were they then used by religious cults to symbolize universes whose ultimate purpose was the tyrannical rule of humans?

In 1961, when I began to paint every day in my apartment in New York — results or execution or skill were not my goals, to be sure — when I threw caution to the winds and untied my imagination, I found that I was looking at my own abstract paintings piling up all around me as worlds, as events in spaces that were beyond the everyday. To me, these paintings were not decoration, they were even more than windows. Looking at them for long periods of time, I found meanings. These weren't describable with exactness, but they were flying, battling, triumphant, energy-loaded happenings ... and the consequence was, oddly enough, that my life was changed forever.

I moved into another echelon. By the action of creation I arrived in spaces where aesthetics and emotion were intensified, were infused into line and energy and object on the canvas, were the currency of reality itself. And when I turned away from the paintings and walked outside on the streets, this transformation held. The essence of my paintings walked with me. The world of the street was not any longer unchangeable, irreducible Reality; it was a space another "painter" had made ... as if a moment ago. It was fascinating, it had curves and hidden corners I had never noticed before, and like the shapes in my paintings the buildings on the street spoke of themselves and, in a non-ordinary language, spilled out emotion. And how fantastic that was! But I knew for all time that the street was another painting — miraculous, yes, because paintings were miraculous — but no more than that. Not a final reality. Not a final oppressive reality. And somehow, that became a very great comfort for the soul.

If Giordano Bruno came close to saying that the individual being somehow animates the physical universe, then the mysticism of Tibetan Buddhism appears to take it the rest of the way.

It is not my intent to summarize all the spiritual practices of this ancient (and current) group, particularly since practitioners and teachers have a variety of interpretations, but a few of its basic concepts are vital to understand:

The physical universe is not the work of God or gods. It is

actually a delusion, in the sense that we mistakenly take it to be objective reality. The physical universe is a manifestation of mind.

With that concept in tow, certain sub-groups within Tibetan Buddhism move to a practice that challenges the primary human delusion head-on. In his book, *The Tantric Mysticism of Tibet*, John Blofeld spells out this visualization practice, after warning his readers not to leap into it. The Tibetans spend years preparing themselves for it.

Visualization is normally performed in a meditation cell ... However, some adepts, especially those of the Kargyupa sect, prefer solitude while they are mastering it. Walled up in a room or cave for a specified time — say, three or seven years — the adept hears no human voice but his own ... his days are devoted to a chosen sadhana (visualization practice). By the time he emerges, he has become so skilled in creating mental constructions that he clearly perceives the exterior world in its real character as a manifestation of mind.

Blofeld goes on: “[Tibetan-style visualization utilizes] forces familiar to man only at the deeper levels of consciousness, of which ordinary people rarely become aware except in dreams. These are the forces wherewith mind creates and animates the whole universe ...”

One of the vital visualizations consists of a “deity or personified mind-force.”

A minute description [of the deity] has to be memorized [such description given by a teacher and/or mandala-painting or scripture]: posture, clothes, ornaments, hair, body-color, eyes, expression, arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet and sometimes environment. Beginners have to create the parts separately and, as more and more are envisioned, those created first vanish. It is as though a sculptor’s statue were to begin melting while he was still at work on it. With practice, however, the adept learns to evoke instantaneously a figure complete in

all its parts ... the deity ... enters the adept's skull and alights in his heart. Mastering the art of visualizing a colored figure that is perfect in every detail is only the first step, for the figure will be static — a mere picture. With further practice, it comes alive as a being seen in a dream. Even that is not enough. As higher states of consciousness supervene, it will be seen to exist in a much more real sense than a person, let alone a dream; moreover, persons, like other external objects of perception, are of little consequence to the practice, whereas this shining being has power to confer unspeakable bliss [to the visualizer] and, after union, to remain one with the [visualizer] adept and purify his thoughts and actions. In time, the sense of [this deity's] reality may become too strong and endanger the adept's concept of everything (the mind-created deity included) as being intrinsically void. The Lama will now order him to banish the deity — a task more difficult than its creation.

Much could be said about this remarkable description, perhaps the single most amazing statement in all of Western spiritual commentary. For me, entering into the metaphysic behind it introduces a slippery slope. But in general, for Tibetans, the void is a term which is meant to show that all is created, and that behind creations — including an invention as wonderful as a deity — is really a state prior even to potential form. Blofeld is indicating that awareness of the void is a central lesson for all adepts, and immersion at too deep a level in any creation is a mistake that has to be corrected. In this case, the adept is told to get rid of his invented companion-deity.

There is a large number of introductory lessons and practices which the student must engage in before getting down to the kind of creation described by Blofeld. I feel that, as a non-Tibetan, such preludes of mantra-sounds, symbols of concentration and evoking, culturally-based entities which are used to signify various human traits ... all of this makes studentship hard. I don't feel a kinship with the forms of the Tibetan culture at a deep enough level to take them on as the

substance of the most profound kind of education.

That being said, the Tibetan statement of the role of creation in all realities may be the clearest and the most important ever enunciated on Earth.

As we've seen, on an elementary but quite interesting level, the scientific results of large numbers of paranormal studies show that the physical universe can be affected directly by mind. Why not extrapolate, take this much farther? That, in a sense, is what the Tibetans have done.

Given Paul Schuman's interest in Giordano Bruno and the paranormal, it seemed to me that the visualization practice of his mentors' teacher, the Tibetan ex-monk, had to be close to the one I've just described. A practice which goes far beyond simply invoking a spirit. A practice which, in fact, creates reality.

Indeed, much could be written that extends out from the above quotation by John Blofeld, from the visualization practices of the Tibetans.

Start with the stark idea that gods can be made by us. And that we should be celebrating this fact to the extreme, not using it to minimize the possibilities of life. Look at the specific practice of the Tibetans, in which the deity created by the student actually assumes traits. It can "confer bliss" to the student. It can "purify his actions." This deity is not merely a cardboard photo. The student, it is claimed, has the capacity to invent a creature which is, in its own way, alive.

Alive.

32

If you can see the mechanisms by which cults and secret societies plentifully create limitations for humans ... if you can see this done over and over throughout history, isn't it reasonable to ask why this is necessary, if, as many "experts" are fond of saying, humans are intrinsically quite limited?

Why insist that a human concentrate his vision on one fabricated world he didn't make — unless he has the potential to make worlds, and to drastically affect the composition of this world ... with his mind?

33

If Paul's interest in the paranormal was as I imagined, that definitely fit in with the other clues I was putting together.

Research in the paranormal shows that, beyond doubt, people can directly modify the universe-as-we-know-it with their minds. They can reach out into remote space and "read" the landscape. They can communicate meanings without words — with energy or thought — over a distance. They can change the random flow of matter in space.

Is it eminently rational to think that we, as human beings, are defined by being able to do only A LITTLE BIT of that?

Shall we blindly accept that?

34

“If individual reality becomes fluid,” perverse elitists say, “then how can we control huge numbers of people? The world itself, on every level, will stop being singular, and the obedience we require will disappear. We won’t be able to wield, forever, authoritative patterns and their unchanging symbols.”

Absolutely correct.

35

The Formula of the Secret Society

Let us return to one of Paul Schuman's interests: The Essenes.

The Cave 4 documents of the Dead Sea Scrolls feature a test for messiahship, as I explained earlier. The elements are these: A messiah has given the blind sight; he has raised the dead; he has made the lame walk; he has cleansed the lepers; and he has given the deaf hearing.

These are remarkable feats.

But for a moment consider the following:

In an experiment called "Human Consciousness Influence on Water Structure" (*Journal of Scientific Exploration*, v.9, no.1, pp. 89–105, 1995, Pyatnitsky and Fonkin), the study-authors report, "The ability of human consciousness to change the structure of water is indicated by experiments utilizing light-scattering ... 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."

The results of this and many other studies do, of course, make a link to the kind of miracles discussed in the case of a messiah.

Now, if you take the Bible and the Cave 4 documents, and many other religious accounts of messiahs, you see that the stories are all cut from the same cloth, as is the background religious myth that is built up to pigeonhole these messiahs.

No one can prove that the messiah miracles were really

performed by any of the men I'll discuss now. In fact, there is scholarly doubt that some of these men ever existed. But what can't be overlooked is the juxtaposition of the miracle-account and the subsequent casting of the man who DID the wondrous things into a sticky bind that tries to envelop the human race.

Historically, this is the cult of cults.

Consider the following:

1. The savior called Mithras was born 600 years before Jesus, in Persia. He was "born of a virgin with only a number of shepherds present."
2. Mithras was called The Way, The Truth, The Light, just as Jesus was.
3. In Mithraic times, on December 25th, "there were magnificent celebrations with bells, candles, gifts, hymns ..."
4. At death, Mithras' body was put in a tomb which was made of rocks and called Petra. (Peter was the rock on which Jesus would found his church.)
5. "The followers of Mithras believed that there would be a 'day of judgment' when non-believers would perish and believers would live in a heaven or 'paradise' (a Persian word) forever and ever."
6. Horus, the Egyptian God who is said to have existed 3,000 years before Jesus, was called the way, the truth, and the life — just as Jesus was.
7. Horus received a water baptism from Anup. Jesus was similarly baptized by John.
8. Horus was born in Annu, called the house of bread. Bethlehem, Jesus' birthplace, was also called the house of bread.
9. Horus and Jesus were both depicted as "The Good Shepherd."
10. There were seven in a boat with Horus. Seven fishermen shared a boat with Jesus.

11. Horus was called both the lamb and the lion. So was Jesus.
12. Both Horus and Jesus are identified with a cross.
13. Horus was said to be the son of a virgin and of a God.
14. Both Horus and Jesus had 12 followers, disciples.
15. Kersey Graves, author of *The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors* (NY: Truth Seeker Co., 1875), cites the case of a "heathen Savior" Virishna, who was born at least as long ago as 1200 BCE. Virishna was issued from a virgin. As with Jesus (and Herod), Virishna was also "threatened in early infancy with death by the ruling tyrant, Cansa."
16. The birth of Virishna was attended by shepherds and angels.
17. Virishna brought about miracles. He cured the sick, made the blind see, cast out devils, and brought the dead back to life.
18. Virishna was killed on a cross between two thieves. Then he rose up from the dead and went to heaven.
19. Graves also mentions "an ancient Chinese God, known as Beddou." Born in 1027 BCE to a virgin, his life was threatened at an early age by a king. He "cast ... out devils ... performed a multitude of the most astonishing miracles, spent his life fasting, and in the severest mortifications ..."
20. Quetzalcoatl of Mexico, born about 300 BCE, to a virgin named Chimalman, "... led a life of the deepest humility and piety; retired to a wilderness, fasted forty days, was worshipped as a God, and was finally crucified between two thieves; after which he was buried and descended into hell, but rose again the third day."

21. The Egyptian God Osiris was born on the 25th of December.
22. Killed, Osiris eventually rose into a second life. Resurrected in the spring, he lived as a God on Earth. His ritual "consisted primarily in the celebration of a Eucharist meal, in which the communicants ate the flesh of the god in the form of wheat-cakes and drank his blood in the form of barley-ale. By so doing, his divinity became their own ... [and they became] heirs with him in his eternal kingdom."
23. Versions of Osiris appeared in subsequent cults: the Adonis-Aphrodite cult; the cult of Cybele; Orphism; the Pythagorean cult. Exactly what form the gods of these groups took and who they were is difficult to say. What they had in common was a link to the savior who, by his own sacrificial death, could confer a piece of immortality on believers. All these and many other similar cults predated the birth of Jesus.
24. Persian Zoroastrianism contained the doctrine of prophecy concerning "a great virgin-born savior." The scheduled times of arrival for this messiah were/are 341 CE, 1341, and 2341.

This list does not constitute the full number of cults and religions which have stated a messiah story. And about those mentioned here, there is debate. Did all these messiahs actually exist? Were they men who, as in the case of a Jesus reshaped by the Apostle Paul, were mythologized into roles of supernatural saviors?

Much has been written and argued about these questions, though not many scholars fully expose the number and similarity of messiah stories. Obviously, the Catholic Church and Christianity come up the main losers in the extraordinary history of saviors in various cultures and times.

My points are these:

A number of cults, which came to play major roles in the

lives of several billion people, took over the theater-art of The Messiah Story. It plays very well. These cults have painted and defined a space in which a man is born without sex, of a virgin. The man is a humble teacher who lives a righteous life, who loves God (or who is a God during his life). This man performs miracles — raising the dead, giving the blind sight, and so on. This man is eventually killed and, in that death, atones somehow for the weakness and the evil of all humankind — or at least for all his faithful believers. This man, in a true miracle, rises from the dead and lives again, and this proves his status and the legitimacy of what he has done. His atonement is real, it works, and others may seek salvation through faith and proper ritual.

The solidity which has come to characterize these messiah tales can be seen, at its best, in the Catholic portrayal.

The Messiah Story is no small thing, no mere fairy tale for a rainy day. It is shaped and built to last the ages and paint/define a universe in which righteous people have but a single choice for their eternal futures.

Regardless of whether such messiahs actually lived or did the miracles attributed to them, regardless of the amount of retroactive reshaping of “saviors’ lives” to create a restricted universe of guilt and atonement for the masses ... there is a hidden effect for the people of Earth. By repetition of this Story, over thousands of years, it becomes clear, through implication, that a man who can make “miracles” (paranormal events, to use the terminology of today’s researchers) must be a savior. Therefore, there can only be a few “paranormals,” since there can’t be thousands or millions of saviors running around the planet.

No, we must only have a few great ones, so that the rest of us can take solace in their transcendent lives, and bring our own minor existences into line by prayer, devotion, confession, hope for redemption, by following rules laid down for us and by struggling up the ladder of faith.

Is this a cultic pre-defining of space or what?

To go further with the repressive implications, any person who can perform miracles must be sent by a deity, and owes his/her entire allegiance to such divinity. In fact, paranormal

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Perhaps Paul Schuman was trying to piece together the plus and minus of a very long planetary tale.

What is the tradition that Paul and Richard and Rachel Jenkins were looking for? That I now find myself looking for?

I wrote down words and phrases, trying to get a feel for it: The Tradition ... healing, multiple dimensions, fluidity, the removal of walls which are not truly walls, the removal of delusionary repressive art, such as the messiah stories, the joining of separated energies, the deep soaking-in of art, the taking away of reality which has been propped up for us, the restoration of individual creation of realities, the paranormal, the reduction of cultish Earth-control to dust, the taking down of cosmological systems from austere pulpits and podiums of authority. Spontaneity, improvisation.

Is this a tradition?

All this?

Yes.

Shall we call this tradition a process? Is there a word that describes it? One word?

I spent time searching for terms. I temporarily settled on one because it would enable me to discuss the tradition at greater length.

Imagination.

Creation by imagination. The bringing into being of multiple realities.

At the same time I didn't want to imply that the whole tradition was only the sort of imagining in which things and scenes and realms were projected from nothing onto a vacuum.

No, this tradition also involves creation in an expanded unfrozen free spectrum of *merging, becoming one with, worship, empathy, traveling in an interior way to places that mysteriously already exist*. This form of imagination is so fluid that the mergings and the worshippings don't stick up like glue, don't eventually give rise to clans and cults and institutions of doctrine and coercion.

What ties together the healer, the person who can bring about all the paranormal events, the visualizer of deities who can create a personage that is in a real sense alive, the capacity of a being to reach out across the universe, the artist?

Fluidity yes, but not only that. Empathy but not only that. It is what would be liberated within a person when he is liberated, so in that sense freedom is a correct word, but it is too wide.

The tradition is the opposite of the formula of a secret society, a cult, a religion, an institution that creates art in order to imprison the mind. The opposite.

I think back on many sessions I have watched Richard Jenkins give, on days and years of painting in studios, on days of going into museums and looking at wonders all around.

Liberation, un-hypnotism.

A tradition that, in one aspect, asserts that a human being, a being, a soul, can potentially make and vanish any part of the universe and make novel realities out of nothing.

I can find no single term that absolutely covers this tradition, so I shall call it imagination, knowing that we will need a wider interpretation for this word, a sense that involves more than creating what wasn't there before, but also takes in moving through realities that are already there ... that takes in everything that I have mentioned in this chapter.

Of course there is a great deal to be done to flesh in connections and show that this Tradition of Imagination is coherent. For the meantime: The act of imagining or creating needs to be seen as intimately involved with what we could call "enchantment" in a physical, mental, emotional, artistic and theatrical sense.

This refers, in part, to the moment when a painter looks

at his canvas and puts the first brushstroke of paint on it, the moment when the dreamer takes his first step across the threshold of a room into the dream, the moment the healer places his hands on the person who is seeking transformation, the moment the actor walks out onto the stage to deliver his first line as a different personage, the moment a person moves through interior space to a location that is not the physical world but is unaccountably familiar, the moment a receiver is ready to feel the transmission of a telepathic message, the moment a poet cracks down walls surrounding his being and moves into new territory, the moment a singer begins ...

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When I say that imagination or creation takes in such actions or states as empathy, fluidity, merging with, and worship, I know that I am stretching the conventional definition. But think about it. Worship, for example, is the assumption of a role, an attitude in which the object of attention reached out to is made to increase magnificently in stature, in beauty, in soulship. If that isn't an achievement in the realm of art, what is?

It is just that we have learned to freeze that attitude, to play that role as the highest of all postures in a picture-frame of gilded religion. Who legislated that?

Worship the frog, the blade of grass, the concrete sidewalk, the gossip gab-sheet, the night of stars, the ocean smashing on rocks, the funnel of a tornado, an ant. Some of the great poets — Whitman comes to mind as perhaps America's greatest — did that.

It is a shining aspect of the Tradition of Imagination. But frozen, warped, forced to maintain its humility, worship is a part of the opposite Formula of the Secret Society.

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Now that we have made this beginning, this stating of the Tradition of Imagination, the examples stream in.

The closest historic parallels, in the West, to the aspect of Tibetan teachings I'm telescoping may be Henri Bergson, the 19th-20th century philosopher, and William Blake (1757–1827). Blake, while immersing himself by poem and etching in a world of religious-spiritual entities, also placed the creative act at the center of life in a ferocious way.

In the didactic poem, "There is No Natural Religion," Blake establishes a startling position vis-à-vis creation. "The bounded is loathed by its possessor. The same dull round, even of a universe, would soon become a mill with complicated wheels."

Spoken like an artist who has visited many shores and abhors boredom.

In "All Religions Are One," Blake enunciates this principle: "That the Poetic Genius is the True Man, and that the body or outward form of man is derived from the Poetic Genius." Rarely, on this planet, has such a startling alternative to by-the-book creation myths been offered.

In the same poem, Blake writes a variant on that theme: "As all men are alike (tho' infinitely various), So all Religions ... have one source. The True Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius."

Blake thus stands the Formula of the Secret Society on its head. This is one reason academics have given his philosophy a wide berth. He is simply too inspiring on the potential creative power of humans.

As to his stance on art and its core role in the life of the individual, Blake makes this remark in "The Laocoon

Group:" "You must leave Fathers and Mothers and Homes and Lands if they stand in the way of Art. Prayer is the Study of Art. Praise is the Practise of Art. Fasting, etc., all relate to Art."

Two brief comments within The Laocoon Group reveal extensions of Blake's uncompromising view: "Art Degraded, Imagination Denied, War Governed the Nations." "... Israel Deliver'd from Egypt, is Art deliver'd from Nature and Imitation."

Aristotle made the first great and binding definition of art as "the imitation of nature." With his last statement above, Blake establishes one of the earliest and clearest positions in the West on art that surmounts the Aristotelian prison. Blake places the artist at the center of creation.

If we, as a society, could elevate the values of art and imagination to the foremost pinnacle, he is saying, war itself would wither away.

Blake's genius was as a poet. That he also saw so well the meaning and place of creation is unique among artists of the West.

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Buddhism was brought into Tibet about 1300 years ago. The original Lamas (adepts) were Tibetans and Indians who had attended the Universities of Nalanda and Vikramashila in north India. The student body at Nalanda numbered 30,000.

Tibetan Buddhism contains a number of sects and subsects. The Vajrayana tradition, for example, which utilizes major visualization practices such as the one described in an earlier chapter, consults a "special section" of the Tibetan Buddhist canon ignored by other sects. This section apparently describes these deity-visualization practices, and was itself originally translated from Sanskrit. Therefore, the tradition, as an import, seems to have arrived from India.

Tantric practices in North India 1300 years ago were quite popular. They included what were probably less refined versions of the later Tibetan visualizations.

I have no doubt that, depending on who is teaching the subject, and who is learning it, Tibetan visualization could function to deepen one's dependence on an already invented Pattern of inner truth. That would, of course, be a losing proposition. There is that danger in any philosophy that purports to bring about individual liberation while spelling out "the nature of the universe."

The student is taught that reality has an intrinsic anatomy, and then in the next breath he learns that reality is his own invention. Various explanations are given to show that these two views can be reconciled: It is all a matter of levels, aspects, higher and lower, of the truth.

Is it? Often the student opts for the Pattern, and freedom and the whiff of adventure are slowly drowned in a stagnant pool.

It is not my intention to pull apart the body of the subject called Tibetan Buddhism. I have no interest in making a judgment about its position relative to human freedom. From what I can discover, Tibet has maintained a remarkable equanimity, even in current exile, about the existence of a practice — deity visualization — which obviously could carry the practitioner beyond rote obedience to religious ceremonies and authority. Historically, it is, in fact, clear that the states of consciousness attainable through deity-visualization — as far as the Tibetan theocracy is concerned — would take the practitioner to places beyond any ruling Tibetan government/religious hierarchy.

The Tibetan theocracy seems to tolerate this idea.

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Tantra is a word that means “thread,” and implies a time-continuum. As Geoffrey Samuel points out in his excellent book, *Civilized Shamans*, the Vajrayana deity-visualizations derive from an earlier tantric tradition in India. Shamanic and magical in practice, it intensely sought higher states of consciousness.

It appears that the root, in India, of this form of tantrism dates back to 400 CE, and perhaps earlier. Samuel estimates that in India single isolated gurus would have attracted small groups of disciples.

Beyond this — so far — I haven’t been able to trace the history of Tibetan deity visualization.