

Tosca Lenci

# Dreaming Unified Fields

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620 Calle del Monte  
Sonoma, CA USA  
Justin Halbohm  
Sam LaRue  
Johanna Caruso  
Aysha Pardo  
Tosca



**The Last Stack**

**DREAMING UNIFIED FIELDS**

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## Preface

One big difference between us, me and JC, was his lesser personal valuation of our homes and land, one characteristic that touched strongly my interest in what ultimately does go to constitute individual human natures. I understood his apathy. Unlike me, daughter of immigrants, he was second generation American, son of children of immigrants. His parents had “made it” in the same way that I, first generation, strove to do. Their notable accomplishments by dint of intelligence, diligent use of opportunity, and dedicated work had moved them from a poorer section of town to one of its best streets. Singlehandedly his father had effected construction of a three-tiered home and his mother, a dyed-in-the-wool gardener, had created a garden to die for. Equally important was his mother’s (in my estimation) fanatical Catholicism. Besides home, “appearance” was everything to her as well in person, and one’s children were to behave and reflect accordingly.

I gleaned early JC’s distaste for compulsions toward a ‘publically presentable’ home, additionally in that he and his sister had been governed strictly in household maintenance. In our marriage I adopted a sybarite ‘philosophy,’ answering my impetii for order as unobtrusively as possible. During employed days, from the very start of our marriage, I did housework when he was asleep, re-arising after our joint (lovmaking) bedtime to clean house.

The religion issue wasn’t a problem, for I had formed my own disattachment from institutional religion in my teen years (as elsewhere described). A main later exception was the fating of the writer in me to explore Hebreo-Christian scriptural period history to the *n*th degree. JC, my related drive beyond his comprehension, kept himself as removed from it as possible. On a few rare occasions I was unable to keep from bringing up a researched element of extreme interest to me, at which times he, obviously discomfited, inevitably questioned *why* in the world I cared. But I thought to educate the world (such *hubris!*) by producing a neutral comprehension of the *peoples* involved in the period of ancient scriptures.

A third arena in which we weren’t able to have meeting of minds arose toward the end of the first of two marriages to each other: *perception*. It seemed insensible to JC, I know, that I insisted reading Descartes’ views and theories for myself. After all, he was somewhat a Descartes authority—a living source immediately at hand! How could I explain the grip that the subject had taken on me? -- forced to ‘eliminate the secondary’; draw my *own* conclusions? One rare heated dialogue happened shortly before our breakup in ’78, predictably as ‘nest-emptying’ was allowing me more time to study and write. By then I was consumed with visualizing passage and reception of the visual field. All I recall of that ‘discussion’ is the also-rare raising of my voice, as, standing between him and the bookshelf, I expounded on how he was receiving view of titles of books behind me.

I’ve recorded in (still at this writing unpublished) *Journey with JC* how total blackness had been intolerable to me, due probably to the windowless cellar bedroom of my earliest childhood. Also described is a mid-life mindless sight of light off a wind-bent Sacramento field, exploding initially casual interest to another dimension. And one could not grapple with perception without an accompanying physics.

I haven’t been wanting to write a ‘memoir,’ that is, life apart from the mid-life years captured in *Journey* (which, *a la* Lessing, I ascribed purpose beyond titillation; and which, like G’s story, may see light

should it ever until long after I can' t). Only now, 'the I' does apprehend why aging authors do write memoirs. After the soul-Muse says all absolutely *it* needed, writer-body needs occupation still to keep mind breathing; and hands continue to write when, toward latter part of living, self-memories are Consciousness's fodder. Executing this "last stack" summary wasn't toward imagined reader-mesmerization, being simply the result of a forced abundance of Writer time in that, at this time-of-life, living takes the least of Time. Synchronistically (if not all serendipitously) equal impetus was Domestic's clerically-imbued compulsion to order; absent her joining in Muse's terpsichore, neither would assembly have materialized. Editorially speaking, one might wish for more periods at ends of fewer collected words. As far as goes *Literature*, if a reviewer I would need to say that I saw not the least reason for this expiatory exploratory compilation to be given residence among The World's hallowed bibliographies.

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## **The Last Stack DREAMING UNIFIED FIELDS**

### ***Introduction to the Subjects***

More and more the field of Physics is begging a 'revolutionary' unifying model, and I wonder. Will one eventually gel? If so, will it be anything like that which for over three decades I have envisioned? While telescoped time usually confers a specific enlightenment to one named person, in truth scientific revelations culminate thought and work through many unacknowledged lives.

Naturally I'd be curious, if able, to know after death whether my simple efforts will have been in concert with the next milestone in Physics's tale, or naught but a crackpot theory (which latter I shall be happy not to learn!). If my thinking was misconceived, more curious, however, is how I interpreted certain events, particularly dreams, as synchronistic to my 'task'. A few occurrences even threatened feelings of 'supranatural' evocation! But these records are transcribed in full awareness that human beings can obsess even in pursuit of erroneous mental constructs.

Philosophy and Science long have searched to find the seat of what I call *aware entity*, often commonly referred to as *spirit*. For my purposes the word *consciousness* serves. As to the fate of individual human consciousness after body's death, there are three main beliefs: (a) one and one's identity cease altogether to exist; (b) one retains his or her unique life identity and proceeds to eternal existence of variously conceived sorts; or (c) one is incarnated repeatedly (either arbitrarily or into a 'chosen' milieu), but absent conscious recall of prior incarnations. As to the last, is it possible that in the catacombs of my current psyche there is a residue of all laughter 'I' have laughed and all tears that 'I' have shed?-- one permanent, anonymous entity born and reborn within gravity's bed?

In the 'closed' cosmological system I was given to envision, theory (c) is tenable--that indestructible 'seeds' of consciousness are re-used, as is energy of which all matter is constituted; that the present "I" of this body has been born repeatedly, to take forms dictated by material inheritance and shaped by conditioning imposed by chanced circumstances. Nowhere is the concept of anonymous reincarnation of one 'aware entity' made more tantalizable than by dreaming. Some indications have been advanced of conscious recall of prior existence[s], but I am far from firm in the belief. The dreams recounted here don't presume to substantiate any theory; they simply are an exploration of how Psyche can continue waking work. Working with my own dreams did cement belief in me, however, that no hearer can possess enough experiential knowledge about another's private history to analyze the other's dreams. Only the dreamer, I'm convinced, can extract usefulness from his or her own dream dramas.

Years ago I had thought to write a book one day about dreaming, and over time regularly recorded my dreams and consciously-arising waking associations and/or actions. Many dreams that roiled domestic life, of no general interest, were expunged from "the last stack." Those retained, which follow here, offered self-absorbing demonstrations of Psyche's delving into subjects of now-completed writings—foremost, besides *A Child's Book of Light*, are the trilogy of *History of the Daughters*, *Jesus' Beloved Disciple*, and *Delilah*, toward unification in the field of Religion.

Three things remain to be said....

Initially should be mentioned that, beginning with the death of my sister-in-law September 2012, Domestic-I astonishingly was free of a dozen years full of family “caregiving” to ends-of-lives. Time was there for Writer-I as never before! And, what happened? *She* was blocked—completely. Here was all of time for which she had pined; instead, day after day mind was embroiled in Ego’s remembrances of things past, a paralyzing lethargy of futility. As Jung pointed out, nothing can be accomplished without Ego.

Finally, day before yesterday, before sleep that night I used my old yogic meditation. *This is stupid*, I told the subconscious. *Tomorrow you will set yourself to writing without ego interference!* It took a bit of conscious willing yesterday, but I *was* able to and did begin work on this manuscript. The headway made was small but enough to retire contented as I had not been able, for a long time. Then, yesterday, three elementary thought conclusions broke through.

The first resulted from my having that night much of the same unclear dreaming experienced as I age, which I have considered is due to a natural ‘drying-out’ of brain. Nonetheless I spent some time searching recall, was able to call up some fragments, and recognized that in some fragmentary dreamings ‘the I’ does not ‘marry’ with the dreams’ protagonists, who in such dreams seem varying selves in strangely vague situations. That seeming deepening progression of my dreaming does beckon a strengthening of the concept; that this “I” *has* lived prior human lives, with residues of their experiencing capable of worming their way up from the “old brain” into present working mind.

The second fundamental conclusion gelled this morning. During my first hours of sleep from near midnight to 6:00 a.m., I slept soundly with dreaming of the above type. Not ready to get up, during another hour of sleep I had a totally personal recallable dream. Immediately on awakening I spoke it to the cat that sleeps right up against my body. There is no point to giving that dream’s details, for one would need to know the entire private history in this incarnation. Salient is how it led me through every subjective quandary of this self *vis-à-vis* fated circumstances.

I was ecstatic! I could follow the tale objectively; admit my vulnerabilities; see how I had striven to manage the family householder’s bailiwick; and, most importantly, how I had done my best, acting purely in accordance with a circumstantially applied nature. Until then, Ego had been tormented by sad doubts that would force sadness into, and tears from conscious brain. *What a great feeling*, to come to terms in Mind with Personae.

Lastly of the three elements, the prior evening I had watched a *Front Line* documentary of the terrible sufferings occurring between Alawites and Sunnis in a valley of Syria divided by the Orontes River. Those two agricultural populations, one on each side of the river, had lived in peace before the ‘uprising’ but, over the revolutionary interim, been caught in pro-military and freedom fightings, apparently complicated by infiltration of self-interested foreign terrorists.

I do not know who were the persons placed in and recording the horrors of people just like you and me. The scenes were the most difficult I ever have watched: shelling of humble homes where families barely were able to keep any life together at all; frantic digging out of bodies; persons with lost limbs; blood everywhere; and the most minimum of equipment for aid. One scene will stay with me always: a little boy, whose grandparents were buried in the rubble of their poor abode. He could not stop crying and screaming—“My grandma and grandpa are in there!” And the other children, bloody faces and shocked eyes; mothers crying for their lost ones....

*My god....* And nothing--*nothing* that can be done about it? All the talk over all the media; nothing one individual can do, against the inexorable plying of human history. Yes, I know that. But what came to me, in the form of what our ancient East described as “a concrete visualization,” I understood as never before *precisely why* human beings have needed—*still need*—to believe in a god. It is only if one is secure in life and living that one can be aesthetic, a luxury in itself.

Thirty-two years ago, however, the subjects then engulfing thought caused a *perturbation* of Mind which, per *Webster*, was the very definition of the word: “a disturbance of [its] regular ellipse [and] other motions of [its] body, produced by some force additional to that which causes its regular motion.”

*The Stack*  
**DREAMS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS**  
and  
**RELATED HAPPENINGS**

*Was I dreaming also when I was awake:*

*just self-serving ideas from dreams to take?*

*No matter!*

*Dreams led the 'I' where forcedly bound--*

*posturer or heretic, through light and sound....*

**5/7/1981**

*'I' have two 'cars/vehicles'.... Brownies pyramidically stacked on a plate; my 'cars/vehicle' have/has two states: 'capturedly stopped' or 'idling' at varying speeds, but free to move if caused....*

**12/15/1982**

*'I' am enroute to consult a priest about a 'spiritual' matter 'giving me problems. 'I' enter his house. He has a wife and children. 'I' state the reason for being there; and the dream ends abruptly after he replies, "There seems to be a joke somewhere behind all of this."*

**12/18/1982**

Alone early at my job, before attacking the stack of folders and dictation tapes left by my superior, I need to halt Mind's obsession with Perception. *How do images 'cross each other'?* I look to the tree across the street from the door's paned window. Below it the mail slot's three screws double up in the lower part of the received image. *That* much I did know: everything between the plane of focus and eyes' receipt repeats innumerable times in the 'space' between, and the 'doubled' images were impinging on 'opposite' eyes....

Next I stared at a chair opposite my desk. *There.... There is the arm of the chair—see it?* But when I stick my head down and look between the opposite arm and nearby table, I see the first arm in another profile, meanwhile *that* profile is crossing the path through which I looked at the chair's back rungs. I lit a cigarette. I would try 'looking through' its smoke. I kept attention eyes on the upward-curling smoke while consciously maintaining focus on the nearer plane. Above were doubled images of the ceiling panel light. *This is interesting; this I have not noticed before:* The panel was long and slender, and crossed the ceiling a width of approximately eight or nine feet. Its double images slanted 'down and inward' at an angle, correspondent with the direction of my inwardly upturned focus; and I saw the *entire* length of *each* double image—different from my earlier conception of a split field beyond the focal plane!

Yes! The double images *do* impinge on the correspondent eyes; but they come from the wideness of the entire field beyond the focal plane. Therefore there was not one "fixed cone of pressure." The images beyond the focal plane were not melded into the final perceived picture. No; all of the individual, infinite number of projecting images existed somehow statically, excluded by the serrations of immediate focus. *The medium's model, therefore, must allow for their continuous passage, indeed for the continual passage of distinct images in all directions....*

**12/21/1982**



*In a wide mirror I see my reflection and, off to the right, that of a man....*

Upon awakening, I try the suggested experiment. Facing my own reflection I shift my eyes to the spot where in the dream the other's reflection occurred, and receive a first excellent demonstration of the limits of the "double eye."

**1/2/1983**

*'I' am going to a "moving picture." 'I' am delayed in a horizontal 'tunnel' by a 'square truck'. But through the very narrow chinks between the 'truck's' and the 'tunnel' sides, 'I' see illumination from the lights of a 'car' ahead....*

**1/5/1983**

Every time I meet a seemingly impenetrable tangible I fall temporarily into a dismal certainty that, this time, I shall not find a way out—that I am dealing with the impossible; that I should have my head examined, etc. etc.—only to find within a day or two that an answer seems to be working its way toward me so long as I keep working toward it. Tonight's revelation, finally, about the apparent 'interference "waves"' is the most recent example. The true challenge, then, is developing a private faith so strong that, like Brer Rabbit, instead of dreading encounters with apparent impenetrability, one should plead to be thrown into them....

**1/8/1983**

*At a Mexican tienda, I hold up to the light a small-checkered, organdy-like transparent fabric, to see if it had been snagged as such fabrics often can be. I see clearly small marks at angles to the warp weave....*

This dream I associated with my conception of the "base (or ultimate) medium" and passage of impulses through it; but—more importantly—the 'stretching' of the fabric out to its tautest 'told' me that, when it was 'furled', some difference existed in the action through it, whereby I was thrown once more into the sticky question of apparent at-once 'strong' and 'weak' forces....

**1/9/1983**

*With respective eyes, I played with the position of Snow White behind a glass window....*

This recalled an earlier observation of perceived 'shifts'/'felt changes' of focal fixation when moved between painted lettering on, and my reflected image upon a glass surface.

*Figures, high upon a hill...perfect diminution of image...*

*A large room of which three sides present themselves painted vivid yellow on the upper halves, vivid turquoise on the lower; a partition free-standing in the center, in which are placed many small half-moon-shaped windows of tinted glass.*

This dream, felt like a prelude to color perception, was to be retained future cogitation perception.

**1/12/1983**

*There is an extensive narrow row of 'outer' steps along which 'I' must 'carry' two separate assemblages; although subtly simple, there is something 'mechanistic' about them. One appears to be 'contained' in a tall carton which, although it appears 'circular-shaped,' I know only is perceived as such because my perception is not fine enough to see its true 'edges.'*

*I am being spoken to in Spanish about the size of 'my' 'apartment'—'my' 'upper*

*quarter'--while the 'lower' 'apartment' directly beneath 'mine' was "one quarto" less, with some ensuing dialogue about how the larger 'end' room' was 'absorbed' into a neighboring 'apartment'....*

**1/13/1983**

*I must attend a 'convention'; I have a vision through a window of a tall narrow building, the face of which is divided neatly into closely-aligned rows of small square windows. 'My' room is on the '64<sup>th</sup>' floor...*

Upon awakening I am thinking, sixty-four... eight-by-eight... and in Mind's eye see that eight-sided polygonal figure repeatedly given to me to draw while thinking about atomic structure.

**1/17/1983**

*A beach below 'me.' 'I' am 'suspended' in a 'car' above,' wondering if there is some way to 'skirt' around obstructors and escape directly into appearing 'waves' at the side. It looks like a long drop; but, then consider "There's no 'boat?'—no 'conveyor'?"*

*Scene of a flushing toilet accompanied by thoughts of the relative power of 'gravity' (?) in water upon different compositions of matter.... "Rubber versus water pressure" (?).... NO!—think of it in reverse! (?)....*

That last thought has occurred wakenly, several times the last two days....

**1/18/1983**

*Going 'downstairs' to see the electricians; 'I' am sound? Can't make my way through very small cluttered 'kitchen' to get desired glass of water; also can't find a proper container for it.*

*Now 'I' must go 'upstairs', represented as a large area with 'hallways'/'aisles' and 'partitions', most of which latter are 'low'. 'I' make my way one direction, then another—"around" in but always within the much, much larger 'block' area. Through one 'window' in the large 'block area' above the 'electrician's quarters' 'I' see a 'friend' 'walking'. 'She' wants me to take notice of her 'shoes.' 'She' talks about a 'photographic session' she is planning 'from a relatively short, upper distance --six feet; someone is going to bring a 'ladder' to photograph from....*

*'I' can't find the right 'door' to the 'down stairway' to the 'basement', where I want to return to the 'electricians' area'. 'I' am redirected two or three times after trying some possible 'doors.' Instead I go down a very, very steep staircase of very, very narrow stairs, 'I' am wearing high heels which at first 'I' am trying to make sure hit each step squarely; then I skip a couple nearer to bottom. 'I' am concentrating so hard on the placing of my 'feet' that 'I' almost don't notice the unusual substance of the 'stairs—pockmarked' in a strange way.*

*On 'my' way to the electricians' area it's not so much that it's dark but that the area through which 'I' pass is 'lower-ceilinged' than 'upstairs'. 'I' pass a silhouetted figure of very clear polygonal outline, its back toward me. 'I' reach the electricians' area. One lifts me and says, 'You are lighter'. "But I am not light," I respond.*

**1/19/1983**

*I hear a thought: begin with vermillion....*

*'I' skirt 'obstructions' and escape directly into apparent oncoming 'waves' at the side. The word "waves" is accompanied by a 'skeptical flavor'. It is only a short drop when the 'door' is open; conveyor needed, however! Small square area at center gives reflection of larger area full of*

*many objects that interest the eye-- different compositions of matter relating differently to 'gravity' upon them than upon water. Someone tells an off-color joke about a man's penis turning into cork at an inopportune time; fleeting vision of cork's cellular construction by 'destruction' of 'organisms' within.... Suspended images of black squares on white—"water on back doesn't come through". Sound can't make its way through small clutter, desires 'water' (?); needs a proper 'container'; but sound does not interfere with light, although 'both use the same vehicle'. 'I' must go up into more open area; take larger steps; 'she' walks on flat surface; 'I' am now walking on flat surface, looking for the right 'doorway' to the down stairway to return to the 'electrician's area'....*

Waking associations: still hung up on 'negative' and 'positive' electromagnetic manifestations? Use water as substitute imagery (?)—simultaneously 'penetrated' by movement around and though its constituted composition in the ultimate medium: *it* always straight and direct; exchanges only *apparent* 'waves'... reread gas laws! Reminder?—no sound in vacuum; no sound above atmosphere....

(I look up the definition of vermillion: *a vivid red to reddish-orange color.*)

**2/18/1983**

*Water and waves, waves and water, repeating ... The concavities, the convexities, the multiples-- the indefinitely infinite multiples! The model is irrelevant! Three fixed words: water, waves, egg crate.... To crack the bond is to disturb the lines of lines of the medium itself. Names have been given to collections but terms mislead contemplation in that they connote 'aggregations' as if their existence is inherent in them... "Do you get the pattern now?"*

No! Not yet!

**2/19/1983**

Under the hem of the drape of the bedroom's high window above my desk, tonight a new mark had appeared. *A scratch?* I reached over and touched it; it looked more like a burned etching, and of that polygonous shape that has been plaguing me! Yesterday, last night, this morning, this afternoon, I was able to think of or do little else than attempt to draw an encompassing model I think needed before theorizing perception's conveyance could proceed. Each attempt led me deeper into that invisibility where not just IT but the (not) 'space' (the 'region') defined by IT dispassionately resides.

I sit here part of every day; yesterday and before it the mark was not there. Then, tonight, something 'placed' a new theorized atomic form precisely where focus comes to rest when the typewriter carriage stops. (Such 'synchronicities', however, I strive to ignore....)

**2/23/1983**

*Small square sponges tumbling; slippery, slippery, slippery 'girl' over the 'rocks'... Boris Karloff?—No!—"car aloft." Orson McLean? No?—sun lane? Orson Welles? No!—sun's wells!*

*Walking in water, armpit-high; surface beneath is ridges and valleys; 'walking' on the 'ridges,' 'mouth off to one side'. 'I' am encased narrowly between choppy points/"waves;" mist above 'pushed' in same direction. And that "thought" again: passage of sound does not interfere with that of light while both use same 'vehicle'.*

**3/9/1983**

*A hanging' iron' apparatus that can move; a 'bar' on each side, separate but 'hooks on' at each end'... 'moves as a whole'... central area unclear, but composed of 'fretwork, meshed, interlaced'....*

**4/26/1983**

*'I' am introduced to a "Lucy Walker"—no!—Luce Walker, who 'has trouble speaking', who 'opens her mouth' but no sound comes forth, only a small bit of interrupted static. A poem springs: "the 'car' is light; the path it travels is straight;" 'I am sound; for passage I must wait.' An admonition: "Keep sense of humor; ignore 'children'; 'I' am at the center of a whirling vortex caused by action between straight lines....*

The ensuing dream made me thankful I was not given to believe in "alien abductions!:"

*I am a prisoner being transported in a vehicle; the terrain is desolate, the atmosphere so 'heavy' that the vehicle's lights can add little energy to visibility; light seems forced down low to the ground. At the destination I and others are herded in a non-threatening manner into a 'medical facility'. Waiting...needle research...voluntary! The needle 'goes off' inside left of my mouth; a piece of 'apple skin' is extracted. The 'officer' says, "When this is accomplished all we need do is to listen." I put an 'appliance' into my own mouth and it discharges. The 'other man' says, "Now we wait, for the tone...."*

**5/4/1983**

*Fencing, like that around playgrounds...pointed, long points; multfigured shapes 'hanging on'/'twisted through' the 'fence's' sections. 'Stacks of doilies; stacks of mats—woven, embroidered—with identical patterns'.... A 'white' transmitter facing to one side does not make 'intelligible sound.' A 'black box transmitter' off to the other side does. The black transmitter has a 'stationary antenna'; the white 'light transmitter' has a 'whirling antenna'. Meanwhile, 'broccoli stalks cook in steam'....*

**5/22/1983**

Keeping in mind a totality of three-dimensionality and its complex nature is impossible, yet the 'subconscious' continues its workings. Several months now Mind keeps returning to the question of how sound and light appear not to interfere with each other, recoiling each time it consciously attempts to visualize the two operating in the same medium. However, one of last night's dreams—in which open-backed bookcases of varying shelf widths were placed side by side, together with waking recollection of an experiment read some two years ago, which proved light and sound can collide, have left me today with the feeling that a visual description may be had.

*Panes of glass...stacks...stacked...panes of glass; imagine them as planes of field....*

Not all the dreams are cognizable, but this one of closely stacked standing panes of glass led swiftly to a mental image: fine panes transected at all angles sidewise and lengthwise by more of the same to eventually become a solid-appearing block of transparency, through which a line of action could be drawn in any direction from any point. It harked back to work on the planes of the visual field, serving illustration of the gradation of images within the visual field (a concept already well in hand), but did not seem to offer information to the current "task." A third dream touched on a connected contemplation--color perception:

*A room painted bright yellow and blue, on recall unclear whether the upper half was yellow and the lower, blue, or vice versa; yet feeling that somehow the order was not significant. In the center of the room stood a free-standing partition, in which were flame-shaped windows of*

*glasses of other colors. Arrested by the pattern of those windows and wonder at their purpose, I did not register the appearance through them of the yellow and blue walls. I only recall that amongst the glasses was one of rose color.*

I have had a similar dream before? Although for the time being I consciously have been avoiding the subject of color perception in depth, I believe this dream speaks to the confusion in results obtained from experiments of light mixture through tinted glass. Obviously, to view the yellow and blue walls through rose-tinted glass is not equal to directing bright light through a sequence of colored panes. Results of *superimpositions* of light, although true separately of themselves, have led to the erroneous bases of theories of retinal operations requiring a mosaical distribution of specific color cones working conjunctively or oppositely? *The visible spectrum, like the electromagnetic scale of which it plays a tiny part, is measurable linearly only in secondary reactions, but an unbroken circle. (A cone is a cone is a cone....)*

**8/3/1983**

I had been on the verge for three days of giving up attempting to complete a drawing showing a misconception of perception. Three nights I worked on it but kept coming up against the same obstacle. In order for the theory to serve as law, something I did not know had to be true about the anatomy of the eye. At the last possible moment, a telephone call came from a professor for whom I timidly had left a message some days before. The missing link, provided! Nowhere in the literature had I come across it: "The greater portion of macular fibers leading from the retinae into the optic nerve sheaths *enter at the temporal side* of the head of the optic nerve." A small difference but all required to allow for complete overlapping of binocular fusion under the 'new' theory?

*I 'awakened' in the dream to find my eyes sealed shut; try as I might I couldn't get them open. I arose, went into the bathroom, turned toward the mirror, and my eyes opened. The room was pitch black; in the mirror all I could see were my open eyes, with attention fixed on the right one. In it I could see a brightly shining light, as if from somewhere far back behind the pupil. Before I could ponder on this reflection of a light when there was none, my eyes sealed again. I made my way blindly to the kitchen, turned on the tap and sprinkled water on my eyes, trying to wedge them open. I was beginning to consider that I might never get them open again, when I in fact I did awake....*

Lying there, I received the following recollections: the light from the right eye was off of a *square* within.

**10/5/1986**

*The main focus was shoes, a type composed of woven thin strips of brown leather.... My eyes dropped down a page of a magazine to distinctly imparted words: "Once we have the lock and the key, all will be made clear."*

Once who has "the lock and the key?" I asked awakened self. *Lock and key?* "Keys to the Kingdom?" I was pondering, when Mind responded: *Kingdom is an over-glorious word for the 'Universal Medium', isn't it?* As anyone who considers dreams is well aware, it is rare to *read* words in dreams, and rarer still to remember words read. Was it the Writer-Self badgering me in its Physics quest, or— or that tempting 'other-oneness': some 'spirit' wishing to further the quest! Logically pragmatic Mind, however, balks even at giving such thought words, determined not to speculate: *resurrection or reincarnation?* *Perpetuation of one identified Self, or dissolution and redistribution in the "UM?"*

[Recording this dream, I mistyped the word, "dream," thinking, instead, *message!*]

**10/6/1986**



[A preface here is that, in reality, the regime of my former tenure at the old 'Diocese' has dispersed; and I presently am top contender for rehire as the lead female position in the administrative offices. "'Vindication" aside, I'm struggling with contemplating full-time labor's curtail of time for pursuit of written work versus the sorely-needed security it would provide.]

*I found a purse hanging in an elevator in which I was riding. I had a purse with me which also seemed not mine. I examined the content of each. The purse with me was second-hand like my purses of old, when I was but a girl, carrying a bag lunch and hitting the pavement with just enough bus fare for the day—that time when my spirit was so strong it had no problem summoning assurance that all would work out okay; I always would find a way*

*The purse I found was a designer-type, fat and round and full of typically feminine objects such as makeup items, etc. Neither purse, it felt, really was mine. After closing the second purse I found myself with a key in my hand, not knowing from which the key had come. I became disoriented in the building, which had several levels. I wanted to return to a central point where I would leave both purses so they could be retrieved by their owners. In a mid-level elevator lobby I was sidetracked by a demonstrator typewriter on a stand. The likes of this typewriter—electronic and most efficiently contained—I never had seen. The touch was tightly perfect. The paper lay beneath its surface, apparently on a roll inside; no sheet was in evidence until one touched a lever which then advanced the typed sheet. Another lever permitted one to choose how many, up to three, copies that would be ejected—not consecutively; all three emerging in one packet, like when using carbon paper in my earlier days of 'secretarial' labors. A transparent shield over the machine bore the trade name, MHANTON.*

*Finally I found a woman with whom I could and did leave the purses. I looked back and realized another woman had come to claim one which was hers. She was 'out of camera range' and I could not see who she was. I called back to remind the woman with whom I left the purses that she was to be certain to have the claimant of the one purse to look into it, to see whether it did or did not correctly contain the key....*

(Three women...the key belonged to one of them. Was "I" to draw on certain suggested dream analyses and ask, *which one is Me?*)

### **Spring, 1987**

I'm impelled (months into re-employment at the Diocese) to make note of a young man I came to know only as "Tom," who I encountered when suddenly and unquestioningly I arose from my desk, for a never-before occurrence of a spur-of-the-moment walk. Moreover, I struck out in a novel direction, toward the University. At the campus edge my steps converged with those of the young man, and *how strange it was!* Although I would not be able to recall what started it, we began a dialogue as natural as if one self had met another that one had known for all time.

We parted at the next intersection, but on my return walk past a coffee house, he was there; and our conversation resumed. Not only did this stranger have an equal interest in my main biblical history research, he said he had a little-known book that he believed might be useful to me. The next day he personally delivered the book to me at my place of work, and I obtained his telephone number to arrange its return. Indeed, the book was a proverbial 'godsend', offering information at a point critical to composition of *Jesus' Beloved Disciple*.

A few weeks hence I telephoned to arrange the book's return. The subdued voice of an older man answered. When I explained the purpose of my call, he hesitated. "I'm Tom's father," he said,

finally. "Tom's dead--murdered by parties unknown in a Berkeley park. Why don't you just keep the book."

*(Crazy to think, Tom's life seemed only to give her a book to give life to words that belong to me.)*

#### **Fall 1987**

A Sunday, almost noon, and I'm enjoying breakfast over the Sunday Chronicle. I'm reading about a man in Jerusalem who dug for archaeological finds beneath his house near the site of the "Second" Temple. First he found but a key ring; then, an ink well, two mitzvahs, a cistern, and jewelry. I'm growing aware that something is disturbing Psyche; I wish to stop reading the article although my eyes continue across its lines. Finally he found a skull, but I've begun to cry even before reading that....

*Why was I crying?* No sad conscious reason existed for ego or personae. *Yet this feels like grief; why should I be grieving?* A thought occurs: *Why don't they leave me alone??* I have a vision: one collected unconscious divided into as many spores as are there manifestations of Humankind; in each spore, a residue of all preceding incarnated human experience. It feels as if I am grieving for my Self and every self, all at once....

On the opposite page is an article about the archaeopteryx and an academic debate of professionals as to its authenticity. I feel nothing. Man digs and soars. He is obsessed with finding Life's history and future. The spore contained in the seed of me which has grown into the plant of today catalyzes a display of aeonic despair—of common Humankind, who lives and dies always in *today*....

#### **4/5/1992**

*In a boat, water slapping over edges; the main 'wave' being more powerful—'straight through' the medium, causing side 'waves.' To collect sun's energy, do it with inverted pyramids made of gold buried except for their topmost exposed surfaces....*

Awake and doing Yoga, behind closed eyes I 'see' diamond patterns in the dark--geometrically 'telescoping' as per earlier perceptions; but the 'diamonds'/crystal shapes feed into each other.... So, in addition to perception 'plane on plane' points and action between, there is another force along lines (?).

#### **10/31/1993**

*The moon was full but not so bright that one couldn't see the shadows of its valleys and know that, although a solid mass, it was a composition of many features. As I watched, an enormous arrow-shaped meteor struck it on one side with such force the moon tilted to one side a bit and then fell back into place. At such a distance away it wasn't possible to see any damage, of course; but a piece of the moon had been lost forever in that collision. Immediately after the strike the moon's image was cast upon an intervening 'sheet' and showed striations across it, lines of varying lengths. What was causing those 'striations'? Telephone wires between the moon and my eyes were making the line shadows very clear, so that I could count them—12? 13? 15?—Leah and Rachel...Dinah..Asenath with Joseph...Hagar, Ephrath, Azubah! Keturah, Zipporah, Maachah? Tamar, Rahab, Ruth??*

*I saw a fire out of the corner of my eye much as Moses was given to notice the 'burning bush,' when 'God' 'gave' him license. But 'I' was part of an assembly line, intent on carefully handing along items, 'coworker' to 'coworker'.... The fire did not dislodge me; but I was distracted for a few moments by a high-flying figure, closed-eyed and innocent, soaring like an angel. I was surprised when it suddenly fell to earth, an air-filled balloon that deflated before my very eyes, to become absorbed instead by a piece of fruit, the skin of which in places had been scraped sorely. When I tried to unpeel it the segments came away fuzzy and rotted. Then, just before awakening, I 'heard' the phrase, a callow myth....*

"Callow?" I knew it a word but did not know its' true meaning. I looked it up, first thing. The root is "bald," in the sense of a fledgling bird without feathers. *Curious*, that! Only yesterday I had finished trying to trace Jesus' lineage back to the Exodus via mothers instead of fathers; and in a three-day attempt had encountered so many of what appeared to be ridiculous ploys for maintaining power and inheritance in a specific trunk of male ancestry they intimidated me. *Who was I* to think, even, *that the Scriptures could be so full of bald-faced lies???*

'Coincidentally', my plan for the morning had been to resume writing with the affairs of Moses. For two days Mind had been ruminating the politics of his dealings with the souls accompanying him out of Goshen (not the least, poor Miriam!), and the often patently-seeming intentional, hopeless confusions in the listing of tribal descendancies as they appear in *Numbers* and *Chronicles*....

How many tribal families *had* there been to begin with?—ultimately, by patriarchal count, 12. But Dinah had been cut off (so conveniently?) before, while the clans of Ephraim and Manasseh, Joseph's sons with Egyptian Asenath, received tribal status equal to the sons of Leah, Rachel, Zilpah and Bilhah, by Joseph.

*(Interesting how amidst all the generations of males named in the biblical lineage—maternal bloodline being critical—from Adam to Jacob the only mothers named are Eve, Sarah, Milcah (Leah's and Rachel's great-grandmother and Rebekah's grandmother), and Rebekah, Jacob's mother. Then, from mother Leah of Jacob's son, Judah, to Solomon, four are named--Tamar, Rahab, Ruth and Bath-Sheba. [It appears?--a mother is named in two instances: she had a determinedly legitimate bloodline, or if not (Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, Bath-Sheba), other unavoidable reasons made inclusion necessary?] Subsequently, only one mother, Miriam/Mary, mother of Yehohshua/Yeshu/Jesus is named.]*

**7/20, 22, 23/1994**

*I was not able to find my way to an office where I had been newly hired....*

*I was not able to find my way to an apartment I was seeking; the 'apartments' were configured in narrow 'stacks,' which kept me going up and down, looking for a proper entry. I had the feeling that 'I' was between 'regions'—between word region and action region...*

*I was trying to learn how to get to where I needed, at what seemed like an airport. Everyone at the various areas was stand-offish, including the man at the check-in; and I realized that I seemed to be dense. I asserted myself with the man and told him in no uncertain terms that 'I was as far from dense as anything could be. Appearance might give that impression, but 'my' appearance was far removed from the surface observation/truth of the matter.*

Recall of the last of these dreams centered on the word, *dense*, while the preceding ones betrayed the same flavor experienced in dreams where it seemed as if I were light moving through the 'grid.' But the overall sense left by all these was *gravity*, followed on recall by an inexplicable (to me) sentence: "Structuralism seems involved on two levels: 'internal' structure *per se*, and the *concept* of structuralism as opposed to gestaltianism."

**8/18/1995**

*Names kept occurring... "Christine" ... "Kareah" ... "Cariah"--search House of! I received an office memo which said, in effect, of all law there was none more important than State law. The memo was signed like Sandydaddy or Sandybadgy or Sanddybaddy—Sanballot? Check how Sanballot relates to the northern Zachariah/Berechiah northern link....*

**6/23/1996**

*I looked up and saw three young girls flying. I joined them and as I came near one said something like "You've come from the 50's to the 90's." When I came down, someone who looked like a happy Inspector Morse came to me and excitedly showed me a jacket, on which were written many associated 'double names', and I saw Ahimaaz....*

I was given to recall the discovery that, in the patriarchal listings, apparently were lineage instances where a son was given not his biological father's name, the name of his *maternal* grandfather. Another 'coincidence'?—that I had been working on the Chief Priesthood Lineage chart for *History*, in which an "Ahimaaz" figured? Had "Ahimaaz, son of Zadok" and who was a priest minister supporting David, been the same "Ahimaaz" that was father of Saul's wife, Ahinoam?

**4/27/1997**

Here are a San Francisco Chronicle book review by Don Lattin, *Mailer Tackles the Greatest Story Ever Told*, together with a later article by Chronicle Staff Writer Jerry Carroll, "Gospel According to Mailer; writer defends his Jesus 'autobiography.'"

I never read Mailer's book. JC bought it for me, I'm sure thinking that it would be right up my alley, because of the research and writing I heavily was into. Contrary to my customary genial nature I had what could be called a *fit*-- immediately tossing the book in the trash! Oh, poor JC--what a way for a wife to receive what was thought to be a most thoughtful of gifts! He didn't know that I was *intentionally* keeping away from *any* versions of the "Greatest Story Ever Told" except its very record.

Also, having learned of Mailer's book, I especially had some anxious wondering: had *he* done what *I* was doing, with *Jesus' Beloved Disciple*? *Were all my years of work to be for naught?* Well, I wasn't about to find out. I was going to finish what I had started....

Now in 2013 rereading the articles, I felt sorrow for Mailer--the same I feel for all writers (as well as myself!)--wanting so much to do something *good* with the relentless writer's urge. As Mailer commented, what he felt "was [the] novelist's passion to...know what's at the core of whatever they're thinking about."

(AMEN.)

### **A night in Spring 1999**

I slept, dreamt, and awoke not recalling the dream. I again slept, dreamt, and awoke not recalling the dream. I wanted to rise but something kept me down and in-between had a thought: *You are not finished; you must remember the dream....*

*I only wanted to be with my family, at peace even if we had to sleep on the floor; and it all was coming together! We had been traveling and separated; but something inside me knew that soon all would be whole again. I reassured my younger daughter and sat at table with her father when, all of a sudden a waiter slapped something down in front of me—a black scroll. Someone had instructed the waiter to deliver it to me.*

*I knew something about the scroll's existence; a woman had mentioned it to me in the past. I looked around and saw we were in a restaurant; a young man with knitted cap at another table seemed to be avoiding looking in my direction. I glanced back at the scroll and then back to his table, but he had disappeared. I felt some danger. I did not want to be associated with this scroll, which I knew held possibilities of intrigue. I wished I never had known anything about it, and felt anger that it had insinuated itself into my life.*

*I hid the scroll until in a place where I safely could inspect it. When I was able to, it had changed from black to brown and was edged with gold, long gold chains sewn onto it—continuous long chaining all along the outer edges and in patterns over its surface. I began to rip out the gold. It*

*ripped out easily, even though the sewing looked as if it had been by machine. When the entire chaining was loose I dropped it into my pocket and thought, it is no religious prize that people have been seeking in and dying for this scroll; it simply is its gold.*

*During the process I wondered, did the scroll have any unusual markings or writings on it? I examined the outer casing closely. It was a soft brown, dimpled leather-like material with a small emblem or symbol on it which did not register. The ripping had split its edges, and I thought, Ah, there must be something inside that causes its patterned padded effect. Inside the casing I found a garment, also edged and decorated with gold. I continued removing the gold whenever I saw any. Fastened inside one corner was an assortment of pieces of paper with names on them, names I knew of those people who had at some time held the scroll and been involved with its purported spiritual importance, and who had been chased, some dying in its progress. I recognized one name as that of the woman who had mentioned it to me. Then my dreaming mind's eye saw a picture of a young boy on a country road, and I no longer felt fear. I was destroying the scroll's material importance; I was rendering it valueless; no one need die for it again.*

When I awoke finally, four words were in my mind—the shroud of Nicodemus. What in the world? I mean, I never had heard of a shroud that was Nicodemus'; knew only that he had been a secret Sanhedrin sympathizer of Jesus. No import could I give to those words. Instead Mind 'spoke': *when you feel anxious about the work you are trying to accomplish, visualize your body in a coffin—eyes closed forever; immobile; gone, gone, gone, forever from this life.* That should help you remember why this moment of significance must be pushed aside.

#### **11/6-7/1999**

For preceding dream days I had been wrestling the manuscript of *Jesus' Beloved Disciple* (then called *Beloved Disciple, Daughter of Logos*); and, yesterday, during a sister's impromptu visit she remarked that for days--for no explicable reason--she had been 'bugged' by thought of, and inexplicably identifying with the "Virgin Mary...."

*A young man agreed to let me visit him and speak about my work. Sitting with him at a table, I saw a wall hanging that had upon it some ancient-looking script. I felt the man was being very cordial in allowing me his time and didn't want to try his grace unduly. However, once again—so preoccupied do I get with wonder and struggles related to the questionable obsession/possession/facilitation of my self-imposed task—I was conscious of not talking on point, when he said, "Read to me a poem that doesn't have the word [which sounded like] 'ba-ooh-la' in it." I tried repeating the word, my non-grasp of his meaning being evident. He waved his hand, and I received his thought--"like Sarah and all of them."*

I awakened, and my first thought was of the Italian word for wooden chest, very like the word he had used. Then Mind jumped to a small poem I wrote many years ago, concerning the Hebrew terms *bthulah* and *almah*, and the question of the distinction between them—"virgin" versus "maid"--as biblically relate to the "Virgin Mary...."

[It was not until weeks later, researching otherwise on the Internet that I stumbled upon a Baha'i faith lineage chart: "Genealogy of Baha'u'llah, the [one] Heir to the Throne of David." [How many centuries will it take, I wonder, before sectarian historical enlightenments?]

#### **5/18/2000**



The night's dreaming was of the deepest, non-recoverable type in an extremely sound sleep. I recalled the last 'scene' before opening my eyes, instantly forgot it, but later was able to recall it:

*A page with printing only on half of it, which I 'knew' was end of either a chapter or a book. I was curious to see its page number and shifted my eyes down. Its original number had been crossed out and a new number handwritten next to that, but neither number registered....*

After a little time lying abed, trying to recall more, there was recalled to me—there sprang into the Conscious—work done yesterday in the section of *Kings*, where Isaiah "added 15 years" to Hezekiah's life. Checking, I found that that particular page of the *History* did need to have its number changed just as in the dream. [However, all of this drool and trivia of dreaming isn't toward proving dream-propheying--let Daniel have *his* day!)]...

**5/20/2000**

*'Head secretary' in an office environment, there before anyone else, I was reviewing matters after a hiatus. Some issue had been underway involving papers or a book that involved stories of kings; and the person who had presented the issue had some idea about producing a hot item about the scandalous conduct of the kings, and making a lot of money off of it. I found his journal, the printing on its pages almost totally obscured by embossed maps. Although I could see the words the maps were more commanding. Others had arrived and were discussing the issue; and I made a comment about the countless stories that possibly could be written "because, those kings could do anything they wanted." But my interest in the entire subject came from a different, a neutral direction: a "maximalist" capture of the history of all the people who had lived the history....*

**7/3/2000**

*Back into pure water--it is so simple there!--pure water; nothing but a 'me' in-between hydrogen and oxygen. Why!--if that 'I' wasn't in there thus in the quantity that 'I' AM, there'd be no water, you see....*

**1/27/2001**

I had a 'vision' this afternoon that had to do with gravity. JC remarked how the cat always turned clockwise when making his settling-down circles; and I said, jokingly off-the cuff, "I wonder if he were in the southern hemisphere if he would turn counter-clockwise." JC replied, "One thing I always planned to do if I got down there was to watch water going down the drain. I wonder why that is."

The 'vision' that came to me then was of gigantic sun-stars away out around our 'box' of the Universe, their radiation and that of our sun streaming conically toward each other, directed and redirected upon our system, and our earth—the size of pea within the galaxy—balanced in-between.... Well, you know what I mean.

**1/28/2001**

*I was being given instructions as to how to get from one point to another, and the person giving the instructions demonstrated how I might easily recall the number I needed to know. He showed me a page of writing and pointed to a 'word' which at first looked like ##/space/# but then became TT/space/T. Then he filled in the space, which I took to be "I," which made me chuckle because "TITT" would be easy to remember. Next I keyed into the fact that possibly the letters represented numbers; and it seemed this 'lesson' had begun because there was a number I needed to be able to recall to get where I wanted to go.*

*It then occurred to me, how came it that numbers have been assigned to letter characters? And I recalled the theory that perhaps it had been the opposite at the very beginning, numbers being conceived first for matters of trade. It was made obvious to me in the dream that the person intended that the 'word' equated with a number, but that the "I" should be read as a "1."*

Curious about *this* dream is that I had been struggling for days (*day, weeks!*) on intense chart work for *History*; and the next day would try to convert the data concisely but still not knowing exactly how. However, in the morning the dream took precedence, and I was given to try to tally up "TTIT." I (don't ask why) assigned to "T" the number in which it occurs alphabetically (20), and read the symbol as one would, Roman numerals: 20+20+19 = 59, which strangely set me on the right track chart-wise. Until then I had attacked the task via the fixing of calendar dates *per se*, not zeroing-in on the use of a *fixed period regardless its calendar dates*. The note I then made was, "And, in the first year of Darius I, David understood the 70 years"—522 minus 59 = 463...."

*(Coincidence, only (?), that we were led to the alternate two of our History's "Explorative Timeline Appendix 3A.IV, fixing 463 b.c. when Esther succeeded as Persia's queen, leading to Ezra's commission to Jerusalem--522 b.c. having been the earlier year that King Darius received Zorobabel, "governor of the [Hebrews] that had been in captivity," called Zorobabel his "cousin" and authorized him to restore Jerusalem?)*

**8/25/2001**

I had been working many days on the last 100 years of the last millennium b.c., particularly the "puzzle" surrounding murder of Simon and his sons by a reported "Ptolemy of Jericho," "son of Abubus;" and I had come across *Josephus'* mention of the Onias (who also presents a puzzle), who built the temple in Egypt (at that point, not registering its significance); and I also had been researching *Apion*, son of one Ptolemy, against whom Josephus would write somewhat of a diatribe. I only was beginning, I think, to appreciate the competition between the Egyptian and Jerusalem temples for titular authority, although having spent beaucoup time on the "Samaritan schism". Further, the dream day I laboriously had worked on descendancy charts of Ptolemies and Cleopatras, together with the possible alternate meaning of 'Abubus'/'buboes'. (*Poor Arius!*)....

*I was with members of the old Kennedy administration who had gathered to commemorate the death of Jackie (it being coincidental, only, that name's relation to Jachim?). I was feeling 'out of place' or awkward in the circumstances, not truly being one of 'them,' while awareness came of the coldness and calculatingness of political dealings in which an administration became caught, always taking on dimensions far greater than anticipated by those entering it, invoking a hardening and cynicism foreign to one's original motivations.*

*During a wait for the event to commence I was with some members in private quarters, where someone was trying to teach me how to tap into a p.c. for methods of obtaining information from various sources. Someone punched an email function that brought up a letter of condolence; and I very distinctly saw onscreen my name, as one to whom sympathy was being extended. How thorough was the email's sender! I thought, to mention me-- a nominal figure in the proceedings. But then I caught a glimpse, right before my name, that another name had been omitted. Instead of it, there were typed three asterisks, a blank, and three more asterisks. "Oh," I thought, "that is someone the writer does not want to mention on the record"....*

On awakening a flood of thought was released. The dream's email's queer omission was precisely as that which I just had found in *Josephus*, where its editors had inserted a (presumptuous, to me) note relative to which of the Oniases was meant in the verses there. I was reminded of a statement in *Apion*, which I had not realized registered unconsciously as being of importance. It felt as if the released thoughts had been *ordered*, relative to communicating the Egyptian competition *vis-à-vis* the lacking of emphasis on the period of Greek supremacy.

[Of immediate interest as I transcribe these records is "...the great temple of Abaris, which stood...upon the Bubastic branch of the Nile," found in my pleasure reading of Arthur Conan Doyle's short story, "The Ring of Thoth" (Black's Readers Service Co. one-volume edition of collected works, page 495), "Bubastic" striking a note of recall of research in *History*. Of course I had to look it up, and found:

["Bubastis, a city of Egypt, in the eastern parts of the Delta, where cats were held in great veneration, because Diana Bubastis, chief deity of the place, is said to have transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled into Egypt." The Greek goddess Diana "was supposed to be the same as Isis of the Egyptians, introduced into Greece with the worship of Osiris as Apollo." *Lempriere* 112, referenced in *Daughters* at page 421. "The principal cities of Lower Egypt ["the Delta"] were Tanis, *Bubastis* (i.e. house of Bast), etc." *Ency.* P. 21 referenced in *Daughters* at page 424, Egypt.

["Ancient On/Heliopolis also is taken to be the site where self-exiled Onias IV was given leave by Ptolemy VI and Cleopatra II 'to build there a temple...after the pattern of that in Jerusalem...that may be for the benefit,' said Onias IV to Ptolemy, 'of thy self, and thy wife and children, that those Jews which dwell in Egypt may have a place whither they may come and meet together...and be subservient to thy advantages....' *Josephus AJ*, XIII.III.1ff. The authorization occurred c. 144 b.c. ... Onias [IV]—who was the nephew of Onias [III/Menelaus] that was dead; ...bore the same name as his [Onias IV's] father [Onias II], and was a child when his father was killed—fled into Egypt to Ptolemy [V] Philometor and got into the friendship of him and Cleopatra his wife. '[W]hen he found he was in great esteem...with Ptolemy, Onias IV was given "that temple which is fallen down at Leontopolis, in the Nomus [administrative center] of Heliopolis, 180 furlongs [22-1/2 miles] from Memphis, and which is named from the country Bubastis.' There he [eventually] built a little town on the lines of Jerusalem and a temple/sanctuary like to that in Jerusalem, at which he [Onias IV] was made high priest.' According to Onias IV's description, he had 'found a very fit place in a castle that hath its name from the country Diana,' and added, 'grant me leave to have this holy place, which belongs to no master, and is fallen down.' *Josephus AJ*, XII.IX.7, *BJ*, I.I.1 and VII.X.2, XIII.III.1," as quoted and referenced in *Daughters*, page 542.

(Oh, those endless biblical puzzles...)

## 8/26-27/2001

This night, before bed, I said aloud (how else does one "say" anything, *but* aloud?): "You know, there is one thing for certain that can happen when someone reaches the point you are at with this project: either they get up and over the hump, or they fall back into a nervous breakdown." At 11 p.m. I took myself away finally from the manuscript, when all I could do by then was stare at the sheets, no longer able to absorb words....

*I have one thing to accomplish. Inside the structure I lose my way and cannot find the one thing I must do—the small thing I must do before I can leave. Outside, I have misplaced my vehicle and for some time deal with the franticness of it, feelings of total aloneness, impotence, etc. I find my vehicle. It is in somewhat disheveled shape, but everything appears to be with it still and I can move on. But no! Inside I am being held down by some invisible force while the vehicle begins to move. I am helplessly pinned down, lying on the front seat away from the steering wheel just out of my reach. I exert every bit of mental will I can muster but only am able to raise myself high*

*enough to see lights ahead and know if I do not rise the eventual crashing of my vehicle is a certainty. I am struggling...I am struggling.... God! How long I have been struggling! "Lord," I say, "Help me lift myself;" and I felt the force release me.*

I awaken, the dream's force so much like that paralyzing force (that 'sleeping wakefulness') of nights in my younger intense yoga days. Then I slept again, reawakened to a bright morning, and realized I had had another dream. Of it I could recall only a few 'colorful' side lines: *having in hand some papers that were of importance; and, at the bottom of the top sheet I read three words that were very clear in the dream. Only two were recalled: "effective party."*

The morning brought with it concentration on the state of politics in all of *History's* periods...*who was/were the "effective party/parties?"* – recontemplation of what *Apion* now seemed to convey to me, and on to the time of "Yehohshua's" revolutionary martyrdom: Alexandria or Jerusalem? Hebrew or Roman? Mind wanted to tell that the dream's third word was *aggressor*; yet [*there I first typed "Tet" instead of "Yet!"*], although one must remember that *Psyche's* immediate conscious stream can adulterate the unconscious, "aggressor" well could marry with "effective party."

### 10/10/2001

The two subjects, cosmology and biblical history, are competing greatly in *Psyche*....

*Item "number seven," it seemed, was the end of the list presented at hand; and I first I thought, "Moses' spies?" Then I again saw Arafat with a companion of indistinguishable face—Caleb?*

First, resuming work on *Numbers* during the day, I immediately turned to verse 13.7, which was preceded by "Caleb of Judah," resurrecting considerations of descendancies of Hezron, Azubah, and Caleb/Chelubai. Equally coincidental, however, is that yesterday (April 2, 2013, the day before this transcription), I happened to be rereading *Deciphering the Cosmic Number* (See: 9/10/2011!)

### 11/13/2001

*A very white window sill.... White hair on a former beloved coworker.... The numbers 262.... Blanco de bianchi, white of whites, sight of sights, lights of light.... "More will be known after you are dead."*

The thought of my father arose as I made my morning coffee, at which moment I was not thinking about color manifestation and perception but about the human condition. It brought tears again, comparing my life to his that had offered no time to pursue soul-driven satisfaction. I felt that yearning again for some *evidence*; and I imagined him saying, "Look, *pay attention* and perhaps I may get such a sign through to you." And I thought back to him, "No! I cannot think that way!—that there *could* be a receivable sign of 'everlasting' life. Such requires a blind faith which in itself can cripple achieving truths of and in existence." Meanwhile, staggeringly tedious editing remains on *A Child's Book of Light*; but today it must be more work on Part 1B of *History*—(*Ephratah!—whoever you were!*)....

*First, however, Mother has a doctor's appointment, and Thanksgiving preparations are begging. Maybe I will feel human again after a bath and shampoo. But why should it seem I always am starting out again at the beginning?* Oh, I can accept, I reaffirm myself, that what I have been attempting to do is not a one-shot deal—*mine*, to finish or not; achieve or not; impose or not—that it is something that simply shall be done to full completion by others as Time proceeds—just another task in the continuing evolution of cumulative knowledge that in and of itself demands the doing.

**2/4/2002**

In the early evening I had watched a television special on children shipped by England to Australia during World War II, which children were put in “servitude” by priests....

*I was alone in my “home,” much like the trailer I temporarily lived in. Children arrived, boys without mothers or fathers. I felt pain for them and tried to be encouraging, aware I was very near taking on at least one of them for good, and wondering whether I could sustain such a responsibility. I was attracted most by a darling one with dark curls and the sweetest, big-eyed face, whose name was Joel....*

Rising from Psyche of the name, Joel, wasn’t very remarkable, for when retiring at about two a.m. I had finished more work on the Benjamin descendency. But I hadn’t focused yet on that fact that there was a gap there, too, in the lineage of Samuel. On awakening I lay there to think about it all—the so-few mothers named versus an overwhelming number of men on the record.

**12/13/2002**

*Zerudah and Ephratah, names spoken to a ‘mulatto’-colored young woman who had come to sit at table with me—she with a man or two; all giving me their full attention as I tried to explain my misery about so many years of work on History; and in spite of myself I cried in the presence of those ‘strangers,’ surprising myself at the emotions attached....*

On awakening my first thought (having had it before) was, “who was Jesse married to, and what skin color was David’s mother?”

**5/1/2004**

It was my second night home following my second grandbaby’s circumcision, at the end of a two-week pre-and post-birth attendance with his mother, her husband on military service in another country....

*In a quick scene I saw a young dark-haired woman on the verge of giving over to futile thinking but stopped herself, recalling that that was from ‘the writer’ of her and she did not need to be it all the time. And she went off smilingly to do other things necessary at the moment....*

**1/25/2005**

The dream day was rampant with frustration over two months of trying to let *History’s* availability be known publically, involving learning all about Web search engine processes, etc. and communicating with technical people involved. Meanwhile, there had been steadily increasing caretaking of Mother added to my regular domestic duties.

Two sisters, Jehovah’s witnesses--lovely women recently engaged to help with Mother’s now 24/7 care--had called to mind coincidental figurings relative to *History*: first, an acquaintance as long ago as 1980, from whom I had acquired my first biblical encyclopedia, from which I used no subjective material; second, the abrupt reversal of opinion of a faith journal editor who had been ecstatically complimentary in a first draft review; but, at the end—finally having seen reference to the JW encyclopedia, questioned what my private JW-religion-related purposes might be (!)....

*I was approaching on foot what seemingly was a church, while all around was darkness. I barely could distinguish the concrete that led to its steps ahead of me but was aware of high doors. A black blob appeared at my left at the foot of the wide stairway—*

I discover, unfortunately, that the sheet with the rest of this dream has been lost. All the more to my chagrin, because with the fragment is the following, to which it might have been associated:  
“Somewhere in the stored files are copies of articles dealing with Forrestal’s barbaric demolition by



*Winchell and Pearson--the period leading to Truman's abrupt dismissal of Forrestal as Secretary of Defense; Forrestal's knowledge relative to the Roswell incident; his subsequent urging that national defense should focus on the skies; his hospitalization at Bethesda, and his still-questioned "suicide" out of a window there. As I understand it currently, certain autopsy documents never have been released, and contradictions persist as to actual circumstances".*

## **July 5, 2005**

The past several months had been an endurance test on the 'domestic' side; but I kept abreast of what I take as my main writing responsibilities, and completed Internet publication of the first edition of *History*. Time continued at a premium but I dragged out *Child's Book of Light* material and distributed it around the laptop, determined on forging a final draft. It was not going to prove easy; I had not reviewed the material for a decade; and the last awkward draft was in need of much improvement and corrections.

Earlier I had thought to reduce it to easy language, make it truly a book to interest young persons. I began with review of the perception "Exercises" but quickly became bogged down by the geometrics of the subject, again heavily questioning my lack of academic mastery. Privately I'd recognized but overcome similar neuroses in the past, relative to "my work;" but this time I felt I was going to be sick for real publically.

Such was my state of being two days ago, at the end of a week in which domestic and caregiving duties again doubled in demand of both time and emotions. Alas, I was in the deepest of depressions, wondering whether brain would survive: losing things I had had in hand a moment before; forgetting things I normally never would; and seeing no hope of completing my hanging 'task'. With the much-used constitution of a 70-year-old, I couldn't imagine myself living long enough, with sufficient mental capacity, to complete *anything* more. The relatively short *CBL* project loomed with the enormity of the four-volume *History*.

Such was my condition as I approached bedtime last night, when 'something' moved me first to open the *CBL* research binder. Smack-dab on top was a forgotten item downloaded from the Web sometime in 2000. I hadn't seen the sheet of paper since filing it away; nor, in the interim years, did I recall once having it. This last 'happening' relative to *A Child's Book of Light* embraced both synchronicity/'receiving a 'sign' and serendipity/receiving such 'sign' with happiness--to wit:

I saw the words, "TOSCA Test Beam" [!], above an article about a proposed CERN experiment: "Topological [*per Webster*: "being or involving properties unaltered under a one-to-one continuous transformation"] Oscillation [*per Webster*: "vibration; fluctuation; flow of electricity changing periodically from a maximum to a minimum; *esp.* a flow periodically changing direction; a single swing (as of an oscillation body) from one extreme limit to the other"] Search, With Kinematical [*per Webster*: "dealing with aspects of motion apart from considerations of mass and force"] Analysis" = TOSCA.

I read through the description and understood but little of its wording, yet it brought to mind my envisionings in *CBL*. Abruptly I closed the binder against a sensation of craziness ["*crazy wisdom?*"] and walked to the bedroom smiling and shaking my head...*incredulous!* Yet *consciously*—in a definite way!—I was *soothed* to see my *name* connected there; and I retired so much more comfortable in mind and body than I had been able for so long. And I dreamed....

*I could not recall the dreaming altogether; only that there were two comforting segments, of which I did remember one in which the History project received validation. I awakened both literally and figuratively to vivid recollection of the project in all its stages; and of me, all those times—so many—when I felt the same private despair over it that I was having about CBL. That also would pass, to be followed again by reassertion that the task, if it was meant to be, would be completed....*

It took a half-hour after waking to readjust to consciousness. When I did open my eyes I noted that Mind immediately was not seething as of late it had been wont. I objectively could review the recent neurotic condition *and remember*: I creator, was free to follow any connected motivations. Disposition much improved all in all, I went to the kitchen and made a cup of tea instead of the usual coffee. By the time I reached the morning sitting room, I knew I was going to box up all of CBL, put the T.O.S.C.A. item on top, and seal and store it for future completion or destruction.  
(Should we add the morning's Scorpio horoscope: "Good news comes when you least expect it. The problem is, you don't know what it pertains to at first.")

**7/12/2006**

Dealing with attempts to advance the *History* project dredges thoughts about what it was like for women of antiquity—arranged young marriage (often with a male old enough to be the girl's grandfather); harsh rules of dress and behavior, strict religious customs, etc. ...

*I had been chosen to become the wife of a 'priest', who in the dream seemed like a pompous little king. In one scene I first was being "examined" by certain authoritative personages. I was naked under some filmy covering. I stood myself very tall and still, keeping eyes unblinkingly forward. I had distinct knowledge that they were looking over my body, back as well as front; and I was aware that I passed their judgment.*

*Next I was taken by my proposed spouse and a female relative of his to the chapel of their residence. It was small and dark, with dark red tiling around the lower walls. It was then I realized that the female was his wife; and that I must accept that he nonetheless was on the verge of taking me, the younger, to "consummation." I felt sorrow for her; I wanted to talk privately to her, tell her not to be hurt; that the thing was purely physical and she was not to suffer because of it....*

*Somehow I managed to escape, for next I was with a stranger I felt as a dear friend, unaware of, nor considering the friend's gender. The person was young, like me, of mulatto skin with a short, close-fitting cape of curly hair. We were at what appeared to be an outdoor theater, where a crowd was seated awaiting some production. As we scampered down the hill, one from the crowd stood up and snapped our picture.*

*At this point my friend became a male. He was not 'wearing his frock', and my head was uncovered; together, we were 'breaking all the rules' and would not be able to deny our behavior because of the photograph that would exist. Finding ourselves alone at some spot, I proceeded to reassure him. I had this impression we were taking part in a 'Disney-type' movie; and I said: "When has a tale like this ended in nothing but happiness? You know how it goes—the story is supposed to keep one on edge, thinking the worse could happen, but all comes out well in the end"....*

**5/26/2007**

*Einstein was sitting in a corner, very relaxed, with another presence at his left who, in the dream, took on no particular import. I was sitting as if on the floor at Einstein's feet, but 'a little higher than that'. He looked, as already said, so relaxed and was wearing an attitude of completion and satisfaction. I looked closely at him and noted how smooth his face was and so healthy-looking, with good color, rosiness to his skin. He made a comment—a short sentence—to which I had the temerity to add, "and then everything becomes ordinary;" and, as I said it, he uttered the last word with me, in agreement....*

I looked up "ordinary" as soon as I got up and strangely was cheered....

(From Latin *ordinarius* (from *ordo*--order, arrangement): to be expected....)

Then the problems of perception sprang into Mind, recalling the difference of rods and cones and how, when recently I again looked at the data, although feeling some confusion as to the 'big picture' again was able to grasp the 'lesser.'

**7/18/2007**

Co-incidents, only:

Yesterday I wrote a response to the erstwhile consultant who, it developed, turned out not to be the "champion" he initially had remarked I needed to advance my work. In the brief note I said that I knew that I wrote "weird" stuff, a first use of the word *weird* relative to my work.

Today, Rob Brezsny's Scorpio horoscope read: *"The modern English word 'weird' is derived from the Old English term wyrd, meaning 'destiny.' By the late Middle Ages, wyrd had evolved into a concept similar to the Eastern notion of karma. It implied that the momentum of past events plays a strong role in shaping the future, but that the human willpower can nevertheless also have a hand in creating upcoming events. In some cases, wyrd could even mean 'the power to control destiny,' as exemplified by the three Weird Sisters of Shakespeare's MacBeth. I bring this up, Scorpio, because your wyrd factor is pretty high these days. While the consequences of your past are certainly impinging on your present to some degree, you've rarely had a greater ability to override them through the force of your intentions."* (The Bohemian, 7/18-7/24/07; p. 57).

*[Well, we're not at all sure, are we, of that 'greater ability'!]*

**12/24/2007**

Another occasion of only co-incidents:

*I dreamt my husband had come back from death, and I was taking cotton rolls out of my ears.*

Then, the morning Scorpio horoscope: "Don't assume that you're having the same fight. Your Significant Other is trying to move past that familiar breakdown point. Listen with fresh ears." *(Ah, how dangerously easy it can be for the hungry 'soul' to imagine that some greater power is focused on it....)*

**1/8/2008**

An escaped tiger at San Francisco's zoo had been much in the news....

*I saw a tiger, first at rest and then running away, becoming not only 'smaller' (because of image reduction to perception by distance), but also appeared 'shorter'....*

This on the heels of CBL's glossary work on 'rest mass contraction effect equation'—increase in velocity resulting in 'shrinking' of object with increase in mass, i.e. weight remains constant; such theories sticking with me also *vis-à-vis* the example of differences of weight of an object upon Earth and Jupiter because of Jupiter's greater mass. [All of which at time of this transcribing is 'Greek' to me.]

**1/30/2008**

As indicated, I resumed work on CBL; still trying to see a theorizing 'model' ; and ruminating some published experimental data and astronomical findings related to vacuums, vortices, and the so-called "red shift." (This dream requires including details I found amusing.)

*I did feel somewhat sick and decided not to go in to work, although not without some pricking of conscience. JC was cleaning some grass and I thought a bit of smoking might put things in better perspective. He handed me a small box holding a small pile of clean trimmings; and I began to remove a small amount for rolling, noticing that the matter was not dry—residual moisture yielding it a bright green appearance. That meant, first, it would not burn well; second, even should it keep burning, less of the active substance would be offered.*

*As I moved the little pile some small bit spilled, while the pressure caused a unique blue moistness to soak into the box bottom. A thought began that I should try to keep as much of that as I could, while the scene shifted to JC trying to do something with vacuum cleaner parts—for a 'quick cleanup' I assumed. His academic self always had been prone to adopting too-quick ways to do things 'mechanical', which very frequently backfired. Now it appeared to me that the vacuum wasn't properly connected; and, as I silently pondered what would happen if the exhaust hit the grass, sure enough it did, disseminating it all around. I noted that it happened so fast I didn't see any of the trimmings 'fly away', only the 'emptiness' left....*

The last seemed obviously related to reflections on vacua, relative to recent mental endeavors (*we ignore that vacuum action can be in 'reverse'?*) As to the blue color, it brought to Mind the indescribable blue of an ice-and-snow-covered mountain in a long-ago most memorable dream experience, reviving past aborted speculations on color to which I now shall give more thought, especially *vis-à-vis* some experiments come upon only yesterday.

**2/6/2008**

The past week and more I have continued studying theoretical physics (being totally uncredentialed for such pursuit, as you know--that apparent ludicrousness a fact I struggle with moment to moment). Yesterday, organizing review of research against early, simple CBL drafts to see whether anything was worth setting forth, I was brain-deep in notes on neutron bombardment; and I had reached a point again of thinking, *this is stupidly impossible....*

Now, if I record "co-incidents," it isn't that I think them of interest to anyone but myself; only to rid Mind of them so it can be used for knowable causes; and this dreaming one has reoccurred enough in just the following way to be a nuisance:

*I was speaking by telephone with a man, it being difficult to understand what he was saying. At first I thought he might be middle eastern, except that didn't seem to fit. I asked his name, which he told to me but was difficult to hear clearly. I tried to repeat it, thinking then that it might be Hispanic; but the sounds simply wouldn't come clearly to me. The first syllable seemed to be a soft "Sah; but when I said it he interrupted me that that was wrong, and again said his name again....*

Awake, I tried to say what I thought I almost had heard: *Sahwer? Sangrer? Sahray?* Then the thought came that I perhaps could check the table of contents of my physics anthology. Almost as if by 'plan', the first name to arrest me was Segre---Emilio Segre, an Italian physicist who initiated work on *neutron bombardments*.

**2/7/2008**

Last night's dreaming emphasized "sweeping—'flat' sweeping: no 'up', 'down', 'left', or 'right' in reality; all subjective references dependent on an observer." And lots of 'ball' particles that have no decision of their own about motion, being dependent on "how they are 'hit'...remove all coverings"....

**2/16/2008**

I had been reading Faraday....

*"If x is true then y should follow;" need to predict something based on model: consider electron 'shells': can something be connected to their "weight"/"valency?" "Action at a distance?".... Remember: it is reverse action you're talking about ("expansion" to create matter?) They are looking for a 'top quark';*

looking for a 'graviton'; but no matter it found. What is the cause of its force? "I, like you, am a child in the world of physics...not, what is zero magnetism; what is one hundred percent magnetism?"

**2/23/2008**

*Typing pages for a man, one page was nothing but a formula. He said he would do that one; I was having enough trouble doing my parts. I was wearing only one all-covering long, white, soft garment and drove to a levee area where a gorge was cut through. 'I' was waiting to see water come, thinking it would send tumbling in its path the rocks sitting in groups along the way. Instead the rocks were not disturbed, only made wet so that I could see them individually; and the soft non-reflective water came to rest in a basin. Entranced by the quality of the water, gradually I came to realize 'I' had lost the key to, and thought perhaps it had been left, in 'my vehicle'. Then 'I' found that the vehicle itself was gone, and I searched for it in impossibly small spaces. In a cupboard I saw items, one 'inside' another, balanced on the axis of a revolving turntable.....*

This dream I felt was a final emphasis (at least I took it as such), of there being no discretely perceptible 'vehicle.'

**Last of February 2008**

Finishing what I am able to do with CBL, strangely I have no idea still of what the CERN experiment is or was to measure (has it been it "up my alley?"). But an ultimate CBL, very different from earlier draftings, has been uploaded to the *lppublications* Internet site.

**3/23/2008**

Regardless CBL's 'completion', it stays with me....

*It's the syntax between the numbers....*

*Mathematically dividing the established 'measurement' for the volume of a perceivable substance/object into the established 'measurement' for the weight of said perceivable substance/object yields a 'measurement' of the 'density' of the perceivable substance/subject, obtaining a 'measurement' of imperceivable substances/objects displaced by the volume of a perceivable substance/object ( such as that when 2000 tons of water are reduced to two ounces of heavy water), which requires its own formula.... Volume...Density...Golden Rectangle...Golden Mythical Spiral Fractals....*

*Next I was telling someone—relative to something that we were trying to figure out—how easily to calculate a multiplication problem by exchanging amounts between two figures; that is, instead of trying to multiply 67 by 73, adding 3 from the 73 to the 67 allowed multiplying 70 by 70....*

Awake and pondering, the first segment confounded me. As to the second, I realized it was *wrong*-- 9 digits being lost ( $67 \times 73 = 4891$ ;  $70 \times 70 = 4900$ ). That stayed with me quite a while, trying it with varying amounts ( $7 \times 3 = 21$ ;  $5 \times 5 = 25$ ); unable to see precisely how the difference occurs. (For a couple of preceding days I stubbornly had been toying with algebra, persisting in attempting to come up with some 'simple' physics E connections. Seems the subconscious was reiterating what Ken Greider said to me back in '80, when timidly I showed him the earliest draft of CBL: *stay away from the math!*)

**4/8/2008**



*Capo de Capo de Capo de Capo de Capo, Communist!—said loudly by a commanding voice, while a woman was going down stairs...*

The handwritten note of this dream had all the c's underlined and a picture of a staircase. Somewhere was another dream had, of 'stair-stepping' action (?); of movements of light and sound through the grid (?), "relative to the 'big' picture?"

**5/8/2008**

Yesterday "Brother JC" visited; we hadn't seen each other in 20 years.

*I am talking with Brother JC and mentioned Newman's 'perpetual motion machine' [which definitely hadn't come up in our visit]. We both are surprised to encounter someone who knows about it and who wanted to know how I had learned of it. I began to tell about working for the Belli firm and its involvement with Newman....*

I didn't recall the dream when first I awakened. My first thoughts were about return to experimenting with diminishing images. I recalled that when I described such to Brother JC he said, "Isn't that the inverse square law?—to which I had replied, "Well, that law does relate to areas and distances." Before sleep I had looked it up and thought a bit about the description I found. In the morning, however, I had a different view. Then I recalled seeing the scene in the documentary the preceding night about Paul Erdos—the coin rotating unstoppably around a saucer, which recalled the dream to me. It did seem synchronistic: Brother JC's impromptu call from the coast; his stopping enroute home; and the wonderful opportunity it afforded for the kind of dialogue not available to me.

**5/20/2008**

A note without the dream recorded: "Keep pi distance" [?].

**8/2/2008**

Skullcap tea's gone up to \$40/lb., almost \$10 more than last year; but I had it again, last night, and it was the perfect time—two a.m. after finally calling it a day; but what a day it had been: after watering the garden in the morning, the last three of 17 hours of a perfected edit of *History*, followed by listing and boxing up its and CBL's libraries and reorganizing the large garage cupboard; five errands to get caught up on business; buying paint for the handyman's painting of the outbuilding's eaves on Sunday; and grocery shopping—all so as to have this free sunny Friday in a beautifully ordered little home to read, think, and bake cakes for tomorrow's family gathering....

*JC returned after being away with a colleague. I was so happy to see him and ran and embraced him so hard and for so long even I was amazed at the strengths of expression. He had with him a letter for me that came via our daughter. It was a report of a professional presentation on the Scriptures. As I began to read it, the voice of my older sister (who has been a champion) intervened and quoted a remark from the report, of how History had been 'officially' recognized. I knew that, when I reached that part of the report, I would dissolve in tears in front of JC, and he would see the depths of the investment....*

*The telephone rang but I failed to get it before the answering machine. It was my next younger sister, placing a congratulatory message. I listened; then our youngest sister came on the line, too...*

*I was sitting on a sofa, JC at a small distance. Other men there were encouraging him to 'go and sit on the sofa with "the queen;" and he came and sat with me, and I cradled his head....*

Well, it does seem that the dreaming cleared Mind around two of its prominent themes: the absence of JC and Self enjoying a sense of 'validation' of *History's* work, to which so much of internal life was devoted.

**3/15/2009**

*JC was with me again, accompanying me to meet a professor of perception. I felt awkward, because it was the first time that my husband had involved himself in that manner with respect to my private academic interest. It was between classes, and I was to approach the professor to allow me to do some work for him.*

*At first the professor said that it was not customary for someone like myself to be engaged that way; but then he relented and said that, well, if I wanted, I could go in and perhaps organize some of his papers. He first went to the room's corner and brought forth a composition/book which he briefly showed to me, indicating it as an important piece of work. I had but a moment to look at it and saw the name, "Ryan." Then he took a large envelope from the corner, brought it toward me, and said, "These are my accounting notes," at which point I stopped my attention, for that was the type of work I had done for ages in my wage employments, so opposite that which I would have liked doing.*

*My husband and I then left, and as we walked through the building I saw that he was completely nude. It seemed I should have reacted concernedly; however, instead I proceeded to become completely nude myself. I was conscious of people staring at us as we passed but it did not bother me; we were very naturally content and oblivious to all but ourselves as we sauntered past. We exited through a double door in windows, across which were opaque muslin curtains....*

I awoke then and, for a few moments in that groggy state, I was reviewing the professor approach as if it indeed was real, suddenly worried because I hadn't ascertained at which time I was to appear in the classroom. I felt worry that negligently I may have lost my chance; and I said into the darkness, as if JC were there at my side, "I didn't find out what time I'm supposed to go!" Then realization hit me: I had been dreaming!

I turned on the light and wrote on a note by my bed, "Ryan...look it up." I did, quickly being led to a Ryan Rogers, a scientist whose work I have recorded elsewhere.

**11/2/2009**

*I spy a garden vendor with a great variety of plants around a large, square display. I thought of a plant that had medicinal qualities and asked someone with me to help me remember the name, which began with a "d." The vendor is a man of tall and pleasant stature, wearing a cowboy hat. He spies me from a distance and calls out a comment, something to do with my looks. I responded by telling him my age, to which he responded, "I'll bet Solomon misses you!" Then he came over and handed me two fat Mary Jane buds. Holding them hidden in my hand, after giving him thanks, I said, "I haven't had any for such a long time!" He then asked after my writing, and said, "Don't belabor it! You mean you wait until you have everything sewn up? Don't do that!"*

On recall, beyond the obvious as relates to my worry that my present writing (*Delilah*) is imperfect, I thought perhaps it pointed to one way in which the heroine in that novel might make contacts needed for the plot. [It was not used, however....].

**2/8/2010**

Went to bed with a totally fragmented emotional Ego absolutely attacked by current writing conflict *vis-à-vis* domestic obligations, such being the “Dream Day” ....

*I was taking certain domestically-involved individuals to task, totally releasing all the private furiously-felt pent-up thoughts, leaving out not one thing-- expressing myself with a force completely opposite my usually-displayed disposition....*

*I am carrying Psyche in a kitchen-type room. A couple of others are present, of whom only one appears clearly—a strong-bodied man who, however, I know is of weak self-will. I am trying to deal with a problem with an overhead light, about which no one else seems concerned, when I notice off to my right, standing on the floor, an extremely large, most peculiar but beautiful insect, shimmering silver and green, with large wings folded down on each side, and altogether quivering so that the light off of it is entrancing. I call the others’ attention to it, and just as I did it ‘morphed’ into a female human in bright apparel calling to mind that worn by foreign native females. The woman approached me fierce-looking, as if she meant to do me harm; but then I recognized her of a nationality I knew, and I assured her that ‘the book’ was safe (my mind’s eye saw The Book of Jasper). She immediately changed to a friendly, pleased nature and departed. I asked those present had they seen that?—the metamorphosis? And I received confirmation that they had....*

*I am with the man; we are very near each other, and there passes between us some kind of ‘meeting’ on a level beyond words. He embraced me and for a few moments I stayed in the embrace, feeling great desire ‘to give myself over’ into what felt like a proffered temporary oblivion. But then I pulled away and either said or thought very hard, “No, I can’t do this; I shouldn’t do this.” As I turned my head to the right I saw a woman in the doorway looking at us with a look on her face that told me she had the wrong impression about the embrace. Then ahead outside a doorway I saw women in black shawls seemingly entering a church....*

*I was preparing to go before some professional group to make a presentation related to my writings. I knew I was being awaited but took all the time I wanted, slowly assembling my papers and myself, without the rushing concern I normally would feel....*

Before sleep I had been half-listening to a bioentomologist talking over radio about bee colonies and the domains of female queens, while three arenas obviously were embraced by the dreams. The first provided a total psychical catharsis by Private Unconscious of “Domestic’s” several months’ involvement with demands of family life. As to the second, the awake-self identified with the “weak-willed ‘man’”—the alter-ego who persists in lacking determination to follow certain avenues to advance its work. The unaccepted *Book of Jasper* associatively was significant, for the credence it lends to “queens” of the “Exodus” (*i.e.* Azubah; Ephratah); the *History* ever stays with me. My private loneliness captured in the next sequence was obvious, wherein recent (consciously-buried) body need was pitted against personal morals.

The last spoke to wakeful “Writer,” who under existing circumstances, while striving to complete another manuscript, has had to fight lamenting thoughts (lack of professional encouragement; the seeming ludicrousness of effort and sacrifice, versus good attained advancing ‘The Word’). It bolstered me some; perhaps I can have it in me to be what is needed, where advancing ‘the work’ is concerned. What I can’t imagine (having set down the words thus far produced by me) is having lived when writing only could be done in hand script. *How did they do it?* Mind repeatedly asks, times I have in hand works of prolific writers of old, as this week, of Arthur Conan Doyle’s. And his writings amount to one ‘modest’ volume, compared to...well, of course the first that comes to mind is Shakespeare; but there are

countless others. More!—for the greatest part, the writer would need to know a satisfactory sentence *before* writing it. Perhaps, I then think, abetted by wealth, they had scribes or secretaries? And another possibility: that the far greater majority of Time's respected authors were *men*, without multitudinous "domestic" duties to boot; *and*, of those who *were* beleaguered commonly, driven to illnesses mental or physical, or substance additions....

### 3/8/2010, Dream:

*Some guy is giving 'us' a bad time. I keep confronting him and it just gets worse: he's so insistent and determined. The other woman involved with me goes off in the car at one point, in so much a fit that she leaves one of the car's doors open; but I'm relieved when I see her reach over and slam it shut, and I know she's okay....*

*I see the guy where he has been hiding out at some gas station that looks abandoned; and he's so immovable that when 'I' get back (?) 'I' say, "I'm through. I've had it with him." At some point there was a part about 'descendancy through males,' and I recognized that I also had descended through them.*

On recall I was impressed that these dreams came after rereading Jung, especially the parts about archetypes and animus (and "the trickster"); and I thought, *how like dream analysis is Tarot* (which many years past I had toyed with)—interpretations in each tied totally to the party's subjectivities. Where 'divination' commences, 'We' are not concerned so much with what might constitute a conceived 'eternal mind,' as than *within what* is 'It' contained. Quantum mechanics' latest phases to nail a unified field theory seem inexorably to be leading Humankind *to* the totally-contained conception of the Universe--'outside' permeating 'inside;' 'inside' extending outwardly through The All. If a universal spirit lives in that arena, so must it work in the same way that the force of bodies works in the perceptible material world. Ancients in the development of Science conceived of that 'marriage' in alchemical terms--abstracted symbols welding material natures as joined together by invisible connective forces.

It follows that, for 'divination' to be a real possibility, a marriage must exist between the physics ultimately to be derived from quantum mechanics and astrology derived from astronomy—not a half-imaginary alchemical mystery; a potentially completely scientifically-grounded model of a unified Cosmos by which is governed every action/reaction--each and every reaction also a cause, with nothing lost in an unassigned 'space.' It requires, as it were, a revolutionary quantum leap of intellect to accept that 'Eternal Mind' is non-directing in the personal sense, and all-directing in the impersonal.

But back to the dream, I interpreted it as Psyche's deep wish to be done with its hiding alter-ego. Rinpoché was so right: I still am unable to "loosen the tight grip of the Ego," while back 30 years ago I had no clue as to what "tight grip" meant, spending so much time (all, almost!) refereeing the conflicting self-personae. But Ego--without full seizure of which nothing can be accomplished--really was just a word to me then compared with the battle for it now: everything combined and held by it—Domestic's 'public' persona which I considered something that "I" put on and took off, not comprehending that *It* overruled the entire self. The 'Super-Ego' might influence Ego's nature, yes (habitual tendencies and importance attached to them by parents, religion, and society); but Ego's cohesion to Self definitely was not appreciated until last night's dreaming, following yesterday's overwhelming of it by present circumstances: aging weakening of body and of the strength previously lendable to Psyche.

On waking reflection, the dream-scene details seemed inconsequential to an *admission* made therein. In full light, without tears, calmly made to 'another' who was there (*to my Self by my self?*), "I" confessed, "*This is where 'I' am; this is who 'I' am!*" (Daydreams of being more, finally abandonable?)

7/2/2010

Having this week and yesterday especially, drawing a chronological timeline of the period roughly 323 b.c. to 168 b.c., with the incredibly complicated takings, losses, and retaking of territories by Alexander the Great's competing generals and affiliates, after his death. The dream day I had watched a newscast showing the disparate regions of population groups in mid-east areas....

*I was in conversation with JC about what it was that primarily prompted my research and writings. I said to the effect that I wished to help disadvantaged persons, whereupon two maps were spread before me, each showing the cities of two separate ethnic groups of historical tribal or clan derivations. I saw the names very clearly and I 'transferred' the cities from one map, inserting them among those in the other, for the full region was the same on each map. There was a completely clear perception of how the areas were interspersed throughout, and one name that registered was "Bani."*

On recall I felt that Mind received a clearer picture of the relocating circumstances of subjects and intermingling of them in so many areas, which led me also to recall the insertion, after Joshua, of Levite cities through the conquered region. Also, at the time of the Ezra/Nehemiah reform, "Bani" was the name of a clan of returnees from the Babylon exile, its men excluded from the 'legitimate' roster, when it was determined they had "foreign" wives.

**3/23/11**

Who knows? Maybe in the closed universal system I envision, among the exponential lines of potential communication of one sort or another (telephones, radio, television, Internet), it also is possible that impulses *can* travel from one mind to another—not, by some *intentional* force; simply because the specific subject of information is given way through a path unwittingly open between 'sender' and 'receiver.'

I awakened yesterday from dreaming, none of which I recalled; but all of a sudden I was in mind completely again of the little formula  $E = mc^2$  and found myself again forced to toy with it. I had to laugh; it was so surprising that seemingly 'out of the clear blue' I again should be provoked by that old saw after a very long time of having given up "that nonsense." Nevertheless, I was set to conjecturing again a change in the expression to  $E$  over  $c$ -square equals  $m$ . Not only did I not (again!) make any progress; again I chastised myself for thinking beyond bounds of my capacity. (CBL never leaves me, either, you see!)

But *then*, that evening sitting in my rocker, I suddenly was prompted to turn on the radio at precisely the moment an NPR conversation commenced with Brian Greene, a theoretical "string" physicist at Columbia U. (*Hail synchronicity?*) During his dissertation (mostly concerned with 'super string symmetry' and 'multiple' universes, in which I have no great interest), he said, "but we can change the formula, reversing the expression."

Now *that* got me started again, because he referred to a percent that was beyond calculation; and I recalled Einstein in one of his papers mentioned how incalculably small the fractions would be, based upon his "cosmological constant." Once more I tried changing the formula as I had in the past, to  $E/c^2 = m$ , with the same old conclusion: if  $E$ —as I was thinking back then—represented the full force of universal energy (*i.e.*  $c$ -squared equaling some 35 billion), the formula couldn't work because, *if matter was absent* (*i.e.*  $m = 0$ ), the other side of the equation would need to be 1? So, again, I gave it up and went to bed....

**3/24/2011**

But this morning it began again; and *this* time it dawned on me or (as my good friend, RH, would say) *I dawned on it* (?). What if I used a *small e* to represent the quantity of the constant that would be contained (constitute)  $m$ . So I felt satisfied, that I could lay the matter to rest so far as my humble efforts

(admittedly, so-unqualifiedly) have been concerned ; because, yes, the formula would yield a small fraction indeed! Then, to cinch matters, I recalled how when I awoke from dreaming *this* morning, there remained in my mind only a word, which seemed to be “ulliance.” I said it aloud then, but failed pondering it until it reoccurred at the end of this day’s note. Doubting it was a word at all, I nonetheless checked my dictionary. There I found *ullage*: “the amount that a container lacks of being full,” as well as the suffix, -ulous, “being minutely.”[“We” think “we” shall consider a new word established, and that *mis* responsible for the ullage of dark matter. Moreover, incorporate the infinitely elusive “Planck’s constant”—10 to the minus-20 the ‘diameter’ of a ‘proton’; a magnitude so many orders smaller than experiment can measure—the last length possible in quantum- dominated ‘space’, impossible to determine a difference apart less than one “Planck length”....

**6/14/2011**

Are images seen when only an infant or child, before associations that accrue with life, revivable in dreaming? I am given to ask that because one of last night’s dreams presented an image the construction and purpose of which certainly are not any which this “I” can believe witnessed, nor to any degree retrievably given to imagine. However, on the other hand, it is not that the image in question could not have *been* imagined. Thus in the end I am left only to think that, in sleep, brain *can* draw upon Psyche to construct ‘new’ images from various components unconsciously acquired in present life alone: that brain helter-skelter concocts parts of actual, unretrievable perceptions into queer compositions.

Unfortunately, it’s impossible for ‘Me’ to describe the dream in question, which exists only as a nebulous memory of tallness, whiteness, and utilitarianism taken to the extreme....

**6/16/2011**

Frequently, with my first morning coffee, I have been imagining myself in the presence of, and addressing Freud, Reich, and Jung: “Gentlemen, what do you think of these dreams from last night?” I then recite my dreams aloud, which dispels need to write them all (enough, after all, having been written?). But this morning was different. I recalled the night’s dreaming just as I awakened from a very solid sleep, and immediately shouted into the air above me as I lay a-pillow: “ALL RIGHT! THAT’S ENOUGH! I’M INSULTED!” repeating myself two more times, accompanied by a solid cognition of the many times in life I *had* been insulted by Man’s behaviors! Moreover, there was no tinge of my typical sympathy for *His* desperate callings in existence.

But to the dream, truly--*truly unbelievable*--the constructs sleeping Mind can make! (It should be noted that for two days I had been reading *The Harvard Psychedelic Club* by Don Lattin)....

*I am walking on a country road. I am looking for Timothy Leary’s place. I pass some widely spaced structures, like barns, and a sign that says something I do not remember—some corny saying, I think. I retrace some steps and enter a structure that is dim inside, also barn-like; and I call up, commandingly, “Timothy Leary!” and a voice answers from above, “Yes!”*

*“This is Tosca” I call out. “Come down!” And he does. But meanwhile three boys have entered who I sense are up to some mischief. One has something in his hands, like a report or papers. I proceed to admonish them, but Leary instead is kind toward them and points them to a container off to the left on a bench, inviting them to avail themselves of its contents, saying that inside there were ‘donuts’ which some kindly gentleman regularly supplied.*

*Leary and I then are sitting at a very small, narrow table. Opposite me he is leaning, turned somewhat sidewise toward the wall. I see him clearly for the first time-- primarily his head,*

*which is hairless and like a skin-covered skull, taut skin all traversed by fine red blood capillaries. But when he turns his eyes toward me they are very clear and steady. I say, "You have this power but not mystical power; that kind of power;" and I point, referring to his gentle manipulation of the mischievous boys.*

*In the immediately next scene, I am in the presence of a group of his 'followers,' who are proceeding away from me. But one of them, who I believe is his wife, is at the back of the group and I stop her. She has a sad and retreating expression and is being drawn away; but I insist myself on her, and before she turns I say, "I want to help you. Please call me at any time."*

The last act of this dreaming, I must say, was absolutely incredible to waking consciousness:

*In a room a young girl is lying on her stomach and sodomy is being performed on her. Now that act itself is not shown clearly but I know it is occurring; yet the girl is so accepting, as if detached from that reality, and showing no agitation at all-- as if nothing of consequence is happening. Her father is in the room, off to the side, and she even speaks to him very naturally. In the dream's final scene, sharply clear, in my hand I am holding a penis covered with feces. I believe I wanted to keep a woman there from seeing it....*

Astounding to me is that I was unconscious completely of having any thought of sodomy during the dream day or preceding days; I recall that there did occur in my reading a fleeting thought of great sympathy for Leary's family....

**6/17/2011**

Not able to say why I've begun more dreaming again; perhaps it is the Cosmos. However, of several last night, I recall three. It's occurred to me this morning that, if a dream has a colored object in it and one recalls it well, then the rest is remembered easier; also, if the dream has a word or an idea that fixes more in Mind....

*I am with my father and he acknowledges that he had a secret son; I tell him I somehow had got the idea that he had. When I ask he tells me that the son is well, and I gather that he has maintained contact or knowledge of the son but I do not ask where he is.*

*In the second dream I am with someone (my husband comes to mind, although the person is not clear in the dream); and I am talking about the differences in characteristics that an individual can possess. I say, "We need two new words" while Mind was thinking that, although we have two words to describe the sexually-related differences that the two bodily genders can exhibit (i.e. "lesbian" and "homosexual"), we do not have words to describe the 'personality'/persona qualities that would describe one or the other—*

I awakened with the strange word, "retrevert," the spelling very clear. I shall stop in this transcription and see if such a word exists.... Well, it seems not to. Both my Webster and the Net do provide *retrovert* ("to go back to a previous state; or, reference to a uterus that is tipped backwards toward the spine, in contrast to the slightly 'anteverted' uterus most women have, tipped forward toward the bladder," none of which was seen associatively).

To continue with the third dream:

*I am in my abode and I am rearranging its accoutrements, involving bright colored fabrics, pillows, rugs and throws, some of especially bright designs. At some point I recognize that I am*

*carrying to the extreme this business of insistently making my surroundings as artful and symmetrical as possible--as I persist, in waking life—a quality, however, which can attach to male as well as female.*

Associations, (1): Often I have felt myself my father's 'son' in the psychological sense, that is, *mentally* in my form of thought and living capacities. Many times, driving my mother places (she rarely ventured from our family home; never drove a car; and seemed always to reflect timid fear of life itself), I would have this strange feeling of *being* my father. (2) and (3): Concrete reflections of one of my fundamental beliefs, expressed in writings: that Consciousness *Per Se* is genderless, and that the living psychical constructs individually manifested are subjects of *form*....

**9/10/2011**

Here in the last stack is another old 'physics' note, which reading now makes no sense to me.... *The fine structure constant, FSC, equals  $2 \times 3.141529 \times \text{electron charge over } 6.63 \times 10^{-34} \times \text{speed of light}$ ; and, "...when they come together to form the FSC...all of their units [despite their having dimensions] cancel out; and, as a result, the FSC is a pure number without any dimensions. No matter what the number system, this will always be true. Sommerfield calculated it as 0.00729."*

Apparently this came from some reading, for I noted "page 41." Meanwhile, on the reverse of the sheet are two very long division problems *by hand*-- one, dividing 13.7 into 1, yielding .00729927; the other, 137.035,999,084 into 1 (!), yielding .0072973, rounded-off. I have no idea at the moment what the 13.7 and 137+ figures represent; all else written says, "Where are my old notes?" (*Takers, anyone??*)

**2/18/2012**

The past couple of years, although aware of dreaming, there has been increasingly less recall on awakening. I have wondered if that is not an indication of aging brain changes, particularly in the memory 'grid'—the dream state agingly as much affected as waking memory by little breakdowns in the conveying "wirings" (which sounds better than *deteriorating precursor of full senile forgetfulness*?). Compared with recent days, however, this morning I retained sufficient 'important' recall—not all elaborately-detailed 'scenes' as in the past; but what I did remember and could 'see' of them was focused clearly on three points of current major concern to Psyche.

The *Delilah* manuscript indeed has been driving me nutty for not being able to move it along. I sent a County Imam (whose name a friend supplied) a 'retrieving' letter a few days ago, having sent the book to him for potential review and realizing, only after the fact, how heretic some of it could be to him! [As of date of this transcription, 3/28/2013, I neither heard back nor had the ms. returned.] The important associative element of the first dream was Ego sustaining itself in a way waking-Ego cannot:

*To my (deceased) husband and one of my daughters, I forcefully spoke my sentiments: "No one in the family ever has read anything I have written!" [which was not altogether true]; and, "Delilah is a great book whether anyone believes it or not!"*

The second dream I felt related to my constant concern about revealing my stark views on certain subjects dear to a majority of people *vis-à-vis* pursuing self-imposed purposes:

*In an assembled group I am told that a former colleague of my husband is not in good health. He is, however, going to perform something of his. I see him standing at the head of the group; indeed, he looks 'gray.' But as he commences to speak his countenance changes--it 'lightens';*



*and he says that there are some words he is going to perform which he knows will be startling, but laughs about it....*

Lastly, I'll be leaving with relatives a few days hence for a week's trip, and yesterday pondered how many cigarettes to pack, wondering how and where I might unobtrusively have one now and then. The important association was the *distinctly-felt mind-body reaction* felt in the dream at thought of a protracted period without smoking 'freedom.' I ever am aware of smoking's connection with the Writer's ego-control, and of how no serious study seems to be given to 'Self'-sustaining psychobiophysiological spurs of habituation, an article about that included in *Leftovers of a Written Life*.

*I am going on an excursion with relatives. We have begun our journey and I discover that all I have is a tin of leaf tobacco, not even rolling papers. I feel a peculiar, sharp pang in my midsection. The thought of being without smoking for the full duration causes me to almost utter a cry. I say I need to go back to the bathroom and, mercifully, the others happen on some small cause for a brief return, thus accommodating me....*

*("Simplistic, wouldn't you say?" I consciously imagine 'all-forgiver' Heard remarking to Reich and receiving a grumbled acknowledgement, with Freud and Jung [having shared before their split "Behaviorism's" cellular conception-- before Philosophy's condescending to allow Psychology [minimally!] to become Science-- exchanging nodding smiles ....)*

#### **4/4/2012**

A fleeting dream upon awakening left me with recall from my public servant days when I led an employees' union, and an administrator called me a "bleeding heart." Naturally, this morning I had to look up the term, the following information mixed from the Internet (*so beware! The very Internet itself makes one think it holds naught but believable facts*)....

*Bleeding Heart*--an extremely softhearted person who feels compassion or pity towards all people, including those who [*in others' estimation, must be added*] may not deserve sympathy. The term--first appearing in the Old English Dictionary in 1958--seems to have been popularized in America in the 1900's, possibly in the '30's with reference to liberals: some persons believed government and private charities ought to do more to help relieve the sufferings of sick, homeless, and unemployed; and those that disagreed began calling them "bleeding hearts."

Now I would agree with the alternate given possibility that the term did originate in a figuratively religious sense (*cf.* the "Knights of Bleeding Heart" Middle-Ages order, instituted in honor of the Virgin Mary); and I have a sharp childhood memory of a painting of Jesus with his heart bleeding. But very interesting is the posted comment, "actually the phrase comes from Shakespeare's *Richard III* 4.4--a pair of bleeding hearts."

#### **4/11/2012**

I've collected much Wilhelm Reich-related data the past 35-plus years, together with an equal amount of personal research, experiences, and dream records. They are not occasional pages in "The Last Stack;" the Reich material occupies a prodigious, unused file of its own. Several books about Reich have been written, some by persons who knew and worked with him; and truly there should be no need for another. Yet often I've wished to write one most worthy of his life. Finding his work in the late 1970's (as detailed in the 'hidden' *Journey*) joined with Yoga as lifesaver for me. It afforded a reasonable explanation for facets of my *material* nature that popular theorizing did not supply, allowing a psychical door open to a fierce need to self-explain a cosmology with and within which I reasonably, logically could exist.

Dr. Reich's *Last Will and Testament* (signed March 12, 1957; four days before his imprisonment in the United States) created the "Wilhelm Reich Infant Trust." It directed that the site of his Maine laboratory and home (Organon) be operated and maintained under the name and style of The Wilhelm Reich Museum. Dr. Reich assigned two primary functions to the Trust: to work toward the well-being of infants everywhere, and to protect the prodigious archives of his life's work. All of Dr. Reich's publications, burned by our then-government, began to be re-issued in the 1970's. Since then, a relatively small but devoted army of professionals and volunteers have labored to further his efforts, and to disseminate knowledge of his experiments and findings relative to biological and mental health.

I'll save the Reich files; I'll tuck them away with *Journey*. That is, after all, where they belong-- in a clearer-headed Collective Future. But I think Reich would have been very interested in Jerry Tennant, MD, MD(H), DNM, who cured himself of encephalitis and a invaliding bleeding disorder, based on the theory that chronic disease always is with "loss of voltage." (While Dr. Tennant was doing major research on a laser for LASIK surgery, a virus released by a cornea invaded his brain through his nose.) The following (from a Wikipedia article on the subject) is of special interest on the physics "vortex" side:

Electrons forming a current always move in a vortex, not in the flat sine wave; the frequency of a current being the distance between each revolution of the vortex of energy. Frequency is measured in Hertz, one Hz is one revolution per second; 100 Hertz, 100 revolutions per second, etc. Thinking of voltage as the power or amplitude of a vortex of energy, frequency is how many revolutions or oscillations the energy makes per second.

Adult cells/bodies are designed to run at about -20 millivolts (pH 7.36); children, young adults, and athletes, closer to -30 mV. Problems occur when the voltage drops below the normal operating range. A cell needing to heal must get to -50 mV for enough voltage to heal, returning afterward to the normal range. At -15 mV, one is tired; at -10 mV, sick; at -5 mV, things quit working.

To correct chronic disease, enough electrons must be inserted to push cells back up to the healing voltage of -50mV. One also must have enough raw nutrient materials to make new cells. Nutrition without voltage does not work; voltage without nutrition does not work; one must have both!

**5/1/2012**

*Sonoma Index Tribune*, "Silencing the nuns is a local concern."

"On April 18 the Vatican announced its takeover of the Leadership Conference of Women Religious (LCWR), a 50-year-old organization established to support and coordinate myriad religious communities serving the U.S." "If the Vatican makes good on this threat, it has virtually drawn the line in the sand." "How will the nuns respond? Whatever they do will directly impact all Catholic women...." "The Vatican faulted the LCWR...for lacking sufficient outrage over the issues of abortion, contraception, ordination of women, and gay marriage ... and may lead to a split in the church."

**7/29/2012**

*San Francisco Chronicle*, "Nuns weigh response to Vatican critique of loyalty."

U. S. nuns were assembling in St. Louis "for a pivotal meeting...to decide how to respond to a scathing critique of their doctrinal loyalty issued...by the Vatican...weighting whether to cooperate with the three bishops appointed ...to an overhaul of their organization, the Leadership Conference of Women Religious," representing 80 percent of Women's Catholic religious orders in the U.S., "considering at least six options that range from submission ...to forming a new organization independent of Vatican control..." "At issue are questions of obedience and autonomy, what it means to be a faithful Catholic and different understandings of the Second Vatican Council." "Most of [the nuns] have spent their lives serving the sick, the poor, children and immigrants..." "The Leadership Conference

has not taken a stand in favor of the ordination of women or the acceptance of gay relationships, but it has discussed such topics at its meetings.”

### **11/11/2012**

*San Francisco Chronicle*, “Gay marriage victories toughen Vatican’s opposition.”

“In a front-page article in Saturday’s Vatican newspaper, *L’Observatore Romano*, the Holy See sought to frame itself as the lone-voice...opposing initiatives to give same-sex couples legal recognition.” “...[P]ope’s spokesman asked sarcastically why same-sex marriage proponents don’t now push for legal recognition of polygamous couples as well.” This came after three U.S. states, Maine, Maryland and Washington, approved same-sex marriage by popular vote....” “Spain upheld its same-sex marriage laws, and France pushed ahead with legislation....”

### **11/12/2012**

*In my first life I had a cat;  
my mother gave it away.  
In my second life I had a holly tree  
but was forced to leave it one day.  
In my third life I had a castle  
my stay there was very brief;  
although the ground already had been broken  
where I had thought to farm away grief.  
My fifth life I had a persimmon tree  
and a pomegranate nearby;  
’twas not very long I was taken from there  
but still I did not cry.  
My sixth life was out in the country  
where pheasants strolled the field.  
There, content, I would have remained  
But fortune failed to yield.  
In my sixth life I perfected my garden;  
four oak trees grace its sky.  
I’ve painted a portrait of it;  
I’m sure I’ll need it bye and bye.  
For now has begun my eighth life:  
alone, but I’ve regained a cat.  
There isn’t much more left to say  
’cept for eulogies, and all of that....*

### **11/14/2012**

All those years rapidly typing others’ words, editing as I went; then the years of pages of research— did not make for ease of *recreational* reading when, major writing production achieved, there was time again for leisure reading. Editing-typing in wage employments, Mind had to follow content but not into memory; and it has taken years, literally, to pass the point of frequently needing to reread paragraphs for content. The second handicap to leisure reading--Writer’s natural editorial bent--continues to this day. We’ll be reading along an entertaining piece, hit a sentence which ‘she’ cannot accept, and halt!--whole-Self unable to continue until ‘she’ revises it to her liking. (One example occurred only yesterday, while reading Hawthorne short story, “Dr. Heidegger’s Experiment.” Imagine!--what nerve!--editing Hawthorne; actually, on the very page of a library book!

*(Look: the sentence as written ran, "On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate work," changed to: "On the summer afternoon of our tale, there stood in the centre of the room a small round table, as black as ebony, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate work."*

*Was it not so? It was not the centre of the room that sustained the vase....)*

**11/19/2012**

Before fantasizing the next great book of its era (which era some individual minds are strong enough to apprehend as commencement of a Global Age of Womanhood), I need to write down somewhere--in the shopping list by the refrigerator--*fireplace matches....* 5:30 a.m. on day two into this day three of this one's 77<sup>th</sup> year of capture within flesh; up at daybreak into a perfectly ordered living room/study in female-Sherlock habitat (not a Watson in the vicinity but a companion cat, who might appear to value my presence but I know does, more, simply peaceful solitude in warmed safety, as Fall sheds its dampness beyond the half-draped windows....)

But the business of this life isn't done; nor is need to maintain a respectable public presence that steadily demands more of morning's time. Unlike Sherlock, I can't switch a smoking jacket for a coat and rush out to adventure in a steed-driven carriage. I need to bring the current transportation vehicle for its winterization, and wonder whether mechanic William will be able to drive me back up the hill, having done whatever I did do to injure my right knee this past week. The 77-year-old brain, coming to reflect about living persons with whom it over time identified, all that come to mind (with the exceptions of Emily Dickinson) immediately are male.

Reflection this morning was occasioned by sudden, unbidden recollection of *(of all people!)* Robert Benchley! It's been easy to reason identifications with Sherlock, Donne, Eliot, Wimsey, Napoleon Bonaparte, Stevenson, Poe and a host of others real and fictional; but recalling Benchley, to whom I can recall never giving conscious thought, was a topper. I wonder: *was he recalled because yesterday we bought a cigarette holder used first time for this morning's nicotine? And not clasped the mouthpiece between front teeth? Sounds reasonable; surely we saw at least one such picture of Benchley. But the more interesting query invoked was, is it possible to be simply and purely "gay" only psychically?*

Now *there* is a question for Brain--"possibly probable?" Even if I strongly identified with Madame Curie, it must be acknowledged that she exhibited qualities once marked as male. Thus, one answer producible in this Mind/Body subject is a one-gender-totality of consciousness married with another-gender-totality of materiality, Writer-Self constituting a third anonymous entity off which 'the Muse' reflects? So, might we leap over all the personal symbolisms to which we humans find need to cling from Our Beginning, in darkneses beyond imagination, to This Age: a beginning of another epoch of our appearance on what we have named a "planet," toward an era of full civilization?

Romantic the not-so-long-ago alchemists' attempts to nail that "third," which for them constituted the ultimate union of 'the opposites.' Now what has evolved, while we were unable to look (witness the atrocity done Oscar Wilde among too many others), is a forced view through a Collective Consciousness being lifted (*how strange, always against our will it seems, explaining the need to believe it is 'God's?')* to a new comprehension: that consciousness born into a human being on Earth *per se* is genderless; that, through impositions through Mind, it develops exhibited 'Identity'. (*Of course Writer-Mind identified with more male writers than female!-- but not their sex life; their living: what they did and where and how they lived when they did it; while the woman-indoctrinated Domestic-Mind's identification was the result of culture based on form, despite Muse's insistence that "Love" in Psyche always is agape. Yet it feels the 'Me' of me has not captured yet all that The Muse wants.*

"Love" being basic to the mix, one would need to conclude (?) that Mind does control Body (*that, ultimately, Mind determines whether a person of one gender seeks sexual activity with one of the same? And...if that were so...then the Love-Mind nonetheless indeed would feel agape?*) After all of that, Muse persists suggesting to us again, isn't it obvious?--after all the writing about split personae it is

so damn simple? *Of course* writer-Mind identified with more male writers than female--their living (not sex life); what they did and where and how they lived when they did it, while woman-indoctrinated Domestic-Mind identified with the result of culture based on form/body.

Been gone awhile from these thoughts but here come across a note on an envelope back, words apparently believed worth noting: "What I want to mention in the end, however, is *adaptation....*" And I recall I was given to think, "*Competition*"-Darwin and "*Cooperation*"-Montagu combining to admit "*Adaptation*"-Ericson. Erik Erikson's description of the stages of *psychosocial development* throughout the human lifespan is summarized in the following chart (from Wikipedia):

| Basic Conflict                             | Important Events     | Period/Outcome   |
|--|----------------------|--|
| <b><u>Trust vs. Mistrust</u></b>           | Feeding              | <b>Children</b> develop a sense of trust when caregivers provide reliability, care, and affection; lack of this leads to mistrust.   |
| <b><u>Autonomy vs. Shame and Doubt</u></b> | Toilet Training      | <b>Children</b> need to develop a sense of personal control over physical skills and sense of independence. Success results in feelings of autonomy; failure, in feelings of shame and doubt.  |
| <b><u>Initiative vs. Guilt</u></b>         | Exploration          | <b>Children</b> need to begin asserting control and power over the environment. Success in this stage leads to a sense of purpose. Children who try to exert too much power experience disapproval, resulting in a sense of guilt.   |
| <b><u>Industry vs. Inferiority</u></b>     | School               | <b>Children</b> need to cope with new social and academic demands. Success leads to a sense of competence, while failure results in feelings of inferiority.   |
| <b><u>Identity vs. Role Confusion</u></b>  | Social Relationships | <b>Teens</b> need to develop sense of self and personal identity. Success leads to ability to stay true to oneself; failure leads to role confusion and weak sense of self.  |
| <b><u>Intimacy vs. Isolation</u></b>       | Relationships        | <b>Young adults</b> need to form intimate, loving relationships with others. Success leads to strong relationships, while failure results in loneliness and isolation.   |
| <b><u>Generativity vs. Stagnation</u></b>  | Work and Parenthood  | <b>Adults</b> need to create or nurture things that will outlast them, often by having children or creating a positive change that benefits other people. Success leads to feelings of usefulness and accomplishment, while failure results in shallow involvement in the world. |
| <b><u>Ego Integrity vs. Despair</u></b>    | Reflection on Life   | <b>Older adults</b> need to look back on life and feel a sense of fulfillment. Success at this stage leads to feelings of wisdom, while failure results in regret, bitterness, despair.  |

11/23/2012

JC once remarked that Aristotle said a person can't know how he or she will feel about his or her entire life until at its' very end. *If so*, there would exist possibilities which, regardless travail endured, still in the end could combine divinely? And Jung *in toto* believed the fundamental determiner would be answer to the question, *had one been recognized and loved?* That combination makes me crave a cigarette and I know why: *both* loved and recognized the Domestic *has* been and is; but, the Writer? Ah, the Writer externally has been fed only by occasional *synchronicity* and, *regardless* synchronicity's

why and wherefores, it has appeared to exist. All Writer needed do was accept it as pragmatically produced.

I happen to be sitting in late morning sun, looking out over the garden, and taking a couple of small hits off a maryjane butt that synchronistically came my way this week. Sophie is curled up on the blue mat in front of the washer and dryer, and 'God' in His/Its/Her 'heaven,' when—*Abdicate!*

Abdicate??

The word slithered (I do allow!) off Psyche's tongue....

(*Queens have abdicated....*)

Okay. But what can the word mean to *me*?

(*Like a revered yogic sage once said: keep yourself to yourself. All you need to do is eat, sleep, and shit....*)

Now, I don't have the 15-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* (everyone ought to read *The Professor and the Madman!*); but what did my *Webster* say. Immediately I went to look, and found: *From the Latin-- abdicare; to proclaim, to relinquish....*

(*Time to abdicate the Domestic' self?*)

## 11/24/2012

(*An understanding came to us this morning: we comprehended our Shadow within our shadow.*)

My eyes saw Body's shadow cast upon the ground by the rising sun, exactly like I once had photographed it with the shadow of JC's and my Bruno beside me. Supposedly I was the same person, but this morning the cat definitely was not. This cat shadow was Sophie's (orphaned with my sister-in-law's death last September); but the shadow just as well could have been Bruno's, while *my* sun shadow today was no different from an earlier photo with Bruno: outline of hair and form the same; Time's facial and frontal changes unseeable....

I had studied Jung's "Shadow" or "Shadow Aspect," along with his (and others') psychology in general. I had considered that female entities encountered in dreams possibly could be shadowy influences on acceptance of true self-characteristics, in the difficult process of "individuation." And I recalled that both positive and negative aspects could hide in one's "Shadow," and that it could overwhelm a consciousness paralyzed by indecision--the goal being assimilation and unification of Shadow and Ego, which Jung saw as a continuous process in life.

This morning's shadow event focused consciousness on three things. The first was the *positive*—Jung's theory that the "Shadow" was a seat of creativity; the second, the *negative*—a potential pit of low self-esteem; both of which I definitely knew apparent in my psyche. *Creativity* had been evidenced; *low self esteem* was the depth of the un-creditation in which would-be-self floundered, lacking courage to move expression into the real world. The third, most meaningful to me, was *perception* of a persistent theme of my thinking: how the 'ethereal' nature of Self is invisible and separate from material appearance.

(*'Synchronistically,' this February 2013 day of transcription, we saw the following "Pet Fact of the Week" in the weekly Sonoma Sun: "A cat's brain is biologically more similar to a human brain than it is to a dog's. Both humans and cats have identical regions in their brains that are responsible for emotions." Once the good of a concept is captured, back with the old peripheral circumstances extant, the trick is skip whys and wherefores and extract pleasure from the near....*)

## 12/9/2012

Some weeks now "the I" has found itself crying as never has it: thoughts—past, present, and potential futures—crashing against each other helter-skelter, accompanied by overriding fear. 'We' have been wading it seems, into the muck of Ericson's decade of "Integrity vs. Despair." It was time to stop it!

*There were three of us women, one only vaguely present while “I” dealt with the third. “I” knew what there was to be done; she seemed unable quite to grasp it while “I” was determined not to be bothered by her unwitting intrusiveness....*

The waking result was a line: *“The end, I fervently hope, of the Season of Acceptances.”*

*All right!* The “I” is not going to become recognized in its lifetime as The Author it had thought possible. The “I” has entered its last stage of Life, never again able to self-perceive and feel itself as once it did. The “I” is going to die. But this *Mind* somehow feels now—is able to believe—that the “Age of Human Impediments” too shall end; the phoenix of Intelligence awakening to spread itself once more, this time not as anciently from mountain valley to mountain valley, or from mountains to shores and across the wide waters; *this* time, from mind to mind around the globe...

Indeed I have much hostile thought on more than one subject of collective ignorance, *por exemplo*, the Papacy’s attempted infringement on female strengths in its domain—  
*(Seems that we yet have not finished separation of ‘church’ and ‘state’ even in the West. Come on, folks! Read your Bible! If you did, deeply, you would know that after Azubah died Caleb took Ephratah to wife and they had Hur, (“Father of Bethlehem,” and that Joshua confirmed Moses’ promise that Hebron and its precincts would belong to Caleb’s descendants “unto perpetuity”—from all of which perhaps might be gleaned understanding of Arafat’s obstinacy about his ethnicity’s God-given rights? But how many times have I parroted that?))*

### **Sometime this Spring...**

Struck repeatedly by virtue of research of how armies become formed, a line written by Alexander McCall Smith sums it up: “Poverty and limited options are powerful recruiting sergeants.” Second, disbelief of the nature of communications growingly extant in our society prompted me to look up *civility* in all its forms:

*Civil:* Of or relating to citizens/state/civil law and citizen rights; courteous.

*Civility:* Act or expression of politeness and courtesy.

*Civilization:* Relatively high level of cultural and technological development, specifically the state where writing and keeping written records is attained; refinement of thought and manners.

*(Courtesy, politeness, refined thought and manners?—oh where hast ye gone?)*

I believe it was Oscar Wilde who said that the person who doesn’t know history can’t know his or her own time. Contrary to surface political appearances, History is lived from the people up. Whether they exist under royalty, tyranny, dictatorship, or republic, its success is determined by the condition of the masses it represents....

\* \* \*

A note surfaces from the draftings of *Delilah*:

*During Joshua-led continued post-Exodus advance (cf. Judges), the clan of Issachar supported general Barak for Zebulon’s Deborah in overthrowing King Jabin’s Hazor forces, commanded by one Sisera. But it was the woman Jael—after tempting her way into Sisera’s tent—who when he was passed out drunk hammered a tent pin through his temple....*

Next in the last stack I find shorthand notes that recall Writer’s considering a *Delilah* sequel, in which “John” and “Dee” happily lived on together, in their own little remote collected—consciousness abode:

*“At that moment it occurred to him that his hands had been the smartest part of him. Not that John believed hands had a mind of their own; but the thought unleashed a mental moving picture of all that his had touched, held, and worked—Life created!...and little of it left in Time to be....*

*"He pushed himself up gingerly from the living room chair, hoping that the slipped vertebrae would stay in a pain-free position. But by the third step a sharp pain from lower back struck down his left leg. Despite lifting his torso as high as he could, he almost tripped on the three stairs down to the back garden, the left foot's numbness failing solid contact with the pavement.*

*"The garden had reached its peak that spring. He carefully settled himself in one of two cushioned chairs facing its flower bed, where varied plants adorned with blossoms of lavender, white and pink showed all contentment in their well-established plot. Sculpted bushes surrounded a small patch of vibrant green lawn, while sun through the tall oak sent wavering slants of light into the ivy border below.*

*"Fifteen years, he thought....*

*"Fifteen years since they had come to live together in the modest home, and begun to dress its flat dirt surrounds—*

*"Fifteen years.... Now he was alone, and she had missed Spring....*

*(Can Woman change the history of Man?--we have queried. No! But...perhaps? Oly She can change His future? )*

\* \* \*

*The "First World Proposition:" A straw vote of all female Earth citizens irrespective residence, whether bombs of every kind are to be outlawed around the globe, premised upon a union of secular and sectarian principles—*

Well, so much for big ideas this a.m., when one is better off to look up pages noted in an 1887 book of Poe's poems ("The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe," Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York , "with two memoirs"): Page 108, "Poetic Principle"--"A long poem," Poe said, "is simply a flat contradiction in terms." Page 264, "Spirit of the Dead"--did everything need to be sad, for Poe? (Yet "Alone," the last, does hint at Joy's possible perception?)

No denying dawn of a new age in the Readable World of Humankind, with the inestimable number of works spawned through e-book publishing as independent writers take to the electromagnetic web. Print warehouses and accounting?--replaced by electronic distribution companies and PayPal (each taking its cut before money reaches the writer, and less than print sales because e-books sell for less), against the million-to-one chance an e-book will be perceived a big money-maker and picked up for print. And forget that futile occupation of searching on-Line for an agent.

However, as to e-books, *how* from the welter of offerings does a particular work's warranted audience *find* it? Without promotion by an established publishing house, the solitary writer/publisher needs turn to work at full-time social networking: hours of hopeful tweeting and twittering--anathema to the writer--leaving little or no time for creating readable (it no longer can be said, "written"?) language--*History's mother...*

**12/10/2012**

What it was like, you see, was I like all my childhood friends understood that one had to have money *in-hand* if one was going to *spend*. I knew as soon as I was 'world-conscious' that the grocer (good man) would give Dad credit if it came to not eating; and we had relatives who cared enough to take us in when worse came to totally insupportable. Let the truth be bold: the degree to which in-born Consciousness grows to manifest empathy with human sufferings depends on a mentality determined by all to which *it* has been and is subjected and/or exposed.

The capacity for Empathy (Private Unconsciousness's emotive contents united with Mentality) can range from none (taking unfair advantage of another's livelihood) to *true* "biblical" (literally giving



another the clothing off one's own back). Psychological modeling of a human's moral empathetic identification with other of his or her specie invites 'concrete visualization,' so to speak (a term from 'eastern' philosophy): how protracted dreadful youthful experiences can erase possibility of empathy's inhibition of 'retaliatory' taking of other life. Recent scientific experiments have demonstrated that we learn through what can be called 'Mind Mimicry': that, when we watch something, Mind at some level actually imagines Self doing or receiving what is observed; and the degree of body/mind identification depends on the disposition particular to the observer toward the perceived action(s).

So, back to money and the less or more that it can mean. At the outset here I aimed only to capture the imposition of frugality on my psyche, only recently "concretely" recognizing its degree and persisting reins on self-indulgence --all because of what was seen, heard, and experienced in early childhood development....

*(Would that mean, then, that one can be empathetic fully with the less advantaged only if he or she, him or herself had endured poor experiences? In the end, however, 'we' are left as always without a science that proves how personalities are shaped.)*

**1/2/2013 memory: September 1973** (JC's and my first journey through Mexico...)

By the time we reached Coba's high temple no part of me wasn't wet by sweat. My legs, weary from climbs at Chichenitza and Palenque, refused to go further than the temple base. We were alone at the site; and JC began the climb I sat at the bottom corner, face buried in the droop of gauze skirt between open knees.

Then I heard a sound...a *cluck*...followed by another; soon, a chorus. I lifted my head and saw a flock of wild turkeys approaching ominously. When the head guy reached about four feet from me, I edged around the cornice at the bottom wall and up the first two steps. The turkeys, however, continued their agitated advance. I edged my fanny up another two steps; soon I was up eight, then ten. Finally, the turkeys seemingly disinclined to climb I was left to look around.

Even from that low vantage point the surrounding scene was hypnotizing. I felt strengthened and began purposely to make my way to the top. There, I became starkly aware of standing on *rocks*--rocks stacked at center-bottom of a vast bowl filled to its horizon brim with black-green jungle. *Of course!* I thought. Born in that jungle beneath a seamless canopy of high growth, *I, too*, would want to stack rocks to stand upon and see what might lie beyond, to say nothing of the a night's full sky!

It was about an hour before sunset, and in the far distance the sun's rays were piercing through light, white clouds beneath which individual brightly-striking rays were perceivable. I had seen a similar distant sight on the road to Palenque, except then the clouds through which the sun rays struck were black and beneath *them* it was raining. The comparison would stay with me and eventually, with *CBL*, would believe I knew why.

I remember, too, during my mid-east trip in 2000, 'John' of Wadi Musa, as we stood on the ridge above Petra--his hotel down to the right; while beyond from left was the Petra 'desert' (if such properly be called, which makes one think of stretches of nothing but flat sands, not a rock puzzle of cliffs and deep clefts). "I can get money out of a stone," he said, "I can." He was so miserable: the eldest son of a widowed mother; five sisters; and hapless captive in the inescapable male role in a hidden imperceivable but ultimately matriarchal culture....

*(But what she should have been doing this morning was writing an article starting immediately 'we' were up, instead taking a bath, shampooing hair, cutting toenails, cleaning teeth and mouth, etc., because of a 10 a.m. doctor appointment. The article she should have written was about being this age, and what it takes, and what 'we' are trying to do to get the most out of at least one more year--'god' dammit!)*

**1/6/2013**

Three things I have wanted to do: 1) visit Cyrus the Great's Persia (*alas, that seems permanently out of the question?*); 2) tour the Mid-East (*accomplished in 2000*); and (3) spend a day and night in the Dashiell Hammett room at San Francisco's Hotel Union Square....

*(So It happened physicist Leonard Susskind was scheduled to speak before the Commonwealth Club in S.F.--an ideal time for that stay in the Hammett room! So we spent \$500, reserved the room, and hired a taxi to take us to S.F. and back--a major personal expense, only to discover on arrival that she had the date of the talk wrong!)*

Well, it mattered not one whit to me! Did I really need to hear about 'string theory'? And--besides the mistake providing perfect excuse to complete desire three--it seemed that "posterity" was there to confront. At the desk in the fifth-floor room's corner--pen in hand; reflected in an oval mirror between two narrow cathedral windows--I overlooked the street and sidewalks below, feeling stories not being written but lived, by the jostling throng below and up behind windows of a 40-floor apartment building in the facing block....

*Posterity's worthless* I thought; no way can it make up for an incomplete *personal* life. Although I had striven to maintain family my prime focus, here I was made to admit how to a certain extent the thought of posterity *had* given fuel to writing. (*A little last sigh of the Ego?*) Perhaps; but it was good to have come, and to have had it happen there....

What are the possibilities of "Life after Death?" I question *again*: Is consciousness *per se* unidentifiedly distributed and reusable in the "cosmos," captured arbitrarily in perpetuated human beings, whose identities altogether cease to exist after death? Or, as one school believes, do a fixed number of 'permanent' consciousnesses exist, reborn repeatedly in differing forms (possibly *choosing* successive incarnations)? Or, as a larger school believes, is every individual born with, to retain one eternally unique identity which, after body's demise, proceeds to ethereal eternal existence of variously conceived types (here being, also, a sub-sub-school believing only a fixed, chosen number)?

Tenable in the cosmologically-'closed' system I envision is that individual potentials of 'consciousness' *are* indestructible and re-used, as energetically is, all matter. Most plausible to me is, there exists a 'conscious entity' of 'me' which--while aware only of present existence within current body--previously has and subsequently will inhabit other bodies. That in the catacombs of my current short conscious history is an aeonic collection of memories of life, laughter and tears of one, cosmologically repetitive and anonymous 'self'.

**2/2/2013**

*('I am stifled by her need to re-invent self. She thinks of George Sand; wonders whether she could summon the same courage--)*

It's the hair...*the hair*: nothing left of its original chestnut quantity and substance--grey, wispy, unflattering in the extreme. Together with physical changes, a chasm has opened before everyday reality, across which self must force itself to try to feel not as one once was, but naturally comfortable as one *is*. And what about all *your* day-dreamings? Oh, on the surface *you* sidestepped them; but they were there: imagined recognition; *tangibly* worthy effects of the written labor that took so much sacrifice and struggle!

*(It's true. For some time both of 'us' have been hard-pressed to capture succinctly the difference, between our shared mental life on this approach [given incontrovertible statistics] to the 'Portal of Death', compared to that of our prior conscious awareness. At five a.m. today after sound sleep I awoke with the words, "open-endedness." Yes! That is what it used to be like!--unconscious expectation of Future, the underpinning of all conscious actions, wherein work would win the day--)*

But that very work, ingesting and spewing out millennia of Earthlings' suffering childhoods, has reduced remaining time to scarcely the blink of an eye! And still there remain notes and research to use or destroy—

(Yes; but servants of distraction from “closed-endedness: something for mind and hands to do. What’s next on the last stack?)

Hittites—

(Hittites??)

Yes, Hittites. Remember the part in the above *Introduction* about Alawites and Sunnis on opposite sides of the Orontes River? Might there be remnants there, of the endless streams of people in world’s history?

The “Hittite” kingdom lasted roughly from 1680 b.c. to 1180 b.c., gradually disintegrating into several independent city-states, some lasting until around 700 b.c.—

(We know, we know: “modernly” it’s supposed to be “b.c.e”—“before Christian era;” not, “before Christ;” but why bother?)

By 1525 b.c. the Hittite kingdom commanded most of the territory between ancient Mesopotamia(/Iraq), Egypt, and the Mediterranean Sea, and included central Anatolia, north-west Syria down to Ugarit, and Mesopotamia down to Babylon. Its capital, Hattushah, was situated in north-central Turkey through most of the second millennium b.c. It appears that the Hittite core region initially was called “Hatti,” Hittites being distinguished from peoples earlier inhabiting the same region, with a non-Indo-European language referred to as “Hattic.”

Reportedly famous for building skills and use of chariots, some scholars consider Hittites the first civilization of the Iron Age. More recently, Hittites have been referenced “Hethites,” for peoples called “children of *Heth*” mentioned several times in the *Old Testament*. Identifying them as the same people, however, apparently remains disputed.

Around the 13<sup>th</sup> century b.c. Hittites faced formidable threat by Ramesis II of Egypt, who began conquest of Hittite Syria-region territory. A major battle was met at the strategic territorial mid-point of Kadesh, where of archaeology-uncovered tablets was a peace treaty with Egypt that followed the battle. But then Assyrians were on the rise, too; and, by around 1200 b.c. the Hittite empire was just about gone, its peoples migrating south and east.

So much for this “note,” some of which if I recall correctly came from *Wikipedia*; but it provoked my looking into *History* for *children of Heth*:

“[Noah-Ham-] Canaan fathered...Heth...;” “Your mother was a Hittite and your grandfather an Amorite,” claimed *Ezekiel* 16:3 of Jerusalem.

If “Hittite” and “Hethite” are interchangeable, Esau wives Basemath and Adah might have been daughters of Heth via Elon.

It was about 1935 b.c. that Terah, along with son and daughter (by different mothers) Sarah and Abraham, left Ur bound for relatives in Aram; and it was sometime after 1744 b.c. that Jacob and his household emigrated to Canaan. Of ethnic groups neighboring Israeli tribes, prior to crystallization of the Davidic monarchy, were Hittites in Hebron; David had Hittites in his army; and the labor force of Solomon (who had Hittite wives) included “all the people left of the...Hittites;” *Kings* 9:20ff.

Some believe that the “Hamathites” (“fathered by Canaanites”) were of Hittite origin: “Hamath,” another early kingdom in ‘Syria’ territory, was centered in vicinity of the Orontes River, some 120-175 miles north of Damascus (present-day Hama) and anciently seemingly adjacent to “Aram Zobah.” Moses in his day had reconnoitered as far as “the gate [south boundary] of Hamath”—  
(But pray tell what all such (verified or unverified) facts can mean, today?)

**2/3/2013**

Here’s a sheet from the last stack I never would have remembered: *Doggerland*! To summarize, that is the name archaeologists and geologists gave to a North Sea southern landmass which, until about 6,500 b.c., connected Great Britain to mainland Europe, from Britain’s east coast across to Netherlands and western coasts of Germany and Denmark, but gradually lost to ice-age-rising sea levels.

This daybreak, however, initially was given to contemplating how Ericson's 'stages' reflected the East's withdrawals of the "veils of Maya," and accompanying (inexorable with aging) starker psychical awareness. There is little western talk yet of that process, emphases being on maintaining youthfulness —

*(I hate those advertisements, and pity the "baby boomers," forced to deal with Reality in ways former generations needed not. I'd rather you proceeded with that next sheet--the etymology of the word, "God.")*

Wikipedia tells that the exact history of the word is unknown; that it is a relatively new European invention never used in ancient Judaeo-Christian scripture manuscripts, which were written in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek, or Latin. Wiki goes on to report that the earliest written form of the Germanic word, *God*, comes the Christian *Codex Argenteus* of the 6<sup>th</sup> century a.d. (*anno domini*=year of Christ; modern use advancing c.e.=Christian era)--the English word being derived from Proto-Germanic *gudan*. "Most linguists agree" that the reconstructed Proto-Indo-European form *ghu-to-m* was based on the root *ghau*, meaning either "to call" or "to invoke," with the Germanic versions originally applying to both genders; but during the Christianization of Germanic peoples from indigenous paganism, the word became a masculine syntactic form.

However (per Wiki), "according to the best efforts of linguists and researchers, the root of the present word *God* is the Sanskrit word *hu*, which means [again] *to call upon, invoke, implore*. Yet also of interest is the similarity to the ancient Persian word for *God*—*Khoda*" [per the *Catholic Encyclopedia* etymology: root-meaning, from Gothic root *gheu*; Sanskrit *hub* or *emu* (to invoke or to sacrifice to), the word denoting either "the one involved" or "the one sacrificed to;" German *Gott*; akin to Persian *Khoda* and Hindu *Khooda*]. For you of further interest, check out the *Oxford English Dictionary's* extensive dissertation!

*(Of specific interest to me is, how a term originally denoting an anonymous source--upon which one could call or invoke for assistance-- turned into a personified entity; something to do with the desire to denote a clearer path to Life-after-Death? While the word, God, contains a host of concepts globally, for me it equates only with a human state describable as blissful. She not, but I may live again, to see that day when 'my brother', that died such a horrible death and was dealt ignominious 'deification', will have returned to him the honors due him for his acts as a man in his own time.)*

**3/9/2013**

How can Mind make happy thoughts when there are other minds by horrors of living daily fraught? Seventy-seven, and still looking for answers! Today is the Vernal equinox and the rain came finally overnight. I had been awaiting it two weeks, giving credence to its imminence by voices that now inform us everything over not only wires but web threads—

*(But no deeper—thanks to 'God'!-- can the UM be plumbed. Search as ye shall, Physics of Science! Nail a "Higgs Boson" to tie up all forces! But that to which is given theoretical name is but nothing yet everything. What good to us, 'we The People,' of a description nicely sewn-up merely not to step on the toes of Present Theory? Meanwhile our minds are bent to self-imposed disciplines necessary to sustenance of Life.)*

As I was 'saying, forecasts of rain had come and gone without any for two weeks—first predicted for last Tuesday, then for this Monday; neither time did it come and no correction mentioned that I heard. Seems that the current sheer volume of communication is an impediment to actuality--  
*(Look! Out the front window there!--that old woman, gauze over her mouth against the early morning dampness, rummaging for deposit bottles in the curbside recycle bin--)*

Catching sight of me at the window she signaled whether I minded. I smiled and gently shook my head. But none of this is what hands thought to write this morning, no longer keen to record their alter-dictator's thoughts. End of drive!--time for cleric to put a period on the last stack.  
*(Okay; but don't expect tangential associations altogether not to happen up here....)*

I don't blame doctors, or chemists, or druggists, or even illegally profit-making providers for my not being able to have my self-prescribed medicine, to help me walk the line toward extinction. I blame those my supposed co-citizens who, for purposes of maintaining a vote-getting public image continue to keep mouths shut about what they, too, know. It's okay, apparently, to allow legalization of alcohol—*(Have you seen the rows and rows of it on your local grocery stores?--)* ignoring the lives taken and maimed by it, so long as 'mature' persons can have their evening cocktail. But can I—an upstanding citizen, solid member of the national labor force (long-time servant at all levels of government), good parent and grandparent—have tetrahydracannabinol as my evening relaxer?

*(What a joke, huh! That which--better, less dangerous than alcohol; can ameliorate chronic pain, the aging human condition, and advent of death; and which [were Reason to reign]-- at the least should be governed equally with alcohol. But our stand on this matter, you'll recall, already appears in "Leftovers of a Written Life." As "the Bishop" in Delilah says, "make it easy on yourself." A soldier of one never gets anywhere, unless it's to martyrdom. Save your breath; I mean our hands. It's going to take a lot of ones and a long time—like it did, for same-gender love and marriage. ....)*

\* \* \*

### **3/19/2013 – Sonoma, CA Index-Tribune**

"...15 Catholic schools, part of the Diocese of Santa Rosa, all have received a 400-word 'morality' addendum to the contracts that their teachers and administrators (Catholic or not) must sign to continue to teach in the schools. ... This move...is highly controversial [as] The National Catholic Reporter has been reporting on the story: 'The (teacher) contracts now include an addendum requiring they agree they are 'a ministerial agent of the bishop' and that they reject 'modern errors' that 'gravely offend human dignity,' including 'but not limited to' contraception, abortion, same-sex marriage and euthanasia.' The signed letters were due back to the diocese March 15."

*(The request subsequently was retracted, but Wow!—the very attempt speaks a volume of where governing church opinion stands at present. To be against planned parenthood--a right of self-government, perfected through practical education!)*

And to label it (this word is hard for me even to type) a *sin* is almost an obscenity.  
(Amen.)

### **3/29/2013**

"Good" Friday –  
(should be called "Bad" Friday?)—

a.m. and, opposed to feeling sad, I feel quite the contrary, because of what last night's dream did for me--

*(we hope, lastingly!)....*

*In the first segment one of my daughters appeared in her childhood and was wanting something, to go somewhere I think. She was facing her father but from the back her hair identified her completely to me. I felt a pang, for it seemed she was not going to have what she wanted, which would have been fair and understandable....*

*In the second segment I received a telephone call from my other daughter. We began a pleasant conversation when, all of a sudden, she cried out something in fear. Some terrible thing seemed to have happened! I called her name several times but there was no response, only the sound of the open telephone wire. I kept calling with no response. I was terrified!*

I began to wake up. The feeling of the telephone still in my hand, I was talking into the night with a frightened voice dramatically helplessly telling what had occurred. Then, fully awake, the feeling of the

telephone left my hand and I lay there, the moon—full as it can be—shining through the window above my head, its bright light filling space....

I began to cry, crying as never have I before—horribly full crying, releasing love and fears for my children over and over in huge sobs. It seemed I could not stop. I arose, the crying persisting, wracking me as I paced the floor from room to room, self overcome by and giving-in totally to the combination of grieving awareness of all our helpless human vulnerabilities. Such continued some 15 minutes, before I was able to reassert myself; and once more I thought of age's withdrawal of the "veils of Maya" to that stark conscious knowledge of how much one wants for one's children; whether one done for them everything that one could; the terrible realization that they, too, must endure....

*(I always have hated "Lent," never a pleasant time overall; perhaps a cosmic thing: the strength of the energy redirected by the moon driving deep into consciousness? It did seem coincidental, the telephone call from a distant friend, received a bit later in the morning. He had had a dream the preceding night, he said, about a cat once had that had died--a cat had during the childhood of his daughter, with whom he continues to be estranged, all the more sadly now that he is agedly dysfunctional and alone. He confessed feeling guilty about the cat's death, that perhaps there had been more he might have known to do to prevent it. He finished by saying, finally, that he has been bothered of late about whether he had done enough for his daughter.)*

But I didn't mention my dream or parental catharsis; it would have been cruel. Because, *en fin*, with regard to my own children, I'm fortunate not to be burdened with related guilts. And I think I can say the same thing for the writings—

*(with one exception: Not yet has been recorded that conclusion about "separation of church and state." You know; the one about how once "Temple" was the government; then, "Church;" but no union yet of secular fundamentally civil laws and sectarian?)*

No; I won't be enticed into moral philosophy. I just remember my father's story; how when as a boy to church with his grandfather they sat in back, from where grandpa pointed out certain pious-appearing men in front rows and quietly detailed their true nefarious natures.

## **July 22, 2013**

*(Mary Magdalene's day, it happens to be; but she hadn't remembered that yet. 'She' was wandering through the house, forgetting intending to get a tape measure, to estimate how the biggest of two bedrooms vacated after JC died might be re-arranged, to accommodate her body's finishing out life--should (or when?) a room was needed for a 'caretaker'. That's where it's at for "preBs"/pre-Boomers--first generation to 'benefit' from Science's adding potentially another quarter-century of life....)*

Can't deny it: my experiences in that arena have confirmed, it isn't just not a matter of choice, as when 'the end' will be dictated--true every moment of existence. It's all the different potential *hows*, in this era—

*(So stop all that private sniveling about the persistent miseries of the collective human condition, and to get off your duff— period!)*

You know that, until this manuscript (if it be called that), I strove to keep 'the I' out of all that was written; that, if there was a thing worth making readable, it had to be stated scholarly or put into the mouth of a fictional character—the reason Alexander McCall Smith's stories about Mma Ramotswe have been so popular; her thoughts expressing feelings of every woman dedicated to living a noble life.

Yes, this "Last Stack" obviously is different, the persona caught between Muse and Hands largely unedited. But I would like to finish with another little 'synchronistic' tale that captures the admonition, *caveat scriptor*. "Let the Writer be beware," but not of what he or she creates; of how it can be wrested from its originator(s) by Time....

Several years ago my life orbit crossed that of one Avis Walsh, an elderly woman living near me. I had but one long, lovely visit with this mother of 12; and, during it, she revealed that her husband, William E. Walsh, PhD. had drafted material for Cardinal Cushing to use in his invocation at

the inauguration of John F. Kennedy as president. Mr. Walsh had supplied the line, "Ask not, what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country," which the Cardinal passed to Kennedy. "It doesn't matter if others know that Bill supplied the line," Avis wrote in a letter to me that I treasure. "The family knows."

Then, I see Chris Matthews just this month has a published book, *Jack Kennedy: Elusive Hero*, presenting new purported evidence that Kennedy had heard that language when he was a student in the '30s, in chapel exhortations by George St. John, headmaster of Choate School in Connecticut. Matthews, the review said, found typed chapel-speech notes of the headmaster, in which was quoted a Harvard College dean's refrain. "As has often been said, the youth who loves his Alma Mater will always ask, not 'what can she do for me?', but 'what can I do for her.'"

*(The synchronism attached to this tale is that only this week we bought three books at our favorite thrift store, one of which we only have begun reading: Volume II of More Stories to Remember [N.Y.: Garden City, Doubleday and Co., Inc. 1958]. On the inside cover is inscribed, "Dr. William E. Walsh"--long deceased. Did some of the Walsh library wind up at the "Church Mouse?" Avis' obituary was in the local paper a couple of weeks ago. We never will know if it was Avis' Bill--Cushing's William E. Walsh-- whose hand checked passages, including this: "In every life...a proficiency test: a time when one is put to the proof. One stands alone. One is what he or she is. One knows what one knows. One does what one can. And one has no source of strength outside him or herself." (Patton, Frances Gray, "Good Morning Miss Dove," page 6; quoted in present tense.)*

*(Bobby Kennedy acknowledged he used literary quotations in his speeches. However, many sources credit him with his famous line, "Some people see things as they are and say why? I dream things that never were and say, why not?"—a quoted version from Shaw's Back to Methuselah. But let's sew things up here—*

*(Talk about precedent-settings!)*

*San Francisco Chronicle*, March date 2013. Arizona: George Sanders, 86, was granted probation for the mercy killing of his 81-year-old wife, Virginia, love of his life since she was 15.

"Trembling," he told the judge, "I am sorry for all the grief and pain and sorrow I've caused people," his wife having "begged him to shoot her at their home in the retirement community of Sun City outside Phoenix." She had been diagnosed in 1969 with multiple sclerosis and in a wheelchair since 1971. Diagnosed with gangrene of the foot a few days before the shooting, to be admitted to surgery and then a nursing home, "It was just the last straw," Sanders said. "She didn't want to go;" and "she pleaded with him to kill her. 'I said, 'I can't do it, honey;' she said, 'Yes you can.'"

Sanders could have faced more than 12 years in prison after pleading guilty to a charge of manslaughter, reduced from first degree murder. "Judge John Ditsworth, who complimented the prosecutor for being 'courageous' in recommending probation, allowed Sanders to walk out of the courtroom," the judge saying, his "sentence of two years' probation was 'individualized and tempers justice with mercy.'"

*(Lots of 'fun', ahead? But now, you who have hands to write consider tenets of an Integrated Self:*

**It's mantra:** *Never to harm another living being.*

**It's yamas:** *Non-injury to others by body, speech, and mind.*

*Renunciation of untruth from life.*

*Continence.*

*Non-stealing.*

*Non-hoarding.*

It's niyamas: *Purity of body, senses and heart.*  
*Contentment.*  
*Austerity.*  
*Study.*  
*Self-surrender to wisdom, intuition, and consciousness....*