

Chapter 1

The silver blue sky delivering this winter's dawn from the vast galactic night began separating the brown silhouette of scrubby gums picketing the sleepy hills nearby while I was still out wandering around. I spent the night walking the country lanes around my rented cow farm cottage, ironing crumples off my fright, resting my emotions in the smooth velvet mood of bodily fatigue, and rehearsing my memory of this dear but shabby tale.

I was still a kilometre from home when the thought of a cup of cheap instant coffee and a round of toast roused my gait, and inspired a wistful melody based on the progression of a minor chord through the resolving cycle of thirds and fifths. As if anticipating my return to sleep in a darkened inner room I cast my mind at an angle several light seconds off the east horizon where my emotions could bathe in that tranquil stillness, and the dim brown warmth of the returning solar haze. The melody playing in my mind blended seamlessly with the radiance I could feel passing through me at a phenomenal rate, and I drew comfort from my confidence in the constant presence of this electromagnetic source. Even at night when I suffered the delirium of a somewhat conflicted psychedelic perception I only had to remember that once I was a member of this intricate solar being, and that I could bathe in my memory of its ever present vibrations.

Behind me to the west the galactic centre was setting beyond the western hills and to the north, some two million light years from here, the Andromeda galaxy was just beginning to absorb our vaguely forgotten Pleistocene memories. Were it possible for such distant observers to take an interest in the feeble remnant of light arriving on their shores they may have cared about our ancestors' trepidation. They may have seen that long ago our ancestors trembled in the cold as the mythical children of a Genesis story which remains with

us to this day. They may have seen how they suffered a change in the weather, and how they suspected that their domination of other members of the Pleistocene may have been a contributing factor. They may also have seen how our ancestors were horrified by the realization that their evil could have such monumental consequences, and how they found a way to remind future generations of their potentially catastrophic powers. Not much remains of the electromagnetic signal now passing through this galaxy, but if inhabitants of such far away worlds happened to have an open mind then their dreams would be filled with an endless performance of high drama.

Beyond the Andromeda galaxy time and space proceed forever, and everywhere space resonates with the memories of so many creatures who occupy different scales of existence. We are all radiant beings who will shine now and forever, and who live in such troubled times that some find it comforting to remember that our warbling reflections go on and on indefinitely as if a day had never passed.

While some may wish that their misery would end, and pray for the End of Days, alas it is simply not the case that time will ever end. It happens to be convenient for some people to believe that we will eventually die, both as individuals and as members of the groups of those who are dear to us, but time only seems to end because of the peculiar way we look at it. The truth is that our sense of these dimensions is a domestic convenience organising our lives, and if we chose to look at them differently then we could see that it all just keeps getting bigger and bigger. Our little bubble of perception may begin on a scale which seems for a moment to be relatively small, but we continue to expand without ever ending because, after all, we are just a lot of electromagnetic radiation.

I've seen members of my family luxuriate in their innocence of the emptiness out there as they sat down to their Sunday lunch, and ate one of those relatively insignificant

ones who look out there in the late afternoon on their last day on Earth. I'm a city boy living on a farm and I made the mistake of getting emotionally involved with the livestock, which is typical of my kind. I got to know some of the cows pretty well during my stay here, and I've seen the look in the eyes of those sad ones who know they are being taken off to slaughter. It's not fear I've seen there, but sadness. When you look out into the warmth of eternity it's not fear you feel but an overwhelming sorrow when you realise that you will have to give up something which you've loved very dearly. All of time and space awaits you out there beyond the horizon, but saying good bye, feeling the love and gratitude you owe to those who brought you into this world, and who cared for you. Well, it's very difficult for those insignificant ones to be constructive with such emotions.

And it's difficult for the ones left behind in the paddock. They weep for days, until their voices are a whisper, and until they've exhausted every fibre of their being grieving for the ones they've lost, before they turn from their sorrow and get on with their lives. They return to their grazing hoping to soothe the biting pain, not knowing when they will have to grieve again, but looking out there into the emptiness with longing because they know that sooner or later it will probably be them.

Personally, I've sworn not to eat meat again, and I sympathise with the vegetables I eat when they sacrifice their unimaginable lives so that I may enjoy the nutrients I wish I could otherwise avoid. I'll eat meat if my host puts it before me, however. I'll not offend her by refusing to partake in her culinary effort if she happens to be a meat eater. But I will make an effort to draw her attention to the plight of those noble beings who sacrifice their lives so that she may endure with her own. She may be a good and honest human, but I believe it is too easy for her to ignore the suffering of those farm animals whose existence seems otherwise insignificant to her.

I lived on a farm once before. I was a nineteen year old graphics student at a regional college and I was too distracted by my studies, and other things, to notice that I was surrounded by tragedy. Even at the age of forty one when I came to live with my present companions it never occurred to me that I would be challenged by the emergence of a life changing conflict of interest. It never occurred to me that the farmer and his family had developed an enduring resilience to the plight of those insignificant ones they were, after all, farming. I was still developing my telepathic skills and the cows provided me with a unique opportunity to hone my skills, and prove, once and for all, that developing a telepathic rapport with others was possible.

Any author of tragedies would have worn a wry smile when he or she saw my arrival at the farm. It would have been fairly obvious to the teller of such tales that the day would eventually come when I would be put in a position where I had to choose where my loyalties lay. I got cosy with the cows at the first opportunity and distractedly ignored the occasional absence of the young ones when they were taken off to slaughter. But Hoppy made a point of befriending me. She saw a potential ally to her cause and made it clear to me that she had a special claim on one little one whom I later came to know as Brown Star. When Brown Star was taken she was furious, but I'm getting ahead of my story here. Let me take you back several months to the time when I was just getting to know young Brown Star.

When I got back to the gate I found my young friend waiting there to greet me. It was just a coincidence, of course. We had a telepathic rapport, but I doubt that he saw me coming and made a special effort to meet me. He would have been grazing there by chance as the herd made its way around the tasty grasses scattered indiscriminately throughout this particular paddock. I glanced over to where a bunch of cows were sitting in the early morning light chewing the cud as cows do when they are in repose, and sure enough Brown Star's mother Hoppy was nearby keeping a watchful eye over her precious yearling.

During the nine months I had been living here I had gotten to know Brown Star quite well, and during this time I gradually came to suspect that he was a calf who suffered the burden of a fairly subtle grieving. It was not, however, our telepathic rapport that drew my attention to his plight. It was because I could see it in his eyes as I'm sure other members of the herd could just as easily. A careful study of his demeanour would show that there was a very deep and personal conflict in his life which persisted throughout every waking moment, and it quite likely never left him when he was asleep and dreaming. Brown Star's problem was that his mother never let him out of her sight for more than just a moment. She was a dominating mother with a very sore broken leg which had never healed properly, and she required poor Brown Star to remain in her presence where ever her personal whim happened to take her.

I stopped by the fence to share a moment with him.

"Hi Brown Star," I thought after locating his feeling in my mind.

He didn't say anything, but he looked briefly in my direction and without raising his head from his grazing he began to move towards me. He was usually a bit sullen, and always very shy, but since I had learned his true name, the name by which he is known among members of the herd, he had become much more responsive to me. It was not until quite recently that I learned his true name. Prior to this welcome development in our relationship I thought of him as "Hoppy's little fella", and this was the name I used to address him in our social relations. But I later realized that he found this title demeaning since it only served to make clear in his mind how easy it was for someone to recognise that he had a particularly submissive relationship with her.

It may be a curious coincidence but I happened to suffer from a similar conflict in my own life. After a lot of soul searching and a determination to wrestle with some

of the most urgent ecological issues which cast doubt on our ability to even survive on this planet, I made a decision many years ago to extricate myself from entanglement in relations with my family. I had arrived at the conclusion that human numbers were ultimately responsible for our environmental dilemma, and that the family would be involved in any attempt to adapt to urgent environmental practicalities. Unfortunately an unforeseen consequence of my ecologically adaptive behaviour was my mother's evident determination not to let one of her precious children get away from her. While I could physically remove myself from her presence I found that I could not remove myself from her mental obsession with me. For many years I suffered from her continual intrusion into my most inner mental sanctum. I learned a lot about the potential for telepathic relations between animals from my conflict with her, and today I enjoy the fruit of this painful but informative experience with all the interesting creatures I encounter.

In any case I was able to relate to Hoppy's determination not to let another of her precious offspring escape from the love which she could not help feeling for them. Brown Star was, in fact, the youngest of three calves she had born into this world. Brown Star's elder siblings had long been sold off to slaughter before he was even born, so Hoppy had already had ample opportunity to contemplate the emotional content which structured her maternal predicament. Add to this the curious circumstance in which her leg was broken, and she had a very clear picture in her mind of what the ultimate fate of her offspring would be. It was during one of her own visits to the sale yard that her leg was broken in an unfortunate accident involving a brutal truck driver about eighteen months ago. Lucky Brown Star had the doubtful honour of being the first of her calves to be born while she suffered from this very awkward limp.

The farmer told me about the incident. He could clearly remember the clear blue sky which brightened the chilly autumn morning on which she ended what proved to be

a perilous cattle-yard journey. When I got to know her later on she told me what she could in her own special way. She had been herded onto the back of a fairly small cattle truck with a half dozen of her comrades the night before, and driven too many miles across the flood plains to the nearest sale yard. It was a very chilly night and by the early morning a frost had covered virtually everything in sight. She was used to ignoring the cold as cattle often do, but the slippery ramp by which she was to return to the certainty of solid ground was enough to make her stop and think about her physical abilities.

She was the last to be loaded the night before, and so she was the first to be persuaded to trust the slippery ramp. She tried to catch the driver's attention, and explain to him that it was a difficult thing for a cow to trust such a slippery ramp, but the driver only got impatient and furious. It wasn't long before the driver was in the back of the truck pushing any cow he could, and in the ruckus which ensued poor Hoppy slipped off the slippery ramp, came down heavily on her left hind leg, and heard the painful snap of what would otherwise have been a strong and healthy bone.

She tried to get back on her feet but the pain only told her to remain seated, much to the annoyance of the driver who now wanted her to follow the others into the holding pen. He tried kicking her, and yelling obscenities at anyone who'd listen, and eventually let fly with what became an interesting bit of information. It was the first time she'd heard an admission from one of her human captors about the true nature of their intentions towards them when the driver yelled "I don't know what you're whinging about, you're going to be killed anyway!"

She was horrified! There was a strong consensus among members of the herd about the nature of their captor's intentions. But a lot of what they had discussed was based on speculation which failed to provide much motive for a rebellion having any forethought or

co-ordination. It was a revelation for her to hear one of her captors acknowledge his intentions with such clarity, and also with so little sympathy. She sat there for most of the day trying to remain motionless, but kicking her broken leg occasionally in an effort to relieve the pain. She observed the commotion going on around the cattle pens in the light of her newly acquired bit of information and thought about what she would tell her comrades on the farm if fate chose to give her such a chance.

As the day drew on cows were loaded back onto trucks and driven away, and before long she was alone with a small number of men who were discussing what they should do with her. She couldn't understand most of what they were saying because they all spoke so quickly, but when one of them produced a rifle their intentions quickly became perfectly clear. They were going to butcher her right then and there.

With a huge effort she struggled to her feet and stood on three legs, favouring her broken leg and ignoring the pain. This evidently changed everything for the men standing around watching her. They began to talk about getting her back onto a truck and back to some distant farmland where she could be treated by a veterinary surgeon. One of them reversed a truck to about twenty feet from where she was standing, and pulled out a long ramp which she slowly began hopping towards. With effort and a great deal of concentration she managed to negotiate the climb up the ramp and back onto the truck, and the relief she felt when she achieved this goal she evidently shared with the farmer who had volunteered to take care of her. She spent that night rocking back and forth, bumping against one of the cattle truck walls, wincing occasionally at the biting pain but grateful that she had managed to survive this intrepid ordeal.

Chapter 2

This episode at the sale yard happened about eighteen months before I arrived on the farm where she was taken with her broken leg. The veterinary surgeon did his best to set the bone correctly but in spite of his efforts it proved to be impossible to restore functionality completely, and so from that day forth she waddled with a pronounced limp which explains how she got her curious name. Brown Star's name was given to him by the herd within a few weeks of his being born because he had been seen gazing into the firmament one morning, and also because, like so many of his kind, he had a coat which was a distinctly rusty brown.

It was Brown Star himself who eventually told me what his name was. On the day that he told me I could see from the expression on his face that it wasn't an easy thing for him to relate something so personal as his birth name, not because of his shyness but because of factors complicating our telepathic rapport. Throughout my entire telepathic career, spanning some twenty years or more, I have had to test a string of hypotheses about the physical mechanisms which allow individuals to relate to each other telepathically. Telepathic relations are not like verbal ones, and understanding why they are not is often perplexing. In Brown Star's case he struggled to translate his name into terms which I could understand because of differences in the way cows and humans represent the world. When he told me his name I sensed that he had spent the previous three weeks trying to think of how he could explain to me the subtle combination of perceptions which his name was meant to represent. It wasn't the brown of his coat that he was struggling with, but the inexpressible dimension beyond the cloudy sky that defied his ability to explain himself. Cows are evidently well aware of the vast infinity which staggers the comprehension of anyone who

endeavours to look out there. It may stagger the mind, but it gives hope to the soul to look out there and remember that once we were all dreaming of the vast beauty of a world which should be so dear to us.

I felt so much like a member of the herd in the days which followed my learning Brown Star's birth name. Senior members of the herd seemed surprised to observe that such intimate relations were possible, and I was favoured with a new expression of their respect for me. Hoppy could barely contain the pride she felt for the two of us, and even I had to stop and consider some of the consequences which such relations made possible. The chilly winter days were, however, getting longer and in spite of my perceptual faculties I failed to foresee the storm which was about to ravage our cosy domestic joy. I failed to realise that I now had a conflict of interest between the loyalty I owed to the cows for including me within their group, and the loyalty I owed to the farmer who had provided me with a home and whom I had been helping.

Yet in spite of the biting chill which blew from the south across the flood plain I enjoyed a confidence within myself which had been sadly lacking in my experience of life for too many years. For too long I had suffered the stigma which telepaths must endure. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia some fourteen years prior to this episode with the cows during which time I endured a personal storm of relentless doubts and recriminations. So my experience with the cows allowed me to draw some conclusions about the nature of my experience which once and for all put an end to much of the conceptual argument raging within me.

My perceptual confusion resulted from the denial of our telepathic potential by the human groups I had previously been associating with. I grew up in Sydney at a time when its flourishing industries attracted more and more migrants, so my lasting impression of this

bustling metropolis was its congestion. I felt overwhelmed by the scale of urban existence, and I also felt deceived by those countless urban dwellers whose livelihoods depend on a subtle manipulation of the truth. I had begun to seek the smaller country towns quite early in my adult life, so my appetite for such magnificent landscapes began with a comparison between my urban and rural experiences. I felt so much healing in the quiet beauty of a country afternoon. I looked out into space during the late afternoon as if the landscape were as much an extension of time as it were in space, and the melody I saw playing among the subtly coloured lights eased a tension which I had acquired during my earlier urban life.

The farmer was a sharecropper who was usually busy helping other farmers in the district, so it was a great relief for him to have some help at home. Most of his paddocks were used for cropping either sorghum or rye grass and by this time of the year the crops had not been sown, so there was very little at home for the cows to eat. There was, however, a surprising abundance of grasslands just begging for some cows to come and eat them beside the numerous roads which cut the district up into smaller parcels of land. I would take the cows out in the morning, check on them throughout the day and bring them home in the evening. There were only about fifty of them, so during the time I spent with them I got to know them pretty well.

Cows have a sense of humour when they get a chance to express it, and they've got a sense of mischievous amusement too. You may have an impression of cows scattered randomly around a paddock with their heads down diligently attending to their grazing which is true for the most part, but I found out how naughty they can be while supervising their behaviour outside the gates and fences. They're very aware of the fences surrounding a paddock. They think a lot about the significance of fences and how their lives are structured by the constraints which fences impose, so being outside the fence lines and

being able to graze beside the roads surrounding the home paddocks allowed them to do a bit of strategic scouting.

About three or four kilometres along the road back into town the farmer had erected a couple of posts on either side of the road, and had strung a length of tape between them which was supposed to define the limit to their grazing and which the cows were supposed to observe. The road was, of course, open to passing traffic, so the boundary was a purely psychological one; there was in no sense a physical boundary which the cows could not cross if they chose to. When I let them wander along this length of road it took them several hours to get to the boundary tape during which time I expect they would have casually thought about what they would do when they got to it. I guess it was a tribute to the respect they had for the farmer and his authority that more often than not they would stop at the tape and wonder what to do. If I wasn't there to turn them around then before long they would have waddled around the tape and onto the next length of road, but even so the boundary provided me with an interesting demonstration of their thinking, and I was surprised to see them wrestle with a distinctly moral dilemma.

It was a virtually insignificant issue in practical terms; I could turn them around and get them to head for home anytime. But occasionally the neighbour's cows were out grazing along the same length of road, so that the two herds got mixed up, and it took a few days of sorting to separate them again. This would have been an imposition for the farmer who had to take time out from his other duties to distinguish his cows from his neighbours, but it was a profoundly social occasion for the cows who could discuss their differing experiences with the new intruders in some detail.

I felt honoured to be a member of a social group so distantly related to the groups I had previously been associating with. I've always been a fairly solitary type, so I've

never been overly dependent on my membership of human groups, and I guess my solitude has made it easier for me to relate to those outside the human family. Even so, I feel strongly about my membership of my own family, notwithstanding my concerns regarding the ecological context in which families bear their children. I don't have any children of my own but I cherish the affection I feel for my brothers, and my sister and their children, and I couldn't fail to recognise the affection which the cows felt for their own offspring.

The farmer's bull was allowed to graze with all the other cows, so cows were inseminated whenever they were fertile, and calves were being born throughout the calving season. When a cow was ready to give birth she would drop her bundle where ever she happened to be, even if it was several kilometres from home beside a dusty country road, and I was constantly on the lookout for new born calves when I turned the herd home in the late afternoon. If a calf was born late in the day then I would have to herd the others home, wait for the farmer to return from work, and let him know of the calf left behind by the road with its mother. Otherwise I would try to persuade the little one to follow the others home, and I was often surprised by how resilient they were at such a tender age.

Sometimes I would let the herd remain outside the gate until after sunset because I sensed how much it meant to them to be able to make the gathering dark into something special. I didn't want the farmer to know that I was allowing the cows to enjoy this special treat because I knew that he would be annoyed, so I only did it on those days where he was not expected home until quite late. On most other days the older cows would not linger by the gate when they got to it, but the younger ones would hang around outside the gate until all the others had gone through because it meant so much to them to savour a lingering taste of freedom before they were locked up overnight. It was a virtually insignificant thing since everywhere outside the gate there were fences along the roads we travelled. Yet in spite of this very subtle distinction the little ones could tell the difference

between their freedom and captivity, and I was overwhelmed by the sense in which the farm was not unlike the concentration camps seen during the Second World War.

On one occasion one of the little ones refused to go through the gate no matter how hard I tried to persuade her. I wasn't going to get rough with her because I felt so much affection for them. So I picked her up around her four legs, and believe me those little ones are not light by any means. I struggled back to my feet with this little one in my arms and carried her over the threshold of the gate where I put her down again.

Some of the other cows had evidently been watching this because I heard one of them say, "Look! He loves us."

She was right. I did love them which made it very difficult for me to see the yearlings taken off to slaughter. I had this Bambi thing going on down at the farm which was typical of my kind of city folk who had moved to the country to escape the rat race. The farmer had no such qualms of course, and neither did his family. I could tell from the way he spoke of them that he was vaguely annoyed by the way I had cast them in this role.

The farmer never told me when he was going to take his prime vealers off to the sale yard because he knew how I felt about it. So when Brown Star was taken to be sold the first I heard of it was the wailing among the ones left behind in a fallow paddock a fair way off beside the south road where the loading ramp was. I went down to the south paddock and stood at a distance feeling glum, listening to their grieving, and trying to see if I could recognise any faces. I was still too far away to see any of them clearly, so I walked on a little further. When Hoppy saw me she turned to me and let out a huge barking wail, and I knew immediately that her young one had been taken.

I turned and walked away. I didn't need to know any more than Hoppy's expression of her loss. I'd seen them behave like this before, so I knew they'd be several days grieving in this way. I could see that they'd been provided with enough food to last them a couple of days, so there'd be no droving for me for a while. I went out the west gate and into the hills nearby so that I could walk a bit and think about what I'd seen, and to partake in a little grieving of my own.

I arrived at the top of a neighbouring ridge line late in the afternoon. It was fairly rocky ground unsuitable for any kind of farming, so the scrubby bush was untouched by human hands and left as it had been for an age now lost to the memories of those who would come by this way. To the west the next ridge line was about ten kilometres away, and to the east it was about twenty kilometres to another, so the hill where I was standing was surrounded by a broad flat flood plain. I couldn't see it because of all the trees in the way, but I could feel it stretching out before me, and I'm sure the aboriginals in the past delighted in the sensation, as do the remaining wallabies who inhabit it today.

I found my favourite rock before long and sat down to do a little brooding. I realised that I found myself in an impossible situation. I was caught between two worlds. My desire to prove the otherwise doubtful case of possessing telepathic powers had tempted me to get so involved with the cows. But I was unable to contradict the farmer's behaviour because so much of society depended on his produce. I made up my mind to leave the farm as soon as possible. It was a Friday so I would have to wait until next week before I could organise my things and decide where I would go. I was thinking about Armidale a couple of hours drive to the north. I'd been there before and I knew of a place out of town which would be perfect for me.

I tried to shift my attention away from the sadness I'd left behind me. I tried to trace the shafts of light penetrating the tree tops back into the picture plane several light seconds because I knew that the hope of all who suffer lay beyond the clouds. The light was of such a golden colour which complemented the deep blue sky, but it was the length of the rays I saw arriving that inspired such hope. The subtle combination of these simple perceptions eased the grieving I had brought to this place that afternoon, and the rhythmic rustling of the leaves in the breeze spoke of timeless memories which seemed to transcend the drama unfolding back on the farm.

I sat there while the darkness drew closer, feeling sorry for those insignificant ones who had suffered because of my silent collaboration with a farmer who believed that what he did to them was a trifling thing.

This drama unfolded late in the summer of 1998 before I moved back to Armidale to continue my studies. It was, however, some time before I realised the significance of this episode, and you won't be able to see the context in which I locate it. You may be inclined to doubt the veracity of what I have told you. You may, for example, doubt my possession of telepathic powers, but perhaps even more so you doubt that hope exists in the vastness beyond the sky. Let me now try to address these doubts by telling you about the summer of 1981 when I moved into a rambling old private hotel by the harbour in Sydney's Neutral Bay.

Chapter 3

Warringah Mansions was an elegant piece of nineteenth century architecture which had long since seen better days and was, in 1981, a cheap boarding house for those seeking refuge from the difficulty of finding affordable accommodation. It was cheap indeed with rooms starting from a meagre \$28.00 a week, but a lot of them had million dollar views of the harbour with the Opera House just out of view opposite neighbouring Kirribilli.

I got a tiny little room with a fantastic view after spending a few weeks relying on the goodness of friends who let me sleep on their couch. I had only just returned from a couple of months in Europe and Egypt where I did something which in retrospect proved to be very foolish. I visited Giza and saw the pyramids which may seem like a fairly innocent thing to do. But it was foolish because late in the day I was still hanging around the base of the pyramid when, at sunset, I was approached by a representative of the Egyptian Antiquities Authority who allowed me to climb the first of the pyramids for the modest sum of five Egyptian pounds. It wasn't until I returned to Sydney that I realised that I had become involved in something which was really very scary. I felt like I was completely out of my depths and a subtle groaning panic had begun to grow within me.

You may be wondering what could be so scary about climbing a pyramid. Well, I was smoking a little cannabis at this point in my life, not a whole lot mind you, but enough to make me sensitive to the deep astral content which the tip of a pyramid unavoidably defines. I smoked a little before I moved in at Wallaringah, and while I was soaking in THC it slowly dawned on me that I'd just made the biggest mistake of my life. My jaw dropped and I gaped in horror as I realised that the pyramid was not a casually benign tourist attraction but a working sequencer of destinies. As if from a forgotten dream I

recognised the new presence in my life. It was an ancient being, one whom I knew I could now never forget.

A few weeks later I was settling into my little room at Wallaringah. I was driving a taxi around Sydney's north shore about three nights a week. I was walking a lot of nervous energy into exhaustion, and I had begun to experience some intriguing aural and visual hallucinations. This may surprise you but at the time I was not particularly surprised. About a year earlier I decided to practice some of Castaneda's techniques for stopping the world which turned out to be a fairly risky behaviour. I found Castaneda's writing inspiring. It reminded me of some nearly forgotten early childhood experiences, and I believed that I could restore some of the perceptual skills I had lost when I became a member of society by practicing some of these techniques.

It wasn't long before I acquired some more cannabis, but it was several weeks before I mustered up the courage to take a puff of it.

I rolled the first joint at about ten a.m. and smoked probably half of it before sitting back against the wall silently anticipating a now forlorn confrontation with my distilled reflection. Experience with Castaneda's techniques allowed me to arrest the flow of internal dialogue, so my mood was fairly altered before the floodgates broke again and my body petulantly spun a new string of conversational prattle.

I mentally returned to the flat I shared with my girlfriend a couple of years earlier, to the place on the sofa where I read Wu Ch'eng-en's classic comic novel 'The Monkey King', about a monkey who came from Hawaii but who later accompanied Tripitaka on his long journey west to fetch the sacred Buddhist texts. The happiness I shared with my girlfriend mingled with the childlike innocence the monkey brought to every intrepid adventure. But when I traced the monkey's journey to India I began to compare the isolation

of his island home with the solitude of Buddha, and then, in view of my Christian upbringing, with the unique experience of Jesus in first century Palestine.

It was at this point that, quite accidentally, I conceived of each character as representing a chakra echoing the Buddhist theme structuring the story, or as one of those psychic nodes located in the body, such as the belly, the heart, or the throat. Having made this perceptual connection I then conceived of the planet as an integral global organism consisting of head, abdomen and legs not unlike ourselves. It slowly dawned on me that the planet is a creature like so many other creatures. For the first time I saw that the American continents represent the hind legs of a planetary being. I saw how the African continent represents its fore legs, and how the creature's head may be found in the vicinity of Europe. I sat there dumbfounded, and for the second time in as many months, my jaw dropped as I slowly took in the awesome implications of this indiscriminate conception.

Now I'm writing this many years after I first conceived of the Host Model of Earth and in all this time I've never been in a position where I could seriously doubt it. Over the course of this time I've spoken to many people about the host model most of whom were partial to an acceptance of its validity. But you may be inclined to adopt a little doubtful circumspection when it comes to new ideas like the host model of Earth because doubt is a necessary part of your thinking. I've written at length on this subject in another volume which a quick search might uncover if you happen to be interested. My concern in the present context is not so much a discussion of the host model itself as an account of the circumstances surrounding its emergence in my thinking.

There are, however, a couple of things I need to draw your attention to in order to make my little story work here. The first thing to make clear to you is the implication that the planet is a being, a critter not unlike so many other critters, and consisting of all the

attributes we normally associate with critters such as a possession of the faculty of mind. The planet is thus a being who is conscious. It is conscious of itself, its surroundings and of us as its cosmic beneficiaries. It is the being who is our immediate cosmic ancestor and the being with whom we may relate as reciprocal partners in the convergence we know as life. This may sound a little fanciful to you but remember: I'm a telepath and a schizophrenic. Such things are normal from my point of view.

The other thing I would like to point out to you concerns the unique identity which the people of Britain enjoy in the context of the host model. It is a very curious thing and probably the most profound observation I can draw your attention to, but the coastal outlines drawn around the British Isles represent an abstract depiction of the planet as a whole. In this case Scotland represents the head of this depiction, its forelegs can be seen to protrude west of Scotland's Southern Uplands, and its hind legs can be seen east of Land's End in the south of England. Ireland represents the creature's foetus which corresponds with the foetal identity of Australia itself strung at the end of an umbilicus, the Indonesian archipelago. You may need to turn your map of Australia upside down in order to realise its significance: head in the south east, rectum in the west, legs pointing north to the Equator.

The British Isles therefore represent the head of the planet, a kind of homunculus sitting on the planetary shoulders, and the British people the very summit of global society.

Now, out of deference to you the reader I feel it is my solemn duty to point out to you that, at this point in my story, we meet each other at somewhat of an impasse. Either you accept the validity of the host model in which case you will find that what follows is not particularly surprising or you cannot accept the validity of the host model in which case you may find that what follows is somewhat egregious. If you happen to count yourself among

the second group then you may find that you are able to defer your feelings in this matter and give me a little credence so that I may attempt to make my case. In any case what follows is a very frank admission which nevertheless remains a vital component in the unfolding of my story.

Notwithstanding which group you happen to belong to my admission is concerned with how I came to represent the identity of the planet in my thinking about the host model. It was fairly early in my experience with the host model that I began to think of Her Majesty the Queen as Queen not only of England but of the entire planet. It seemed perfectly natural to me at the time to associate Her Majesty with the unique identity of the planetary being itself. This may not sound very shocking to you so let me add that it was around this time that I began to entertain a telepathic rapport with her. Of course, you may be inclined to suggest that a claim of this sort sounds suspiciously delusional to you, but I think you'll find that you're not in a good position to substantiate this view. Apart from claiming to possess telepathic powers you can't say there's much evidence of delusion in my literary behaviour so far.

Nevertheless allow me to allay these concerns by explaining that, as a telepath, I don't actually read your mind. I read my own mind. Since we are all made of electromagnetic energy we can't avoid being fields of electromagnetic radiance, and since I am a receptive electric field I can't help absorbing your radiance. The only real question is one of whether or not I go to the trouble of reading the radiance around me. I therefore suggest that we are all fundamentally telepathic. I only differ from you in terms of possessing an inclination to pay attention to the radiance I'm absorbing.

In spite of whether or not you believe in this sort of thing it is a perfectly innocent thing for me to pray with Her Majesty since she is the Defender of the Faith and

Supreme Governor of the Church of England. I'm sure that members of the Catholic Church pray with His Holiness the Pope and think nothing of it, so I'm not going to cringe from this admission just because you happen to find it vaguely irritating.

I might also point out that, fairly early in the piece, the pyramid made clear to me that telepathic relations were to be expected anyway since the pyramid was not much more than a global consciousness exchange. I envisioned an image of the platform at the top of the first of the pyramids at Giza adorned with an old fashioned telephone which rang incessantly. I could answer a call, but as soon as I put it down it would ring again. I was given the impression that it was possible for me to make contact with virtually anybody on the planet if I happened to have some little snippet of information about them. And I believe the same could be said of anyone equipped with the inclination and a suitable point of view.

I had a couple of grams of cannabis left after this initial introduction to the host model. I smoked it very sparingly so I made it last several weeks during which time I became a little more acquainted with the ghost of Earth. Driving the night shift meant that I became a frequent visitor to the night. The night shift began at about three in the afternoon and went for twelve hours, but the day driver was often not ready at this time so I was often still at work around dawn. On my nights off I would wake up at about four in the afternoon, take in the sunset and then get about my personal business when it got dark. I liked the night. It provided me with an opportunity to practice my hallucinations.

It wasn't long before I was reading the Bible. I'm not a particularly religious person so I wasn't looking for spiritual comfort in my hour of need or anything like that. I grew up in a Church family and had read Bible stories before so I knew that there was a golden coloured pearly glow about a lot of the stories which appealed to me most of all. I started with the first chapter of Genesis and got as far as Psalms before I gave up and moved

on to other things. I skipped Leviticus and Numbers, of course, because the narrative was somewhat interrupted in those books. If you're familiar with the Bible then you'll know that they make for tedious reading indeed.

I would sit up against the wall in my little room reading these stories in the evenings. My little room was shaped like a vertical oblong. The floor was about nine feet square but the ceiling was about fourteen feet high so it had a lofty air about it. The walls were painted a pale yellow colour and I had a yellowish lamp shade which cast a golden coloured gradient across the wall. I remember the year I spent in that little room with affection, and reading the Bible stories made me feel closer to the Earth spirit I knew I had been flirting with. I was still affected by my recent visit to Egypt, and reading about the Israelites in the Holy Land long ago helped me capture the sentiments so many other visitors to the place had enjoyed.

My little room at Wallaringah provided me with an opportunity to become more and more socially isolated which is something I enjoy. My increasing solitude later proved to be a decisive factor in the drama unfolding in my life, and I doubt that you could over-estimate its significance. All of life, it seems, is made up of implicit social agreements which are dissolved when an individual chooses to go alone.

Being alone wasn't an imposition to me. Even as a teenager I was pretty much a loner. In high school I wasn't a member of any particular grouping and I would float from group to group as it suited me. I felt very comfortable with my solitude. But the grating undercurrent of fear accompanying the ghostly presence in my life was taking a toll on me. While I was out walking in the city one day I bumped into a girl I knew before I started this journey, and she let me know in no uncertain terms that my demeanour had taken a turn for the worse.

Our paths crossed in the food court of the Centrepont shopping mall in the heart of Sydney's shopping district. It was lunchtime, she was an office worker doing a little shopping and I was looking for a place where I could eat and watch the world go by.

"Hi! How are you?" she asked effusively.

I mumbled something incoherently trying to evade her. I had spent the morning practicing the 'not doing' techniques I had learned from Castaneda and I should have had the sense to let go of the mood I had let myself get into, but I didn't. I stood before her looking off into the distance and wishing that she would just let me go.

"What have you been doing?" she asked again pressing the point.

I really had no answer to that question! What was I going to tell her?

I spoke of nothing as best as I could, but she got the impression I was trying to brush her off. I suppose I was.

She hesitated for a moment wondering what to make of my behaviour. "You rat!" she told me as she stormed off.

The incident stuck in my mind but not because I felt sorry for the way I had treated her which was also true. It was because I caught a glimpse of myself in her reflection, and I didn't like what I saw. I looked haunted.

Chapter 4

I wasn't completely alone. I had the ghost I'd been toying with, and then something completely unexpected happened.

I met a dead girl.

To be honest, I didn't know she was dead when I first met her. It was actually many years later that it slowly dawned on me the true nature of her existence. When I first saw her she was the figure in a painting I had been thinking about. It wasn't a painting I had seen anywhere physically, it was an imaginary painting. But I had been a student of painting several years prior to this incident, and I frequently thought about things of this nature. The image I envisioned was nineteenth century, it was Neo-Classical, and so she was both English and Victorian. Her being distinctly nineteenth century should have been enough to alert me to the true nature of her identity, but in the context in which we met there wasn't much to go on. It was only after several months of consorting with her that I began to think of her as a person I could talk to.

When she finally began to participate in my thinking there wasn't much that was modern about her. She wore a long black linen tunic and a white buttoned up shirt underneath a matching black linen jacket. Several years later I managed to persuade her to dress a little more casually.

"Don't try to change me," she would complain defensively.

After some initial resistance she compromised by wearing a black woollen V neck pullover which I thought was sexy, but the long black skirt remained. She had very pale skin, long silky black hair and she was also very attractive.

To begin with she was nameless which was fine in the initial stages of our relationship. But as the months went by and I began to depend on her company more and more not having a name to call her by became a problem for me. It must have been an issue too subtle for me to express to her clearly because it wasn't until I began making up names for her that she offered to give me one.

“Call me Hymen,” she said at last.

“Thank you,” I replied. Ah, yes. Hymen was the ancient Greek god of marriage which was curious under the circumstances. I wasn't going to ask her if she was thinking of us as married because I knew it would offend her. I decided to simply accept her name at face value and refrain from misinterpreting her intentions. Notwithstanding the intimacy we shared I was actually very fond of her.

That was more than thirty years ago. I still see her in my thoughts, she's been there on and off throughout this time, and in spite of the length of this duration she doesn't seem to have aged a day. I expect she'll be there when I'm old and withered, and as I prepare to join her in death when eventually death comes to take me away.

Hymen wasn't the only dead person I was corresponding with at this time. There were also a couple of historical figures who were important to me, and who shall remain nameless. It is not necessary to expose their identities at this point in my story and I'd do well to preserve the confidentiality of my relationship with them whenever possible. Suffice it to say at this point that they were the senior stakeholders in my development of the host model theory.

But what's most interesting about my correspondence with these individuals is that they provided me with a proof, of sorts, that developing a rapport with the dead was

possible. While I may have been able to doubt that some of those with whom I was meeting were dead I could at least feel certain of the historical fact that these figures were no longer with us. And with both my parents now dead as I write these pages I feel even more confident about meeting the dead. Meeting my parents in my prayers seems as natural to me now as was meeting them not so long ago when they were counted among the living. You may be struggling to believe me but look at it from my point of view. There's no-one else here. I'm completely alone. It may be an unimaginable oddity to you but for me I feel least alone when I'm most alone.

I hope you don't mind if I introduce another dead person. This particular person has long had a special significance to me, and she turned out to be influential in the subsequent unfolding of events in my life.

Old Nyth is one person whose entire existence is associated with death. She could be the very ghost of death itself but her domain is even more general than this. She's also the midwife of life bearing infants into the world which is where I first met her. I remember as a child how she was always at the fringes of my perception. I could find her in the dusty shadows on a sultry childhood day where she showed me how such memories could endure forever. Even now in the late afternoon when I see the shadows of trees swaying rhythmically in the breeze I see her relishing them because for her they cast a luminous pall across Eternity.

She is also closely associated with the ghost of medicine giving comfort to the dying, but in spite of how tenderly you feel for those who experience such suffering this is not her most important role. It is her great honour to occupy the doorstep of time which is of greater significance to me personally, and of significance to the unfolding of my story.

Now, you may be thinking that I'm just making this stuff up as I go along, that there is no doorstep of time or ghostly presence who has the honour to occupy it. Let me just say that I first became acquainted with this phenomenon more than thirty years ago, and in that time I've been able to consider it quite rationally.

Old Nyth explained her existence to me in terms of the radiant energy which sustains her. She told me that the radiance she experienced was like floating on a slowly expanding bubble of energy which slowly proceeded to fill the void. I got the impression fairly early in the piece that she was at one with the solar being and that her radiance was virtually identical to it. Of course, you'd have to make concessions to the nature of this being, but my experience with the host model of Earth led me to the conclusion that the solar being is a conscious one, just as the planet is, and both are beings whose relationship with us are distinctly ancestral.

But what set old Nyth apart from the many other ghosts I had been consorting with at this time was the phenomenal scale of time she had access to. It was as if the solar ancestor wanted to share this knowledge with us, but a true appreciation of such knowledge required the interested party to undertake an experience of dying. It is one thing to look across a vast field of time during one's earthly life, but quite another to depart from this life and share the dreams of a vast cosmic ancestor.

She seemed to be very knowledgeable and often offered me little snippets of her wisdom. "There's no work without effort, and there's no effort without consciousness," she would assure me whenever I was plagued with doubts about the nature of my telepathic experiences.

Energy is inherently the nature of matter, and consciousness is inherently the nature of energy. All those stars out there are conscious beings, creatures like so many others,

as is the galaxy itself. So, as deviant as it may sound to you, it seems perfectly natural for me to make the galaxy my telepathic partner. The only remaining question is the one of how we negotiate our relationship with each other. What do we have in common and how can I be sure of whom I'm talking to?

Without wishing to unduly emphasise what may be a sensitive topic for you but my experience with cannabis led me to an answer to both of these questions. With the help of a little smoke I was able to realise that my body is just drenched in the same radiant energy we see arriving on our shores from so far away.

Now, you may or may not be a cannabis smoker yourself, but I feel confident saying that any cannabis smoker with more than a little experience knows that inevitably there comes a time when the floor seems to drop from beneath them, and they enter a state of freefall. It's not a particularly pleasant sensation, in fact it will scare the very life in you, but it will make you distinctly aware of the fundamentally gravitational nature of existence. But, more importantly, it will show you that energy is in a constant state of flux and has a very plastic nature.

Let me just point out straight away that the picture of a cannabis smoker falling through the floor is in fact a metaphor. It doesn't actually happen that way, at least not in my experience. It's actually more of an aural hallucination, a temporary lapse in the smoker's perception, like the sound of a car passing on a quiet street whose Doppler shift is particularly exaggerated. This is also somewhat metaphorical because it can happen in any number of ways the result of which is the distinct impression that everything is always falling.

You may be thinking that an aural hallucination of this sort remains distinctly the domain of clinical psychiatry, but aural hallucinations may not be as simple as

psychiatrists like to make them out to be. There is the possibility that a telepathic correspondent is involved, and I'm sure my discussion of the nature of energy has made this clear to you.

Several years after I began to experience this odd falling sensation on most occasions when I smoked cannabis it occurred to me that the reverse case was probably also true. It wasn't an hallucination as in the case of the falling sensation. It was more of a rationalisation which occurred to me on the basis of some reflective thinking. In any case it occurred to me that, just as everything is falling, everything is probably also expanding at a uniform rate, and that the two are probably inverse aspects of the same phenomenon. We tend not to notice this expansion because everything is expanding together, so there's no reference point from which to observe things changing. But this will no longer be the case for one who chooses to associate with cosmic identities.

It wasn't long before I began to experience this odd falling sensation during my sobriety, although it had a very different nature. It wasn't as scary which was good, so it was a much more interesting experience for me. It wasn't a falling sensation so much as a sense that the momentum of everything around me had changed, but this wasn't the most interesting feature of the sensation. Of more interest to me was the sense that time was passing more quickly, although by anyone's clock this was patently not the case. It was just a funny feeling which I have long struggled to describe, much less define, in any other terms. One delightful memory of this sensation occurred while crossing the border from NSW into Victoria on the Spirit of Progress one night. It felt like the train was just slipping on the rails as if it were in freefall. On other occasions I remember this funny sensation would sometimes last for hours.

You probably never get around to thinking about it but I think you'll find that your world is made up of all the countless agreements which you share with those who have a special significance to you. You are introduced to these agreements from a very young age, and they are reinforced every time you create and share your cherished values with those who are dear to you. As a social person you probably never have to think about it, but a fundamental social agreement is broken when an individual chooses to go forth alone in life. Or perhaps it is more accurate to suggest that these social agreements are plastic by nature, and can be adapted to accommodate those with whom the solitary individual chooses to associate. When this happens to be the dead and the very stars above you, then the world becomes a place which differs from the one which you believe is immutable.

Back in the early eighties when these things were beginning to unfold in my life I scarcely understood their significance. It was only after several years of immersion in them that I began to put the pieces together in my mind, and I believe that four factors brought me to a position from which I could observe the time exchange. Firstly there was the odd falling sensation I usually experienced when I smoked the little cannabis I had in my possession and which led to my acquisition of a more general ability to perform both aural and visual hallucination.

Following the development of an ability to hallucinate my experience with the host model introduced me to a scale of time which I expect Earthly creatures rarely get an opportunity to encounter. In fact, the first thing the host model said to me, back in March of 1981, was that there was so much time out there beyond the horizon. It was this confrontation with a truly phenomenal scale of time that tempted me to develop a correspondence with the galaxy.

Thirdly old Nyth, the old maternal Queen of Time, provided me with the ability to retrieve a host of memories from very early in my childhood. It was these early childhood memories that gave me courage approaching the otherwise mystical phenomenon of death. With old Nyth by my side Death was no longer the fearsome presence which haunts the lives of so many, but an old friend with whom I could share a chuckle, and who would always be there throughout my often bizarrely warped existence.

The last factor I haven't told you about yet. It concerns the development of a suspicion that my dreaming was beginning to emerge in my waking life, but I have a little more of my story to tell you before I can make sense of this peculiar proposition.

Chapter 5

My acquaintance with the time exchange spanned about six years from early in 1981 to the end of 1986. I was awarded a disability pension in 1984 which may indicate how desperate things had become, but which meant I had time to do something constructive about my psychiatric situation. In 1985, with this welcome measure of social security, I enrolled in a Social Science degree at the University of New England in the north of NSW. Settling in to a studious life in Armidale meant a pretty serious discontinuation of much of the psychotic behaviour I had been practicing in Sydney. Throughout this episode I had been practicing the techniques for stopping the world which I found in Castaneda's 'Journey to Ixtlan'. I found that one of the techniques was particularly disturbing. In the book it was entitled 'Disrupting the Routines of Life' and I may have mistakenly interpreted it as completely randomising my behaviour, because I found it profoundly exhausting.

In any case, let me assure you that eventually I settled down, but for the first few years of my psychosis life was very chaotic. During these few early years I smoked very little cannabis. You may gather that for any smoker it has to come from somewhere. It has to pass through a chain of hands in order to arrive at the end user, and since I was a virtually solitary individual during this time there simply was no opportunity for me to connect with the supply chain. I moved around quite a lot during these four years, and I knew virtually no-one in the places I went to. This is not to say, of course, that I was immune from hallucination. If you know anything about Castaneda's work then you will know that the purpose of the techniques was to induce an ability 'to see' in the applicant which in practical terms meant a cultivation of hallucination. It wasn't difficult. The ghost I had been corresponding with was only too happy to see me exercising my astral abilities.

The other thing I'd like to mention in this context is that I don't actually enjoy smoking cannabis. There's a fairly strong sense of fear involved in smoking this stuff which I don't enjoy, and which is well documented both anecdotally and more formally. I feel insecure when I smoke cannabis. I'll tolerate this insecurity in the short term, but I'm not going to make a habit of it. If you happen to be a smoker yourself then you'll know what I'm talking about. I'm sure you suffer from a fairly serious approach avoidance conflict in your feelings about this substance, just as I do.

Let me also add another reflection of my experience at this time. I was doing a lot of walking throughout these first few years of my acquaintance with the time exchange. I was walking a lot later too, but not like those early years of increasingly relentless insanity. To be honest I found the whole time exchange thing a very disturbing proposition. It meant I had to accommodate an unfamiliar presence in my life which I was quite happy to do, but which also meant the introduction of an insatiably nervous anxiety. It was only after several hours of walking each day that my body could relax again and provide me with the temperament required to perform at least a semblance of normality. The presence in my life wasn't just a mental thing. It was thoroughly visceral which sometimes felt like my stomach was completely split in two.

I was walking around Sydney a lot in 1981 but in 1982 I was getting out of town and into some of the smaller country towns in the Central West region of NSW. I was walking along a lot of dusty country lanes around these towns during the day, of course, but I was also getting out at night which I enjoyed immensely. There's nothing like being far away from any kind of human settlement around midnight and watching a yellow moon rise above the eastern horizon. It'll make you feel like there's a tangible space out there, and you'll feel a heck of a lot of time too, but it's spooky more than anything. Contrary to the loneliness

you'd expect to feel so far out there I was able to recall a long forgotten presence which I couldn't gain access to any other way.

Being alone out there gave me the ability to remember a lot of dreamy ancestor memories too which was pretty cool. I acquired a lot of nineteenth century memories while walking along these country lanes at night. They were dim memories but beautifully coloured with a shadowy yellow brown as if they were memories of the first light of dawn. They depicted rustic country houses where the people who occupied them dreamed of their dusty nineteenth century lives in spite of being dead and otherwise long forgotten.

I was able to recall some recent ancestor memories while walking around out there, but I also recovered some much older memories which I later came to think of as ancestral. The more I ventured out to walk across the night the more I let go of the social agreements which forbade the kind of thinking I was getting into, and the more I developed a rapport with the ancient beings I encountered out there: the planet, the solar system and galaxy.

Now, you may be thinking that I'm just toying with your faculties with all this talk about developing a rapport with such ancient cosmic creatures, but try to look at it from my point of view. I had begun to think of things which hadn't been conceived of before, things which led to the suspicion that cosmic identities possessed a kind of personality. But I haven't yet told you about the most intriguing thing I was thinking at this time which was the infinite regression of representative summaries.

When I returned to Sydney after I climbed the pyramid at Giza I believed it was inevitable that I start to think in terms of a diminutive infinity; the tip of that thing has a very singular identity. I conceived of the Host Model not long after that, but it was several years before I developed the group of paradigms which make the telling of this story possible.

Most importantly, the infinite regression of abstractions was a paradigm which I conceived of in terms of how much we resemble the planetary host. It was this likeness that led me to conclude that matter could be organised according to a cascading sequence of abstractions which regresses infinitely.

For illustrative purposes I could characterise the infinite regression of abstractions in terms of a set of Russian Dolls, but really the regression of representative summaries are themselves a more complete characterisation of this conception. A regression of representative summaries allows us to infer that creatures on every scale of existence share a common identity. In particular I want to point out the implications which follow the very existence of infinities themselves. You may think that our human point of view is privileged above all others but I think you'll find that we are just one stage in an endless spatial progression, and that our dimensions are entirely relative.

Maybe you haven't thought about it much, but space is bigger than your ability to comprehend it. There is inevitably a limit to your comprehension of how big space is, and space is much bigger than this is. It is, in fact, so big that galaxies are tiny by comparison. Maybe you think that galaxies are huge sums of matter, but compared to the infinities of space out there they are so microscopically small that they nearly don't exist at all. This is not a very difficult concept to understand and represents a pattern of comparison which can also apply to other dimensions such as time and mass. Whether a dimension seems big to you or not depends on the scale of your existence.

The reverse case is also worth noting. Maybe you think that atoms are small, but compared to particles which are infinitely smaller than this atoms are astronomically huge. There's no need to mention the physics of atomic particles because this is simply based on the logic of spatial inversion, but which is also borne out by the infinite regression of

abstractions. In any case there is presently no theoretical limit to how small particles can be so we may feel free to enjoy this little curiosity of spatial speculation. Whether a particle seems small to you or not depends on how big you are by comparison.

It is a very natural thing for people to recognise that space is infinite and for them to wonder what might exist beyond the visible universe. I remember doing this as a child and I think everyone does it from time to time. It is also very natural for people to think that the being who exists beyond the visible universe represents some semblance of us, if not a being who is identical to ourselves. While people tend not to mention this somewhat awkward subject in their daily lives I would be very surprised to find that people didn't associate this being with the unique identity of God. If I may offer my own view of the matter the host model and its implicit regression suggest that this being will resemble a galaxy more than it will resemble our particular kind of body. But in terms of the essential features of our lives I think it is reasonable to suggest that we share a common identity.

Whatever the true nature of this being may be space nevertheless proceeds from this creature in every direction infinitely so that inevitably we arrive at an even larger scale of existence which is occupied by countless other beings just like it. This is followed by vast tracts of space which are relatively empty, and this pattern is repeated over and over as the infinities of space are filled with life. We may be sure of this because this is what we see unfolding on our particular scale of existence.

Now, imagine that you are one of those beings looking in on our spatial dimensions. I'm sure you will appreciate that compared with beings on such a scale as this our bodies are vastly smaller than atoms are compared with our scale of existence, and yet our bodies consist of a vastly intricate complexity. It surely follows that every scale of

existence consists of such an intricate complexity and that subatomic particles possess spatial attributes which make them conform to this rule.

While some may have a vested interest in characterising atoms as the simple building blocks of nature the truth is that there is no such thing in a universe of spatial infinities. Everything is a vastly intricate complexity and atoms are no exception.

My point in the context of developing a rapport with the cosmic beings I met while walking in the country overnight is that everything consists of consciousness in an infinite regression and in a universe of spatial infinities everything is a galaxy from someone's point of view. In terms of their inherent spatial attributes there is a necessary equivalence between beings on every scale of existence where the only significant difference is one of relative proportion. It is therefore quite rational to suggest that everything has galactic proportions from the point of view of beings who are sufficiently smaller, and these in turn have galactic proportions to beings who are sufficiently smaller than them.

And when I say that everything has galactic proportions I mean everything: that car, your computer, that street sign, that flame tree on the corner, you know, the one you're so fond of, those subatomic particles, those chromosomes. Everything!

Now, I know that you're going to want to call this sort of talk preposterous, but give me a break. This happens to be how I think. I'll be the first to acknowledge that this is fairly non conformist thinking, but I think you're getting the impression that I'm quite earnest about it. It's not invalid just because it differs from your way of thinking. Nevertheless, you've probably already recognised the little psychedelic perception here, and I'll bet you find it somewhat unnerving. Well, hold on to your hat fellow traveller because there's only more kookiness to come.

I recognised the relationship between the British Isles and the rest of the planetary topographical configuration early in 1981 soon after I conceived of the host model. This led almost immediately to the infinite regression of universal summaries, so I was in possession of this very useful paradigm from a pretty early stage. It was many years, however, before I was able to assemble a bunch of other paradigms which I could use to connect all the bits of observation from this time, so I'm telling you much of this now with the benefit of hindsight. I was still very much at sea with much of what was happening to me at this time, and I wasn't coping well with all the odd things I saw and heard.

For example, the first time I heard a street sign talk to me I thought "Oh great. Now I've got signposts talking to me." I found it a little disturbing and I wasn't too happy about it.

It was a long time ago and I don't remember exactly what it said, but it was at night and it said something very simple like "This way to the edge of time." You will no doubt be familiar with the creaking sound a signpost makes when it rotates back and forth in the breeze. Well it sounded like this, and it wasn't very coherently spoken, but it was quite distinct. You wouldn't mistake it if you had heard it yourself.

Another more recent example occurred in 2008 when I took the train back to NSW from Western Australia. I lived in the west for about ten years and I had a car which I wanted to keep, so I had it loaded on the back of the train which is a feature of the Indian Pacific. The train left Perth at about eleven in the morning, so it was over the hills east of Perth, and onto the plains by late afternoon. I was sitting in my pokey little single berth cabin looking out the window, and not thinking of anything in particular when I saw a vision of the car emerge in my thinking. It was just another thought, but I could feel the pressure of it on

the fabric of my mind. My car had evidently figured out that we were undertaking an epic journey together, and it was enjoying it so much that it wanted to let me know.

It reminded me of a dog enjoying the breeze on the back of a pickup truck. It had a big grin on its face which I couldn't help returning. All I could do with my surprise was grin back and think "How cool is that! My car has found me in its thinking." This was the first time it had spoken to me like this, and it really made my day because this sort of thing doesn't happen very often.

This may sound a little too kooky for you, but trust me when I say that I'm going somewhere with this. I expect that you're familiar with modern cinema as most people are in this day and age. I also expect that you like to see super heroes exercise their powers to save the world from evil, and I doubt that you question their possession of special powers because it defeats your enjoyment of the show. I believe that schizophrenia has been unfairly demonized in modern society, and I hope to add to the correction of this attitude with the telling of my story here. At the very least I'm sure you'll find that my literary behaviour up to this point has not been too discomforting. If it helps you to continue with your reading of my story then think of me as a funny cinematic hero in possession of special telepathic powers.

Chapter 6

The world becomes a mystical place when you dismantle the bunch of beliefs which hold it all together for you. Energy is a very plastic thing and you can bend it into any number of shapes, but it will snap back into its natural repose if you happen to figure out how to refrain from giving it a shape. It is energy that binds our bodies together and which negotiates our relationship with everything we encounter. And if we can equate energy with effort and consciousness then we may feel confident about developing a rapport with anything on our scale of existence.

On our scale of existence radiant energy is the medium we may use to develop such a rapport. Everything ranging from atoms to galaxies both emit and absorb radiation, and any creature within this range can interpret the electromagnetic signals it absorbs.

I've known animals both domestically and on the farm, and my telepathic experience has shown me that animals have, in fact, a natural telepathic ability. Animals make ideal telepathic partners because their abilities are innate and have not been complicated by beliefs to the contrary. As a result of this experience I have been led to believe that telepathic communication between beings is inherently the nature of radiant energy. I also believe that the denial of such abilities by humans is misguided, and that my possession of telepathic powers is a reasonable expectation, as is the expectation that other creatures relate to each other in this way.

In spite of their denial of this ability I can't help enjoying a chuckle about people's contradictory beliefs regarding this phenomenon. While most people doggedly deny that anyone could be in possession of telepathic powers they adorn themselves with a host of

wireless devices which use the airwaves to communicate with each other. I don't have a mobile phone because there isn't anyone I want to talk to, but I do have a wireless home network which joins a number of computers together and I'm impressed with the way they interact with each other. In any case mobile phones are becoming even more popular and I find people's attitudes conflicting because the physics are basically the same; both mobile phones and human bodies manipulate the relationship between electricity and magnetism.

And when those huge radio telescopes turn their gaze on the distant galactic centre their reception of electromagnetic signals isn't that different from my reception of them. And when I say huge radio telescopes I mean that ironically because compared with the scale of the galaxy those telescopes and my body exist on a scale which is identical. The sky is transparent to signals of this sort and the surface of the Earth is flooded with them all the time. All day and night our bodies are resonating in the flood of electromagnetic energy regardless of whether or not we go to the trouble of observing it.

I can't help it if I'm naturally sensitive to the range of frequencies which my body is absorbing. I acknowledge that my solitary nature meant that I could filter out a lot of the mental traffic occupying the thoughts of most people. I was also naturally intrigued by the prospect of electromagnetic radiance and subsequently resonating bodies. Smoking cannabis helped me to perfect my telepathic abilities, but it was my discovery of the host model and the infinite regression of abstractions which ultimately led to my reception of signals of a cosmic nature. The infinite regression drew my attention to the spatial identity we have in common with the galaxy, and subsequent investigation allowed me to infer that the galaxy was interested in what I had to say about it.

Now, I told you that a body will have galactic proportions from the point of view of those who are sufficiently smaller than it, but really this is just a manner of speaking.

The truth is that a body will be an island universe from such a point of view, and this more closely resembles my intention regarding the infinite regression of abstractions. Everything is a summary of the universe which surrounds it, and so we have a regression of representative summaries. My body, just like so many other bodies, is a diminutive map of the universe which is in turn a diminutive map of the universe surrounding it. It may be a somewhat devastating observation for you fellow traveller, but a universe resides within the body of each and every one of us.

Not only is the body a map of space but it is also a map of time. Looking inwardly upon the constitution of our bodies we see all of time modelled within the unfolding drama of our lives. The development of our bodies from a foetal stage until old age is one way of looking at this map, but providing us with an even more interesting map of time is the static geometry of a body. While the body in question could belong to almost any of the countless creatures we encounter here on Earth the human body will be of most interest to us, so I will confine my remarks to the geometry of this body in particular.

The first feature to consider with regard to the geometry of the body is its field like nature. Fields exist between electrically charged particles and between the poles of a magnet. Since the body is made up of large numbers of these things it will exhibit field like behaviour and resonate according to the electromagnetic energy in its vicinity. Making concessions for their differences in scale, of course, this is not unlike the sort of radiation emitted by stars and galaxies.

Electric charges orbit a magnetic field in a direction perpendicular to its poles, and this relationship defines the perpendicular symmetry of a body. At the intersection of these axes the human heart beats at the centre of the circulatory system. In view of the pervasive nature of this organ I believe that the body is drenched with blood in a way similar

to the cosmic microwave background radiation we see arriving on our shores from every direction. Furthermore in order to pump blood to the most distant capillaries in the body the heart practically implodes at a rate of a little more than once every second. And surprisingly it is this tiny piece of cosmic violence which may be interpreted as a representation of the original big bang.

That space proceeds infinitely in every direction is a statement about which there can be no doubt, but the underlying premise which is usually taken for granted is that an origin has been specified, a zero point which defines the particular region in question. In the case of the universe we know of no absolute origin so space is defined in terms of our experience of it here on Earth. In the case of the human body the zero point can be defined as the cosmically beating heart, and unlike the origin of the universe it can be specified in fairly concrete terms.

Now, you'd expect that a representation of the original big bang would depict the very beginning of time and space with some finality, but logically this is just the beginning of the matter. There is another organ which represents the beginning even more graphically than the heart, but it can only be interpreted as the reverse of yet another organ which depicts the other end of time, the conclusion of all that began so long ago. The two organs will be the anus and the centre of the brain. The anus will represent the beginning of time while the centre of the brain will represent a largely imaginary, but logically necessary, end of time.

The anus is at the end of the alimentary canal and the mouth is at the beginning of it, but I don't think this mild contradiction will complicate my point about the nature of the two identities. They seem to me to be examples of the grand cosmic irony that

the beginning and end of time exist virtually simultaneously, so they depict both identities somewhat ambiguously.

The anus may well terminate the alimentary canal but it is also an important anchor for the generative organs which themselves define the beginning of embryonic life. The anus consists of a representation of zero for both males and females while the other end of the generative organs completes the polar field of two. In the context of an infinite regression of abstractions the end of the alimentary canal assumes a particularly unique identity and gives the entire pelvic-lower limb region the appearance of a very primitive organism indeed. Because the end of the alimentary canal is such a primitive relic of the distant past it is a more graphic representation of the beginning of time than the heart which beats at the centre of the circulatory system.

The infinite regression makes a point of representing the true nature of zero. It is not so much the simple arithmetic convention we usually associate it with, but a point of infinitely diminishing proportions. The end of the alimentary canal consists of a representation of zero and the centre of the brain is no different. The end of the alimentary canal and the centre of the brain are like the tips of two pyramids which are joined to each other at their bases. In this sense they both represent the beginning of things as does the heart, of course, and virtually everything else which has a centre. But the centre of the brain differs from the end of the alimentary canal in so far as it is a much more sophisticated representation of zero. It is relatively highly evolved by comparison, and as such a suitable candidate for the depiction of the end of time. Since the body consists of a map of the entire universe a representation of the end of time must be located somewhere and the centre of the brain happens to most closely resemble this identity.

The centre of the brain may be the repository of a largely imaginary representation because, of course, the future doesn't exist yet. What does exist is the present where the future is a matter of navigation, and the centre of the brain the helm of a ship. It's a space ship which navigates a course through the life of an individual not unlike a sailing ship or perhaps a freighter delivering a collection of personal memories. But the body also contains memories which span the history of the entire universe so the body is a ship of time as much as it is one of space. It's a time ship but not like the fabled time machines of science fiction. It is a time ship because it joins the two ends of time.

This is not particularly surprising. Indeed, all of material existence is commissioned with this very practicality. The difference in our case is that we find ourselves at the tip of a galaxy whose nature is not unlike that of a pyramid. We partake in an infinite regression of abstractions where our particular role is to navigate the ship of state; we are the helm from which a galactic course is chartered. In view of the serious nature of my predicament at this time I drew the conclusion that I was required to adopt a position at the helm of this ship.

I was twenty five in 1981 when I first developed an acquaintance with the things I've been telling you about here. I was young, naive and basically ignorant when these odd things started happening to me. I was a very average high school student and then I went to art school where the only skill I learned in this context was the ability to visualise my thinking. I felt like I had very little preparation for the undertaking I found myself caught up in. It wasn't a rational thing either unlike the story I'm telling you here. It was a feeling, a strong and largely irrational feeling which I struggled to adapt my previous life experiences to.

The feelings had names, of course, and identities which fitted together to make a set of principles I could relate to, but the scale of it all was overwhelming. I felt like I was struggling to stay afloat on a very deep pool of time. To say that I was scared would have been an understatement although I would never have admitted it. To be honest I found it all exhilarating and my exhilaration overshadowed my fear to the point where it became an insignificant consideration for me.

I was still living by the harbour in Neutral Bay at the end of 1981. I was actually pretty happy that first year at Wallaringah and I believed that everything would be alright if I could just stay there, but it all took a nasty turn when I moved to my sister's house early in 1982. My sister's husband was in the business of acquiring surgical experience at a regional hospital and she asked me to mind the house and the family dog while they were away. The only problem was that she also asked my younger brother to stay, so I had to accommodate two disturbing intrusions to my increasingly irrational behaviour, my brother of course, but perhaps more importantly, the dog. I tried to extricate myself from this commitment because I knew how vulnerable I was, but my sister insisted and would not hear of any arguments to the contrary.

My brother wasn't such a problem because with work and his other interests he wasn't often there, but the dog became my constant and somewhat unwelcome companion. It was a problem because I was just beginning to develop my telepathic abilities at this time, and the dog inevitably became mixed up in my telepathic investigations.

When I first began to develop my telepathic abilities I believed that I was corresponding with a number of individual creatures, but it wasn't long before I had to amend this view. I had to suspect that my experience was a little more complicated than this because some of these telepathic encounters were simply too bizarre to fit the paradigm I was using to

organise my thinking at this time. One noteworthy example occurred quite early in my experience with schizophrenia and involved the dog I was minding at my sister's house. I was driving taxis three nights a week at the time so I was inclined to remain awake until the early hours of the morning which the dog evidently found infuriating.

Those nights I wasn't working were spent brooding over my new found perception so my behaviour was very introspective and I was only vaguely aware of the effect it was having on the dog. I remember my mind was often spinning in those days trying to keep up with the curious thoughts I was concocting, and evidently the dog was aware of this because on one occasion he covered his ears as dogs do sometimes and spoke in audible English "When are you going to stop?" His speech was slurred but it was quite distinct and I did my best to ignore this peculiarity as I did on most occasions when this sort of thing was happening. I did my best not to show it, but to be honest, I was actually very scared.

Chapter 7

Now, I didn't give it much thought at the time, but I was vaguely aware of the two explanations I could use to assimilate this particular oddity. I had already made enough progress with my telepathic investigation to propose that the dog and I had a telepathic rapport with each other and that what I had observed was yet another example of its peculiar machinations. I would have to believe, however, that the dog had learned a lot of English words just from listening to people speak. And then I would have to believe that he could wrap his somewhat crippled linguistic equipment around a question of this nature, something which he had never done before and would likely never do again.

The first part I could accept without much question. I believe that animals possess much greater abilities than people give them credit for. But the second part only led me to a struggle with the alternative explanation which I could also accept without much question, but which entailed a much more disturbing proposition. Before I point out to you what the alternative must necessarily be let me provide you with a couple more examples so that there can be no doubt about the nature of this phenomenon.

My sister's place was in Lane Cove which is about ten kilometres from the Sydney CBD so I was walking around Sydney a lot on my nights off, and during the day. Stopping at a cafe for coffee and a tasty treat became a reward after a long walk. I wasn't doing much cooking in those days so I would also provide myself with a decent meal on such occasions.

I was in Chatswood late one morning when I stopped at a cafe for a glass of milk after a long walk. I loved my milk and I could usually make a glass last half an hour or

more. I'd sip it slowly and drone on and on over some of my favourite thoughts some of which required a very subtle degree of mental concentration. It was more of a mood or a feeling I was trying to get into which I could assemble from a number of little glimpses of eternity. I'd listen to the traffic out on the street and the voices of people ordering their tasty treats at the counter. It wasn't a big cafe so I wasn't far from the door or the people making their orders. It seemed like a perfectly normal day to me, but as I sat there drinking my milk it took a rather disturbing turn.

The first odd thing I noticed was the sound of the traffic diminishing out on the street. It took a couple of minutes to disappear entirely during which time the volume rose and fell couple of times, but before long there was an eerie silence out there. I could hear the voices of people chatting as they were walking by and the sound of their footsteps on the pavement, but the sounds of the cars passing were gone completely. I sat there for a couple of minutes checking all my senses to make sure I wasn't mistaking the phenomenon. I wanted to check that I was still seeing cars go by, which I surely was of course, so I began to suspect that I was experiencing some kind of perceptual distortion. But as if this wasn't odd enough then something really weird happened.

As I sat there listening to the silence out on the street a woman came towards me from where she had been ordering her lunch or something at the counter. She was about my age and looked like a business woman of some sort, but I didn't pay her much attention because I had never seen her before, and because I was more interested in listening to the scene unfolding before me. Nevertheless she stood before me and said in a quiet voice, "You're not really alone here you know Mike." I looked up at her surprised that she knew anything about me, and as I began to examine her more closely, she smiled with an air of triumph and returned to where she had come from. She stood at the counter for several more

minutes while her order was being completed and then left the premises without so much as a look in my direction.

I sat there not really thinking much about what had just happened as was my habit when something odd like this unfolded in front of me. The traffic sounds returned soon after the girl had left, so I was left alone with my glass of milk which I finished a little more hastily and also left. I didn't look for her when I got back out on the street. I had more or less concluded that I had suffered from a perceptual aberration of some sort and that she may well not exist at all much less be somewhere out on the street where I could find her.

I didn't think much about this episode when I got home later that afternoon. As a matter of fact it was only after several months of this sort of thing happening relatively frequently that I was able to assemble some ideas about how best to characterise it. None of these had anything to do with the possible development of a mental illness which was close to the bottom of my list of likely suspects. I was thinking more along the lines of some kind of wakeful immersion in my dreaming but before I elaborate this intriguing possibility let me relate one more example which I'm sure any cannabis smokers among you will recognise immediately.

Cannabis smokers will be able to relate to this one because I expect that watching TV while under the influence will have been a fairly common pastime for many smokers. They will also agree that the most interesting time for a smoker will be the first five or ten minutes of intoxication. It is during this interval that the psychedelic effects are most evident and a smoker may relish the perceptual aberrations which result when the cannabis molecules first begin to flow through the circulatory system.

I was visiting a puff buddy in North Sydney one evening when the TV happened to be on in the background. A game show of some sort was on, and without paying

too much attention to it I could hear the compere coordinating the action as required by a TV show of this sort. My friend offered me a smoke which I gratefully accepted. It would have been my first in a while so that I could have expected the psychedelic effects to be even more pronounced. After I had a couple of puffs she went into the kitchen to see about the evening meal and so I was left alone to somewhat absently focus on the drama unfolding on TV.

I was trying not to get too involved with the TV show when something really disturbing happened. I remember the effects of the smoke were starting to kick in when I happened to glance at the TV and saw the compere look directly at the camera before he said “Oh, look who’s just joined us.” I found the inference that the compere was aware of my presence so disturbing that I immediately averted my gaze, but I couldn’t help listening to what else he had to say which was not much more than a few muffled grunts and heavy breathing.

This may ring a bell with cannabis smokers because I expect that this sort of perceptual distortion is a fairly common occurrence among this group. Cannabis is an hallucinogen after all, so this sort of thing is only to be expected. It is for this reason that cannabis use is such a contentious issue in society with some members horrified that others could subject themselves to such abuse. And cannabis smokers themselves will suffer a great deal of anxiety because experiences like this are often very scary.

In spite of whatever benefits or risks may be seen to exist from either point of view I believe that episodes such as the one with the dog and the girl in the cafe became possible because my body had learned to hallucinate in the absence of any narcotic stimulation. Smoking cannabis had evidently triggered a memory of what appeared to be a natural ability residing within me, and my body was now able to perform this behaviour spontaneously. This is not to underestimate the significance of my relationship with the

ghosts I've been telling you about. They had their own objectives to achieve and I was often just a pawn in their game. Let me also point out that in spite of the growing chaos in my life I couldn't help noticing that these individuals behaved consistently, as had been the case since the day I stumbled on the host model and its implicit regression. It seemed to me at the time that I was mixed up in some kind of cosmic convergence involving different levels of my consciousness. I began to suspect that the drama spun around my situation had conspired to bring what should have been my dreaming to the surface of my consciousness where it could enter into a renegotiation of my beliefs about the world.

Now, I won't deny that I'm probably atypical in this regard, but I remember a lot of things from very early in my childhood. I remember a time long ago when there was no discernible difference between my dreaming and my waking which was as dreamy as this time must be for all of us. Consciousness undoubtedly dwells in a half light at this time of our lives which is not to say that it isn't filled with light but that it's a state consisting of both waking and dreaming. This may not be a particularly surprising thing to say, but what may be surprising in my case is that I remember quite a lot from this time.

I remember dreaming of the nursery room very early in the morning. I found the half light particularly spellbinding and I would relish the perfect stillness of the room at this time of day. I remember I was able to examine the room in great detail and I paid close attention to the window where the light was most dramatic. Looking back on a memory such as this and with the benefit of hindsight I'm able to infer that I was dreaming at this time because of the mobility of it. An infant in a crib just wouldn't be able to view the room like this.

My dreams weren't confined to the nursery room, of course, or even to the locality of the house where my family was living at the time. I was dreaming of countless

other places as well but the only ones I can remember now were of quite country dawns. I remember visiting old rustic country houses and rusting derelicts all of which were united by the common theme of being dreams of a perfectly still early country morn.

I was a prolific dreamer when I was very young and I have many fond memories of this time, but when I got to the age of about four it gradually began to dawn on me that I just couldn't do this anymore. Quite suddenly I realised that I was confined to the house I was sharing with my family, and I remember making a deliberate mental note to remember what it was like before. I didn't actually do much about rehearsing my memories of this time, but just making a mental note about it was enough to remind me throughout the following years that once long ago I was an infant dreamer.

Needless to say my wings were clipped by the time I started school about a year later. I was becoming quickly socialised into a group which had no particular use for one with dreaming skills, but my dreaming still had a way of getting through to me. And I'm not talking about the ordinary dreams which everyone has, and which I also have in abundance. I'm talking about special dreams, dreams in which you wake up in the place you've been dreaming about, although to be honest not counting those times it happened when I was an infant this has only happened to me once.

I was about ten years old and it was winter, so it would have been the winter of 1966. I remember it was winter because my father had the gas heater on in the living room where I woke up. I had gone to bed at about half past seven which was normal for a ten year old in those days. My father was an accountant who frequently brought his work home, so he was often up late working on his sums when everyone else was asleep, and the house was perfectly quiet.

It wasn't an ordinary dream so much as a strange tactile obsession which had captured my attention. I was exploring a tactile surface with my fingers, and I call it a dream because I was asleep in bed when it happened. It wasn't the first time I had this dream either, but this was the first time it had this surprising conclusion. It was a rough and spongy surface which may have been wet, and my brow furrowed as I tried to make sense of it. On this occasion my sense of the surface grew until I recognised the fabric of the armchair in the living room, and it was at about this time that I woke up somewhat dazed across the room from where my father was working.

The chair was a little behind his, so my father had to turn before he said "Oh, hi Mike. I didn't hear you come in."

The room had two glass doors which my father had closed to contain the warmth from the gas heater, and they made a distinctly clunky noise when either opened or closed, so his surprise was only to be expected.

Now, it is very likely that most of you will want to doubt the truth of a report like this. I won't doubt that waking up in the place you've been dreaming of is a very uncommon experience, but try to look at it from my point of view. My memory of this occasion is quite clear, and in spite of the apparent oddity of this the logic is water tight, so I find it very difficult to contradict my beliefs about the matter. I expect your best contradictory argument would have me sleepwalking into the room somehow. But let me assure you that there were only two ways to get into this room, either through the rattling glass doors behind where my father was sitting, or from the dining area which would have been in my father's line of sight.

If you happen to be struggling to give credence to my account of this incident then you'll just have to reassure yourself that I am a maverick thinker, and leave it to some

future age to make sense of such unlikely things. In any case much of what follows depends on my adoption of this premise, so you'll just have to make the most of your objections at this point in my story and struggle on as best you can.

In spite of whatever your particular beliefs may be, in terms of my own experience it goes a long way toward explaining a lot of the odd things I saw and heard during the early days of my psychosis to suppose that I could wake up in a world which subtly differs from the one I went to sleep in. I'm talking about a world in which cosmic identities intersect with the lives of individuals, and where a conscious individual can encounter the dreams of others, but before I leave this cosy childhood scene let me tell you about another sequence of events which may have begun here.

I had a very happy childhood, my home life was always secure and my parents were very supportive of my siblings and myself. I don't remember any of my siblings getting special treatment from my parents, but at some point in my childhood my father started calling me "The Great Miko!" whenever I did anything idiosyncratic which was often enough for such occasions to register in my memory. I don't remember the emergence of this behaviour clearly, but it was nevertheless very distinctive perhaps because I could never grasp what the dickens he was talking about. I assumed it was some kind of compliment but what exactly he was complimenting always remained a mystery to me.

Many years later when I became embroiled in the details of the story I'm telling you here I began to suspect that my father was involved in a secretive conspiracy to entangle me in the practicalities required by the emergence of the host model theory. In view of the potentially historic nature of the host model and the seemingly orchestrated cacophony swirling around me I thought there may be a good chance that all of this had already been planned. There were two alternatives I had to consider. Either members of my immediate

ancestral family were in cahoots with some level of the British government (my father was a post-war British emigrant), or I had to entertain some giddy speculation about the ghostly presence I had been consorting with. I decided it would be better for my health to blame my family for my predicament, but I couldn't ignore the alternative hypothesis looming largely over every step I took.

Throughout the many difficult years which followed my development of these suspicions my father's "Great Miko" adulation was at the heart of them. But when in the fullness of time my father passed away without so much as a whisper of any grand family plan I had to reconsider my position. I now believe that my father thought of my silent entry into the living room that winter's night as an act of prestidigitation, in which case his "Great Miko" reference drew regard to an entertainer of some sort such as a magician or a circus performer. Either way something mystical happened to me that night and my father's surprise and subsequent adulation reassure me of this.

Chapter 8

Smoking cannabis may have acquainted me with what I call “an ally” dream. I call it an ally dream because that’s what Castaneda’s Mexican informant Don Juan called the elemental force which a warrior may be lucky enough to encounter. A warrior will enter into a life and death struggle with his ally while awake, but this differs from my experience in so far as it happens during a particularly threatening dream I struggle to regain consciousness from. Don Juan associated the ally with the hallucinogenic substances a warrior may use, and it occurred to me that maybe I could associate cannabis with this effect, but I tend not to give much credence to this because I’ve only ever encountered the “ally” in these dreams I’ve been having.

I suspect that a medical practitioner would characterise my experience as a fit of some kind, and that’s certainly how I described it to myself when it first started happening many years ago. I would be asleep and dreaming of nothing in particular when I became overcome with a torrential mental storm of an indescribable nature, from which I would really struggle to extricate myself and return to wakeful consciousness. This has happened to me as many as two or three dozen times over the last thirty years or more, and I’m sure my death will involve something of this sort because it feels life threatening whenever it happens to me.

I recently dreamed that I joined the old Mexican on a hunting party the purpose of which was to find an ally for me but which ended in failure, and which seemed to have sorely disappointed him. So maybe my struggles with the ally are over which is a good thing really because surely these fits can’t be any good for my health.

Having an ally in my dreams meant that I could follow the behaviour of my dream body more easily. I could have longer and more elaborate dreams which were easier to remember, but it also meant that my dream body could follow my waking behaviour more closely. I began to see details of my waking life emerge in my dreams, so that my dream body and I began to have a more constructive dialogue.

And in case you're wondering about my dream body, it's really no different from yours. The difference in my case is that I probably take it a little more seriously than you do, and I also probably feel a greater sympathy for it. It's a person, like a friendly if somewhat feeble one who deserves sympathy and respect like anyone does. In any case my dream body began to show me interesting things about our relationship.

Being able to recognise my dream body in my waking life provided me with a satisfactory explanation for some of the hallucinations I've been telling you about. In particular I'm talking about incidents like the one in the cafe with the girl, and the one with the TV compere. Having a relationship with my dream body meant that I could expect my dreaming to emerge in my waking, but perhaps more importantly I could expect the dreaming of other people to emerge there as well. That incident in the cafe with the girl was part of my dreaming, but crucially it was also part of hers. She was dreaming when she met me there that day, as was the TV compere that evening when I was smoking cannabis at my friend's house.

In the case of the TV compere the relatively sudden transition from a state of sobriety to one of intoxication defines an interesting discontinuity which may provide us with a way of interpreting my experience. The relatively sudden emergence of the compere's dreaming in my consciousness suggests that both his dreaming and my intoxication were frequencies which a smoker may tune into. We were both radiant beings emitting a constant

stream of energy, and this was subject to tuning just as any other source of radiance was. Add to this the time displaced broadcast of a recording which could have taken place any number of days earlier and a tuning of the resulting flux could only be expected. Evidently a little puff of smoke makes a difference which may be a matter of some subtlety, but which is nevertheless monumental in terms of the experience of individuals.

The situation with the girl in the cafe was essentially no different. The physics were virtually the same with the exception that the onset of the aberrant perception was more gradual, and it was harder to predict when this sort of thing was going to happen. Also I expect it takes a more cooperative discipline to set up something like this so that it has a more definitive purpose, perhaps simply the demonstration of a principle in this case.

Having observed a number of similar incidents I began to wonder just how many of the people around me were dreaming when they had encounters with me. It wasn't just the mere possibility that my life could have been constructed in this way. It was the spooky ghost I had been hanging out with that was of most concern to me. I had no way of controlling this feature of my life, and at the time it seemed like there was no end to how warped my life was becoming.

“Well, everybody, Mike. They're all dreaming.” Hymen replied when eventually I voiced the question.

Old Nyth nodded in agreement and went on to say “No one has ever been this far out before. It looks like you've begun to make your way across the time exchange, and there's just no one else out here.”

Now, there are a couple of things I should point out to you. Firstly, let me assure you that the dreaming effect Hymen was referring to was neither permanent, nor was it

continuous. It was intermittent which suggests to me that it had more to do with my own psychological constitution throughout the years in question, and less to do with the conscious behaviour of any earthly individual or group. This is not to say, of course, that these people couldn't be dreaming when I observed them in this way, but I doubt that they were conscious of their behaviour at such times.

I'd also like to point out that I wasn't particularly surprised to observe my life adopting such a twisted form. When I climbed that pyramid in Egypt I scarcely realised that I had become a volunteer in its grand cosmic plan, but in retrospect I have to acknowledge that the symbolism was kind of obvious. I was an adventurous youngster on holiday in a foreign land, but before long I had become haunted by a ghost who had its own objectives to achieve, and no qualms about taking advantage of an opportunity to achieve them.

It was pretty clear to me then but it is only all the more clear to me now that the Galaxy intended to make contact with us here on Earth. I happened to be selected into the role of medium, and the perceptual distortion I was experiencing was the natural consequence of negotiating the practicalities required by an endeavour of this kind. Yet in spite of this perceptual handicap the Galaxy was able to make it clear to me that time has suddenly become very short for every creature on this planet, just as it seems to have run out completely for those countless species which have so recently become extinct. In order to compensate for this evaporation of time the Galaxy established a time exchange here on Earth where creatures with an abundance of this commodity could exchange it with those who are now so desperately short of time.

Time may be stored in the paradigms we use to construct our beliefs about the world, and exchanged with other interested parties for no more than the promise of an alliance of some sort. The host model of Earth and its implicit regression are examples of

such paradigms, but really every physical thing is a paradigm which can be used to store time just as these abstractions do. I mentioned earlier how the pelvic region of our bodies represents the beginning of time in an infinite regression of universal summaries. Well the North American continent also represents the beginning of time in the global system of representation and the two diagrams are united by the sharing of their common identities.

While the North American continent resembles the pelvic region of our human bodies, and is thus a depiction of the genesis of time, there is an even more poignant representation of the beginning in this vicinity. In view of the location of the sex organs in the pelvic region of our bodies and their identification with the beginning of time, there is an intriguing correlation on a global scale in so far as the Gulf of Mexico and the Antilles archipelago represent a pair of mating gametes. The Gulf of Mexico depicts the ovum of this mating pair and the Antilles represent a fully motile sperm cell which is intriguing in this context because with Cuba's imminent entry into the Gulf of Mexico they together depict the very instant of conception.

Sexual reproduction first developed in the primitive oceans of Earth more than a billion years ago, and in the case of the Gulf and the Antilles group of islands the geological figures are themselves only a little more than a hundred million years old. But the cosmic event they depict harkens back to the very dawn of creation itself, a span of something more than thirteen billion years or so, which means that in this part of the world we are confronted with a truly daunting stretch of time.

Now, I'm going to get a little personal with you here because I suspect that being suddenly confronted with such a vast segment of time has got to affect your perception just as it affected mine long ago when I first stumbled upon this conception. I believe the only yardstick we may use to relate to an interval of this magnitude involves perhaps a somewhat

involuntary recognition of our mortality, so it involves a very personal perception indeed. It may not be a subject which you would like to dwell much upon, but making a connection between death and such temporal dimensions was always my experience, and I'm sure it will also be the case for you.

If you happen to be a family person then in some respects your feelings about death will be more complicated than such feelings are for a solitary type like me. For those of you who have your most cherished Earthly sentiments invested in the creation of a family death will be a most unwelcome intruder, and one who dares to contradict your precious beliefs about the world. But for a solitary person death may be an individual's most faithful and trusted companion, and let me also point out that the whole geometry of space is different from a solitary person's point of view.

If you care deeply for your family then as a matter of practicality you will develop a fairly inward looking view of life. You locate the very centre of your being outside yourself without doubt, but the centre of your attention will nevertheless remain within the small group of those cherished ones who are so dear to you. This will not be the case for those who intend to remain alone in life. The centre of attention for such solitary individuals will remain firmly within the self, and will coincide with the location of the heart which beats at the centre of the circulatory system.

This is a particularly significant distinction when combined with the infinite regression, and the theory's bearing on the fundamental nature of the body, because it locates the individual in a fairly intrepid context indeed. If the body can be seen to represent a map of the entire universe, and the heart a relatively diminutive representation of the beginning of time then the individual may enjoy a context which parents and children may find distressing. Such individuals will identify with the universe and cherish the radiance emitted by the body

which expands beyond the horizon where it diminishes slowly but nevertheless remains virtually deathless. Contrary to the inward looking view which families may enjoy an individual will occupy the centre and look outwards upon the starry universe where its vastness will be an inspiration.

In the context of my dreaming I suggest that looking beyond the horizon in this way made it clear to me that death doesn't have to be the terrifying figure which is depicted by most of society. It can be a much more subtle and sensible character who has an important role to play in life. It could be a nightmare or it could be a pleasant dream you may encounter when you go to sleep at night. But more importantly it's a figure who is at work in your waking lives each day, and who doesn't have to be the passive observer of your life when it could be the active agent of your destiny.

Or perhaps it's more respectful to the sensitive identities concerned to say that the dream body adopts the guise of death at different times during our lives, and that it is the dream body who negotiates the fulfilment of our destinies. In any case death is the unique character I'm drawing your attention to here because death provides me with a way of relating to you the mechanism at the heart of the time exchange.

If you're much older than the very young then you've probably known someone who has since departed from your world. You may or may not have grieved depending on how close you were to the departed one, but nevertheless on the basis of this experience you probably feel that you are more or less fully acquainted with death. You lose a loved one, you grieve, you get over it, and you wait for a time when death will finally catch up with you. You do your best to ignore death while you go about the fulfilment of your dreams, but without realising that you have a very one sided view of the matter.

There's nothing wrong with this view, of course. Indeed, a robust economy depends on most people's rigorous adherence to this view, since the alternative has a tendency to result in psychosis which won't suit most people's goals in life. But for some of us it's just not as simple as others would like to make it out to be. With the global ecological crisis now looming largely on the horizon for us all perhaps it's time for a little flexibility in this view.

Chapter 9

The alternative to an adoption of most people's feelings about death is to dedicate a fairly lengthy interval in your life to accumulating personal power, an endeavour which shouldn't be too difficult given the knowledge you've gained just from reading these pages. Success in this endeavour will require a very flexible timetable which will be largely incompatible with the sort of routine required by a formal participation in economic relations. In my case taxi driving was an ideal source of income throughout the early 80s because the work was very informal. I could drive as often or as little as I liked, and I could even quit in the middle of a shift if I wanted with no more damage than the loss of the night's pay-in and a little income.

With enough personal power you'll be able to make up your own mind about a lot of the things that people usually take for granted. This is not an exclusive thing by any means. I'm sure you'll agree that everyone has this ability to some extent. But there are a number of things which are very personal and which you'll have to manage pretty much on your own. These may be contentious things such as the proposition that energy and consciousness are equivalent, or something very personal such as your particular experience with death and dying.

In spite of the speculative nature of any discussion of the experience of dying there remains enough data to make such a discussion worthwhile. For example, you don't hear of the very old complaining about the imminent end of their lives perhaps because they sense that dying is a transitional state, and that really there is no end but rather there is a continuous change. You hear of younger people complaining about the foreshortening of their lives, but really they are complaining about lost opportunities and their unfulfilled

dreams. By contrast the very old have had time to adapt to the expected transformation. But if I may also include in this discussion some of my admittedly psychedelic experiences then I'm sure I can make this awkward subject more manageable.

Now, it requires no particular feat of imagination to deduce that if time exists at all then it must exist for all time, and the same can be said for the infinite continuity of space. I also suspect that the argument is valid in the case of the consciousness of individuals. The edges may be a little blurry and probably with good reason, but if one has consciousness at all, and consciousness is equal to the radiant energy within us, then something will remain of you always. Your body will enter a state of decay, but your dreaming remains with your bleached white bones, and when only dust remains your dreaming resides within the greater cosmic ancestry.

When you glance off the western horizon late on a sunny afternoon you sense the timeless vastness which exists out there. You sense that eternity proceeds before you and it is this sense which will remain with you always. You may be forgetful and lose track of such a memory, but I'm sure it will return when death finally comes to challenge your mortality, and it will be there during your doubtlessly forgetful re-birthing when old Nyth will promise her presence there beside you.

Add to this the possibility that the body consists of a representation of the entire universe, and I'm sure you will appreciate how our bodies are just drenched in time. It may be a somewhat mystical experience, and one which is differently experienced by each and every one of us, but there appear to be infinities contained within the bodies of us all. Surely you will agree that this is as psychedelic as it is inspirational.

Of course, most people will unlikely have the time or the inclination to investigate such subtle features of their lives. I myself only had some success with this

endeavour because I had a calling, and I happened to have the necessary psychological abilities. But I expect that anyone with such skills and the inclination to use them could quite easily have similar success. I doubt this will be a sizable segment of the population though, so you may rest assured that there won't be a revolution any time soon.

But there is a group for whom the acquisition of this sort of information is a matter of great urgency. I refer to the animals either already extinct or on the verge of extinction, and all those others who have suffered because of our industrialisation of the environment. Maybe you're thinking that animals are helpless creatures incapable of defending themselves but I think we really should be more careful. The disgruntled could band together in their tangential lives and gang up on us.

I ventured into this intrepid discussion of death because I wanted to point out to you how our bodies consist of a vastly intricate complexity and yet our beliefs about it are relatively very simple. Such simplicity makes life more manageable for the greater part of humanity, of course, so I don't expect any criticism of it to be particularly successful. But there is one particular aspect of dying which intrigues me, and which represents a special case of a more general question I have about my dreaming. What if an individual and his or her loved ones have two very different views of the matter?

This shouldn't be a problem for most people because they simply don't believe it's possible. They participate in a culture which they share with their loved ones, and have accepted the terms whereby they each relate to this phenomenon. The roles are clearly defined, and each party does their best to celebrate the tender sentiments they share as they say goodbye to each other. It's only a problem for those who enjoy a solitary existence because their perception of the world is so idiosyncratic that they have perhaps inadvertently introduced doubts about the nature of the experience.

There was an incident long ago when I was walking through a large country town at night. My thoughts were of the galactic centre which was about thirty degrees above the western horizon at the time. I thought a lot about the galaxy at this time of my life and I believed that on a number of occasions I caught this magnificent being reciprocating. I was in a very suggestible mood that night, and at one point along the dimly illuminated street I was walking on I began to sense that I was approaching what I later came to suspect was the surface of time. It was a constructed thought which I partly attributed to the galactic presence I enjoyed that night, and it emerged during the course of a conversation we were having about the nature of time. It looked like a vertical glassy surface which was completely transparent, and as black as the night I was trying my best to walk across.

I stood before the glassy surface and thought long and hard about whether or not I wanted to step through it. This wasn't the first time I had encountered something like this, it used to happen quite a lot approaching bridges when I was out walking around Sydney late at night. I would stand before a bridge and wonder if I really wanted to cross over it because I had no idea what was waiting for me on the other side. In the case of the glassy surface that night I knew I would enter a dreamed alternative course of personal history if I chose to step over the threshold which I was quite open to, but it was the thought of what I would be leaving behind me that was of most concern.

It occurred to me that stepping forward could change some of the most fundamental features of my life and that in doing so there would be no going back, so I thought of my family and the tenderness of the sentiments we would have to share if I had to say goodbye to them. Some of the conclusions I had drawn from my unusual experience with dreaming had tempted me to entertain the possibility that I could be dead to those around me. I felt sure that I was going to leave a cadaver behind me that night, and that I was going to

enter a dreamed alternative which they would never be a part of, so it was quite a struggle for me to make up my mind about how I wanted to deal with the situation.

I stepped forward that night and I later met my family at one of those festive celebrations we get together for, but I couldn't ignore the possibility that they were dreaming they were there with me. I couldn't ignore the discontinuity which separated us then, and which continues to this day. I had experienced things which they could never have any knowledge of, but which had changed the very foundations of my existence. As old Nyth was fond of saying, "The path to enlightenment is one from which there can be no return."

Maybe you're thinking that it's just unreasonable for me to suppose that leaving a cadaver in my tracks was even possible, but you have to make concessions to the ghostly presence I had been courting. Old Nyth's single interest in me concerned the fringes of my earthly existence both with my early childhood memories and with my prospects at a later time when I may be very old, so this transitional state was the main topic we shared a common interest in.

There was a funny scene one afternoon when I was driving a taxi early in 1984. It was hot and I was fairly prone to hallucination that summer. I was heading south on the Pacific Highway at St Leonards when gradually but completely unexpectedly I felt my face wrinkle up like a prune, and desiccate like the face of a cadaver left for several weeks in the grave. It was incongruous to the point of being funny. I didn't laugh or turn to face my passengers because I was embarrassed and I didn't want to look foolish. I did my best to ignore the scene as was my habit.

The hallucination had evaporated by the time I dropped my fare off in the north of Sydney's CBD, but I remember the experience was just fascinating, and an

indication of the sort of things I could reasonably expect from my association with the old maternal Queen of time.

Driving a taxi around Sydney in 1984 I felt like I was a molecule adrift in the capillaries of my body, and looking outward at the world was like looking at my reflection in a mirror. The blood vessels and capillaries were like the motorways and residential streets of the city while whole organs were like the different districts such as the industrial zone and the financial district. Individual cells were like the family homes populating the countless streets, and the whole body was like a galaxy because of the phenomenal numbers involved. There are about a hundred trillion cells within the bodies of each of us, and each one of these consists of about ten trillion atoms, so that in total there are about a thousand trillion trillion atoms which together constitute the body as a whole.

It is reasonable to suggest that each of these atoms has an important role to play in the life of the organism just as the individual cells and organs do, and as is the case with the lives of individuals in society. So, you can't reasonably sequester a healthy individual or group by saying that their existence is insignificant in terms of the larger fabric of the organism or society.

There are many who serve the interests of this vast galactic empire, but there are also many who dwell in the far flung and long forgotten shadows of civil society. And there are many solitary types like me who illuminate the shadows with the crafting of their dangerous thoughts, and who connive at opening the door to a lost world which they know is only a dream away. Were it not for the knowledge of such vastness then death would be for us a humiliating defeat.

It may seem like a quaint and unlikely contradiction to you, but in my experience death has always been like standing on the doorstep of a truly vast stretch of time.

In my experience knowledge of time led to knowledge of death, and knowledge of death led to knowledge of Eternity, as if death and time were the inversions of an identity equal to one.

Now, I've told you about these peculiarities from my personal experience not so much to scare you with the spooky situation I found myself caught up in. On the contrary I've told you about these things to show you that my hallucinations were not the random aberrations of a diseased mind but were the components of a dialogue I was having with my dream body throughout the early 1980s. The dream body was unable to sit down with me face to face and explain the facts of life to me, so some kind of alternative was required. These episodes happened to be a more formal demonstration of the principles required to complete my edification in any case. And in terms of producing a unique result I can't over estimate the significance of my entrapment in the pyramid's cosmic business. I was contained within a fairly rigorous investigation, and the seeming insanity was part of a formal demonstration of the possibility that on odd occasions others were dreaming when they met me.

Chapter 10

I'm not a particularly talented dreamer by any means, unlike Castaneda's informant Don Juan who was by all accounts a prodigious dreamer. I mention him in the past tense as a matter of formality but really the old Mexican sorcerer is still a dreamer. I know this because I've seen him there. I wish I was a more talented dreamer but my wings were clipped long ago. Dreaming is a skill which has no particular value in an economically driven culture such as the one I grew up in, and I'm not talking about the possession of a colourful imagination which can be very useful to the economy. I'm talking about a person who has the ability to wake up in the place he or she has been dreaming of.

In spite of all the unusual perceptual experiences I've been telling you about I nevertheless regard myself as a very average dreamer, and it's not particularly contentious to suppose that this is the case for most people in society. I expect the reason why I'm such an average dreamer is because of all the implicit social contracts I've agreed to during the course of my life going back to a very young age. Nevertheless I believe that dreaming is the natural state of every living thing on this planet, and that what we call "wakefulness" is a special case of dreaming which parents hook their children into for the sake of feeding and to fulfil the goal of reproduction later on in life.

In the case of humanity our wakefulness is unique among the many species here on Earth in so far as we have developed not only a rigorous social order, but we have a system of physical principles which is the same for all creatures without exception. In the case of all the other creatures who share the world we seem determined to exploit, they may not be in possession of such a powerful and adaptive technology but I suspect that they're much more successful dreamers.

All creatures wherever they may be occupy a position in the infinite regression, and are no less a representation of the entire universe just as we are. But I expect that such dreamers are much more able to hide within its infinities, and that they may never have left the beloved world which humans have lost and long lamented. Just as my dreaming was brought to the surface of my consciousness so could it be brought to the surface of any creature's consciousness under the right circumstances such as the threat of impending doom posed by the recent behaviour of much of humanity.

My experience on the farm with Hoppy's young calf Brown Star has shown me that animals are aware of the vastness beyond the sky just as we are. I also suspect that a select number of animals on this planet have dreamed as I did of both the ghost of death, and the regression of abstractions. The regression of abstractions is itself not that complicated. It is merely an acquaintance with the different scales of time and space which such creatures could find in their dreaming given a development of the necessary motivation.

Those creatures whose destiny has been to take possession of these two empowering bits of information occupy a world which differs from the one which so many others take for granted. Those few who dream of the ghost of death and the infinite regression share with all the others of their kind a grieving for the loss of their natural habitats, but they also suffer the delirium which is the price they must pay for their possession of such knowledge. They may suffer more than others of their kind but when they trace the rays of sunlight arriving on their shores on a cold winter's morn they know that the ancestral solar being cares about what happens here on Earth. They look out into the vastness and remember that this being cares enough to provide them with a path to survival in the face of their species' extinction.

They remember the warm yellow light from early in their infancy and associate it with their earliest memories of self and familial kinship. Later on in life it's a memory which tells them of their cosmic ancestors, the planet, but perhaps more importantly in this context, the Sun and the larger solar entity.

Because the regression of abstractions consists of a structure very much like that of a pyramid, and because the tip of a pyramid represents the consciousness of a body then all creatures great and small on this planet embody the consciousness of both the planet and the entire solar entity. Just as mind and body work together to achieve common goals for creatures here on Earth so too do the solar organism and Earthly creatures. In this case Earthly creatures are the pointy tips of the larger system's consciousness.

I expect that any one of us could correspond with the greater cosmic consciousness just as I have, but what remains unclear to me is just how many of us go to the trouble of doing this, and to what extent does our behaviour conform with the intentions of this being. If your actions throughout your life have found favour with this ancestor then your deathly adaptations may be a matter of some simplicity, but this will not be the case if you have lived at odds with this being. If transgression has been your path through life then the memories of your evil deeds will be unescapable.

For those of us who are able to dream of a scale of time like the one which the solar ancestor enjoys then death may be the dreaming of fond memories of your time here on Earth. Your dreaming may be somewhat incongruous but it will be otherwise organised according to the various topics you've had an interest in. You'll meet those others who are dear to you and whatever conflicts or happiness you may have enjoyed on Earth will continue, after some reorientation, virtually seamlessly. I know this because this is what I've

seen among the many dead I've been telling you about. The soul is immutable. You can hurt it and it will suffer, and in time memory of it will fade, but it cannot cease to exist.

Now, maybe you're thinking that all of this sounds pretty good to you, that heaven beckons the righteous to come forth and suckle at its bosom, but what about all the animals who have had to suffer because of our industrialisation of the landscape. Are these creatures not entitled to justice in the cosmic theatre we've been discussing?

I happen to live in a small country town so I see a lot of dead animals lying by the roadside every time I get in my car and drive to a neighbouring town. It surprises me how many animals are killed in this way and how little people care for the suffering of these creatures. But such numbers are vanishingly small compared with global death rates among wildlife and the lack of consideration I see around me has become normal for so many of us in recent times. And I'm not talking about global road kill rates here. I'm talking more generally about all the creatures who got in the way of human "progress". I'm talking about the most serious episode of mass extinction since the demise of dinosaurs some 65 million years ago for which much of recent human behaviour is singularly responsible.

Now, the time has come for me to mention a difficult subject which most people seem to be fully conscious of, but it seems to be a subject so difficult that they don't want to talk about it.

You will no doubt be familiar with the celebrated mathematician and cosmologist Professor Stephen Hawking and Elon Musk the businessman, and founder of the aerospace manufacturer SpaceX, but you may be wondering what these two gentlemen have in common with each other. Well, both gentlemen have argued long and loudly in favour of establishing a colony away from Planet Earth, on either the Moon or Mars depending on which is feasible, as a matter of some urgency.

I'm not going to comment on the potential dangers of an expedition like this because it won't affect me in any way. They won't be asking me to join the team that's for sure, and I'll probably be dead before much can be done to get the project off the ground. But what does affect me here and now is the reason which advocates offer in support of the project, and why it is a matter of such urgency. They haven't made an effort to disguise their thinking in any way so you're probably already familiar with it, but they seem to justify this project in terms of a very dim view of our prospects for survival on this planet. According to this view not only are we responsible for the extinction of countless other creatures on this planet but our own extinction is beginning to look very distinctly possible.

These two venerable gentlemen are far from alone with this sort of thinking. You've probably seen more than one or two post apocalyptic zombie movies in the popular media of today, there are literally dozens of them now. It is also worth noting that the very premise for the modern Islamic jihad is that we are now living among the end of days which were foretold by biblical texts, and which will be followed by the final judgement of mankind and the punishment of the unfaithful.

Notwithstanding these considerations the ecological impact of human behaviour on this planet was virtually insignificant early in the nineteenth century, some two hundred or so years ago, so the global transformation we see around us today happened in a very short space of time indeed. When compared with the vast scale of time which the Earth and its infinite regression depict, the meagre interval of just two hundred years is virtually instantaneous. In view of this comparison I can't help feeling that humanity has committed a very serious assault on the ecological integrity of this planet, and that its very magnitude fittingly warrants definition in terms of a dastardly act of crime. In spite of whatever reservations you may have about the validity of this view you can be quite certain on the

basis of our long obsession with justice that the many victims of human ascendancy are entitled to feel exactly this way about us.

You may have gathered that I'm teasing you somewhat with the suggestion that all these victims of our careless behaviour deserve the same right to have injustices corrected that we enjoy. I feel strongly about this myself, but I expect there will be a lot of you who don't actually give a damn about animals, and that you certainly won't be granting them any kind of right to have the many injustices we may have committed against them corrected. There is the linguistic problem at least, and the problem of how to provide a satisfactory redress when so many of the victims are already dead to mention just a couple of crucial practicalities.

Before you lose all hope for the future of this planet and start trashing the joint let me assure you that there will very likely be an array of survivors of whatever kind of catastrophe we can level on it in the next couple of hundred years or so. When eventually catastrophe befalls us the living will be few in number and the dead will be many, but if my experience has shown me anything then it is that the dead will linger among the living and provide them with a lasting reminder of our folly. In the case of all the dead animals they won't be providing the remaining humans with this facility but they will rather provide them with a great reservoir of resentment and animosity. Exactly which animals will be counted among the living remains a matter of speculation, but whichever they may be you can be sure that they will blame us for their grievous losses.

Now, I want to correct a misperception which diminishes the value placed on the lives of animals by human observers, but first I need to correctly locate human culture in the eyes of our cosmic ancestors, and to do this I must refer to a little of the current sociological literature.

It is generally assumed in much of the sociological literature of today that the North Atlantic region constitutes the centre of global society while anywhere else on this planet is relegated to the periphery. This may be a valid assessment in some respects, both European and North American cultures are profound global leaders among the many peoples assembled on this planet, but this little bit of cultural hubris doesn't make them the centre of all existence here on Earth. On the contrary, the host model of Earth indicates the unique functionality of each geographical region and locates the Asia Pacific region at the centre of planetary topography, both geographically and functionally. In terms of the functionality indicated by the host model Europe performs the role of capital of planet Earth while North America is located in the pelvic region, and in this case both regions are relatively peripheral.

The Indian subcontinent is found at the very heart of global topography and therefore has a very special significance indeed. It is in India that the planetary dreaming has its beginning and its end.

Much like the hubris which presumes that European and North American culture defines the central hub of global society is the hubris which presumes that humans define the standard against which all other creatures are to be compared. If you allow that Planet Earth conforms with the definition of God from our point of view then God may have made man in His own image but there are other creatures on this planet who more closely resemble this being. The topographical configuration of the continents of Earth suggest quite unequivocally that four legged animals have been envisioned although I concede that the continental outlines would have been drawn long before human ancestors began to walk upright.

There are so many four legged creatures surviving on Earth today that another criteria is required to determine which of them most closely resembles the planetary host.

Since the planet is a very long suffering and docile creature it would seem that temperament is a criteria which may be useful in this context. Since docility has been selectively bred into farm animals over the course of thousands of years, and since they have long suffered our determination to enjoy eating them I suggest that farm animals are more able to represent the planetary host than we are.

And with this I return to the plight of cows who share with horses the honour of being the friendliest of creatures among farm animals, and who I have found to be the most interested in entering into a constructive dialogue with their human captors. They may seem like impossibly humble creatures to you but it is the cows who are out there in the sunlight and when it's raining, and who watch the twilight in the morning and early in the eve, and whose nature is to embody the Earth's most sacred dreaming.

Chapter 11

Maybe you think that humanity embodies the Earth's most sacred dreaming, but let's be honest with each other, shall we. For as long as a lust for wealth is the single motivating principle which unites us all then there will be very little that's sacred about it. For as long as we believe in the wholesale exploitation of the environment then every other creature on this planet will suffer at the hands of our tyranny. Humans may once have embodied Earth's most sacred dreaming but now there are others who more closely fit the mould. If humans are to embody anything in this modern age then it will be technology's most sacred dreaming, and the Earth's most disruptive one, at a time when time itself is far from certain for us all.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm as much a technophile as the next person. I write HTML and C++ and I enjoy digital TV just like anybody does, but I acknowledge that these are not particularly earthly interests. An Earthly interest would be concerned with the lives of individual creatures and how they together comprise the components of an integral cosmic organism. An Earthly interest would marvel at how animals located in so many different places are able to relate to each other through their thoughts and dreaming, just as I'm able to relate to you here. Just as Europeans occupy the periphery of planet Earth so do humans occupy the periphery of the planetary dreaming while so many animals on this planet are able to cling to the heart of this endeavour.

Just as India is located at the heart of planet Earth and at the central hub of the planet's dreaming, so too are the cows who have long been a sacred presence in Hindu culture. While there may be other contenders for this role the cows have seniority over these because they are bigger than most other animals, and because they have been able to study

the behaviour of their human captors for a longer period of time. But perhaps more importantly than considerations such as these is the planetary vision of the cows which may be a modest one, but it is one of such cosmic beauty.

When a cow sits up and watches the yellow moon setting to the west just before dawn, it is in possession of a vision which other creatures will want to share with them. The moon will be nearly full at this time and with such a resonant luminosity that the sky around it will be bluish in the darkness, and the hills and grasslands will be lit like a dreamlike vision of the day. It will be a classical vision of the Earth of a sort which may have inspired the academic painters of not so long ago, and which will inspire a reflexive recognition of Eternity in anyone whose good fortune is to see it.

The cows shine so brightly with memories such as these that others are able to find them in their dreaming. It is the cows who possess a timeless vision of the Earth which transcends the mortality of us all. We may all represent different features of the Earth according to the regression of representative summaries, but it is the cows who are out there grazing on the bounty of Earth's generosity, without possessions of any kind, and equipped with only their cherished thoughts and dreaming. While you may be thinking that cows are creatures lesser than so many pompous humans it is the cows who are in tune with their earthly feelings, and who contain such a deep pool of time when humans can be sure of so very little of it.

I know how difficult it must be for you to let go of your anthropocentric view of life on this planet, and look at it a little more objectively. You've probably spent your entire life believing in a human point of view, and up till now there's been no reason for you to change it. But if there's any value to be derived from the host model of Earth and its implicit regression then it will be in the provision of an ability to adopt the view that all

creatures have an important role to play in the life of the planet. Animals are not just accessories to our many human lives which we may use and abuse in any way we feel inclined to. The planet is a living and progressive dreamer, who happens to host a multitude of different creatures, and many of them happen to play a more important role in the dreaming of it than we do.

And if you're having doubts about the way I have cast planet Earth in the role of a living and progressive dreamer then let me draw your attention to an example of its dreaming. I mentioned earlier how the British Isles represent a summary of the global topographical configuration and how the European region may be associated with the head of the planetary organism. To elaborate on this let me say that as a miniature depiction of the entire planet the British Isles represent the capital of planet Earth, and if I may exclude the rest of European topography, then Britain depicts the planetary head itself albeit one which is very small compared with the rest of its body.

A constant source of amusement to me is how fittingly the character of the British people has adapted to the performance of this role; the characteristic reserve of British institutions is unique among the many peoples here on Earth. But without wishing to enflame past grievances it is the political boundary surrounding Northern Ireland which is of most interest to me here. The location of Ireland corresponds with that of Australia in the global topographical configuration and as such may be associated with the depiction of a child who has a familial relationship with the island of Great Britain. In this case the child's legs can be seen protruding to the west while Northern Ireland depicts the head of the child, and is particularly noteworthy because the political boundary was drawn long before anyone knew about its significance to the host model of Earth.

How could this have happened if not by many individuals working together to achieve what comes quite naturally to them. Such individuals have been acting reflexively according to their personal vision of what they believe should happen to their isles. They have a vision, a “dream” let’s say for the sake of consistency, and they act on it to produce a result which perfectly corresponds with the functionality intended by their location within the host model. You could look anywhere on the planet and see the same correspondence between people behaving spontaneously and their role within the planetary organism. I believe, and I hope you will agree with me, that the only satisfactory explanation for this involves both humans and every other creature on this planet in the progressive unfolding of an integral planetary dreaming.

Maybe you suspect that the British Government has been secretly conniving to set me up with the host model, something I also suspected for many years. Maybe you think that they’ve known about it for centuries and made plans regarding Northern Ireland quite early in the piece, so let me give you another example of what I’m referring to. Without wishing to trivialise the grave predicament which the Sicilian Mafia and the Catholic Church face with regards to each other, I doubt that either institution was thinking of the host model long ago when they adopted the roles they now play in global society. Yet the shape of Italy and its threatening stance is so unmistakable that both institutions bear a uniquely grave responsibility on behalf of the rest of us here on Earth. I’m sure you will agree that both parties adopted their roles quite spontaneously and together are evidence of how we’re all thoroughly immersed in the integral planetary dreaming.

There can be no doubt that the shape of Italy assures us of the very special relationship we have with this planet. The planetary being has long foreseen our illustrious rise to global domination, but by the same token it only makes us all the more responsible for all the evil things we do here. It doesn’t diminish the value which the planet has placed on the

lives of individual animals. On the contrary it warns us of the price we must pay for all the abuse they have to suffer because of us. The planetary dreaming has assembled a large collection of symbols here on Earth, and what we do to animals will figure largely in the sort of symbols it will inevitably associate us with.

The shape of Italy provides me with a uniquely useful tool I may use to conduct my investigation into the countless odd features I've observed in my life. There can be no doubt that on first view it shocks the senses, but I think you'll find that its utility will be more appealing to you if you give yourself a little time to get used to it. Suffice it to say in fairly general terms at this point in my story that our predicament here on Earth grows more and more serious as each day goes by.

The crucial inference for me is that both the British Isles and the Italian peninsula are islands of dreaming which are surrounded by a sea of time, a fluid medium which doesn't have to be as continuous as it has always been for us. In the case of the British Isles the planetary being may have dreamed the geology over the course of the last several million years, but crucially the dreaming of certain British individuals must have existed simultaneously. We may draw this conclusion from an observation of the infinite regression which says that the two ends of time exist virtually simultaneously, but it also follows from an implication of the shape of Italy which suggests that an image of us as we are now existed long ago when the Italian peninsula was geologically created. This is of particular use to me because it allows me to suspect that some dreamers here on Earth are much older than common sense would otherwise give them credit for, in spite of them being only vaguely aware of how long they've been dreaming.

The shape of Italy and the political boundary surrounding Northern Ireland suggest that both the planet and humanity are involved in an intricate planetary dreaming. If

both humanity and the planetary organism are dreaming then the infinite regression requires the inference that every last spec of matter on this planet is also involved in the planetary dreaming.

Curiously though, the shape of Italy suggests that the planet is dreaming in terms of symbols, and a look elsewhere on the planet suggests that the symbolism is not confined to the area defined by the Italian peninsular. The British Isles represent a symbol of the planet as a whole; the Gulf of Mexico and the Antilles archipelago depict a pair of mating gametes, and the Hawaiian Islands depict the Sun and the planets of the Solar System. But, perhaps even more curiously, the bodies of animals consist of an integral collection of symbols, as was noted earlier with respect to the infinite regression of universal summaries.

The heart beating at the centre of the circulatory system depicts the original Big Bang of creation while the rest of the circulatory system depicts the cosmic microwave background radiation. The rectum and the centre of the brain depict the two ends of time while the alimentary canal represents the lifelong journey of an individual creature. The lungs depict the atmosphere we breathe, the diaphragm represents the surface of the Earth and the stomach depicts the molten core beneath the surface. It's all very symbolic as I'm sure you can see for yourself.

The regression of abstractions has implications beyond the immediate case of the Earth's dreaming of Northern Ireland and Italy. If every particle of matter is contained within an integral cosmic dreaming then the universe embodies a super-nature where every feature and physical principle has been purposefully dreamed and sustained by conscious intent. It's the ultimate social contract the terms of which are subject to some level of organisation which is dedicated to the achievement of the evolutionary goals envisioned within the universal dreaming.

Planet Earth will inherit these attributes from more elaborate representations of being such as the Solar System or galaxy. Planet Earth will constitute a super-nature empowered with the same purposeful dreaming as the greater cosmos enjoys. The shape of Italy provides us with an excellent example of what the planet can do with its dreaming. It unmistakably resembles us, although it should be noted that it doesn't resemble us so much as it being the other way round. We resemble it, and it made us the way we are. It has clearly been able to terra-form the Italian peninsular through the manipulation of coastal erosion, weather, and other geomorphic factors.

There are many other examples of what the planet has been able to do with its dreaming, but of most concern to me at this point in my story is the symbolic intent which the shape of Italy depicts. On a relatively superficial level it could represent the conflict between the legitimate rule of law and organised crime, but there are more subtle and deeper interpretations than this which are also more interesting. It could more generally represent the conflict between good and evil on a grand cosmic scale, but this overlooks the more obvious and much more troubling interpretation that we have simply been evicted from the Biblical Garden of Eden. We have literally been kicked out of heaven.

You'll probably have your own precious beliefs about the nature of heaven so I'm not going to launch into a detailed definition of them here because my intention has, in fact, been to be a little dramatic. I'm not obsessed with heaven in any case because I'm not a particularly religious person. I'm obsessed with Earth as I'm sure you will have seen for yourself. I expect your definition of heaven will be as foggy as mine in any case because it's not a physical location; it's a sentiment which is by nature very personal. In any case the shape of Italy represents a particularly threatening expression of the planet's Pleistocene dreaming which should be a matter of grave concern for us all.

While we humans may have been kicked out of heaven this will not be the case for the animals I've been talking about, in spite of their accompaniment with us here in this modern age, because they never forsook their Earthly culture and dreaming. They're still living their Pleistocene lives just as we did in that age so long ago. Those animals surviving to this day and living in an undamaged habitat never have to intersect with us and our self-serving machinations so they know of nothing but their timeless dreaming.

The several million years it took for the planet to dream the Italian peninsula into its present form represent a small drop in a much deeper pool of time which such animals remain immersed in. When they die their remains will be eaten by ants and others and their bones may remain long enough to become geological fossils but their dreaming will be of the Earth of ages. But if humans remain obsessed with the power of their adaptive technology then their dreaming will remain focussed on the age of technology when the Earth was demoted to the status of a cheap commodity and where the damage to it will continue to be relentless.

I can't speak for you of course, but in my case I'm not so fond of technology that I would be willing to turn my back on planet Earth in this way.

Chapter 12

There can be no doubt that our arrival at this point in planet Earth's evolutionary history has been our destiny for many millions of years. There are many topographical features, such as Britain and Italy, which attest to this and which are at least this old. There can also be no doubt that my adoption of an antagonistic position regarding our recent ecological behaviour has been largely argumentative because I'm unable to deny that the ecological cost of arriving at this point in history has been unavoidable. It has been our destiny, and there are few things which will stand in the way of this.

Notwithstanding the irresistible nature of group behaviour, the destiny of an individual need not be confined to a pattern defined by the destinies of humanity, so I feel quite comfortable with my deviation from the norm. You may be lucky enough to perform a social function which conforms with group norms, but this will not be the case for each and every one of us. Organisms depend on being able to perform functions which are highly specialised, so there is a vast array of social structures and functions among the many people here on Earth. But I have no doubt that for each of you the fulfilment of your social role has been dreamed in a way not unlike the way my peculiar life has been put together, and has been the achievement of your own personal destiny.

We all have special abilities which make us qualified to perform the particular role we play in society, and in the case of my peculiar life I can count four unusual abilities which were required in order for me to fulfil my social function and destiny. I've already mentioned three of these: feeling comfortable with my solitude, having an inherent telepathic ability, and having a lifelong acquaintance with the dead, although I should also mention that

my childhood was virtually normal, and that these factors didn't really kick in until I was in my twenties.

The fourth special ability in my case is probably not that unusual but it proved to be a crucial factor in the successful application of my other abilities, and that is the possession of a fairly rigorous logical and literary ability. I've been involved in some pretty chaotic scenes over the course of the last thirty or more years and particularly during the early 1980s when most of what I've been telling you unfolded in my life. I also found that the hysterical misinformation I became entangled in after my diagnosis was particularly unhelpful. But one of my greatest joys has been working with and solving some stubborn puzzles which I'm sure you will have gathered from reading through my story here.

There are probably other abilities I could mention but of particular interest to me here is not an ability at all, but the situational antecedents which a person with such abilities would fit into. These will be the pre-existing situational elements which the person will encounter at his or her time of birth, not unlike the fertile soil which a germinating seed will require, to draw a botanical analogy.

In my case one such antecedent element was the very small group of historical figures I mentioned earlier who were the senior stakeholders in my later development of the host model theory. Another was an early stage in the development of the emerging global crisis which is the inspiration for talk about the establishment of an extra-planetary human colony. But the most interesting antecedent elements would have to be the host model and the infinite regression of abstractions, which were undoubtedly pre-existing because they have always been a part of the very fabric of existence here on Earth.

This is most interesting to me because the host model and the infinite regression were also my destiny in life; they were both my origin and my destination, as if

my life was a matter of joining two points which exist virtually simultaneously. Indeed, the mystical allure of the term “destiny” is that our destination in life has already been determined before we are even born, and that we live according to the intricate clockwork of an all-encompassing cosmic unity.

On a global scale the practical history of destiny requires institutions to be built on foundations which have been established by successive generations each of which reach for goals which are consistent with the functionality defined by their place within the host model. But on a personal level the practical achievement of destiny compels us to look deeply within our feelings where we may find the antecedent elements which most accord with the representational vision inspiring us. On a global scale this practical history will adopt the guise of planetary dreaming, but on a more personal level it will look like the unfolding of our place within the grand cosmic scheme of things.

This is not to say that destiny is not a lot like clockwork. I’ve been in some strange scenes in my life where I’ve been able to see vast intervals of time pass by me. And I’ve been able to wait at the edge of an interval such as this for lost time to catch up and make my progress more achievable, so I’ve seen how destiny and time are intricately intertwined, and I’m sure you will agree that this is not a particularly surprising observation.

There was an incident in the autumn of 1985 soon after I moved from Sydney to Armidale in the north of NSW. It was actually a dream which I had had, and which provided me with an interesting indication of how some of these things were assembled, and then sequenced in my perception. I was living in a small house on a quiet residential street in Armidale and in my earliest memory of the dream it was early in the morning and I was standing with my new neighbour between our two houses. I remember holding a teaspoon which I had been using at Wallaringah Mansions where I had been staying in Sydney. The

kitchen was a long way from where my room was so the teaspoon was usually dirty and quite distinctive. The scene then changed and it was now in the darkness before dawn and I was on a country road at the edge of town.

I stood there by the roadside listening to the quiet of a country night when I heard almost quietly a man bellowing from a great distance just one word, "Climax!" I then saw a thousand sleepy people around me waking from their slumber as if they had been waiting for this very thing to happen. They seemed to have been dreaming there for some time before I arrived because they were so deeply affected by their sleepiness, but I was so startled by the scene that I woke up immediately. I found it such an interesting thing that I lay there thinking about it for an hour, and memorizing the bits of information so that I wouldn't forget them.

It occurred to me that the dream was about my arrival in Armidale which would explain the appearance of the dirty teaspoon and my neighbour in the driveway. It would also seem to support the view that my arrival had not gone unnoticed by the dreaming of this small city. But the thing which caught my attention in this dream was not the addition of a large extraneous accompaniment, but the possibility that dreamers could be spending lengthy intervals of time in a dream just waiting for a cue to propel them forward. I had no reason to believe that time was ever going to be clearly defined within a dream, but I believed that waiting was the essential subject in this case and that the symbolism was unmistakable.

I had already begun to think that the density of time was variable for sorcerers before I had this dream, so this episode was more a confirmation of this than any kind of startlingly new revelation. Throughout the early 1980s I had to conclude that for a solitary type like me time existed not so much in a state of invariable consistency but as one of the components of radiant energy which existed in a state of continuous flux. To illustrate with

an analogy, shifting between adjacent packets of compressed time was like stepping from one rising or falling platform to another depending on their compression relative to each other. It was a weird thing I'm sure you will agree, but at the time it seemed to be a perfectly consistent formality.

Being socially isolated and a telepath meant that I could relate to creatures outside the human family, with animals which are not that much different from us, and importantly with much smaller creatures such as spiders and even ants. But being receptive to compressed and decompressed packets of time meant that I could relate to creatures on a vastly altered scale of existence such as the solar ancestor and the galaxy, but also with the microscopically small creatures I found when I looked deeply within myself. I received signals wrapped in compressed packets of time from much larger telepathic correspondents, and signals wrapped in decompressed packets from much smaller ones. And, in case you were wondering about the ants, the first step an interested party should take is to find something they like to eat and feed them!

Being socially isolated also meant that I was more receptive to all the really subtle things which crossed my mind, and which socially active people have a tendency to be too busy to notice. You could be thinking of something important but you'll say, "Oh, that's not the solar ancestor telling me something important. That's just my imagination playing tricks on me." The mind is a very subtle place and solitude happens to be well adapted to a careful inspection of it.

So, let me tell you a story which you will want to call an utter coincidence because you're not particularly receptive to such subtleties, but which I will call the subtle correspondence between personal and planetary dreaming. It happened not so long ago, and involves my acquisition of a second hand motorcycle.

There are very few things in my life which I have had to wait for. I have had very modest means for much of my life, so I've never been in a position to have big plans and intentions. I inherited enough to buy a small country home but I never thought much about my possible inheritance before my father died, so I never really had to wait for that. But from the age of about fourteen or fifteen I dreamed of owning a Harley Davidson. I've owned about a dozen bikes over the years but with such modest means I could never afford a Harley which is a fairly expensive brand, but owning a home meant that I could save my money more quickly. I didn't have to pay rent and with other potential savings I could make I found myself in a position to broaden my horizons. Even so, I knew from prior experience that saving money was a fairly lengthy endeavour whatever a person's means may be.

It all began several years ago at a time when I wasn't doing anything special with my savings. I had a pretty healthy bank balance at the time, but I would often catch myself dreaming of what I would do if I was super rich, and invariably I would say to myself, "Well, the first thing I'd do is get a nice motorcycle!" Well, on one of these occasions I said to myself, "Hey, I've got enough for a modest bike. Let's get one!" I gave it very little thought before I left the house, and by the end of the day I was in possession of a little Hyosung GV250 which is a very modest motorbike indeed.

It was only a matter of days after I had this little 250 in the garage at home that I started to think about getting something nicer. I looked at how much money I had left after the purchase, I searched online for the sort of bike I could presently afford, and I started to think about trimming my expenses so that my savings would accumulate faster. After a couple of months of this I was obsessed with saving money, and determined to fulfil my lifelong dream of owning a Harley. But saving isn't easy for anyone I'll bet, and late in the following summer I gave in to the temptation to compromise by buying a brand new Honda VT750S from a local dealer for the modest sum of just \$9000 minus the trade-in value of the

little Hyosung. I hadn't given up on my savings plan but I thought that a temporary respite from the rigors of saving was to be expected, and the 750 was a nice way to compromise.

About a year later things became suddenly more interesting. I got an interesting bit of advertising material in my letter box which said that the Harley Owners Group, a nationwide community of Harley enthusiasts, were planning a huge run which was to pass through the town I was living in. And when I say huge I mean a colossal number of Harleys; a couple of thousand riders were expected to take part in the ride which is a heck of a lot of motorbikes indeed.

I rode my Honda to the street where they were to pass through town, and got a good spot early on the day of the parade, and before long I was joined by another Honda rider, a guy I had seen around before but to whom I had never been introduced. His bike was a bit bigger and louder than mine, and we got to chatting about bikes and the anticipated Harley Davidson parade. When eventually the procession rumbled into view, led by a police car with blue and red flashing lights, it took half an hour for them all to pass through town, and half the town of about two thousand turned out to see it go by.

But the next day was where it became interesting. The next day I rode to a neighbouring town to get some groceries of some sort, and just as I was leaving town on the way home the guy I was chatting with the day before overtook me, at high speed and very loudly. He was with another rider, so I sped up to keep up with them. I had no idea where they were going but I enjoyed a bit of high speed pursuit before I turned off to go to where my house was.

When I got home I saw my neighbour from across the road waiting outside my place for someone to meet him. He was a hardened Harley guy. He was too hardened to bother with the procession of the day before, and we got to chatting about bikes and other

things when he mentioned that the bartender at the local hotel had a nice little Harley XL883C which he was trying to sell. I asked him how much he was asking for it and it happened to be right within the price range I was considering. I later met the bartender at the hotel in town where I paid him some money and my Honda which he wanted for his girlfriend. He already had another Harley for himself. The 883 was supposed to be hers but she refused to ride it because it was too loud, and that's the story of how I got my first Harley.

To make my point clear to you I should point out what it's like in a very small country town like mine. The streets are deserted most of the time, there are long intervals when there is no traffic on the street outside my house, and the intervals between incidents of pedestrian traffic are even longer. I live in a very quiet country town so the synchronicity of my bike story is significant to me. Add to this my predilection for solitude and I'm sure you will appreciate that what happened to me over the course of those two days was quite unique. The synchronicity of the events of this episode is too cute to be a coincidence in my view, and only reinforces my belief that there is no coincidence in a universe of spatial infinities only the constant dialogue between the different scales of existence. I believe that the events of this episode were in a sense dreamed by the characters who take part in it, and that our individual dreaming was coordinated by our involvement in the greater planetary dreaming.

Chapter 13

Now, I'm not suggesting that the characters in this bike story were dreaming in a way which compares with the girl in the cafe I mentioned earlier. As I mentioned in Chapter 7 I suspect that the girl in the cafe was asleep somewhere on planet Earth when she dreamed that she met me in the cafe. The simultaneous occurrence of the traffic silencing out in the street and the unexpected behaviour of the girl attest to this in my view. In the case of the guys in the bike story I won't offend your logical faculties by denying that they were awake when they met me on the roads around my home town, but the synchronicity of the events of those two days arouses my suspicion.

I'm calling these guys "dreamers" because they were instrumental in part of the fulfilment of my own planetary dreaming, my destiny so to speak, and because their wishes throughout the development of this little bike story were as important as my own. They were dreamers in the sense of being motivated by wish fulfilment, and I'm calling this kind of mental activity dreaming for the sake of preserving a rhetorical consistency in the telling of my story. Both day dreaming and night dreaming are not unlike each other in some important respects as my experience with hallucination clearly shows.

Back on the day I made up my mind to save up for this bike, some eighteen months earlier, these guys had no idea about the way these two days would unfold from my point of view. And neither did I for that matter, at least consciously anyhow. But if the beginning and the end of time exist virtually simultaneously, as the regression of summaries suggests, then some part of me had already made a connection with the two days in question. If the body represents a map of the entire universe then the future exists within the mind, where it begins as a remote possibility and becomes ever more likely as the day of realisation

approaches, at which time it will become an absolute certainty. It is the dream body who reaches forth when a plan is made, and grasps the day on which the plan may come to fruition. All that remains is for the conscious part of the body to hold fast to the practical stratagem, and bide its time until fruition is achieved.

Being a solitary type meant that I could withdraw from unnecessary social contacts and remain within the universe I found within me where I could conserve my energies and my modest income. But a practical consequence of biding one's time for an interval of some eighteen months or so is that a spring is wound down into a state of compression just waiting to be released. A body can remain in a state of inertia for just so long before it springs back again into activity, and all that is required is the necessary trigger. In a sense this spring had been compressing since I was a teenager, and that "Climax" dream provided me with an indication of how the dream body could work in a situation such as this.

Now, it follows that the other guys' situations were very similar to my own. Just as the two ends of my savings plan existed simultaneously, namely the conscious part of me and a projection of my dream body, so too were these ends in existence for the other guys in this story when the day arrived on which my dream body was to release the trigger. The other guys had made self interested plans for that day just as I had, and a spring and trigger controlled by their respective dream bodies was in play just as was the case with respect to my own. The day had been set, it had been foreseen by our respective dream bodies, and all that remained was the fulfilment of our wishes.

There can be no doubt that the five of us had very different views of those two days and that I was the only one to observe the synchronicity of the events which are at the heart of the point I'm trying to make here. There can also be no doubt that regardless of whether or not we were conscious of it each of us contributed one small part to the realisation

of a larger planetary dreaming. What that was is the subject of my story here, and in this context it shows that my acquisition of this motorbike consisted of a practical demonstration on the part of my dream body that reality can be very slightly twisted by one who has a true heart and a little bit of determination.

You may have gathered that demonstrations like this one are not exactly uncommon in my very unusual life, but what intrigues me about this one is the precision of the synchronicity. Had I not encountered those two speeding bikes on my way home that day and followed them at high speed then I may not have been home in time to meet my neighbour in front of my house who was waiting for someone to come by and pick him up.

The timing of these events is their most crucial feature and gives the significance of the day an unforgettable gravity, but what intrigues me even more than their curious timing is an inversion of the identities involved. The roads are a dangerous place for all road users wherever they may be so I'm inclined to entertain the soberingly edifying substitution of death for my chance encounter with those two high speed bikes that day. I could just as easily have died on the road that day, so I'm inclined to think in terms such as these anyhow, but this substitution happens to address the next point in my time exchange story.

My point in terms of this story is that I believe that my death has been constructed by my dream body. It may sound a little trite to you, but I believe that my death has been set up in a way not unlike the way my purchase of that Harley Davidson was set up. To generalise somewhat I suggest that when you die it's not a haphazard coincidence which takes you by surprise, but a negotiation which you have undertaken throughout your life in partnership with your dream body. When you die your death will have meaning in terms of its context. It will be your special day, your day of glory when you learn the true value of the

life you've lived, and join with the infinities which are presently beyond your grasp. And your dreaming will be vivid. It will be so vivid in death at times that you will wonder if there is any difference between these states at all.

When I say that reality can be very slightly twisted I am referring to my own very modest ability to achieve an effect like this, and is not intended to diminish the abilities of more capable dreamers such as Castaneda's informant Don Juan, or even an animal endowed with similar abilities. Indeed, if reality can be bent at all then it could potentially be bent quite drastically, and the range of dreamers in possession of such abilities should not be limited to humans when extinction threatened animals could be similarly empowered, and highly motivated to put such abilities to use. This is not to say that the incidence of reality bending animal dreamers is any higher than it is among human populations which are very few indeed, but it only takes a very small number of survivors to repopulate an ecosystem once the threat of extinction has been removed. In terms of my own ability to bend reality I was tempted to suspect that the early eighties had opened me up to experience an episodic multiverse which resulted in occasional departures from the reality we are usually accustomed to.

You can't assume that reality is immutable just because you are unable to have a transformative effect on it, just as you can't deny the existence of a multiverse because you're unable to understand how such things could be possible. But perhaps you're a little more open to such things if you've made it this far into my time exchange story because these two implications follow fairly inevitably from an acquaintance with the infinite regression. If the regression of abstractions requires that every integral body consists of a representation of the entire universe then the existence of multiple universes must surely follow.

It also follows that if energy has a very plastic nature, and you can refrain from giving it the shape which you inherited from society, then reality will also have a very plastic nature. In my own case I never had a benefactor to help me develop my dreaming skills so my ability to mould the plastic nature of reality has been somewhat thwarted, but this is not to say that animals couldn't be more suitably endowed since dreaming skills are probably more valued in their cultures.

As for the multiverse these countless island universes can exist in relative isolation, as in my own case, or they can combine in large numbers to constitute a relatively singular universe such as the existing universe or clusters of galaxies, people or atoms. The varieties appear to be quite endless as you would expect in a universe of spatial and temporal infinities. Your family may be a multiverse in which case it will consist of your most cherished relationships, but it could also consist of a number of strategic alliances as is the case with the many people and creatures I've met in my thoughts and dreaming. All of those who I consider allies within my multiverse enjoy an alliance with the Earth and solar ancestor.

Time is a very fluid dimension within a multiverse particularly if it happens to involve an alliance with our cosmic ancestors. What looks like death from one point of view may have a very different appearance from another, and if the two ends of time exist virtually simultaneously for the dream body then so does every other point in between. The appearance of death may not be a true portrayal of a dreamed reality, but simply signifies a door which can no longer be opened by those who have bid farewell to a loved one.

In a multiverse someone who looks dead from your point of view will have dreams so vivid that they will believe that they're still alive, which they are of course because the soul is eternal and the dream body is perfectly timeless. An old person will dream of fond

memories of the past while a young person will dream of the future, and life will carry on until it is just weary, at which time the soul and dream body will just sleep in utter exhaustion. A deathless life is both a blessing and a curse! And any bitterness you may harbor regarding the loss of a loved one is unwarranted because those who are dead to you will always be perfectly responsive to your thoughts and prayers, if only you could let yourself believe in them.

In a multiverse involving the death of a loved one there are two parties who witness this event both of whom observe the death of the other party. In the case of a parent and child, for example, the parent observes the child's death while the child observes the parent's death, and the situation is much like the parity seen between a mirrored image and reflection. In a case involving one who is famous, or a highly publicised death, the situation is similar with the two parties adopting the two key positions with regard to the public representation and dreaming of the other. There is thus a split between their respective worlds, and those allied with their respective key positions will be denied access to those allied with the other, until the relationship is so distant that the clash of conflicting universes will no longer be an issue. The variations on this are endless and involve any kind of grieving in which case the dream body will invisibly terminate expressions of confidence in the other party, leaving only a subtle sense within the mind that a confidence has now been broken.

In the case of the death of one's self one can suffer a long and terminal illness, but this doesn't mean that the dream body won't rouse you back to consciousness when at last you are free from the condition detaining you. You'll know you've been dead, of course. You'll dream of a slab in some nameless mausoleum somewhere and you'll consider your position. But keep in mind, the body consists of a universe of infinite worlds. You could wake up in any one of these and retain only the vaguest memories of your previous trials.

Now, you probably won't want to believe in something as speculative as the existence of a multiverse where separate realities can occupy the same region of space without any knowledge of each other. You're probably determined to believe that reality is inflexible, that the rules governing it have long been demonstrated, and that modern physical science is hard at work finishing your beliefs about reality with some slight adjustments and refinements. Well, to be honest with you I must agree with much of this because I've seen how a complex network of social agreements can give reality a rigorously inflexible structure. Energy has a very plastic nature and will not defy your ability to make it behave any way which suits you. But let me add a slight refinement of my own which assumes that this will no longer be the case for those who have made an effort to divest themselves of the necessary social agreements.

Let me assure you that I mostly abide by the rules which are implicit within the social construction of reality. It's less taxing on my emotions to accept the agreements which hold everything in place, and I won't be resorting to the sort of behaviour which originally elicited my ability to observe any contradictions within this social construct. But I also can't unlearn my experiences, so I'm left to wrestle with some sort of compromise between my many conflicting observations. A belief in the existence of a multiverse happened to provide me with a paradigm which helped me account for many of these discrepancies.

There are the many and varied hallucinations I've been telling you about, but of particular interest in the context of the multiverse is the falling sensation I would experience whenever I smoked a little cannabis, and it wasn't just when I was affected by this substance. It was as if my body had learned how to perform this hallucination in the absence of narcotic stimulation because I could experience this falling sensation at unexpected times such as when I was exhausted from a lot of walking. I would lie down, let my mind go and

before long the inertial cues I depended on would fail on me, and I would enter a state of freefall. It felt like I had fallen into a kind of radiant darkness, and I would then have to wait several hours for it to leave me. During those hours it occurred to me that I had entered a sequel reality, a parallel world which was just one member of a continuous multiverse.

The shift from one state to the other felt so easy to enter that I believed it was happening all the time for all of us, but people simply chose to ignore it. For example, if you witness an accident on the road in front of you you'll say to yourself "Oh, that's just a coincidence," without realising that two worlds have just been in collision. In any case it seems that the dream bodies of animals acquainted with the ghost of death and the infinite scales of matter are able to enter these sequel realities, and then use them to navigate a path through the multiverse. This is an important distinction to make because it puts a few of these animals in a position where they could show others how to survive an extinction event which they would otherwise be unable to.

Just as my dream body helped me to find that Harley so too could it help to achieve a negative effect, such as the avoidance of something. If animals are naturally more able dreamers, as I suspect a large number of them are, then their dream bodies could show them a way to survive what would otherwise be the extinction of most of existence on this planet.

Chapter 14

To be honest with you, my memories of sequel reality are a bit on the dim side now, so many years after the events of my experience of it. It happened at times when my cognitive faculties were too overwhelmed by the strangeness of the sensation to be particularly discriminating. All I can remember is that it used to happen a lot during the early to mid eighties, and that it was a sense that everything around me was in motion while I remained relatively stationary. It was a fairly unnerving feeling of having no control, like being awash on the high seas of time if that makes any sense to you, and that it was the galaxy that was in continuous motion around me.

I remember it was a big deal for me at the time. I used to talk to myself about it continuously, but the salacious details of it have simply failed to survive the ravages of so many years without its recurrence. My experiences of it stopped fairly suddenly close to the end of 1986 when my acquaintance with the whole time exchange thing came to an end. I remember the termination clearly because it also meant an end to my acquaintance with old Nyth which was distressing for me. I'd been dumped by a girl before so I was well aware of what that felt like, but to be dumped by a ghost, and fairly abruptly too, was just humiliating. Her justification for dumping me so abruptly involved her observation that I wasn't about to die anytime soon, so that her further attention to me was a waste of her precious time and effort.

My memory of these episodes isn't a complete blank, however, because I also remember experiencing a sense that I was no longer in the place I was in before all the motion around me began. It looked a lot like my world. It was dark and even had yellow and green neon lights, but it felt like it was somewhere else in the galaxy so great was the sense of

distance from the world I was accustomed to seeing. I saw dusty country towns as expected but so sleepy or perhaps so peaceful that they couldn't have been in the world I had so recently departed. And they seemed to be fully switched on to the presence of the galaxy around them which was a profoundly beautiful thing to see, and which will remain a vision I'll cherish always.

Hallucinogenic substances occur naturally in the environment, and in sufficient numbers that they are readily available to most animals at some point in their lives. There are numerous plants which contain hallucinogens such as marijuana, jimson weed and peyote to mention just a few. There are also likely to be fewer taboos restricting the ingestion of such substances among animals compared with the case among human groups, so it is not unreasonable to expect that some animals could specialise in the psychedelic perceptions which follow their ingestion.

Animal bodies are as likely to learn how to hallucinate in the absence of narcotic stimulation, so it is also likely that they are able to slip into an inertial stream just as I did, and experience the sequel realities I've been telling you about. I suggest that if animals are able to tap into a stream of sequel realities and navigate a path through the multiverse then they will have a substantial advantage over humans in the event of a global ecological disaster. Maybe you're thinking that animals are as short of time as humans are but I think this is not the case. Humans are desperately short of time, but animals appear to have oodles of it.

Maybe you think that this is just nonsense. Perhaps you think that we're all in the same boat when it comes to global extinction, but let me point out one last example of this grand cosmic dreaming. This one could be considered the ultimate patch of cosmic dreaming here on Earth because it is just out of this world.

I'm not a serious astronomer by any means, but I have had a good close look at the night sky as you would expect from one who is as obsessed with space as I am. I love the galaxy, and I especially love the centre of the galaxy which on a clear night seems to me to be the third brightest object in the sky after the sun and the moon. We get a great view of the galactic centre here in the southern hemisphere because the plane of this body is nearly parallel with the horizon as it is descending, and the constellation Scorpius has her tail dipping into the galactic centre while the rest of her body is upside down. The situation is different in the northern hemisphere where the plane of the galaxy is at an angle to the western horizon as it descends, but Scorpius is still facing downwards.

In any case it is the wry irony of the figure of Scorpius that gives me cause for some alarm. The teasing presentation of a venomous arachnid seeming to threaten the heart of the galaxy with its thorny tail is too cute to be a coincidence. Of course, it was possible to dismiss it as such in the past, but with the discovery of the host model and its infinite regression the accumulation of so many coincidences is too unlikely to be anything but a deliberate effect. The time is surely now for us to accept that everything contains a creative identity, and therefore consists of an unavoidably symbolic intent.

My point is simply that the galaxy has been toying with us in many ways for a very long time indeed, and that animals and creatures of many kinds are involved in creation on levels much deeper than they are usually given credit for. If a spider's network of dreaming involves existence on a galactic scale then you could reasonably expect spiders to be creatures who are well worth knowing. I expect that most other creatures are in possession of such deep cosmic connections, and that their network of dreaming extends throughout the local multiverse located here on Earth. A multiverse of dreamed realities where death simply represents the permanent closing of a door is, I believe, a very reasonable expectation indeed.

Of course, as has been noted the social construction of reality represents a special case of the structure and function of a multiverse for human groups, but this is not to say that it doesn't work this way for others who are not hooked in to the human definition of reality. Unfortunately for cows they have had to sacrifice their exclusion from this definition by allowing themselves to be so intimately involved with humans, but there could be exceptional cases where cows have managed to avoid human involvement. I know, for example, that there are cows on the Nullarbor Plains of Western Australia far from human settlements because I've seen them there.

The cows on the Nullarbor, along with many others out there and elsewhere, won't have much trouble traversing the multiverse in their search for a world safe from human harm. If they're not skilled in the psychedelic arts then they will have to die and let their dream bodies seek out a safe harbour for them to wake up in, and the same can be said for any humans in search of something similar. But humans are a pretty suspicious lot and most of them will want to cast doubt on anything of this sort because it doesn't even make sense to them much less belong to the realm of what is physically possible. "What about the geological record?" they'll ask. Surely fossils are evidence that there is only one timeline, and that the existence of a multiverse is just nonsense. But these doubters will fail to realise just how big time can be.

If you've made it this far into my time exchange story then you will probably feel comfortable with the notion that the body consists of a representation of the entire universe. Well, some bodies are more representative than others. While the bodies of animals depict the birth of the universe nicely with the heart beating at the centre of their circulatory systems, plants are just as representative in their own way, and trees are especially representative of the structure and function of the multiverse. In a universe of pervasive symbolism a tree has the honour of being among the most fundamental.

As a representation of multiple timelines the leaves and flowers of the tree depict the present states of the multiverse while the branches and trunk depict the past and the timelines which each of these flowers and leaves will have in common. This will have been the case from the beginning since a pair of leaves will be the first to appear following the successful germination of a seed. While the present states of the multiverse will grow in number and flourish they will display subtle and significant differences, but they will have common ancestors and their fossil records will be virtually identical.

The flowers and leaves of different branches will have ancient ancestors in common but they will also have more recent ancestors which are different. The fossil records of these timelines could vary significantly were it not for the fact that they all share a common genotype displaying common traits throughout the growth of the respective multiverse. Here on Earth our respective timelines have so much in common that it may look like we are all living on one world, but we are many worlds bound to each other by no more than a bunch of socially binding agreements. We are not parallel worlds or universes so much as interwoven ones where the pattern seen unfolding from day to day is subject to negotiation.

Just as humans together constitute a universe of conjoined worlds so too do animals with the exception that they will tend to be more selective with whom they form a strategic alliance. Animals will have a tendency to avoid humans, not because they are naturally shy, but because humans threaten their access to those parts of the multiverse on which they habitually depend. Their dream bodies will seek out alliances with creatures such as spiders because of their ability to network with more distant ancestors, and thereby more easily navigate to locations within the multiverse which are safe from human contamination.

Spiders and trees and a lot of other creatures not so visibly portrayed have a lasting place within the cosmos unlike humans who have turned their back on the past in their hurry to get to the future. Humans have entered a temporal cul-de-sac, a dead end in time, from which the only exit involves a re-establishment of their connection with the environment. We're in this cul-de-sac because we've defined reality not in terms of a densely populated multiverse but as a single conjoined universe where death is not the faithful companion of individuals but a mysterious spectre who overshadows the lives of virtually everyone. I've been teasing you with the proposition that animals are suffering in modern times when it is humans who are in need saving here. With their ability to more easily navigate the multiverse, animals are doing just fine.

Now, I've written at length about such things as death and the structure and symbolic content of the universe, but you may be wondering "Where's the love? Is there any room for something so common as love in this intrepid yet interesting paradigm?" Well, love is the foundation stone upon which reality has been built, it's not the only one but it is the most popular with the vast majority of people giving credence to it. It has been the faithful rock of ages too, but with the emergence of a global human growth crisis early in the twenty-first century it has now become fundamentally faulted.

The germinal love from which all the other forms of love have grown is the procreative one between a man and a woman, so I'll focus on this particular kind of love because its symbolism is consistent throughout the different scales of existence. In a universe where symbolic identities egress from points of infinity sex is one which can be seen to be recurrent throughout, indeed a point of infinity itself has a sexual identity as has the greater universe surrounding it.

The body is not just an opportunistic biology exploiting the world in any way it can, but a vast collection of symbols which represent the entire course of time. The sex cells represent the beginning of time on our scale of existence, but consistent with my observation of the infinities contained within us these are not the smallest bodies to behave in this way. Protons and electrons are by no means the smallest particles either, although electrons are very small. Positively charged atoms and electrons are a lot smaller than human sex cells and yet they are able to behave in a way which is similar. Free electrons will be drawn to positively charged atoms until electrostatic equilibrium has been achieved. The resulting union won't divide and multiply like a biological zygote will, but in terms of their representational symbolism the behaviour of free electrons in the vicinity of a positively charged atom is not unlike that of sperm.

On our scale of existence is the sex we know and love, but very close to us at the very edge of cosmic dimensions is the planetary host who is implicated in sexual behaviour just as we are. There are the Antilles archipelago and the Gulf of Mexico which together have a distinctly sexual identity and which are evidence of the sexual nature of planetary existence. But even more so is the location of the Chicxulub meteor crater on the gulf coast of the Yucatan Peninsula. Evidently this dinosaur killing impact was not an act of cosmic retribution as one might expect, but a very precisely targeted act of sexual fertility.

The precision of this impact allows us to implicate the entire Solar System in the courtship of sexual behaviour on a grand cosmic scale, and other such impacts going back to the very birth of the Sun itself. Evidently gravitational attraction is not without a sexual connotation implicating in turn a sexual nature in the existence of other cosmic bodies such as galaxies and the very universe itself. The Sun has a long history of attracting and absorbing gravitational impacts which contributed to the birth and growth of its existence as an independently functioning star.

I'm sure it will be clear to you that we are surrounded on every side by beings who have a fundamentally sexual nature which is just what must be expected from a universe of infinitely regressing abstractions. The constitution of our bodies reflects this regression, but because our bodies also consist of a map of time it is interesting to view sexuality in terms of a continuous temporal dimension. I'm tempted to suggest that for us, on our scale of existence, sexuality is an integral component of the very fabric of time.

If you will grant me this concession then let me suggest that sex depicts the two ends of time, the origin and the destination. In this case sperm cells represent the beginning of time while the ovum represents the end of it, and speaking in more general terms it follows that males and females likewise represent opposite ends of time. It may be somewhat surprising to you but it goes a long way toward explaining why sex so persistently defies comprehension to suppose that sexual behaviour represents the endeavour to join the two ends of time. There are several levels on which this holds true such as the cellular and organic levels, but of most interest to us is the social level where couples endeavour to negotiate the daily intersection of their earthly lives.

Such is the nature of love, and you know what they say about love? They say, "God is love." This is a simple yet unifying formula which has worked for people for a very long time, but can you guess what will happen in the long run if everyone worships love?

Chapter 15

Hmm? Well, it's not particularly complicated. Sooner or later you will have to deal with a very stubborn growth crisis. You will have to take a long, cold and objective look at the most tender feature of your lives, one which you've spent your whole life feeling very subjectively about. It may be unimaginable for you to entertain but the question is whether to have a baby, or to steadfastly practice contraception throughout your years of fertility.

Human numbers passed the seven and a half billion mark in about April of 2017, and their growth showed no signs of slowing to more manageable rates. According to the United Nations 2017 Population Prospects Revision humans will number in the vicinity of 11.2 billion by the end of the 21st century, and human numbers are expected to continue to grow in spite of dwindling fertility rates.

Now, I feel strongly about the need to control the growth of human numbers so I struggle to maintain my temperamental composure for the sake of entertaining a balanced discussion of this topic. Nevertheless, at this point in my story, I will have to assemble a rhetorical conversation with those who think there's nothing wrong with having a baby, that wanting to have a baby is only natural, and that everything will be alright if we just carry on regardless.

It is perhaps somewhat ironic that couples will want to have children before they have accumulated enough life experiences to recognise the senselessness of this behaviour in a world which is so obviously struggling with the growth of human numbers. Of course, once an individual becomes a parent it's too late to back out of the responsibility. A parent becomes as committed to the entire culture of reproduction as he or she is to his or her

spouse and children. Even celebrated naturalists and environmentalists such as David Attenborough and Al Gore, who feel strongly about the impact of human behaviour on the environment, whither when it comes to a criticism of reproductive culture perhaps because they are themselves husbands and fathers.

Without wishing to boast about my modest accomplishments I'm sure you will agree that I find myself in a somewhat unique position with regard to this matter. Doing the research for the host model and developing its many devastating implications led me to an all consuming introspection, so I never married and I never fathered any children. The lasting benefit of this in terms of my own experience of life is that my personal ethic remains in no way compromised by an affiliation with reproduction. I am free to adopt an antagonistic view of this culture, and hold it to account for its unfettered plundering of this planet and everything it endeavours to reach in its far from certain future.

In spite of whether or not people are openly discussing population issues in their daily public lives there is an implicit population theme in much of the popular apocalyptic media of today. This could be because reproduction represents such a sacred human value that people are simply determined not to contradict it in spite of it so plainly being an urgent ecological factor. The apocalyptic imagery of today is like a veil which disguises the true identity of our ecological problems while people run around confounding themselves with their inability to conceive of what the alternative could be.

The alternative is the adoption of a belief about the world and about the purpose of the body which doesn't ultimately lead to reproduction and which may be confounding to you, but the alternative to a diligent practice of birth control is much more distressing.

I'm sorry to be the bearer of what could be bad news for you but in a growth crisis there are only two options: either you lower the birth rate or you raise the death rate, and the logic of these two alternatives is as simple as it is unavoidable.

Now, you could bury your head in the sand and continue to have children regardless of the consequences, but you would be simply passing on your problems and responsibilities to your children who would in turn be faced with exactly these options. Furthermore, since there are only two alternatives in a growth crisis, every time you have a baby you are implicitly consenting to the raising of the death rate which makes you a party to all the evil things that are about to be done in the name of growth control. And if you think that escaping to another planet could be a third option then your escape plan might work for as many as several thousand lucky immigrants but won't amount to a drop in the ocean for the fifteen billion humans left to fight it out here on Earth.

I fully expect that most of you will want to do your best to resist a general lowering of the birth rate, the growth crisis wouldn't be so stubborn if this were not the case, so the question is do you have the stomach for the killing required to achieve more manageable human numbers? How long will it take for you to see the relationship between your reproductive behaviour and a general escalation of global death rates?

You may want to quote a reliable statistical source, at this point, which shows that global human death rates are not presently escalating, but don't be short sighted. Look a little further into the future where an apocalyptic age is almost upon us. Surely growing human numbers are the most significant factor limiting the survival of most living things on this planet, and the sooner we start talking about growth control the better are the chances of this world surviving the onslaught of modern human behaviour.

I don't want to be too confrontational with you here, but what do you think it's going to be like on this planet the day after the lucky immigrants leave to begin life on a new one? If you think it's going to be like bedlam then ask yourself if this is the sort of place you want your beloved children to grow up in. Do you love your precious offspring enough to refrain from giving birth to them? Or, are you so blind that you cannot see what this world is becoming?

In spite of how you may have answered these last two questions the only way you will ever be able to divert your reproductive intentions is by adopting an alternative belief about the purpose of your existence on this planet. If you were to ask virtually anyone on this planet about what life meant to them then I imagine that their reproductive behaviour would figure fairly largely in any rationalisation of this question, and rightly so. There's no avoiding the simple geometry of our bodies, and I don't have a problem with people having babies in better times. My only problem is with people having babies in the next hundred years or so when the damage done to natural environments by human behaviour will become planet threatening, so anyone proposing an alternative to the attitude of such couples should be worthy of consideration.

No doubt you're already acquainted with the sort of alternative paradigmatic universe I'm inclined to suggest to you, but let me underline a few of its details so that the implications will be perfectly clear to you.

Firstly, the host model of Earth and its implicitly infinite regression constitute evidence that a conscious solar being has been working on the topography of this planet, drawing records of its cosmic experience going back to the very dawn of time itself. The British Isles, the Gulf of Mexico and the Antilles Archipelago spring most readily to mind as examples of this evidence, and for us in more general terms the behaviour of this being draws

attention to my belief that the recording of experience is one of the great cosmic goals of our existence.

Another interesting implication of the infinite regression is that a universe resides within the body of each of us which may partially explain why the soul is so unfathomably deep, not only for humans but for every living thing in creation. If this is the case then the soul is not an exclusively human property but one which unites all of creation in the sharing of a common identity. Humanity is therefore not something exclusively limited to those who are strictly human but the recognition of a unity which all creatures will hope to share with the countless others they encounter. In my case, I am one who shares kinship with all living things, the singular observance of which is what makes my solitude possible.

If you spent your entire life developing representations of your experience with the universe within you then you can't really justify having a baby on the grounds of your desire to preserve an image of yourself for posterity. Your soul is preserved in your representations irrespective of how many others get to see them, so the question of whether or not you should have a baby is, in this case, a matter of some indifference. You will enjoy a transcendental experience of death in either case.

Now, I expect that this little summary of my thinking may have induced a little yawning in some of you, you were exposed to it quite early in these pages and you've probably had plenty of time to assimilate it. The thoughts are probably quite interesting to you, but won't persuade you to change your breeding plans. But there is one more little ingredient which you may not have been expecting. Try putting these few thoughts together in your mind while under the influence of a hallucinogen such as marijuana.

If you've never experienced the effects of cannabis in your system, which is likely to be the case for most of you, then let me tell you a little story about a young couple I

met very briefly when I visited Cairo in November of 1980. It is a story which is dear to me, and is one which will give you a clear picture of what this stuff will do to you.

I flew in from Athens late in the day, so it was sunset before I cleared customs and found a bus which would take me into town. When I got on the bus my intention was to go directly to the Youth Hostel in the city. It was crowded so I sat next to a young Egyptian who was eager to practice his meagre English skills. His English was better than my Arabic, but as the evening unfolded it became clear to me that there remained some confusion in his mind about the difference between “where” and “why”. I believed that he had asked me, “Why had I come to Cairo?” to which I answered, “I’ve come to see the pyramid.” But he was evidently asking me “Where are you going in Cairo?” because he proceeded to give me detailed instructions on how to get there which I had been hoping were directions to the hostel. It was only when I arrived at the pyramid that I realised that there had been some meaning lost in translation.

It was dark by the time I got there, and I had to get off the bus in order to catch another one back into the city. I stood there at the bus stop looking up at the magnificent structure before me when I happened to see a young couple approaching from the direction of the pyramid. They looked shattered to me. A look of horror was frozen in their eyes and I could tell from their body language and the way they clung to each other that they were really very scared. It immediately became clear to me what had happened, as clear as it was to the other Egyptians standing with me who had probably seen this sort of thing before. It looked to me like these two had climbed to the top of the pyramid, and had smoked a bit of the domestic hashish there, only to realise the severity of their mistake. Trust me, girls and boys. The top of a pyramid is no place to kick back, have fun, and get stoned!

It's a long way down for a start. It takes about twenty minutes to climb and about the same to get down, so if you happen to be feeling a little vulnerable at the top of one of these things then you're still a long way from somewhere safe. Take my word for it. The top of a pyramid is not a plaything. It's the tip of a very serious cosmic organism, as is marijuana for that matter, which is great if you are able to give them their due respect.

The tip of a pyramid and marijuana do make an interesting combination though, if you have the stomach for it, so full marks to this couple for making the connection. If there's one thing cannabis will make you aware of it's the deep astral content of our location here on Earth. You'll feel vulnerable under the influence of this stuff at the best of times because it will open your feelings to the deep cosmic background of our lives. It will tempt you to dip into the universe within you, which is perhaps the best thing about it. You will no longer be able to maintain a superficial view of the world which may partially explain why cannabis users have a tendency to be so far out there. There's no wonder why cannabis is now a medicine in a growing number of jurisdictions because it provides the sufferer of chronic pain with a thoroughly transcendental view their condition.

If you happen to find the paradigmatic content of my story interesting then I recommend you give cannabis a try, if you haven't already. If you go to the trouble of cultivating a bit of a psychedelic vision then you'll see for yourself all this galaxy stuff I've been going on about and you'll probably be blown away by it just as I was.

Recreational cannabis use is still unlawful here in Australia and will likely remain so for the next ten or fifteen years or so, but if the experience of other jurisdictions such as in Canada is anything to go by then there is the hope that this sort of change will be inevitable. Recently there was talk in the news media about how medicinal cannabis could be a kind of Trojan horse from which the soldiers of recreational use will one day spring. The

expectation is that the voting public will eventually realise that cannabis is not the demon it has been made out to be, and will relent from their intolerance of the use of this otherwise fascinating substance.

If you remain unable to see any benefit from a widespread use of cannabis in the alleviation of the approaching growth crisis then perhaps it would be of comfort to you to know that it would at least pacify some of the aggression expected to be seen throughout the end of days.

It is hoped that cannabis users will feel like they are members of a larger cosmic family which may become a lasting substitute for their desire to be members of a human one. I look forward to the day when users become a community of dreamers who are able to navigate the multiverse, and whose membership includes the marijuana plant itself and our grand cosmic benefactor the endlessly dreaming solar ancestor.

Chapter 16

In spite of whatever the status of recreational cannabis use may be in your jurisdiction if you're like most people then you probably entertain some serious reservations about your own use of this substance. I myself have been an infrequent user since late in my teens and I still feel apprehensive about using it. It's a very deep bath of feeling you dip into when you let the little THC molecules into your system, but it's one of very few ways to really experience the cosmic things I've been telling you about here. You could think about them deeply but relatively superficially compared to how you could feel under the influence of this substance. You could really believe in the many transcendental things this story otherwise only teases you with. Feeling is believing in this case, as in so many others.

I've already mentioned how old Nyth had more or less dumped me by the end of 1986. I was evidently no longer at death's door from her point of view, but it was also because she could see that I had become exhausted from my prior psychotic behaviour. I had made a conscious effort to turn from my reckless ways, and redefine my goals and intentions. I began to adopt a studious life in Armidale which offered me shelter from the psychedelic storm, and I was taking my studies quite seriously. I felt like I had an interesting story to tell if only I could acquire the logical and literary skills needed to tell it.

You may have reasonably expected, as I did, that my problems were at last behind me, but the most difficult years of my life were only just about to develop. During the winter of 1985 I had a vision of Australia where the suburbs and villages were continuous across the breadth of this sunburnt country, all the way to the foot of Uluru and beyond it to the shores of Western Australia. It was a reflection of the fond reverence I had been feeling for the people and cultures of India, but it never occurred to me to compare their population

with the meagre numbers seen at home until I had this vision. It was a vision of a vast future global population. My sneaky ghost had evidently set a trap for me. The development of my affection for India was a ruse whose purpose was to make clear to me that global human numbers had at last become a problem.

I was so stricken with awe by this vision that population became an obsession for me, and later that year I was tempted to make a slight tactical error regarding my relationship with my family. I had concluded that families were ultimately responsible for the multiplication of human numbers, and so I began to plan a withdrawal from involvement with my own family. This was a couple of years after my psychiatric diagnosis, so I knew I would get nowhere by confronting them directly. I was already far enough away from them to minimise much in the way of contact with them, and so I determined to simply miss the 1985 Christmas family reunion.

With the exception of two years of reconciliation in the mid nineties, this was just the start of fifteen years of virtual estrangement from my family, during which time an intense mental conflict erupted between me and my mother. She was evidently furious with my attempt to usurp her parental authority, and I wasn't about to surrender my belief that the family was fundamentally flawed in the age of an impending ecological disaster. On the contrary, our ordeal proved to be singularly instructive in the context of my telepathic investigations, but more importantly in the context of solving the riddle of why children are so unable to successfully compete with a parent who is determined to be domineering.

It's not surprising to suggest that a domineering parent will successfully dominate young children by manipulating their fear. It is also not surprising, at least for those parents who habitually resort to it, to suggest that parents will successfully manipulate their adult children by dominating their sexuality. It's not a morally defensible thing to do by any

means, but if money and social status are of no value to the child then what other implement of control can a determined mother use in her struggle with conflicting children. A domineering parent knows that in this particular battle the squirming child is exquisitely defenceless. My mother would not have been alone when she embarked on this endeavour which is ironic for one who struggled to prove the case for telepathy because this endeavour depends entirely on being able to control the child's mind.

It was eighteen months before my mother seemed to conclude that my absence from Christmas had become a recurring intention for me because she and my father wrote to me in the winter of 1987 about their plan to visit me in Armidale. It was a very simple visit. I remember they stayed overnight in a motel, so we would have shared an evening meal among other social niceties, but in hind sight I have to conclude that her only intention was to picture my domestic situation in her mind so that she could go home and later find me in her thoughts and dreaming. I remember the winter of 1987 as a particularly painful turning point in my life because that was when my mother became an inescapable intrusion in my mind which, I'm sure you will greatly appreciate, was just infuriating.

Early in 1999 I moved to Western Australia in order to get as far away from her as possible, without actually leaving the country, which solved one crucial feature of our relationship. I was so far from her, or perhaps it was because she was so unable to visualize my domestic situation that I was finally able to hide from her thinking about me.

She retained a residual ability to make me suffer, but when, in September of 2001, the attack on the World Trade Centre captivated the attention of virtually everyone on this planet, including my mother, the last vestiges of pain departed from me. She was pretty old by this time and probably couldn't be bothered trying to mentally re-captivate me. I saw her telepathically several months later expressing the somewhat desperate wish for me to

“Please contact the family,” which I dutifully did, and I saw the entire family in person the following Christmas. My mother died in November of the following year before our next Christmas reunion could bring us together again, so I feel lucky that we were able to solve our little conflict before such opportunities were taken from us forever.

The two years of reconciliation I mentioned were '94 and '95. They were marked by much relief, with the occasional spike of conflict between us, but the peace came to an abrupt end early in 1996 after I got a letter of commendation from the head of the Philosophy Department at UNE. I was doing well with my studies and I foolishly showed the letter to my mother who seemed to take a particularly envious view of the matter. It wasn't long before the conflict resumed, but this time the pain was so intense that I abandoned my studies entirely. Nevertheless, the two years of relative peace assured me that peace was possible so I was determined to find a way to make it work for me.

In October of 1997, during the time I spent on the farm with the cows, I discovered something which unexpectedly proved to be very useful. I had been vaguely aware for many years, as were my siblings for that matter, that there was a pattern to the spacing of our birthdays, but it wasn't until this fateful day on the farm that I sat down with a calculator and drew a formal diagram of the particulars. Without intending to reference the zodiac the diagram consisted of a circle representing the Earth's orbit around the sun with our birthdays located at intervals on the circumference of this circle. Since birth dates are a matter of public record I hope my siblings won't mind if I publish their particulars here so that any interested parties can verify the appearance of the diagram for themselves.

My elder brother James has his birthday on the 1st of April, my sister Margaret Elizabeth has her birthday on the 13th of June, I have my birthday on the 7th of April and my younger brother Peter has his on the 26th of January. I'll also mention my father's birthday on

the 6th of October because his birthday is a crucial factor in the pattern, and I'll mention my mother's birthday, the 18th of March, although hers is of little significance in this context, notwithstanding her role in the reproductive creation of this pattern.

Now, you won't need to formally draw the diagram in order to quickly see that my birthday is directly opposite my father's birthday. You'll also quickly see that my sister's birthday and my younger brother's birthday are virtually equidistant from mine, 67 days in the case of my sister's day, and 71 days in the case of my brother. Drawing a couple of lines between these days results in a very nearly right-angled crucifix, and if one concedes a couple of days in the direction of my elder brother's birthday then the perpendicular precision of the vertices is nearly perfect in every way. In the context of my conflict with my mother I felt that at last I had evidence of her intention to secretly manipulate me.

As if the deliberate spacing of our birthdays was not enough to satisfy my mother's religious ambitions she also cast our names in a religious theme beginning with a consideration of my father's name. My father's name was John Charles, so his initials were J.C. which he shares with Jesus Christ. My elder brother's name is James who was the brother of Jesus in New Testament scripture, my sister was named after the princesses of England about a year after Princess Elizabeth was crowned and became the Supreme Governor of the Church of England. My name, Michael, reflects my mother's apocalyptic vision, Michael was the archangel in New Testament scripture, and Peter was the rock upon which the early church was founded.

A further coincidence which aroused my suspicions back in October of '97 concerns the proximity of my birthday to the Christian festival of Easter. The festival of Easter begins the cycling of the Christian Church year, so that calculating the day on which Easter Sunday falls is crucial for establishing the timing of various other feasts. The

calculation is made on the basis of lunar phenomena, and is defined as the first Sunday following the first full moon, following the vernal equinox traditionally defined as March 21st. Therefore the range of possible dates on which Easter Sunday may fall extends from March 22nd through to April 25th, an interval of some thirty four days.

Since the day on which Easter Sunday falls over the course of ages is virtually random, the median date within the range becomes a valid summary of the likely day. This date is midnight on the 8th of April which makes midnight on the 6th of April the median date for Good Friday, the day on which Jesus climbed Golgotha. It is thus directly opposite my father's birthday on the 6th of October, and exactly the date on which I celebrate my birthday. I can't say how you view the coincidence of so many curious factors, but in my view back in the late nineties it was very disturbing indeed.

The draft of perception I gleaned from the drawing of this diagram proved to be both a blessing and a curse. On first view it promised to equip me with much needed leverage in the battle with my mother, but in the long run it only made me feel all the more haunted, hunted by brutal elemental forces which had neither precision or finesse. I may have been surrounded by a magnificent country landscape, yet I was caught between the steel pincers of a trap. I grieved for the helpless predicament I saw among the cows but I had my own problems to deal with, and so I turned to the restless country lanes at night where I could at least exhaust my fear so that I could sleep in careless oblivion.

Even if my mother knew nothing about the names and dates, which is possible since nothing was said about them by either of my parents before they died, I still have to believe that some agent of destiny has been messing with me throughout my entire life. I have to believe that the sort of precision seen occurring among the names and birthdays of members of my family can't be coincidental, in spite of how innocent my parents may have

been. The coincidental emergence of the host model of Earth and its implicit regression, and the odd artefacts observed within my family assume a sinister appearance in view of the grief I was suffering at this time. But these coincidences had to serve a purpose beyond merely giving me a meagre advantage in my struggle with my mother, and of which at the time I was only vaguely aware.

I had a vague ambition to write quite early in the piece. As early as May of 1984 when I was awarded a disability pension I was determined to do something about achieving this goal. But actually sitting down and typing words on a piece of paper was another matter entirely, and for a long time I doggedly believed that I was incapable of performing this task. For a long time I would bargain with those who had an interest in seeing the project begun in terms of a promise that I would commission a ghost writer to do the work for me if they would be so kind as to let me win the lottery. But, as fate would have it, it was in November of 1997 that I found myself in a position where the only way out of my problems was to begin writing about them, and the first pages I wrote were a submission to a solicitor regarding the pattern among our birthdays.

As it happened I never sought the services of a solicitor because one thing led to another, and before long I had satisfied those interested parties who had been accompanying me all these years. Evidently, all they wanted was for me to tell the host model story which became a priority for me, and which was very important to them. It is now March of 2019, and I have been relieved of the responsibility for telling this story. I am now fairly old and I'm satisfied with my attempt to fulfil my destiny.

Whether or not you accept the validity of the host model is entirely up to you, but if you do accept it, I don't know how you can resist being affected by it, and in a very profound way indeed. You may be able to ignore the inference that the planet is a living

organism not unlike ourselves in many ways, but surely the shape of Italy will colour your thinking for a very long time indeed.

In spite of whatever your beliefs may be I'm sure you will agree that the emergence of the host model occurs at a time when we are faced with some very difficult choices. At such times it is natural for us to seek the counsel of a being who is greater than us, but whose identity the religious institutions of the world have largely failed to illuminate. They rely on the faith of individuals and their modelling of ideals but have failed to persuade ardent sceptics when, much to the contrary, the host model could be persuading atheists to believe in God.

With the emergence of the host model we meet each other at the dawn of a new age where the potential for sharing our humanity with the ancestral cosmos has never been greater. Let's hope that we can come to our senses and stop destroying this planet, and recognise the continuity which joins the different scales of our existence.