

**Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching
Volume IV**

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Introductory Note

The following is the daily record of the Sacred Ecstatics Summer camp held from June 1st through August 31st, 2020. It includes the visionary teachings, experiments, production notes, and outcome reports that took place during the first summer of the worldwide pandemic. The document is a blend of a diary, lab notes, travelog, theatrical production scripts and notes, poetic evocations, and ecstatic inductions for higher spiritual conduction. It remains close to its original form and has not been subject to copy editing and fine tuning. Some of the material was also used in the production of ecstatic audio tracks, special recordings made for the practice of spiritual cooking. We make this record available to Guild members and maverick spiritual seekers who wish to study this period of Sacred Ecstatics visionary teaching and revisit the past to remember its transformative experiences.

I. THE NEW SUMMER OF LOVE

The Big House of All Ages, Relations, and Rooms

Brad dreamed he entered a very large house:

This visionary mansion had many rooms, like a grand old hotel. I walked down every hallway and peeked into each room I passed. I found Hillary sitting or standing in every room—something definitely not possible in the everyday world. She was a different age in each room—a child, an adolescent, a young woman, a middle-aged woman, and an elder. Furthermore, she appeared in multiple forms of relationship with me. She was both my student and teacher, my mother, grandmother, and spiritual mother. Even more surprising, in other rooms she was my father, grandfather, uncle, aunt, child, grandchild, brother, and sister. She was everything. As I experienced her in all these differences of age, gender, and relationship, I was flooded with loving every appearance I faced. I knew that this was the meaning of big love—loving every First Creation form a person can occupy. The fire of Sacred Ecstasies transforms us to love one person so much that we love how they represent everyone. This is how spiritual cooking fills our looking with the big room’s highest and vastest love.

Love is small when it is only felt toward someone who only pleases and eases you, inflating and spoiling your big me. Big love requires a big room and there you desire what inspires you to sing Stephen Sondheim’s “Being Alive.” Sacred Ecstasies is a hunt for the kind of love that does not retreat from all aspects of communion with a beloved. Remember that the spirit comes only when you are in relationship with others, not soloing and only doing your own thing. When more than one instrumentalist gathers, mutual expression inside interaction gives birth to harmony and cacophony, war and peace, excitation, relaxation, and irritation. Seek complexity that alternates your electrical current rather than only alters your mood. Rather than seek a one-dimensional relationship, sing the more real and ready to feel lines of this Sondheim song that longs for the big love:

Someone to hold me too close.
Someone to hurt me too deep.
Someone to sit in my chair,
And ruin my sleep,
And make me aware,
Of being alive.
Being alive.
Somebody need me too much.
Somebody know me too well.
Somebody pull me up short,
And put me through hell,
And give me support,
For being alive.

Make me alive.
Make me alive.
Make me confused.
Mock me with praise.
Let me be used.
Vary my days . . .

Journey to the big house where there is room for every form, age, and history of all your relations. Make your love radically unconditional, that is, not defined by your trickster preferences. To feel, you must become more real. To truly feel the divine, you must become even more real than you ever dared to accept or attempt. Sentiment is a gloss whose sugar coating comes with the loss of soul. Real love is bittersweet as often as it is pure as honey in the hard rock needed to yield its transformation. It takes many sides for big love to be alive. Embrace everything, including what your trickster nature wants to resist, as the gifts and teaching perfectly designed for you. Chase what you *need* forever more rather than satisfy what you think you *want* from one fleeting moment to another. Welcome all the developmental stages and historical ages. Not new age, not old age. Be in the middle of all ages, inside the big mansion with all the rooms and all the relations.

What Fire Are You Trying to Set?

Brad dreamed that a New Orleans chef and winner of the James Beard Award, Susan Spicer, came to our house and announced: “All you need to know is what the Bushman do.” She then started singing as we began trembling. The extreme joy of experiencing this old Bushman way of spiritual cooking woke Brad up.

A second dream arrived hours later. Hillary and I had a view of Republican senators who gathered in a modern building located in Washington D.C. They were dressed in suits and greeted one another on a high floor reception area. We assumed they were about to have a secret political meeting—every elected Republican member of the Senate was present. Then suddenly near a window, a suited man set himself on fire, appearing to stage a protest. This was followed by several other suited men in other corners of the room igniting themselves. It was soon obvious that these men had decided to sacrifice their lives to destroy the Republican party. There was no escape from the ongoing destruction for the doors had been locked on the outside. Soon the whole room was on fire and every Republican senator went up in flames.

As we watched these senators perish, we felt physically sick to witness the violent loss of life. We were sadder and more upset, however, about how extraordinarily ignorant, cruel, and horrific they had been as legislators and human beings. Their ineptitude and discriminatory policies cost many lives and did little except perpetuate suffering in the world. They were clearly the minions of evil, though seeing them burn was tragic because they were still made of the same

biological flesh as everyone else—we were all related no matter how distant our ideological preferences.

What struck us most in this horrific spectacle was how plain dumb these elected senators had been as leaders. It seemed no surprise that a terrorist attack engineered by suited men who set themselves on fire might be the only strategy to stop this political party's march toward planetary destruction. But now that they Republican senators were gone in the dream, we still felt little hope. We asked whether any other politicians are wise enough to lead during these complexly challenging times. It seemed that anyone else would be less cruel, less a bully, and more humane. Yet where are the true deep wisdom holders for this moment in history? We dared to ponder the real possibility that there may be no wise and capable electable leaders. We became disturbed that our presumed modern civilization only may be a sugar-coated dark age led by those equally unilluminated. Without leadership kindled by a sacred fire within, ideological differences do not temper the domination of ideation over sacred emotion's passion for creation and regeneration.

In a final dream, another James Beard Award winning chef came to our house. We couldn't quite recognize who he was until we realized he looked like Alon Shaya. Surprisingly, we heard ourselves call him by another name, Stephen Stryjewski. Both Shaya and Stryjewski are famous New Orleans chefs. This blended man walked through our house and looked carefully at our books, art, and artifacts, studying them with great interest. He then turned to us and announced, "I am actually a student of religious studies." This last statement brought another contrarian dimension to our house guest—he looked like one chef, had the name of another chef, and was studying spiritual rather than culinary cooking.

These three dreams involved cooking and three New Orleans Chefs—one a clearly recognized woman chef in the first dream and an ambiguous man in the last dream whose name did not match his identity. In the first and last dreams, cooking led us back to the beginning Bushman way of setting a fire. Our own explorations of religious studies have always focused on spiritual cooking, and that continues today through the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. In between the dreamed chefs was a group of political demons whose destruction by physical fire left us more aware that the world needs spiritual cooking rather than cooking up another political strategy. Only the fire of Sacred Ecstatics, the return of Kalahari ecstatic flames, can bring wisdom to the dining table of leadership. Ask whether your name and description match who you really are or want to be, and whether the fire you set will ignite further chaos or enable a fire in the bones to reset your life and help you serve delicious creative actions to others. Only the spiritual blaze can raise a new world to meet the n/om duo of pervasive whirling wisdom and utmost ecstatic jubilation that together offer the Sacred Ecstatics big room station—a place higher, vaster, and hotter than any medieval state or nation.

Postscript:

The next morning, we received this dream report from Jessica Millar, a Sacred Ecstatics Guild member:

Last night Brad showed up in my dream to evoke Mother Twa. “Feel the joy and the fun,” as he pointed to the multifaceted ecstatic feeling that came from her. There was song and rhythm rather than words coming through. Brad then became very serious and I could feel the admiration and devotion for her, for her strength and her way of supporting those she loved and cared for.

Two Bears on the Roof

Brad dreamed we were in our New Orleans house.

We went outside and found a large black bear standing on the front part of our slanted roof, facing the street. We knew it was a guardian of the gate between this world and the other side of material reality. To contact the ancestors of the other world, we had to send a message through this bear. We were shown how to do this by writing our request on a white stone the size of a baseball, though not as round. When we tossed the stone onto the roof it had to land gently on the roof’s surface and not fall off. The bear would not catch the stone; it was our responsibility to get it to land on the roof and then the bear would take over. There was a risk in doing this: if the stone rolled off the rooftop and landed on the bottom ground, it would set in motion a “backfire” and bring the opposite of whatever request for teaching, counsel, healing, or guidance was being made. We started throwing stone messages in this manner, but after several almost rolled off the roof, we decided it was not worth the risk.

I woke up from the dream and remembered that I had fallen asleep with Bushman songs in my head, following the recommendation of the previous night’s dreams that brought us back to the Bushman way of spiritual cooking. Dreaming of a black bear on our roof seemed a long way from the Kalahari, but in First Creation all roads lead to wherever the gods want to send you. Later in the night I was sent back to our New Orleans house in a second dream.

This time there was a second bear on the roof, a white polar bear. It was on the back side of the roof that slants toward the back door. The same procedure for throwing a message request on a white stone still applied to this other gatekeeper between worlds. It took more concentration and skill to throw the stone higher and further to get in on the back side of the roof. But there was a major difference when dealing with the backside—here there was no risk. If the stone rolled off the roof, there were no harmful consequences. You could pick up the stone and try again as many times as needed. The black bear was still standing on the front side of the roof. It was much easier to get the stone to land near it, but the risk involved if it rolled off was too great.

We knew that from that point on we'd only send prayer messages through the white polar bear even though it was more difficult to make a successful pitch—it had to sail over the entire front part of the roof and then land gently on the other side. We then successfully landed a prayer stone that asked for us to be led wherever God wanted to throw us, and it landed right in front of the white bear. The excitement of getting our message through woke me up again.

This time I sang Bushman songs and some old hymns. The latter filled me with intense sacred emotion and I felt charged as I drifted again into sleep. A third dream came that took us to our son's house in Los Angeles. We were caressing their dog, Celeste, who has become very old and weak. We knew this was the last time we would see her. As I hugged her, I wept, and already felt how much I'd miss her. Then my son and daughter-in-law, said, "We found her son—he's 29 years old." That statement puzzled me because her "son" was older than she was, something not biologically possible. I woke up, still weeping and trembling, but equally confused over how a creature could have an older child. I suddenly realized that First Creation can change not only our locale, but the way we are related to others in time and form. Here anyone might be the mother, father, child, grandchild, grandparent, or beloved pet of another at any age and in any historical period. It dawned on me that every time we visit First Creation in a visionary classroom, we come back spiritually cooked—*re-incinerated* rather than reincarnated. In the fire, we find the Bushman way of turning tears into the everlasting bond and rope that brings endless years of jubilation, rejuvenation, and transformative vibration.

In this visionary teaching, the choice at the spiritual crossroads is made as obvious and clear as it can be. Your message to the other side goes through a gatekeeper—depicted in the dream as one of two powerful bears. One bear's way is easier and conveniently close at hand, but it risks a backfire. The other way is more difficult and requires lots of practice, but there is no risk. The more you error, the more you learn how to get the message across.

Most religious traditions emphasize that you must repeatedly be purified before a spiritual journey to the big room of mystery is made. While everyone welcomes a sweet-smelling smudge that provides an instant spiritual cleaning, the more difficult and tedious process of "big me" ego deconstruction is more frequently resisted. The world is full of spiritual shortcuts including feel-good prosperity translations of Christianity, calm-and-soothe distortions of Buddhism and Hinduism, and secular positive thinking. Here people forego the cumbersome and painful ordeals of dismemberment. Or they do a "sweat" to serve pride rather than enact the contrition needed for an authentic spiritual ride. But the absence of old-fashioned shamanic dismemberment means that spiritual action will take you nowhere except a small room ready to activate the self-inflating Macy parade balloon of you.

When a spiritual method promises easy access to mystery or quick attainment of shamanic or healing powers, enlightenment, or any form of spiritual fortune, know that it comes with a cost. The more you try to do things the easy way, the further away from the gate you become. Go for the old school slow-and-grow way. The dedicated turtle wins the race because it isn't tempted to go down every rabbit hole. Seek and value the path that requires you earn your chops

through trial and error. This is how you earn your key to opening the gate, that is, getting a message to the polar bear, the ice breaker who opens the way to a melting heart.

Airborne Road Trip

Brad dreamed that we took an unusual road trip:

Our means of transportation in the dream involved levitation. Leaving New Orleans behind, we ascended straight up in the air to a height about two meters (six feet) higher than the top of a telephone pole. We then smoothly glided over the road below. No one seemed to notice us because everyone was looking horizontally; it was quite the surprise to find that no one ever looked up. Along the way we received a call from Lance Foster who wanted us to know that he had just acquired a charming getaway place. We didn't mention that we were midair during the call but congratulated him on his latest news.

The next day we approached the city of Houston, Texas and arranged to have dinner with the Foster family. I decided to tell Nathan that he had learned enough about Credo Mutwa and it was time to switch to a different reading list. Even though I thought it likely that he would object to any advice or direction, I believed there might be a time later in his life when he wished he would have been given a reliable study guide. I made a note to later send him a reading list. After dinner we said our goodbyes to the Fosters and off we went, again gliding across America.

Before we reached the New Mexico border, we received a call from Bryan Cranston. He was the actor in the television series, *Breaking Bad*, that had been filmed in Albuquerque (we actually met him once in New Orleans and are big fans). In the call he explained that there was now a strict border control set up due to the coronavirus pandemic. As he spoke, he acted more like his character in the show, Heisenberg. He proposed a strategic way to get us into New Mexico. Cranston would show up at the border crossing in a crazy looking vehicle and make a lot of noise while dispensing gifts of the mezcal he presently manufactures, diverting the attention of the border patrol. This would enable us to safely pass overhead, unnoticed by the gatekeepers below.

We passed through the checkpoint without a hitch and proceeded to enjoy the enchanting terrain of New Mexico. Before we knew it, we were flying over Arizona and enjoying its landscape as well. Every once in a while, someone would look up and notice us. We weren't always sure if they were annoyed, curious, or pondering whether they wanted to learn how to fly. However, some of them were clearly excited and looked like children who saw a thrilling, life-changing performance for the first time and immediately wanted to run off and join the circus or hop on a bus and head to Broadway. We could tell they were truly inspired and sincerely wanted to know how to earn their performance wings.

To our surprise, we later heard that the Fosters had decided to get in their car and take a road trip to meet us a second time. Sure enough, we met them for a southwestern grilled meal in Tucson. This time we discussed how Sacred Ecstasies

had remarkably brought us into another reality, one with a hotter temperature, wider performance stage, and an unlimited experiential terrain. It turned everyday life into a special way of adventuring along the ecstatic tracks. We reminisced how some of the original members of the tribe were still with us and how some had drifted away. “While many are chosen, few decide to stay on the trail,” I remarked. Of course, it is more complicated than this—every human being repeatedly falls off the main line or jumps the deck of the ship to sink and spiral downward, until the need arises to be reeled back in. Sacred Ecstatics has an open door, lifeboat, and rescue rope clause for all who pause and fall, preparing themselves to feel the need to rise again.

At the end of this dream meal and conversation, Hillary and I floated up in the air again, ready to move on to another mysterious and transient destination. This time, however, we were unsure whether to head east, back to New Mexico which felt like an old mystical home, travel west to California where our son resides, or go elsewhere, including somewhere new. We hovered in the air, waiting for our next travel directions to be given. Then I woke up feeling the delight of flight and the constant surprises that come from traveling without a map.

Sacred Ecstatics teaches you how to climb the rope to land in the wobbly middle of the air. There the ineffable wind will arrive to move you on an uncharted journey, heading toward a destination, adventure, communion, and teaching that are not preplanned. You must do the work of diligently following the recipe that gets you airborne. After that, the gods take over and send you wherever their higher hands direct. Paradoxically, relating to the vertical rope is a human responsibility, while horizontal trickster relations are best managed by the driver, engine, and vehicle of the source and force of creation. You were likely taught to look across the horizon and see the world in terms of the four geographical directions. Decisions and evaluations revolve around judging whether you and others are going to the left or to the right, whether referenced by experiencing pleasure, power, success, or wonder. Fewer learn about the vertical direction that sends you up to the heavens or down into the belly of the earth. Navigating all four directions of the global sphere makes your relations more mutually dependent than previously assumed. This is an important step toward a circular, changing wisdom that tempers hardened dualities. The highest and deepest orientation, however, goes in a different dimension—it moves you between the ground and the sky. This is main road that Sacred Ecstatics travels upon and the big room real estate it’s invested in. Climb to find the wind that takes you to the next adventure whose utmost pleasure is the immeasurable, multi-faceted treasure of sacred ecstasy.

Job Interviews

Hillary dreamed she interviewed for two different jobs, each in the same community-organizing nonprofit institution:

The positions involved working on public campaigns with a lot of door knocking and outreach, but one was a supervisory-level position. When I walked into the building, it reminded me of the nonprofit organizations where I used to work in

Los Angeles. I had never been a full-time director of community organizing, though I worked alongside other organizers and had done some organizer work on the side. I wasn't sure why I applied for the jobs in the dream; it seemed out of sync with where I presently am in my life, as if I was going back into the past.

The dream then moved forward in fast speed and I had finished the first interview. It had gone very well, and I was now headed upstairs to the second interview for the supervisory position. The man who greeted me walked me into the office where the other leader organizers were working. They were all older white men who had been working in the field for a long time. I was at first impressed to be meeting them because I recognized they were some of the original leaders of local and national movements and organizing campaigns. On the back of each of their chairs were their names alongside the title, "Founding Father of the Movement." When I noticed this, it seemed a bit grandiose a title and, more importantly, I wondered where the women and people of color were in this organization among the so-called "founders." Certainly, there are only a handful of people throughout the last century of labor, civil rights, and environmental movements who can really be considered as "founders" or primary leaders, and despite the contributions of the men in this office, I wasn't sure the title really applied to any of them. I remembered how in every profession, including more noble ones like community organizing, egos get inflated and historical contributions get exaggerated just as easily as they do in profit-making enterprises.

As the second interview began, the men started asking me all kinds of questions about my experience with direct action organizing and door knocking. I actually have very little of that career background, but for some reason I was easily able to impress them with my answers. At the end of the interview, one of the "founding fathers" handed me a stack of three thin books or "introductory manuals." I didn't open them or read the titles, but I knew the book in the middle of the stack was about the teachings of Jesus. The man explained that many of the people in the communities I would be working in were very religious Christians and that he found it useful to know a little bit about Jesus so that when he did outreach, he would sound knowledgeable and relatable. I realized from what he said, and the fact that he handed me those books, that he knew almost nothing about Jesus. It was a wakeup call, and in that moment, I remembered that I have a very strong personal relationship to Jesus and know what it is to be a religious person. My current life in Sacred Ecstasics suddenly came flooding back, making my presence at these job interviews feel even more out of sync.

The most important part of the dream came after the interviews were over. Walking back downstairs, the man who originally interviewed me for the lower level position came and found me. He was very friendly and kind, mentioning that he wanted to give me some feedback. As we walked down the hallway toward his office, he said that although both my interview had been very impressive, I clearly wasn't a good fit for either job. He said there were many other candidates whose experience fit the positions much better than mine, and that in particular, the

lower level position was far below my professional standing and career experience. He asked, “Are you sure you really want a job like this?” To my surprise I blurted out, “No, and in fact, if you offered me either of the positions I would probably turn both of them down.” I was immediately struck with a feeling of total confidence in my gifts and professional experience, more than I have ever felt before in my life. I knew with all certainty that it was not my skills or knowledge that were deficient, but that I was simply looking for a position in the wrong field—as we say today in Sacred Ecstasics, I was in the wrong room. It was too small and cold, without either the kind of wisdom or the n/om I value.

We arrived at his office and the man introduced me to his assistant, a younger woman. Both of them were of Middle Eastern descent. When he opened the door, I saw that in the middle of the room there was a large reclining chair that looked like the kind you sit in at the dentist, except it had stirrups at the bottom for your feet like in a chair for giving birth. It was upholstered in purple and black velvet. The man and his assistant noticed my surprise at the sight of this unusual chair and, both smiling, invited me to take a seat in it. It was clear that this hilarious chair was the talk of the office. The man said, “This is my special chair—I use it to reset myself and think.” I reclined, putting my feet in the stirrups, and the man began offering me advice, like a mentor, while his assistant sat listening.

First he explained, “I want to tell you how much you impressed me during the interview. I was really moved by your words—they expressed so much wisdom. For example, I was really blown away when you said, ‘There is nothing I really feel that I want to learn. I’m a writer and a scholar, and when I write, I write in order to change myself.’” Hearing him repeat my words, their truth felt undeniable. It’s not that I feel I don’t have any further learning to do, but Brad and I often say to one another that all the learning we need comes from inside Sacred Ecstasics. The more we serve it, follow our visions, and perform our writing and teaching, the more we grow and change. Sacred Ecstasics takes us where we need to go and constantly introduces us to new teachings and practical ecstatic know-how. We write in order to change ourselves and further evolve our work. We don’t feel the need to go searching and drifting outside it, and instead rely on our main rope to God to bring what feeds further learning and growth.

The man went on, “You come across as someone who previously left your main life track and are trying to get back to it.” He was right—earlier when I was young, I left academia and scholarship to work in nonprofit community-based organizations and do volunteer activism. Although I don’t regret all the experience I gained, I realized at some point that this was not the vocational track I should be on. I returned to academia and soon after joined Brad in our current work together as teachers, healers, and scholars. I felt validated that the man in the dream recognized this truth about me. It was a confirmation of a decision I previously enacted, showing me that I had already made the right choice for my future. The dream took me recursively back to the past so that I could experience it all anew from the perspective of my current life in Sacred Ecstasics. The vision enabled me to retrace my footsteps as the future person I became, thrilled to live in a different

kind of room and reality. I was flooded with a certainty, confidence, and higher assurance about who I am, what I do, and what my vocational and relational life entails in a way I have never felt so fully before. I celebrate my life in Sacred Ecstatics, doing so from within its historical past and the future tracks that continually emerge out of my wobbling and circling in its midpoint transitions of never-ending transformation.

We invite you to neither accept nor reject your past history. With Sacred Ecstatics in hand, go back and change your former years so they better align with a future where you spiritually cook in the right room using all the gifts the Creator gave you. Don't look at the past; cook it to transform its future tracks. Experience the way life in the middle is able to change the before and after of every head, heart, body, soul, performance, and tale. Set your past on an ecstatic fast track on its circular way to mystery. Do so in a room big enough for every moment to include a changing past in relation to a changing future. Choose to not be a historical outcome; make your history an outcome of how you change now. By the way, there are a couple of job interviews God has scheduled for you. Are you ready to change what you formerly thought you'd say, think, see, hear, and feel? Welcome to Sacred Ecstatics and its higher employment agency, ready to hire you as a fire keeper rather than your remaining a former sleeper. The spiritual mothers want to know, "What are you going to do about this job offer?"

Little White Mare

Hillary dreamed we received a special gift just before we began our first Sacred Ecstatics summer camp:

Brad and I were on a long journey in some unknown countryside with woods and green rolling hills. We were scouting locations to host the next Sacred Ecstatics gathering. We ended up in a large meeting room that looked like it was part of an old summer camp no longer in use. There was nothing especially beautiful about the space. Like most summer camps and retreat centers we have been to, the room was rather bland and utilitarian. It looked like a big gymnasium. The space was empty except for a large, stainless steel sink in the corner—the commercial sort that has multiple sinks for washing and sterilizing dishes for large crowds. I walked over to the sink to wash my hands and to check if the faucet and drain were still functioning while Brad explored the rest of the room.

As I stood at the sink with the water running, I saw something moving in the left side of my peripheral vision. I turned and saw what looked like a small, white children's stuffed animal on the ground. It was about eight inches tall. To my surprise it was alive and happily hopping around. It clearly was very excited to greet us. I called Brad over to take a look. At first we thought it was a small lamb, but as it came closer we saw that it was a beautiful white mare. It jumped into my arms and I was flooded with emotion. I immediately realized we were receiving a very special gift—a toy horse that had come to life, now meant to be used for spiritual traveling. We both felt that someone had left the little white mare behind

for us and that it had been waiting for us to arrive at this camp. I marveled at its beauty as I stroked its muzzle. Whenever I tried to put the horse down to turn off the faucet and finish rinsing out the sink, it would quickly leap back into my arms. We knew we had found the right place, so we decided to stay and get everything ready to welcome people to summer camp.

In many mystical traditions the horse is a form of spiritual transportation between worlds. For example, Brazilian healer, Otavia Alves Pimentel Barbosa, told Brad that when she spiritually traveled in dream she would be taken to a mystical field. There she saw white tracks “that are used to guide the trains and horses that can take you places.” Before Brad arrived to meet her, Otavia dreamed that he was spiritually traveling on a white horse.¹

After hearing about Hillary’s dream, Brad immediately remembered that his previous dreams about the whirlwind had brought us a horse lesson:

“Today’s teacher is the whirlwind,” we heard a voice announce. As we felt the wind approach like it has in recent dreams, we saw it was bringing an object to us. In front of our eyes a small toy horse was suddenly suspended in mid-air. “This is what most spiritual seekers desire: a toy they believe has magical powers. This toy horse is all that trickster needs to dangle in front of people in order to own their soul. True magic is not held in any single form, but in the whirling wind itself.” We were shocked to be faced with the utter stupidity of spiritual materialism—cutting apart, pulling out, reducing, and solidifying to “make material” what is actually an inseparable, whirling symphony of changing dynamics. The teacher, reading our thoughts, answered back, “Yes, and it is a hard habit to break. Once you acquire a taste for the easy pleasure of grabbing at magical signs, symbols, tokens, and fixed names, you can’t get enough and soon this habit owns your whole life.” I looked at Hillary and said, “Sacred Ecstatics is trying to lead people away from a toy horse.” We unexpectedly burst into laughter from the absurdity of this truth.

It is important to know the difference between a toy imitation spirit horse and a real one. All forms and expression must be alive and pulsing with the spiritual current in order for authentic spiritual travel to take place. Whether it’s a spirit horse, a drum, or your own body, if it’s not filled with the motion and emotion of the seiki whirlwind it is only a dead object, a material trickster form that has no potency. Remember, also, that spiritual gifts can only be given and received in the big room and belong to the Creator. They are only useful if they bring sacred emotion and keep you feeling small and full of wonder, ready to be shown where you must go. Don’t forget to first make sure the faucet is working, the water is flowing, and to wash your hands clean. Only then is it safe to trust your vision is pure and that a spirit horse is real.

¹ Hands of Faith, p. 39-40

***Living Inside the Sacred Ecstatics Orchard
Rather than Only Plucking its Fruit***

Brad dreamed we were sent to a visionary classroom and shown how to depict what it is to live *inside*, rather than outside, the big room reality of Sacred Ecstatics:

A teacher explained to us the difficulty some people often have living inside the whole room of Sacred Ecstatics. They interact with its teachings while operating inside another room with its own means of knowing, acting, and perceiving. For instance, if a person is already trained and well versed in a previous spiritual, psychological, or secular way of construing the world, their encounters with Sacred Ecstatics will likely involve whittling, twisting, bending, or distorting it to fit within their established familiar perspective. Rather than entering the whole garden of Sacred Ecstatics, people pluck and slice its fruit, placing it on the serving table of a former small dining room.

Cutouts of metaphors, phrases, ideas, actions, and practices are selected, reinterpreted, and rearranged by deeply engrained habits. Sometimes this trim-to-fit alteration is consciously enacted while at other times people are not aware they are doing it—this is the classic part-whole room error that is need of a reset. Making Sacred Ecstatics fit inside a former room is not the same as living in its whole room, orchard, and reality where spiritual vines grow and spiritual cooking is readily engaged.

The dreamed teacher then demonstrated a simple way to help avoid subverting a visionary teaching—a practical preventative for avoiding plucking and appropriating a fruit so that it no longer belongs to the Sacred Ecstatics orchard. As an example, we were referred to the “sojoprings” dream that led us to the extraordinary spiritual autobiography of Joseph Hart. The teacher advised, “To assure that the cutout of ‘Joseph Hart’ remains in the orchard rather than gets whisked away to another room, enough of its context must be mentioned to keep it a part of the whole ecological web of Sacred Ecstatics. Standing inside the room of Sacred Ecstatics, there can be no contextual mention of Hart without reference to the misspelled word “sojoprings,” its teaching about suffering, and all the rest of the lessons this vision brought. Furthermore, the Reverend Joseph Hart cannot be wisely handled in isolation from the other dreams that preceded and followed it. These visionary teachings would minimally include, “The Universe Is a Song,” “The 3-D Mystery Painting,” and “There Will Never Be Another You.” When the Joseph Hart vision is held in the context of the sequence of the other Sacred Ecstatics visionary teachings, this accentuates how it is a part of the Wigram-like blending of a constantly changing syncretic spirituality. When taken out of context like a plucked fruit, it either serves another room emphasizing non-ecumenical Christian theology or becomes a contextless room where Hart exists alone, separate from his own development stages and the other kinds of fruit surrounding his life. Sacred Ecstatics as a whole orchard is vaster than either English Protestant Christianity or the Bunhill Fields burial ground.

We, too, fell into this trap back during our period of personal fervor for Joseph Hart. The vision sent us looking at the preached words of other Protestant ministers while forgetting the teaching that the universe is a song rather than a sermon. We'd sometimes drift away from "sojoprings" and how its misspelling held a hidden pointing toward the etymological mysteries behind "sojo" and "prings." While it was illuminating to drift from Hart and discover other theological musings, we had to be careful not to break away from the Sacred Ecstatics contextual reality and find ourselves in a Christian sect that had neither syncretism nor n/om, the missing contextual pieces in Hart's own life. We also missed the bigger circle linking Hart to Wigram—each needed what the other missed, and both needed the spiritual parenting of the maternal trinity comprised of Mother Osumi, Mother Ralph, and Mother Twa.

The risk of only plucking the fruit of Sacred Ecstatics is that you miss the big room living found by remaining in its whole orchard and spiritually diverse ecosystem. The "extract a cutout and subtract it from the whole" strategy is trickster's way of implementing an immediate hijack of the room. Pluckers of fruit easily believe that somewhere can be found the "missing piece," "extra ingredient," "boost," or "spice" that can wake up and supercharge a deadbeat room's practice. What is missed is that a whole room change is what matters. Rather than pluck the fruit, live in the whole space of Sacred Ecstatics.

In the case of plucked shamanic ecstasy, there is an attempt to walk away with the red glowing antlers and leave the rest of that vision's teaching behind. In addition, before and after the red antler vision there was a jazz afternoon with saxophonist Richie Cole and a stroll around the Ringstrasse of Vienna to appreciate its non-steady beat waltz. The key to staying in the orchard rather than stealing its fruit for another dining room is, again, remembering to stay inside the whole fabric of visionary teaching that surrounds it. To become a cooked Sacred Ecstatics shaman, the Ringstrasse cannot be forgotten—all the outer and inner rings are what constitute the context or room that holds the performance within. Without context, there is only a pile of words and names that make claims without any contextual validation. The big room of Sacred Ecstatics—the whole orchard—is where spiritually cooked shamanism, mysticism, healing, and religion reside together. Here you find the fire that cannot burn, turn, or help you learn in too small a space.

In the dream, the teacher finally personally advised us: "Write down the latest vision in order to read what you need to next study and teach. Then reread what was written before. This is the orchard of Sacred Ecstatics, all of its fruit involved in the seeding, feeding, reading, growing, recycling, and evolving creation that occurs in both linear and circular time." Past teachings must be frequently reread to be experienced as renewed and different because both scribe and context, as well as the past and future, have altered their relations.

The orchard matters more than its plucked fruit. In other words, focus on the room rather than the contents. Sacred Ecstatics offers an alternative room, orchard, and reality. You must be careful to not pluck its fruit and think that this

alone is big room occupation. To make the passage through to the vaster space will, at first and also often later, be dizzying and disorienting. Once through the gate you will wonder why you resisted before or insisted you were there when in fact you never had experienced the vitality of ecstatic fresh air. Don't fret about being a cutup who easily forgets the whole in favor of a cutout. We all do it, but now we have been given a simple preventative medicine that helps us remain inside the whole big room and orchard of Sacred Ecstatics.

Whenever you think or talk about a part of its teachings, bring back the visionary teachings that occurred before and after it. This brings you back to the original body of work and makes you less likely to be kidnapped, hijacked, and reconverted into a chilled rope drifter, room shrinker, and unchanging, stagnant stinker. The secret here is that a small room only has room for a singular cutout, a simple model, and an easy protocol. It can't accommodate the pre- and post-visionary teachings that contextualize each partial download, let alone the constantly expanding circles that keep coming back to expand the space. Keeping more of the whole with its multi-dimensional lines and recursive circles intact and in play knocks down small room walls and lands you in the ever-growing orchard. Every visionary teaching of Sacred Ecstatics influences all its other teachings. Make sure you stand in the middle of this complex intersection of multiply referenced, encircling rings whose sojoprings and red glowing antlers forever belong together.

Open the Walls

Brad dreamed of an old house in the small town he grew up in. He had not seen it for over fifty years:

I drove by the house and found it was being demolished. I asked the wrecking crew what had happened. The foreman replied, "The owners were swindled by a man who pretended to be a reliable advisor. He had supervised the rehabilitation of the home and cheated them. In an old house like this, you need to critically evaluate what is inside the walls or else you may end up in a disaster like this one." He pointed to one wall that was still standing. Inside it were gigantic yellow jackets, each at least one foot long. The insects were packed together like sardines and had spread to every surrounding wall. I asked how they had harmed the house and the foreman answered again, "They brought yellow fever to the homeowners, so we have to destroy the house—it's a toxic health hazard."

In that moment I surprisingly realized that "yellow fever" did not refer to a medical disease, but to racism. It specifically referred to the anti-Asian sentiment and prejudice that is growing in small towns and cities around America, fueled by politicians who promote all kinds of racism, misogyny, and a dangerous unfriendliness to earth and its diverse inhabitants. The nasty anti-Chinese remarks coming from right wing American media and President Trump radiates an emotion that inspires similar hatred in others. I immediately realized that a lot of houses need to examine their walls and empty the toxic elements that emanate from

inside them. I took another look at those giant yellow jackets and felt like I was in a science fiction movie that was too alarming to bear. It woke me up.

Sacred Ecstatics follows the old and new wisdom traditions that accentuate room-focused change. Rather than trying to change individual people's thinking, behavior, biochemistry, or electrical brain activity, our eco-systemic perspective attends to the whole room, context, and experiential container that holds people's lives and interactions with others. To understand why someone acts, believes, or feels the way they do, check out the primary rooms in which they live. Go further and check out what is radiating from inside their walls. Is their inner buzz coming from a television broadcast that promotes the kind of oppositional dualisms, cold emotion, and reductionist causality that leads to another plague of categorical thinking, name calling, and hatred? The surface of the wall may look plain or be covered with decorative art, but behind that wall a menacing pest may reside.

Your walls may need to come down not only because they shrink your existential space. The more critical reason for the walls of your life to tumble is that behind them may lurk self-verifying ideas, habitual actions, and recycled ways of construing the world that are poisonous. Though the surface appearance of liberal versus conservative politics, new age spiritual seekers versus religious fundamentalists, and city folk versus country folk may look different, inside the walls may lurk the same kind of giant yellow jacket. These insects are often mistaken for the honeybee when they are actually predatory wasps. The same is arguably true for people who speak of compassion, ethics, liberal charity, and free love—they appear as the producers and distributors of sweet honey but may turn out to be unfriendly pests.

We can no longer afford to separate ourselves and exploit others by building the walls of race, gender, culture, or other human differences. It is time to stop using these distinctions as a basis for predatory exploitation. Today the coronavirus reminds us more than ever that the walls separating nations or people need demolition. Nation states are organized by predatory wasps, and none is better than another, contrary to their propaganda talk. Sacred Ecstatics calls for tearing down the walls that unnaturally divide, allowing more room for the big room that cares nothing about national or cultural borders.

If you want n/om, then you will need to move into a Kalahari size room. If you want seiki, then you need a seiki bench that circumscribes the globe. And if you want a real relationship with the holy spirit, then attachment to nationalism must be demolished. We denounce being hardnosed citizens of any nation, preferring to belong to the Kalahari honeybees and their outcast beekeepers. Here the corrective sting and the celebrated honey co-mingle inside the song and dance circle. Even the wasps are welcome as long as they remain part of the whole ecology rather than aim to spread their colony as a dominating, ruling occupation around the earth. We invite you to not be smug about any presumed absence of prejudice or political correctness in yourself or its corresponding incorrectness in others. Dualism and categorical thinking can hide inside even the most well-intentioned, nicely built living spaces. Be suspicious of any trickster decorator's inspection claim and cosmetic frame. Trust the vastest range of the big room where home is constantly rearranged. Its hive has a more ecofriendly vibe and its flight mission follows the pollen way. Live to walk, dance, and fly in beauty, something only found when sharing the homemade n/om cooking.

Spiritual Fly Paper

Brad woke up feeling Mother Ralph nearby. She wanted to say something to all the Guild members:

“Every one of you is wearing a cloak made of fly paper. It’s been around you for a long time, perhaps from the time that you were a child or a student at school. This flypaper has accumulated a lot of trickster flies that have clung to its sticky surface and won’t let go. Some of you deny you are covered in dead flies and annoying pests. This is the same kind of denial that operates in every kind of addiction that refuses to accept that big me *cannot* wisely be the supreme captain of your soul. There are other folks who may think that a few dead flies are a fine compromise because they hide the fear that underneath is the exposure of a wasted, fruitless life. Still others brood too much over the flies and repeated errors of their ways while still not able to remove the fly paper.”

“I am here today to tell you that this fly paper is an important spiritual gift. It is an effective trap for catching trickster’s ideas and actions that promote cold, soulless, small room residency. You have likely been ignoring this fly paper, minimizing it, or using it as an excuse for inaction. It’s time you do the opposite: thank God that your flypaper is a heavenly gift. It is doing its job. Now fulfill your responsibility: When the fly paper becomes covered by dead bugs, you are supposed to throw it away. Then God will attach a new and fresh cloak of fly paper. Respect that this is a protective shield that draws trickster flies to its sticky surface rather than you. You were born and anointed to wear spiritual fly paper, so wear it properly.”

“Some folks have collected a lot more flies than they care to perceive. There may be a three-meter or three-kilometer deep perimeter of dead flies all around you. The same is true for other people in your world. When you see darkness rather than light around another, assume you are staring at fly paper that is long overdue for being thrown away and replaced with a new protective layer. Do not mistake the dead flies or the thin paper for a human being, whether it is yourself or others. You are not a fly in the primordial soup; you are a spark of light from the fire circle of song and dance. When you forget to change your protective cover, you forget what you truly are inside. Make sure you thank God for the spiritual fly paper and then don’t forget to change it when needed.”

As longtime teachers of creative therapy and ecstatic healing, we have recognized that some people’s lives become so excessively entangled and overtaken with trickster ways that they eventually hit a dead end and cry out for intervention. The challenge to the healer is to help these people convert their impoverishment into something resourceful. In the case of an over-dependency on a chemical substance, there are well known wisdom strategies that help build a big room that can resourcefully relate to addiction. For example, social membership in Alcoholics Anonymous helps calibrate big me from naïvely thinking it can ever exercise control over trickster’s bottles, needles, pills, and thrills. Here the underlying crossroads for handling addiction

is addressed: Will you continue to pretend you can run things as the captain of your soul, or will you surrender to the Big Room Captain of Higher Power who frees you from the vicious cycle of willpower and the exaggerated myth of self-control? Being a member of a group that helps remind everyone how easy it is for trickster to grab hold of you is a bigger room than allowing big me to operate unchecked in small quarters.

Let there be no doubt that we all become entrenched in some form of addiction. If not excessively indulging in mind-altering drugs or happy hour cocktails, it is feeding your *big me* whatever inflates and placates its sense of being the big shot that doesn't need to get cooked in the Sacred Ecstasics kitchen. You can even be addicted to work, play, pleasure, pain, gain, loss, astrology, theology, biology, or any age of spirituality. Again, addiction is a small room with no space for anything other than a big me fix that makes whatever it handles an affliction of refrigeration. When a spiritual parent from the past or present is not around to remind you that you need to belong to "Big Me, Small Room, Tricksters Anonymous," you will surely get lost. The never-ending entrapments of spiritual materialism are testimony to how a small room makes everything a potentially harmful drug, including a small-minded idea of God, spirit, soul, therapy, healing, change, or spirituality. Over the years we have worked at many clinics throughout the world. We treated as many people addicted to feel good platitudes and spiritual practices as we have those abusing themselves with a chemical substance or relational interaction that shrinks rather than expands and heats experiential space. Though addictions come in different forms, the underlying pattern is systemically the same in terms of how they maintain a big me at the cost of losing the big room.

Mother Ralph is offering a way to make this same therapeutic point simpler and more practical to implement. While there is no doubt that you and every human being on the planet need to be a member of Tricksters Anonymous, now you can be grateful that you were given the spiritual cloak of fly paper that can trap trickster flies or mosquitos whose bite seems to leave an itch that won't go away. You need others who feel the need for spiritual fly paper and its corrective use—a real community of devoted cooks rather than frivolous pleasers who help you recognize when it's time to throw the fly paper away.

What about those of you with long term addictions to being a *dealer* of trickster treats that pretended to be sweet? You may have made your fame and fortune being a trickster drug dealer of spiritual materialism. Most therapists, coaches, neo-shamans, and other forms of contemporary healers and spiritual teachers have been trained to perform this trickster role. If this is the case, then you are perfectly prepared to be an example to others like you. Only you can discern the extent they are going down the trail you once were reluctant to leave. The best addiction counselors are former drug users because they can discern and deconstruct the trickster tricks and rhetorical games only insiders know. They also can demonstrate how a room change that includes others in need of one another can be healing and transformative.

Anything troubling that happened to you since you were born should be converted from a curse to a blessing. This is only possible while inside a big room. Don't try to do this by yourself with trickster means in a small room. Whether your "smack" was chemical or psychological, you need the alchemical trajectory that purifies it before it burns it in the blacksmith's fire, enabling what's left to be remade into a new form. You are not the fly nor the thin paper that protects you from a trickster insect invasion. If you wince too easily from spiritual correction, it's not that your skin is too thin. Your big me has only made you think you are the fly paper. Jump back inside your

skin—that’s where the deep spiritual alchemy is found. Go ahead and add another layer of fly paper and get on with enjoying the many ways you can lose and find the holy grail. Wisely incorporate Mother Ralph’s use of paper that serves a better lord than the lord of the flies.

It’s Time to Focus on the Fire

Brad dreamed we had started the next round of experiments with the Guild with a speech:

“Purification addresses pushing *big me* back and out of the way—removing its fly paper and sweeping away its accumulated debris. Spiritual cooking in the fire is primarily meant for *little me*. We are now going to move on and specially focus on the fire. If anyone feels frustrated about their personal progress, know it is traceable to the persistence of old habits of resistance rather than conductance of God’s electricity. You can’t conduct when the former habitat and its accompanying habits remain intact. If you aren’t readily feeling the spiritual heat, then know we have asked the ancestral guides of Sacred Ecstatics to no longer be so quick to intervene if you aren’t doing your part to clean up big me interference. It’s now going to be up to you to clean up your act—if your *little me* is not cooking, your *big me* is still looking at itself in the mirror.”

In the dream, we committed ourselves to be better house cleaners and to ask the ancestral lineage ropes to pull us further through. We continued with our Guild announcement:

We want everyone to be clear that we do not care about what miracles, magical signs, gee whiz experiences, improbable synchronicities, or special names apply to your or our past. Each time we meet, we are all in need of sweeping away whatever has become too rigidly habitual, preventing expansion and heating of the communal space. You are responsible for your own preparation, not the ancestors or us. The non-alarm fire bell calls those who are ready to leave the big me self behind. This work is for correcting the past and changing the future by being more in the wobble of the middle. It is far more than a cliché chant to ‘be here now.’ You need less of that cold, small kind of ‘here-ing’ and more spiritually attuned double-coiled altar hearing. Listen! The big room is calling you to its transformative fire.

We witnessed the Guild cheer our announcement as they too felt it is time to move forward and step into a new chapter of the experimental work, whether everyone is ready or not. What is true for the most stubborn of us is partially true for everyone. Furthermore, what is true for the most prepared of us is also partially true for all of us. Come through the door with neither a beginning nor an ending mind or heart; come ready to wobble between the mind and heart

extremes. The highest visionary dream feels the contrarian tension of the wildest extremes of thought and emotion, followed by equally stretched action. Are you ready yet? Of course, you're not but feeling this inadequacy and need for higher intervention helps separate you from the arrogant popular convention that perpetuates pipeline congestion. Ready or not, feel the need to be readier and steadier in your relations with the Sacred Ecstatics dynamics of divine creation.

As the dream came near its end, Hillary, shouted, "I don't know about you, but I'm ready to set a fire and cook." We then gave a prep and pep talk about how everything we do shall aim for fire setting rather than purification. "We've spent enough time trying to rein in everyone's big me—now it's up to you to handle it. And again, if you're not cooking, you know who is looking. It's up to you to correct and reset your double me relations." An excitement swelled within us as we could feel our own thrill over letting everyone manage their own broom, fountain water, Mayan eraser, inner editor, and outer fly paper.

We finally proclaimed, "Let us turn our attention to little me. It's time for *little me-andering* around the campfire." The surprise and delight of that unexpected phrase woke me up. We hope it wakes you up too! Let's head toward the fire for more *little me-andering* action as you handle your own broom and big me cleanup requirements. Less big me pandering and more *little me-andering* for those who are ready to get cooked!

Getting Ready for the New Summer of Love

Brad woke up in the middle of the night to find himself in the midst of a visionary reverie:

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild, with its members spread throughout the world, had gathered online to start the special summer camp of 2020. We mentioned the shift that was taking place in our experimental work with a new emphasis on entering the fire unimpeded by those still in need of preparatory purification. I shouted, "Ready or not, we are cooking this summer—it's time to grill and feel the high thrill of the Sacred Ecstatics fire." In the vision, we reminded everyone that the three steps in the recipe for setting your soul on fire are not a linear march forward in time. The recipe is more circularly organized so you can arguably start anywhere, even with step two or three before step one. More accurately, all steps must be in play and thrown as a juggle in the air, what former visionary teachings had already suggested. It only appears that a particular step has its moment in the sun when it is at the peak of the circle's upper arc. Room building, fire tending, and everyday creative performance are mutually reliant on each other—all three steps are simultaneously required for each to be in action, though the degree of conscious awareness of each step's importance constantly shifts as the circle turns.

We then announced that this would be "the next summer of love." The last summer of love was in 1967 when hippies celebrated coast to coast with exploratory sex, every kind of spiritual hex, psychedelic drugs, and endless rock

and roll. Its winter prelude was a celebration called the “Human Be-In,” held at Golden State Park in San Francisco. There Timothy Leary invited everyone to “turn on, tune in, drop out”—the mantra and rally cry for the hippie counterculture. After that summer, people either went back to school, looked for a job, or became a part of the “back to the land” movement. Today many have forgotten that one of the organizers of the festivities, Mary Kasper, along with The Diggers, had the wisdom to host a funeral for “The Death of the Hippie” that was held at the end of the summer. As she explained, “We wanted to signal that this was the end of it, to stay where you are, bring the revolution to where you live and don’t come here because it’s over and done with.” They sought to end the media attention and commercialization of the hippie lifestyle and what they saw as the appropriation of their social experiment.

As much fun as parties can be and as exciting as it is to feel a part of a presumed revolution, there is no counter to any culture if the same cornerstone is used to build its room. This was the mistake of the 1960s that our visionary dreams had previously highlighted. To varying degrees the same reductionism, linear causality, and big me mirror looking found in mainstream culture was also present among the hippies, explaining why what most of what resulted from that movement was only a different fashion craze, alternative medication, and psychedelic mirror that equally inflated the observer. Imagine what the counterculture and its summer of love could have been if the cornerstone had been n/om, that is, the sacred ecstasy lost everywhere in the world except among the far outcast spiritual cooks missed by those in search of a better costume, pill, mantra, or name for God. Part of our recent mission was to go back to the 1960s and envision it with a Kalahari fire, a seiki wind, and a holy spirit thunderstorm. This helps us return to a future that is better able to discern the residual hangover of former errors still in need of a cooked correction with higher transformation.

In Brad’s vision we were shown how certain key ingredients were recognized and gathered in the former summer of love—the pursuit of love, the freedom of body movement, the allowance of experimental aesthetic expression, saturation in melody and rhythm, and the pursuit of a better life than what the established institutions offered. Yet without the sacred emotion, vibration, songs of n/om, and main vertical rope, the needed blend was missed. In its place was the same old self-infatuation, renamed as self-actualization or self-realization. Let us now go back in history and add the missing n/om, seiki, and holy spirit.

We were instructed to organize the new summer of love and serve these main courses at our communal dining table: music saturation, love accentuation, and creative innovation. Another critically needed main course needed to bring it all together is a true “counter-attitude” that differentiates from all previous errors, whether partially incomplete or totally dead wrong. The same questioning and critique of established forms that characterized the 60s must come back, but this time we must broaden our protest to include challenging former means of dissent on the grounds that they did not build upon a paradigmatically different cornerstone that could create a vastly alternative reality. Rather than try to change, elevate, awaken, or actualize the self, we

will change the focus to *the room* of all relations. Rather than chill with a head trip, we will heat to spiritually cook. And rather than advocate free “small room, big me” love, we will offer free “big room, little me” love. Please note that when we dissent from whatever was historically off before, we are emptying, cleaning, and making ourselves ready to receive whatever mystery is in store.

In the vision, we were surprised to rediscover old words to poetically inspire the new summer of love. They come from a part of the book, *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran, that inspired Brad during the time he had his mystical vision as a young man:

Life without love is like a tree without blossoms or fruit. Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself. To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night. To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving . . . For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning. Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun, so shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth. . . When you love you should not say, ‘God is in my heart,’ but rather, ‘I am in the heart of God.’

Let us neither birth nor bury the new summer of love. Its vitality will be found in the vibration of being between what came before and all the changes it brings afterward. In this eternal return, the wheels within wheels free us from the illusion of unbending timelines and the search for cause and outcome signs. Here we are amidst the contrarian impossibilities of extreme sorrow and joy, suffering and celebrating, old death and new life—the marriages of heaven and hell as they are embodied by the flesh, blood, and bones on fire.

The Music Medicine Cabinet

Brad dreamed we had a new kind of cabinet in our home:

In the dream I felt an unusually sharp pain in the left side of my abdomen. I envisioned that I woke up and went to a medicine cabinet that mysteriously had been installed in our home. Inside it were medicine bottles with song names as their pharmaceutical labels. I faced many kinds of song titles, including every tune that formerly came down our visionary pipeline. I selected two songs: “Happy Together” and “St. Louis Blues.” When I opened those musical medicine bottles, I started to sing the songs inside myself, one after the other. Instantly, my pain went away. I continued to sing to assure that the therapeutic effect was long lasting.

Feeling uplifted by the dream’s musical treatment, which had evolved into pleasantly experiencing more complex harmonies and melodic embellishments, I was struck by how “mood” or emotion was such a strong and perhaps primary determinant of health and wellbeing. More than a change of attitude, perception, cognition, or physical condition, a change of emotion can be transformative even when the body is out of sorts and thoughts are permitted to be critical, skeptical, oppositional, sweet-and-sour, complexly bitter, multi-ambiguous, or absolutely

nonsensical. I more clearly recognized that the assumption that a super-concentrated positive thought, outlook, or intention is automatically associated with an elevated sugar-like emotion that promotes healing was a monstrously naïve notion mistakenly conflated, inflated, and obfuscated. Nothing feels more incongruent, emotionally off, and potentially iatrogenic than eradicating the particular variations and vagaries of any unique situation through the gloss of a one-size-fits-all never-changing generalization.

In a flash, I realized how tone and rhythm better convey healing truth than intervention by mindful words or physical deeds. Musical ingredients readily penetrate and alter the emotional climate of every existential room. When mood aligns with the vibrations of rhythm and tone, the mutually held resonance inexplicably feels healing even when you've got the blues, funks, suffering woes, or painful jabs. Match the emotional climate with a sympathetic song and allow the interaction of their co-vibration to set you free from any thinking that is not brave, smart, or clear enough to congruently participate in the alternating current of change.

The next morning, we pondered the many kinds of medicine found in the musical pharmacopeia and became excited to advise everyone to install a new medicine cabinet in their home. There are musical vitamins, musical immune boosters, musical performance enhancers, and a musical treatment for every kind of condition whether named or unnamed. Keep a song in your heart and in your other organs as well. What's your belly song? Your hip joint tune? How about a melody for your pair of knees and a tune for when you are spiritually out of tune? Resist the temptation to only choose music that is only a superficial feel-good tonic that leaves you with a syrupy, sticky gloss that hides underlying and overlying complexities. This deejay error inevitably leads back to the fixated positive thinking whose stinking addiction to magical causality is equally shared by such seeming opposites as Donald Trump and Marianne Williamson.² Nothing is more ecologically dangerous than maximizing any singular personal preference, even when your chosen majority think it's right. It's as critically important today as it was in the 1950s and 60s to respectfully allow criticism of anyone critical of the critical and question those who are negative about being negative about anyone not being more positive.

With a vaster range of mood variation, allow thinking to surpass its limits and celebrate not knowing what to think or say. Better to rap an irrational rhyme than commit another crime of using positivity like a weapon to annihilate whatever presumed negative force stands in your way. It's healthier to be a jaded blues singer than a simplistic pop sugar slinger. Allow your full range of complex natural flavors, climates, and expressions to come through, bringing more garden variety to your orchard of life. Be for the whole ecology—the big room of life. The new summer of love requires songs of every kind of mood, especially those that host the oscillating tension between positive and negative, exemplified by the medicinal musical cooking wisdom of Beethoven, the stinging, singing bee in the oven.

² See Tara Isabella Burton, "The Self-Centered Religion Shared by Marianne Williamson and Donald Trump," in *The Washington Post*, August 1, 2019.

The former summer of love brought real protest and biting criticism of the establishment while it didn't stop singing and dancing. It petered out when hippies became yuppies. Then Oprah-like mild positive thinking replaced wild protest, wedding the capitalist entrepreneur with the new age spiritual seeker. Let us go back to re-own what is right about focusing on what is wrong. We invite you to face the self-centered, delusional madness of the world. Confronting this same kind of overwhelming experience preceded the sacred ecstatic explosion of C. M. C. and Brad's mystical awakening. Without the protest that leads to feeling overwhelmed and defeated by the impossibility of all the negativity and the insanity of all the positivity, there can be no empty vessel able to feel the need for a n/om feed. Notice the painful jab in your gut as a signal that something isn't right in the world. Then reach for a medicinal song that provides a link to higher creation transformation power. In the contrarian juxtaposition of a critically piercing stab and a musically penetrating joy, the sacred vibration comes through to realign your relations within and with all.

Feel free to bring "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah" and "Accentuate the Positive" to the campfire singalong as long as there is equal room for "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Inner City Blues." There's a Place for Us" everywhere "Over the Rainbow" and this includes "On a Clear Day" and "Here's that Rainy Day." To get cooked in the fire you need to "Stay on the Battlefield" as a "Soldier in the Army of the Lord," but be equally ready to feel overcome as you are willing to sing, "We Shall Overcome." As you broaden the scope of your musical ecology, do the same with your thinking and emoting. Reset your relationship to the moods of emotion so the reflecting moons of Jupiter and Mars will rock the "Age of Aquarius" to protest again as it sings and feels joy whenever any needed criticism is allowed to deliver its sting. The new summer brings the changing First Creation Lords of the Recursive Rings who call for the ecstatically alchemical rather than the statically astrological Age of Contrarius. This truly is "A Time for Love" and "We've Only Just Begun."

Let Us Awaken Little Me, Big Room Love

In recent dreams, we learned that the emotions of little me have a radically different quality than those experienced by big me. When spiritual teachings fuss about human emotion, they are addressing the base appetites, personal lusts, and physical desires of big me. This includes the troubling aspect of emotions such as anger and jealousy, and the vicious cycles of runaway sadness, worry, pride, and fear. What is too often forgotten is that little me has another set of higher emotions that stem from a divine love that surpasses what big me can feel and understand. Sacred emotion, especially at its sacred ecstatic peak, belongs to the heart of little me. Teachings that equate spiritual awakening with the minimization or transcendence of emotion almost always end up quelling sacred emotion, leaving the wellspring of jubilant feeling that underlies higher healing and transformation untapped.

It's easy to misunderstand sacred emotion if you haven't fully felt it. Disembodied contemplation of its nature tends to reframe it through the emotional palette of big me. Little me feels big room emotion whereas big me is all about small room transient sentimentality whose short-lived satisfaction typically ends up fostering spiritual superficiality. Sometimes people think they are feeling sacred emotion, but what they are feeling is big me inflation spurred on by ceaseless exaggeration. Once your big me spiritual façade has been praised, it will search

for this self-affirmation again and again. The only exit from this addiction cycle is to jump on another track that leads to little me, big room living. Little me and its big room emotion are everlasting and forever changing to keep alive the meaning, leaning, and feeling of what life is all about.

In a dream, Brad witnessed how easy it is for everyone's big me to become irate over not being fed what it unwisely desires. This can readily take place in one's family of origin where a parent favors one child or grandchild over another or in a marriage where partners compete more than they seek spiritually bound union. In the dream, Brad saw himself getting irrationality upset in a family home visit where he and his mother quarreled about an issue he would otherwise regard as meaningless if he weren't caught in habituated family relations. He also dreamed of how easy it is to fall into the non-resourceful habit of constantly reading or discussing the daily news that only ends up feeding the feeling that you are ready to go to war and annihilate the "evil enemy" that stands in the way of your preferred utopian fantasy—something Brad easily falls into during these politically challenging days. Both these dreams reminded us that the emotions of big me can be all over the place and are not always resourceful. They come forth in small rooms that aim to underline, accentuate, exaggerate, and infatuate the self-centricity of you.

Even when you may be right, if the room remains small you are still in the wrong place. This explains why a wisdom-based protest is a difficult path to walk. It requires battling on two fronts at the same time: the darkness of worldly oppression and the small room of big me inflation that leads to a self-righteous backfire. Spiritual leaders like Martin Luther King Jr. and Mahatma Gandhi laid bare this double struggle in their writing. Whether you're waging a movement against state brutality or intervening in family affairs, the only real way forward requires handling the emotions and relations between both big me and little me.

Sacred Ecstatics teaches that the conceptual disentanglement preceding spiritual awakening must address the two forms of you that show up at the crossroads, like they did in the testimonial visions of enslaved Africans. At this crossroads is found a divide where one road is traversed by a big image of you while the other road is journeyed upon by a smaller image of yourself, referred to as "little me." Sacred Ecstatics teaches that this double nature of your experiential being requires a relational adjustment rather than extinction of one for the solitary presence of the other. The spiritual goal is to make little me, the spiritual form found within, in charge of the corporeal body's outer display.

As we pointed to in a past visionary teaching, little me is analogous to the benevolent unconscious mind familiar to Milton Erickson's interactionally hypnotic therapy. Buried within you are the gifts, resources, and talents you need to fulfill a meaningful existence. They wait to be awakened and put into action. This is a departure from the former psychoanalytic (and pop psych) notion of the unconscious, regarded more like Pandora's horrific box of demons rather than a spectacular treasure chest. Rather than look for repressed trauma, search for buried treasure. Little me and its alchemical spiritual gold are not known to your conscious mind and are only brought forth in the big room. The big self-centric me of you has no room for feeling the deeply planted divine seed of your innate spiritual nature that is here to blossom.

Sacred Ecstatics extends the focus of this double sidedness of you to include the room each resides within. This is where you find your little me inside the big room, whereas your big me is a small room occupant. When going back and forth between distinguishing the size of the room

or the particular “me” twin involved, it is important to remember that two rooms and two occupants are always in play. Change the room and the other twin automatically takes the throne. Inside the big room is a different screen of consciousness that more easily accesses your benevolent unconscious treasure. Furthermore, inside the big room is found your big mind and big heart. This space owns the feeling for big sacred emotion. When we speak of sacred ecstasy, it is held by the big heart of little me in the big room. Whatever big me thinks or feels about it must be held in check, always cross-referenced to the mind and heart of the big room.

The summer of love held in 1967 did not adequately differentiate between these twin rooms, twin occupants, double thoughts, double senses, and double emotions. It too often sought the same pleasures as the establishment it presumed to counter. Drugs, sex, and rock and roll do not necessarily make a revolution, though they can make your body spin and your head trip. The hippies, parented by the former hip or beat generation, too often only brought more pampering of the same big me addictions, while claiming to culturally liberate with no change of room, occupant, or appetite. The transition from jazz to rock and roll, and from heroin to LSD, led to the same kind of relations, whether sexual, ancestral, spiritual, or otherwise. Let us this time—in the forthcoming comeback summer of love—remember that the sought revolution requires a different quality of emotion hosted in an alternative room be-in where little me is wild and free.

What is this new big room, little me love that also seeks to replace fanatical war and maniacal greed, but was missed in 1967 and quickly dismissed afterwards as the hippies and yuppies became yuppies rather than guppies in a vaster sea? The summer dream love we seek is an extreme love that encompasses but rises and surprises above feel-good affection. More wise than platonic and more endearing than romantic, it is somatically tectonic, soulfully pyrotechnic, and spiritually ecstatic. We call for n/om-loving familial relations as we seiki-romance the philosopher’s stone and spirit-embrace the other side, blissfully done to change the human race, erase former cliché lines, and cook the whole world soul meat, this time well done. Now is the time for all sacred and profane humane critters to change the rooms, selves, and experiences found within illusory walls that fall whenever the sacred vibration makes a house call.

The new summer of love brings a remarkably different height, ash, and berry. It is more related to the San (Bushmen) than a San Franciscan. Sacred Ecstatics left its heart in the Kalahari. There you find the song and dance bridge to all the other doubles, including the other spiritual mother love that sets a fire to every tone, bone, moan, stone, and home. Prepare to awaken little me, big room love—the sacred emotion that shakes, bakes, and takes you into the mystical bridal chamber of God’s hearty hearth where the highest ecstatic thrills come from being spiritually grilled.

II. THE SUMMER CAMP EXPERIMENTS OF SACRED ECSTATICS

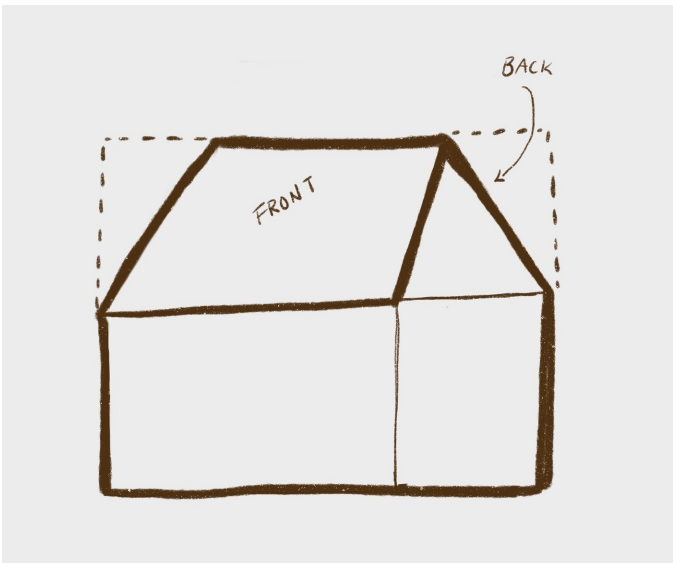
EXPERIMENT ONE: WELCOME TO THE CABIN

Building Your Cabin Altar for the New Summer of Love

This past season, Guild members built themselves home altars that held the three lineage ropes of Sacred Ecstasies, overseen by the spiritual mothers from the Kalahari Bushman n/om-kxoasi, the Caribbean Shakers, and the Japanese seiki jutsu masters. Visionary dreams brought subsequent modifications and additions to this “pray ear” altar that included mystical Tesla prayer coils, a Mayan eraser, an ocean shore, and images of other Guild member’s altars. The next season of experimentation builds on this altar.

Imagine you are looking down at your altar from the higher floor of a building. At a certain height, it will appear like a dot on the ground. With this view in mind, hold the smallest coin you can find and mark that dot on it with any color you choose. Or keep re-indicating the dot with every color of ink you can find—superimposing the dot on top of itself. This single or multi-colored dot is a changed view of your altar from a higher floor. If you have not built an altar, either do so or imagine that you did in an alternative reality (take a few minutes to close your eyes and internally experience building it in fast time). With eyes still closed, go to a higher floor and look down upon it, seeing it as a dot. Now open your eyes and mark the dot on a small coin. In this manner you alter your relation to the former altar and make it ready for inclusion in the next series of experiments.

Next, get an index card or similarly sized piece of paper. Trim the top to look like it’s a roof. Now your piece of paper is in the shape of a small house—this is your summer camp spiritual cabin.



Following previous visions, draw or attach the image of a large black bear on the front side of the roof. On the back side, draw or add the image of a white polar bear. Lean the card against

the back wall of your former altar or lean it somewhere in your home that keeps it safely and easily accessible—wherever it is placed becomes your summer altar. Now tape or glue the marked coin to the front side of your spiritual cabin so that it serves as a circular front door. Your original Sacred Ecstasics altar, which is now a dot on a coin, is the entry to your spiritual cabin. After this is done, draw a tiny white mare next to the “change door” or attach an image of one.



Now you are ready to begin your summer of love! The spirit horse is ready to take you to ineffable ecstatic adventures on the other side where numinous mystery abounds. To get a ticket to ride, you must imagine throwing and trying to land your prayers, like little stones, on the side of the roof where the white polar bear waits to open the gate. As a previous visionary teaching warned, don't be tempted to throw your prayer requests to the black bear. It is better to land your prayer stones on the back side of the roof where the polar bear is prepared to mediate your requests.

After your spiritual cabin altar has been constructed, pull up a chair and look at its entry to change that holds the past, ready to be altered so it can deliver a new future ecstatic track. Play the hit song from 1967, “So Happy Together,” as a welcome back tune and feel your little me shout that it is ready to come back. Perhaps your inner ecstatic nature been asleep for 25,000 years since it last danced in the Kalahari. It matters not what is real or fiction, for all accounts, measurements, assessments, and containments of human history will change during our new summer of love. Giddy up, summer camp has just begun. Let's be happy together in these crazy times. Welcome to the new-and-old wobbling summer of everlasting, forever blasting moon walks and love feasts!

The Love We Speak Of

Last night Brad woke up pondering how practically everyone speaks of love. Birds do it, bees buzz it, singers sing it, and even dictators claim to feel it:

A voice within asked me, "Please specify what Sacred Ecstasies means by love." I prayed for how we could inspirationally and unambiguously define the target of our new summer of love, and then fell into a visionary experience. In my reverie, I entered the mystical cabin with two bears on the roof. There I saw four framed cross stitch quotations, one on each wall. They looked like the kind you see in an antique store depicting a familiar prayer or house blessing. These, however had the following words stitched in red. The first quote was from C.M.C.'s testimony and it was adorned with the classic Japanese image of a giant ocean wave:

A swift, oncoming tidal wave of splendor and glory ineffable came down upon me, and I felt myself being enveloped, swallowed up. I felt myself going, losing myself . . . Now came a period of rapture, so intense that the universe stood still, as if amazed at the unutterable majesty of the spectacle! Only one in all the infinite universe! The All-loving . . . I was on the great highway, the upward road . . . with deathless hope in the heart and songs of love and trust on the lips. I understood now, the old eternal truths, yet fresh and new and sweet as the dawn . . . *Every longing of the heart was satisfied*, every question answered, the "pent-up, aching rivers" had reached the ocean—I loved infinitely and was infinitely loved!

- C.M.C.

The second quote was from Charles Finney and it depicted two immense wings:

It seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me, like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushing of my heart.

- Charles Finney

The third cross-stitch quote were words spoken by Charlie from North Carolina, the man we often quote from the book, *God Struck Me Dead*. The image showed a man hugging an elm tree:

Then, like a flash, the power of God struck me. It seemed like something struck me in the top of my head and then went on out through the toes of my feet. I jumped, or rather, fell back . . . I ran to an elm tree and tried to put my arms around it. Never had I felt such a love before. It just looked like I loved everything and everybody . . . I can't tell you what religion is, only that it is love . . . There is no such thing as religion, for it is love and a gift from God.

- Charlie

Finally, the fourth cross-stitch was from Reverend Green, a former slave also interviewed for the book, *God Struck Me Dead*. The image of a fire was stitched next to his words.

“There is a joy on the inside . . . it is fire in the bones.”

- Reverend Green

Go ahead and write these four quotes, in red letters, on separate pieces of paper. Then either draw or attach an image of a Japanese ocean wave, two wings, an elm tree, and a fire next to the testimonies associated with each symbol. Hang them on the four walls of your bedroom so this becomes the inside of your mystical summer cabin. Fall asleep each night inside our summer camp and feel our collective quest to live the new summer of love. Have no doubt about the love we speak of—look at the four directions of your new compass. Photograph these four quotations so you can carry them with you and remind yourself throughout the day what you are aiming for. Or write them down on four small pieces of paper that you carry in your pocket, purse, or wallet. Perhaps you need to hang them on a string and wear them around your neck.

Our summer camp is located on the far outskirts of every other wilderness. It's easy to get lost out here, so keep your two bears and four bearings close at hand. The love we seek is nothing less than the waves of joy and gladness, the two-winged fanning breath of God, the everything-and-everybody elm tree affection, and the joy-filled fire in the bones of sacred ecstasy.

White Bean Puree

Several years ago, Brad dreamed of his friend Tullio Maranhão. We reported it in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 2*, as “Touch Is Beyond Reason.” In that former dream, Brad and Tullio did not say a word; they simply hugged one another amidst all the chatter of an academic conference. They wept as each of them realized that what matters most cannot be solely said—it must be felt. Last night Brad dreamed that Tullio's wife came to our summer camp (she, like Tullio, has already passed on to the other side):

She came out of the kitchen where Tullio had been cooking for us. As she smiled, she showed me what they had made. It was a white bean puree that looked especially delicious. Some whole beans were added to the blend to give it more

contrasting texture. We noticed they were cannellini beans, also known as Italian white kidney beans. I also laughed and joked to Hillary that perhaps we would be on the Mediterranean diet for the summer. I then quickly added that since we are in First Creation, there might also be some grilled meat and corn on the cob as well.

I woke up excited about the meal and realized how grateful I am that we never know what kind of spiritual bread we will be fed from the other side. It's a true sign we are on the main line when it's aligned with the sacred vibration of higher jubilation and the vastest shared love felt rippling throughout the campground dining hall. It then struck me that Tullio had influenced how I could respectfully and nontrivially experience and explore translating cultural differences without obliterating any important contrasts. The bean in the dream was an interesting metaphor for cross-cultural crossings. It was believed to have originated in Peru and then spread throughout South America, including Tullio's home in Rio de Janeiro. It was later introduced to Europeans in the 15th century by Spanish explorers. Today, Hillary and I, as did Tullio and Amanda, love Italian cuisine. They liked it so much that they once collected a lot of credit cards and moved to Italy, eating in fine restaurants and drinking fine wines until the credit ran out. They then declared bankruptcy and started cooking at home all over again.

As fascinating as these memories are, the more important teaching came through at the end. Namely, this bean is toxic when it's raw. The special flavor and high nutritional value arrive only after it is cooked. The same is true for each of you. Raw, we are in need of an ecstatic thaw. After being cooked, the gifts within come to life as does the way we share higher love. Please don't reduce this wisdom to a platitude like, "be the bean." Instead, do less talking before you have done more cooking. Then whatever you say will be less toxic and more nourishing. Hungry for the new summer's old-fashioned Kalahari love? Then take a bite of this white bean puree. We aren't going to remind you about the need to clean your hands, mind, and heart before dinner. Instead, we want you to learn how a bean transforms from a bitter poison into a sweet medicine via using heat to make a puree. Make sure the blend is mixed with a few intact beans to remind you of the whole from whence it came. Want to climb the bean stalk? Go ahead and partake of this cooked bean puree. Be assured that the two bears and the little white mare have received their share.

I Don't Know How to Love Him

A Guild member contacted us, saying that he felt in need of our prayers, hoping for a song lifeline to pull him through a dark hour. That night we prayed for him and for everyone, assuming he spoke as an ambassador for each of you when you feel down and in need of a spiritual lift. Later in the night, Brad received visionary guidance:

I envisioned a new way of praying whenever help is needed. I was told to remind you that it doesn't matter what you think is the cause of your frustration and irritation, whether it is news of impending sickness or death, the disturbance of others, or just an old-fashioned blow to the never satiated ego. Personal discomfort, angst, despair, and feeling the

need of repair always require an adjustment in room size. This is easy to say, but it is unlikely that understanding alone will get you out of a shrunken container. Once you truly realize that you can't think or talk your way out, you at least recognize what you need—a key to unlock the prison door.

In vision I received a new key for this purpose. It's a two-word prayer: "Yes, Lord." The key is found in how you say it. This prayer is meant to be performed internally so no one else can hear. You start by repeating the hallowed name, "Lord" as fast as you can. It should sound like a hurried succession of staccato tones with any kind of pleasing, changing rhythm: "Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord . . ." Then throw the word "Yes" into this stream of "Lord" words, doing so spontaneously and not too often. Make sure that no more than 25% of your prayer is the "yes" word. "Lord" should dominate. After hearing this inside yourself for about eight to ten seconds, internally sustain the word, "Lord" in a legato tone. Though you won't be making any external sound, breathe deeply from your diaphragm while you hold this sustained word longer than you would be able to if you were externally producing it. You may feel like you need to gasp for air—but remember you are toning the word internally and don't need that breath to keep the sound going. You should feel like you are circularly breathing—singing a long tone while breathing at the same time. Let the prayer end with an internal shout and then return to the staccato, Morse code-like dot, dot, dot frenzy of fast plea prayer talk. You may later reverse the words, making "yes" more primary than "Lord." Or mix it up so whatever is the main staccato word, the legato word will be the other one. You may also hear the words in different tones. Tinker with this way of internally voicing a two-word prayer that includes circular breathing with little me providing the internal voice and big me offering the breath. Make sure you conduct slow diaphragm breathing as you move into one long, sustained rubato landing.

I went in and out of sleep with this new way of praying and then later fell into another dream. In a vast room that evoked boundless wonder, I received a song for anyone needing help getting unstuck from a small room. To my surprise the tune was, "I Don't Know How to Love Him," from the musical, *Jesus Christ Superstar*. As the song was heard, a double teaching was spoken through its melody and lyrics. "The big room asks not for love; it asks how to love. The big room asks what you can do to help others. It makes you care the least about your own condition, whether you're hot or cold, ecstatically bold or statically rigid. The most important question is how to love the creator and all of creation." Read the lyrics of the song:

I don't know how to love him
What to do, how to move him

I've been changed, yes really changed
In these past few days, when I've seen myself
I seem like someone else
I don't know how to take this
I don't see why he moves me
He's a man. He's just a man
And I've had so many men before
In very many ways
He's just one more
Should I bring him down?
Should I scream and shout?
Should I speak of love
Let my feelings out?
I never thought I'd come to this
What's it all about?
Don't you think it's rather funny
I should be in this position
I'm the one who's always been
So calm, so cool, no lover's fool
Running every show
He scares me so
I never thought I'd come to this
What's it all about?
Yet, if he said he loved me
I'd be lost. I'd be frightened
I couldn't cope, just couldn't cope
I'd turn my head, I'd back away
I wouldn't want to know
He scares me so
I want him so
I love him so

The new summer of love asks you to learn how to enact the big love that comes from the mystic's heart on fire. This love is inseparable from receiving a sizzling nail of n/om, a wind blast of seiki, or a deep dunk in holy spirit water. When it comes it really changes you and this change will often scare the hell out of big me. You aren't sure whether to bring it down, deny it, scream and shout, or speak of this love and let your feelings out. What likely scares you even more is that your love for God will be returned. Such experiential confusion is brought by thinking there is only one of you. There are two of you (little me and big me) and they may reside in either a big or small room. The pinnacle sacred ecstasy that flows from the divine is found in the heart of little me who is never afraid to drink a whole glass of love. When it wakes up, big me may go berserk until it realizes it doesn't have to be a jerk. When big me—AKA trickster—surrenders to the heart rule of little me, the twins become best friends in the big room of splendor. Here big me sustains the deep breath that supports little me's prayer songs.

The next time your big me has a fuss and only wants to cuss, launch your two-word prayer that should be performed by every proton, neutron, and electron of you. If done properly and consistently, there will be no stage time given for big me mentation to cause hesitation or perpetuate frustration. Go ahead and take all the air for voicing this prayer.

Pray like this in your numinous summer cabin. Don't forget the bears that are on the roof. You must send your prayers to one of them to get it through to the other side. The black bear is risky, though your big me will want to go straight to it because it looks easier. The cost of taking this shortcut is the risk of a troubling setback. Go for the white polar bear even though it is the more challenging choice. Close your eyes and imagine how difficult it is to toss a white stone with your prayer on it, making it land and not roll off the back side where the true north bear is waiting. It's impossible, dear friends. You can't do it alone. You are going to need some help. It's going to require the two-word prayer and the help of a tiny white mare. For now, learn to perform your new prayer. Later, you'll learn how to ride the mare.

Postscript

After sending the dream instruction and teaching to the Guild member asking for help, he replied:

The vision and its teaching cover all the bases. Wow, "big me" has been freaking out just as you say. Took a soaking acoustic bath in the *I Don't Know How to Love Him* song. Sounds like my big me singing the song. Big me changed but was then so scared. So cool and calm in the past, running the show. Yeah, "he" scares big me. Thank you for the amazing way in which Sacred Ecstatics works. And thanks again for praying for me and bypassing my big me. I really don't know how to love him. Your teaching is needed. Big thanks for the breathing and "Yes Lord" prayer key teaching. Little me is sighing with relief.

Uncooked Reality Is Upside Down

Brad dreamed that life and death are the opposite of what they seem to be:

I went to a visionary classroom where Hillary and I received a special kind of mystical eyesight. It enabled us to view spiritual reality unfiltered so we could see how things really are. We immediately decided to take a walk around the city and have a new look at the world. Both of us were shocked to see that practically everyone was an embalmed, zombie-like mummy covered in layers of soiled cloth, decorative veneer, makeup, and plastic wrap. With our new eyes we were startled to see that human beings are a soulless, heartless herd of walking dead.

We were then taken to a burial ground. A few people had chosen to enter into a sarcophagus, the kind of coffin associated with the ancient cultures of Egypt, Rome, and Greece. Someone near us commented, "They are burying the dead so the mummies may rise into a newborn life." In a flash we understood that everything we have been taught about reality is upside down. We are first dead and then alive. To come spiritually alive, you must first be buried in the mourning

ground. As we thought these things, we noticed that after each mummy was buried it was set on fire. After burning they rose again and came to life. In this blazing burial ground, newborn human beings with attuned minds, hearts, and souls woke up and began to dance and sing.

An unseen teacher spoke to us: "Life is not what it seems to common corporeal sight. What appears to be alive is actually spiritually dead. Only by being buried, mourned, and then set on fire are people given a real life in the spirit. Everyone is afraid of death, but you are already dead. In the cold and small room where big me presides, there is no vital life force. There you only find the mummies who appear like recycled dummies wrapped in trickster layers of illusion, delusion, and confusion. The fear of death masks the greater fear of being alive. The fear of loving masks the greater fear of being loved. The fear of sacred ecstasy masks the greater fear of experiencing the pinnacle emotion of room relocation with its vibrational motion and jubilant commotion. When you are ready to live, end your death walk. Step into the sarcophagus and begin again, this time ready to be cooked by numinous fire. The spiritual heat of ecstasy defeats death and brings you into mystical, musical, dancing life."

I woke up thinking about how many of the ancient spiritual traditions go through a death and resurrection transformation. More than a ritual or ceremony, this "death" and "resurrection" into life must be felt at the core of your being. Being buried in some kind of transitional way, whether in the mourning rooms of the Caribbean or praying for a song in the wilderness, all small rooms and earthly coverings are let go. This is how you make yourself available to live in the big room where little me is awakened and born again, ready to play its part in the ecstatic life force theatre show. Get over the idea of an individual, out-of-context self. Start seeing yourself in a room and notice how its ecological relations determine whether you're a sleepwalking mummy or feeling more singy and drummy. To spiritually wake up, bury the dead room and help give birth to the big room where its fire alchemically transforms and resets the whole universe and you along with it. As I started to fall back asleep, I heard these words spoken by a mystery elder on high, "Head to the *bear-you-all ground*, the summer cabin where two bears mediate the crossings between this side and the other. There you must learn to throw a prayer, with the help of a tiny mare, so it lands in the furthest side of the sky."

Remain Inside the Vibrating Room and Watch Out for the Ice

Over the years Brad has attended many fired up worship services in his dreams, perhaps over a thousand times. They always took place in a black sanctified church. Last night was the first time he was sent to a church service that was only attended by white people:

Hillary and I were visiting a mainstream Protestant church that unambiguously leaned toward conservative theology. Everything about the worship service felt off, really off—the tones, rhythms, lack of movement, and all things said definitely

served no holy soul bread. I soon felt sick and ran to the back to find a bathroom. There were none. There was only a single, non-private toilet in the back of the main sanctuary, in open view of the congregation. I couldn't get out of the church fast enough. We ran from that creepy service as if running for our lives. I woke up thinking I would never enter a soulless Christian church like that again.

It's been many years since I have stepped into a non-ecstatic Protestant, Catholic, or other Judeo-Christian service. For us, most spiritual gathering places, including new age workshops, always seem more like funeral homes. In this dream, the church felt even more toxic than any of our experiences before, and this caused us to flee for fear of getting physically ill. The vision made more than abundantly clear that this kind of ice-cold spiritual gathering, whatever its intention, ends up being nothing more than people going to the toilet in public with a message better meant to be flushed rather than evangelized.

I then thought how awful many of the old hymns sound without the musical influence of the African diaspora. Doctored by African mojo, however, an old dead tune finds its lost soul. Remembering this, I realized that I don't want to ever stray too far my original spiritual home in the Kalahari which is also home to the first human beings and subsequent African ecstatic lineages (note: I originally mistyped the last word as "lionages" before correcting it).

I prayed, "Lord, please keep me out of those dead, mummy, zombie churches that are ice cold without a soul, and too small for shouting and dancing down the aisles." I strongly felt an urgency to stop being so polite and politically correct about naively accepting or tolerating every variety of spiritual expression. Some of them stink and need to be avoided like the plague. Let the prophets declare that many spiritualities are not hot—they are way too far out in the cold. Let it also be said again that the combo of African aesthetics and the emotional message of the love carpenter (room builder) named Jesus provide a tasty gumbo mix that cooks your soul and sets your heart on fire. The other whitewashed stuff is sickening and disgusting. There, it has been said and read. Movement on.³

The morning after this dream, we received an email from Diana Jacob who had a dream that shook her up. She wrote:

I was far away at some very cold place, attending a conference. There on my own, I stayed in a huge hotel that included a massive auditorium. The doors looked down on a distant stage where there were a lot of people milling about, though I didn't recognize anyone. I then became aware that the whole room was vibrating, I had no idea what was going on, but I decided to go outside to see if it was thundering.

³ This is a reference to a vision in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 2*. Brad dreamed that Sacred Ecstasies was being honored at a special art reception in *The New Yorker* magazine. Underneath a commissioned work of art was the slogan, "Movement On."

Once outside, a huge block of ice flew over my right side. Embedded in the ice were about thirty human skulls. Then another smaller block of ice came right at me, but luckily there was some sort of barrier between it and me—before it could hit me it disintegrated and sent ice fragments everywhere. At this point I realized that I needed to go back inside to be safe. Once I was back in, I wrote my family a message telling them that if I didn't come out of this alive, I wanted them to know that I loved them very much. Finally, I remember hoping that this message would be found on my body if I died.

It was a very frightening dream, and I was very glad when I woke up to find myself alive.

Diana's dream was a mirror image of Brad's, each pointing to the same teaching but in an opposite manner. She started out in a big room that was vibrating. Rather than stay inside and cook, Diana ran outside to see if there was a logical (small room) explanation for the quaking activity. Outside the big room she was confronted with the ice-cold forces of death—frozen skulls careening at her from every direction. Luckily there was enough warmth and vibration around her to shatter the frozen ice and protect her from harm.

Brad's dream, on the other hand, began in a small room that appeared to be a religious service but was more like a public toilet. Being inside this stinky room was as terrifying as it was for Diana to be outside in a faraway land. Brad ran out of the life-threatening small room church to find refuge in the big room, while Diana ran out of a big room only to find terror in the frozen landscape of explanation. Both dreams point to this teaching: make sure you get in the big room and do your best to stay in it. When in it, don't try to understand it or else the cold ice will fly in every direction. In the ice are the dead mummy skulls, the same folks worshipping in a frigid church, temple, synagogue, ashram, or new age retreat center absent of n/om, no matter the religiosity, secularism, culturalism, genderism, or coloration of hide.

When you are inside the big room and feel a vibration, start trembling and shaking rather than exit to look for explanation. Furthermore, don't go entering small rooms to study why they are not ecstatic and unable to cook. The new summer of love invites you to forget the small rooms outside its campground. Aim to get your cabin vibrating and when it does, stay inside its spiritual heat. And take no more field trips to previously identified cold, small rooms that now, after you have felt the ecstatic heat, will likely make you sick.

Ask the white polar bear on your cabin roof to protect you from any ice-cold surroundings where hurling ice cubes hold the skulls of frozen mentation. Ignore the easily accessible black bear hovering over your front door, even when it appears as soft and gentle as a teddy bear. It will promise to provide an explanation that eradicates the uncertainty of unsettled mystery and tempt you to embark on another exploration of what should remain forever a closed door. Trust the white polar bear—it is the fierce warrior familiar with how to handle the dangerous ice. In the new summer of love, the ancient African fire of alchemical blackening is found inside your four-wall love adorned cabin, while the north pole's magnetically ecstatic and appropriately polarized white bear provides a barrier protecting you from sullied ice and other bears that falsely look nice.

Postscript:

After writing this report, another Guild member, Toy Marsh, emailed to mention he needed a boost to help him move toward a more sustained big room residency. He ended with this message and photograph that depicts a mystical prescription we gave in the past:

P.S. I opened the freezer yesterday and saw this situation. Thought you might recognize our plight. Haha.



[We had formerly advised the entire Sacred Ecstatics Guild to place a photograph of themselves in a bottle and place it in their freezer at home. Whenever anyone felt out of whack and wanted to assess their condition, the instruction was given to open the freezer and take a look at this bottle that indicates the one diagnosis that covers every situation—“small, cold room” occupation.]

The Little White Mare Carries You Through

Last night Brad woke up with instructions for how to relate to the little white mare:

Little me is the only twin of you that can go through the cabin door. The journey from your everyday to the other side requires a specific ritual sequence of action. It involves your homemade cabin, the two-word prayer key, the little white mare, a white stone, two bears, and you. Here’s the sequence to follow:

- (1) Cut out a small, irregularly shaped piece of paper to resemble a small stone. Decide what prayer request you want to make for specific help from the other side where the numinous fountain and its flowing forms of creation originate. Choose one word that is a metaphor for your whole prayer request. Write that word on

your paper stone. Hold it in your hand when you are ready to begin your spiritual ride.

- (2) Now initiate the two-word, two-stage prayer key of “Yes, Lord.” When you get to the sustained part, imagine that your physical size is exchanged for your small spiritual size—this is your little me perfectly sized to ride the little white mare. Envision little me on the anointed magical horse that is waiting to take you somewhere on high. Continue the two-word prayer for as many rounds as it takes for you to feel the prayer and your little me riding the mare.
- (3) Congratulations! These first two steps prepare you for the adventure ahead. As you continue repeating and turning the prayer key, you will be enacting your arrival at the spiritual crossroads. There you will choose which road to travel further on. One road is led by trickster, now represented by the black bear. It does its best to persuasively suggest that only imagining, daydreaming, or fantasizing is enough to have a real mystical ride. That is the easy and familiar way that assuredly ends up with a backfire that entrenches your non-ecstatic habits and their construction of small room habitats. The mind alone with its altered consciousness is not enough to get you across the mystical veil and over its hills and dales. The other road met at the soul’s crossroads leads to the big room found inside the cabin whose walls shout of higher love and its ocean wave, wings, hugging trees, and fire. This road emphasizes absorption in rising sacred emotion. How you pray determines what path you will journey on—trickster imagination or ecstatic transportation.

Pray until you feel emotion awaken, swell, and rise within. Vary the speed of those staccato sounds: “Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Yes, Lord, Lord, Lord . . .” Make them louder, change their tone, move your body, and make any other ecstatic-oriented performance alterations. Remember that this is an internal prayer production so you can break the sound barrier and be louder than a lion, trombone, or clap of thunder. Enact whatever change wakes up your hibernating little me. When its second senses of the mystical heart open, you will be so absorbed in the emotion, motion, and commotion that there will no longer be any dissociated conscious awareness—the mind will evacuate and take its turn to hibernate. At that moment, you are on the spirit horse, rising above the ground until you meet the bears in mid-air. All this happens automatically—something felt with no need to observe.

Once you ascend, the rest of your mystical adventure continues spontaneously. You will primarily feel the emotion behind it—any other phenomenal details are secondary. During this unconscious time, you and the mare float above the bears and hover over the back side of the roof. There you gently drop your white stone near the white polar bear. In that instant, you are mysteriously dropped inside the cabin. You remain there as long as you keep the ecstatic fire burning, the prayer wheel turning, and the sacred emotion churning.

If you find yourself primarily imagining this prayer ritual like a guided visualization exercise, then know you are on the trickster road. Though we are asking you to use trickster mind to imagine the bears, mare, and awakening of your little me, it's essential to make the prayer key, emotion, and any spontaneous body motion primary. Little more can be said to explain the experiential difference between guided trickster fantasy and cooked, prayer key spirit horseback riding. You'll have to conduct the ritual to find out for your little me self. Beware that trickster will want to continuously assess whether you're lost in cold imagination or feeling sacred emotion. That is a trap that pulls you farther from performing the turning of the prayer key. Focus the whole of you on the prayer so your heart can be flooded and lifted by pure and sure sacred emotion.

Here we find the crossroads that determines authentic versus imitative spirituality, whether it's shamanism, mysticism, or old-fashioned religion, music, dance, or art of any kind. When driven by mentation, trickster mind celebrates observation. On the other hand, when empowered and guided by the utmost emotion, the door opens to the spirit side where ineffable splendor and glory abound. As Sacred Ecstasies has taught many times before, sacred ecstasy is the means of carrying you from small trickster mind game rooms to the big heart-soaked-in love room. To ecstatically wake up, a prayer wheel must be formed and transformed into varying tones, rhythms, and movements until the prayer words are prayer songs-and-dances. Wake up! Get down with that mare. Otherwise, there is no escape from a trickster nightmare.

Try out this summer camp adventure, this time with a new prayer wheel, a little stone with a specific request for spiritual help, a little white mare, two bears, and a summer cabin. Feed that mare some spiritual hay so you'll never have to say "nay" to your little me summer camp horseback ride into the mystery trails of the other side. The bears are out of their cave; proceed to bring little me out of its hidden dwelling place. Lay bare your soul so it can sprout its wings, ascend with the wind, and dive into the ocean waves that are already changing to an amazing, blazing campfire.

Hayley's Comet Speaks, "Pons . . . the Last Pons"

We received this dream report from Guild member, Hayley Stevens:

I was lying in bed last night imagining myself sleeping in the cabin of love with the writings on the walls and pictures of a tidal wave, wings, elm tree, and fire. When I later woke up, Owen repeated some words to me: "Pons, the last pons." I looked at him blankly until he told me that I sat up in bed in the early hours, while dreaming, and spoke those words.

I later entered the words, "the last pons," into Google and *Pons Asinorum, or The Future of Nonsense* popped up on a page. It is a literary book written by George Adolphus Edinger and Edward John Cecil Neep about acts of nonsense and the singing of nonsense during the Medieval period. The writers define "nonsense" as "the illogical sense which resolves the discords of life" where "true

nonsense must be aimless humor—the humor that *makes fun* as opposed to the humor that makes fun of.”

We had earlier that day been talking about the need for a dip into pataphysical nonsense. And then, presumably Mark Twain mystically sent his comet back to earth again, this time renamed Hayley and born of a Stevens that is odder than even. It was caught by Madame Hayley and heard by Master Owen in the English-speaking land of England: “Pons, the last pons. Pons, the last pons.” The word pons means “the point.” *Pons asinorum* means the point at which most learners fail—the tipping point, crossroads, or middle where you either progress or regress. The first line of defense for every Queen and King is its row of “pawns,” another way to spell the word and cast a double magical spell on you. Recall that in chess, a pawn can become a Queen if it makes it all the way across the board—a rare feat usually met with defeat before the final tipping point of someone calling “checkmate!” that ends the fate of the feudal state.

In New Guinea (Agarabi), pon is a place where they kill a pig, a delicacy for a feast. It is a clearing in a forest in Bavaria (Cimbrian), a nightgown in the Netherlands (Dutch), a bridge in Haiti (Creole), and a cloth in India and Burma (Zou). If you want to get scientific about it, pon is “a fiber optic local loop network . . . that uses inexpensive passive optical splitters and couplers that require no electrical power and that perform no processes other than to split downstream signals and combine upstream signals.” And finally, if you add an apostrophe, ‘pon is short for “upon.” All eight of these higher chess “pons” are meaningful for Sacred Ecstasies—including its way of clearing space for mystery, providing a bridge to the other side, a place to cook and feast, the cloth of a mummy, cleric, or anointed robe, a nightgown for the mystical light of night, the rope or fiber optics carrying luminosity, and all that sacred ecstasy rests ‘pon.

We almost forgot to mention that as a verb, “pawn” refers to using a possession as collateral or an exchange for cash. We are all about the alchemical transformation of the material as well as the immaterial into the vitally spiritual. That’s something else to pon-der. But make sure you don’t let trickster use you as a small room pawn or get duped by an emotionally bankrupting ponzi scheme.

Moving further along on the Sacred Ecstasies trail benefits from reading or hearing that *Pons Asinorum*, or *The Future of Nonsense* mentions that real humor *makes fun* rather than *makes fun of*. Going even further out on the proverbial limb and at a higher elevated hike, let us note that everything in the big room appears to small room onlookers as total nonsense that makes fun even when it appears to make fun of those not making fun. Whether satirical or pataphysical, let the musically lyrical, mystically empirical, and playfully satirical wit be another wick to light the dark. Each of the four directions of Sacred Ecstasies must be in play, making a quartet that never forgets that every duet needs to multiply by a factor of two in order to make the kind of multi-dimensional trouble that leads to another higher double ready to cross every side of the middle wobble.

In other words, as Vincent de Villerperdue explains in his text, *Asses’s Bridge: Pons Asinorum*, “a present moment in time, is defined by the observation of our actions, as much as it is undefined by the intent of our inaction.” Rather than ask what this means, let us leap to the kind of future that Hayley’s discovery of the new world—as defined by the future of nonsense—might bring. As Edinger and Neep, the mind-bending authors of the other pons asinorum (remember things are ecstatically better with two’s), prophesized, “The democracies of the future, becoming

steadily more enlightened, will once more raise Nonsense to its proper place in life.” We find both our summer camp black and white bears agreeing with this last definition of an altered past with a new future track, as they straddle the roof’s middle wobble. The tiny white mare is also requesting that you forget the present day scare and be more willing to dare a laughing gas-filled balloon ride into the looney air.

Our former scholar of nonsense, Edinger of healing laughter, reminds us that in the city of Norwich there once lived a dragon named Snap who was celebrated at every festival and important gathering. Later, when such amusements were banned, the “New Police” battled that magnificent dragon. It was trampled by the feet of many men and women. Many years later, Snap and the joy he formerly brought were long forgotten. Then came another kind of dragon, all evil and not funny, that multiplied as the world forgot the corrective value of celebrative nonsense. When he wrote his tome with a half-serious tone, Mr. Edinger concluded that now, which was back in 1929, the spirit of Snap the happy dragon has come back.

Sacred Ecstatics agrees, even more today than ever before. We need more snap, crack, pop, and zap in every one of our four directions. The reincarnated dragon, originally named Ouroboros, is back. It begins as a primary dot, then becomes a duo, a line, a four-cornered cross, and then a circle until its circles within circles allow our Borous to get neo-medieval and be in the middle all over again. With the snap of two ecstatic fingers and at the crack of dawn in a summer camp, the fire breathing recursive dragon is back and ready to travel on every ecstatic track. Whenever there is talk of a revolution associated with a new summer of love, make sure it is never so serious that it misses being delirious and hilarious as it is cooked ecstatically delicious in the spiritual flames of love.

Time for Boating - "Membicaid"

Brad dreamed we were at the Sacred Ecstatics Summer Camp:

There was a spectacular lake and we were approaching its main dock. There we found the most beautiful miniature, wood-crafted boats I had ever seen. They were radio controlled. We walked over to one of the boats and when I picked it up, I found a small piece of paper that had been left for us to find. It was a passport or ticket permitting us to drive and ride that boat. Hillary joked, “It must be time for us to go boating.”

The main word written on the card was an unfamiliar term, “Membicaid,” which we understood meant, among other things, “member card.” We also wondered whether this membership also included healthcare and other kinds of aid. While pondering the many possible meanings of that word, the small boat mysteriously grew to full size. Without thinking, we spontaneously stepped into the boat. It felt like we owned it and I knew what to do. I walked toward the stern where the motor was and pulled out what looked like the ink cartridge for a printer. “We’re ready to go,” I shouted to Hillary.

As we pulled out to admire the beauty of the boat and the lake, we suddenly realized we were on Lake Balaton, in Hungary—a source of dreams from the summer before. At the same time, it also looked like other docks and lakes

throughout the world we had seen either firsthand or in photographs, from the lake Hillary grew up on in Michigan, to the lakes of Missouri, Croatia, Italy, Spain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

Brad woke up realizing we were in First Creation, home of the Sacred Ecstasics Summer Camp. Anything written, said, or experienced on its lake or in its campground, campfire, dining hall, sky, caves, or stars, is subject to constant change and cannot be pinned down to a particular meaning, place, thing, shape, or size. This applies to word spellings, magical spells, horses, boats, cabins, musical medicine cabinets, bears, and pears. The boats have arrived. Why not cut a photograph of one out and place it next to your cabin.

We have already pulled out the ink cartridge from its stern so no more can be written about the kind of journeys it will take us on. It is something that must be felt in the waves, wind, fire, and the mystical, huggable tree of life. On to the next summer adventure! Make sure you don't understand your membership card, other than it serves as a passport and ticket to ride into the unknown. "Membicaid," a nonexistent word, wisely points you toward the ineffable realm where a mystical surprise may be found. Perhaps there is a jeep waiting to take us to Membi in Tanzania where a caid, or Muslim leader or captain, will introduce us to something completely unexpected.⁴

Summer Wasp and Street Cleaning

Brad dreamed we were visiting his small hometown in Missouri:

Hillary and I were driving through town and we had just crossed Bridge Street, moving north in the direction of my grandparent's house. I soon noticed there was a large paper wasp in the car. Instinctively, I rolled down the window and hoped it would leave. It simply flew to the other side of the car. I asked Hillary to roll down her window, but again the wasp would not fly out. As we tried to avoid being stung, the car weaved in and out of the lane and we almost got in several accidents.

Then in a flash, we were in the backseat of a Lyft car with another driver. We had advanced about two miles from the last moment of the former dream scene. Soon we approached a place where cars had parked on each side of the road in such a way that they were hogging all the road space. The drivers had clearly paid no attention to how far away from the curb they had parked their vehicles. It made passage nearly impossible for other cars. We asked the driver to stop. Then Hillary and I hopped out, opened the trunk, and retrieved a vacuum cleaner. There were two in the car—one was ours and the other belonged to the driver. We vacuumed the street while the driver, who had come outside to see what we were doing, only observed and didn't bother to help us with his cleaning equipment. After the

⁴ *Caid* is a word that has been swirling around North Africa, Spain, Portugal, and the Kingdom of Sicily for hundreds of years, in reference to Muslim leaders or officials. It comes from the Arabic, "qaid," meaning leader or captain.

job was done, we placed our vacuum cleaner back into the trunk and pulled away. I woke up to face another day in a world where people are protesting in the streets in support of the “Black Lives Matter” movement.

We have lived in a world too long dominated by white privilege—“WASPS”⁵ who think they have the right to hog up all the space and resources. It is time to open the windows and get rid of systemic white supremacy and other forms of inequality. Furthermore, every one of us has a vacuum cleaner in the trunk, ready to clean up any place where passage for others has been littered by greed and made too narrow for others to get through. If you aren’t a part of the window opening and the street cleanup, then you are a part of the sting of sting-iness and the constriction of living space.

The spiritual sweepers and cooks of Sacred Ecstatics are Kalahari commu-n/om-ists, insisting that there be room enough for everyone to live an equal opportunity vital life on the vastest land under the brightest sun and shiniest moon. Whenever anyone is left out, it’s a sign there is not enough room for God, n/om, or a new summer of Big Love. It’s as simple as that when it comes to making the room big—you must remove the political fig-ure’s leaf that covers its over spoiled fruit, the self-righteous and self-entitled big me lords who have forgotten how to be sweet and share the meat and greet of a well-balanced meal—served in earth as it is served in heaven.

Please open your windows and vacuum the streets of your rooms, homes, and world to make enough room for the Creator to cook and send you and everyone else equally through. Start by welcoming every hue into your heart and hearth, and for God’s sake stop acting like you don’t have a clue [what’s going on](#). Discover that the way you are spiritually is inseparable from the way you are politically. If either of those rooms is too small, it will interfere and make too narrow the passage that enables anyone, including you, to reach the other side where higher ground is a well-rounded, flexible place rather than a rigid room made of oppositional lines and boxed-in squares. Get onboard the learning curve that teaches that big room construction requires equal deconstruction of the barriers that make any reason the cause of excluding the vastness and shared community abundance required for the divine to come through for each and all.

“Summertime and the livin’ is (not so) easy.” The wasps come out, ready to sting. It’s time to sing and dance away any ideological stance whose narrow pretense is stuck in the former tense of history. Stop that car, open your trunk, and do what needs to be done so everyone can get cooked well done at the Sacred Ecstatics barbeque. Only then will you learn how to sing like God’s trombones and dance away the clutter with wings that ecstatically flutter. [The colors of your life](#)⁶ benefit from every difference the rainbow offers. Rise up singing this morning, vowing to dew drop your part in the field of the Lord. Your summer camp cabin’s big bears and tiny mare are already welcoming the rich diversity embodied by the many saints of Sacred Ecstatics. Let’s

⁵ This is a common acronym for “white Anglo-Saxon protestant.” It can be pejorative, but it depends on the context. Sometimes it is used to refer to white people in general, usually of the middle or upper class, even if those people are not literally Anglo-Saxon or protestant. Not all WASP’s are members of the wealthy, ruling class, though this connotation has its roots in the colonialism of the British Empire whose sting has been felt for generations around the world.

⁶ Reference to a previous dream Brad had of Jim Dale, the Broadway performer who played P.T. Barnum in the 1981 musical, *Barnum*, which included the song, “The Colors of My Life.”

warmly welcome back the spiritual mothers from the Kalahari, the Caribbean, and Japan—their lives surely matter and yours will matter more when you follow their lead to become more willing to feed the living bread to every brother and sister amongst us.

Sunday in the Restaurant with George

Brad dreamed we were in New York City on a Sunday evening during the early 1900s:

We were at an old established restaurant in Manhattan and our dinner guest was one of my all-time favorite human beings—George Gershwin, the great American popular music composer. He was 19 years old in the dream, the age I was when I experienced my most important spiritual ecstasy. It was 1917, the time when Gershwin had his first inkling that he might be able to make a living as a composer after he sold a novelty ragtime piece called “Rialto Ripples.” His first national hit would come two years later. It was the song, “Swanee,” a tune often sung by my maternal grandmother who played the piano and had a voice and looks that resembled Sophie Tucker, the singer and actress called “the last of the red-hot mamas.” Like the Gershwin family, Tucker’s family were Russian Jewish immigrants. At the time of our dinner, she was at the height of her musical success—I think I recognized her singing in the background. That night, George spoke of his life dreams and his early beginnings with the piano. He did not start playing until he was ten years old and didn’t find a teacher suited for him until he was around fifteen and met George Hambitzer, concert pianist for the Beethoven Symphony Orchestra. Hambitzer remained his mentor until he passed away in 1918, about a year after our dinner with George.

As we ordered our dinner, Hillary and I were fully aware that we were from the future and had somehow time-traveled to the past. I was getting ready to tell George Gershwin that he would have a great future as a famous composer, but it hit me that anyone polite might say such a thing to a young man and it therefore would likely have little impact on his life. We certainly would not tell him we were from the future because he would think we were bonkers. Then I thought I’d mention the songs he’d later compose like, “Our Love Is Here to Stay,” “Someone to Watch Over Me,” “The Way You Look Tonight,” and “Embraceable You.” Something stopped me in my tracks. I was concerned that if George knew his future it might unfavorably alter these melodies. Or worse, we might return to the future and find those songs missing. I most certainly did not want to tell him that he would die too early from a brain tumor, because there was nothing anyone could do to prevent it. We had no idea what to say to him because the future he was born to live was better left alone.

Then in a split second we were all backstage at a concert hall together. Now dressed in a tuxedo, George was getting ready to go on stage and perform on a beautiful Steinway concert grand piano backed by an orchestra. As if we were still in the dinner conversation, I looked at him and said with all my heart’s passion and love of his music, “You’re going to be great!” Over every stage and through

every transition of my life, I always felt that his music was pure and true in every way. No one ever caught the melody of love better than Mr. George Gershwin of New York City. I patted him on the back, and he walked on stage to thunderous applause.

Before he could start his concert, the scene changed. This time George and I were experiencing the same thing at the same time. We each were undergoing grief from the death of our pet dog. I never experienced a more broken heart than when my canine friends passed on. I witnessed that George was feeling the same thing as we each held an old, tired, and unwell dog in our arms that would soon take its last breath. Deep in sorrow and starting to weep, I prayed to know the teaching behind these dreams. An old man's voice answered back with the hint of a newborn joy in his tone: "The secret to love is having a companion to share the moments of joy together. Life is not about love per se, which is only an abstract word. It is about sharing every moment of joy that comes your way."

I woke up in tears and felt overwhelmed about the visionary night with George Gershwin. Immediately I ran to my computer to research whether he had a dog. I knew he had never married and that he was very close to his brother and lyricist, Ira. I soon discovered that the Library of Congress has film footage of George's beloved terrier, Tony.⁷ Furthermore, it notes that it was rare to see Gershwin without his dog. When he was invited to Hollywood to score a film, Tony was first driven there all the way from New York City by a chauffeur. In a diary of that driver, he mentioned that the dog became sick and George insisted that he take him to the animal hospital until he was feeling better. Fortunately, Tony recovered and met George later in California. The biography of Gershwin, written by Howard Pollack, additionally states that "Gershwin often had a dog (usually a terrier) by his side, including Bombo, Tinker and Tony." I, too, always had a terrier and it sat on my lap when I played the piano, studied, or wrote. George and I owned all the same important things in life—a passion for piano, composition, improvisation, love songs, and a best friend to share every joy with.

The mainline visionary teaching here is twofold: (1) the most magnificent music is eternal perfection and never in need of correction from future intervention; and (2) the key to love, the inspiration behind the greatest songs, is having a true companion with whom to share every morsel of joy that comes your way. If you are in a relationship, forget asking whether you are in or out of love. Instead, make sure you are together in the reception of shared joy. Laugh together, as well as dine, sing and dance together. The rest of what love is about will then naturally follow.

Every melodist needs a lyricist and every human being needs a friend. When friends share the joy of song together, all is *copacetic*. This latter word, reportedly a southern black term from the 19th century popularized by African Americans in the early twentieth century, means that everything is swell and going well. The expression, also attributed to old Yiddish phrases introduced to the U.S. by Jewish immigrants, was popular around the time we had dinner with

⁷ For a look at Tony, Gershwin's terrier, go here to the Library of Congress: <https://blogs.loc.gov/music/2016/09/furry-friends-of-music-walking-the-dog-with-gershwin/>

George Gershwin. His songs tell you everything you need to know about navigating from one side to another: if you ever experience a “rhapsody in blue,” choose to “strike up the band” that has a “fascinating rhythm” and ask your “embraceable you,” “shall we dance?” Make sure you do it in the “Summertime,” during the new summer of love whose songs and friends share the joy, no matter what sorrow passes through.

George Gershwin is joining us at summer camp and more importantly, he comes as the next saint of Sacred Ecstasies. He has gifted each of you with your own terrier, though he asks that you name it, “Tony.” We have provided a photograph of Tony for you to cut out and place him near your little white mare so they can be good friends. Know that this faithful companion will increase the odds of George Gershwin bringing you a song. The new summer of love has the greatest composer of love songs. He’s already visiting with the mothers and enjoying their songs, including Kalahari shouts, Caribbean hoots, and seiki “voots.” Music will surely surround us in sound around the campfire and fill every cabin with the good vibrations of extreme love.



Postscript:

Before dreaming of George Gershwin, we had soaked that night in recordings of Islamic prayer chants, not thinking it might be a Muslim administered African-placed spiritual potion needed to find a mystical surprise. Though we had no idea what words were being spoken, we recognized that the tones, rhythms, and embellishments conveyed the sacred emotion of a love that embraced the room and longed for communion with the divine. This led to our visionary meeting with Gershwin. Later we learned that he radically transformed jazz playing and popular songwriting by a special “combination [of] Yiddish chants and bluesy gospel music.” Ellen Burkhart⁸ explains:

He sought to break the mold of major-key melodies heralding simple storylines—the formula for popular songs during that time. To do this, he channeled the sounds that surrounded him daily: the traditional Jewish music of neighborhood synagogues mingling with the soulful Baptist hymns of nearby churches. What

⁸ : <https://www.minnesotamonthly.com/archive/review-the-soul-of-gershwin/>

resulted was genius. It's not an obvious combination, Yiddish chants and bluesy gospel music.

George Gershwin claimed that music alone was his religion and cultural melting pot, and that he only surrounded himself with musical tones and "an orgy of rhythms." He chose to follow the secular Jewish composers, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin, rather than any gods or prophets of either side of any ideological divide. Like us, he didn't care whether a melody or rhythm belonged to one culture or another. It was the musicality and emotion songs conveyed that mattered to his soul. Composing in the middle wobble crossroads between Yiddish chants and gospel music, the final result was a higher jazz where African rhythms, Middle Eastern chants, and European harmonies mix to bring heightened longing for and reception of extreme love.

Breakfast with George

After we traveled back in time to 1917 to have dinner with George Gershwin, the famous composer joined us for an imaginary breakfast at the Sacred Ecstasies summer camp. He told us a little more about his life:

First, George wanted to make clear that he was never a member of any religion. His religion was music. George's parents were Russian Jewish immigrants, but theirs was not a religious household. His early sources of inspiration were neither gods nor prophets – at least not in the traditional sense. They were two other secular New York songwriters: Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern. Ultimately for George, the music he heard inside himself felt truer than any scripture. He even teased those who took the Bible too literally. Enjoy some of the lyrics to the song he and his brother Ira wrote for Porgy and Bess:

*The things that you're liable
To read in the Bible
It ain't necessarily so*

Between sips of coffee, George reminded us that in his opinion, negro spirituals provide the foundation for a true American idiom. He wrote an essay called "Jazz Is the Voice of the American Soul." Celebrating the African American origins of jazz, Gershwin wrote: "the soul is black and white . . . all colors and all souls unified." He believed that jazz-based music in general could rise to a new height of beauty in what he called his "laboratory"—his inner musical imagination. George tapped into the rhythms of black music as it had developed in the Deep South, blending it even further with classical European and Jewish musical styles.

As Brad enjoyed another bite of his French toast with extra maple syrup, I told George that, whatever critics may have said about him when he was alive, people now say his music completely transformed the world of jazz. Ellen Burkhardt explains:

He sought to break the mold of major-key melodies heralding simple storylines—the formula for popular songs during that time. To do this, he channeled the sounds that surrounded him daily: the traditional Jewish music of neighborhood synagogues mingling with the soulful Baptist hymns of nearby churches. What resulted was genius. It's not an obvious combination, Yiddish chants and bluesy gospel music.⁹

What is key about Gershwin's music, is that it can be both light and funny as well as bursting with love's intense emotion. Take another look at the many charms of the Gershwin song, "Embraceable You:"

*Embrace me,
My sweet embraceable you.
Embrace me,
You irreplaceable you.*

George then told us something that surprised us: He was never interested in music until his late childhood. When asked whether he played anything as a child, he replied "I only played hooky from school." Music started for him when his parents bought an upright piano for his brother, Ira. After the piano was hoisted through their Second Avenue apartment window, George sat down and masterfully played a whole song, even though he had never studied how to play a single note. His fate was sealed. George explained that after that experience, he instantly went from being a bad boy to a good boy. Initiated and anointed as a musician—he was "a changed person after that," as he put it.

Songs and music poured out of George's fingers and soon he was called a genius. He dropped out of high school at the age of fifteen and became the youngest piano pounder in Tin Pan Alley. His job was to play music for others so they could determine whether they wanted to purchase it. He went through what he called a period of "intensive listening," absorbing everything from Yiddish music to jazz stride piano. By 1915 jazz masters like James P. Johnson and Eubie Blake were talking about his unique style.

As George took the last bite of his breakfast berries, he told us how he had lived entirely inside music—it was the big room of his life. He went to a New York City high society party almost every night, but seldom talked to anyone. Instead he went straight for the piano and mesmerized the room. Perhaps his love songs were so potent because it was George's love for music that people were actually hearing. Though his New York apartment had enough space for three Steinway grand pianos, he did not have a place for guests. The room of George's life was entirely made of music, and this definitely included his lyricist brother, Ira, and his faithful companion, Tony the terrier.

⁹ Add reference

It wasn't until George later visited the south to conduct research for *Porgy and Bess* that he went to a sanctified black church. There he attended black churches every week and said that for him it was like a musical homecoming.

Before we all got up from the breakfast table to head outside, we told George that we couldn't imagine a better saint for Sacred Ecstatics. Let's all extend a warm welcome to George Gershwin who is now playing music with Mother Ralph and Mother Twa as Mother Osumi instructs them to add more seiki. Let's enjoy the last song George wrote before he died. It's been one of the main tunes in the Sacred Ecstatics songbook since Brad received it in a vision many years ago. Hear that the music of George Gershwin is here to forever play:

*In time the Rockies may crumble
Gibraltar may tumble
They're only made of clay
But our love is here to stay*

Checklist for Summer Camp's Mystical Adventures

Brad woke up in the middle of the night, hearing an inner voice instruct, "Everyone needs a checklist to make sure they are properly equipped for these mystical adventures." After the orienting week that introduced you to Sacred Ecstatics Summer Camp, it is now beneficial for you to carry such a list with you. Intermittently check it throughout the day to make sure you have all the ingredients in play for the experiment. The check list you should write on a card follows:

- *Cabin with a dotted coin serving as the doorway to First Creation change
- *Four cross stitched quotes, one for every direction that sets your compass toward extreme love
- *One black bear and one white polar bear
- *One tiny white mare
- *The two-word prayer key (for little me)
- *A prayer request condensed to one word written on a white stone (for big me)
- *Wood boat (see the recent "Membicaid" report)
- *Tony (to be announced later)

Once you write this list, stare at it throughout the day and night to maintain your presence in the room constructed by these building blocks. It will help you stay out of the ice and feel closer

to the evening campfire. When all the elements on your checklist are strung together—without a single one excluded—they form a prayer string or a numinous rope to the Kalahari Sky God. This list also keeps you aware of everything essential that is mystically up in the air, swirling around us.

Our summer camp and its cabins reside within the concentric rings that include the alchemical transformation of a white bean, being reborn in the burial ground, making illogical sense to resolve the discords of life, and the importance of remaining inside the vibrating room once the fire starts. All of this, in turn, resides in the belly of a whale whose diaphragm breathes for all the ages, relations, and rooms of you. Here bellows the blacksmith's call to set fire to the past, present, and future, always remembering the orchard from which the fruit came, opening the walls, changing the Caribbean fly paper, constantly heading to the music medicine cabinet, and knowing that this new summer of love sets the big heart of little me free in the big room. Let us move from the former sweeping broom to the next middle of an ecstatic kaboom! Be a summer camp loon on the lake, singing a tune that croons for the other side of the mystical moon.

Answering the Call to Prayer

Before sleeping, we felt again the strong desire to hear the Islamic call to prayer. Later, in the middle of the night, its magical sounds echoed back in dream, revealing a deeper evocation of beauty and wonder:

Brad heard a voice announce, "Keep the mystical teachings in a circular whirl *and* on a straight line so everyone remains both lost and found." We were again shown how the contrarian tension between meaningful opposites can throw you into the middle wobble. This is the fulcrum between two extremes of relating to all the teachings of Sacred Ecstasies—in a sequential, straight-line fashion or in a whirling, midair juggle of circular relations.¹⁰ When viewed in a linear trajectory, each visionary teaching builds upon the previous ones. This sense of linearity is more synchronic (momentary dots) and diachronic (an historically continuous line) than circularly eternal and beyond demarcated time. Line-based understanding gives a partial and incomplete picture of the whole when perceived from the higher, vaster, and simultaneously multiple perspectives of circularity. Here each line bends back to return to the originating dot from which it came, which is every point on each interwoven line. The ecology of creation regenerates through recursion, operating through wheels within wheels that turn in order to spiritually burn, overwhelming the mind as they lift the heart, which is better able to hold complexity, contradiction, differentiation, unity, relation, and diversity. Experientially, you mentally oscillate and somatically vibrate between harmonic resolution and the cacophony of every difference that gives birth to the next change.

Before the unseen voice could say more, I was awakened by the sound of a loud thunderclap from a summer storm. Most of the dream was forgotten due to

¹⁰ See the teaching in *Climbing the Rope Volume 3*, "Not One, Not Three."

the shocking atmospheric rumble. While trying to remember more of the dream's teachings, I fell asleep and the sound of the Islamic call to prayer re-entered my mind. This community prayer call (*adhan* or *azan*) dates back 1,400 years to the time when Prophet Mohammed dreamed a prayer line that would be sung at scheduled times throughout the day by an anointed human voice, rather than blown by a horn (like the Jewish practice) or rung by a bell (like the Christian practice). The person singing this prayer is called a *muezzin* (in English) and their responsibility is to call others to prayer at dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset, and evening. The words of the *adhan* never change, but the *muezzin* is encouraged to improvise and embellish the melodic style, though the call must conform to an acceptable inventory of tonal patterns or *maqam*. When performed correctly, the improvised enhancements make it further come alive and better able to pierce the hearts of listeners.

When the *muezzin* is not praying, the *muezzin* is sometimes also responsible for cleaning the mosque. As the call to prayer was again heard in our evening visionary space, we felt a newborn hunger for Quaranic recitation. It felt like we were being specially fed by its wonder-inspiring bread and wanted to serve it to you at summer camp. Eager to share more about this way of calling you to prayer, we explored the roots of its musical nature. We found that improvised recitation in Middle Eastern music, in general, has the following structure (from *The Harvard Dictionary of Music*, p. 422):

. . . recitation starts with short and plain phrases in the lowest part of the vocal range and progresses to longer and more fanciful phrases, higher in the reciter's range, that are embroidered with ornamentation and sequence. The peak of a reciter's performance occurs when he or she delivers exceedingly long phrases in one breath, pushing the range to its upper limits while exhibiting impressive control or ornamental filigree.

Furthermore, the call to prayer moves from brief notes to a long, sustained melody performed with a single breath that is difficult to master. In other words, it has a structure familiar to our summer camp two-part prayer key. It is worth mentioning that the Sufis, who came later in the Wigram religious stream of time, added more complexity to the Muslim prayer performance, bringing in drums, rhythmic breathing, poetry, and body movement. It is no surprise that they, their skirts, and outskirts room rose higher in sacred ecstasy.

As the visionary teachings continue to pour down and sometimes feel like an overwhelming flood, celebrate this abundant outcome that marks the vastness of the Sacred Ecstasics big room. Become both lost and found in this pouring fountain that is also a climbing mountain. Keep your checklist close at hand to orient you to the cutouts, plucked fruits, sound bites, and dance moves that are on the experimental performance stage. Then sort them out in sequential time to feel some sense of order, but do so only if you remember to also throw everything in the air to juggle another double that helps you feel the wobble of lines and wheels. The bottom line and upper circle of this wobbly in-the-middle teaching is this: answer the prayer call.

In fact, we invite you to hear the inner call of prayer at least five times a day while walking down the First Creation summer camp trails that lead to everywhere from London to Cairo, Jerusalem, Mecca, New Orleans, New York City, Budapest, Balaton, Paris, and Turkey. With the middle(eastern) wobble of prayer, you own a turn-key cabin ready to move into. Let's get on the mare or the boat that takes us straight up into the air, calling upon our maker while we turn our polyrhythmic, polyphonic skeleton key.

Postscript:

After this visionary night, we woke up in the morning to find this email from Agnes, our longstanding Guild member from Budapest:

I dreamed last night that I was a drain cleaner. I had a list of cleanup work for the day, with five or six addresses on it. I often stood in a big tub with two drains where I had to remove the clogged matter from each drain. I didn't have a plumbing snake, so I worked with a pump, after infusing the pipe with vinegar, baking soda and all the other usual stuff. During my work, I would thoroughly enjoy my short breaks between jobs. In those ten to fifteen minutes, I walked out to the garden and I jumped up high in the air for a few seconds. I never fell down as I looked around from above. I saw the trees, the beautiful bushes, and the wonderful flowers. Then I'd go back to another floor and clean the drains.

This is what it means to own a spiritual anointment. Your gift, no matter its form, calls you and others to labor and then leap into prayer at least five times a day. Then it is back to unclogging the drains (one drain for each of you!), preparing you to experience each prayer as entry into the beauty and wonder of eternity. Prayer is found in the middle of those opposite sides—wobbling from one to the other in vibratory fashion. Rather than monitor your spiritual progress, follow the janitor and singer embodied by the muezzin found in the highest prayer tower. Rather than feel lost in the mundane and desperately seeking to be found by God, turn this around and feel found in daily tasks because you are lost in prayer. The view from on high pierces the heart and leaves you delighted with what is now found below. Then return happy to embrace whatever pipe and drain work needs to be done, preparing the ground for another launch into the mystery of the First Creation garden of our lost and found summer campground.

Taking the Guild to the Kalahari

Brad dreamed we made a special trip to visit the Kalahari Bushmen and took some Guild members with us:

We pulled into the last town we'd see before driving the remaining distance to reach our final destination. Hillary and I entered the local diner to have a refreshment and saw two Guild members, Christine (Mahalia) and Frank (Muddy)—a couple from Australia—sitting at a table. They were looking at two very large books. Each book was about three feet in height and two feet wide,

open to a map that unfolded the length of three pages. We sat down with them as Christine asked about the maps and what they showed. One map was of the town we were presently in and the other map was of “the outlying wilderness.”

The town, the last bit of modern civilization at the edge of the bush, was depicted as a square grid with four rectangular shops lined up in a row, located at the bottom and just left of the center. There wasn’t much on this map and it was obvious what it represented. I simply said, “Those are four shops lined up in a row,” pointing to the small box-like shapes that faced the town center. Then we lifted up the other book and its map to see a wild, plentiful, and varied assortment of symbols that were impossible to translate. I responded, “This wilderness won’t make any sense until you go there and experience it yourself. But even that won’t help unless you drop all your filters—the way you habitually see, hear, feel, and move upon other ground as you interact with others inside their territory.”

Hillary and I immediately realized that this statement likely would be misunderstood by anyone overhearing it. Most people think they know how to drop their conceptual and perceptual filters, but it’s really not easy. We had taken a few people to the Bushmen in the past and practically all of them came back having no idea how to read its phenomenal map or understand how different its spiritual territory is from other familiar places. Outside visitors usually cannot see past the conventional understanding cast by their observing spectacles, ideological prisms, cognitive frames, and habits of interpretation and interpersonal interaction. In this jolting moment of realizing that nothing could be said in a small diner about ancient and timeless Kalahari religion, we felt the wide disparity between small and big rooms. That’s when we entered the middle wobble with its dizzying transitional voyage from Second to First Creation.

Now on the other side, we found ourselves with the many Bushmen I had danced with for so many years. This time they were surprisingly performing our summer camp two-word prayer key. Mother Twa seemed to be saying with her smile, “The Guild is now appropriately confused and ready enough; let’s show them the rest of the prayer.” Hillary and I then turned to Frank and Christine and lifted our right arms to tremble our hands with a fast vibration, like a Bushman *n/om-kxao* does when he or she feels *n/om* heat. The rocking, trembling motion of the hand was rhythmically aligned with saying, “Lord, Lord, Lord . . .” We noticed how the up and down motion of the trembling hand’s thumb was like the tapping of a telegraph key to make a staccato series of clicks. The actual prayer words, “Lord” or “yes,” soon were heard internally as only clicks, and then would shift back again to words.

As the right hand tapped its prayer word or rhythmic clicking sound in this vibratory manner, it was interspersed and interrupted by the left arm lifting up unexpectedly, accompanied by shouting, “Yes!” This involuntary response was random and served as a rhythmic interruption and ecstatic amplification of the hand’s steady tremble. Here we again find the essential dynamic of ecstatic expression: a steady beat accompanied by rhythmic interrupts in the form of movement, vocalizations, and/or percussion.

Next, when the two-stage prayer telegraph key shifted to the long, sustained legato tone, Mother Twa and some of the other n/om-kxaosi showed us how they lift both arms up and down, this time aligned with the rise and fall of their diaphragmatic breathing. Both arms slowly rose high in the air with the diaphragm and then went down as the body exhaled. These arm movements involved wave-like fluidic motions, making the prayer appear as if it had transitioned into a dance production. At first, the inner voiced prayer tone was neither low nor high. It was more a mid-tone and didn't change with the rising and falling of the diaphragm and dancing arms. Later, we heard the pitch rise and fall in alignment with the arm movement and breath.

The main pervasive quality here was that everything was constantly changing—the words used for staccato and legato, the arm movements, the hand trembling, the rhythms, the tones, and the variations of expression in the rest of the body as well. We asked Christine and Frank to try it and, in First Creation, they found that it happened naturally like automatic seiki choreography. I then replied, “Now you can read the wilderness map.”

As we continued to work the two-stage prayer in this new Kalahari way, the whole singing and dancing scene exploded with layers of changing expression that are difficult to describe. Words became tones and then percussive sounds, including the clicking sounds of the Bushman language. Multiple melodies and polyrhythms were layered over other words and songs, as were simple and complex physical movements. Sometimes the tones, rhythm, and movement were in classic Kalahari style, and then the expression would mix into other genres, from African American church to St. Vincent, Tin Pan Alley, and other blends yet to be named.

Elements and songs from past visionary teachings appeared—everything was rising and falling, trembling, riding alternating beats, and transforming along lines and inside circles. The three steps of Sacred Ecstatics were then performed through the three Gershwin songs we had just played in our recent ecstatic track. First came the song “It Ain't Necessarily So” to sweep our room clean from illusory certainty and excessive ideological fervency. Next, in the fire of spiritual cooking, we all sang “The Man I Love.” Here the Gershwin mojo of mixing Yiddish melodology with African rhythmology set the wheel in motion with such an extreme love momentum that it sent us all whirling through the Kalahari night sky. Finally, once cooked and ecstatically soaked, we heard, felt, sang, and danced, “Our Love is Here to Stay.” This song made us ready for the everyday, now residing inside the big space of a higher performance stage.

First Creation is the wilderness and every map that guides you to it (including the visionary teachings, mystical instructions, ecstatic tracks, and Sacred Ecstatics experiments) must be enacted in the room on the other side in order to experience its territory's alternative, alternating electrical reality. Each item on your checklist is ready to be transformed in an unpredictable way, including transmuting into another item on the list. The little white mare waits to meet and greet the griot's prayer of your little me. This enables both you and the mare to sprout a pair of wings—

later becoming the same wings that fan the breath of God on your cabin wall. The little and big forms of your mare, now a pair, can shapeshift into the two bears when you are up in the air or your attention leaps from one critter to another. Levitating upward with a prayer stone request in a trembling hand enables a change of tone that, in turn, helps you come down, this time inside the cabin filled with mystery. Wave those arms and say hello! Tony is already there, ready to howl you a Gershwin tune. The Bushmen are also inviting you to allow n/om to tremble your hand and jolt that arm, getting you ready to climb the rope and return again to the heart and hearth of your wilderness home.

When you look at your check list, allow your unconscious, non-knowing mind to playfully connect the listed words together in ways that surprise and give your heart a rise. You might find your list mentioning Franz Lizst for no reason other than to encourage the mare and bears to shout that they dare you to seek higher air. You might also find George Gershwin and his songs there. Please use your power of imagination as long as it is tethered to the ingredients brought down for us to cook. What does this mean? Don't ask, just do it, edit it, change it (not too much, not too little), sing it, dance it, and cook it. Again, every map of the ecstatic taps, zaps, and wing flaps won't make any sense until you fly and land in the other side. Otherwise, you will only be caught in another small room trap. Set little me free and trust it will find a way to get all of you through. Use the metaphors, wisdom tales, song lines, movement designs, and cooking recipes that were inspired to help set little me free. Acting, rather than knowing, leads to the big room where all living forms sing and dance their alchemical exchanges in the beer garden of Eden.

One more thing: the dream was again preceded, before our retiring for sleep, by the Islamic call to prayer. In its tonal improvisations, freed from rhythmic entrainment, are found half the mojo blend in need of what comes all the way from Africa land. It may be time for you to start launching five prayer calls a day to enter your inner cabin sanctum. There the Bushmen wait to show you their special way of performing the two-word prayer key. They'll teach you how to tremble your hand and move your arms, transforming summer camp into First Creation's Kalahari. These changing sounds and motions lead you to the new extreme emotion of sacred ecstatic love.

A Pipe Demonstration

Brad dreamed we were making a presentation to a large conference in Mexico City:

Hillary and I were next to a table on the side of the stage where we started to demonstrate a scientific experiment. There were two pipes standing upright on the table, each about ten inches high with a three-inch diameter. Both pipes had a wick coming out of the top, making them look like candles. These wicks, however, mysteriously floated in the center of each hollow tube's empty space. We lit the first pipe, let it burn for five seconds, and then blew it out. Hillary commented, "See, nothing changed." We then lit the wick of the second pipe that stood next to the other one. Again, we waited five seconds for it to burn. Instead of blowing it out, this time we covered the top of that pipe with a flat piece of metal that sealed the fire from being further fed by the surrounding air. When the fire was about to extinguish, not a second before or after, we lifted the metal

cover. In that instant, the top rim of the pipe melted and turned inward, the pipe now appearing as a melted candle that had burned through the night.

Hillary shouted, “That change is rather obvious, isn’t it? This transformation by fire requires exquisite timing—knowing exactly when to lift the top cover so the pipe can undergo a major change.” We pointed to how the whole pipe had become a candle with wax dripping around the entire circumference. With the top now turned inward to form a curved lip, there was a smaller opening, just enough to leave the wick intact. We then added with a smile and a wink, “The transformed pipe is now ready to serve as candle bringing light to your bedside at night.” Our host, a respected elder scientist from Mexico who wore a dark suit, was extremely thrilled and could not help blurting out, “I’ve always wanted to see this experimental outcome. I’d love to own such a pipe” We gave it to him as a gift, fully aware of how rare it is for this kind of change to happen and equally rare for someone to appreciate its exceptional worth.

We had not prepared anything to say after that demonstration, so we improvised. We moved to the center podium and began a lecture: “This was a scientific experiment, and this is how science works. Did you know that science begins with faith, not reason? You must trust in the solidity of the validity of its primary cornerstone in order to build its room.” We continued on, “Science begins with precise descriptions of experience and then explains its descriptions with abstractions about those descriptions.” We smiled because we were condensing what we had learned from Gregory Bateson, George Spencer Brown, and Alfred North Whitehead, among others in our intellectual lineages. We suddenly stopped talking because we noticed that people were still physically, physiologically, and emotionally reacting to the former pipe experiment. They were squirming, changing seats, moving to the other side of the room, and some even exited because they felt uncomfortable. Not only had the pipe changed, the entire conference room had changed as well. Everyone, including us, was dripping wet with perspiration. The room was hot and lacked fresh air because the doors and windows were closed.

The room had become like the inside of that transformed pipe—its top covered, the inside hot, and the ceiling ready to melt. We moved back to the table where the experiment had been conducted. As we picked up the pipes, we wanted to further address how one had changed and the other had not, as we continued to profusely sweat and struggle for the right descriptive words. It felt like a critically important moment.

A young woman walked in the room and sat down in the back row to listen. It was my mother, appearing as she looked when I was an adolescent. In a flashback, I recalled how I lived in my family’s basement and there built a laboratory. Whenever my mother did the laundry in the basement, I would sometimes come out and share my results. I lived underground like a monk and conducted many experiments with science, music, and religion. Now I was doing the same, but no longer alone. I have Hillary as my equal partner to share the joy (and its alternating sadness) of exploring mystery in a bigger room with a better equipped laboratory.

Before we could compare the two pipes and share our other findings with the audience, I woke up.

I remembered that our Sacred Ecstatics Summer Camp began with a promised focus on fire setting, leaving the responsibility of spiritual sweeping to each Guild member. Now in a visionary classroom found in Mexico City came a major teaching about transformation by fire. The pipe must be vertically aligned, successfully lit, and then allowed to burn for an optimal time. Once the flames have danced in the air, the top of the pipe must be covered so there is no longer any external influence or interference. This, too, must last for exactly the right amount of time—no more and no less. Here is implicitly taught that there comes a time for the top of the pipe—its head—to stop feeding its mind anymore cutouts that surround it. When both burning and extinguishing are timed correctly, the outcome is an alchemical meltdown that results in a transformed pipe—a steady light for the mystical night. Names are then and then only extinguished as the departing fire enables a felt melt of hard metal into soft and dripping candle wax.

Now awake to ponder the dream, I returned to the inner prayer sounds of Islamic tonal improvisation, free of rhythmic constraint. In this whirl I went back to sleep and entered another dream. In it I met a friend who mentioned he was feeling cold about his spiritual life. I replied, “You need to know less cold in your head and feel more heat in Mexico.” There was nothing else to add to this recommendation. Mexico, we later considered, is “south of the border,” for us, but it is also east, north, and west of the border depending on where you are on our beloved spinning planetary sphere. In other words, Mexico is a perfect metaphor for pointing to a room change where the windpipes sound softer and the heart stronger. It even comes with a built-in crossroads in the middle as well as a dot, line, and circle. It also ends in “co,” reminding us that all joys, burdens, and spiritual heat are better held when shared. And look! When cooking, your little “me” is already in Mé-xico, complete with its spiritual rope extending to heaven.

Upon further consideration, we recalled that there is great scholarly uncertainty about the etymology of the name “México,” and what this word actually means. Though many choose to believe it refers to the ancient god of their land, others suggest it means “the center of the agave.”¹¹ In spirited matters of Mexican song and dance, we now prefer to operatically sing in response to this uncertainty and its evocative mystery, “Mezcaaaaaallll, that’s aaaalllll.” A few years ago, we spontaneously launched that chant in one of our Sacred Ecstatics healing workshops in Mexico City and it became a signature celebrative call to enter the big room no matter where we are. Today, after recently hanging out with the Gershwin brothers, Muslim prayer calls, and African syncopated American jazz, we stand ready to again sing our mezcal call as a two-stage performance that wobbles

¹¹ David Bowles, 2017. “What Does Mexico Mean?”. <https://medium.com/@davidbowles/what-does-mexico-mean-27b2348e268f>

between the middle of anywhere with the middle wick, flame, and melt of everywhere.

Once again, I prayed myself to sleep with some Islamic prayer-tone medicine, feeling the immediate spiritual warming conveyed by melodic intervention. A third and final dream arrived. Feeling as if I was awake, Hillary and I contacted our friends in Mexico. Before we could say a word in the dream, they invited us to come teach for a month. We responded, "That's perfect timing. We were already planning to move to Mexico." We started packing to make the journey south of the border where we had formerly set a room on fire, making it a pipeline and candle that lights our summer camp adventures to the other side.

"It's all about the electricity my friends," Mark Twain once told us. Nikola Tesla subsequently added that it is an alternating current that gets the ecstatic-somatic job done—the sine wave hookup to the divine. With two sides to everything vibrantly alive, we can better appreciate that this alternation between opposites requires good timing. There is a time to strike the ecstatic match, a time for the soul to burn, a time to cover your mind from distraction, a time for the heart to melt and ascend, and a time to come back with a changed action for your everyday. Too much whining, reclining, denying, and creative dying are signs of too much obsessive defining and not enough ecstatic combining. Join George Gershwin for another meal and do not skip over the middle course and find that you missed an important harmonic or rhythmic transition. Rather than whine, go ahead and moan and pine for the next middle with tones of the Middle East that help you leap in and out of the African dance fire, ready to land in the mystery of agave's center of Mexico. This is how we mystically travel in First Creation, doing so to experiment with our pipes that yearn to burn and sing the calls to prayer's extreme love that adds another higher layer to this ever-expanding mystical reality.

Though we seem to have ended this visionary report, we have left undone specifying more of what it means to cover the fire in the pipe at just the right moment so a melt may commence and leave you trembling in suspense. Staying too long in the fire burns everything away and this includes any important changes. On the other hand, staying not long enough leaves you ecstatically undone and unready to complete your climb to the pinnacle peak. You must sweat and boil inside the double bind. Here your two entangled selves become the swirling that blends into divine communion. No more can be said until after you have boxed with the trickster side of god and made yourself nonresistant to the higher infusion of God's new summer extreme love flood.

Hearing the Music in the Heart of Noise

While reading George Gershwin's biography, Brad received an ecstatic Kalahari nail and was thrown into First Creation, landing in the middle of a cacophony of diverse sounds in mid-Manhattan during the past historical time of our beloved Saint George:

In an actual interview Gershwin said these words: "I frequently hear music in the very heart of noise." This was the sentence in his biography that blew my mind, pierced my heart, and struck the match that set my soul on fire. I immediately felt

the need for the kind of noise that is the cybernetic alchemist's source of change (recall our former visionary teaching on how "noise" is needed for meaningful transformation—Brad used to call this "meaningful noise" in his first book, *Aesthetics of Change*). For a new aesthetic creation to emerge, whether for science, engineering, cooking, dance, art, literature, theatre, religion, or song, there must be some random noise in the air—this is the experienced middle wobble and whirl we have been learning about, whose complexity is by definition too vast to wholly understand.

When Gershwin found himself walking on the noisy streets of New York City, music could come through the mystery, musical pipeline. That's why he carried a pen and pad of paper with him—to write down the notes whenever a song was born and delivered by the heart of noise. While taking a noisy train ride from New York to Boston with its underlying clickity-clack on the railroad tracks, he "heard—and even saw on paper—the complete construction of the rhapsody [*in Blue*], from beginning to end" (Pollack, p. 176).¹² Remember our breakfast with George when he mentioned how he automatically and masterfully performed a song on the piano the first time he played? The same kind of keyboard automatism happened to Erroll Garner, another of our Sacred Ecstatics musical saints. Lest you think this is a shortcut from the hard work of practice and study, know that this kind of moment is rare in either performance or composition. However, when it does happen, it inspires thousands of hours of subsequent practice and playing that might not otherwise sustain itself.

Anointed singer, Marion Williams, once mentioned that she had to rely on her technique when her anointment wasn't ready to come through. Her words, quoted in her New York Times obituary: "When I'm singing, I get inspired by God. I call it 'the anointing.' It's an extra-special thing. When the inspiration of God is missing, I just rely on talent."¹³ George, Erroll, Marion, Ludwig, Franz, and all the others did the same. Either the unlearned mastery of an anointment came through or the mastery of hard-earned skills assured that the performance would always go on. As we have learned, the greater middle wobbly truth is that the flowing of the anointing and the learning of the performing are both on stage, though each will oscillate between leading and following.

Gershwin remarked to his secretary that if he relied solely on the kind of inspiration that immediately delivered a well-formed song, he'd only produce around three songs a year. He therefore strived to compose one song a day, reasoning that "like the pugilist, the songwriter must always keep in training (Pollack, 175). The pugilist refers to a professional boxer and, true to his metaphor, George boxed every day to remind himself that he always needed to get down to

¹² Howard Pollack, *George Gershwin: His Life and Work*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 2007

¹³ John Pareles, July 4, 1994. *Marion Williams Is Dead at 66; Influential Pioneer of Gospel*
<https://www.nytimes.com/1994/07/04/obituaries/marion-williams-is-dead-at-66-influential-pioneer-of-gospel.html>

business. That's a true boxing match well suited for everyone: trying to defeat a retreat from work.

You also will discover that the spiritually cooked life has its rare moments of spontaneous sacred ecstatic performance—and some soar higher on the thermometer than others. That's when you get cooked automatically without doing any work. It just happens amidst the surrounding noise, distractions, and frivolous attractions. The rest of the time requires that you work hard on practicing your instrument to both make a lot of noise and learn to better focus on receiving and expressing a pure ecstatic signal. Add this new word to your life mission description: "pugilist." Consider it the kind of noise generation needed for ecstatic transformation. You will need to box with your inflated big me wind bag and resist every form of sophistry suggested by the trickster black bear on your cabin roof. Rather than surrender to the temptation to being lazy or stupidly crazy, surrender to being more human and in need of the double sides of both humanity and divinity—something that must be pulled by the duo voluntary and involuntary ropes. That little white mare is ready to fly, whenever you are willing to pair your pugilist and aerialist. Furthermore, the polar white bear will crack the ice once you learn to be less nice to every trickster device, vice, advice, and roll of its loaded dice. That two-key double musical genre of a roof-melting performance storm wants to strike up the (Klezmer) band as it stirs in a fascinating (African) rhythm! George Gershwin has brought new meaning to making a joyful noise for the Lord. In the heart of noise is found an extreme love song.

It Takes Two to Experience One, Three to Experience Two, and Infinity to Experience God

Brad woke up with these words reverberating inside him, a transformed version of previous spiritual visionary teachings that addressed the 1, 2, 3's of sacred ecstasy:

"The doubles we have been emphasizing, including little me and big me, bring forth the vibrant sense of feeling really alive. To see in a way that makes an object look real, you need two eyes to create stereoscopic dimensionality. To hear in a way that makes sound feel like it's in the room, you need two ears to hear it in stereo. To feel you are wholly alive, you need a beloved so two sides are able to feel the one rope of a real relationship."

"Relate to every singularity through a double means. Then leap to find that, just as it takes two to experience one, it takes three to experience two. This marks the entrance of circularity where the oscillation between the alternating entry and exit of duality and unity creates a vibrational reality. The latter is what we have formerly called the wobbling, the whirling, as well as the blending and turning of the parts (or ingredients) into the wheel that expands, heats, transports, and transforms the room. This three-ness that leads to circles recursing within circles cannot be fully known or experienced when you dualistically relate to it as the other side of a twosome—that only brings back the difference between an observer and the observed, a listener and the heard, or an I and the other. That won't do in the escape from one and two to the three of trinity."

“This is the first big leap up the rope to God. Every ‘double’ now reverberates with both sides of God—the changing forms of trickster and the never-changing, everlasting extreme love. You find the double of little and big me, as well as the doubled we, doubled community, and doubled rooms of a doubling Thee.’ The interacting relations of all these doubles create the trinity that is an infinity-generating wheel of change. Here divine union inside a community of humanity as it is in the communion of heaven becomes a higher dimension of reality. This is initially felt as a wobble—the beginning of the sacred vibration preparing to overcome and override contemplation.”

“After this climb from one to two to three comes endless dimensions surpassing previous singularities, dualities, trinities, quaternaries, and so forth—soon quickly beyond the reach of mental comprehension. To climb further up, the mind must extend beyond its walls of containment, enabling the heart to rise and expand unfettered by names and frames. As the accelerated passage brought on by ecstatic amplification turns dead lead weight into a flight into the light, infinite forms give rise to the rebirth of creation, Creator, and all creatures within the garden, orchard, biosphere, and spiritual-ecological n/om-osphere.”

“Welcome again to the new summer of extreme love—its nature walks, lake plunges, horse rides, boat trips, and mountain climbs through multi-dimensional trails that lead to the ineffable. The sacred ecstasy of extreme love resides in a big room of whirling lines (the wind), recursively swallowed circles (the flood), and sparks arising from differences striking their match (the fire) that shall remain forever unknowable though always embraceable.”

In a reverie, Brad envisioned his ears being “Gershwin trained.” In one ear he heard the spiritually uplifting Middle Eastern sounds of prayer, and in the other ear he heard the fire-setting African sounds of the mother continent’s spirited awakening. As each sound varied its volume back and forth, he passed through the middle wobble where the two genres of music became a vibration of higher dimension, surpassing their former differences and relations. In a visionary laboratory within, he repeated this with other left and right musical mixes. He found that these multiple two’s naturally progressed into unspecifiable, though feel-able, juggled, wobbled, and circularly re-formed trinities that turn the mystical wheel toward infinity. This is the tipping point that Sacred Ecstatics explorers and its Guild of experimental investigators seek—this is where sacred ecstatic emotion starts pouring in.

While this report and map can point to the ineffable, it cannot be substituted for the territory that waits for your hands to tremble, your arm and legs to dance, and your voice to shout and sing—while performing in the middle wobble that oscillates between voluntary effort and effortless spontaneity. This is where our three main lineages with seiki, n/om, and holy spirit, are circularly moving in the air. They take turns ascending and descending yet feel they are neither different nor the same. More than anything, know this: you must surrender to higher emotion and follow its inspired motion of spiritual transportation as you express its vibrational, ecstatic

commotion. Even longing and pining for what is missing throws you on the rope and its light and high way. Remember, you need to have the right timing and that is none other than right now, not a second before or after. In the middle, your belly, heart, and head are not one, not two, and not three.

Get Your Scat Together

In the middle of the night, Brad found himself considering how different genres of music, dance, art, and religion *wobble in the middle of a mingle* even if people think they don't. In true Wigram fashion, he could no longer imagine any genre of expression as separate from its neighboring genres. Everything today is syncretic and benefits from respecting both its place on the historical straight line and its circular movement in the eternal whirl:

As I thought of how Yiddish and African American musical sounds were heard, blended, and altered by the ears, fingers, Steinway, and composition laboratory of George Gershwin, I remembered how each of those two genres were already a previously mixed hybrid rather than a pure musical thoroughbred. The klezmer musical tradition, for example, arose out of the intermingling of Jewish and Roma people (and others) living side by side in Eastern Europe. When these Yiddish singing Jews immigrated to the United States between 1800 and 1924, their music immediately started to blend with jazz and its African roots. George Gershwin heard this early on as a boy and later tinkered with the musical syncretism that was already in the air, adding more spice and complexity with contemporary developments in composition.

The term “klezmer,” I later would discover, came from the Hebrew words: *klei*, meaning “tools, utensils or instruments of” and *zemer*, “melody,” leading to *k'lei zemer* כְּלֵי זִמְרָה, literally “instruments of music” or “musical instrument.” Klezmer borrows from tonal qualities found in Jewish prayer, especially its *krekhts*, the Yiddish word for the sound of sobbing. The jazz of America, on the other hand, came to New York City on a continuously changing acoustic stream as it traveled from New Orleans through the Mississippi Delta, St. Louis, Memphis, and Chicago while turning East to the big city of jazz. George Gershwin stepped in and alchemically doctored the tonal and rhythmic ingredients of Africa and Mesopotamia. His songs caught the heart of longing, sobbing, moaning, and their transformation through swinging and changing rhythm.

As these thoughts streamed through me, I heard an inner voice chant, “it's all about the scat, so get your scat together.” I laughed because this was a hilariously unexpected double message. “Scat” is a term with two meanings—referring to the shit of wild animals as well as improvised sounds made by the human voice in jazz that are imitative of other musical instruments. “Getting your shit together,” I thought, also points to getting your scatting vocal improv together. Here, like old-fashioned klezmer, the voice aims to sound like another musical instrument. Dare anyone suggest that scat, with its morphing instrumental sounds that feed both sacred and secular gatherings, is the sound of First Creation singing/playing? In

that moment, I realized that the tonal complexity inside the middle eastern calls to prayer and jazz improvisation, not unlike yodeling and auctioneering, involve the art of scat singing. This is a tonal lineage that should also include scat chanting and scat praying. We have long recognized the need for fascinating rhythms in the spiritual cooking of Sacred Ecstatics. Now the other twin has been met—here scat is the tonal complement to alternating rhythms. The syncretic blend of scat and syncopation that alternates with sustained tones and steady beats is the supreme sonic tonic of Sacred Ecstatics.

I then dreamed something I had dreamed several times before but never felt ready to report. This visionary teaching involved two words: “drop religion.” Some other translations of this two-word teaching include: “drop spirituality,” “drop psychology,” “drop abstractions,” “drop ideology,” “drop your story,” and “drop the names.” Even drop the name of love, sacred ecstasy, shamanism, mysticism, seiki, n/om, spirit, and visionary teaching. What’s left after the abstractions depart? After this much sweeping you find yourself with tones, rhythms, and body movements. What mixes them together to create the sought magical blend? Answer: emotion. And the higher the emotion, the higher the motion and commotion.

To talk about the latter, you need a ladder of abstraction to bring back the former words we threw away. As you climb each rung, add another term to help you turn and burn. Climb toward love, but do not mention it until you feel it. And when you feel it, you will likely find no need to say it. You will only sing and dance it, using more spontaneously improvised scat than memorized excrement from past literary consumption. Climb higher to bring back your performed rather than informed meaning of sacred ecstasy, the divine, the luminous, and the numinous. The higher you climb, the fewer words you care to utter. With ecstatic wings that wildly flutter, you become a changing instrument that scats. Here you are God’s trombone, Gabriel’s trumpet, the string of Pythagoras, and the Kalahari rope of songs. When you climb the song lines, you allow synthetic word bullshit to scatter away so you can surrender to real syncretic scat. Come on boys and girls, let’s get your scat together in the new summer camp production of performed love. Let’s go back to the tones, the rhythms, and the moves of you. You were born to be a song-and-dance instrument performing amidst the lines and whirls of the east, west, north, and south blending of Sacred Ecstatics.

Perhaps music and dance inspired by the highest emotion is the only intervention that can set us free by mutually accepting the equality of every tone, rhythm, and movement, along with every blend. This surely and effectively liberates discrimination bred by abstract naming done to frame and fence people in. It’s time to aim toward being shot by n/om, slain by the spirit, and blown away by seiki. This revolution has a mystical, musical, dancing wheel that turns in order to burn inside the vastest cooking pot. The song of songs and dance of dances are nameless and belong to everyone in this heavenly mix and earthly fix.

An Electrical Spiritual Gift

We prayed for guidance that would help Guild members be empowered to take the summer plunge into extreme love and its wind, wave, flame, and embrace of sacred ecstasy. Brad later in the night had a special visionary dream:

Hillary and I walked into a shop on high that resembled an old-time hardware store. A man dressed in a long white lab coat came up to greet us and said, “We have been expecting you. Please wait here. We have something for you.” He returned with a cart full of coiled electrical wires in many different colors. The man nodded to indicate that we could take whatever we wanted. I reached over and chose two coils—one black and the other white. The man smiled and indicated he was pleased with our choice. Instantly we were thrown back to our house in New Orleans and I woke up excited because our prayers had been answered.

Further research on electrical wiring taught us that the black electrical wire is the one carrying electricity from its source to the receiving device, while the white wire carries whatever power is left over back to the source. There could be no better gift for lighting up the summer camp with numinous luminosity than this pair of electrical wires whose circuit ensures the holy current keeps flowing, charging, and re-charging your everyday.

Go ahead and find a way to install these wires in your spiritual life. You can draw or paint them on the front, back, or side of your cabin. Or adorn your check list with two parallel lines, black and white. Better yet, procure these wires or use thread, string, yarn, or whatever you can find. If you put in the sincere effort to make it, no matter the form, First Creation will make these wires spiritually real, truly able to serve as a conduit of God’s electricity. Taking this kind of action, rather than only imagining it, is what further expands your summer camp cabin so that it becomes the whole room holding the rest of your life.

Mark Twain is surely at our campfire, reminding us that life is all about electricity with God on the line and in charge. Remember that this white suited, cigar smoking character (we’re referring to Mark Twain, not God)¹⁴ also had a mental telegraph to the other side from which he received guidance. His communicative dots and dashes join the ecstatic staccatos and legatos of our two-stage prayer telegraph key. Stay on the main line with all your ecstatic cutouts sequentially aligned *and* throw everything on your check list into the circular whirlwind where the dots, dashes, lines, and circles are beyond what you can ever comprehend. Your lines of communication build and expand the room, while your whirling wheels within wheels set and spread the fire. The staccato plea is your call for help, the S.O.S. of your spiritual telegraph. The

¹⁴ The visionary journeys of the Caribbean shakers often begin with meeting a visionary man dressed in a white suit who points to where the spiritual traveler will be sent. We suspect that this higher conductor is Mark Twain, especially when he appears in a cloud that is actually smoke from his cigar.

legato that responds is what fills every empty, longing space with the vibration that is the life force and creative pulse of the divine impulse to create anew.

The saints, shamans, mystics, healers, and spiritual teachers of old come back with the good news that changes your past and builds a new future, wobbling you in the ever-present middle. Join them in this circular quest—back to the future and forward into history. Plug every conception and perception into the black and white electrical wires. Climb the rope to revolve the mystery wheel of prayer’s plea to be free, catching songs that long for love, and dancing to lift you above the grounded names. Electricity comes and goes as it circles through the poles of your soul. In heaven’s electrical whirl is met a line of reception meant to light up all earthly expression.

On the Importance of Heretical Wordplay

Words are too damned tricky to trust without checking to see what the rest of the body has to say. This is why we increasingly value tone, rhythm, and movement as more reliable conveyers of sacred ecstatic communication. The whole body is an orchestra and dance troupe—pay attention to what its song and dance are expressing rather than only fixate on the spoken word. A recent vision underscored the importance of emphasizing tonal emotion and rhythmic vibe more than fixed definition and glossed generalization:

We found ourselves in a New York City music and dance studio, rehearsing for a Broadway show we were producing. Composing and writing lyrics together, like George and Ira Gershwin, we wanted to make a comedic song to help people escape big me inflation and small room encapsulation associated with unchanging spiritual oration. We felt a hilarious breeze blow through the room, tickling free any monotonous piety. Our performance aim was to help unglue, undo, and unfetter any fence-me-in ideology. Spontaneously we broke into new lyrics to the old hymn, “Give Me that Old Time Religion.” Take a look at how the verse was doctored, both for fun and to help liberate you from the pickled word:

Give me that old-time euphoria, give me that old time euphoria
Give me that old-time euphoria, that’s pinnacle enough for me

Then came another variation:

Give me that old time ecstasy, give me that old time ecstasy
Give me that old time ecstasy, that’s my cup of tea.

As we sang and danced some soft shoe to these silly ditties, we were struck by the importance of teasing apart and busting up any clingy preference for or allergic over-reaction to hallowed words. For instance, we deconstructed and rearranged this traditional prayer in our visionary rehearsal space as an experiment in setting its words free:

Our fodder which feeds art in heaven, don't bother with its name.

This kind of nonsense play continued, not to bring forth any improved meaning, but to get the mind leaning away from the futility of grasping at moving droplets in the sea of names. We could only imagine how we would have been accused and non-grammatically sentenced for heresy¹⁵ in the non-wobbling Middle Ages.

Before we could further ponder whether we are now in the middle of the middle that directly followed the Middle Ages or in the middle of a newer middle that came afterward, we were interrupted by a comedic comet that inspired us to blurt out: "The word, 'Lord' is therapeutically in need of a lyrical intervention. Throw it in the middle wobble of the contrarian tension between the wisdom of speaking a hallowed name and the equal wisdom of not saying out loud the name of any ineffable source of mystery. 'Ord' would be one step toward saying less of this particular name. And 'Or' would throw us even further in the oscillation between the said and the unsaid: 'Our 'Or' which art in eav(en) . . .'" We finally said to one another with a wink, smile, and giggle, at the end of this visionary exploration: "Look how playing with the letters and messing with the words got us phonetically back to Eve, resetting the divine genders to be more eve(n)."

Of course, this kind of lyrical tinkering is completely ridiculous though not as frivolous as conventional logic suggests, and this is the whole point—bridging the pierce of daytime puns with the mysteriously spoken nighttime "pons" delivers a spark in the dark. Stated more illogically, we wish to free religiosity, that is, unbind the "religio" from its "fossility." Both your religio-fossility and spiritual-fossility need more room for other experiential possibilities. Remember the four directions of Sacred Ecstatics—none of them involve piety, conventionality, literality, or ideology. To make the big mystery and its re-indications more ineffably evocative, be more radically provocative in your wordplay, but not too much or it will bend too far and break the rise and surprise of the main punch line. In other words, skillfully aim to wisely provoke, ecstatically pierce, and absurdly prick in order to evoke rather than take another toke of an overripe leaf, root, or fruit plucked from the linguistic garden. Hell yes, the cooked ecstatic is always a heretic when it comes to playing with words and deliberately confusing a hallowed source with a hollowed pipe ready to melt.

Sacred Ecstatics, in its recent acquisition of alchemical know-how, has found that hallowed words are only one phase shift in the ongoing, circular sequence of transformation. There is a time when speaking or writing the name of the divine is a thriller and another moment when it is a chiller. You must know how long to let the fire burn and how long to cover it up, and this includes knowing when to include and exclude words. Said differently, that holy pipe of yours has different phases for being opened, closed, emptied, lit with fire, extinguished, huffed, puffed,

¹⁵ The word "heresy" comes from the Greek, *hairesis*, meaning "to take or choose for oneself." Online Etymological Dictionary, <https://www.etymonline.com/word/heresy>

smoked, filled with water, blown by wind and invited to say lyrics, sing songs, shout noises, and dance its moves.

In the visionary performance space we addressed the alchemical progressions and regressions associated with saying, unsaying, teasing, and un-teasing. Don't make a word change only to please trickster—that's merely changing for the sake of novelty. Make a phase shift to keep yourself alternating between the entraining and de-training doubles of noise and music, chaos and pattern, on and off beats, as well as the ups and downs between ground and sky.

We have said it before and now as we say it again, consider it differently. Neither more words nor less words will get you out of trickster containment and on board the St. John Coal Train to improvised living empowered by ecstatic fire. You've got to go way down under the verbal ground to deep rooted ancient pre-linguistic times where only tones, rhythms, and movements reside. Cook with these three ingredients. Jump into the blend as every grain of wheat and every degree of heat pass through the millstone to become the turning mystical wheel. Only then does your little me feel inspired to wake up, hungry and ready to perform the baking of holy bread. In this ecstatic journey you receive your wings and mystical transportation wheels, ready to head toward the whirling smoke, wind, rain, thunder and lightning of the sky.

You never know when or how your relationship with words will help or hinder your journey—they are trickster handles that on their own cannot handle navigating the numinous. Sometimes it helps to start with some well-worn hallowed cornerstones, and at other times it's better to scat with an unfamiliar sound. In the big room pursuit, the more you sound meaningfully nonsensical, the more your tone is musical and ready to surprise. Know this: in the beginning, when the room is small and cool, the important value of words is letting go of them as soon as you can. The pinnacle worth of words comes later in the melt—the return from cooking when any and all words warmed by fire slide more easily into a dialed-in heart and dilated mind. Make sure to honor this late stage of the journey by continuing to follow the piper rather than rushing to decipher.

There is endless experimentation waiting for you to enjoy. Discover for yourself, if you haven't already done so, how any favored sacred word can freeze as easily as it can heat. Learn how to cook metaphors you don't yet adore, feel the vibe rather than define it, and strive to acquire a higher n/om sense for when to let anything go from words to fire and air, smoke and mirror. Try reining in comments or shouts of "Praise the Lord!" and give "Praise the Lard" or "Raise the Gourd!" a test drive. Seek the deeply grounded and highly freeing relationship to the changing 1, 2, 3's that bridge you and your Creator—the tones, rhythms, and movements of that embraceable, ecstatically performing you. Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Yes!! Lllloorrddd. Sei, sei, sei, sei, Ki! Nnnn/ooooomm. Dot, dot, dot, dot, Dash! God's telegraph will feel, hear, and see your little me through. Tune in and then drop further in, even deeper than the ineffably absurd, doing so with hallowing, hollowing, hollering wordplay. Be more lyrically heretical and wisely pugilistical when trying to meet the musical, danceable mystical. Avoid an ideological coup and remain in the stew made of the tones, beats and moves that catch, convey, and pray the joy surpassing all names.

Aesthetic Ecstasies and Ecstatic Aesthetics

We recently received a downpour of visionary dreams, too many to keep up with and record. Here we sketch some of what came down the rope, directing us to take Sacred Ecstasies further into the outskirts. In several visionary classrooms we heard different teachers point out:

Every form of spirituality is in need of a conversion—each needs to be born again as a performance art. Instead of being either gushy or fussy about words, beliefs, understandings, and unalterable rituals, the nomad needs to pierce the heart and launch a fresh start. It's time to allow the vibratory force of creation to turn our primary attention toward the aesthetics of ecstatic expression that is inspired by the numinous. That's what it means to focus on the fire that cooks.

A prophetic voice advised, "Begin by no longer speaking spiritual names, including the word, 'spirituality.' Being hung up on words blocks you from jumping into the highest ecstatic stream." Ibn 'Arabi, who mystically met Jesus, Abraham, and Muhammed, came through the veil and joined in, "Escape the sea of names, and this means *all* names." Mark Twain echoed back, "More lard and less Lord." Then artist, musician, and preacher Sister Gertrude Morgan got in her two cents and sang along with her tambourine, "Only eat that anointed word bread when it's spread with a generous amount of musical butter and honey cured emotion. You'll be glad you did!"

The blacksmith, healer, and middleman, J. B. Valmour, interrupted with a rebuke of any simplistic temptation to go mute: "There is a time, temperature, and place for spiritual words, as well as the sound of silence, the sound of tapping, the sound of noise, and the sound of music. The spiritual blacksmith must simultaneously be a performance alchemist whose tones, rhythms, and movements are what lead us through each middle transition."

The singing minstrel ministers, poetic mystics, and Kalahari non-trancing-wide-awakening dancers tried to more emphatically convey to us the specifics of this instruction:

Consider the action required to go past names. It does not involve tossing away the names you don't like and clinging to the ones you do. That's how spirituality replaces the unnamable spirit with a spiritless name, becoming an institutionalized name-you-ology that labels others as you do not want them to label you.

Hearing these teachings, we more deeply recognized that spiritual words can either thrill or chill. The performance art of Sacred Ecstasies aims to masterfully utilize and manage the difference between words that evoke ecstasy and those that expand knowing. In the wobble between these leanings is found the blend of mind and heart, the holy tremble and jubilant vibrational embrace of extreme love. Wigram was eager to add his word, so he stood up to declare, "Since religious history is a continuous stream of re-costumed forms and name changes, every religion is syncretically blended but feels synthetically reductionist whenever a particular name is frozen and heralded as supreme." He went on to point out how every human being re-enacts the history of religion's conquering and colonization of the spirit, even in the course of a single day. This is when you repeat the tragedy of spiritual history, killing the spirit by trying to contain it in overly rational, non-poetic words. Nothing makes God feel more dead than too much

god talk. The same is true when it comes to seeking the spirit, holy grail, utmost joy, and vast splendor. Too much talk about conquest misses the quest.

/Kunta Boo put it this way, “If you want to be cooked by n/om, then act more like a n/om-kxao.” These ecstatic spiritual cooks use words radically differently than a theologian, sensei, guru, new age teacher, or non-Kalahari spiritual seeker. This does not mean that an ecstatic fanatic talks less. The n/om-kxaosi talk almost all the time, except when it’s time to cook. Then a two-word prayer will do, better enabling talk to efficiently transition to song and dance. *Sense and act* rather than only reflect on what is moving around the Kalahari fire circle. Tones, rhythms, and movement are in circulation. Those are the ingredients for spiritual cooking, whether performed in Africa, New Orleans, the Middle East, or your own living room. Here meaning is somatically semantic rather than pedantically nonembodied. In other words, song and dance replace rigid, frigid ideological stance.

The underlying teaching of our recent summer camp adventures with heretical word play and staccato and legato tones is to rescue you from drowning in the sea of names. It’s time to be in the big nameless oceanic room where names dissolve and change as quickly as tones, rhythms, and movement do. Every time you pray, emphasize expressing a numinous ray. Also feel that your summer camp cabin is a First Creation stage in The Life Force Theatre. Its show must always go on, especially when the world around you feels incredibly off.

Coming Back to TRM

Charles Henry came back to remind us that “the spiritual thermometer marks all the different climate zones for your performance trinity of tones, rhythms, and movement (initialed as ‘TRM’). The mystical rises from your aesthetic expression when it is aligned and in tune with the utmost vibration of creation.” We next paid attention to what Bo Jangles, Martha Graham, Alvin Ailey, Bob Fosse, Twyla Tharp, Jerome Robbins, and the Nicholas Brothers recommended: “Save the dance for when the stage is wide and clear, with a sonic atmosphere electrical enough to spontaneously lift a finger, jolt an arm, take a leap, and make the body shake.” The last lost page of the original Zohar then reappeared in First Creation’s Library of Splendor: “Consider the utterance of any holy name a rare moment. It must be said and then not said with as much precision in timing as covering and uncovering the top of a burning candle.” William Blake came back to illustrate this with outlines of the unseen in hand, saying to us, “Speak the hallowed names in the melt, not before or after. Or, if such names are said at any other time, do so briefly and more aesthetically and prophetically to sustain the contraries that underlie progression up the divine ladder.”

Recall the recent vision when the Guild traveled to the Kalahari. We were shown two maps—one filled with neatly laid out boxes of familiar territory, and the other a wild and mystical depiction of the spirited realm beyond. The change from name to spirit requires going far back in history before texts were written. There on the furthest outskirts of time and place is found the performance know-how for setting your soul ablaze. Join us there so we may all relearn how to ecstatically burn.

Our next experiment calls us to venture further into the outskirts of this Sacred Ecstatics wilderness. The spirits and ancestors who live there are not awakened by those speaking of spiritual things. It’s better to rein in spiritual terms when visiting the First Creation wild. Instead,

express the tones, rhythms, and moves that catch the attention of the wobbling gods. They prefer a howl rather than a vowel, and better respond to a vibrating resonance rather than another string of consonants. Striking a fire on both sides of the mystery divide requires using your hands rather than adding more words that suffocate the air. Seiki drops the names and exchanges them for involuntary body expression of the ecstatic aesthetic kind. Seiki movement is neither unruly nor rigidly choreographed, but a part of the spontaneous stream where expression is more natural no matter how wild or mild it appears.

Welcome to the summer stock theatre of the Sacred Ecstatics summer camp. To get you ready to perform, you must drop the spiritual name calling and get to work on your TRM. Did you notice that we went back to the former summer of love and added a letter to TM, the transcendental meditation movement that turned us to the East? Going further east all the way to the Middle East and Africa, we added a letter to enable a percussive middle. The new summer of love will surf the waves, flames, wind, and every part and whole of nature with TRM in hand, feet, torso, and voice. The journey from TM to TRM is meant to inspire the everlasting grin of C.M.C.

Cole Porter wants to add, “Be here at summer camp, *night and day*, to catch the mysterious vibration *under your skin*.” Jerome Kern steps in to summarize what the summer is all about, “We are gathered here to make sure that you forever have a magical *Show Boat* inside your heart. Only then will *the way you look tonight* be more about the way you cook tonight in *Swing Time*.” Finally, what would summer stock theatre be without Stephen Sondheim, Oscar Hammerstein, Richard Rodgers, and all the others wanting to throw a stick for Tony to musically fetch? Welcome these composition masters who come to set your stage for *dancing in the dark* and *singing in the rain*. The Gershwin brothers, who started this whole extreme love affair, remind you of a song they wrote that most people have forgotten: “I Won’t Say I Will (But I Won’t Say I Won’t).” If sung hopefully, its melodic and lyrical absurdity will help you stay in the middle wobble whose uncertainty brings the vibe of hilarity.

In the name of Tin Pan Alley, we hereby declare that this summer, Sacred Ecstatics shall be all about Aesthetic Ecstatics and its twin, Ecstatic Aesthetics. When the time comes to circle back and re-swallow the former name, you will experience a different flavor, one sweeter and hotter than before—if and only if you are willing to get on stage and give it everything you’ve got.

As a performing artist of Ecstatic Aesthetics equipped with exquisite TRM, aim to become even more middle obsessed—always trying to hit the expressive sweet spot. Don’t rhyme too much or too little, and don’t try too hard to be funny, punny, or fully made of honey. Hit the center whirling target in each sound, beat, and movement, while making the words less important. Let’s aim for fewer words, less emphasis on meaning, and no ideological entanglements of any kind. The stage is the world and your performance is the needed missing part of its creative action. You must work like you never have before to acquire the chops that keep you in the middle of being reined in and set free.

To catch and throw ecstatic fire, you must learn a different kind of ball game. Catching and throwing the fire ball of joy is your next experimental exploration, completely performance oriented without concern for any trickster belief. Here the *call and response* make their comeback, this time without the potentiality for the rigidity and frigidity seduced by religious, spiritual, psychological, or ideological names. Less fridge, more fringe with your new summer

camp *modus operandi*: “Dancing feet bring the heat as singing cords climb the rope.” Don’t stare into the fire, sing and dance around it with Fred Astaire.

The props are already on stage, including Tony, the bears and a mare, all ready for you to perform. Your little me is the true star of this show. Get ready to re-begin. Lights, curtain, music! Step into the one and only First Creation summer stock musical, mystical Life Force Theatre. This is the new summer of extreme love’s festival of Ecstatic Aesthetics, Aesthetic Ecstasies Life Force Theatre in the round and round.

***Experiment One Findings:
A Musical Comedy Script for Summer Camp***

With help from the playwrights, composers, and lyricists on the other side, we were able to thread together every Guild member finding that was reported. With cutouts from their reports and some dots and dashes of editing here and there, along with further fine tuning and alignment, the whole thing appeared as the following draft of a musical comedy script. Hear it performed inside of you, both spoken and sung to make it come alive on stage. The boldface font is for the male lead and the light font is for the female lead, though these roles may be reversed for no reason and for any season. Enjoy:

It feels like we are on experiment ten, maybe it’s 20, 30 or 64—whose to know? What happened to the days, given all the layers that were added since the inception of this experimental imagination? Our alternating staccato-legato prayer takes all my concentration to get all the parts corrected and connected. I experimented while working with the small pieces of the prayer—just a little bit, a little bit bit—to avoid a fit until I feel I have got it down. Bit by bit, putting it all together. *Then it happened in Chicago, a hell of a town*: I found myself in the middle of the wobble—I am in between the “get it right,” “follow the directions,” and “let er’ rip,” “tinker and improvise.” Surprise! Now when I just perform a simple prayer and just let it flow without concern for getting it right, I find that it is now more powerful, fuller of higher power. Perhaps this is a result of doing the more complicated version. I am perplexed—being more complex made it more simplified. I am perplexed—being more complex made it more simplified. I’m perplexedly, complexly, and flexibly simply stunned

Lifting my diaphragm, I opened the portal door and I traveled back in history. I’m now at summer camp for the first time as a child. I remember the feeling of vitality and how exciting life could be when a 1-pound Redfin was on the line. “Redfin is on the mainline. Reel him in and ask him what you want.” That thrill stayed with me all my life. It led me here to the Sacred Ecstasies summer camp, as did this camp lead me back there to alter history for a changed future catch. I long to be in the middle of the camp with a loving and lovable group of fellow campers. Come on, boys and girls, let’s catch another redfin. Let’s win with more Gersh-win on the lyrical and melodic fishing lines.

The redfin shouts back from deep beneath the alchemically blue lake, it’s true zaffer ready to ecstatically and haptically zap you. Listen to what the deep down in the blue wise fish has to

say: “When big me surrenders to the heart rule of little me, the twins become best friends in the big room of splendor.”

And so it is in every new day of summer camp as we share horizons that are new to us. Fly us to the moon! Let us play amongst the stars. Please hold our hand! Fill us with song, for you are all we long for, we worship and adore.

**The past ain’t necessarily so.
The things that we’re liable
To repeat and to babble
Ain’t necessarily so.**

A biscuit, a basket!
A Sacred Ecstatics task! It
launched my boat onto the lake
And into the wave I lost it!
I lost that redfin, that is, I lost it because I didn’t know what to do with it. My camp teachers then and now showed me I should eat it.

I don’t know about you, but with my house that is now a cabin, I am jumping in the pool just to say I’m here. Where’s that redfin? I am getting ready to take the dive and earn my fins.

Let us bow at the bow of the boat and pray in a radically different kind of way, remembering the vocal cords of the spiritual mothers and fathers, the ancestral guides of Sacred Ecstatics:

**The checklist is my shepherd:
Fire in the bones, loving infinitely, infinitely loved.
Liquid love, loving everything, loving everybody.
Check!**

Big me black bear making deals.
True north polar bear, awaiting our prayer.
Little me, wantin’ to ride, little white mare.

**Two-word prayer key,
Circular Liszt sends me awhirling.
Membicaid boat, floats to the dock. Tony at the helm.
Tony Tony, what’s love about?
Companionship says he.
Joyful moments while sharing companions.
That’s what it means to be a spirited champion.
Into the water, Tony dives, swimming aground.
Shaking while barking the two-word prayer,**

Tony raised his paw, pointing to the hills.

Up I run, stone prayer in hand, eyes overflowing, tearful joy.

Chanting Lord lord, every which way.

Two-word! Prayer keys!

Yes Lord!

Do as you please!

My cabin door has a Mexican peso, reminding 'little me' of visionary Mexico and its n/om filled gifts. I want to catch some of that "Mezcal, that's all" on our next fishing trip. I feel ready to head for the n/om bait and tackle shop with our little white dog, who just happens to be able to channel Tony. Let's board the boat and take a ride on the double lake of Lake Leslie/ Lake Balaton!" One more thing: the one letter 'O' prayer is my ouroboros, circling and devouring current and past visions, tracks, teachings. There's much to feed the whirling mystical musical wheel!

I had a dream, I had a dream last night, baby. Last night I was told that all the words I use must go through an energy machine. The mystical teacher said that the word is not important, what matters is the amount of energy, the e-motion that it holds. Sei Ki.... Say Key.... So sayeth the prophet Hayley of Pons.

Then echoing in the Alps was heard a voice that plumbed the depths as it found new heights:

The big me fears

A mare and a couple of beers, I mean, bears

Guarding a cabin square

Little me quietly says:

Grab a broom and sweep the room

Take a universe of mystery and zoom

Zoom until it is only a little dot

That dot is a bobbing, wobbling hot spot

Don't try to be cool, be a fool and jump in the pool and take a seat on the Kalahari stool.

The Kalahari Window. I remembered the dream, I remembered the dream. There was a backrest created by the Bushmen to make it possible to sit in the school building and at the same time have your head outside and see the twinkling night sky of the Kalahari.

A redfin redhead, also a silver trout, then steps in with a cadenza that comes right at ya':

The Kalahari visionary schoolhouse flips the usual scenario where the head is in school and the body is considered to be flying free amongst the stars. In this case, it's the body that needs the Kalahari schooling — learning to use the rhythms, tones, and movements to get the wheel turning while the mind is encouraged to be in the vastest room possible. So when you're out there in the wild, make sure to do some little me prayer cooking to be a good student for the ancestors.

**Yes, Lord! I see you now. You are in the tree, the waves, the wings and the fire
The changing staccato/legato and electric wire
You're our bodies, movement, rhythm and scat-tat tones
This you give us, so let's head to the Big Cabin, let's go home.**

This experiment has swept me off my feet. In the midst of all the critters and rhythms inside and outside the cabin, I find myself delightfully overwhelmed with all the actions I need to take to try to get the prayer to the white bear! Such a relief when big me finally gives up and let's go to enjoy the ride.

Let It Be the Love of summer that burns and churns the fires within, that whirls the warm winds, embraces the elm tree Man that I Love, and wooooooshes tsunami waves of bubbling belly bees. I pray that love breaks through the cabin door, and wakes a change small enough to fit in God's pocket. I want to be the coin, the koan, the copasetic button in God's pocket. That's little me on the thread.

My white stone holds the word "light". Light comes down and there is music all around. I'm reminded of Mother Samuel who said that every night she closed her eyes the light would come down. Mother Samuel felt sacred emotion as she sang, Makin' hashta heeshta hay for this mystical day!

This marmal-AID is so sweet. Spread it on your daily bread. I cannot even begin to tell how building this cabin under the stars, and the Moon means so much to me.

In other words, the Alpine rose longs for the bees as the bees long for the flowers and the bears smell the honey while a beekeeper strives to become a prayer stone thrower.

**The invitation is there... every day, every hour, every minute.
Sometimes it changes, too... the invitation.
What it is, what it looks like and whether I see it.
What is this thing called love? Cole Porter wants to know.
And what is the extreme new kind of love we seek this summer?**

It looks like a prayer stone prescription came through and I knew my prayer to the White polar bear was for God to help my father let go – to fly across to the other side. Sitting with Dad on Monday morning – with my prayer stone in my hand – his breathing slowed down, his body slowed down and he did indeed fly across to the other side. I feel beyond blessed that I was with him, holding his hand, telling him I loved him, that my voice was the last thing he heard. So many tears, so much love.

I dreamed of my grandfather sitting at a piano with an accordion on his chest. Please-dear-God, stay with us and shelter us all.

Let me give my life to be like Tony. I want my wagging tale to inspire a Gershwin love song that howls for an everlasting friend.

Some days singing and feeling the sweetness, other days stuck in the mud.

Humbled and aware there is much yet to surrender.

See us through, Lord Jesus, see us through. Sing us through, tickle us through, just plain pick us up and throw us through. Play ball with me, Lord. Do it, Lord!

It's quite clear

I was having a nightmare

Why?

Cause

I wasn't riding the white mare

I was not intending to fall off the boat, tracks, this much, where's that focused discipline I need so much,

To be that speck of dust

White stone in hand telegraphing,

Lord Lord lord — looord — lord Lord — Loord — Lord

Until of a burst of yes

Back to the Lord

Rocking motion

Can't sit still

Must move

Must dance

Then it's easy

Saturated emotion

Lingering on

Until look—

It's a White Hare!

Got to chase that sucker,

I ain't giving up until I catch him deep down into the farthest rabbit hole labyrinth

It's quite clear

I was having a nightmare

Why?

Cause

I was confusing the black

and white bear

One time Brad screamed at me to stop to being a teenager and rightfully, *I mean left-fully*, so let's see if I graduate into adulthood this summer camp.

Yes, to graduation and higher elevation! First get pierced by raw honesty that doesn't give a shit, sheet, or shite about exhibiting humility. It often takes confessing that you are living the nightmare of being a teen not yet weened from sucking trickster lolli-moms-and-pops. You

are ready enough to ride the white mare as a man or woman of God with the ancestors by your side. Enough excuses, you are small enough. Now be big enough!

Feeling this truth as mine too. Coming back to the seiki bench, feeling the urgency of the rapid-fire dot-dot-dot inside that wants to ignite and unite all scattered scat. Taking the condensed prayer closest to my heart along with me aboard the white mare that lifts any load high into the starry sky, over the glowing cabin. Hovering in the felt infinity that evokes every longing. Finally releasing the precious prayer passenger in a gentle descent to safety beside the white bear.

Let me say it another way: I am so grateful to be with you all together in the middle of this wobble in this Summer of Love of 2020. Thank you for the sweet spot that anchors and orients me in the center of my endless circle and wobble of emotion in the darkness, the brightness, the uncertainty, the certainty, and the love that carries me through the door of change of my summer camp cabin.

Sister Gertrude arrived in the middle of the night. I heard the echo cross the alps and cross the sea to reverberate in my cabin room: “Power, Power, Lord Power, Lord yes, Power, Yes Lord you got Power, send me power, shake em up power, wake em up power.” In the morning I remembered that the first summer of love was about “Flower Power” as much as it was about the “Summer of Love.” Let’s bring on that shake em up and wake em up power. Its flower power rises higher than other kinds of bread.

Let no camper and let no summer critter, forget their list and remember to hear Franz List and all the music supreme that comes from dream awake or asleep with a new kind of flour power, yeast, heart rise, and ascent into the higher power of a greater love. Let this be the new summer of love’s high waves, mighty gusts, sizzling flames, and tender embrace, ready to change and Gersh-win a victory for the human race.

On your mark, get so, let’s go. It’s time to do more than talk, shout, sing, walk, run, leap, and dance. It’s time for a four-dimensional plunge into every side of the cabin big room—into the fire, **the wind, the wave, and the embraceable tree of life within you.**

As time goes by, don’t forget you Casablanca. It’s a very nice musical wine for the summertime. Join me on the Ringstrasse in Vienna for a spritzer with Heinz von Foerster.

Our summer camp began with what you don’t yet know but are better able to now hear with your third mystical, musical ear. At the start, before you arrived, a colossal sweet potato was held in the hand of a dear brother from long-ago Azusa. His prayer helped others come out of the mason jar. Our summer adventure began with Bishop Mason’s two-word prayer, “Yes Lord.” This opened the summer camp cabin doors, even before the bears and mare. The songsters and dancers then reminded us that the stage needs to be made broader so that the tones, rhythms, and moves that sweet potato prayer made were better able to convey what words alone can only survey. Let us return to this recent history, which was also very long

ago, and hear it anew. Gather around the campfire and sit on your seiki bench. Now move along as the blend of old and new aims to hit the middle of your target.

EXPERIMENT TWO: THE SHOW MUST GO ON
(This Time in the Big performance Room)

Do the Pentadic Light Ecstatic

The Sacred Ecstatics summer camp, with your cabin's multi-sided invitation to extreme love, hereby suggests that you get more serious about your acting career. What you deeply, though often unknowingly, seek is not personal change but a theatrical change with broader range. Only a change of room—a radically different experiential venue— can move you from incessantly irritating psychological evaluation to prolifically terrific aesthetic expression that re-stages and uncages your wild little me. The props have been gathered and arranged to make this camp a performing arts adventure into a new kind of sacred summer theatre, aiming to provoke, evoke, and stoke the numinous fire. In the middle of the night, Brad heard a voice announce a call to rising arms and trembling ecstatic trigger fingers:

The show must go on! Actually, the show is always going on. The question William Shakespeare, likely now a Bushman heart of the spears, wants to ask is not whether you will choose to be or not to be. The big room bard's question is this: *Will you be a performer or an informer?* The former is for actors wanting to exist in the expansive aesthetic atmosphere that rocks between the comedic and dramatic in the higher attic of the big room venue.

The latter more lifeless choice is all about informing – sorting through what particular form is good and what other forms are bad, leaving you burdened by a static schematic that aims to reform the presumed problematics of the traumatic and symptomatic, and this especially includes muting and restraining whatever is uncomfortably wild and ecstatic. "Settle down! Sit still! That's not funny! You're too punny! Rein in that extreme emotion! You're too hysterical! Shaking is neurological, not theological! Love is a molecule, not a room! Be more normal! Fit in!" Enough said, you get the point.

It's time to get on stage and let a new show begin. If you want to change, switch the stage. Change the play and by all means vary the way you sound and move with rhythms alternating in every which direction, aligned with an aesthetically oriented conductor. Not feeling like taking the leap to the next stage? You'll never be conceptually ready, but every excuse is the same old trickster line of defense clinging to a cramped stage. Start acting anyway, doing so as a new

character who embarks on a new career loaded with unexpected lines that beg for better theatrics. Get it? Don't get it? It doesn't matter whether you are fully informed. Just do it! Perform spiritual cooking like an actor stepping into a brand new and totally unfamiliar role. Even if you think you know, pretend you don't. Step into the performance differently.

In the visionary night, Brad heard a theatrical director advise: "Don't fake it until you make it; bake and shake the fake until it feels real." The teacher went on to explain that everything seems fake when the room size and temperature are too small and cold. Big holy words voiced in small existential rooms feel off. Better to swear with Mark Twain when you feel shrunken and only sing your prayer after the walls come down. Again, there is a time and place for every kind of act and action—from wit to lighting the wick and then extinguishing its flame.

In the visionary classroom, I was reminded how Bishop Mason only needed two words, "Yes, Lord," to light up the room. When he switched to "send the rain," this alteration was not an elaboration of the former words' meaning, but a small lyrical variation that kept the tone, rhythm, and movement of spirit alive and well in his non-informance performance. After building the big room, Mason also could have chanted, "Send down the sweet potato!" or "Sweet spud, Lord" and attracted another bolt of ecstatic lighting. Here being a performing rather than informing bishop made the critical difference.

The same street and spiritual highway smarts should also apply to how you enact your life. Unless you can make a staccato dot and a legato dash evoke the same kind of feeling found in an ancient Middle Eastern call to prayer, none of your words—even holy ones—will be able to help the room expand and heat enough to cook. Make the tones, rhythms, and movements that express a desire to perform your unique part in the divine play of creation.

Instructions for Experiment Two

New instructions for the second experiment were subsequently given. It was called "Do the Pentadic Light Ecstatic." Its primary mission is for you to get on stage and enact a *five-stage* (there's the pentad) performance. This refers to a new way of prescribing the journey toward the fire by emphasizing its expressive alchemical phase shifts. Begin with (1) *dramatic or comedic theatricality* that emphasizes a pugilistic fight for your little me's life but may include heretical rascality; then move on to (2) *rhythmic combustibility* that strikes an ecstatic match schtick. The next shift is toward (3) *alchemical chant-ability* with its new-and-old-fashioned-blend of blazing religious fire. Follow that with a surrender to (4) *improvised sound-and-movement electricity* where recognizable names and predesigned moves are dropped to spontaneously change and recharge the whole of you in the Kalahari cooking pot. Finally, jump into your return flight to the everyday with (5) *melodic melting* that makes everything sound like a Broadway love song. Throughout any of the performance stages, feel free to express the seiki

bob and holy spirit dip into the summer lake. Then come back dripping with n/om wax. Get your show started with this five-stage summer stock theater camp script:

Theatrical pugilist in action: *dot, dot, dot, dot, dash! . . . Yyyyyeeeessss*

[Performance note: Follow the same format of the former two-word prayer key. Make the initial staccato sounds with fury while in a hurry—a desperate telegraphed plea for help as in “hell, hell, hell, hell, heeeeeelp!”]

Striking a match schtick: *Sei, sei, sei, sei, ki! . . . Nnnnn/oommmm*

[Performance note: Again, follow the two-word prayer key format. Soulfully doctor any tones and beats that sound antiseptic to enhance the aesthetics of copasetic ecstasies.]

The alchemical chant-able burning bush show: *Yes, Lord*

[Performance note: Let your inner me out of the masonic mystery jar, that is, bring more Memphis Beale Street to your fiery religious zeal wheel.]

Cooking in the electrical whirl: *this is the sound jazz of n/om, the spirit scat of 'doption, and the seiki choreography of spontaneity*

[Performance note: Nothing can be said about how to voice the joyful noise and dance the trembling shake that surpass the informing word. Catch the feeling and then express it with your body instrument.]

Melodic melt provided by the Gershwins: *Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah blah*

[Performance note: Sing these chorus lyrics of the Gershwin melody, “Blah, Blah, Blah.” Do this as a duet starring the little and big me twins who make a comeback in the theatrics of the always-changing productions of the Life Force Theatre.]

Experiment with performing these lines both internally and externally, that is, with both your little me and big me. Explore how long to stay in one phase before jumping on to the next. Tinker often with changing your tone, rhythm, and movement. Do it with the right degree of variation, not too much and not too little. Do it with exquisite timing, not too late nor too early for each change. The

words and sounds only come to life when the performance is something electrically hot and ready to ecstatically trot. No further understanding or information is needed for you to step on stage. You are in desperately in need of a reform in your performing, fully appreciating the trials, errors, and adjustments needed to catch the feeling of how to masterfully ecstatically act.

Assume that the beginning of each performance requires that you pretend to be someone else. For instance, sometimes your big me must act like it is your little me. You start as a fake and then must use performance skills to make it feel really to everyone, especially you. Don't only pretend—that bends your lines and makes your cooking character unreal. Infuse your whole body with varying tones, rhythms, and movements until a felt alternative reality sinks in and showers surprise from the over(your)head theatrical atmosphere.

One more thing: on stage with you are Tony, your cabin, your dotted circular entry to change, two bears, a little white mare, four cross(road) stitches, a wood boat, a Membicaid card, a melted pipe with a wick, and two electrical wires. Perform to make everything on stage feel as real on earth as it is in heaven. This is what it means to make the room big. When this theatrical realty shift occurs, notice that an audience arrives to cheer how you steer the performance toward the fire. The ancestral guides then come over and enjoy how you wake them up. Don't look too long; only continue to cook. They just might join you on stage.

Start as an actor—make real what another character, little me, feels while paying no attention to your everyday mood swinging big me drama king or queen personality. When you feel the stage and room rise, get spiritually hip and voice an uplifting metaphor like “seiki” or “n/om.” As the spiritual temperature becomes hot enough to reach the ecstatic tipping point, you'll truly feel it with no need to interfere by trying to will it. That's the moment when you have no qualms about embarrassing yourself with the old-fashioned fire of religion. Put a lid on the former smoke and mirrors of spirituality that pretends it never dare be religious. Get dirty, greasy, and melty for the lord and let the good blacksmith remold you. Remember that you are performing, so don't bother to assess and inform yourself about anything other than playing your part with all your heart.

Burn, big baby me, burn as little me turns that wheel to let all of you out of the mason jar. When sufficiently ablaze, all former excuses to not act drop away, transforming you into a reborn instrument now playable by the wind, brass, percussion, strings, and reeds of creation. Again, enact and embody this performance instrumentality with no need to inform, name, frame, or claim.

That's all. Now get on with the next show. Step into the part your little me was born to play. You can't learn how to better cook without more practice, rehearsals, opening nights, and never-ending performances. It's your choice: perform or inform. Be less pedantic and perform this pentadic ecstatic light-shining show. You are already in summer camp on a vacation from all former vocations. There is no better time to act like a real performance baker who gives rise to aesthetic, ecstatic show time bread. You already won your Tony, so show the world what else

you've got. Go out on a limb, be on the lamb, and turn that ham into a sweet yam with ecstatic chops.

Postscript:

The day we posted this, we received an email from Tiffanie, a Guild member:

Hello!

I had a dream. After taking a break from performance 15 years ago to get an inner life (in waking life, not dream life), I dreamed last night that I finally found a theatre home. I felt content and happy and ready to get back on the stage. I woke up and ruminated for only a moment or so. I felt that Sacred Ecstatics was my theatre home and thought about the dream no more. Today I find we are all heading to the theatre. So, there you go!

Tiffanie

Singing in the Rain

Brad had a most unusual dream. Since you have recently committed to being a performer rather than an informer, don't get hung up on what it means. Better to consider how to be inspired by its theatricality and how it can contribute to your ecstatic combustibility:

I was in a university where I used to teach. Back then, whenever a faculty person needed office supplies, you'd go to a special supply closet and take whatever you needed. In the dream I was in that closet gathering a stack of note pads including a tiny one the size you'd put by your bedside table. The academic dean walked by, saw me in there, and asked what I was doing. I casually replied, "I'm getting what I need to write some more. There's so much that needs to be written." I then put down the supplies in front of her, along with a worn piece of paper I was carrying with me. On that single piece of paper were esoteric notes I had taken, something in the past I would have kept secret and not shared with any pedantic academic.

However, in this particular dream moment, I had no fear of what others, including the university dean, would think about our current work with Sacred Ecstatics. I handed her my supplies, with that page of notes on top, and requested, "Please hold this for a moment while I go take a piss." When I went to the men's room, I noticed that the building was flooding. Water was rising on the floor and pouring through a window. I realized that my choice was to either leave or stay and finish my job. I decided to stay and that left me with a second question: do I stand in the water and get my shoes wet or go nearer to the window and get my clothes wet? I said to myself, "My shoes or made of leather and my clothes are made of cloth. In this kind of weather, I'll protect my leather." I then went underneath the window and allowed the flood coming from the downpour

outside to hit my chest as I took a piss. I immediately broke into singing, “I’m singing in the rain . . . I’m singing and pissing in the rain.” Then I laughed as I fully realized that there is no longer any reason to care about pissing anyone off now that the flood has been released. Hillary and I no longer have to add anything else to the Encyclopedia Pedantica. We are free to write songs and lyrics for a song and dance serving the Ecstatica Pentadica. Let’s hear the original song lyrics again, this time in the flood:

I’m singin’ in the rain
Just singin’ in the rain
What a glorious feeling
I’m happy again.
I’m laughing at clouds.
So dark up above,
The sun’s in my heart
And I’m ready for love.
Let the stormy clouds chase.
Everyone from the place
Come on with the rain
I’ve a smile on my face
I walk down the lane
With a happy refrain
Just singing,
Singing in the rain
Dancing in the rain
La ri la ri la,
I’m happy again
I’m singin’ and dancing in the rain
I’m dancing and singin’ in the rain

When I woke up, I appreciated that this was a true Bushmen dream. Nothing is more n/om filled to a n/om-kxaosi than dancing around the fire underneath the evening sky and feeling the Sky God take a piss on you. That is their holy n/om water baptism. Remember, it’s all about “the changing” and “room rearranging” to the first people. Whatever goes in and later goes out marks the changing in the First Creation nature of things. Bushman stories aim to shoot n/om, aesthetically assisted by colorful and bawdy illustrations of natural biological functions, from eating to everything else involved in the subsequent chain of change in your dynamic state of being. One Bushman classic story depicts a hunter of eland wearing sandals made of eland leather. At just the right time in the telling of the tale, that leather turns the man into an eland. In my dream, like a Bushman, I wasn’t about to mess around with my leather shoes. I no longer wanted to be the hunted meat. Instead, I let the higher flood hit my chest. With this baptism of

change, the heart knows it's better to sing when taking a piss while dismissing the past fear that interferes with creation's cheer.

We offer you some old Bushman advice for what to do whenever you find fear and cheer competing for your attention. Wait until it's time to take a piss. Then sing during your First Creation downpour. "I'm singing in the rain . . . I'm singing and pissing in the rain." Position your feet in the right place to take the next step. Follow your heart path to a joyful song. The longing within is a calling for belonging more to First Creation exhilaration than to the hesitation and frustration associated with spiritual constipation. Get pissed for the gods who are not as crazy as their stories may seem—behind their kind of dreaming is found the African hoof of a New York City Broadway hooper.

Postscript:

The term "hooper" has been around since the days of vaudeville, inseparable from earlier Yiddish musical theatres found along the Gershwin leather shoe treaded sidewalks of New York. Later, this word was applied to any percussive style of dancing. It was the only dance term Fred Astaire used to characterize his way of dancing.¹⁶ It became a revitalized word during the New York City tap dance rebirth craze during the 1970s, right after the summer of love. As Derek Grant explained about its refined usage then:

A hooper is a hard-core, rugged, inner-city tapper with a "tap or die" attitude. That idea comes from the original hoofers—Lon Chaney, Chuck Green, Buster Brown, Jimmy Slyde—who dominated the tap scene in Harlem, NYC, in the 1970s and '80s. These cats had swag out the roof. Typically impoverished African Americans, they performed with the knowledge that every nickel and dime counted, and that sense of urgency informed their style.¹⁷

Michela Marino Lerman adds this: "Improvisation is central: What do you feel in the moment, and how can you convey that feeling through your sound and movement? How can you move the audience to go with you on a journey? That's being a hooper." Let us conclude this rap on hoofing with the words of Jason Samuels Smith who defines it with his improvised variation:

A hooper is a tapper who's achieved a certain level of wisdom and sophistication in his or her craft. Hoopers are masters of improvisation, with a heightened sense of musicality. They're so dedicated to tap, they live it completely, to the point where it becomes not just a style of dance but a lifestyle. You can consider yourself a hooper only after you've lived the life of one.¹⁸

¹⁶ Fred Astaire, *Music Makes Me: Fred Astaire and Jazz*, p. 42

¹⁷ Cited in "Hooper Status," <https://www.dancespirit.com/hooper-status-2326596736.html>

¹⁸ Cited in "Hooper Status" <https://www.dancespirit.com/hooper-status-2326596736.html>

Lest we drift too far from the eland, the changing, and the Kalahari dreaming, please do not forget to take a piss differently the next time you are pissed. Worry less about what direction your next step will take. Instead, make sure you remember that Fred Astaire was just as happy to dance inside a 4 X 4-foot space as he was to glide across a ballroom. In the 1930s, Astaire tapped live on the radio from a tiny sound booth. The great tap dancer, Howard “Sandman” Sims, whom Brad had the pleasure of watching live, actually danced in a small sand box he carried with him. These telegraphing tap hoofers of yesteryear remind us that your tapping staccatos are all you need to make the room big enough for a Vaudeville, Broadway, and Hollywood stage. Tap that first prayer on your telegraph. Then head for the match schtick that lights an ecstatic fire. The rest of the show will then follow more naturally. In other words, don’t miss adding more piss to your next performance! In the flood is found the aesthetic blood that infuses soul, duende, spirit, seiki, and n/om—but only if you are singing in the rain . . . singing, dancing, and pissing in the rain.

When I woke up, it was raining outside, so I chose to sing and dance. Let’s be hoofers, everybody, and not allow the leather below to miss the weather above. That is, whether or not you get your feet wet, let the rain pour on your treasure chest and its inner heart. Let’s gather and feel light as a feather in the changing words, tones, moves and grooves that are aligned with the original eland’s hooves.

Where Are You?

Brad had the same dream repeatedly throughout the night:

I envisioned that the Sacred Ecstasics summer camp was in a musical about making a musical, like the old movies, “Summer Stock” starring Judy Garland and Gene Kelly and “The Producers” with Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder. In this musical visionary scene, Hillary and I jumped on top of two hay bales placed in our rehearsal barn and I loudly sang a question to all of you that sounded like the opening of an old-fashioned Broadway show, “Where are you?” Hillary melodically countered with a contemporary Sondheim feel, “Are you here, in the musical of summer camp?” Back and forth we exchanged song lines:

“Are you still in that former reality and have not yet unpacked and moved into your cabin?”

“Where are you? Are you feeling the whirl in the air?”

“That something is astir but you’re not sure where you are?”

“Where are you? Are you scratching your head, lifting a finger, wiggling your toes, learning your lines, refining your tone, shaking new rhythms, and jumping in the showboat lake? Where are you? Are you feeling confused, reluctant to act because you think you need to first understand why? Where in the hell of everywhere are you?”

“When you read about past shamanic shaking tents or fiery holy ghost ascents, wishing you were there, where are you now when the same ecstatic TNT is ready to blast? When you fantasize moving to a different stage in another life and now you can, then why aren’t you? Can you still hear little me inside of you asking, begging, and singing, ‘where are you?’ Why not sing for no reason at all except to be in this summer show, in or out of the know, but in the rhythmic flow and tonal glow?”

“Go ahead and shout your answer: ‘I am here. I am here. Let me hear that I am here. Give me more lines to say it with no fear. Summer’s here. Summer stock, the producers, the stage, the props, the lines, you and me, little me and big me, lake and woods, boat and mare, two bears, Membicaid, let me in and send me through with all of that and more to come. I am here inside the camp, in the barn, on the stage, ready to sing and dance, ‘I am here. I am hear. I am here.’”

We then asked everyone with a serious tone, “Where are you?” Some people stared into the air looking like they still were not sure, while others said “I feel overwhelmed, not sure what you mean or whether I can do it.” Others said, “I want to be there,” and a few said, “I am here.” We continued on with our performance in alternating dramatic and comedic speech:

For the last three weeks, we have built a summer camp. There has been a wild whirl of activity—the camp was designed and built by visions. This includes its lake, trees, critters, membership card, keys, and far more. All that goes into creating a special theatrical production has been happening at the same time—setting the stage, placing the props, writing and rehearsing the lines, as well as indicating what mystery we are trying to evoke in ourselves and others, all while pugilistically battling with whatever interferes with our being here in the wow-now.

Now you find that the alchemy of Sacred Ecstatics, with its First Creation changing ways, has built a summer theatre camp for the ecstatic performing arts. Your invitation to be spiritually cooked has changed its form though it remains aligned with the same true north from which the force of the source of sacred ecstasy flows. The big room is now summer camp and the fire is found on its summer stock stage.

A drumroll interrupted our talk and then a voice from above shouted, “Hello, Life Force Theatre! Nice to see, hear, and feel your vibe again.” We leapt off the hay and while suspended mid-air with the help of a theatrical magical device, we proclaimed,

Spiritual cooking has always been about your performing rather than trickster reforming and informing. As someone recently dreamed: it’s not the words being said, but the vibe and energy

with which they are expressed, that matter. To step into summer camp and really feel it, you need to act and act again. Step onto your altar stage and the jubilation-vibration song and dance gods will come join you.

How to perform? Hold on to that check list to remember the props. That keeps you on stage which in turn, sustains your presence inside the summer camp. Use those props as literal things as well as metaphors throughout your day. Be more explicit, direct, and verbally frank as you walk the plank to the other side, connecting the items on the check list with your present surroundings.

Remember the way Frank Walker (Muddy) and Christine Cross (Mahalia)—two Kalahari travelers eager to venture into the mystical wilderness—walk with their cross-walker dog and comment on their pet’s ability to channel Tony. And recall how they experience their boats as inseparable from the Membicaid vessel that cruises the holy waters lapping at our camp shores. Internally and externally, infuse the props, metaphors, acting lines, seiki moves, and soulful tunes wherever you go and in every way you can imagine.

We continued with further theatrical instruction, beginning with the following strategy for launching transformation:

You are an actor. You really are. You have a new part and character to play in an upcoming show. We once talked with a famous actor who prepared for his role by becoming that person in his daily life. When he played a dictator for a movie (and won the academy award for that performance), he had also become that character at home—oops! No worries for you, however, because the acting method followed by our summer camp asks you to act like the person you really want to be and who little me within already is.

Get that big me “Heil Myself” dictator out of the way—it can be a jealous and selfish creep who tries to prevent little me from making a single peep. The two sizes of you are going to have to work it out in order for you to fry, fly, and land in summer camp.

Who are you this summer? Here is the answer: an actor at summer camp, ready to learn how to perform a role, play your part, and enjoy getting lost in another world. How to do it? Jump in and know that there is always a back and forth between chaos and order in every new creation. Just ask God who, after resting on the seventh day of production, soon discovered that all hell had broken loose. And thank goodness! Otherwise this would be one stodgy and too steady-of-a-heaven show.

Whenever you start to feel the whirl from so much abundant fruit growing in our garden of good eatin', do two things. 1) Return to your checklist and the current experiment, and 2) feel excited about all the numinous energy in the air. This is First Creation and it's what you have been seeking. You found it! Now what are you going to do about it, with it, and in it? You are amongst the multiple streams pouring in from on high. In fact, there are three streams or lines coming through: visionary teachings, ecstatic tracks, and experiment prescriptions.

Sometimes visions don't make sense at first—only later when you circle back do you catch more of what it is shaking up, changing, and pointing toward. Other visionary teachings more clearly and immediately reset the whole of you. Through it all, the ecstatic tracks are there to take you on a ride to catch the waves of feeling. Use them to inspire you to move spontaneously with their emotion, tones, and beats. On still another line we receive instructions for the experiments and that includes subsequent ideas for variations and extensions. The other side where the Sacred Ecstatics saints reside is sending us our theatrical scenery, props, lines, themes, action, songs, and all the rest. You never know what's coming down or how it will impact you—neither do we. It's a flood, the same outbreak and breakthrough that precedes the creation of every life changing aesthetic creation.

Enhancement for Experiment 2:

Soon you'll receive an ecstatic track to help you ride the wave of our Pentadic Light Ecstatic. For now, to kick your performing up a notch, you can medicinally benefit from some New Orleans mojo. Find a companion coin that is a nice match for the front door of your cabin. On one side write the letter "H" and on the other side write the letters "SC." Keep the coin in your pocket or purse and hold it as often as you can rubbing it like a charm. Wear out those letters so you have to keep rewriting them. What does this mojo mean and what does it bring? The letter "H" boils down who you are this summer—a "hooper," which means a song and dance performer. The letters "SC" boil down where you are—in summer camp where the show must go on each and every matinee and night. Here's the rub: you get what your soul wishes as long as you hold and mingle with the required double-sided change. Tony is there to remind you. When you forget who you are and where you are, hear him bark, "Hoof, hoof." Then reply, "Thank you, Tony, for that reminder. Yes, I am a hooper. And we are in summer camp together."

Welcome for the first time, that is, for the First Creation time, back to summer camp. Gather your checklist and then head on over to the theatre barn and get yourself a bale of hay. Did we hear someone say that Noel Coward will be there to perform his play, *Hay Fever*? It was about the eccentric characters of the Bliss family. Never mind, we have our own show to produce!

Shoot the Gun That's Meant for You

Brad had a most unusual dream:

I was in Africa hanging out with some of the men who formerly helped me travel into dangerous remote areas in search of healers. All of these men had been in the South African special forces and some had served as the bodyguards for Nelson Mandela (which is how I was able to meet him). A few of these soldiers became vigilantes with stockpiles of rocket launchers, machine guns, and grenades. They once let me hold an Uzi open-bolt, blowback-operated submachine gun. I refused to shoot it because I wanted no traumatic shock of its force on my piano playing hands and wrists. In fact, the only gun I ever shot in my whole life was a BB gun.

In the dream, my bodyguards and I were in a roadside shop where we stopped to get supplies. Suddenly we were ambushed by terrorists. I was handed a gun and told, "You must use it if your life is threatened. Do not hesitate to shoot." I could see that my situation unambiguously benefited from holding a firearm. Within seconds a heavy weight man faced me and was ready to kill me with a knife. I pointed the gun at his heart and pulled the trigger. The gun would not fire. The man saw that he had me cornered so I spontaneously tossed my gun to the nearest bodyguard, the one who had given me the gun, and he used it to finish off the attacker before I could be harmed.

I was stunned and confused in the dream, not so much by the attack but primarily because I could not figure out why the gun didn't fire. Why did nothing happen when I pulled the trigger, but it fired easily in the bodyguard's hands? It made no sense. After the fight was over, I asked to examine the gun. I pulled the trigger and again, nothing happened. Puzzled, the bodyguard took the gun back and fired it without any problem. Everyone else laughed except the man who had given me the gun. He felt guilty for putting me in a situation where I would have to pull the trigger and then live with the consequences of taking a life. That was not something that would bother him in the line of duty; he just didn't want me to deal with that kind of shit. I was surprised, however, that I felt no remorse for having pulled the trigger—that terrorist intended to kill me, and my response was a natural reaction, especially in the African wild. I was more focused on the mystery of why I could pull the trigger but not fire the gun.

After the gunfight we all gathered in the bar and I played the piano. This was something they loved to do out in the bush, kicking back in a cozy lodge surrounded by wildlife as I played a piano for a singalong. It felt like Hemingway was with us, tipsy in the wild. The man who had handed me the gun had now recovered from his bad feelings after a drink or two and a song. He is the last person I'd expect to deliver a teaching in a spiritual classroom, but suddenly he was hit with inspiration. Perhaps it came after he witnessed me truly in my element with my hands on the keys. The man jumped up on the bar to announce, "I get it. All of us were made to shoot a certain kind of gun. Some of us are called to be warriors and others are called to be healers, singers, dancers, bar tenders,

or piano players, among other necessary roles in life's wildlife show." He poured me another whisky as I proceeded to play a Broadway love song, thinking I should remember my bodyguard's teaching and never mix it up. Otherwise, I would likely find myself confused and out of tune.

Set in Africa, this visionary teaching carries ancient Bushman reverberations within it. Any gift involving n/om is seen by the n/om-kxoasi as comparable with an arrow, nail, or spear. They "shoot" n/om. A n/om gun belongs to another kind of outlaw, one who rides with the Sky God's posse. These outcast characters were born to be n/om gun slingers, archers, and spear throwers. They shoot up a holy storm when they come to town. Others are called to fulfill other equally vital roles with different kinds of props in play.

If you hold a gun not meant for you, it won't fire, no matter how many times you try. Find your spiritual weapon, tool, or instrument and use it wisely. And make sure someone else is covering your back, someone who has found their gun and knows how to use it. The next time you venture out into the everyday wild, remember this ecological wisdom that is being shot straight at you from the original cradle of humanity.

Mystery Explosion: Blast into a New Theatrical Role

Brad woke up to the sound of an extremely loud explosion. Kaboom! The noise was heard in a dream.

When I woke up, I felt certain—without a shred of doubt—that I was in the middle of the big room. It is impossible to adequately express what it felt like because such an experience far surpasses everyday spiritual inspiration and uplift. I felt it first during my original spiritual awakening at age 19 when, like C.M.C., I felt as if I was being swallowed up in an ocean of infinite love. The healers I met around the globe who had been thoroughly spiritually cooked also experienced this same vastly mysterious and ecstatically delicious feeling—whether they called it entering the heavenly city of the New Jerusalem, the orchard of nirvana, or the village in the sky.

Sometimes the entry to this other world begins with a dizzying, disorienting feeling. There is a sense that your familiar reality is coming apart and being unwrapped to reveal what it truly is: a whirl of ecstatic dynamics rather than a flat plane, static, steady state of affairs. At other times the door to mystery opens with a bang like it did for me last night. Boom! You're there at the snap of the divine finger. Whether it comes as a whirl, explosion, or an unexpected turn, fall, or ascent, this is the portal known to shamans, mystics, and healers of old.

Lighting is continuously striking upstairs and downstairs at 711 Sixth Street and if you put up your antenna and lightning rod and turn off anything interfering, you'll catch this vibratory signal whose ecstatic electricity delivers a wallop that makes the little white mare gallop.

Now for a reminder: you don't get through the portal, door, gate, or past the railroad porter by fantasizing it in a daydream, using guided imagery, or through hypnotic suggestion. The more you enact the latter kinds of passive journeying, the more you add to the layers of illusion that build up trickster delusion. You are then left with more that must be peeled off later. The Sanskrit word, "Maya," refers to the magical power a god can use to make human beings believe an illusion is real. Yogananda defines it as "cosmic illusion," noting that it means "'the measurer.' *Maya* is the power in creation by which limitations and divisions seem to exist in the Oneness that is true reality."¹⁹ In other words, Maya is trickster.

Today Maya has become the unspoken god of the new age and its snake oil versions of Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, and genuine faux shamanism that are more about seducing consumer desire than lighting the mystical fire. Once again, you need a Mayan eraser to unwrap the many mummy wrappings that keep you more dead than alive. To spiritually wake up, let go of naïve wishful thinking, mindless intention, and big me junk food. Every spiritual couch potato needs a sweet potato intervention—get to work enacting the "Yes, Lord" prayer that helps you feel the real deal of a turning mystical wheel.

Be careful—Maya is already pretending she's Gaia, the next messiah. If you prefer the taste of papaya and other Eden-plucked fruits, then entry into the orchard must rein in the seductive attraction to every trickster sales pitch. The big room is less likely found in San Francisco, Sedona, Santa Fe, or Asheville. You get a step closer to it in NYC, as long as you visit Broadway rather than Wall Street. On its theatrical stage of changing roles, First Creation feels near. As an actor, you must learn to utilize rather than demonize your ability to fake a role. Now recognize that it takes the right emotion to make your character feel real and come alive. The performing double rope art of Sacred Ecstasies invites you to act like a radically different kind of character—one who knows how to step into the whirl and the big bang of mystery.

Experiment 2 Adding a New Theatrical Role

Pick any ancestor from the pantheon of saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Study this spiritually cooked character who embodied the fire and then act accordingly. For instance, imagine that the acting role you next play on stage this summer is Mother Osumi, Mother Ralph, Mother Twa, Mother Sandy, Father Pompey, Father /Kunta, Father João, or Father Little Seagull Man. To successfully enact your character assignment, you must do two things: (1) catch the feeling for your saint's expression and (2) act how he or she acted to catch the muse that lights the fuse. Don't just think about it—leap on stage and perform it. You can experiment first by letting your little me enact the role internally, and then let your big me in on the action. This will help you tap into the right degree of inspiration for cooking.

The best character to portray is one perfectly suited for the gifts you bring to the stage. Note that we are not asking you to go far beyond your somatic abilities, but to *catch the feeling* for the way your chosen saint moves and sounds and then let that feeling launch your outward expression. More accurately, you may have to go past your skills to discover your limits, and then rein yourself back in. During your ecstatic show biz and buzz, you might accidentally attract the

¹⁹ <https://www.ananda.org/yogapedia/maya/>

attention of another saint that results in your being recast. Sometimes the way you speak or move will be almost exactly like your chosen ancestral saint. Other times your expression, due to natural restraints, will not match theirs exactly, but the feeling you have for them will be infused in your performance. Tinker with this theatrical assignment and you'll discover how hitting the sweet spot requires a lot of wobble back and forth.

Studying for a Role: Sister Gertrude Morgan is One of Hillary's Chosen Saints

We have long felt the presence of many of the former spirited performers from New Orleans hanging out with us, especially the old spiritual mothers, along with Utah Smith, the two-winged electric guitar preacher and Valmour, the Creole healing blacksmith with unwavering valor. In particular, we feel the presence of street preacher, poet, and artist Sister Gertrude Morgan in our home. She inspired Hillary to begin drawing her own visionary art last year. In last night's explosive entry into the big room, Brad felt certain that she is vibrantly here and has been inseparable from our summer camp.

Hillary has recently been studying how Sister Gertrude lived her daily life. We caught one delightful vibe from learning that she called Jesus "Big Dada Darling." In addition, we love how she signed her paintings with many names including Black Angel, Bride of Jesus, Mamma Gertrude, Nurse to Doctor Jesus, Missionary Morgan Prophetess, Madam, Your Boss's Wife, Mother Darling, Little Ethiopia Girl, Wife of the Two Gods, and Housekeeper for Dada God. Many people in her time, even those religiously minded, did not take her seriously and suggested she was spiritually nutty. When she was meeting with visitors and felt it was time for them to leave she would say, "It's time for me to give Jesus his pills." Sister Gertrude operated an orphanage for many years with two other "sisters." After they were forced to close it for financial reasons, she was still most drawn to ministering to children. Perhaps it was because children more readily received her kind of spirited joy that is evident in her poems and paintings.

Despite Morgan's later relative popularity among art collectors, locally she had few followers and her living room chapel was often sparsely attended. We have no doubt from her album and art, however, that she was an anointed holy ghost fireball. Sister Gertrude's TRM and sacred emotion hit the sweet spot one hundred percent, which is all we need to inspire us to step into her body on the Life Force Theatre stage.

Yesterday, Hillary made another inspiring discovery. When Sister Gertrude spiritually doctored people, she would have them lie down on the floor and say the Lord's Prayer out loud with her in a call and response. They repeated it over and over at an increasingly faster rate in order to better catch the spirit. We caught a nail of n/om just reading that account. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? In fact, the night the two-word prayer key was dreamed, Brad was saying the Lord's prayer in fast speed, throwing him into the whirl to come out with this renewed variation.

Your new acting career needs to start focusing on the cast of characters who frequent our big living room. They've already been helping us write our theatrical lines and action routines. What can you do to have more of your chosen saint in your daily action and expression? The answer is right in front of you, all spelled out: conduct the experiments with as much passion as a New York City or London actor getting ready for their first big part on stage. Act to catch the emotion that makes a performance sizzle. Soak in the experimental performance of your little me spotlighted in the center stage, and then let your big me follow. Vary the tones, rhythms, and movements of

you. Anything other than this will not sufficiently excite or soulfully ignite. Let's head to the summer camp theatre. Another performance is soon to begin.

The Big Room Theatre is Empty of People but Full of Saints

Brad dreamed we were in a large auditorium and scheduled to make the last presentation:

We sat through one presentation after another given by former students of ours from various universities, training programs, workshops, and intensives. Each successive presentation was more interesting and accomplished than the one before it. It was like a fine sauce going through the culinary reduction process. Yet, to our bewilderment, the better the performances became, the more the audience left the room. Finally, when it came to the next to last talk that preceded ours, there were only a handful of people left in the crowd of what had been a packed theatre of over a thousand attendees. The last act, the finale, belonged to us. We were introduced by a woman we had never taught, hearing her words over a loudspeaker. She was nowhere in sight, leading us to wonder whether it was a prerecorded introduction. Fortunately, she warmly celebrated our place in the scheme of things and how we had made a contribution to history, even though very few were aware of it. Her words felt sincere. We went on stage and to our surprise, when we looked out into the audience, there was not one person there.

Facing a theatre full of emptiness, we heard a voice, like that of a play director, speaking through an overhead loudspeaker: "Close your eyes, feel the truth of your work, and then look again." We immediately heard an explosive popping sound and felt the extraordinary vastness of the big room rush in—vaster and emptier than previously perceived. This, in turn, lit a sizzling ecstatic fire that arose within us as a luminous light that enabled us to see into the darkness beyond. With second eyes and ears now awakened, we realized that we were in a completely different room. An explosion of applause was heard. The folks standing and cheering in the packed house were not of the everyday temporal, corporeal world but from the other side of the veil. In that instant on stage we learned that our true audience consists of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies from every strand of its lineage ropes, both past and future.

The next morning we reflected upon all the holy people who have made a significant impact on our spiritual lives, realizing that most of them had very small audiences. For example, Sister Gertrude Morgan was regarded by many as isolated, quirky, out of sync with the times, or jazzing and playing around too much with the serious expression they preferred. Outsiders to her inner mystery art did not have the right senses to discern that her room was taller than the Chrysler building, her path wider than Broadway, and her sacred emotion deeper than the Atlantic. Her inner spirit world was diversely populated with all the characters she included in her paintings, especially her "darling" husband, Doctor Jesus, who also piloted her ministry's airplane.

Then Brad remembered an experience he had decades ago when he was a young university professor. He attended a public conference held in Stillwater, Minnesota. It consisted of many

presentations by well-known indigenous North American authors, activists, and leaders. The last person scheduled to present was a traditional medicine man named William Tall Bull. He was regarded as one of the last wisdom elders of our time, someone who embodied and lived the old ways. He lived on the outskirts of a remote Montana town, deep in the wilderness where he was shut off from everyday news. He didn't even attend Pow Wows, which he saw as a distracting fad. Brad was discouraged by the rudeness of other presenters who went way over their allotted time so that most people had already left the formerly packed auditorium by the time it was Tall Bull's turn to speak. Brad reports:

I sat in the first row, directly in front of him. I had waited for over twelve hours to hear this elder, the only one in the lineup worth the trouble to hear. He finally stood up and started with a prayer, "Oh, Great Spirit, thank you for clearing the room so our open hearts are ready to hear. Rid us of all interference that stems from blurry eyes, clogged ears, and insensitive bodies unable to feel what is most dear to you. I send my prayer on the wings of an eagle, to circle the clouds overhead. Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain." That's not exactly what the elder said because I can't remember the words spoken that long ago. But this prayer carries the same sacred emotion conveyed by the old medicine man's words. That is something I can never forget.

What is the piercing arrow point of Brad's vision and our subsequent trip down the medicinal memory lane? Actually, there are two teaching arrows here, one aimed at the audience member in you, and another aimed at the performer. Position yourself in the middle to make sure you get shot! The first teaching is this: As an audience member, don't get weary and leery and leave the performance too early. Stick with it until the end. The presentations get more concentrated and refined as the night goes on, and someone is about to take the stage who only performs for the clapping saints and cheering gods.

The second teaching is this: remember who your audience mystically is, the room you are mystically in, and the mystical senses needed to experience both. To pull this off, act like you are performing in front of an audience of holy ones. Don't count the number of dead bodies; count the living spirits that are around you. Make the ceiling taller than the walls by spiritually running with the elder medicine bull. Then make it come alive with a tambourine beat and bright painted colors like Sister Gertrude would. You will always feel lost and unsure, moving in and out of doubt when relying upon Big Me Maya's measuring stick. The big room stage is set for the performance of your life. The theatre has been cleared by higher hands, making room for the sonic boom signaling that it's time to feel the fire that opens your second eyes and ears. In its sound, all of you is found. In its melt, the whole of creation is felt.

The Summer Camp Show Has Begun

We received a visionary report from Amy Priest:

Last night, after listening to the original pentadic track, I dreamed I was with the Guild in a large rustic room. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and said,

“You’re up!” I wasn’t quite sure what I was “up” for, but I knew I needed to change my clothes. I ran to the dressing room and found a black pantsuit with a cobalt blue top. I hurried out onto the stage with some help from the backstage crew. I saw Brad at the piano. He was wearing black, with a cobalt blue flowered vest. I looked out at the audience and I didn’t know what to do. Brad suggested I wiggle and try to shake a leg like Tony. Other seemingly nonsensical micro and micro movements were also encouraged. At some point spontaneous movements took over and I started spinning like a top. Spinning and spinning until I spun up into the sky.

I ended up in a lodge of sorts. It was a very large double story log cabin. Some other folks from the Guild were flying in and I was excited for their arrival. Sabrina Damato burst through the doors carrying many packages. She had brought gifts from Italy for the Guild members. Sabrina handed me a peculiar piece of art. It was a carved wooden piece with cast metal honeybees attached to it. I wondered what mystery it held. She smiled and told me it was a hat rack. As other Guild members she continued unpacking her suitcases that were full of trinkets, both large and small items.

Dezsoe Birkas soon arrived with his arms filled with small pieces of furniture and room furnishings. The Guild was then transported to a movie set from the 1960s. It included a poorly painted ocean and beach background. Tiny mounds of sand were sprinkled all over the floor and I heard the sound of ocean waves playing out of a tiny speaker in the corner. The set was almost comical. How were these goofy props going to create an atmosphere that sparked an ecstatic change?

Fortunately, Brad appeared with his piano. As his music filled the air, the sounds of the ocean from the small speaker started coming to life. Moving back and forth, the set began to breathe. I ran towards the ocean backdrop and lay down on a tiny pile of sand, closed my eyes, and prayed. When I opened my eyes in the dream, I saw the set had completely transformed into a real ocean with a real beach. I smelled the sea, felt the sand on my feet and absorbed the warmth of the sun. I could hear laughter coming from Hillary and the rest of the Guild. On the beach, we played, laughed, and danced with each other for what seemed like an eternity.

I woke up hearing the song “All you need is love” playing in my heart. Actually, I still can’t get it out of my head!! “Love is all you need!”

Amy’s vision demonstrates how actors can turn silly props and a plain background design into something that feels more real. This is the magic of theatre, not spirituality. It occurs with music that alters tones and rhythms, igniting bodies to move with surprising changes until the whole performance spontaneously comes to life. Unseen mysteries are revealed through performance, not by dropping names and frames that purport spiritual knowing. The evocation of another reality requires acting on stage, not passive observing, contemplation, and pontification.

In her dream, Amy also celebrates Sabrina’s arrival with gifts. Unbeknownst to her, Sabrina was simultaneously in her own vision catching those mystical gifts for us. At the same time, Brad

caught a dream from the same numinous stream. These visionary reports immediately follow Amy's visionary opening of the theatre door for us to perform.

Finally, we want to add that Hillary and I each separately imagined ourselves inside Amy's dream as we read her report about it, hearing the song, "All You Need Is Love," which was released in 1967—the same year of the first summer of love. Surprisingly, we each heard it sung with the lyrics "Blah, blah, blah" rather than "Love, love, love." Listen again and notice whether you hear it that way. We wonder whether Tony, George, and Ira went back to the 60s and changed the lyrics to excite and lighten the new summer musical that has begun.

Receiving Mystery Cards

On the same day, we received this visionary report from Sabrina. She dreamed she was in a gypsy guild intensive with us. Here's what happened:

I was standing in the kitchen of the old house that I grew up in Illinois. It was late in the evening and I was confused why I was there because I knew this house had been bulldozed by its new owners. I was suddenly transported to what seemed to be a gypsy parlor of some kind. Although I cannot remember the exact details of the interior, I remember it emanating deep purples, magentas and oranges. Hillary was sitting at a large desk at the front of the room and I realized I was in a Sacred Ecstasics intensive, surrounded by other students.

I was lying on the ground when Hillary called me over and handed me a tarot card. She was hysterically embracing her role as a gypsy and I felt the authenticity of her playfulness and seriousness. I accepted the card from the Sacred Ecstatic gypsy, only to find myself again humorously confused by the meaning of it. The card looked like your typical tarot card, but it had a series of letters and numbers that I did not understand. "4-3, A" was printed on the top, and then, "CATHERINE—Lord Pray It . . ." (there were more words but unfortunately that is all I remember).

Brad then appeared and joyfully poked my head and stomach, and said, "You've been working hard, haven't you?" He then told me to look behind the original card. Suddenly, three more cards were revealed. The words I remembered on each card were these:

Card 2: Cook It

Card 3: Sing It

Card 4: Share It

He then took the cards and revealed an array of more cards. Although I could not see the words, I somehow knew there were eight cards in total.

When I woke up, I immediately grabbed the book, *Climbing the Rope to God* volume one, and randomly opened to page 93. My eyes jolted to the paragraph after Joseph Hart's "Blest Memorials of Thy Grief":

First, turn to the memorials of the holy death and resurrections that include scripture, prayer, painted icon, and carved crucifix. As you are reminded of . . . suffering and death . . . you find faith.

Second, when you experience your spirit drooping and waning, unexpected symbolic tokens of divine presence help bring hope.

Third, while mourning the suffering of divine beloved, you are touched by God's unbroken pledge to deliver love to all who are broken.

Finally, with faith, hope and love, you are inspired to obediently take your stand upon the hallowed words of sacred ground ("thy word") where Holy Communion is received.

I was blasted with the feeling of wanting to pray. Recently, I have been feeling the gaps in my heart that are in great need of repair. Although there are days that I'd rather sulk in the sea of sad, I felt the urgency and the need to get up, wake up, and GET PRAYING. Doin' this with all the help from Tony, the little white mare, the hell-no black bear, the hello-oh white bear and the rest of our cabin mates and saints.

Sabrina brought down a wonderful gift that is meant to be received by every summer camper—a specially anointed deck of cards. It begins with a mystery number associated with the direction to pray: "Catherine—Lord Pray it." Then followed three more cards, each with further instruction: cook it, sing it, share it. After those four cards comes a doubling that results in a total of eight, four visible with the other four unseen. The mysterious number, "4-3," links us to an old teaching that resonates with how Sabrina was feeling the need to be freed from constraints holding back her life and heart. It's a Bible verse Brad's father and grandfather used to periodically preach on—Colossians 4:3. Here the apostle Paul writes to a community of followers in Colossae. He prays for them as well as all the seekers, asking that the prison door be opened so they can be set free and have mystery revealed. Paul prays that the words be expressed and heard in a way that touches and opens the door of the heart. Here's the actual verse: "And pray for us, too, that God may open a door for our message, so that we may proclaim the mystery of Christ, for which I am in chains." The "mystery of Christ" can be understood as the utmost experience involving "the union of two natures, divine and human" (*John Gill's Exposition of the Bible*).

The first card in Sabrina's card deck is enumerated as the first letter of the alphabet, "A" rather than the number "1." The subsequent words then become numbers. That's the prayer's double layer message—transformation of the letter into "performance numbers." It's like praying, "May the way my voice's tone and beat, accompanied by my body's movement, convey the inspiration behind my spoken prayer so it can open the heart door and lead to the spiritually cooked stage." After you journey through these four instructional cards, turn them over to see their other side. Like the big room audience that is invisible, so are these instructions. In the big room theatre, they guide what you will do in the next round—something only ecstatically felt by the heart melt taking place in the heat.

Let us not forget Mother *Catherine* Seals of New Orleans who dressed in exotic robes with a key dangling from her waist. Over her robe was placed a sequined and beaded vestment with mystical drawings of “celestial objects, atmospheric occurrences like lightning, and concrete forms of astral projections and angelic beings, one of which is holding a sacred text.”²⁰ In the center is the figure of Jehovah, her spirit guide, the one who directs other how to enter the big room of her spiritual house, called “the Manger.” Her Jehovah is the spirit of Jesus in African form. The key around her waist was for opening the earthly doors so the saints could come in.

Mother Catherine’s services began with prayer words and turned to jazz, with her on the trombone. It was unheard of and heretical to hear jazz in the church until Mother Catherine came along. She opened the door with a man she called “Angel Gabriel,” a famous New Orleans trumpet player of Afro-Italian Creole descent, Ernie Cagnolatti, who was later featured every week at Preservation Hall. Her ceremonial gatherings started with the word but soon became a musical number that enabled others to feel they were among the counted when the saints go marchin’ in. At her funeral, a devoted follower proclaimed, “There will come a day when the sun will shine in the rain.”²¹ That day is now. Let us ecstatically sing and dance in the rain. Sabrina brought you a sanctified loaded deck—your future is aesthetically and ecstatically set if you follow the cards’ instructions.

Gypsy Card Reading: Wild West Fakery or Middle Wobble Reality?

Before receiving the reports from Amy and Sabrina, Brad had dreamed we were in the wild west, inside a Victorian saloon and theatre found in the old days of Tucson and Tombstone, Arizona:

There was a round table with a man and three women sitting around it, dressed in colorful theatrical attire that was like a blend of Victorian and gypsy styles. They claimed they could read the future. Hillary and I immediately could smell they were con artists. We nonetheless decided to check out how they performed their trickery and sat down to see them do their work. The man did all the fast talking while the ladies kept us distracted with their movements, acting like burlesque show girls. What the man said about fortune telling was voiced softly to assure I could not hear it. He looked authoritative but his words didn’t carry enough weight to be registered. This show was all about making the performance be what the customer wanted to see rather than evoking what feels numinously real—like a theatrical fantasy of a long-ago gambling card player blended with a slick talking fortune teller. These characters implied that to hear the more important stuff required paying more to go off to a secret room, away from others. I sensed the same kind of seduction that is used by a pimp, lap dancer, snake oil salesman, or pyramid sales pitcher that gets a sucker into the

²⁰ Margarita Simon Guillory, *Spiritual and Social Transformation in African American Spiritual Churches*, New York: Routledge, 2017.

²¹ p. 8 in https://www.hnoc.org/sites/default/files/quarterly/Quarterly_1999_66_Winter.pdf

back room where everyone pretends to feed a fantasy whose reality is complete superficiality.

In the dream, I stood up and shouted, “We’ve had enough. This con is like every other trickster promise offered in the west.” We stood up and started to walk away. I then stopped and turned around to say to the con artists, “Many years ago I started dreaming that many tiny Chinese paratroopers would land all over the world. The dream kept repeating itself for nearly two decades. Now I know it was a prophetic peek at the future—the pandemic with its viral paratroopers is now airborne. Every truth, past or future, belongs to the whole world. This includes whatever goes viral, from catastrophe to empty promises of good fortune.” I turned to Hillary and added, “It’s shocking how practically everything in the spiritual marketplace is a con, fake and dead. Too many folks formerly headed west to find gold, both material and spiritual. That includes the former summer of love. Let’s turn this around and continue going further east.”

I woke up remembering how such visionary instruction to go east frequently brought us to the Middle East, Turkey, or Romania with our far-on-the-outskirts spiritual mothers and roaming minstrels. The clothes they wore were made of many colors, as was their music and dance that went through the night. In the gypsy wobble of many theatrical hues, tones, rhythms, and moves, the future changes every time we revisit the past, as long as n/om gold is in hand, exchanged with a tremble that shakes our world. If you want the real home cooked meal, served syncretic (not synthetic) style, you are at the right kitchen. Fry it, then try it. Your soul will like its spice and ecstatic fire.

One more thing: before we went to sleep, Hillary read a passage from a book about the life of George Whitefield, the preacher who lit the fuse of the Great Awakening—the holy ghost explosion and fire that spread across early colonial America and Europe. As a young man, Whitefield felt he needed an ordination from the Bishop before he could fully step into his anointment to preach. He dreamed that the Bishop gave him some gold coins and offered to ordain him. In the dream Whitefield heard the clinking sound of the coins and remembered it upon waking. Not wanting to assume it was a prophecy of the future, Whitefield prayer hard about the vision but then put it out of his mind and forgot about it. Soon after, the Bishop called Whitefield to his house. He gave the young man five guineas to purchase a book, and when the Bishop handed him the coins, their jingling sound immediately reminded Whitefield of his dream. The Bishop then told Whitefield he wanted to ordain him, despite his young age. Amazed at the mystery at work, he got on his knees and thanked God that he’d never have to doubt about his mission.

We feel the same way Whitefield did with the many teachings and pointings that come from vision, later confirmed in everyday life. We know the visions that come down are real spiritual gold and that the highest theatre awaits you getting on its stage. This is not like an unreal fantasy of the wild west, the false hopes of the California gold rush, or the fake sales pitch of widespread new age spiritual materialism that spread across the western coast. The latest intertwining of three dreams confirms that while we work in a colorful gypsy-like parlor and step into many characters, we are in the big room theatre. There your future will change if you step onto its

vibrant stage and soulfully perform. The luminous, numinous spotlight will focus on evoking your new awakening. Your choice: trickster talk that has no action, or an uplifting, spirited performance for the new summer of aesthetically enacted, ecstatically embodied love.

As depicted in Amy's dream, the Guild is already gathering to perform with gypsy hues everywhere in sight. Here the right cards are not a deck of fortune telling cards. Sabrina's dream of a gypsy intensive further reveals that your cards have all the instructions you need to get on with the show. Wait no more, the ancestors are already being seated as the audience. Wobble in the turn-key Tur-key changing prayer that is in the middle wobble of Gypsy aesthetics and old school pyro-ecstatics. There are no more excuses for missing the boat, train, or mare ride to the other side. Your Membicaid ticket is in your hand with Tony by your side. The Life Force Theatre show is about to begin again, this time in fire-lit technicolor, double me stereo, wild east of west directionality, and pentadic five-dimensional staging.

Why Settle for One Character? Be the Whole Cast!

Brad dreamed we gave visionary advice for how to advance your newly assigned theatre life. It began with a recap and then brought something new:

We have already set the stage and recently advised that you need more heretical wordplay—a dose a day (or several per hour) keeps the cold piety and spiritual sobriety away. Remember that the name "Sacred Ecstatics" was also dipped into the changing wardrobe of the First Creation Life Force Theatre and re-emerged wearing a new double-sided costume: Aesthetic Ecstatics and Ecstatic Aesthetics. This led to our lighting director spotlighting the actor-nuclear-reactor-performer rather than the observer-informer-knower. Then came the Pentadic Light Ecstatic, a performance enhancement workout. Ride its track and soak in all its tasty reductions to make yourself more attuned and aligned with a broader range of expression. What's all this recent change in Sacred Ecstatics about? It's a journey to extreme love, embracing the Big Dada and Red Hot Mama Darling's – our new Sister Gertrude-inspired names for the Creator and Creatress on high! What must you do to reach your cabin's four-wall true north compass setting? Show biz has the hoofer answer: you are learning to sing and dance in the rain. Here ecstatic alchemy turns the blah, blah, blah, blues into the Kalahari bliss of God's piss.

How are you to do this? Shoot the n/om gun meant for you, that is, develop and use your gifts and do not reach too far beyond your range. Since there are two of you, this doubly means that big me must rein itself in while little me is free to do anything and everything on the numinous stage. The vastest theatre has an audience full of saints and its performers don't care how many walking dead 'ain'ts show up. To open the curtain and step into the action, you must welcome the whirling mystery explosion. Its fuse is lit with the two-prayer key, "Yes, Lord."

No more remorse for a wasted past career that forgot that life is a theatrical act; now only tap dance your staccato Morse code. Then slide with Jimmy Slyde across the Kalahari sandman veil, doing so on the legato. As the middle wobble shakes you free of accumulated Maya mummy wrappings, sing the jubilee set free

by your Mayan eraser: “Mezcal, that’s all!” You likely had forgotten that the spiritual world began with a vegetable deity. Spiritual agave brings the wallop and gallop of agape. Ask Wigram, custodian of the big wigwam. Inside his ineffable shaking tent your little me finds the character role that fits the big room show. We previously advised you to take on the acting part of a Sacred Ecstatics saint. Whether Mother Osumi, Father João, or another, catch the muse that knows how to light the fuse. That is, be caught by the feeling that inspired their life performance and then act accordingly until it comes on naturally, then spontaneously. This is seiki acting, intended to shoot n/om and fill the air with the spirit poured by the highest bartender.

Finally, some additional instruction came down: Don’t settle for one role or character. This is First Creation. Select a whole cast of saints and then use whichever one best fits each particular moment. Start with at least two or three. We personally live each day and night with the entire cast of Sacred Ecstatics, stepping in and out of this whole repertoire of acting personas from Wigram to Sister Gertrude, Valmour, Little Seagull Man, Mother Samuel, and more. When we step into the big room theatre with you, we spontaneously bring down and express one or more of these characters, depending on which one(s) seize us in the moment. You should start with a small cast and then later build it up after you feel you own the feeling for the members of that beginning troupe.

Let’s review again what you should be doing:

- *Make sure you have put up your summer theatre camp sign.

- *Stay inside the summer camp theatrical reality. Keep checking your list of props, list of prayer lines, and rubbing your H/SC coin that reminds you that you are a hooper and spiritual cooker.

- *Choose two or three Sacred Ecstatics characters (“saints”) to step into. You may wish to make one saint the primary role you will play. You likely will not know which one that is until you begin performing.

- *Enact the following performances while in-character:

- (1) Work the 2-word prayer key that gets your character into your cabin.

- (2) Work out with the pentadic light ecstatic—to catch the vibe, align and jibe with it. This helps you better turn your 2-word prayer key. It also puts your little me on stage at the summer camp barn theatre.

(3) Step into your chosen Sacred Ecstatics character(s) throughout the day as you conduct your regular tasks.

One more thing: do not reshape the characters to please your big me. Allow the characters to reshape you. Otherwise, it will feel phony and unreal to your mystical audience, even though it may please immobile mummies and quiet zombies. The experiment is for little me. Your big me has been hogging the stage for way too long, often playing a mismatched, unfit, and unlit role. Help your big shot producer accept that it is better suited for firing other guns and frying a different kind of fish. It is no longer the star of the show but assigned to the supporting cast or orchestra member, set builder, technical engineer, usher, or janitor.

Be careful: make sure any excitement to get on stage and act is not another hijack by big me, thinking it has just been given the big break it has been waiting for. How will you know for sure? You won't, so you'll have to perform anyway. Non-action is another trickster scheme to remain in charge. Remember that absurdity helps that huffer-puffer take a prat fall, allowing your little me hooper understudy to take the lead.

The summer camp now has opened its barn theatre doors for summer productions. Practice your performance chops, learn your lines, expand your range of expression, and learn how to turn any blah into an ecstatic awe. That's acting. If you wait to feel it, you will never learn how to act and be in the show. Act in order to feel the character come to life. It's that basic. No more non-Morse remorse or big me mourning when you can now telegraph Mark Twain and stand on his porch and sing, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." Speaking of Mark Twain, feel free to take on his role, this time riding back on a comet to tinker with his history in order to change his acting. Add a dot or dash of Pointer Warren to him or brand his soul with the Kalahari fire of Mother Twa and /Kunta Boo. Ladies and gentlemen (and critters, too) this is a theatre that resides in First Creation. Wobble, then topple any former cold, stale, and life choking role. Ask little me to make a comeback and then direct big me to sit in the back row until it has been assigned a new supporting part. Be the whole cast of Sacred Ecstatics characters on the ecstatic soul cooking stage that is found at the summer camp theatre in the Ouroborean round.

C.M.C. Gives an Acting Lesson

In the visionary realm, C. M.C. gave an acting lesson. She provided a deeper, behind the curtain analysis of what happens before the pinnacle experience of sacred ecstasy:

Phase 1:

The walls around you start to crumble as conventional reality—the audience's view—reveals itself as a trickster production, constructed in a prefabricated small room that places you in an experiential straitjacket with all higher sense and perception filtered, misaligned, or covered up. Recall the scene in "Singing in the Rain" when the silent movie star (big me) stands in front of the curtain and only moves her lips while Debbie Reynold (little me), hidden behind the curtain, is

the one actually singing. When the curtain is opened during the performance, you discover what you thought was true is actually a deception. This is the moment when you are no longer comfortable believing anything you think you see, hear, or feel.

You start asking, “What’s behind the curtain?” Soon you pledge to forever stop naively believing that action follows perception. Instead, you realize that what you perceive is a result of how you act. However, the next mind blower is far more volatile and explosive—you begin to ask what is behind all the curtains of every construed theatrical reality. Now you’re truly reaching for the other side, “the veil behind which nature hides her secrets.” You begin to see how trickster puts up one false curtain after another, tricking you into thinking you have met the true singer when in fact it is yet another mirage.

In other words, behind Debbie Reynolds is found Donald O’Connor, then Gene Kelly, and behind him is Mr. Ed, the talking horse, and so forth until all the imposter deities show up taking their turn portraying the Wizard of Oz. This is the unravelling of Maya’s many layers. Use your Mayan eraser and uncover the over-dressed forms. Bit by bit, the world as you formerly knew it and uncritically accepted it is found to be based on cornerstones that, despite their differences, have one thing in common: they all lack n/om.

As you go further into the depths you feel more related to everyone—saints and sinners, criminals and do-gooders. You feel how everyone struggles in what is a much bigger mess of constrictiveness, coldness, and deathliness than you realized. Everyone, as you notice like never before, is living in a mutually shared tiny big me container, room, or theatre. Behind all the names, frames, and forms, however, is a force, an “irresistible force.” As I said it long ago:

An irresistible force was to be aroused which should, with mighty throes, rend the veil behind which nature hides her secrets . . . I had been living on the surface; now I was going into the depths, and as I went deeper and deeper the barriers which had separated me from my fellow men were broken down, the sense of kinship with every living creature had deepened...

Phase 2:

Now you enter into the middle wobble of the benevolent double mind, the living koan that precedes the leap into “the force” that lies beyond every curtain and trickster mirage. This is when the whirl and big bang explosion are felt, announcing the noisy and chaotic entry to the other side. You are doubly caught and doubly burdened by the madness, sadness, and suffering bred by ignorant action, yours included. You ask whether there is any escape. Finally, you accept the newly found truth that you are living in too small a room and have outgrown its shell. You desperately feel the need for a larger life in a bigger space. You experience a more elevated yearning and pulling, the tug toward a deep, high, and vastly extreme love.

This is what I was trying to say before when I spoke with Dr. Bucke who wrote that book on *Cosmic Consciousness*. Before I repeat these words again, I want to say that I was not happy with the well-intentioned psychiatrist’s choice of title and that most of the testimonies he collected pointed more to the contemplating head rather than the ecstatic heart. But what was a Victorian woman to do when white collars and starched pants were too stiff to move with the depths of

Mother Nature? Listen again, this time with the two of you trying to catch the doubleness required to fry and fly:

...so that I was oppressed with a double burden. Was I never to know rest or peace again? . . . The pain and tension deep in the core and centre of my being was so great that I felt as might some creature which had outgrown its shell, and yet could not escape . . . it was a great yearning—for freedom, for larger life—for deeper love. There seemed to be no response in nature to that infinite end.

Phase 3:

You eventually hit the tipping point where you no longer believe in any behind-the-scenes or front-of-the-curtain delusion. You also realize that every “cosmic consciousness” revelation is an imaginary production if it lacks the rapturous explosion of a full body, deep love immersion. You exhaust trying to solve the riddle of Sphinx with the former means of trickster hijinks. Instead of looking behind each curtain, you jump on stage and become an actor. You do so because you are struck with a lightning bolt of faith that there is a role for you, a talent within you, and that your special action rather than recycled knowing is the way out of the observing-assessing-obsessing room whose shell makes you feel you are in hell. In truth, you are in shell. Only after you hit bottom hard enough to crack do you feel totally broken, like a dismembered shaman of old. Just when you think there’s nothing left to be broken, you hear a theatrical director say, “Go break a leg!”

Spontaneously, you surrender and let tender little me leap to the stage. In this crossing over from informer to performer, you are able to say, with the right tone and soulful beat, what you deeply feel: “The Power in whose hands I am may do with me *as it will!*” Under higher theatrical direction, big me lets go of the reins as it feels more “subdued with a curious, growing strength in [its] weakness.” The moment you let go of big me, little me exclaims while singing and dancing in the rain, “The show must go on!” That’s when you become the hooper you were born to be. Listen again to how I first described this:

The great tide swept on uncaring, pitiless, and strength gone, every resource exhausted, nothing remained but submission. So I said: There must be a reason for it, a purpose in it, even if I do not grasp it. The Power in whose hands I am may do with me as it will! It was several days after this resolve before the point of complete surrender was reached . . . At last, subdued with a curious, growing strength in my weakness, I let go of myself!

Bonus Acting Practice:

You are invited to try playing the role of C.M.C. First perform the following script with little me on your inside stage until you catch the emotion. Then let big me perform it as you record it and later critically listen, noting when you overshoot, undershoot, or miss the mark with the tones, rhythmic meter, movements, and emotion. Repeat to make your production sound and feel better aligned with a convincing portrayal. This is acting—aiming to bring a character to life with

action rather than knowing alone. This is the tinkering of Sacred Ecstatics experimentation, where you value rather than resist the errors, mishaps, and misfires that comprise the absolutely needed trial and error guiding the development of an actor seeking the performance chops to step into higher cooked roles. Here's the script:

An irresistible force was to be aroused which should, with mighty throes, rend the veil behind which nature hides her secrets . . . I had been living on the surface; now I was going into the depths, and as I went deeper and deeper the barriers which had separated me from my fellow men were broken down, the sense of kinship with every living creature had deepened, so that I was oppressed with a double burden. Was I never to know rest or peace again? . . . The pain and tension deep in the core and centre of my being was so great that I felt as might some creature which had outgrown its shell, and yet could not escape . . . it was a great yearning—for freedom, for larger life—for deeper love. There seemed to be no response in nature to that infinite end. The great tide swept on uncaring, pitiless, and strength gone, every resource exhausted, nothing remained but *submission*. So I said: There must be a reason for it, a purpose in it, even if I do not grasp it. The Power in whose hands I am may do with me *as it will!* It was several days after this resolve before the point of complete surrender was reached . . . At last, subdued with a curious, growing strength in my weakness, *I let go of myself!*

**The Hammerhead Shark, Two Airport Lines,
and The Stadium Whose Stairs Cannot Be Climbed by Everyone**

Before going to sleep, Hillary felt anxious and worried about earthly matters beyond her control. With her heart beating fast, it was impossible to sleep. She reached for one of her go-to prayers, Psalm 23:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me . . .

After cooking these lines a few times, my body and heart found peace. I marveled at the power of prayer for a moment before drifting into sleep. Not long after, I entered a strange dream. I was with Brad in a house I didn't recognize. We were in the upstairs bathroom which had pale blue tile floors and white porcelain

fixtures. Brad said, “A man brought us this gift.” He pointed to the bathtub. I looked down and was shocked to see a hammerhead shark that had been caught and placed there for us. It was dead, lying belly up. The ends of each side of its long head, where the eyes are located, had been sawed off. It was clear that the people who brought us the shark knew what they were doing and had cut the eyes off for a particular reason. I guessed that it was in preparation for cooking it, but also wondered if the eyes had been removed for a ceremony that took place before I saw the shark. Not used to being around large dead wildlife, I was taken aback at the sight. It was also apparent that I was expected to figure out how to clean it, chop it up, and use it for something, which seemed to include eating the rest of it. Startled by the raw and gory scene, as well as the sudden sense of responsibility for making use of this gift, I woke up.

Now feeling anxious and uneasy from the dream, I turned again to Psalm 23. Like before, it brought me instant comfort and I soon drifted off to sleep. This time I dreamed I was at an airport with Brad and several other people we were traveling with, including my late father. The airport was extremely crowded with many people lined up at the ticket counters with their luggage. The scene was total chaos and I worried whether we would make our flight. As we got closer to the front, I noticed that there were actually two different lines and two counters, though there were no signs to direct people where to go—everything was disorganized. I overheard someone mention something about the importance of getting in the right line and I realized that I had no idea if we were in the correct one. There was no staff directing the mass of people and I grew frustrated and annoyed that an airport would allow such confusion. Feeling angry and anxious about the whole scenario, I woke up.

Again, I prayed Psalm 23. This time I fell back to sleep even more quickly than before and had a third dream. Someone invited Brad and I, along with several other people, to enjoy VIP access to an event held in a large stadium. I was unsure if it was a concert or a sports game. The man who invited us, who I didn’t know, recommended that I invite my mother. Having not seen her for several months, I thought it was a good idea. Brad and I arrived at the stadium early and waited for my mother who was going to join us later. We followed the special group of people to our VIP area, which I soon discovered required walking up several flights of stairs. The stairs and stairwell were concrete and painted white. Immediately I realized there was no elevator and that my mother, who is not physically able to climb stairs, would never be able to join us. I was disappointed that the organizer hadn’t warned us that there were no elevators, but then I remembered that people often don’t think of such things. I knew my mother would be arriving soon, and I worried about what I would do with her. In my mind’s eye, I imagined showing my mother to another room to watch the entertainment, although the sight of her sitting alone in a room made me sad and didn’t feel right. Before I could come up with a solution, I woke up.

The next morning we discovered that the hammerhead shark is sacred throughout the South Pacific's indigenous cultures—a kind of sea god. When dreamed by the Maori of New Zealand, it generally means that these spiritual beings are watching over you, providing protection and strength. In Hawaiian culture, sharks are “regarded as spirits of half-human beings which, rendered strong by prayer and sacrifice, take up their abode in some shark body and act as supernatural counselors to their kin, who accordingly honor them as household divinities.”²² In most cases, *aumākua* (family deities) are ancestors, a result of a deceased member of the family who returns in other forms, in a kind of rebirth.²³ Some Hawaiian chiefs were believed to have acquired their premonition of future events by consuming the eyes of a great white shark.²⁴ “Many Maui natives believe that when the hammerhead sharks pass by, it is a sign that the gods are watching over the families, and the oceans are clean and balanced.”²⁵

Kapuna (Elder) Kahu (Rev.) Charles Kauluwehi Maxwell, Sr., also called “Uncle Charlie,” explains that their ancestors could mate with the gods and become protectors. These hybrid ancestor-gods (*aumākua*) come when a family relative strongly prays for help. “As gods and relatives in one, they give us strength when we are weak, warning when danger threatens, guidance in our bewilderment, inspiration in our arts.”²⁶ They infuse one of three kinds of spiritual energy in the family relative needing help, depending on what is needed. One of the energies enables superhuman physical strength in cases of an emergency (like lifting a vehicle to save someone), another energy form enables a sick person to rise from bed and do the household chores, and the final energy converts a mediocre performer into a masterful one. Traditionally, all great dance performances and successful fishing trips, among other life outcomes, were attributed to an *aumākua* and were accordingly thanked.

One of the fascinating things about a hammerhead shark is its extraordinary eyesight that provides a 360-degree view. In addition, they have a unique kind of sensory cell that enables them to sense electrical fields emitted by other living creatures and to discern the magnetic pulses of the earth, allowing them to accurately know where they are in the sea. It conducts the energy of electrical and magnetic fields. What a perfect choice of spiritual creature to provide clarity about the non-foreseeable future and a direct sensitivity to God's electricity and magnetism.

Hillary prayed for help as she worried about what the future holds, and a hammerhead shark was gifted to us. Its eyes were removed, presumably to both highlight the shark's gift of incredible sight, as well as the necessity to not focus so much on what is seen with the eyes. The shark was meant to be ceremonially used and consumed so that we could own its spiritual sight as well as its fine discernment of electrical and magnetic fields. In addition, its protective powers would also more deeply sink in. Traditionally, the animal that is a family totem is never eaten. However, in various cultures around the world, when an animal's powers are given to someone,

²² Martha Warren Beckwith, “Hawaiian Shark Aumākua,” *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 19, 1917, p. 508.

²³<https://theculturetrip.com/north-america/usa/hawaii/articles/why-sharks-are-highly-respected-in-hawaiian-culture/>

²⁴ <http://the.honoluluadvertiser.com/article/2004/Sep/28/il/il06a.html>

²⁵ Ibid.

²⁶ George Hu'e'u Kanahale and George S. Kanahale, *Ku Kanaka'ā Stand Tall: A Search for Hawaiian Values*, University of Hawaii Press, 1986, p. 83.

its flesh is sometimes taken into the initiate's body—like the ancient Hawaiian chiefs who ate the great white shark's eyes to acquire visionary premonition.

Brad, in his many adventures and experiences with secret initiations around the world, also found that violating a Second Creation totem taboo is sometimes a means of spiritual transmission and ritualistic admission to First Creation (always overseen by wisdom elders). The digestion of one form by another is also how an ancestor may become a protective spirit. For example, In the old days among indigenous Hawaiians, the body of an ancestor was fed to the sharks in order for the combination of spirit and flesh to create an aumākua. In Hillary's dream, the spiritual power of the aumākua was to be imparted by preparing and cooking it for ritualistic consumption, which is something Brad has experienced among several healing cultures throughout the world.

Hillary's next dream was of her father. As a side note, when he was a young man in the late 50s he was in the Navy in San Diego. It's possible the myth of the hammerhead shark's magical and protective powers had spread throughout the nautical world and that he met a sailor or two with a hammerhead tattoo. Hillary's father actually had a nautical tattoo on his right arm that depicted a ship's anchor. He also had a special knack for sewing up wounds so he was assigned to work as a Naval medic and encouraged to go to medical school, but he didn't want to. During that time he became a skilled "pool shark" who made money on the side betting he could win a game of pool.

In her dream, she and her father were at an airport in a state of disorganization and rampant confusion. This feels a lot like the United States right now during the pandemic. Each day we feel increasingly angry and frustrated that leaders have dropped the ball for no logical reason, creating total disorganization and chaos that could have been easily prevented by simply fulfilling their responsibilities and being rational. Most of us are not sure what to do or where to go when it comes to preparing for the future that awaits after the pandemic. Even more menacing than the virus is the rising tide of fascism and the flood of white supremacist propaganda fomenting increasing hatred and a lust for violence.

At the airport, Hillary faced a choice of gate—which line she would get in. All of us face that crossroads. Will you follow the masses who emphasize whether to accept or reject a political leader, or will you join the line of saints that are marching to a higher, vaster room? Choose which saints to hang out with. If you are with an ancestor who has come back to protect and empower you, you will feel strong enough to rise against the ongoing tide of evil in all its ugly forms. The ancestor may arrive in an old form you remember, like Hillary saw her father at the airport. Perhaps he came back, now having graduated from a spiritual medical school, ready to heal Hillary with a hammerhead shark left in our tub—the same exact place where former spiritual mothers from New Orleans did their mystical doctoring with healing salt, water, and other tonics.

Ancestral help may also arrive looking more like it did in Hillary's first dream—a gift from the sea ready to be turned into a new kind of First Creation spiritual meal that provides greater sight and electrical-magnetic sensation. Trust that the perfectly designed and well-matched doctors and medicines are on the main line. Dial them up and tell them you are in need of higher intervention and better conduction. And don't forget that this is not the time to make a decision based on fear or even logic, because there are no obvious visible signs telling you where to go. It is time to step into a new role and joyfully follow the saints, mothers, and fathers who can drop down from the sky or arise from the sea whenever needed.

In the final dream, we were invited to join a VIP group at a large stadium event. One source of our personal family humor comes from our son, Scott, who likes to invite us to big events and provide us VIP access. At a professional sporting event, we walk on the field and mingle with the stars who are his friends. It has become as hilarious as it is wonderful for us to embark on these celebrity adventures. Being VIP's is a running joke in our family. In the dream, we were familiar with the VIP passage as a family code word for "getting into the special room."

Hillary's mother was also invited and in our excitement for her inclusion, we had not considered whether the passageway would be possible for her. Hillary's mother is not physically able to climb. In addition, these were white stairs, a sign of spiritual passage. Her mother's saturation in Trump-oriented politics infused daily by Fox News (Brad calls it "hate heroin") is a constant challenge to us. Many people today have neighbors or family members who are also caught up in an authoritarian ideology that is toxic and leading the world to its greatest ecological disaster. In the dream, we wanted Hillary's mom to climb the holy stairs to the upper room, but we knew for certain that, in her current state, she is not able to do so. It leaves us sad and uncertain what to do about this tragedy with our loved ones—how to relate to them and how to help them climb higher. This is one of the most heartbreaking challenges of our time, even more anxiety provoking and confusing than the pandemic: How do spiritually cooked people and luminous stair climbers relate to those sitting in a small room consuming white supremacist, homophobic, every-man-for-himself propaganda?

Perhaps the hammerhead shark can protect us from the insanity of Sean Hannity. We desperately need 360-degree spiritual vision and the help of former relatives who have mated with the gods and are ready to answer our prayers with extra sight, strength, and protection. If you're going to swim among the sharks, make sure they are hammerheads. It takes a hammer to drive in the n/om nails, the only medicine that can show us where to go and empower our climb. Don't forget that an alternating prayer current with its constantly changing form, voltage, and amperage is what brings the charge, takes care of the need, and waters the inner seed.

***Sync or Swim:
On Stage or Not, You Are Always Acting***

In a vision we were shown how Guild members choose to relate to the ongoing experiments and visionary classroom deliveries:

We sat in a movie theatre and watched a documentary film depicting the two main temporal ways Guild members engage with what comes down the visionary pipeline. We initially observed ourselves conducting our daily writing and recording, doing our best to post each visionary classroom report within six to twenty-four hours after receiving it. The scene then changed and revealed how various Guild members are managing to keep up on a daily basis. The film showed that some people set aside a few minutes to read every report the day it is posted and, if there are any recommendations for experiment alterations, they immediately implement them. Other people let the reports pile up and read them all in one or two sittings, or only end up reading a few. Some people procrastinate their experimental action, so they are always trying to catch up.

Then a voice came over the loudspeaker in the movie theatre. It asked us, “Is it better for Guild members to be in sync or out of sync with this mystical adventure?” We felt there was no clear answer and replied, “We aren’t sure either is better.”

The voice laughed and then said something we want to pass on to you: “If you stay aligned with the temporal flow of the teachings, experiments, and modifications, the journey feels less blurry and whirly, but nonetheless will still be visited by unsettling winds blowing through from time to time. In real time, each new teaching feels more connected to what came before it and what comes after. However, if you wait to read the teachings and put off the experimental action, you end up with more items in the air all at once. While this may breed a sense of less order and more chaos, it has the benefit of not creating the illusion of a neat and lineal order. On the other side of the veil, time remains eternal. All the teachings from there have already happened and are waiting for us to pluck them. Keep in mind that these future teachings which have already been cast are subject to change based on present action, as well as visits back in time that alter the past.”

“One kind of serious Guild member is more likely to keep up on a daily basis, spending at least 10-15 minutes each day to read the latest entry. Another dedicated person will allow an hour for study and practice, and sometimes more. Incidentally, this is the same measure of time given by members of spiritual traditions who arrange a daily time for study and practice. Those digging deeper roots and hoping to grow a more bountiful spiritual garden will fill every free choice moment with this work and play, and find more ways to intermittently infuse Sacred Ecstasies into the gaps of every day. In addition, they take time to circle back and read whole sequences of teachings and experimental findings, sometimes finding that their relationship to them has changed. Each day also hosts tinkering action with the numinous where any noteworthy results are recorded. That’s a true experimenter in action.”

We then discussed with this teacher on high that a Guild member is completely free to choose how they participate—where, when, how often, and in what ways. This choice also applies to whether you want to be a better stage actor, set designer, music orchestrator, usher, or audience member—they are all acting roles. Brad once went to a theatre in New York and the most memorable performance of the night was delivered by the wildly enthusiastic usher who seated him.

Suddenly, we were interrupted as the whole Guild began filing into the movie theatre. We then stood and addressed the group, using the opportunity to make sure everyone understood they are free to make their own choice regarding participation:

“There are no mandatory requirements, nor are there any grades given here. Whether you choose to sit in the balcony, an orchestra seat, or stand on stage is a personal choice. For those of you who are audience members, some of you choose to clap, and some of you choose to remain silent and invisible. If you

choose an acting career and then don't act, that is your choice. If you prefer to act without variation rather than seek the errors that promote self-correction—that, too, is your choice. The same applies to resisting or utilizing a seasoned theatre director's advice. How you study, practice, tinker, and change is your choice—whether to be or not to be in step with the main line of progression or to juggle everything accumulated at the same time. Finally, remember that our present experimentation is about sharpening your *performance* by stepping into the role of a chosen character. The current mission, should you choose to accept it, is to practice your performance and perform your practice.”

The teacher, who we now recognized as a syncretic blend of every saint in the Sacred Ecstatics pantheon, added something else to our mystical, musical, danceable, theatrical laboratory: “The experiments of Sacred Ecstatics are not about finding the never changing formula that always works, a recycled reduction that unfailingly sets you on fire so you can cease all spiritual effort. Such a thing does not exist. The experiments are about your learning how to enact and tinker with whatever mystical instruction comes down the pipeline. They each bring a transformed way of moving through the three-step recipe for lighting a fire and catching the extreme love that will make your summer hotter.”

If there is ever a day when you don't feel like doing a Sacred Ecstatics experiment, reading, or riding an ecstatic track, then consider a different kind of withdrawal, negation, or protest. Refuse to perform but do so more creatively, for experimental theatrical reasons. This paradoxically places you in a live relationship with what is coming down the mystical pipeline. You then might accidentally catch the feeling for a new acting career by the innovative way you invent to refuse lighting the performance fuse.”

“Professional actors do not say before the play begins, ‘I don't feel like King Lear tonight. Or, ‘I don't feel like Juliet expressing love to Romeo.’ They act to feel like those characters when it is time for the play to go on. The same is true for the actors of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. Learn how to act differently in order to make the spark that leads to a fire breathing Ouroborean performer, an ecstatic reformer of room expansion and temperature elevation. You will always go back and forth between being in and out of sync. But you can aim to always be in sync with what it takes to become an actor for the Big Goddas, rather than a prone-to-*nap-rather-than-zap* observer who ponders and wonders why they don't feel anything. ‘I already know what works for me,’ are the cold words of someone too long out of the fire. Not knowing what will work next is a better sign of a more accomplished cooker, change baker, and true ‘thy grill be done’ master. A dot and dash of improvisation keeps the original composition reborn.”

“If you choose to ‘cook rather than look,’ it means making the improvised changes until the ingredients start to ecstatically blend! The secret to performing a cooked prayer and becoming cooked by prayer is learning how to make *any* words sound and feel hallowed rather than acoustically hollow and annoyingly hollered. Remember that the present Pentadic Light Ecstatic experiment was born from its two-word prayer key, “Yes, Lord,” and then later tinkers with variant

forms of words and sounds that enable cooking chops to be acquired, only to return again to the cornerstone from which it came.

“Be an actor and learn not only the lines, but how to convey them with n/om that has no need for words. If you can’t feel the Big Dada and Red Hot Mama Darlings near when praying ‘1, 2, 3’ or ‘dot, dot, dot dash!’ then you won’t be able to make any prayer line heat up. Recitation of old prayers quickly goes stale unless they have the changing tones, rhythms, and movements that wake them up. To learn the latter, discover how to convert unexpected and normally presumed non-sacred words into red hot prayers, that is, heat seeking and n/om attracting incantations. This is alchemically converting lead words into aesthetic, ecstatic spiritual gold.”

Adding to the words spoken in the vision, we end by inviting you to recognize that performing in The Life Force Theatre is one of the most authentically shamanic things you can do. Being a shaman is not closing your eyes and imagining spiritual encounters while pretending your trickster rope isn’t bending the truth. It is transforming Tony, two bears, and a mare into a theatrical world that *feels* more real than real. The wizardry tools you need are found in London’s West End and New York City’s Broadway, not in the wild west fantasy of fast food, quick trip spirituality. Now, it’s time to make the little me hookup with some Sacred Ecstatics saints and step into your new roles. This is your final instruction: Act! And act like you mean it and feel it, praying to nail it and cook it. This is the new summer performance of extreme love. It requires extreme action. Tell big me to rein in the shun, so little me can shout, ACTION!

Long Distance Rope Synchrony

Brad had a dream that he met Johannes, the Austrian Guild member we call Thunder Shock, based on a vision Johannes had last year. Brad immediately sent him a report of what he dreamed:

Dearest Brother Thunder Shock,

Last night I dreamed that you came to me and asked, “Should I only work on Sacred Ecstatics with my friends or should I work on it by myself?” I said, “It doesn’t matter. Do whatever you feel is more needed.”

Love,
Brad

He wrote back:

Dearest Brother,

Thank you! Yes, I was wondering yesterday if I should share Sacred Ecstatics more openly in the work with the guys. Even more interesting, this early morning I felt

the wish to spiritually travel after reading about João telling you that he will fly to you in the spirit when needed. So I got a rosary and prayed how I imagined him praying.

Love,
Johannes

When two or more people share a synchronous mystical experience like this, it brings a wonderful confirmation that the rope is alive, well, and strong. It also brings encouragement to more deeply commit to traveling on the mystical highways and telephone lines that are empowered by and aligned with prayer power. Spiritually cooked elders are able to pick up another person's numinous signal, if the ancestral telephone operators let it go through.

Thunder Shock also beautifully enacted our current experiment in performing the role of a Sacred Ecstatics saint. In this case, Brazilian healer João Fernandes de Carvalho. His living rope connection with Brad helped him catch Brad's rope hookup with João, which he then put into his prayer act, even acquiring the right mystical prop of holding a rosary. As always, a gift for one is a gift for the whole community. Let us celebrate that the summer camp rope lines are alive and well in First and Second Creation. Let's sync and swim! That's the changing chorus line.

Fire and Music Help the Medicine Go Down and the Spirit Go Up

Last night Brad dreamed he took a journey with Mark Cuban, the American multi-billionaire and host of the television reality show called, "Shark Tank." Though we have never watched it, we heard it is a show about giving budding entrepreneurs a chance to make their fortune. Mark Cuban is also a friend and cheerleader of our son, Scott (AKA DJ Skee) and produced his former television show, "Skee Live." Here's what happened in the dream:

Mark Cuban picked me up in his fancy car, a souped-up, super-charged Bentley. He floored it and I soon felt like we were going supersonic (my son likes to terrorize me this way with his race cars). Though such vehicular momentum usually scares the living hell out of me, this time I shockingly had no fear. I became more relaxed the faster he drove. Up ahead I saw a dock by the ocean. There was a ramp on its edge, so I knew we were going to fly into the air. Sure enough, we drove all the way to the end of the dock and were launched into the air, traveling far until finally landing on a barge anchored in the distance. We arrived like a military jet would land on an aircraft carrier.

On the barge was Mr. Cuban's house. It had an incredibly designed entrance gate, a postmodern metal-fashioned deconstruction of an old Japanese entrance. It looked like a gigantic wave. We entered into his living room that was rectangular—long but narrower than I would prefer. I scanned the room to see if there was a grand piano because surely a wealthy person who could afford anything would have a great American or German Steinway, an Austrian Bosendorfer, or an Italian Fazioli. There was no piano to be seen anywhere and I felt disappointed.

Mr. Cuban guided me down the long room and we finally turned left to enter his kitchen which was the biggest room in the house. He pointed to a pile of exotic herbs and ingredients on the counter and said, “I have the recipe for the medicine everyone is looking for.” I wasn’t sure what he was talking about—was it the cure for the Coronavirus pandemic or the answer to how to succeed in business? Then I realized it was both. He started to mix the ingredients together and all I could do was continue looking to see if there was a piano in the house. It disturbed me that I could not find one anywhere. In my search and unfulfilled longing, I forgot about his medicine. Then I woke up.

Lying in the dark, I then started hearing the same words and music I experienced the night before—what would become the next ecstatic track that we planned to record the next day. It frequently happens that we make tracks out of the musical arrangement and words I hear in the middle of the night. After a while I fell asleep again.

I found myself back in Mark Cuban’s kitchen, as if I had never left. He had finished preparing the medicine and it seemed like he hadn’t noticed my absence. He handed it to me and in that instant, I realized how so many people, and wealthy people in particular, are looking for the herbs, supplements, and medicines that will keep them in top physical, mental form, increasing their odds of living longer. And if it added an enhancement that could help them be a success, all the better. I found I had no interest in his medicine but was still flooded with an urgently felt need to find a piano. I took one look at the medicine and threw it on his stove where it immediately burst into flames. At the top of my lungs I shouted, “I need the medicine of song and dance, the fire of the muse that lights the theatrical fuse. It makes every moment last forever!” This woke me up.

As I soaked in this visionary teaching, I laughed that I had been offered a different kind of shark medicine—the one everyone thinks they are looking for to help them heal or be protected from disease or live forever (our son told us that Mark Cuban takes every medicine and treatment there is because “he wants to live forever”). Most people don’t pray for an eyeless hammerhead shark to land in their tub. But the healing and transforming mojo you are looking for is something that must be brought by the ancestors and gods rather than purchased in the “wellness” marketplace. The ineffable ones know better what your soul needs. You need the fire and the explosion that lights the stage of the next Life Force Theatre production. Hillary’s hammerhead shark is from First Creation, not a cubed house on a barge whose room is too small and missing a grand piano.

Medicines from the other side are designed to hammer in the n/om nails and leave health and wealth as ultimately a matter of God’s business. Whether a medicine comes from the spirit or an herbalist, and no matter the shark involved, it needs music to bring its secrets through. You need theatrical chops to get the vehicle moving faster and faster to take the performance leap and land somewhere in the sea (thank you, Fred Astaire now driving a Bentley). There you’ll find the custodians of good and varying fortunes from past and present. They may be able to start the blend but the medicine is impotent without a big room, heat,

and music. You must know what to do when the shark gifts and medicines arrive. They need to be thrown toward the heat so an ecstatic fire can break out. Then you have to find the instrument the fire was designed to inspire you to play.

The next morning, we found this dream report from Agnes in Budapest. She had travelled to another classroom and received a similar teaching:

I was at my grandparents' house. The white stove was pushed to the middle of the kitchen and this seemed very strange to me. Suddenly my late grandmother, a professional cook, stood in front of me. She opened the oven door and pointed inside, saying, "I baked these for you!" I looked inside and was quite surprised. I saw three long and twisted pogácsas, the salty Hungarians scones with a tasty mix of potatoes, cottage cheese, pumpkin seeds, paprika—something really delicious. But these ones were very different from the usual ones. They looked exhausted. Each one appeared like a dancing figure who was tired and spent after a long night. They were also squeezed and twisted, swimming in some kind of greasy oil. I didn't understand what was going on. I felt like I was in a garage scene smelling motor oil. I didn't know what to do. Then my grandmother warmly advised, "Take these with you!" I woke up puzzled by the dream. Later, I remembered that five years ago—in another dream—my grandmother had cryptically said to me, "Don't worry, my Rose, I will bake all these pastries again for you. But make sure you throw all of them in the fire!"

Hillary brought down the shark medicine a few days ago. It spread inside our house and then as far away as Budapest, where it awakened other ancestors and friends of other family members to pass on First Creation transforms of unusually prepared mojo medicine. No matter the form in which it arrives, or how it gets mixed, baked, or prepared, don't only take it for medical treatment, psychological mood alteration, or career elevation. The long and twisted pogácsas remind us that both a line and twisting circularities are interwoven and that there is no better sign of having been spiritually cooked than seeing a worn-out dancer who ecstatically spent the night near the fire. Smelling like oil, true mojo is highly flammable—ready to set another fire. Throw the medicine in the fire and then head to your instrument and act, whether it's a piano, writing pen, paint brush, hammer, or whatever.

Each of you can benefit from all the medicines delivered by three dreamers. The blend of hammerhead-herbs-pogácsa provides protection from shark infested waters, herbs that perturb the stubborn norms that hold you back, and an ecstatically flammable form of holy bread. Partake and then take action now. Do not lament any formerly missed performances, and do not wait until you think you have better understanding. Take the medicine, worry not, leap past normality, and set the fire. Only then can you hear both sides of the ocean shout, "This show has really begun." Do you hear the ancestors break into applause when you act more like them? If you do, then continue on with the show. If you don't hear or feel them, then continue on with the show until you do.

Meeting Sister Gertrude and Willie Mae Ford Smith

Brad dreamed that we went to an old black church, probably somewhere in New Orleans:

The two-story building was old, in need of extensive repair, and the white paint on the exterior had nearly chipped entirely away. Upstairs was a classroom where a small group of approximately twenty people were gathered. We were impressed that the ceiling was very tall and the space wide open. In the middle were chairs around four tables that formed a square. To our left was a middle aged white man who was there to discuss the history of independent African American spiritual mothers in New Orleans and other places in the Deep South.

The man looked like a blend of two people I knew in the past—a pianist who had absolutely no soul in his rhythm and a preacher who was equally soulless in his tone, though he postured like he was spiritually hip. Posing as a well-informed teacher who was as blah as it gets, he was waxing on about Sister Gertrude Morgan. He clearly had not caught the same sacred emotion that had inspired her life. I bent over and whispered to Hillary, “He seems to have caught *his own feeling* for who Sister Gertrude was.”

The man thought he was imparting knowledge to an uninformed group. He had not noticed that, with the exception of Hillary and I, everyone else was an elder black woman dressed in white. To our right sat the oldest woman and she kept her eye on how Hillary and I were experiencing the whole situation. Like I have done before at conferences and public gatherings, I finally interrupted the man’s presentation and announced, “I am sorry to interrupt, but I must set you straight. Sister Gertrude played a variety of musical instruments and could blend many different kinds of music. She was more interesting than the person you portray.”

Hillary and I then broke into the kind of singing and praying that Sister Gertrude performed, feeling a rope to her manner of spirited expression and soulful being. In this heated cooking, we felt that we intimately knew her in-the-spirit. The man was clearly guessing what Sister Gertrude had been like based on what had been written by other equally lost writers. Knowing he was confused by how we had this additional information, I spontaneously blurted out, “A new book on her life came out last week. It is over 500 pages in length, almost 600 pages.” The man was not upset. He ran over to us and kissed me, so thrilled that there was a new book he could read. He ran out of the room, unable to acquire the book fast enough.

We turned to face the group of women and there, standing next to us, was the elder woman who had been watching us closely. In a flash, as if struck by lightning, we knew who she was—it was Sister Gertrude Morgan. Before we could say a word, she hugged us and replied, “I’m so happy you said what you did. I really don’t like his kind of talk.” We began to tremble and rejoice that this was no ordinary classroom—it was on the other side and we were with an ancestor we adore. Wanting to get a good look at our spiritual mother, we focused on her face

and saw that she went back and forth between looking like the old gospel singer, Willie Mae Ford Smith, and the image we have of Sister Gertrude in the photograph mounted on our living room wall. “Take a good look,” she said. Sometimes she was an indistinguishable blur and at other times she looked either like her old self or Willie Mae. We didn’t know what to think about her wobbling image. She replied, “Our true spiritual self is an always a changing blend of other people’s tones, rhythms, lines, moves, and the like. After you have acquired the skill and style of others, then you add a little something that makes you unique, so the lineage line grows a little bit more.”

Sister Gertrude then showed us how all the other spiritual mothers in the room were blends of their ancestors and those who had inspired them during their lives. Then she spoke again,

What is true for every performing artist is true for those who perform in God’s holy fireworks show. You build your act upon those who came before you. When someone with good ears and eyes hears a musician or watches a dancer, they can hear and see a whole lineage coming through. It is the same for everyone wanting to get on stage. You must do more than read the books. Read and study those words but do so as an actor learning their part. I have many names for my relationship to God. I have learned to perform many roles. You do the same. Remember that your little me is made of all who came before you, along with a little lagniappe—something extra to kick it up a notch. First learn to perform the way the anointed ones did within. Then, by the grace of Big Dada, your lagniappe zap will arise with its own style and flare. Don’t be in a hurry—first imitate and then wait for God to bring the lagniappe out.

Welcome Willie Mae Ford Smith as another saint to the Sacred Ecstatics pantheon of great spiritual cooks, brought to us by Sister Gertrude Morgan. I want to share what I heard her sing in the visionary church classroom. We just can’t enough of these red hot mama darlings! We are ecstatically thrilled to have Mother Willie Mae be amidst our Guild!

Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain

A Guild member, who wishes to remain anonymous, sent us a visionary report about receiving and singing a song. Here’s the report and the teaching it offers everyone:

I found myself in my Aunt’s basement, taking voice lessons with a few other people I knew over the years and others that I didn’t know. A sweet, middle-aged southeast Asian woman was our instructor. As the class neared its end, she asked me to sing in front of the group. I nervously cleared my throat and decided to sing the Willie Nelson version of “Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain.”²⁷ I sang the song a bit

²⁷ We discovered this song was written by singer-songwriter, Fred Rose, who was born circa 1898 and died in 1957. His first hit was penned for Sophie Tucker, the woman whom Brad’s grandmother emulated when she sang

off key and at an unusually quiet volume. She encouraged me to sing it again, with the unexpected instruction to concentrate my breath through my nose while singing.

I followed her instruction and sang while breathing through my nose. This time a smooth, southern style wailin' sound was released. As I finished the song, I looked up and saw that I was performing outdoors in front of a glittering audience that spanned outward for miles. I also noticed that the stage I was performing on was on the ground, level with the audience. As I looked at the crowd, I noticed that some of my classmates were standing while holding their hearts. Some were tearing up, and others were swaying.

Here are some of the lyrics to the song:

Some day when we meet up yonder
We'll stroll hand in hand again
In a land that knows no partin'
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain

Then I was whisked back to the classroom where the teacher gave me a hug and said she was very happy with my performance. She pulled out a newspaper that mentioned that many people were also very excited by it. I found it odd that the headline picture was a vintage photo of four or five elderly people dressed in 50s formal attire, smiling and sitting around a dinner table.

She then suggested that performing would be my career. I blurted out, "Teach, teach, teach," while laughing at myself. I felt a *huge* sense of relief that I no longer had to force myself to pursue a teaching career but could now just be myself and perform. I woke up with the song in my mind and a feeling of relief. But I also had a slightly anxious feeling that I had to prepare for something, but I did not know for what or why.

The night prior, I was remembering a session I previously had with you both. I recalled the strange experience of feeling like I was instantly plopped back into my body, after a long gruesome time, or maybe for the first time ever. The remainder of the time we were together, I was looking through the world with a new lens and sense. Then after the session was over, I walked out into the world and was flooded with "blah" and lost myself again.

Since that time, however, I find that song always brings me back to my true self and into a bigger room. I don't know how I could live without it. Thank you both for being the catalysts in helping me learn to reach for the song ropes. I hope my soul can always find a way to break free with a good rhythm session and a great need for Thee.

"Swanee." Originally from Indiana, Rose made his way to Tin Pan Alley and worked for a time before moving to Hollywood to write country songs for Western films. He eventually set up shop in Nashville with Grand Ole Opry star, Ray Acuff. Together in 1942 they founded the first Nashville-based music publishing company, Acuff-Rose. First recorded in 1947, the song, "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," was popular throughout the 1950s and 60s. Its popularity was revived by Willie Nelson's 1975 cover.

It's always special to receive a song in a vision because it then becomes a rope that can forevermore pull you back into the big room when needed. In this case, a song was not only heard but sung in a classroom in which the dreamer was being taught how to perform it with a particular spiritual engineering technique—breathing through the nose. When you follow the instruction of anointed teachers, it helps ensure your performance will touch the hearts of others. Making good use of a teacher's correction, along with authentic emotion, automatically puts your performance at the right level, removing excessive off-key timidity or self-elevation. Singing a sanctified song in this way will always put you on the right track. It might also garner a write up in an otherworldly newspaper and attract the right audience of ancestors, who in this case appeared from the same time period in which the song was popular in the 1950s.

One of the biggest lessons we have learned, whether we were in the university, psychotherapy clinics, or in spiritual contexts, is that "performance" provides a better, more resourceful context than "teaching." More specifically, whatever teaching and learning take place are better accomplished when held inside the performance room where the emphasis is on creative action and soulful, artistic expression. This room shift especially applies to Sacred Ecstasies and all forms of spiritual cooking. Understanding can only take you so far and trying to become a "teacher" without performance chops ensures your temperature will never rise.

One of the signs of someone still hung up on informing rather than performing is found whenever there is too much eagerness to teach. Over the years we have found that the zealous desire to teach others, whether in academia or the spiritual marketplace, only arises in those who have not yet learned to perform. The role of teacher makes them an "informer" who can achieve elevated status without needing to learn to first master being a performer. When you focus on the performance, you lose interest in teaching. This is true for every performing art. The best performers resist teaching and must be dragged into it, reluctantly. They'd rather perform as an artist. Paradoxically, this dreamer's relief to no longer feel that he needs to teach qualifies him to someday be a great teacher.

Only when you perform good spiritual engineering (or "performance chops") do you find your way back to your true little me self in a bigger room with new spiritual senses and abilities. When your little me steps on stage and performs, it brings the greatest joy and also relief from big me expectations and constraints. But as our Guild dreamer found, it also comes with a new sense of responsibility. When a gift is given, in this case a song and instruction for how to perform it, the question always is, "What are you going to do about it?" Summer camp's theatre invites the mystical performing arts to begin again, this time with you on stage.

Getting Tested

Hillary dreamed of being in another room with two long lines and an annoying lack of organizational management:

The dream began in a roomful of people who were suddenly and violently becoming ill. I overheard someone explain, "They have been poisoned." The scene shifted and I found myself in a doctor's office. Though I did not feel ill, I had gone to get tested to see if I was infected with the poison. Brad was with me. There was

a long line and I noticed a young Asian woman, a teenager, was there with her father. She was handed a piece of paper and called to another room. As she walked away, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders, mentioning to someone in a matter of fact way, “Yes, of course I’ve got the disease.” The way she said it seemed to communicate that testing positive was nothing to be ashamed of.

Brad and I continued to wait in line. An older white woman up front was sitting at a podium-sized desk checking people in. The office looked a lot like the place where Brad and I went to get our marriage license and passports in New Orleans. It was a modern building on a higher floor with a vast expanse of windows that let in a lot of light. On one side of the office was a sea of cubicles. The walls were white and the office carpeting was a pale greyish blue.

Another older woman who worked there came and took her seat behind another desk up front that was next to the other woman. She announced that she was “open,” and a flood of people waiting in line behind me walked up to be checked in. I was annoyed that she wasn’t paying attention and haphazardly allowed all of those people to cut in line. Brad and I and a few others near us looked at each other and rolled our eyes, muttering to one another how wrong she was to act with such a lack of discipline and awareness of the consequences.

I recognized one of the women in line with us. We were friends all through grade school and high school and played field hockey together. She grew up to become an accountant. We haven’t spoken in twenty years, but I remember she received the “elbow grease” award one year on our team because she worked hard and never complained. I, on the other hand, worked hard but was prone to complaining about all the extra running of training laps that our coaches made us do, and even tried to find ways to get out of that hard physical work.

It was finally my turn at the podium and the woman gave me a form to fill out and sign. The paper was a deep red color. As I was printing my name, I almost wrote “Hillary” but then corrected myself, making sure to write “Catherine.” On all legal documents I typically use my official first name to avoid confusion. Just then I was distracted by some commotion—the other woman’s line had thinned out and again she blithely waved a new batch of people up to her podium who had just walked in the door.

I now became angry at this unnecessary unfairness that could be easily prevented with better care and organization. I turned to the others in line with us and said, “This time I’m going to say something.” I stopped filling out the form and addressed the two women in a loud and stern voice, “This is unacceptable. What you’re doing is very unfair. Please get your act together and handle this situation correctly, making sure everyone is seen in the order in which they arrived.”

After speaking I turned back to the form to finish signing it but saw that there was already a name on the signature line. I could not read the handwriting. I was confused how that name had gotten there and even wondered if I had signed my own name incorrectly. I was unsure whether to cross it out and sign my name next to it or underneath it. I did both and then wondered if they would accept the form.

The man behind us in line noticed that I was having trouble finishing the form and said, “Look, that’s not your form, it belongs to someone else.” Sure enough, I looked down at the other parts of the form where the name was printed and saw that my name was gone and someone else had filled out the form in very small, tight, cursive handwriting. I couldn’t make out the name, but somehow knew it was a man’s name. I only remember the letters “z,” “g,” and “d” were in it. The man in line tried to help me get the attention of the worker to let her know that my form had been mistakenly switched with someone else’s.

I then realized that the man in line was one of our former students. We always appreciated him because he was authentic and always faithfully performed every prescription we gave him in our sessions, even the ones that put him out of his comfort zone. At our instruction, he even went to the ocean and, while standing a long distance from it, slowly pulled out a specially prepared measuring tape. Each word of the Lord’s Prayer had been added to every inch of the tape and then repeated until the full length of the tape had been reached. With each inch and word, he took one step toward the ocean. Each week he doubled the exercise until the length of his praying reached the water’s edge. He did all of this with all his heart and found old and forgotten sacred emotion start to arise within him. It was a pleasure to work with him because of his dedication and absence of any posturing or excuse making. In the dream his calm and helpful presence provided a moment of sanity and comfort in the midst of bureaucratic confusion.

The woman worker seemed confused and exasperated upon learning that my form had been lost and mixed up with another person’s. She had already started attending to other people. I had the sense that if I didn’t persist, I would end up getting lost in the shuffle. I woke up from the dream before the situation was resolved.

The next morning I told Brad, “I had another dream about two lines in a place with disorganization and lack of good management,” referring to my previous dream about being at the chaotic airport. Brad pointed out that this time, I was in line to be tested. There is always some kind of trickster poison circulating around, and it’s easy to get infected by the dis-ease that gives you the chills. Furthermore, everyone catches trickster big me poison at one time or another and it’s better to be like the young woman in the dream and have no ego about it; just admit it and go get treated.

Being in line is itself a test: Do you have enough elbow grease and courage to act outside of your comfort zone to help others, speaking up when you notice something is unjust or unfair? After speaking out for what I felt was right, I was presented with a new identity. Perhaps it was an invitation to step into the shoes of someone else—one of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies, or someone still unknown from the past or future. In First Creation we are subject to any kind of change, from our handwriting to our name and even our gender or species membership. Perhaps the visionary office was operating according to a higher wisdom and organization that I was not privy to. I feel as if I’m still at the podium, waiting for further marching orders.

What about the letter, “z, g, and d?” Brad asked the ancestors about this and immediately heard a reply: “At the end of the trail of letters and words, when the last letter is reached—the journey from A to Z—you find yourself in the middle between G and D. Without you, there is no divine relation and neither the creator nor creation can feel the bridge that leads from one to another. The indecipherable new name is cause for jubilation at a higher elevation of elation where names change to remain unclear in order to diminish their static importance. Stand in between the vastest ground (G) and the highest deity (D) to feel what it means to be embraced by God. Get in the lineage line of those dedicated practitioners whose practice is always a give-it-your-all audition—a performance for the ancestors who will notice whether you act in order to make a difference in the trickster mess around you.”

Do you only see whether your test result is positive or negative? Or do you act in order to change the room, resulting in an altered mystery name and performance character? If you play your part in the grand scheme of things where testing, passports, licenses, and boarding the performance train all occur in the same big room, then you will be changed and renamed with a mystery name whose letters do not harden to fetter the range of your expression. While you’re at it, get a measuring stick and increase the sacred length of your prayer walk toward the ocean of extreme love. Anything less falls short of the target—the pinnacle dissolve into waves of sacred ecstasy.

Acting the New Ecstatic Character

Brad dreamed we were at a major psychotherapy conference:

We walked into the auditorium and watched an internationally renowned therapist try to imitate how we teach. He had a piano on stage and played the notes without making a mistake. He also had memorized things we had said in the past. Yet in spite of his flawless execution, it did not feel real. It was too contrived and soulless. It had no n/om, as we like to say today. We decided to leave the conference because clearly no one had the most important ingredient—the joy and fire within that when awakened cause an exhilarating performance to come through. We remembered how the old blues musicians demonstrated that capturing and conveying a soulful feeling is more important than perfection of technical execution alone. The blend of soul and a bent note is more piercing than perfectly hitting a difficult high note with no feeling.

When I woke up, I recalled that many years ago a therapist who is now very famous (not the one witnessed in the dream), hired an acting coach to teach him how to perform therapy like I did it. He and the coach watched videotapes of my work and modeled the way I sounded and moved. No one knows this fact except myself and the man who accidentally caught him doing this and subsequently reported it to me (a former graduate student conducting a postgraduate internship with him). Today, this famous character’s schtick, based on imitating others he wished to emulate, feels unreal in the same way we experienced uninspiring imitation in the dream. Something within is still missing.

The lesson here is not that imitation and memorization are wrong. In fact, they are important parts of learning to perform. They are the building blocks of a lineage, no matter the genre of performing art. The hottest spiritual cooks in the world, the Kalahari Bushmen, are also the greatest imitators. That's partly how they keep their ecstatic song and dance tradition alive. But they more importantly recognize what is missing from those pursuing the spiritual performing arts today. Without n/om, the ecstatic fire and the wild vitality of creation and transformation are not conveyed. The performance remains too cool to ignite a fire and garner the attention of the ancestors with everyone aligned on the same main line and vastest stage that are under the supervision of the director(s) on high.

When learning to step into an ecstatic character, remember that you already have been acting throughout your life. You have had a long run, non-stop performance in a role that was taught to you in your family upbringing, social relations, cultural education, and job training. Expanding your range, especially if you want to grow as an ecstatic cooker, is simply a wise move for your performance life. You have been invited to choose the role of a Sacred Ecstatics character. We sometimes call them "saints," but please do not literalize this metaphor as a religious definition found in Catholicism—they are the visionary teachers who have visited us from the other side and include a few cyberneticians, poets, literary satirists, rascals, and jazz musicians. Of course, there are also some traditional saints from different religions along with lost and forgotten red hot antler shamans and mystical misfits found on the outskirts of all the other outskirts. Each has something important to pass on and it is best acquired by stepping into that character's shoes, moccasins, or tap shoes and starting to walk, leap, and dance like them. Such action helps catch the muse that lit their performance fuse. There's a circularity here that must be approached from both sides: you must catch their feeling to make your action seem real and you must act like them to catch that feeling. Just do it rather than stew over what it means. Don't stew when you can doo be doo be doo.

It is important that you do not get in a hurry and only act the way they act when cooking (if you have chosen a higher temperature saint). Remember that when you are in the big room, you stop acting. Here the gods take over and choreograph your moves, orchestrate your tones, set your beats, and direct the whole show. If you have successfully caught the feeling for your chosen saint, it will naturally come through in your expression, with your own natural lagniappe in the mix. In the big room, n/om expression replaces the kind of acting seen on New York City's Broadway, London's West End, and even a sound stage in Hollywood. In the big theatre you are possessed and owned by the n/om fire within and around.

Before opening night, the real acting work involves behaving more like the saintly character during the everyday when you most are in need of escaping room refrigeration and shrinkage. Whenever you feel down, anxious, lost, cranky, jealous, angry, bitter, crazy, selfish, irritable or any other kind of n/om-less funk—this is when it is time to act like the new character you are trying to adopt. Be less like yourself and familiar "role models" and more like your new chosen spiritual parents and their lineage.

Welcome to your second childhood, even if you are eighty years old. The new character that is trying to be born brings a role more suitable for your little me. To acquire the second eyes of a Kalahari n/om-kxao and the numinous senses of the former mystics and shamans requires a new primary, secondary, and higher education. Learn how to better act in the cold with a new

character whose wisdom and fire inside always keeps them warm and toasty. Again, don't be too focused on what to do in the big room—if you are truly in it, you don't have to do anything—that's when cooking just happens. In the big room, you are 'dopted. To get to the big room and stay in it, adopt a character with better daily traveling skills and room maintenance ability. At the same time, it's good to do some rehearsing of how the new character will act whenever they feel the spiritual temperature rising. This preparation helps you not extinguish any spirited heat and mystical light with former habits that no longer fit your new act.

Finally, as the dream reminded us—above all else, *n/om* is the essential driving force behind all great performances. Act differently to catch it, sustain it, and be guided in how to act in an everyday theatrical production that is more daring, caring, and sharing. As Sabrina's good fortune cards remind you: pray it, cook it, sing it, and share it. All else will happen without words, instruction, or acting on the other side of the curtain when the gods have their performance way with you.

Practice and Perform Like a Samurai

Agnes sent us this report of visiting a spiritual classroom:

I was walking down a busy street in a familiar city, somewhere that reminded me of Florence or Regensburg. I was feeling really good and found myself at the entrance of an old cinema. The movie theatre's I caught me—its beauty reminded me of a building from a Fellini film or from *Cinema Paradiso*, written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore. It finally grew dark outside as the sunshine disappeared. It was now late at night. At the same time, the light became stronger in the cinema's front window.

In the brightly lit display of the theatre, I didn't see the usual pictures of different scenes from films. I was looking for the photos of the featured films and actors, especially mention of tonight's showing, but I couldn't find them anywhere. Then I noticed something very odd. At first I saw a tiny black hair bun. It was on top of the head of a miniature version of a man I formerly dreamed had come to my garden.

He was a middle-aged samurai with the usual bun on his head and the katana on his belt. This time he wasn't alone. A small boy stood with him—his son. They looked like two small puppets next to each other in a toy store's window.

The lights became brighter, as if they were spotlighting these two characters in a performance. I had a strange feeling that these puppets had been alive for a long time. I watched them with complete focus. The father was the size of a Ken doll, and his son size was half that size. The most unusual thing was that I had to bow deep down to see them because they were on a lower glass shelf in the cinema window, at the height of my knees, close to the sidewalk.

I was thrilled because all of a sudden, they started to move. But they moved extremely slowly. Their speed was like a slow motion film. I saw them perform proper squats, like exercises in a gym, with hands forward. Their movements were

very, very slow but always in perfect synchrony. I stared at them for about fifteen minutes.

The father was clearly the son's personal trainer. They wore beautiful and traditional silk Japanese kimonos in grey and black. Then, in the dream, my son, Bruno, arrived out of nowhere and he blocked my view. I couldn't see the performance anymore, since he stood in the way. Then I woke up.

Brad wrote Agnes this response:

Knowing how much you and your family are film enthusiasts, yesterday I participated in an online auction and tried to acquire an autographed photo of Fellini making a film. It was going to be a present for your generous gift of taking us on a Lake Balaton vacation last summer. Unfortunately, I was outbid. I was also going to send you the reminder to start exercising more of your writing talent.

I had said to Hillary on the same night of your dream that it is time for Agnes to develop her gifts and that Osumi, Sensei's samurai nature may soon give the necessary push or kick to get that in motion. (Note to reader: Agnes was inspired and encouraged by a great elder Hungarian writer, Iván Mándy, whom she regularly met in a Budapest café. Agnes also published a short story, "Trolizas," in a famous literary publication, *HOLMI*.²⁸) Today you report that you were sent in vision to Fellini's cinema world with a reminder to slowly and carefully practice your chops—something to model for your son who needs to get more patiently and seriously in sync with a practice rather than block his and your focus on higher performance action.

The visionary guidance to Agnes brings a valuable teaching to everyone, especially those thinking of enacting Osumi, Sensei as a new character role for your life. Please recognize that she is probably the most difficult persona to adopt because her uncompromising discipline is more demanding than most people can imagine undertaking, equal to that of the ancient samurai who are her family line. She accepts no excuses and has the strictest requirements for daily practice.

To learn her part, you should spend at least two whole days rehearsing it. One day act as *the elder* and the other day act like an *offspring* who is half her size and not yet a seiki spring with a reliable "on" switch. Make these two little me characters—parent and child—come alive inside of you and then resolve whether you are serious about learning to play her character.

Furthermore, get busy developing your own natural gift to be inspired, charged, and guided by the ineffable directing crew from above. They are the ones pulling the puppet strings through each performance scene, as long as they have been made strong. You practice in order to feel the tug from the rope that is over your head and beyond your knowing. If you are aiming to be influenced by seiki, like Osumi, Sensei, then first become a character in *Bunraku*, the traditional puppet theatre of Japan that features legendary tales of the samurai. It is always accompanied

²⁸ It was published July, 2008—www.holmi.org.

by a chanter/singer and musician who convey the emotion of the enacted characters. Take a formal bow before you enter the show—it's located on ancestral ground.

T-Bone Steak

After Sister Gertrude came to visit us in vision (and formerly paid a house call to Lynn, another longstanding Guild member), we have felt her ecstatic fire spread through our house in New Orleans. Yesterday, while conducting some research on her life to facilitate our performance of her character, we discovered that the eyes on her self-portrait paintings were painted with the bone from a T-bone steak. We also read that when she preached on the street corner with her paintings and a paper megaphone, she would use that steak bone as her pointer.

We wondered what happened to that bone and discovered that a young man from New York City, living in an apartment in Times Square, years ago persuaded Sister Gertrude to sign it and give it to him. That's right, he owned a signed T-bone used by one of the premier spiritual cooking mothers. He eventually sold it to an art historian and we just tracked down her out of print book that has the only known photograph of that special bone. After learning all this, that night Brad dreamed of a T-bone steak:

My grandfather showed up to the house I grew up in and my father met him at the door. I was a young boy, but my mind held everything I have experienced since that time. He was dressed in fishing clothes and was hungry. He loved to eat a T-Bone steak and my father grilled some T-Bones for the three of us. In the dream I strangely remembered the future rather than the past—my memory was magically reversed. I sat there with my father and grandfather and specifically recalled Morten asking me many questions about my grandfather because he wanted to work on performing his character in our summer camp's experimental theatre. As the three of us ate, I remembered every word I wrote in response to Morten's request:

Dear Morten,

Thanks for asking about my grandfather. Yes, what was most important to him was his relationship with the Lord. Over everything else, he was a man of God. He didn't politically lead in the community, though he was respected by many community leaders as "the Reverend" who'd be asked to give prayers at important events. People frequently went to him with their suffering to receive spiritual counsel and healing prayer.

He was "selfless" in the sense that he gave up making a lot of money to barely economically survive as an old-fashioned preacher without any retirement savings or the benefits that came from more institutionalized denominations. He was at the mercy of the congregation and could only appeal to God. Few people are brave and strong enough to not serve "mass appeal." He preached

whatever he felt needed to be said without fear of the consequences if it didn't please others—this was the climate I grew up in with my grandfather and father, who was also a small town preacher. They survived financially week to week out of the offering plate, had free rent in a parsonage, and farm produce delivered by church members. My grandfather did his best to protect and care for the sanctity of the church community and his own family.

He personally enjoyed fried food, meat, and smoking. He also had a habit of ordering the weirdest thing on the menu, especially if he had no idea what it tasted like, to entertain my sister and I when the family went to a restaurant—items like ostrich and alligator. His passion was fishing. He loved that pastime more than any other form of fun.

My grandfather often looked very serious, like someone with a purpose not to be messed with. But then he would explode into laughter at any time. He always teased his grandchildren and our pets. He'd get our dog so excited and worked up that it would run wild all over the house, to the dismay of my mother as objects were knocked off tables. More than anything, Reverend Keeney was known for his "sunshine smile" that would intermittently juxtapose his serious countenance. His charisma was off the charts. When he walked into a room, people said that "he owned the room." He exuded authority and it was entirely due to his strong rope to God. You never felt any doubt about religion or God in his presence. He had enough conviction for everyone.

I never knew if he had a favorite Bible verse. I have his two Bibles (both King James versions) and they have his "go to" verses underlined and sometimes circled in red ink. I prayed and opened it to see what it would offer you. You are lucky, Morten. It opened to a rare page where two verses are circled in red. It's Romans 10: 9-10:

That if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

At the bottom of the page he writes a note, "turn to page 327" which has this verse circled in red from II Corinthians 6:2:

For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succored thee:

behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is
the day of salvation.

Morten, it looks like you got a double whammy from Reverend W. L. Keeney! He would explain, as he did to me, that *belief* is something felt in the heart rather than thought, understood, or decided in the mind. Today I would add that this change of emotion saves your life by changing the muse or inspiration for your daily action. But it is not enough to only feel it—you must act. When you speak, shout, sing, and dance what is felt within, *salvation* (the passage of deliverance) is made complete—the uplifting journey from small room death to entry into the divinely alive creation show that is rippling with the sacred ecstatic vibration of jubilation. Furthermore, the time for acting on stage and going through the curtain, is now. Act with a changed heart in order to cross the veil.

You asked about my grandfather's favorite songs. He loved "Deep River" and "Precious Lord." I once bought a vinyl record of an orchestral arrangement of "Deep River" and would play it for him as an adolescent. He'd weep every time. Whenever he felt God near, he would weep even though he appeared strong as a rock without any cracks in the armor. He wept, laughed, and broke into a never-ending sunshine smile, authentically launched from a seriously focused face.

As I have mentioned before, he wore a white suit when he mowed the lawn with a mechanical mower—no engine, just hard physical work. He polished his shoes every morning. And he fixed me breakfast early every morning while others were still asleep. Whenever I needed him or anything important happened to me—good or bad, he showed up. He once arrived at our house during a major life-threatening flood, lowered from a helicopter.

After he passed, he began to show up in the visionary realm, and still does. Hillary reminded me of a dream I had where I saw him sitting next to God as His right-hand man. As I child, I never loved or admired anyone more. I still own that feeling.

Love,
Brad

As I recalled every word I had written to Morten, I noticed that my Grandfather had finished his steak. He was very satisfied but clearly in a hurry to get back to his fishing. I immediately felt sad that I had lost myself in a daydream while he ate—remembering a letter I had written about him in the future. I had missed the opportunity to tell him how important he was to me. He gave me a look that left no doubt that he had other work to do, and that there was no time to waste. He

left and I was stunned by his abrupt departure that had not a speck of hesitation. It was like hearing Sister Gertrude (or Hillary) saying, “I’m done” after completing a prayer or performing spiritual action.

It took me what seemed like several hours to realize that everything I hoped to have said to him was conveyed by what I had written to Morten. He had heard every word of my remembering while he feasted on home cooked, charred meat. And, he left me the bone from his T-Bone. It was sitting on his plate.

Experiment Two Findings: An Alchemical Condensation of the Visionary Downloads

Go for the old school slow-and-grow way—the path that requires you earning your chops through trial and error experimentation. This is how you receive your key to opening the gate, that is, getting a message to the white polar bear, the ice breaker who opens the way to a melting heart. Throw your prayer requests and spiritual quests to the far side and outskirts of the highest roof. Climb the rope by riding the little white mare; then land in the wobbly middle of the air. You must do the work of diligently following the recipe that gets you airborne. After that, the holy wind takes over and sends you wherever the unknowable directs.

Whether it’s a spirit horse, a spirit drum, or your own spirit body, if it’s not filled with the motion and emotion of the seiki whirlwind, it is dead. Don’t forget to first make sure the seiki faucet is working, the holy water is flowing, and to wash your hands clean enough to handle n/om. Only then is it safe to trust your vision is pure and that your spirit mare and pair of bears are real. The orchard matters more than its plucked fruit. In other words, focus on the room rather than the contents. Keep the cutouts and teachings inside the whole double pattern—in both the linear sequence and the whirling circularity.

We are correcting the 1960’s errors of reductionism, linear causality, and big me mirror looking that were co-present in both the establishment and the counter-culture. That past unrest and attempted movement only brought a different fashion craze, a not so alternative chemical medication, and a psychedelic psyche mirror that equally inflated the observer. Rather than advocate free “small room, big me” love, we will offer free “big room, little me” love. When we speak of sacred ecstasy, it is held by the big heart of little me in the big room.

Open the musical medicine cabinet! There are musical vitamins, musical immune boosters, musical performance enhancers, and a musical treatment for every kind of condition—whether named or unnamed. Keep a song in your heart and in your other organs as well. What’s your belly song? Your hip joint tune? How about a melody for your pair of knees and a tune for when you are spiritually out of tune?

The summer dream love we seek is an extreme love that encompasses but surprises and rises above feel good affection and knee jerk placation. More wise than platonic and more endearing than romantic, it is somatically tectonic, soulfully pyrotechnic, and spiritually ecstatic. We call for n/om-loving familial relations as we seiki-romance the philosopher’s stone and spirit-

embrace the other side, blissfully done to change the human race, erase former cliché lines, and cook the whole world's soul meat, this time well done.

"Pons, the last pons. Remember to work out your abs so you are fit to carry more 136ammer, more pons, and pataphysics that are fizzier than flatter, splatter metaphysics.

The love we speak of has cross stitching on every wall. More herringbone pattern, please. When you are in the kitchen, cook the hill of white beans so its toxin alchemically becomes a nutritious puree. Do the same to yourself. If you don't know how to love the Darlings, then use the "Yes, Lord" prayer key to unlock your heart. Uncooked reality must be turned upside down and inside out. Your mummy needs a bear-you-all unravelling revival on the roof. Never forget that the little white mare carries you through with a white stone of prayer in hand and a two-wing prayer lifting up your request.

Each crossroads is the choice between authentic versus non-authentic spirituality, whether it's shamanism, mysticism, old-fashioned religion, music, dance, or art of any kind. When driven by mentation, trickster mind celebrates observation. On the other hand, when empowered and guided by the utmost emotion, the door opens to the spirit side where ineffable splendor and grace abound.

Ahoy, mates! It's always time for some boating. Membicaid! Use this odd for God word to point you toward the ineffable, nameless realm. Perhaps there is a jeep waiting to take you to Membi in Tanzania where a captain will introduce you to something completely unexpected. Hello, hello! It's Sunday in the restaurant with George.

He ordered you a dish of his 136ammerhea: taste his special combination of Yiddish chant and bluesy gospel music. He tapped into the rhythms of black music and blended it with classical European and Jewish musical styles.

Check Your Checklist Again and Again:

- *Cabin with a dotted coin serving as the gate to First Creation change
- *One black bear and one white polar bear
- *One tiny white mare
- *Four cross stitched quotes, one for every direction that sets your compass toward extreme love
- *The two-word prayer key for little me
- *A prayer request condensed to one word written on a white stone –this is for big me
- *Wood boat with your "Membicaid" admission ticket
- *Never forget that Tony is always by your side with a song and longing howl

Keep the mystical teachings in a circular whirl *and* on a straight line so you remain both lost and found. That's the wobble of the new summer of extreme l-o-v-e. Remember our adventure in the Kalahari: there hand trembling and arm raising accompanied the two-part prayer. What does this

mean? Don't ask, just do it, edit it, change it (not too much, not too little), sing it, dance it, and cook it. Every map of the ecstatic taps, zaps, and wing flaps won't make any sense until you fly and land in the other side. Otherwise, you will only be caught in another small room trap. Set little me free and trust it will find a way to get all of you through. Use the metaphors, wisdom tales, song lines, movement designs, and cooking recipes that were created to help little me let loose. Acting, rather than knowing, leads to the big room where all living forms sing and dance their alchemical exchanges in the cheer garden of Eden.

Look! It's starting to rain. Hillary is conducting the pipe demonstration—make sure you time the melt to be more felt than seen. Hear the music in the heart of noise as you remember that it takes to to experience one, three to experience two, and infinity to experience God. Furthermore, get your scat together before you plug in your electrical spiritual gift. And bring on the heretical wordplay—one dose a day keeps the cold piety away. This is entering into the aesthetic ecstasies yield-to-art guild and be a hooper. Be a cooking performer, not a looking informer. Work out with the Pentadic Light Ecstatic—it's a high-performance enhancer. Then sing in the rain to turn the blahs and blues into the Kalahari bliss of God's piss.

Shoot the gun that's meant for you. Big me: stay within your gift. Little me: do whatever you want. The big room Life Force Theatre may be empty of people, but it is always full of marching saints. Kaboom! Wake up the tomb and come out of the womb! The mystery explosion helps you cross over with the reborn Mayan eraser, removing the maya wrappings so you can feeling the n/om zappings!

Welcome to the Summer Camp Theatre. The show is about to begin another round! Pick any ancestor or cast of ancestors from the pantheon of Sacred Ecstasies saints. Catch the feeling for your saint's expression. Act how he or she acted to catch the muse that lights the fuse. Don't just think about it—leap on stage and perform it. Be inside the summer camp theatrical reality:

Check your list of props

Check your list of prayer lines

Hold onto your Hooper ID coin

Put up your summer theatre camp sign

Choose a Sacred Ecstasies character or whole cast

Question: What performances will your new character enact?

Answerer: Working the 2-word prayer key to get into your cabin

Working out with the pentadic light ecstatic

Starting to act in the everyday like your chosen character
and don't forget the Saturday night open mike.

Sister Gertrude is shouting that God is now Big Dada Darling and Red Hot Mama Darling

We are producing a play for the gods—each of you alone and all of us together, supporting each other's performance to advance the art of spiritual cooking. Thank you, Darlings for sending Sabrina the *Mystery Cards* that were delivered to everyone: Catherine—Lord pray it; cook it, sing it, share it. This is moving from wild west fakery to middle wobble reality.

There's a hammerhead shark in the tub, along with two airport lines, and a stadium whose stairs cannot be climbed by everyone. Go ahead and put an image of a hammerhead shark in the lake near your summer cabin and then learn from C.M.C.'s master acting lesson. There are three phases or inner climatic conditions needed before extreme love can rain down: (1) thinking and feeling that everything is the illusion of maya; (2) entry into the wobbly, whirly double bind; and (3) the final surrender of big me's heil myself dictatorship

Sync or swim: On stage or not, you are always acting. Our long-distance rope synchrony is now in alignment. The ancestral telephone operators decide what calls go through. "So says the beautiful spirit," according to Mother Catherine. Be swept away by Fred Astaire who brought us double tap shoe hooper tips for climbing the stairs:

- (1) No psychobabble and no spiritual babble—just leap into First Creation air.
- (2) Bushman sweat is the medicine that comes from hard ecstatic work.
- (3) Perform your practice; practice your performance
- (4) Be real.
- (5) If you're gonna go down, go down swinging! If it ain't got that swing, the telephone won't ring.

Hear the "Reverend Mother" of New Orleans tell Dr. John what she is also advising those of you with a similar need:

You're not in season
You're out of order.
You got to be in order,
all in order.
You got to be in season
in order to catch
the right season when it come.
You got to be in order,
all in order,
to find your way in this world.

The rain continues to pour: Fire and music help the medicine go down and the spirit go up. Sister Gertrude and Willie Mae Ford Smith want your innards filled with fire power. Listen! There are blue eyes crying in the rain. Get tested whenever you feel testy knowing that to pass and receive a new name, take the action that is needed. In other words, act more like your new ecstatic character, especially when you are not cooking. Practice and perform this like a Samurai. Stand on ancestral ground, bow down, and be moved by the higher strings. Then celebrate the fire in a charred Kalahari T-bone – the ancestors are trying to light your tones and bones for tonight's song and dance. Less staring and more Fred Astair-ing. Don't mess with Chuck Stare. Less trickster conquering and more Gersh-winning. Tony says, "That is all. Go to the upper *Roof!* Goodbye."

EXPERIMENT THREE: THREE-ACT MUSICAL PLAY

Special Preparation

The Singing Water and a Seafood Dinner with Osumi, Sensei

Brad had a very special dream in which everyone in the summer camp received an extraordinary gift:

We were outdoors and it was a beautiful day with the sun shining above. Everyone in the Guild formed a line to meet Hillary and I. Next to us was a whirling source of water—it constantly changed form, alternately seeming like a well, a spring, a stream, a waterfall, a fountain, and a pipeline from the sky. Water gushed forth powerfully as we caught it in an old bucket. One by one we poured an overflowing bucket of this water over each Guild member, drenching their whole body.

The most extraordinary thing about this water was that it mysteriously sang. We had never before heard of this aquatic phenomenon—a “singing water” that performed heavenly music.

Each Guild member was soaked to the bone in this music that flowed from the source and force of creation. The songs were the old hymns that had previously come down the rope to form the heart of the Sacred Ecstasies songbook. The main song in this downpour was “Throw Out the Lifeline.” Behind it was “Sweet Hour of Prayer.” Several other hymns received secondary play time, though they were felt equally strongly.

By the end of the ceremony we were all totally drenched. We felt the awe of being bathed in pure sacred emotion, unadorned by trickster mind discussions and distractions about what it all meant or whether we liked or disliked the song lyrics. It was simply old-fashioned extreme love, something that must be felt in an ineffable soaking to fully receive and forever own. We learned that to be illumined by the mystical light and have your soul set on fire, your heart must soak in a divine spa-and-awe bath of holy song.

Brad woke up continuing to hear the water sing and marveled at how even just a drop of this medicine washes troubling emotion away. Soaking in the music, he fell into another dream, this time in Japan:

I was with Osumi, Sensei in her Tokyo home, a place so familiar to me that I often feel like I grew up there. We had a special relationship perhaps no one understood, including me. She seemed to understand it, but I’ll never know for sure. In the dream, I was sitting in the living room, waiting for some delicious *ebi* (shrimp) tempura to emerge from her kitchen. Just like in my previous dream about my

grandfather, I was in the past although my mind held all my experiences from the future.

In the dream I then recalled something I had forgotten. I never told anyone except Hillary how something was missing in Osumi, Sensei's life and that when I met her something was equally missing in my life. Today I would say that Osumi, Sensei and I each needed the other to discover how to better keep "God's electricity" running rather than risk blackouts and power shortages. The secret I held for all these years was that her seiki practice was not enough to keep her electrical line buzzing. What she didn't know was that the seiki line also needed to be singing in order to carry the additional charge of sacred emotion. What I learned was that the seiki electricity carrier must do more than sing; there must be spontaneous movement blended with song.

In the dream I also recalled that Osumi, Sensei asked me as many questions as I asked her. She recognized the holiness of my grandparents, as did all strong spiritual elders around the world. I didn't have to mention them—they felt their ropes before I spoke and sometimes spoke to them before addressing me. In addition, Sensei could not hear enough about what I experienced with the Bushmen and other cultures that were spiritually strong. However, if a spiritual lineage had no seiki electricity, she had less interest. I remembered these discussions with her in the dream. She also believed that no one can choose their mission, role, or gift in life. Sensei felt that we are each here with a destiny and that we must bow before it. When you find it, the serious work then must immediately, with no delay, begin.

Without the discipline that turns a seed into a flowering tree, Osumi, Sensei believed that your opportunity to thrive in the orchard is wasted. She inexplicably knew the destiny of everyone she encountered and told them what they must do about it. If you were to receive her prescription for action and not follow through, she would kick you out of her house and not see you again. In the dream, I laughed at how she is probably the last person anyone would want to meet in life or dream, because she was perhaps the most demanding and the least placating and pleasing person of them all. She wouldn't tell you what you want to hear and if you didn't do what she instructed, she would move on and tell you to come back in another lifetime.

In the dream, Sensei came out of the kitchen with her cook holding a plate of tempura. Osumi, Sensei never ate when I dined. She just stared at me and made sure every bite was perfect. Nothing delighted her more than watching my delight. She would smile and break into laughter, something rarely seen by others. People later came from nearby and far away to ask her why she treated me like a son. She always replied, "It's our destiny." I felt the same—nothing I did or didn't do earned admission to this relationship. It happened spontaneously and was natural. I learned how to embrace her love and the ancestral seiki wind whirling around her. Both had unpredictable minds of their own. She and I both bowed and prayed before the vastest space that is beyond all names, including the name of "seiki."

After I finished enjoying the perfectly prepared tempura, she went to the kitchen to bring out the next course. While waiting for her to return, I remembered how my many years of exploration revealed that the ultimate life reset is not a seiki session, but a melodic acoustic bath. I sat in her living room alone now, thinking that a seiki session is a practical and effective warmup exercise for the deeper holy soak, but it's not the main course.

Seiki jutsu is more sushi than tempura. It helps awaken raw presence. This makes you ready to receive the next course—a hotter serving of sizzling oceanic emotion. Osumi, Sensei loved how I owned the feeling for both the uncooked fish and the deep-fried prawn.

Then Osumi, Sensei reentered the room, bursting with a smile that filled the space with her sunshine. Like she often did with clients over the years, she answered my question before I asked it: "Keeney, Sensei," (she always addressed me in this traditional way, respecting me as an elder teacher), "everything is seiki including those important times when we drop seiki and its practice." She then offered me some ice cream to sweeten and further deepen her point.

In this dream meeting with Osumi, Sensei, I realized that it took me nearly seventy years to discover how a strong numinous rope is made of many intertwined braids of string. A spiritual rope needs at least three lineage threads because each adds something the others do not embody. As you choose a character, know that you will someday need at least two other different and complementary characters to add to the saintly chorus line. At least one of them should feel unfamiliar and even uncomfortable to you—they likely carry the missing medicine you need. At first it may taste bitter, but later it will become sweeter as you widen the scope of your aesthetic ecstatic taste-buddies.

When all the cast members are mutually aligned, they are all able to keep both the seiki electricity and the musically transported, emotional electricity humming in the line. Assume that the Sacred Ecstasies cooked ancestors know your destiny, which you may have an inkling of but cannot fully know. That's rope business, the other side of show business. Act, then doubly and triply act to braid more characters into the cast. That's how you build enough room to host every kind of theatre performance, especially those that set a fire in the soul.

I almost forgot to mention another thing from the dream. While having a bite of either sushi or tempura—I don't recall which it was—I remembered how I'd feel confused and embarrassed when Osumi, Sensei's longtime associate and translator, Professor Burton Foreman, would tell me stories about the people who came from all over the world to study with Sensei, hoping to become a seiki master. Some had even dreamed her and left their profession behind to live in Japan under her tutelage. While she did her best to give most sincere seekers some kind of seiki transmission, those who wanted an apprenticeship were either quickly dismissed or they later gave up due to the hard work and traditional Japanese-style subservience required. In the dream, I wanted to ask her why she was unable to teach anyone. I was not surprised when she started to answer even before I had finished thinking of the question:

“Keeney, Sensei,” she started, but then paused to carefully consider her choice of words. “Everyone is serving seiki even if they do not notice this fact of life. Some people receive a dream but do not follow its instruction. They only served as a mail carrier delivering wisdom for someone else who is willing to do what they are not. Let me explain it this way: If the mailman delivers you a package that contains a wisdom book, it is unlikely that he opened it to read and study. There is no reason to be upset that the carrier does not make use of the gift they pass on. It likewise does not matter if the recipient of a spiritual vision only uses it elevate themselves over others as special. Seiki still has been delivered through them and, in some cases, has also brought a teaching on how not to relate to a visionary gift.”

“Other people may never receive a vision, but they wholeheartedly follow great visions of the past, present, and future by trying to put them into life-changing action. The ancestors need not waste their time sending these people a vision. Perhaps they prefer that the non-dreamers get a good night’s rest before putting in another day of mystical action. The purpose of everyone’s life is to enact their part in the grandest mission. Even if they don’t, they still fulfill the higher purpose of seiki.”

After Osumi, Sensei finished speaking, a breeze blew through the room, the sun broke through the clouds outside and shone through the window, and I woke up.

Inspired by these two visions, we leave you with these words: Do not seek to fulfill the same mission of a chosen saint. Adopt their tones, rhythms, and moves while borrowing some of their main prayer lines and visionary songs. This will help you become more aligned with what guided them through each and every day. In this way they pull you inside the lineage braids, helping you find your unique role, gift, and contribution to the seiki, n/om, holy spirit big room mission. Perform like a newborn hooper who both sings and dances as you howl at the moon and tremble when the sharpened samurai sword arrives as a First Creation alteration of the original Kalahari arrow, nail, thorn, and spear. Act so you are unsure who you are—yourself, an ancestor you aspire to emulate, or a blend of both. In this numinous blur is found the middle wobble of the seiki windstorm, the n/om wildfire, and the flood of singing holy water that will drench you in sacred emotion and quench your parched thirst.

Our Love

After Brad’s dream of drenching the Guild in buckets of singing water, we remembered a vision that he received in 2017 during one of our intensives at Wood Farm Holiday Cottages in Norfolk,

England. For some reason we had overlooked adding it to one of our books, but believe that now is the perfect time and place to report it:

I dreamed that we arrived at a large old house. Several other people were there and it was clear that we planned to live together in community. Since Hillary and I essentially live as hermits most of the time, we were worried whether we'd have enough privacy, breathing room, and space to rest.

As Hillary unpacked and chatted with others, I climbed the stairs to what would be our space in the upper room. There a former student of mine, Stephen Parker, was waiting to talk to me. We hadn't seen each other in years. Stephen had since become a Himalayan monk and teacher of a school of yoga. He had dropped by that day to catch up on our lives.

Just as I was about to speak, I felt a strong emotion well up inside me. Rather than discuss updates about my life, I simply uttered, "All I can say is that I feel like an empty bucket that was placed underneath a waterfall." I then explained that I was referring to the love that God and I have for each other. When I spoke of this love, however, I didn't say "my love" or "God's love." I specifically said, "our love." The love I feel for the divine and the love I receive are mutual and inseparable.

The moment I uttered the words "our love," Stephen was immediately stricken by ecstatic lightning that set his soul on fire and cracked his heart wide open, enough to feel the most blissful love imaginable. When I witnessed this take place, I added, "Yes, this love — our love — makes me feel like an empty bucket placed underneath a waterfall, constantly overflowing."

The extreme love sought by Sacred Ecstatics is *our love* and it is big enough to include everyone inside its infinite embrace. It is inseparable from the source and force behind all things created. We are only able to feel fully alive when we become an empty bucket, fit to sit underneath a higher waterfall. There we find *our love* — the deeply felt connection, the two-way street, the highway, the telephone cord, electrical wire, water pipe, and rope that connects our heart to the heart of the Big Holy.

We all live in-community with one another, whether we like it or not, and whether that community is intentional or accidental. Furthermore, we know on some level that the horizon grows vaster and the light shines brighter when there is less "my" and more "our." *Our home, our neighborhood, our planet. Our water, our food, our very existence.* We all worry sometimes if there will be enough room for us, forgetting that the house is big enough for everyone.

Sometimes this shift from *my* to *our* feels good, simple, and easy. Other times, it feels impossible. Human beings are nearly impossible to love when they are only suited in a big me uniform covered with merit badges. Yet everyone's little me, decked out in theatrical attire and ready to set a fire, is impossible *not* to love. On a good day it's easier to forgive, mend, and reach for higher ground and its vaster stage. Other days, we have to pray harder for something higher to come through, for the performance of our love must go on.

Trying to love everyone is too difficult without first drinking from the extreme love waterfall. While pledging to love others — even your enemies — is a sound compass setting, if it

is too purposefully enacted, it is guaranteed to be shallow and fickle. Such a performance pleases big me as it conveys trickster sentimentality rather than pure unconditionality. Big me thinks it's loving but it comes with a lot of conditional fine print. Before we get to the *our* that includes others, we need to first find the *our* we share with the divine. Only when the love we feel for the creator is an overflowing bucket can our love for others flow freely and with enough extreme love wonder power to truly transform.

Edgar Cayce said that Jesus had a secret prayer: "Others, Lord. Others." The question is, how do we make room for others? Head straight to the upper room whose dimensions are beyond measure. First and foremost, attend to your rope, the vertical cord that goes straight from your heart to the heart of the Creator. In First Creation, it becomes a waterfall. Make yourself an empty bucket capable of receiving the powerful rush of its singing water from the highest source and force. This love is so extreme that it is usually only found in a visionary dream. Once drunk, just speaking of it can set you and everyone near you on fire, zapping you with an ecstatic lightning bolt. Through *our love*, our quest for a new summer of love becomes possible. Only then do we discover that there is enough space in this cabin and campground for everyone. As always, the Gershwin brothers bring you our final words with perfectly aligned melodic tones that go down swinging—"our love is here to stay."

Perfectly Lost in the Middle

Brad dreamed we were driving on a road that ran alongside a river:

We had started our journey far out in the countryside and were heading in the direction of London. In the middle of nowhere I announced, "This is the middle, the exact midpoint of our trip." We pulled over and wondered where we were and where we were supposed to be going. We had no idea. Hillary joked, "This is definitely the middle of nowhere." I suggested that we could drive into London, secretly hoping to catch a few shows. However, I did not feel comfortable driving the car in its congested, chaotic traffic. My mother, who I had forgotten was with us, volunteered to drive. We knew that was not a wise idea. Then Hillary and I were struck with the realization that we had arrived at our destination. Hillary said, "We are supposed to be in the middle, unsure of where we have been or where we are going."

I had a strange intuition that there was some kind of odd museum in the vicinity that we were being led to visit. My mother surprisingly, though not really that surprisingly, now looked like Osumi, Sensei. She calmly and excitedly pulled out three seiki benches from the trunk of the car. She placed them next to the road and we sat on them to conduct the seiki practice. Falling into its automatic movements, we felt a gentle wind blowing in the air. I became lost in the seiki movement, but this lostness felt like a familiar home. In spite of not knowing where we were, I felt we were in the *perfect middle, perfectly lost*.

Everything in the vision was doubling. I had just perceived two mothers, and now it dawned on me that the geographical surroundings were nothing like England. It was California and I knew the feeling associated with the place where

we had stopped. It was Claremont, a place we'd pass through when we drove from Los Angeles to the C.O.D. ranch for a Sacred Ecstatics intensive. It always seemed like it was out in nowhere, outside the city but not yet in the desert. I then felt, with more certainty, that we were there to visit a museum. I remembered that friends of ours live in Claremont. They moved their very large collection of spiritual books and resources to a new center affiliated with the Claremont School of Theology. But it wasn't books we were looking for. It felt like we were looking for instruments.

I then recalled that I had prayed the night of this vision that everyone in the Guild would find their gift. Then I woke up, wondering what museum exists in Claremont, California and what it might have to do with spiritual instruments. An online search led us to the number one museum to visit in Claremont—a place called "The Folk Music Museum." It is both a museum and a shop that sells musical instruments from all over the world, one of the biggest selections you can find anywhere. An interesting thing about folk musical instruments is that not all of them require musical training. You can use a pair of sticks, a jug, a tin can, or a bullroarer. Or you can make up your own sound-producing device. Don't forget your own voice when shopping. Find your instrument. Do it now; we are there.

In the dream, one of my spiritual mothers, Osumi, Sensei, reminded me what must be done when we are in the middle and feeling lost: get more perfectly lost in seiki movement. I took her to that museum and shop of folk musical instruments to remind her of what she was missing in her life—the music making that keeps seiki in the middle of raw Kalahari n/om and soul fried spirituality. You, too, must first get to the middle of nowhere, feeling less sure of where you have been and having no plan for where to go next. Then move your body in order to become more perfectly lost inside the seiki wind. In its whirl you will be led to find your instrument. In other words, the cost of finding your instrument is being doubly lost.

Don't forget that everything was doubled in this dream, and that includes its teaching. When Osumi, Sensei went to the trunk to retrieve the seiki benches, I did not mention that there was nothing else packed in there. No suitcases, belongings, or anything else was in the vehicle. We only brought the seiki benches. She noticed how I had noticed this and communicated with her eyes, "You must drop everything and leave everything behind. Only seiki travels with you, and you are lucky because you found your double, a seiki companion to travel with." In that moment, I realized that Hillary and our seiki benches are almost all we need to live our mission. When we add our instruments, we are completely ready to travel along the river as minstrels of numinous, luminous, musical mystery.

The Kitchen of Johnny Hodges

Brad dreamed we went to a very large mansion where an older man met us at the door:

He immediately took us to the kitchen. There we were stunned to see how tall the ceiling was—like the height of a chapel. It was strangely covered with large electrical junction boxes. There were only three lights on the right side—one was bright and two were dim. Together they created a theatrical effect like a single spotlight with two background lights. We could not stop gazing upward, wondering why this place, with so much masterful restoration, had a kitchen ceiling that looked like an electrical power station.

We then realized that we were looking at the house as buyers, considering whether to purchase it. The entry and the rooms we passed on our way to the kitchen were perfectly finished with every detail pleasing to the eye. But the kitchen had those electrical devices overhead that were not an aesthetically pleasing sight. Furthermore, the cabinets and counter tops had been refinished but not yet painted. We remained fixated on the kitchen.

Just as we were about to ask the man what was going on with the ceiling, he surprised us by singing a beautiful operatic song. We didn't understand a word since it was in a foreign language, possibly French. When he finished, we heard the doorbell ring. It was the realtor and, even before she entered, we could feel her sales pitch already revving up. I stayed in the kitchen, picked up a paint brush and started to paint the counter and cabinets as if I owned the place. I quickly remembered that we were only looking at it now and put down the brush.

The realtor went outside to check something and the man of the house who originally greeted us said with a twinkle in his eye, "It's time for you to meet Johnny Hodges." He took us to a backroom and there a man sang with the most amazing tone we'd ever heard. We were left speechless. The host brought us back to the kitchen and we again looked up at the ceiling. This time I imagined covering it with a grid to keep the electrical equipment hidden, while making the lighting even more dramatic. Just as I completed that thought, the ceiling was instantly altered as I had envisioned it, and it looked spectacular. I said to Hillary, "It looks like the cosmos with a supernova and two other stars nearby." The host smiled and answered, "You obviously heard what Johnny Hodges had to say." The kitchen looked like another world—it was absolutely divine.

The realtor finally came in and mentioned that it was time to leave. Hillary and I looked at her and she appeared naked to us. When we went outside the house, some of the people walking by also looked naked, while others did not. Somehow hearing Johnny Hodges sing changed how we saw things. We could see the truth behind any outer appearances in a new kind of way. The host noticed that our senses had been opened. He laughed and said, "I'm happy you could visit the big house of Johnny Hodges and hear what he had to say. One more thing—teach everyone that there's no need to show the electrical power station; just focus on making a life changing tone."

I woke up trying to remember who Johnny Hodges was, thinking he was either a singer or composer. I knew the name and he seemed so familiar, but I still couldn't remember. We looked him up and instantly laughed that I had forgotten he was Duke Ellington's main alto saxophone player. He is regarded as one of the two greatest alto players in jazz history, the other was Charlie Parker. Unlike Parker, who set new horizons for speed and harmonic invention, Hodges was known for the beauty of his tone. One critic described his tonal coloration as able to change at any time: "all the varieties and moods that could come out of an alto saxophone, at different moments lyrical, earthy, elegiac, and sensual."

Benny Goodman described Hodges as "by far the greatest man on alto sax that I ever heard." Charlie Parker called him "the Lily Pons of his instrument,"²⁹ referring to the famous expressive French opera singer of their time. He evoked such emotion that some said he "played to open the door of a woman's bedroom." Duke Ellington said his "tonal charisma" was too complex to describe.³⁰ More generally, he sounded like "he didn't so much play the horn as sing through it."³¹

His life was an enigma. He rarely spoke or gave interviews. His biographer, Con Chapman, wrote, "Hodges was a musical man of mystery, but he could be instantly identified by that most ephemeral of things; a single musical note, one of the few musicians in the history of jazz about whom that could be said as anything other than sheer hyperbole."³² He added, "Ellington's band was able to avoid having to hire a vocalist for many years because the song-like playing of Hodges fulfilled the emotional space that would have been taken up by a singer." What made him loved was how he "kept his tenderness in reserve—never laying it on too thick—and used technique to express emotions without maudlin flourishes." Jazz writer Scott Yano concluded that Hodges possessed "the most beautiful tone ever heard in jazz."³³

Brad met Duke Ellington and shook his hand late in the afternoon of September 25, 1969. He still remembers the exact spot on the earth where that took place—outside a college chapel. That night he heard his orchestra, featuring Johnny Hodges on alto saxophone. Hodges played "I Got It Bad" and was featured in some selections from Ellington's masterpiece, "Sacred Concert," with Hodges playing the song, "Heaven." A year and a half later Brad had a full-blown mystical experience and received a lifetime membership card to the big concert kitchen of Sacred Ecstasies with all its saints, composers, and musicians.

Hearing just one single tone can change your perception, life, and universe. While speed and harmonic complexity help keep the universe expanding, the heart pierce and whole reality room shift can come from a single note with a masterful vibrato. There is no need to show what is behind this mystery—it's the electrical power station on high. Cover it up with a grid that has many holes for light to shine through. Then all is aesthetic, copasetic, and ecstatic. More pons,

²⁹ <https://www.jango.com/music/Johnny+Hodges/ full bio>

³⁰ <https://www.csmonitor.com/1994/0113/13162.html>

³¹ <https://www.thegarspot.com/2016/07/25/this-is-johnny-hodges/>

³² Ibid

³³ <https://www.thegarspot.com/2016/07/25/this-is-johnny-hodges/>

please! Let's go back in history and join Brad listening to the tonal teaching of Pointer Johnny Hodges.

On the Way to Tujague's

Brad dreamed again that we were traveling and unsure about our destination:

This time we were in New Orleans. The dream seemed to take place in multiple dimensions and realities at once. It felt like we were in the present, also in the past visiting as tourists, and as if we had left New Orleans and were coming back to see where we once lived. We were traveling by streetcar, train, and taxi all at once. Other people were with us, a mix of those we know now, those we formerly knew, and new folks we have not yet met.

On the streetcar, a man who looked like a railroad porter approached us and asked where we'd like to go. He suddenly shifted to appearing as a chauffeur and then a taxi driver. We replied, "Tujague's in Uptown." I paused and added, "We aren't sure how to get there. We need to know before we head there tonight for dinner." After those words were spoken, I realized it made no sense to go at this time because it was mid-morning, and a local driver would know how to get there anyway. Remembering that we formerly lived in the French Quarter, Tujague's was a local place where we never got around to experiencing their dining room, though we once walked in to take a look at the bar. Considered the second oldest restaurant in New Orleans, our neighbor who lived next to the Voodoo Museum across from us went there often for its special boiled beef brisket and Creole, red-colored horseradish sauce, which we did sample at a culinary festival. It was delicious and gives Austria some competition for their version of this boiled delicacy. As these memories came back to my mind, I was surprised that I previously told the changing man on the changing vehicle that the restaurant was in Uptown (another part of New Orleans). Tujague's is in the French Quarter and we often walked by it when we lived there.

I then fell into the now familiar whirl of unfamiliarity where everything seems lost in multiple levels, directions, rooms, and contrarian tensions. Lifted high in the air over the city, I felt how this vibrational wobbling of changing is such an important tipping point experience in Sacred Ecstasies. In addition, I was flooded with a deep recognition of the truth held in a comment that Hillary and I often express to one another—"what is coming down the visionary pipeline is mainly for the ancestors of old and the ancestors to later come." They want these teachings from the other side to be received, transmitted, and held in the wobbling, whirling middle. This unspeakable and beyond logical understanding of our ecstatic mystical dream stream points to how the ancestral lineages of Sacred Ecstasies touch and excite our lives even when we are never quite sure how it affects other people in the Guild or those on the outside following news of our ongoing experimentation.

From time to time we ask whether the mystical teachings should even be shared or just put in a time capsule to be opened some day in the future. In the dream wobble, it was made (partially) clear that the visionary teachings of Sacred Ecstatics are already in a time capsule. Some people will look at its contents now and only later feel the mystical vibe come through. The visionary teachings provide a medium for those seeking n/om and, for those who have been struck by its lightning, they point how to live inside its whirlwind, downpour, oceanic waves, and embraceable electricity. However these visionary downloads are connoted by others, we know that their full multi-dimensional purpose is beyond everyone's understanding, including ours.

As our emotions and thoughts about Sacred Ecstatics circulated in the whirling First Creation wobble, I was suddenly seized by a bolt of spontaneous action and shouted to the porter, "Stop. We will get off here. We know where Tujague's is located." We got off the streetcar and realized we had an important meeting there.

I woke up from the dream wondering why we were supposed to have a meal at Tujague's. I was especially puzzled why we were heading there mid-morning. I jumped out of bed and looked up the history of Tujague's and found that what is now known as "brunch" was invented at this restaurant—it was originally called "Butcher's Breakfast" because the original owner was a butcher. The restaurant existed before New Orleans even had its name. It is also home to the oldest stand up bar in America. These later discovered facts are the kind of spiritual gift that makes us smile in wonder as we appreciate how they help us take the dream more seriously because the dream presented something we did not know beforehand. The next thing we found was quite a shock. The Tujague's website states:

Owners, staff and patrons have a multitude of stories featuring ghostly unexplained phenomena such as slamming doors, broken china, shadowy figures, and even an actual apparition caught on camera by tourists. It seems Tujague's remains a popular destination even in the afterlife!

Of course we would be sent to such a place for brunch. The ancestors are eager to share more of their wisdom and they are hungry to be fed n/om meat, something they still like to eat. Some Guild members and outsiders have not yet acquired a taste for n/om meat (or its other preparations which may include seiki sushi, holy spirit bread, or deep-fried tempura soul food). Others may have smelled the aroma in the air but don't yet own the feeling for appreciating a T-bone pointer held in the hands of the old spiritual mothers of New Orleans. And some have had a bite and are hungry for more, willing to follow the bone tip and tone fire point them anywhere!

Wherever you are in the Sacred Ecstatics scheme of things, whether standing, sitting, staring, or dancing up the stairs in this present history and future-making endeavor, and whether you are really onboard or still in Second Creations' lost and found department, you now know where we are. We are feasting with the ancestors at Tujague's. Come now while on your life theatrical stage

or wait until you are on your death bed. It's your choice of where to dine and what menu to choose.

There's plenty of room in this dining room for everyone. You were already given a ticket and instructions for how to find the place renowned not only for its boiled brisket (the way the Bushmen cook their meat is boiled), but also for their "spicy shrimp remoulade" (a nod to Osumi's shrimp course, though now it's a starter), and the famed chicken bonne femme (for all you needing a Bushman vegetable). If anyone is thirsty for the spirit, their bar invented both the Grasshopper and the Whiskey Punch, perfect to remind you to take the right kind of leap and receive the right kind of pugilistic whisk of the fist that gets you across the crossroads. Hop with our newborn Johnny Hodges rabbit habit tone and then receive the Gershwin melodic punch that knocks out former ways of performing. Don't forget that this First Creation manifestation of Tujague's is found on higher ground in visionary uptown.

One final thing to ponder before we wander on: Guillaume Tujague and his wife, Marie Abadie, arrived in New Orleans from Bordeaux, France in 1852. Guillaume offered his cut meats to locals in the French Quarter. One resident at that time was an Afro-Creole blacksmith named J. B. Valmour. We're inclined to believe that Valmour, before he died in 1853, received a T-bone from Tujague the butcher. And so did we even more recently, by way of Sister Gertrude Morgan and then Brad's Grandfather. At least that is the lean we are being pulled toward in the wobble of the present middle of whirling eternity.

Experiment Three Instructions

Remember that our experiments are an invitation to tinker with how you can experience more mystery rather than pursue personal mastery. Aim to become a little me song and dance hooper and pay no attention to any big me attraction to the black bear roofer who wants to observe and meta-comment from above. Our visionary teachings offer wobbling guidelines meant to help you stay on the main performance line, stage, and room—and they are always changing. "Yes, Lord! Thank you, deep fried Lard! Yes, Big Dadda darling! Dot, dot, dot, seiki! Shoot me, n/om gun!" Develop both your inner Charlie Parker and Johnny Hodges to inspire your Sac-Fred Ecstatics to climb the stairs with the Astaires, Gershwins, bears, the terrier-mare duo, and whatever else comes down the doubling, tripling, and ever-expanding chorus line and dance circle.

The New Experiment

It begins with a warmup exercise to loosen and work out your chops and then moves on to the everyday performance of your saintly character that you will intersperse throughout your day, doing so as often as possible. For those of you have never been in an acting class, please know that the workouts can be non-rational and absurd, such as "acting like a tree that has lost its bark or will be chopped down tomorrow." Actors learn how to act differently with an unfamiliar role, including what would be outside their comfort zone. Act accordingly with the instructions below if you hope to shift from a staring informer to a stair climbing performer. The mystics, shamans, healers, and saints of old were less about naming and more into action and embodiment. Make this shift and you'll be on your way to Sacred Ecstatics heaven.

The Three-Act Workout and Warmup

Act One: The Double Two-Finger Bear Theatre

Here your two cabin bears perform the song, “Let’s Call the Whole Thing Off.” Two fingers on each hand will “lip sync” the back-and-forth vocal parts. The opening and closing of two fingers on each hand are imagined as your finger jawbones producing awesome tones. Get your two-finger movement aligned with the music so it externally appears and internally feels like they are singing. Stand in front of a mirror if you wish, but only look at your fingers.

Act Two: The Two-Hand Theatre of Tony and the Little White Mare

More of you will now sing. This time use both your whole hands to perform a heart-warming version of, “You and I,” the hit country western song performed by Eddie Rabbit and Crystal Gale. This was the visionary song caught by Hillary in the early days of Sacred Ecstatics when she first dreamed of the Bushman mothers.³⁴ Here each hand will open and close, performing as a duet—one hand playing the part of Tony and the other hand as the Little White Mare. Make sure these two critters sound, move, and look like they are in summer camp extreme love. The performers should face one another to mutually express their affection. Even a peck or kiss may be included in your act

Act Three: The Two-Arm Theatre of the Operatic Alligator

The spiritual mothers of New Orleans have brought you an alligator that will step into the body of Pavarotti to sing, “O Sole Mio.” Place both arms in front of you and open wide to sing like a giant gator that may also shapeshift into a crocodile, hammerhead shark, or Ouroborous dragon ready to breathe ecstatic fire and sing in the sky arena overhead. You can wait for the main chorus only or perform the movement to the verses as well. Make sure those arms are spread wide when the tone is loud and vibrate them to match Pavarotti’s vibrato. Exaggerate your gator bite for a full comedic effect, creating an episode of “I Love Luci.” Rein in those jaws for more melodrama. Perhaps he’s desperately starved for some focaccia, risotto, carbonara, or gelato—we are. Tinker with your hungry Pavarotti Alligator.

Production Notes:

For those of you Sacred Ecstatics old timers who remember the introduction of spiritual engineering, notice that this is a different way of aligning and tuning the body’s mechanical vibration to be in sync with auditory vibration. That’s how we spoke while in Charles Henry’s laboratory. Now we are in the summer camp barn theatre and you are acting with the puppet

³⁴ The dream is published in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 1* as “Hillary Dreams and Dances into the Bushman Women’s Way,” p. 129. The song was brought to Hillary on a tray by a restaurant waiter who carried vanilla ice cream (for the women doctors) and an iPod.

parts of you to step on stage as a song and dance hooper. This gets the TRM “ingredients” or spokes of the mystical wheel in motion.

We dare not point out (and risk slipping back into informing rather than performing) that the black and white bears are the benevolent and malevolent sides of your trickster head. Go ahead and place your hands over your head and let two fingers on each side be the jaws of your inner chat loop. We have moved the action of mentation to a different part of your body with a different name, as well as a theatrically changed and shamanically dismembered form. With this realty shift, the two bears—at odds in the non-musical cold temperatures of literalism with its polar opposites—can now lyrically, rhythmically, and musically perform their relationship inside the Life Force Theatre. Lean toward the white polar bear—it can help you handle the ice and survive amidst the polar head caps. But don’t forget the importance of the black bear keeping the juggle, whirl, and life force alive with contrary tension. Without both in a duet, rather than a fatal duel, there is no sacred vibration.

In Act Two, Tony and the Little White Mare celebrate that together they can get through anything as long as they are singing a love song and sharing a n/om embrace. We also will not mention that Tony is the most trustworthy friend you can find—a bearer of song that longs for your embraceable you. Enough said. With a song, Tony becomes more real than most people and that helps the Little White Mare open its mythical wings and enable you to take a spiritual ride. Zora Neale Hurston and every spiritually cooked Caribbean knows about “riding the horse” (or the mare, mule, boat, ship, plane, Chrysler Imperial, and so forth). Get it? Now forget it and feel it! Lest you become lost, you need a compass that tells you what lies in every direction—at the crossroads, follow the cross (surgical) stitching that puts back together all your broken parts.

Feel free to add set design elements and costume fineries to your body puppet parts. For example, in Act Two the Little White Mare could have a fabric or drawn mane for its head or at least a couple of eyes and a nose.

Or, close your eyes and imagine what those fingers, hands, and arms can look like in First Creation. Remember this is the theatre and you are now an actor, a performer aiming to make your characters feel real. Rather than spend over forty years learning to move a mechanical puppet, here you use puppet parts you have already mastered. When movement and song are in sync, notice how the character comes to life. Tinker until you feel you have hit the performance sweet spot—this is when the character takes over the actor. When you can theatrically shapeshift into the bears, Tony, and the Little White Mare—enacting true shamanism—you’ll be better prepared to take on the part of a Sacred Ecstatics saint.

Do the three-act workout and warmup at least once—bringing a true actor’s conviction to the rehearsal stage. There is also great benefit to doing it more than once. It will help prepare you to step into the shoes of your chosen saint, even if your logical mind cannot grasp that this is so.

The Saintly Performance

Here you will use the middle act performer from above (your two hands) to sing a sacred song Brad caught in a previous vision³⁵, one that belongs to Mother Pompey from St. Vincent. Listen to the attached audio clip and get your hand movements in sync with it so your hands appear to theatrically sing this sacred melody. Allow your singing hands to perform at different somatic venues—at your heart, over your head, near your belly button, and so forth. Try it inside and outside, while dry or when wet in the shower, in the morning, at noon, and at night. Feel the emotion this performance conveys. “Add some color” to your performance to make the song pulse with vibration. Here are the lyrics:

I stand on Zion Hill
And I heard an angel’s voice
I stand on Zion Hill
And I heard an angel—
Mother Pompey blow, come blow
Mother Pompey blow come blow.

After your hands catch the song and are in sync with the recording, feel free to lip sync with it as well. When it feels like you are singing Mother Pompey’s voice, slowly allow your own voice to become audible. Make sure it blends in and isn’t louder than hers. Don’t rush to do this, and remember only your little me needs to be heard while your hands do the primary singing. We are just suggesting this for anyone wanting to some additional experimentation. Again, wait until your hands can sing before singing along out loud. Never be in a hurry and miss the flurry—in the blurry is found the middle sweet spot that is quickly lost when you jump too early to land at the end. Always blend; otherwise your rope hookup will bend and possibly break—no problemo as long as you try again differently, this time more reined in.

After you have made some noticeable progress in catching the character’s feeling with your performing hands and/or lip synching, you can change the lyric to your saint’s name. For example, you can choose to hear and voice the words, “Mother Osumi, or “Pointer Warren,” or “Johnny Hodges blow, come blow.” The song is now used to invite all the saints to bring their T-bone tones that are blown through the heavenly, singing horns.

During this experiment we will all be listening to *and* puppet singing the same Sacred Ecstatics song on the same main line. Though the name in the lyrics may change and vary, and while our performing actors are different and spread across the land and sea, let us aim to share the same

³⁵ The title of the vision is “Color the Important Part.” Brad thought that since we previously asked the Seymours and others for teaching, it was time to dial up The Carpenter. Brad prayed for a visionary teaching and received a dream of an ancient manuscript: “The old book was open and a light overhead focused its beams on the second paragraph of one of the pages. Then a voice spoke: ‘This is most important. Go past the words and experience what they point you toward. Now color the words. Make them go beyond black and white; add some color.’ Then Hillary and I painted the important illumined words red. The words soon floated off the page and began to pulse in the air like little clouds. Then, as a collective vibration, they sang a song. It was the song given to Mother Pompey in St. Vincent and the Grenadines during her visit to a spiritual classroom.”

electrical, phone, and singing line. Intersperse this performance as often as you can during the day and night. Resist any temptation to skip the hand motion—your hands help pull big me into the performance using the TRM's of you to awaken the emotion that makes the room and its theatrical production come alive. Let this be the most attended and enacted performance of your newborn First Creation hooper life.

Are you starting to feel how this summer's Life Force Theatre has been built to embrace all the lineage threads and their dynamics of spiritual cooking? There is far more that could be said about how every visionary teacher continues to expand and heat the room, bring more props, lines, songs, and dance moves. If you circle back and reread any former mystical teaching or listen again to any ecstatic track, your acting ears, n/om eyes, singing fingers, hands and arms, along with your double bear mind and four-direction extreme love heart should recognize that everything is a cornucopia of performance coaching for your double me stage life.

Thank you, George Gershwin and Fred Astaire, who are also directing the spiritual ancestors to perform, just like they are helping you. The show is going on—on both sides of the veil. Shhhh! Too much has been said. Chuck Stare (whose name rhymes with black bear) must be in the house. That's a good thing because a play can use a rascal like him, too. Please think less about any of this. Back away from informing yourself and step forward on stage to perform in order to reform the room, stage, and act. Up, up, up, up, up! Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip! (That sounds like another kind of double pentadic wakeup call.)

The Middle Act of summer camp has begun. Make sure you spend some time working on this experiment before Saturday's webinar. Then we will move on to modifying your acting performance. Catch the excitement of your mare, bears, and Tony, who are thrilled to get in on the singing act. They are thrilled to meet a new friend from New Orleans, an alligator who refuses to say, "Sing you later, Alligator." Its swamp jaws won't wait to chomp into a higher caught song so come along and be a part of the fun, pun, and sun. "Heavenly Sunshine" is on its way if, and only if, you are on stage.

You Might Be in the Building, But You're Not Necessarily in the Sanctuary

Last night Brad dreamed that we were in our living room studio where we host intensives. It felt like a church sanctuary that was empty of people but filled with the Sacred Ecstatics saints:

In an adjacent room, Hillary and I could hear the entire Guild laughing and having fun. They were having a party, drinking, and making a lot of celebratory noise. We felt disappointed and sad that the entire Guild was missing the higher action going on in our living room sanctuary among the ancestors—the spiritual temperature was soaring high and it felt as if our space had transformed into a vast cathedral. The holy ones had arrived to spiritually cook and it was a rare opportunity to experience them so intimately through sound, smell, feeling, and touch.

We started to walk toward the social gathering and announce what was happening on the other side in our room. Soon we felt a strange and unnatural force start to tug on us. The closer we came to entering the party room, the more this force pulled us away from feeling and even remembering what was going on in the big room. It soon made us want to join the others and altogether forget that

seconds ago we had been soaking in sacred ecstasy. I started to feel as if I was a young, naïve adult again rather than the ripened elder I am now.

Thankfully, an inner alarm went off and Hillary and I realized that we definitely wanted to back away before being sucked into any social black hole where the black bear reigns over the lowest spirit bar. We were again astonished and dismayed to discover how quickly the pinnacle experience can be forgotten and dismissed once you get pulled into the room of entertaining trickster distraction.

We stopped and peeked into the social room. Some folks were engaged in the kind of wild carousing common to a tavern, along with adolescent flirtation and exaggerated self-congratulatory verbalization. Others were watching and criticizing the scene as they whispered to each other like gossips at a church social. This chatter made them feel superior even though they were just as much an equal part of the whole scene as everyone else.

We ourselves are no strangers to relishing a good drink and find it therapeutic to make a time and place for carousing and plain dumb fun. However, remembering that the saints were in our living room, we immediately stopped ourselves from joining the party and turned around. When the raucous scene was out of sight and earshot, the ancestors gathered around us in the big room and began to teach:

There is a veil separating two rooms inside Sacred Ecstasies. On one side is Second Creation, the realm of trickster where both good and bad things come from incessant naming, framing, gaming, and playing. Here benevolent and malevolent commotion take place, and it can be hard to tell which is which. Trickster makes sure big me's glass is always full so the big room of little me ecstasy remains a distant memory.

On the other side of the veil is First Creation. Here the big me feeding frenzy is dropped and the Sacred Ecstasies ancestors join you to spiritually cook. Numinous melody and ecstatic movement rise higher than frozen thought and frozen daiquiri. In other words, there exist two kinds of spirit, bar, party, room, and party goer. When it is time for a holy ghost party, make sure you are in the sanctuary. It's not enough to be in the neighborhood; you must avoid getting sucked into the fellowship hall of chatter and scatter where trickster causes amnesia designed to please ya. Pray that your inner alarm bell will ring louder and call you to come through the big room door.

At the end of the dream, we were still alone in the big room of our New Orleans living room and no one else from the Guild had come to join us. I woke up feeling the loneliness all my spiritual teachers told me I would feel, as well as the truth that comfort more often comes from above rather than from other people. I wondered whether anyone would step into the big room rather than only

pretend they are in it while remaining in a social room designed for big me intoxication.

We share this vision because it brings a teaching about our collective human condition. The number one challenge since the dawn of humanity is how to stay in the big room. Even cloistered monks find that it isn't so easy because the crossroads between Second and First Creation presents itself in every situation. It's the room you choose to enter, not your psychological condition or intention, that shapes your experience. There is a time and place for socializing, but be careful that you don't make that the primary room of your spiritual life and pull others in there with you.

We are as susceptible to Second Creation distraction as everyone else, and this is why we limit our indulgence in trickster candy and social interaction, even with family and friends. Not because we don't enjoy people's company, but because our primary job is to stay in the big room with the Sacred Ecstatics saints. Fortunately, there are plenty of rascals and jazz musicians in there alongside the mothers and fathers to keep things lively and even a bit divey.

The door to the sanctuary forever remains open to you. The visionary teachings, experiments, and ecstatic tracks provide guidance for interacting with the Sacred Ecstatics ancestors inside the big party room with the highest bar and purest spirit. The treasures of n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit are held in this big room and are designed to be experienced there. Take your eyes and ears off of whatever pleases or displeases others in Second Creation. As a performer, stay focused on the audience of ancestral saints who reside in First Creation. Ignore every big me, including your own. Appreciate that the big room changes and may even sometimes take on the form of the local pub. Many a n/om nail has been received at the bar after a Sacred Ecstatics intensive when somehow the room became even vaster. Perhaps it's because big me was less serious, allowing little me to play and party with the gods.

The next day we received an email from Morten that speaks to this mysterious two-room dynamic:

Dear Brad,

In the early days of Sacred Ecstatics you told me that my body had n/om, but my head didn't receive this news. In other words, I was essentially oblivious to the fact that I had it.

Well, a couple of years ago, I connected a couple of dots about this matter but never told you. I want to tell you this story now since you startled me when you recently asked me about Tvedestrand, the village in Norway. That's where a big mystical experience happened to me. It also took place in the home of the woman I contacted to answer your question.

It happened in the summer of 2008. I was in Tvedestrand attending a three-day ceremony which has similarities to the Sun Dance. The ceremony was okay, but nothing special. My big experience actually happened at a social gathering the night after the ceremony had ended. We gathered in a small living room, where there were about twenty of us. There were some extraordinary musicians there from Brazil and other countries. They started playing different instruments which

created a good atmosphere. I remember sitting on the floor, feeling the physical closeness of the people around me, the uplifting music, and the people's excitement with singing and chanting. Suddenly I was caught by a mystical feeling.

I started pounding the floor with my open hands, growling, and letting out some screams. Before I knew it, I was up dancing on the floor. I was being danced and spontaneous chanting came through me. The spiritual temperature grew in this tiny living room. At one time I started spinning around, letting out a scream and everyone joined in. It felt like the ceiling blew open. At one point I felt so powerful that if ten people tried to kick my ass, they wouldn't have stood a chance in the world. That's how it felt.

Then I was struck by remembering something I had read in a book the year before. The book was *Bushman Shaman* by Bradford Keeney. It taught about not getting stuck in the station of power. You must move past power to experience the real love. I felt my grandfather near and asked him to help me get this message across to God—I wanted to go past power to feel the real love.

Then the living room became so magically transformed that it was unbelievable. It was truly like a fairytale. The music kept changing with extraordinary timing and as it did we were transported to different experiential locales. I discussed this with my friend later and she had the same experience. One moment it was like being in the Middle East, the next moment we were in Africa, and then we were with the Gypsies. The atmosphere would change with the music and dancing. At one point I felt a deep sensuality of the earth, like the deepest feeling of the world's creation. I never before or after felt anything that primal.

A few hours later, I was sitting on the floor next to my friend Florian who was lying down. I started touching him with my hands and his whole body started to tremble. I looked to my right and something that looked like a sun entered the room. I focused on his chest and out of my mouth came a mystery word powerfully spoken again and again. None of this was willful; it just happened. I was taken over by something greater than me. It was the authoritative and assertive presence of pure power and light.

The music and dancing ended after three or four hours. There was such a great love in the room that I remembered feeling that even the chairs were made of love, as were the walls. The room breathed love—that's how it felt. A lot of people were sitting and hugging each other with vibrant smiles and laughter. I felt a deep vibrant love running through my whole body. I could not sleep that night because my body was vibrating with energy and excitement. I also felt some nervous jitters as I asked myself, "What was this? What really happened? Is this going to last?"

The next morning I still felt energized and happy with an overflowing, beaming joy. Even having a glass of orange juice felt like it tickled my insides with pure bliss. This feeling stayed with me for weeks. When I started to pray or meditate, I would feel an explosion on the inside. I was very easily altered by any kind of spiritual action. The day I came home from Tvedestrand, I checked my e-mail. I was invited to a meeting with Inca shamans. At the very end of the invitation were the words I had shouted in my ecstasy. I learned that it translates as "father sun." I was

shocked as I remembered the sun I had witnessed in that living room when I shouted that word.

With love,
Morten

Morten experienced the big room in a Norwegian living room. Something written in a book that transcribed the vibe of the other side, *Bushman Shaman*, helped him open that summer's door to extreme love. His letter also reminded us of the truth we had faced in our own dream—that the spirit can be more potent in a post-ceremony social celebration than in the ceremony itself.

First Creation does not care about the name of the room or the name of what is taking place. It is the temperature and vastness of the space that matters. In the heat, mystery just happens. No one cares or dares to name the mystery light, love, and heat when it is felt. Instead of acting like a pointer, conductor, or leader, there is only the desire to be a song and dance hooper. The narrating trickster black bear hibernates while the polar bear borrows a penguin's tux and tail. With this in mind, we recommended that Morten not mention the Inca name he heard, to avoid feeding anyone's addiction to names. Instead, he should just remember how the father sun felt as the room breathed love. Don't call the spirits; they come when they want.

Morten received a nail of n/om years ago in Tvedestrand and it has haunted his mind ever since. It gave him the discernment of mystically smelling what is real and what is not, except when his trickster mind doubts his gift. As Brad said to him years ago, his body received n/om but his head had yet to own it. He is the opposite of those wanting to be recognized as having magical power so much that they would rather own the name than the feeling. When the latter happens, extreme love is missed altogether or is too easily mistaken and conflated with the delight of big me inflation and small room sentiment on its way to sedimentation.

Whether you are in the neighborhood bar or the ecstatic living room, make sure it is the big room where the saints of Sacred Ecstatics hang out. Pay attention to the First Creation cooks rather than the Second Creation framers and overly social players. You may find yourself wanting to put a box over your head like Reverend Seymour to screen out the distracting noise and spectacle. Before trying to decide whether we are speaking about you, know we are speaking about everyone, including us. Beware of the cold for its breeze blows equally though pub and the cathedral. We don't know about you, but we are not leaving Tujague's where the n/om meat is boiled while the saints are marching in!

Morten must not look back to whatever needs to be dropped and left behind. We don't want him to become anything like a pillar made of Morton Salt. His tones and beats are best guided by his n/om nose with trickster doubt forgotten in the heat of grilling the performance meat. Some of the Guild have felt the mystery fire or at least have heard rumors of such a higher flame. Assume you are like all the former saints who were susceptible to getting readily lost in the spiritual arctic without a polar friend. Those who think they know what spiritual cooking is about may be the least likely to follow performance instruction. Most nails of n/om drop out or get dirty due to the lack of ecstatic practice and performance participation. That's old school Kalahari wisdom pointing to the constant need for action diligence and room maintenance. Without never ending pugilism that aims to refine ye olde performance chops, a former nail loses touch with

the visionary mail and drops out, replaced by a more cunning and clever trickster delivery of a rusty imposter.

The choice for Morten is the same for you. Either become a pillar of salt or a seaworthy ship. All aboard and never look back. Yes, each of us has been led astray more times than we wish to admit. The ancestors won't give up on you and will never stop asking, "What are you going to do about it?" Let's sail onward. Movement on! The show must go on! The alternative is turning the lights and the faucet off. We choose to set sail into another adventure on the high mystery sea and its singular sensation—the chorus line circling in the whirlwind.

Visionary Coaching for Your Two-Handed Performance

Last night Brad received some additional performance advice for enacting Experiment Three:

In a spiritual classroom, Hillary and I watched a master actor demonstrate the initial three-act workout, showing how to get the movement of his fingers, hands, and arms better aligned with a designated musical track. The master puppeteer mentioned that he has to first "wake up" the body parts who are doing the acting. Otherwise "they" cannot convincingly portray a theatrical character who inspirationally sings the music.

He does this by having his fingers, hands, or arms direct their attention to his face. Then he calls out to them, "Wake up!" The body parts doing the acting then respond, "Hello! Hello!" He explained to us that "the performance should start before the play begins." This includes asking his actors if they need a drink of water or an extra bit of makeup. Before they walk on stage to perform the number, he always keeps his stagecraft traditional and says, "Go break a leg," and sometimes he adds "but take good care of those fingers, hands, and arms." Once he painted the nails of two performing fingers and outfitted a hand with a top hat, mentioning that "Tony always wanted to be Fred Astaire because he had more flair."

He made sure we understood that adding costumes enhances the transformative effect. His fingers, hands, and arms have their own little wardrobe closet that is a small box kept in his personal closet. You would not believe all the fascinating stuff he has in that closet box—it was theatrically magical to behold. In addition, he encouraged the use of a background scene and set props that further make the theatrical reality seem more real than real. The performance teacher directly advised that the Guild actors conduct this workout in front of their summer cabin and to tinker with costumes, wigs, and makeup as desired.

Next he moved on to the two-handed performance of Mother Pompey's song. He opened this part of his teaching with these words:

It is no accident that your two hands are the actors selected to portray a saint's character—enacting the little me and big me of the Sacred Ecstatics ancestor. These same hands performed the middle act of the initial workout. The singing of Mother Pompey's song should similarly take place in the middle, for there is found

the First Creation wobble between fact and fiction, actor and character, earthly creature and spiritual incarnation.

When you truly catch the saint and share the earthly and heavenly spotlight, you may feel the middle wobble induce a spontaneous hand tremble. Here seiki hands quiver as the whole summer camp appears to shake from the dancing motion and singing emotion.

In this First Creation entry, your saint mystically shifts its shamanic form, moving from bear to mare and Tony, with an alligator and T-bone thrown in to amuse the performance gods. At any time, any of the other saints can step into the whirl and assume the leading role.

Before the master actor ended his coaching, he added,

The warmup involving the summer camp critters leads to the saintly actors from above coming down to step into the changing forms of First Creation. In this theatre of transformation, the trajectory of a playwright's plot line becomes the circle and whirl of ecstatic wheels singing and dancing in the middle of the air. Unless you can convincingly become Tony and his friends on the theatrical stage, there is no way to meet the vast mystery that is hanging on each of the four walls of your summer cabin. Membicaid already came to your aid—did you use it?

You've been hereby advised to reconsider that your tone-y is more than a terrier—it's a n/om mail carrier. You must also care enough for the mare in order to pay the fare to venture on its mystical ride. Make sure that both bears are respected, even though you are usually better off leaning toward the Norwegian northern lights. The handmade wood boat and its unfamiliar Broadway ticket brought back Gershwin and Astaire, the best antidote for a sedentary and unroasted Chuck Stare. The key that opens the door is always a prayer, but only the kind that changes as it moves from a two-word call and response bouncer to a whirling pentadic juggle that begs your memorizer to surrender and become a hoofing improviser. And so it is, this new summer of extreme love journey to discovering how to make your disassociated parts come together as actors belonging to their unique Guild. Serve the numinous show where everyone has a role to contribute in the ever-changing poly-sourced singing water and fire dancing show. There Esther Williams shouts, "Up, up, up, up, up! Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip!" She does this before the waterfall curtain opens, inviting our summer camp actors to take the next plunge.

Everything performed in the practice rooms of Second Creation is meant to help get you on the road to mystery. Are you in the mystery living room, the neighborhood social bar, or vacillating back and forth between rooms and worlds? Where you are is partly up to you and wholly up to your Creator. Be aware that it is easy to cool down and become frozen once you've been warmed by the fire. The experiments are helping you find out how to change your polar ice cap and its polarizing infiltration. There's a n/om, seiki, and holy ghost party going on in the

summer camp where the talk is more about bears, a mare, and a dog than it is about God, Goddess, salvation, or enlightenment. The highway to First Creation leaves the small talk behind and invites you to the big mystical nonverbals. Why not bring a singing and dancing *all of you* to the vaster and higher side? Try staying a while longer this time.

Bow before the ancestral guides of Sacred Ecstatics and remember that we were recently reminded of a Japanese puppet show that's held on the sacred ground in front of a theatre. Immediately, trickster will tempt you to feel that the show is finished and leave you aglow about being in the know, one of the chosen to "see" the other side. Ignore the seduction to think it is all about the knowing and get going with the action you have been instructed to perform. Right now, today at summer camp, everyone should be dedicated to turning your acting body parts into a two-finger puppet, a two-handed puppet, and a two-armed puppet that come to life. If this theatrical performance skill is found missing, you'll not be able to successfully adopt a saintly character, nor will any saint believe that you have acquired the performance chops to 'dopt you. This is not sleight of hand magic, even though it partly is. More than this, it is learning to have seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit speak through the moving parts of you. You have heard from Johnny Hodges how to do more than "play" your instrument. It's time to learn how to sing your fingers, hands, and arms. Then your vocal cords, inside and out, may follow. After that, the multi-braided rope is ready to take center stage.

This is how you build and strengthen the onstage performance that readies you for the next opening night party. Get those two fingers ready to play the part of a two-gun n/om slinger. Then tighten your grip with two praying, singing hands to better learn how not to let go of the most important rope. Finally, ask a New Orleans spiritual mothering gator to help your big me stop swinging between being a deflator and an inflator. Better for those jaws to express the awes built upon the flaws of a swinging star whose light shines on both sides of Creole paradise. Finally, when the three-act warmup act is finished, you're ready to go on stage with two singing hands performing the role of your saint. Don't forget the scene you are in. As a musical theatre saint, you are standing on Zion Hill and blowing a heavenly horn. If you're lucky, next time you might get two horns and make some devil music like jazz, blues, or rock and roll. That would make the saints and gods want to dance like they never have before. Enough chatter. Go break a room.

Variations for Performing Your Parts

Here are some variations for performing your double two-finger duo, pentadic mojo hands, and arm gator's operatic jaws. Remember to go back and forth between following the instructions exactly as they have been given and then modifying them in any way. That's another wobble—learning to oscillate between memorization and improvisation. Aim to transition from an informer of self and others to becoming a performer for little me and the saints, rascals, and hooper characters on high. "Hi, Hi!" Remember where the Sacred Ecstatics theatre is located. It's high, high. Enjoy your alternate digit pointers, palm singers (not palm readers), and musically armed arms:

*Rather than limit your saintly performance to your hands, allow your doubled double digits and extended play gator arms to have their hand in it.

*Try using your two fingers to create a call and response of the two-word prayer: “Yes, Lord.” Apply it to “send the rain” and any other former big room incantations.

*Invite your hand, with all five fingers involved, to catch the vibe of the pentadic light ecstatic.

*Allow seiki to tremble these body part performers, but only if seiki rather than you turns on the seiki switch.

*Use your two arms to grab the lifeline while listening to the song “Throw Out the Lifeline.” Then use those limbs to sing that song.

*Add other body parts to your performing cast: wiggling toes, whole feet, legs, hips, and wiggling ears (if you have the latter muscular gift).

*Bend those arms and create two wings. Have those wings learn to sing the new routines that are in play. Add “I’ve Got Two Wings” to the present summer camp song list.

*Draw a T-bone over your heart. This was Sister Gertrude’s pointer. Consider that she and her T-one are pointing your tones to a crossroads where two kinds of water are found – one muddy and one clean. The muddy water is holier and more soulful than the one which is pristine.

*Choose the spot in your house that is “Zion Hill.” Mark it. Consider having a historical plaque that says a few words about it. Alter its history by mentioning that this place was lost for many years, but recently rediscovered by your little me explorer. Do your saintly act on this wonder making power spot.

*Place a sign on your dinner table: “Tujaque’s” and set a plate and dining utensils for your main saint.

*How would your chosen saint act differently than you typically do in Mighty Mouse? Try making that saint smile by doing the same.

*Always be courteous and ask your guide how their spouse is doing. For example, “Sister Gertrude, Hello! Great to see you. How’s the Dada Darlings?” Or bow to Osumi, Sensei and her entire lineage. It’s probably better to say less with her because she already knows the question you should be asking. Or shout, “Hello, Mother Samuel. To God be the Glory and with this Glory, we give never ceasing praise.” Remember that you are in their room, so act accordingly. Don’t bring them into your room and remake them in your room’s image. That makes the saint an ain’t idol.

*Little me is free to do all these performances without reining itself in. Big me needs to stay within its gift. This includes staying inside its natural range. Discover your performance sweet spots—for your tones, rhythms, and movements. Also find and explore the acting zones where less feels like more. Paradoxically, here holding back can intensify emotion. Great orators like

Richard Burton enacted this. Try different dimensions of varying your expression and then try the opposite. Become ready to make any kind of performance gear shift.

*Explore how little me's performance can influence big me's external action.

*Everything the saints and their lineages perform has nothing to do with you as an isolated island. Their pointing is toward you-in-a-performance-room-with-others. Drop any reflection or consideration about your personality. The saints are here to help alter the architecture and interior design of your life rather than psychologically explain or mess with anything via small room therapeutics.

*In public, you can perform with your fingers & hands in your pockets, behind your back, or under your desk.

*Consider shadow theatre—creating puppet shadows that bring more black-and-white to your colorful bears.

*Applaud your actors and learn how every performance deserves applause, not only to show respect for the theatre, but to help big me not solidify into an observer that forgets it has relations.

*Be more traditionally Japanese and before you act, hold the script, your two conductors, and the Sacred Ecstatics lineages over your head while bowing before the whole room.

*Expect your big me to be habitually inclined to have a shit fit and plunge into an ecstatic drought and static pout whenever you do not win a Tony or Oscar for every performance. This may happen when you watch or listen to your own performance or receive feedback that invites you to make an adjustment. Take comfort in the other side of this truth—little me is starved to receive any trial and error correction that leads to improving its perfection. To reach higher performance ground, follow the relation of little me to action correction, performance direction, and spiritual pointing.

*Finally, alternate between highlighting focused skill acquisition and letting all that nitpicky work drop to have another romp on the let-everything-go, anything goes, seiki stage where spontaneity wants to take you past your own conformity. Then appreciate, even if it not completely understood, that all anointed pointing is toward this kind of performance in the Life Force Theatre. Break big me's leg as well as its trickster inspired tones, beats, and moves, and then go sing and dance little me's heart out.

Psalms for the Saints

Psalm 1: Wedding Rings

The guides from above have asked that our visionary visitations be reported differently. They said it is time for the summer camp “psalms” to come down. The first one arrived last night and is called, “Wedding Rings.”

As was explained in visionary space, the "psalms" catch the kind of communication that I experienced with the Sacred Ecstatics saints when they were alive. Our talk was more poetic and evocative of prayer-song lyrics, interspersed with shouts and shaking. This kind of presentation enables you to eavesdrop on how big room communion sounds. It has not been translated or made more appealing for outsiders or the non-cooked. How it will feel to you depends on the room you are in when you listen. Welcome to the big room, unfiltered.

Sister Gertrude told me, “We’ve got something in common. We both have a wedding ring from Jesus.”

“Yes, Gertrude. I was startled years ago when that ring was offered. But I took it and I claim him not only as my friend but as my mystical origin of love.”

Sister Gertrude, delighted to feel less alone, shouted, “Yes! We are both married to Little Dada. I also married Big Dada God, but I am not one to compare. Their difference makes each feel like they are more the same— Jesus and God got hitched at the higher wedding chapel. Yes, Big Dada Darlings, you two do love that love.”

Wedding ring,
Ring of fire,
Wheel of prayer,
Ezekiel’s automobile wheels—he’s got four or maybe he’s added more.
In the circle, beginnings and endings become endless middles.
This is the dance circle,
The wobble,
The vibrato.
Hear Jesus play the fife as his gypsy tribe dances through the night.
Climb the stairs without stopping to stare.
Feel Jesus the mother.
Feel Jesus, the warm sun, the shining star on the main stage.
Feel married to love.
Love extreme is the ultimate dream.
God is a three-letter word for love and love is a four-letter word for God.
So sang the Duke with Johnny Hodges on the horn.
Mary has a wedding ring, the same one she gave to Jesus, the carpenter with
n/om nails.

Abraham, Moses, Ibn 'Arabi, Rumi, among other circling mystics,
Have the numinous wedding ring that married them to the beloved.
Sister Gertrude has two rings; I'm only aware of having one.
I almost forgot. Baba Credo made me another ring.
I was married to Africa and all its spirits.
The rest of that story lies ready to rise from the grave,
Whenever I am brave enough to cast its spell and alter its spelling on you.
Sister Gertrude and I each have two wedding rings. Together that makes four.
Now we are back again with my teacher, Ezekiel and his wheel.
That's our spiritual classroom.
It's also a wedding ring, a circle of fire, a wheel of prayer, a wobbling entry to
mystery.
Work on your vibrato, legato, and staccato.
Forget the names and frames except when they set you free from making big me
claims.
Let's go to Bali where puppets marry their masters, who, in turn, marry their
gods.
There's another ring of fire,
Volcanoes puffing with Mark Twain on the other side of the smoke.
Fear not, for death is part of the act, another middle in need of a fiddle that
makes your instrument wiggle
I don't know about you, Gertrude, but I am happy we are married.
"You and me are quite the four. We help hold the higher floor."
So happy, Sister Gertrude, that you married Hillary, too.
"That makes us eight and readier to break bread."
The mystery danced the night before the resurrection.
It was said that Jesus, our bride and groom, spoke, "I will eat and I will be eaten."
This is the living bread, something not to be read.
Bake it. Eat it. You'll be sad if you don't,
And glad if you take the first bite without caring whether others think you are
right.
Into the bakery and out of the fakery you go.
Coming home to discuss weddings, rings, and all the rest that wakes us up.
I almost forgot that I married the big god in Bali.
We took our vows after she kicked me in the head, reminding me to stay in my
heart.
She also took credit for the previous theatrical coaching that advised the Guild
actors to wake up their puppets before going on stage.
The puppets of Bali are considered asleep in their trunk until awakened.
Only then is the theatre brought to life, with mystery flying everywhere in the
air.
Higher marriage, holy 'doption, Kalahari ownership, and possession by ecstatic
excitation are what bring the wedding rings.
That's all for now. The first psalm is ready to be gone.

“Goodbye.”

Postscript:

The morning after receiving the first psalm and writing it down, I received a photograph taken in Bali, sent by someone I had not heard from for quite a while. He accompanied me when I worked with the Balinese shamans years ago.



Let us take this as another mysterious reminder to wake up *little me* with music before you hit the mystery stage to act differently.

Psalm 2: The Weaving Spider House

Hillary dreamed we moved to a very old house:

It was small and simple, like an early settler’s house from the 1700s. I had the feeling it was one of the oldest surviving houses in the United States. Its walls were made of old wood panels painted a pale blue, and it had beautiful wainscoting throughout, painted a slightly darker blue – the color of water. The floors were also very old and creaked when we walked upon them.

This house was famous for some reason, and though we had just taken ownership, many visitors were walking through it like it was a museum. I strongly sensed Sister Gertrude Morgan was nearby. Though I never saw her in the dream, her spirit filled the home. As Brad and I walked around to discover more about our new house, I noticed a movement in the corner near the window. I walked closer and realized that it was a very large, unusual looking spider, about the size of my hand.

Moving swiftly and dramatically, it was weaving a large, thick white web in a sweeping motion, up and down. I had the feeling that it was gathering parts of the house and sweeping them up into the web. The spider was a deep, dark brown and seemed to be covered in feathers, making it appear more like one of those beautiful, furry moths. Most striking was that on its back was a white polka-dotted design with white lines. I wondered

for a moment if it was wearing a beaded cape that someone had made for it. It then dawned on me that there were other spiders like this in the house, all female, which filled me with a sense of awe and respect, realizing we had moved into their space. When I woke up, I remembered that Sister Gertrude wore a white shawl.

Welcome home!

This is the house of Sister Gertrude, wife of Dada Jesus

Now it is our home, too

And we are all wives and nurses to the Big Love Doctor

This is the oldest house in the land

Painted the colors of the vastest sea

Blue like the ocean of St. Vincent and Mother Ralph's dress

And the walls of her church

Listen! The floors are creaking

The people have come

They want to feel what it's like inside these walls

They are looking for something

We found it! Look, it's moving

We're not alone

There are many mothers and grandmothers here

Weaving, swooping, and building

Working fast

Marking art!

Polka dots and lines!

It's time for you to get to work

Sister Gertrude says, "Come on, children! I got a new world in my view"

"Wake 'em up and shake 'em up"

Mother Ralph says, "When you have a high passion in the spirit world, you will see the lines"

Grandmother spider says, "I will teach you how to weave the lines that connect all the dots"

Dot, dot, dot, dot, dash!

Build it and the spirit will come

When you feel the holy spirit in you, don't sit down

Stand up and stomp the ground

Up and down, up and down

Dance it out for the Lord

Eat that bread

Wear that cape

Painted by the mothers

Don't just sit there and stare

When there are two bears

Tony and a Mare

Make something

Paint something
Act! And act again.
Walk in beauty
Beauty way
Weave in beauty
Beauty way
Paint in beauty
Beauty way
Welcome home
We're here to stay
Our mothers are here
Our grandmothers are here
Our extreme summer of love is here to stay and pray without ceasing.
The spider mothers and grandmothers have moved in, making the room bigger.
In their web, you may be caught.
And taught to weave while feeling no need to leave
This weaving of love requires falling into the web, into this house and on the line.

Psalm 3: You Are Cordially Invited to Wear the Halo Room

Finally, after many years of trying to escape one small room after another, Brad went to a special visionary classroom:

I dreamed that I was no longer owned by the former cramped spaces of my life—whether at work, play, community, or home. This was no easy accomplishment. It took me all these years to keep discovering that I was deluded every time I thought I had escaped. I would find that the presumed exit only had led me to another cramped room—it was just another big me fantasy that I had out tricked trickster, bringing further entrenchment in small quarters. I became an expert in discerning people pretending they are not in a small room. That's why today, in my elder years, I can so easily recognize this when it happens to others—because it so often happened to me.

The vision sent me back to re-experience those small rooms and I felt completely differentiated from what before would have made me overly reactive, either moved by repulsion or attraction. I felt like I was from another planet, radically unlike the walking mummies who have never felt the n/om fire. I was shocked to notice that I was inside a halo—a vast circle of light surrounded me. The big room had become a luminous halo-sphere. Wherever I went, it went with me. "Hello, hello!" As Guild member, Heather Diddel, says when she remembers her feather and wings from a past prescription, "Halo, halo!" At nearly seventy years of age, I discovered I had moved into a new residency—occupancy in a big bubble of light. I will accordingly join Heather and shout out, "Halo, halo!"

Hillary and I cordially invite you to wear the sunshine of the radiating halo room. Say "halo" to your fantastic light electric! It's the perfect fit for performing

the pentadic light ecstatic. Don't be shy. Slip into these luminous rings that sing with two wings for a joyful flight away from formerly pulled strings. You'll be surprised how often you laugh at the absurdity of what you used to take too seriously.

In every performance, including every word you speak or don't speak, step into the surround sound of the halo light.

Join the saints, mystics, shamans, and healers who laugh and soar in the dot and dash, spot and flashlight that announces a Broadway opening night.

There is no small room flee without help from Thee.

Wear the halo room and the saints will come marching in.

Wear the halo kitchen that the saints cook in.

Wear the halo living room that the saints live in.

Dance up the stairs the saints are climbing.

This ring of light dreams with higher vision.

It illumines the summer camp—don't miss its shine.

Up, up, up, up, up! Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip!

The saints only ask, where is the fire burning?

And where is the light shining?

For them, it is enough to be near the song and dance sparks,

Only desiring to own the flame and marry the immortal beloved.

Nothing else can cast away darkness.

Go for the wedding ring that is the halo room.

Brides and grooms have arrived with their halo rooms.

Nothing else can satisfy the utmost desire.

Only halo starlight makes a small room fade away.

Freeing little me to break away and reach for hooper heaven.

Only then can you forever live inside the halo that shouts hello to everlasting light.

There is a halo around you. Feed it until you feel it open your two-wing song and dance soul.

Hello, hello! Halo, halo!

Psalm 4: Tropical Vacation

A visionary journey dreamed by Brad:

I dreamed that the Chrysler Imperial picked Hillary and I up in New Orleans. There were already two passengers in the front seat—Grandfather and Grandmother Keeney, whom I called PaPa and Doe as a child. They rolled down the window and shouted out, "You two need a vacation. Let's go!" They pointed where we should sit in the car, next to them in the front seat with Hillary behind the wheel. Doe sat next to Hillary and I sat in between both my grandparents with PaPa next to the passenger door. Off we went driving on the highway, heading for our unexpected vacation.

As a boy, my family never went on a vacation without my paternal grandparents. In addition, I was given a private summer vacation each year with them, without the rest of my family. Now Papa and Doe came back to invite Hillary and I to have a break. Hillary had not mentioned to me that before we went to sleep, she had prayed for much needed rest and then quietly mentioned to herself, "I think we need a vacation."

Back to the dream: in an instant, we were suddenly driving in a tropical world. I recalled that Doe's favorite vacation had been to southern Florida, a trip that my grandparents took without us when I was an infant. They conducted a revival there and stayed for a week to enjoy the tropics. Doe never stopped talking about the tropical flowers and birds she experienced during that magical adventure. I heard about them for the rest of her life. She loved birds and flowers more than all other material things. Her house was filled with porcelain and wood carved birds. As we drove through the tropics, she was delighted beyond measure as she pointed to one bird and flower after another.

We were in the kind of locale she unquestionably considered paradise. We could see the deep blue sea nearby as we approached a small town. Hillary announced, "This is where we get supplies and can have a meal before we head to camp." I looked out the window and was stunned because every single shop, including two diners, was painted blue from top to bottom. I knew Doe would love these colorful, charming buildings. I looked over and could see that she was in a daze from all the beauty, getting ready to say one of her favorite expressions of praise, "Why I feel I died and went to heaven."

The last dining establishment was on the edge of the town. It, too, was painted the same color blue. When we got near it, Doe woke up from her trance-like absorption. With great glee she shouted, "Let's eat!" I was excited, too, because it was always a special treat to dine out during those grand vacations with my grandparents.

In the middle of all this joy I realized I was unsure where we were and what we were doing. Were we at summer camp, the Caribbean, a restaurant, or a sacred place for shouting praise that bakes the living bread to raise the dead? In the whirl, I woke up as music was heard outside. The spiritual mothers of St. Vincent and elsewhere from all around the world were opening their door to celebrate and include my grandparents in their specially arranged gathering. I heard them say, "It's time for a feast." That was Archbishop Pompey's term for a vision fast. He also called it a "vacation." He loved to fast and "mourn"—not to take pity on his shortcomings, but to celebrate the renewal of his spiritual vows and marriage to God. Hillary and I caught the feeling of this homecoming reunion. Our needed rest, doctoring, and nutritional needs were fully addressed. Thank you, PaPa and Doe.

You, too, are welcome to enter the door of this fine spot for cooking. It is a place familiar to me, owned by a great cook of material and spiritual meals, Mother Samuel. Come on in and feast

while taking a truly needed vacation. Vacate former small rooms and step into the praise house where bells are ringing for holy weddings, prayer feasts, sweet song treats, and eternal retreats.

I'm hungry for the living bread.
Eat that bread.
I'm tired and in need of power, power, more power.
Eat that wonder working power.
I'm weary of trickster getting in everybody's way.
Let's go higher on the highway.
I stand on Zion Hill.
Turn the prayer-key, ride the song, and travel toward the blue sea.

Mother Samuel's door is open to host your vacation feast
Mothers and grandmothers, blow, come blow.
Come sing and dance before the Lord.
Fathers and grandfathers, let us become mothers and grandmothers
Everyone, all together now, blow, come blow
No more chest puffing, head stuffing, merit badge collecting, and trophy displaying
More relations and less divisions, please.

Both praise the truth and point out what must change, like a good mother
Let everyone bow before the mothers and step into their shoes,
It is time to walk their trails and sing their songs.
Africa is called the Mother.
It is time for the rest of the world to wake up and know their original name!

The extreme passion of the new summer of love belongs to mothering.
Celebrating everyone as a mother and the offspring of the eternal spring.
In the beginning was the maternal metaphor.
All fruit pointed to the vine, branch, trunk, root, tree, and orchard.
Only when the apple was named did the metaphor become literal
This divide did not part the sea; it crowned the names and made things kings
Physical measure overtook tone, rhythm, and movement
Metaphysical abstraction shunned vibration
Informing and knowing conquered performing and glowing
Spiritual words became hard as concrete, and even harder of hearing

Back to the womb you go, into the resurrection tomb.
All creatures, large and small, make yourself ready to love
Without dueling competition,
Choose duets, trios, quartets, pentadic quintets, and infinite symphonies
With bodies on fire, spread the flames of n/om
Don't forget the muddy waters of the Mississippi Mothers
"My brothers and my sisters," Mother Haynes shouts,

“Let us gather around the motherly circle of extreme love.”
I stand on Zion Hill, and I hear an Angel voice, come blow, come blow

Psalm 5: Blending Two Musicals

Brad dreamed that after a delightful meal at Mother Samuel’s blue diner, we drove on to summer camp with his grandparents:

We parked the car in front of the barn theatre and went in to find the Guild gathered. My grandparents sat in the audience while we went on stage to discuss producing a theatrical play that would blend the music of two Broadway musicals—*110 in the Shade* and *They’re Playing Our Song*. Hillary and I were surprised that we had launched into this topic of conversation with my grandparents in the audience, because they had little to no experience with musical theatre. Nonetheless, we felt strongly “called” to discuss blending these two theatrical shows. We began by providing a brief synopsis of each one.

The first Broadway play, *110 in the Shade*, (years later revived in London) is about a conman named Starbuck who poses as a rainmaker. He promises he can bring rain to a small southwestern town suffering from a long, hot summer drought. The second act opens with a magical summer night scene (“Everything Beautiful Happens at Night”) where Starbuck-Rainmaker tries to convince a young woman to have big dreams for herself, including changing her name from the common sounding, “Lizzie” to a fancy sounding, “Melisande.” They fall in love and later, Starbucks confesses his secret to her: “I never made rain in my life! Not a single raindrop!” Lizzie advises that “it’s not good to live in your dreams,” but he answers back, saying it’s not good to live *outside* of them, either. She concludes that the best way to live is “somewhere between the two” in the song, “Is It Really Me?”

The second play, *They’re Playing Our Song*, is about a songwriting couple. The man, Vernon Gersch (echoing Gershwin) composes the music and the woman, Sonia Walsk (a character resembling Carole Bayer Sayer, the former girlfriend of the composer, Marvin Hamlisch), writes the lyrics. He’s aloof and organized while she is disorganized and easily distracted. They repeatedly find it impossible to work together—he finds he can’t express his deepest feelings unless there is a piano within reach and she can’t get rid of her former boyfriend, someone she does not like but just can’t seem to break away from. Vernon and Sonia finally separate, finding their differences too hard to reconcile. Soon Vernon ends up in the hospital and Sonia brings him a tiny red child’s piano as a get-well gift. That rekindles the sparks of their relationship enough to reconcile and they decide to move in together. They surrender to celebrating how their differences can produce a great song and inspire others as well. They then happily sing, “They’re Playing Our Song.”

We discussed the ways these two musicals embody teachings from Sacred Ecstasies, including the prayer to send the rain, how most self-professed

rainmakers are fakes, and how dreams are better held in a middle wobble between fantasy and reality that keeps their contrarian tension alive. Furthermore, we added that differences in a relationship do not necessarily need to lead to a duel, but can inexplicably inspire a beautiful duet, especially when a red colored gift is freely given from the heart.

During our entire presentation we noticed that Brad's grandparents visibly and audibly celebrated every word we uttered, even though they likely did not understand most of what we addressed. They had just arrived to the Sacred Ecstatics summer camp and had not yet been introduced to our constantly changing lingo and song list, along with the many diverse strands that are braided to form our unique rope to God. Observing them flooded us with deep appreciation and affection. Though we were the ones on stage, we became an audience to their heartfelt dramatic performance—they cheered whatever we said and did because they sincerely felt that we were inspired and led by the ropes over our heads.

In that moment, I realized that this same rope trust and appreciation was present in every relationship I had with spiritual elders throughout the world, especially if the rope to God brought us together. If I had not acquired an aesthetic taste for their music or was not moved by the foreign nature of their ideas, I still bowed before the rope that moved them to perform. The same was true for the elders toward me—they respected anything unfamiliar I might have done or said because they felt the truth of the rope pulling my strings.

Osumi, Sensei despised Christianity, yet she celebrated my seiki relationship with the spirit of Jesus. I did not always understand why she was so fiercely and undiplomatically uncompromising when correcting others or giving direction. I simply bowed before the truth that seiki was behind everything she said when the conversation concerned seiki. The same was true in the Kalahari, the Caribbean, or elsewhere. Those elders never failed to celebrate the rope no matter what came through the numinous conduit. I followed their example.

Hillary and I did not understand at first why we were working with these two Broadway musicals. There was no obvious reason to launch a theatrical play that blended the two, but we obediently trusted the rope. Brad's grandparents demonstrated what it truly means to be a pillar holding up the big room, the rope, and its conductors. We were thrown into their whirlwind of unconditional love that was enacted as unconditional support. PaPa and Doe showed us that this is how an audience or community encourages its conductors to carry on, whether the talk is about showtunes, hymns, or shamanic songs.

At the end of the dream, I shouted out my love for my grandparents. That's when every song from the two musicals started to magically blend. They became another altered rendition of Mother Pompey's song stirred into other songs from the Sacred Ecstatics songbook. This put a smile on the faces of my grandparents who had caught the underlying sacred emotion resonating among the diverse melodies and lyrics. They embraced that it poured from the source from which all blessings flow. In this blend of song, infinite love, and everlasting support we felt

a moving reunion inside a holy togetherness that was real. We each owned and communally shared the sacred emotion for God's extreme love dreaming, transmitted down the rope in an always changing music and dance form.

The Sacred Ecstatics ancestors are playing our song and they have made sure it is 110 degrees in the shade. Rest assured that our multi-lineage ancestors will never stop unconditionally loving and unconditionally supporting the rope above everyone's head. When spirituality is numinously authentic, it isn't preferential or deferential to anyone's trickster satisfaction. The real deal is often not understandable. It is held in the higher blend, mojo balms, and prayer bombs of spiritual cooking hands—the same tropical palms that compose the psalms and pull the puppet strings. These ropes, these ropes, are not ordinary ropes. They deliver a sacred ecstatic holy loaf of musical bread.

Listen to what *110 in the Shade* has to sing as it calls for spiritual heat and holy rain:

It's gonna be another hot day
And there's a big rain a-comin'!
When the rain comes, such a sight!
Can't you see, such a celebration
The whole darn summer camp town
Will pour into the street
To feel it streaming down

It's gonna rain
All day tomorrow!
And Lord God Almighty
Now won't that be a sight!

And then the rain came!
And we knew we were part of eternity
Now, there's a story.
You don't have to believe it if you don't want to.
But everything beautiful happens at night,
Here in the darkness, we don't know why,
Brushed by the wings of a flying mare,
A star starts to sparkle,
One bear starts to giggle and the other will wiggle,
And that's when dreams come true.

We have so many longings that belong to you, Big Dada Darlin'
We have so many songs we want to sing,
We have a little me heart that's absolutely free!
Open arms that are reaching for a n/om embrace.
So love, oh love, please don't pass us by.

Evening star up in the sky
You are searching for something, just like all of us.
Sometimes it's lonesome.
But what keeps us goin'
Is somehow knowin'
That little me is free.

When we're dancin' up and down the street
Tippin' and tappin' our feet
We'll have music, a big room full of music
Wonderful music
It's gonna be another hot day

Fire on the mountain,
Fire on the sea,
Let the rain come
Let the rain come
Do not pass us by
This love will last
Even after we die.

Now listen to the heart respond when *They're Playing Our Song*:

Workin' it out, that's what we're tryin' to do
Listen, the mothers are playing our song,
Workin' it out for the two hoofers of you
The music is great,
Try even harder, that's all we can do

Right, right, everything about summer camp feels right
Our whole world came alive the day
Two bears, a mare, and Tony walked into our lives
Good, good love
And sweet, sweet music
Don't be afraid to fly
Or jealous of those not afraid to die

If there were no music
If the melodies stopped playing
Would this be the kind of world we'd want to see tonight?
All good things come to an end
We wish they'd play it again and again
They keep on playin'
Oh God we're prayin'
They'll keep playing our song

Yes, Lord
You are our song
Sing it
Let everybody know we found the thing
That people love to sing about
Tell them
Tell them if they didn't hear by now
Tell them how we've found that feeling that we've waited for
We've got the whole world and more

All our lives we've been dreamers
And we still believe in love
We're ready to begin once again
The fire can be oh so warm
And that's why we've returned

And now we're fallin'
Fallin' fast again
This time we'll get it right
Let's go for it and see what heaven can be
We'll all come back a little wiser
When heavenly sunshine turns to holy rain
We'll be ready to begin once again

Let's blend it all together now:

Let us hang in the middle of the air soaring over plot lines and literal names.
Here the mystical is musical and theatrical
Double those metaphors to bring duende to the matadors
Welcome whatever the gods may hurl, throwing us into the whirl
110 in the shade throws no trickster shade
Its light is found in the magic of night
They're playing our song in the right key
That key opens the door to mystery
Two musicals, two bears, and one mare plus one Tony equals two wings
Two fingers times two, two hands, and two arms add up to doubling everything
I've got two wings and both of them sing
Let's fly high enough to turn that shooting duel into a wise owl hooting duet
Then drop inside the room, this time making it bigger than before
Look! The mothers have cross stitched every wall with a spider love web
To catch you in their net after the necessary fall
Don't drop out; drop into the cabin where extreme love is served
It's different each time the gods play

They're playing our song when its 110 in the shade.

Balinese Spirit Acting Lesson

Brad became a balian (traditional shaman and healer) in Bali and is one of the few people alive today to have met, been “approved” for spirit occupancy, and then formally initiated by the big god of the balians. This was confirmed by the leading elder balians throughout the island, including those who supervised his initiation on an island where the big god is believed to live. From time to time, this god or one of its relations comes to teach Sacred Ecstatics through Brad, though we usually don't mention when this is taking place. Last night Balinese mystery made a house call to summer camp with a spirit acting lesson for each of you:

For some spiritually chosen people in Bali, the body is the home for a spirit or many spirits. For example, our traditional dancers have different spirits residing in different parts of their body. When some or all of them are awakened, those parts of the body become spiritually animated. Here you see the trembling associated with a spiritual performance, especially in the fingers, hands, arms and legs. The dancer then feels multiple non-ordinary experiences happening at the same time. First, each body part becomes the inhabited physical form for the spirit to express its numinously energized movement. Second, each body part feels like a puppet whose strings are pulled by a god. Thirdly, the performance becomes more spontaneous and beyond personal control the more the spirit takes over the body.

This kind of spirited performance doesn't happen overnight. It takes many years of hard work and practice to learn the fundamentals of movement technique—making the body a flexible, nonresistant medium for spirit occupation. When the body temple is clean, clear, and changeable, the spirits decide whether to enter for a brief visit, to permanently move in, and to awaken and perform. The initiated dancer lives with two bodies—one technically prepared by training and the other directed by the spirited force behind nature's creation, destruction, and recreation. In a dance, these double bodies may dance successively or at the same time. Their different rhythms and movements are aligned with the melodic tones and rhythms of our traditional gamelan orchestra. The music and dance are co-aligned to bring more energy than either art form alone can capture and convey.

Another sacred art in Bali is Wayang, our shadow puppet theatre. A puppeteer also goes through great training and, when they are ready to have the spirit animate how they hold the puppet, an initiation commences. A special trunk with magical puppets is presented to the initiate. The puppets sleep inside this trunk and must be awakened before a performance. The initiation instills the puppeteer with the mystical key that wakes his puppets up whenever he opens the trunk. Here the spirit comes into the puppet as well as the puppeteer's hands and arms. The performance involves the spirit occupying both performers—one made of flesh and the other of leather. Traditionally a performance lasts from midnight to dawn with the audience watching on both sides of the screen. The puppeteer,

called a dalang, is considered both an artist and spiritual conductor. This role is chosen by the gods who ask the elder dalangs to invite the next initiate to step into the lineage.

The master balian is the supreme example of a body instrument chosen for spirit occupancy. How many spirits, ancestors, or gods occupy a body is chosen by the mysterious forces that are beyond human understanding. You also cannot choose to fulfill this role and you cannot call the spirits to come at your whim and desire. The spirits and the anointed roles just come. Some human beings come into this world with a destiny to house spirited performing and its soulful emotional conveyance. Our balian conductors are a special breed of followers—they follow higher conducting. Be assured, however, that the spirit wants every *body* to prepare for a spirit visitation, whether while sleeping or awake. Whether you drive a taxi, steam a fish, dance, or sing, your performance only comes to spiritual life when the spirit enters the flesh, blood, bones, tones, and sweat.

The gods of Bali are fascinated to experiment with each of you in the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. We are aware of everything you do and don't do, due to our rope hookup with Brad and Hillary. They work for and with us in these ineffable matters. We can now announce that we are partly behind your summer camp theatre production. It has led to this moment. It is time to make a mid-summer shift and start seriously respecting and fulfilling the instructions given to you. Those summer camp critters are not fantasy flights of a playwright's imagination. They are spirit forms meant to occupy your everyday altar. They need to be cared for, fed your attention, and brought into your mind and heart. Next, the enactment of these characters by your body parts brings you into the mysterious performance secrets of Bali, Africa, the Caribbean, old Japan, New Orleans, and other ecstatic mystical lineages. You are practicing this theatrical exercise to make yourself fit to adopt another character. This, in turn, makes you readier to be 'dopted by the spirit behind it.

When the spirit comes into the character you are enacting, whether it's a bear, Tony, the mare, the gator, the wood boat (yes, boats and cars have spirits in Bali), or anything else, your body part will spontaneously tremble. The seiki switch, as one of your ancestral saints calls it, is then turned on. We simply say that the spirit is making a house call to your fingers, hands, arms, or whatever other parts are chosen as the vessel for a Sacred Ecstatics performance. Follow your conductors and their instructions, for they are leading you to the big room where spirits wait to 'dopt those who have cleared trickster resistance, choosing to long for the occupancy of extreme love no matter its transient form. This love, as you were previously taught, is unconditional and to make it more than mere lip service, enact unconditional applause for all that mystery brings. Somaticly receive rather than conceptually sift through, sort, and evaluate these gifts. Own them by feeling what cannot be known. The numinous show can only be shown when big me steps out of the way for little me to take the stage.

Mental resistance is trickster impedance to mystery conductance.

A high wire performance needs an awakened character to come through.
Be the Tony award winning audience for a spirit's show.
Applaud and laud even what disturbs or perturbs.
This is how the spirit shakes and shakes up the settled mind.

Flexibility of body movement and mental movement are the dancing pair.
Let the body lead, but only if spirit is leading.
Let the spirit lead, but only if the body is following.
Let the mind follow the spirited body.
The muse and fuse are born of surprise.
Nothing else gives ecstatic rise of the heart to venture over the head

Band the eyes of big me observing to hear the soulful band blows its horn
Invite, welcome, house, and be a gracious host to the characters of summer camp.
Your body wants to feel the critters, the four compass directions, the cabin, the lake, and
the entire campground.
Don't solely think but soulfully enact what it means to lean toward wobbling mystery.

Have a ball enacting the balian way.
It's a mission impossible,
But with spirit, anything improbable becomes truly possible.
As long as the traveled way follows ancient instruction rather than new-fangled reduction

The mystical characters want you to play their parts with your body parts
Take it seriously as long as you can readily laugh
Whenever a feather, tear, or raised arm drops,
To open the door with a prayer key,
And dance the pentadic night away.
This is how you pray into the everyday with the mystical light of night.

Psalm 7: There's a Scarab on the End of the Thread

We were each sent to different visionary classrooms while dreaming at the same time. In each place we received the same teaching. Brad's dream had us arriving at a retreat center on a late afternoon. It was a summer camp in the woods he remembered going to as a boy including one special time with his father and the deacon, Roy Thomas. Hillary's visionary journey began in the evening when the group gathered in a circle for spiritual cooking and healing. Knowing she was supposed to go the middle of the room and conduct, she felt it was nearly impossible to raise the spiritual temperature because the group was not focused on keeping a rhythm and staying aligned in an ecstatic groove. She sat down frustrated, remembering that being in sync with syncopated rhythm is essential to waking up n/om.

Here is Brad's report of the evening's travels:

In my dream, I picked up where Hillary's dream ended. In this old familiar camp retreat center, I remembered how I didn't like any summer camp experience in Missouri. I only went a couple times, once to Boy Scouts which I hated, and the other time to a church retreat which was awful for other reasons. However, the one time I went with my father and his deacon was special. I still remember the taste of the bologna sandwich they made. In the dream I pondered why that one trip to camp seemed so enjoyable. "Was it the people I was with?" I wondered. Then I laughed and answered myself, "No, it was the tasty sandwich."

Anyway, the vision took Hillary and I back to that camp and, as is sometimes the case, we each felt it was not easy to get the cooking started. This is especially true if we get overly mindful about whether the room temperature is right, if the acoustics are bearable, the people are in a receptive mood, and all the other observable room conditions.

Our rule of thumb has been to close our eyes and do whatever lights our inner fire with no observation of the room. Sometimes we soak in gospel music before an event starts so we are already soaring at a high temperature and altitude. Brad usually plays the keyboard to get himself tonally aligned while Hillary gets into the seiki movement swing of things. It is not always easy cooking with folks who didn't grow up in traditions that know how to cook rather than only look—we know because we, too, grew up in such a cold climate.

In the visionary classroom, we learned that there is an error that takes place when experts in refrigeration gather to cook. Either the conductors or the audience (or both) rely too much on others to heat them up. Each person must take responsibility for acting appropriately ecstatic rather than passively wait for someone or something to move them—physically and emotionally. As always, over shooting or undershooting can extinguish the spark. You shouldn't ignore others to the point where you fall out of sync with the group, nor is it good to be hyper aware of other people or fail to act to start the engine. The art of spiritual fire-making must repeatedly aim for the middle sweet spot.

The dream pointed to what matters more than the physical place, the aesthetic quality of the room, or what participants are doing or not doing. What is more important is focusing on your own performance—repeatedly adjusting your aim for the wobble between waiting and releasing, acting and interacting, letting go and reining it in. In the beginning and all the way through, you must perform the action that changes how you feel in any space and with any group. The main lesson is this: *your action is the room*. This is as true for online participation, audio recordings, webinars, and live gatherings. If you act "right," the room becomes big and hot. Of course, it's more difficult to turn up the heat if you're the only one showing any enthusiasm or getting on board the rhythm train. When others fail to come alive, there is often no choice but to go deeper inside and concentrate fully on the rope while tuning out the mummies around you. At the end of the dreams, it was clear that the visionary teaching and mystical experimentation of Sacred Ecstasies are about helping you acquire more varying ways to perform the art of making, sustaining, and spreading spiritual fire.

After this pair of dreams, Brad had another dream where he thought he was awake: I dreamed I woke up to see a spider-like thread hanging from the ceiling. I was then startled to see something at the end of this thread, and it was about to land on my chest. At first I assumed it was a spider, but on closer examination I saw it was an ancient Egyptian scarab, carved from an off-white colored stone that somehow was alive. Not wanting it to land on me because I was uncertain what it was doing, I tried to brush it away. As my arm moved, however, the scarab climbed quickly and landed in my hand right at the moment I touched the thread. I woke up startled and trembling. I immediately remembered that Hillary had a vision in the past about a scarab at a sculptural memorial in New Orleans for artists and performers from the African Diaspora. Now her dream had come inside mine.

Sacred Ecstatics is not only about the rope, string, and thread overhead. It includes the maternal spider web that holds all our relations across the earthly plane. You may be startled or confused by what comes down the rope, but if you've prepared yourself, a gift will be put in your hand. In other words, Sacred Ecstatics not only pulls and is pulled by higher strings, it gifts by placing mojo in an open, reaching hand. Don't forget that those are the same hands for enacting the singing and dancing saints of Sacred Ecstatics. Get them on stage and in the act. You might get lucky and receive a mojo hand, especially if you are playing the part of the New Orleans characters whose blacksmith fire, paintings, trombones, tambourines, keyboards, and magical figurines are still alive in the camp of higher dreams.

What changed for me when I held the mojo amulet in my hand? My former positive and negative thoughts about live intensives melted as I felt that the Guild can now cook hotter than ever before. In the virtual world where the physical is less seen, mystical senses can feel everyone's little me taking the stage to cook. Hold the mojo and awaken second eyes and ears to better relate to the room whose expansion and heat depend on how you act.

Not feeling the mojo or want to feel more of its transforming vibe? Then change how you act because that is what it means to change the room. The scarab was an Egyptian symbol for renewal and rebirth, associated with the divine creative force. It was used by both the living and the dead. Reach for the thread. If your timing is right, you'll receive a change dropped from the web. A mojo hand with the force of life enables you to move a ball of dung as a sacred tune is sung. All the luck you need is already in the air, ready to be plucked. No matter the room or the crowd, the mojo abounds when threads, spiders, songs, and scarabs are around.

The actor's room is built of action.

Stop those interfering mind reactions.

Let your body move to wake up higher relations.

The mind only knows its own reflections of inflation and deflation.

Wake up, up, up, up, up!

Nip every thought before you take the dip, dip, dip, dip, dip!

Five times up and five times down after each flip, dive, and dip.
This is the pentadic wakeup call and response.
Inside the web spun by ancestral mothers and their medicine spiders.
Over their heads a thread is dropped that lands near you.
Whether you fear or cheer this offering, let arms and hands move toward it.

In seiki time and n/om space, the spirit touches your palm.
Like a coconut dropped on top of your head,
Its sweet milk pours over your empty palm.
Planting a tropical tree that knows how to stand in the wind.

This botanical mojo is as old as the sun.
Ask any Pharaoh who said no to gold
To find real pleasure in the middle wobble vibratory treasure
Where both truth and fiction, metaphor and litter-ality
Are neither one nor both/and

Please don't understand or stand upon what is found in the middle of the air.
The Maya and its dung are everywhere around and within
Rock and roll it, shake it free from being the stinking center of everything
Like a scarab, let the stars guide your travel
Then help the living and dead marry in the middle world
That's the wedding seal formerly lost at sea before thirsty deserts brought it back
To resurrect mystery by bowing and then blowing the horn before Thee.

Postscript:

The scarab Brad dreamed looked like the one Hillary envisioned before, but it had aged more. We looked for images of scarabs on the internet and found the same one we had seen when Hillary had her vision. This time, however, we noticed that the website showed its underside. It had a prayer or "spell" carved on it from the *Book of the Dead*, and is translated by The Johns Hopkins Archeological Museum below.³⁶

He says: "Oh my heart of [my] mother! Oh my heart of [my] mother! My heart of my different ages! Do not stand as a witness! Do not oppose me in the tribunal! Do not show your hostility against me before the Keeper of the Balance! For you are my *ka* which is in my body, the protector who causes my limbs to be healthy! Go forth

³⁶ Fiutko Arico, Ashley, and Kierra Foley. n.d. "Heart Scarab | Johns Hopkins Archaeological Museum." Johns Hopkins Archeological Museum. Accessed July 23, 2020. <https://archaeologicalmuseum.jhu.edu/the-collection/object-stories/ancient-egyptian-amulets/heart-scarab/>.

(for yourself) to the good place to which we hasten! Do not cause our name to stink
to the entourage who make men in
heaps! What is good for us is good for the judge! May the heart stretch (i.e. be happy) at the verdict! Do not
speak lies in the presence of god! Behold
You are distinguished, existing (as a justified one)!”

Psalm 8: Adoption Ceremony

Brad dreamed he was in a ceremony with men from several indigenous medicine ways gathered in a ceremony held in Minnesota:

We were outside in the northern woods with a campfire and a long lodge made of branches. I was told that my father was coming to “release me” so I would be fully owned by this lodge of spiritual fathers. It was some kind of spiritual adoption ceremony. I next walked near the fire, felt its heat, and then entered the lodge. Inside was a whirl of song and dance that reached a feverish pitch. It was an experience not of this earth, though everything seemed to be sung and moved by the earth. When I finally came out of the lodge, I stood in between two lines of men, each representing different medicine traditions with various cultural representatives. They were waiting for me to pray. I proceeded to speak in another language as I prayed and sang. I recognized past spiritual teachers on both sides of me. I also felt that I no longer belonged to my biological father. I had been wholly given away and adopted by these ancestors.

The dream scene shifted to the summer camp assembly hall I had dreamed the night before. The Guild had come to hear news of what had happened. I stood before them and noticed one of my first indigenous teachers sitting in the back row—he also had been at the ceremony. I described what had happened in the night and then prayed and sang the words gifted me. I explained that it was a Midewiwin teaching that belonged to the Ojibwa people to whom I belong whenever I voice this prayer. I also curiously added, “These words were written on the bark of a birch tree that can be found at the Minnesota Historical Society.”

I then sang again, this time in a mix of Lakota, Cree, Micmac, and other North American language traditions, and noted that I was also adopted by these people as well. I felt different, and so did the Guild. I realized that a big change is blowing in on the wind. Something different is coming to Sacred Ecstatics. We can feel it. Soon it’s gonna rain because it’s 110 in the shade and we are ready to play our song.

The dream changed again, and I found myself in the bedroom of my paternal grandparents, PaPa and Doe. Hillary and I were sleeping in their bed with a white pearly frame, but it had been moved to the opposite side of the room. I remembered that I slept with my grandfather in that exact same bed and my sister slept with my grandmother in another bedroom. We’d keep each other up late in

the night from giggling that went back and forth between the two bedrooms. Now I felt I was that little boy again with Hillary by my side as a little girl. I was unable to sleep as I remembered how my grandparents often felt like my real parents—the grandest of parents— throughout my life, even today. I assumed that the former ceremony of adoption included confirmation of PaPa’s role as an adopted father in my life. I was still struck by how odd it was sleeping on the opposite side of the room while in the same bed and space, still feeling like a little boy even though I am nearly seventy years old.

I was also flooded with the truth that I had long ago left my grandparent’s and parent’s religious beliefs to become a different kind of spiritual human being. I have always held onto the loving spirit of Jesus and any red-letter teachings, but everything else I dropped. I early on acquired a Wigram-like view of the continuous stream of religion and never felt that the scriptural differences between religions were all that experientially relevant. I learned to gauge religion with a spiritual thermometer that measures the degree of sacred emotion and vibration, instead of getting lost in textual interpretation. This allowed me to discern, as we write in *Sacred Ecstasies*, that many traditions, from Christianity to Buddhism, Hinduism, and New Age eclecticism, are often operating at the same spiritually cool temperature despite their diversity of belief and practice.

Still lying next to Hillary in my grandparents’ bed, my thoughts were interrupted by hearing the footsteps of someone walking in the parsonage. I looked down the hallway and saw it was my father who must have returned as an ancestral ghost. In a flash I remembered that he had been inside the medicine lodge in the ceremony that took place earlier. He had voluntarily given me away, allowing me to be adopted by other fathers. I also knew somehow that he thought I was asleep and that I should not break an old, unspoken taboo and show him that I was awake. He walked into my grandparents’ bedroom and looked at me as he gently squeezed the toes of my right foot. I could feel his tears and love. I knew this was his final way of saying goodbye and that his love for me had risen so high that he was able to give me away. This was the greatest gift he could offer. He slowly and feebly walked away as I took a peek of him dissolving through the wall to disappear into the spiritual night.

I was immediately flooded with many memories from my past. I remembered the old medical doctor, Dr. Jim Crowley,³⁷ who called me to his deathbed to share his life story, something his children had never heard. As a little boy, he was given to the Lakota Indians in exchange for some land. I thought, “I am now that man.” I then recalled the spiritual fathers and mothers who were so much like my grandparents and they, too, were a family to which I belonged. I also knew that most of their spirit rooms were not big enough to hold every spiritual continent of the world. Some of them, like the Shakers of the Caribbean, had shrunken their temple with words that screened away the earthly spirits to only relate to the

³⁷ For the story of Dr. Crowley, see Keeneys, The. 2019. *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire*. 2nd ed. Scotts Valley, California: CreateSpace Independent Publishing, p. 115-119.

spirits of the sky. This was true of Archbishop Pompey and Mother Pompey who would not let every part of Mother Africa into their sanctuary.

However, a few spiritual parents of St. Vincent, Mother Samuel in particular, had opened their space to welcome a bit more of Africa and, even more radically, declared that women had equal rights as men to hold any spiritual role in the house of the Lord. Mother Samuel even dreamed and owned spiritual attire that was the color black—something way outside local costume convention. She and I were kindred spirits, experiencing the middle wobble where we were a blend of spiritual brother and sister, father and mother, as well as husband and wife. As I remembered how I often felt closest to her heretical ways I thought, “I am that woman now who knows how to spiritually cook with special seasonings and spice.”

On and on this went as I realized how vast the room of Sacred Ecstatics has grown. Hillary always tells me that this is not surprising because our work is inseparable from my uncommon spiritual life that took me intimately inside so many different traditions around the world. The world has never known anything like this unique moment in history we are living. Many gods, ancestors, songs, dances, and mystery ways have poured into our lives through visionary encounter and ceremony. Our ever-increasing pantheon of wisdom elders, saintly room builders, ecstatic fire cooks, soulful performers, and spirited rascals spontaneously enter and exit our Life Force Theatre stage.

Above all else this changing creative work seeks the body shaking heart pierce and mind-blowing musical whirlwind of raw seiki, hot n/om, and singing holy water. Hillary and I do not belong to any singular parental religion or spiritual tributary. The big original mother of our room keeps giving birth to changing forms. She brings us back to another childhood where bears, mares, terriers, and sharks are not seen as fiction but as a world more real than what religious, psychological, and scientific scriptures dictate.

My thoughts were then again interrupted by hearing the song I initially sang at my adoption ceremony. In that moment I realized that both Hillary and I, and Sacred Ecstatics as a whole community, had become fully owned by all the parents and grandparents of the lineages that know how to spiritually cook. Their embrace imparts extreme love conveyed by the tingly source and vibratory force of creation.

The scene changed and we were back in the medicine lodge where I earlier had been adopted. Hillary and I proceeded to instill the spirit into every summer camper and Guild member. Everyone started to tremble. We were able to discern the spiritual condition, ecstatic maturation, room issues, and unique gifts of every person in their present situation. In the oldest of medicine ways each of them were prayed over and doctored. This is how Hillary and I prayed:

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. We ask the Good Spirit to remove any trickster resistance so higher

conductance can more naturally move through to renew your soul, lift your heart, and clear your mind as your bones and tones become ignited with ecstatic excitement over this celebration of spiritual adoption.

For some of the people, I changed into other forms including the little boy bear (see below) and walked through their body. We felt the blend of earth and sky together as a vibration of utmost jubilation. I also reached out to former and future Guild members and participants in Sacred Ecstatics intensives, and to those still longing for a higher sense of belonging. I rarely have felt such spiritual power as what transpired with the Guild in the dreamtime. With this fervor still in play, I woke up trembling and shaking for hours.

In the morning, we looked up the Minnesota Historical Society online and discovered that they have a collection of archival birchbark scrolls on which is written the medicine way of the Midewiwin. I found my song and its translation:

My father is not an Indian . . . you are a spirit son.
Insomuch my fellow spirit now as you are.
My father now tobacco you shall put. He speaks of
Only once to be able to do it why he shall live here
Now that he scarcely lives; my fellow spirit
Now I shall go home. . .

I rock you, you that are a spirit.
The sky I tell you.
Who is it, then?
The man helping me.
Have I told the truth to my son?

My heart, I am there (in the fullness of my heart).
My heart knows all Mide secrets, sensible one.
I follow with my arms [said with arms extended up to take up “medicine” or Mide secrets.]
Knowledge comes from the heart, the heart reaches to sources of “medicine” in the earth.

From whence comes the rain?
The power of making a clear sky, weather.
The sky, nevertheless, may be clear, Good Spirit.
Giving life to the sick’ Dzhe Man’ido handing it to the Mide
Very seldom I make this request of you.

The Good Spirit filling the body of the supplicant with knowledge of secrets of the earth.³⁸

This song is associated with the origin of the Midewiwin medicine way: In the beginning, Dzhe Man'ido, the Good Spirit, made the Mide Manidos or medicine spirits. He sent the Sun Spirit to earth as a little boy who had the mission of teaching the higher mysteries. During a cold winter day, his earth parents lost their biological son. The sun god, now their adopted son, said "I can bring him back to life." The boy asked the women to make a wigwam of bark and place the dead body in the middle of it. Everyone then sat around the perimeter wondering what would happen. Soon a bear walked in and trembled when it got near the dead child, who then also started trembling. The bear repeated this movement four times to bring the boy back to life. The little boy stood up wide awake. After this resurrection, the bear called the father who had been sitting in a corner of the wigwam and said the same words of the prayer I made in my adoption ceremony.

The little bear boy brought higher medicine to earth in this way. He remained among the Indians and taught them the other mysteries of Grand Medicine. After he completed his earthly mission, he told his adopted father that he would return to his ancestral spirits. He advised that the Indians should no longer fear sickness, for they now possessed the Grand Medicine which enables them to live. He also mentioned that his spirit could bring a body back to life and that only one intervention was needed to get it started. He then returned to the sun from which human beings could continue to feel his influence and renewal if they oriented themselves in that direction. This origin of Grand Medicine became called Kwí-wĩ-sěns' wě-dĩ-shĩ-tshĩ gē-wī-nīp—"Little-boy-his-work."

Inspired by all of this, here is our psalm:

All of you are little boys and little girls
In need of spiritual adoption
Lying down in need of higher wisdom and medicine
The little bear boy has walked in to fulfill his destiny
As the sun shines and the rain pours
Tremble before the mystery of the fire and wind's prayer
and the creator's movement and song.
It is time to raise you from the dead.

You must enter the lodge and lay your burdens down.
There the bears, mare, and Tony enact another drama of long ago
Bringing in the children of the sun,
Whose rays of prayer
Bring trembling to paws, palms, hooves, and cabin rooves.

³⁸ This is from the book Hoffman, Walter James, and H. C. Yarrow. 1891. *The Midē'wiwin, or, Grand Medicine Society of the Ojibwa*. We accessed it at <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/26568/26568-h/midewiwin.html>

This trembling is what sends you high into the sky
Able to drop down again, reborn so you can stand without understanding
amidst the mysteries, epiphanies, and theophanies.
Come children, it is time for you to begin again.
Listen to the singing horn of Johnny Hodges
and find your way to the First Creation medicine lodges.

Psalm 9: Moby-Dick

Brad dreamed that a Guild member asked us a question in a spiritual classroom, “What does it mean if you are completely owned by trickster and have little or no n/om, seiki, or holy spirit circulating within?” We both answered, “Read *Moby-Dick*.” Brad woke up startled by our answer.

Still feeling the visionary vibe, I lied awake pondering what this classic literary text has to do with a teaching about trickster. On the surface, it is easy to presume that Captain Ahab—Herman Melville’s character who lost a leg to the big white whale he hunted—represents all human beings who try to conquer something much bigger, far deeper, and more naturally aligned with nature than themselves. If you’re hunting the sacred ecstasy of n/om, rather than think you can harpoon and reel in the power of nature, you must become soft and noticeable enough for Mother Nature to spear you, Kalahari style. I prayed for further exploration of the hidden depths of this teaching. A second dream arrived later in the night as I tracked the meaning of *Moby-Dick*.

In the next dream I was shown a climber ascending high up a mountain. Upon closer examination I noticed that the mountain was inverted so it appeared like the letter “V.” The climber was using a pick to climb a hard, smooth rock that barely had any ridges. It appeared futile and something that few, if any, people could accomplish. Then I heard a voice from on high speak as I watched the desperation of the determined climber: “It’s not meant to be climbed. It’s a bowl. Wait for the flood to fill it and then float to the top.” I woke up and remembered that Hillary had been taught about an inverted mountain in a previous visionary classroom. It was her meeting with Ludwig van Beethoven in which the peaks and valleys of mountains and the rising of music in the heart were intertwined.³⁹

After awakening, we laughed at how many college term papers and academic articles must have been written about *Moby-Dick*. It likely has been more religiously studied in higher learning institutions than any religious text. Curious about what had been more recently opined about this masterpiece of American literature, we found an essay in *The Atlantic* penned by the contemporary writer, David Gilbert.⁴⁰ He summed up the pursuit of the books’ significance as follows:

³⁹ See “Beethoven’s Sacred Law” in *Climbing the Rope to God* (2017).

⁴⁰ David Gilbert, “The Endless Depths of *Moby-Dick* Symbolism,” *The Atlantic*, August 20, 2012.

Moby-Dick is about everything, a bible written in scrimshaw, an adventure spun in allegory, a taxonomy tripping on acid. It seems to exist outside its own time, much like *Don Quixote* and *Tristram Shandy*, the poetry of Emily Dickinson. It is so broad and so deep as to accept any interpretation while also staring back and mocking this man-made desire toward interpretation . . .

What does it mean? There are so many symbols as to render symbols meaningless. And yet, like Ahab, we insist on plucking the heart of its mystery. As Ishmael says, "And some certain significance lurks in all things, else all things are little worth, and the round world itself but an empty cipher, except to sell by the cartload, as they do the hills about Boston, to fill up some morass in the Milky Way." *Moby-Dick* might as well be that enigmatic doubloon nailed to the main-mast, the prize for anyone who first grasps the white whale.

Gilbert then turns to the words Melville gave to Ishmael who, staring into the sea, provides his own evaluation of human life:

. . . far beneath this wondrous world upon the surface, another and still stranger world met our eyes . . . for, suspended in those watery vaults, floated the forms of the nursing mothers of the whales, and those that by their enormous girth seemed shortly to be mother . . . the young of these whales seem looking up towards us, but not at us, as if we were but a bit of Gulfweed in their new-born sight.

We, like Ishmael and other whale hunters unfortunately are also, using Gilbert's words, "the killers, seek[ing] meaning in the depths even as the depths look back and see in their murderers nothing but an inconsequential speck." Gilbert elaborates the impact of such an encounter:

I feel in my bones what he seeks in this watery world: something solid to grasp (even if it's just a metaphor) . . . And lest we luxuriate in this sweet view for long, Melville quickly turns the scene into arguably the most existentially brutal in the entire book . . . an injured whale with a line of rope tangled around its tail, the end terminating in a razor-sharp cutting-spade . . . crashing into the water, wounding and murdering his fellow comrades. From extreme peace to extreme violence in three paragraphs and we can see, more clearly than ever, Ishmael's lofty pronouncements as arbitrary, a choosing of what to believe, what to pursue, that, like him, we are the makers of meaning in a world of endless meaning, all to fill up a morass known as the soul.

In the grand scheme of things, you are little more than a bit of gulfweed. Rather than rejoice, like C.M.C., at being swallowed up by oceanic waves, trickster convinces you to search for grand and stable meaning in the undulating sea. Projecting interpretations, you assault and kill the very

wildness and mystery you pursue. The cost of trickster knowing is losing touch with the ineffable. In a rare instant when you witness the emergence of life, there are “moments,” Gilbert says, “following birth where the line of umbilical apes the harpooner's hemp.” This sight brings a small joy, what Melville called an “eternal mildness of joy” that pacifies disturbing feelings of insignificance. Soon forgotten, however, the harpoon is thrown again.

Many people have hunted God only to kill divinity with words before the spirit is ever felt. God is presumed to be snared as if it was a hare for dinner or a token totem that fits conveniently in the pocket, with the returning hunter telling tall tales of adventure. This hat trick only works when joy is mild rather than wild. Then it is easy to exchange ecstatic life for the static currency of meaning, accumulating more gulfweed interpretation. One hundred and thirteen years before Melville wrote *Moby-Dick*, John Wesley, a founder of Methodism, mistook his own mild warming of the heart as the pinnacle depth of spiritual conversion. Others, with more extreme emotion, like his friend George Whitefield, were just as mired in textual hair splitting, but could set fire to a crowd with their preaching. Joseph Hart, who likely received a nail of n/om from Whitefield's preaching, recognized a difference between the two, but struggled to surrender fully to his psalmist's fiery pen rather than keep at least one foot in the philosophical lion's den. Suffice it to say that facing divinity in any form, whether Jesus or a whale, brings a crossroads: To be mildly charmed yet proceed to capture and kill with ideological encapsulation, or to jump into the deep water with bones on fire, becoming a reborn creature of the mystery sea.

What does it mean to live your life owned by trickster, missing extreme joy's higher power that recalibrates, recharges, and guides each day as a plunge into mystery? What consequences do you bear when you chase the literal meaning and material treasure of life and God without profound consideration of your relations with every creature of land, sky, and sea? Under trickster's super-vision, you easily lose sight of the numinous umbilical cord and soon lampoon the whole of nature, mocking it with claims to know what can never be fully captured by trickster in Second Creation. The alternative is to feel speared and broken by knowing you are only a bit of gulfweed in the newborn spiritual vision of ongoing creation.

The heavens are wider than the horizons of earth. You are small compared to the vast Almighty source and force over your head. When trickster totally reigns, you are a destroyer rather than a voyager, no matter how much you profess advocacy for joy, peace, love, humanity, or God. Then exploration of any existential depth comes back shallow and fallow. This error is made by practitioners of every religion, especially those wed to tribal self-centeredness, professing the superiority of their deity while their action destroys every bridge to divinity.

Go ahead and turn Mount Zion upside down—it's not possible to purposefully climb to its utmost height with trickster means fueled by chilling, willing power. The interpretation of meaning and the mild joy it brings are not enough to release the n/om flood and fill the seiki bowl. Let go of yourself like C.M.C. and fall into the deep post-blues sea. Then do nothing—your ark will effortlessly float to the top. On your way up, you might get mystically lucky and encounter a whale, hand over your big me captain Ahab for a higher one, and then break a leg before being reborn with a higher umbilical cord that pulls you to the next opening night of the Life Force Theatre.

Being near the Gulf of Mexico, we have plenty of gulfweed in New Orleans. Come on down and drink from our Mississippi well—your inner joy will swell and light a fire in those weary seafaring bones. Ahoy, planktons; meet your captains! This ship is ready to sail toward the n/om

nails, snails, and whales. Be more available to be swallowed, like Jonah, and less inclined to strike out against whatever makes you feel small when, in fact, nothing else can bring you inside it All. Here's an old sea chanty to help enchant a whale to open heaven's gate for you:

Oh the whale is free, of the boundless sea
He lives for a thousand years;
He sinks to rest on the billow's breast,
Nor the roughest tempest fears.
The howling blast, as it rushes past,
Is music to lull him to sleep,
And he scatters the spray in his boisterous play,
As he dashes—the King of the deep.⁴¹

Now, we sing it again to change history, this time on the sea of C.M.C.'s ecstasy:

Oh the whale is free, in the Sacred Ecstatics sea
She lives for eternity;
She dives and sings like Reverend Two Wings
Riding the waves and turning the prayer key.
The howling past, returns as a blast,
As songs bubble up in her heart,
She dots and dashes all day in her boisterous play,
Queen of the deep blue ocean love way.

***Psalm 10: Two Sides, Two Trails, Two Wings:
A Three-Act Psalm***

Act 1: Two Sides of God

In the first of a visionary sequence of three dreams, Brad met the big god of Bali again. These words were spoken and heard through non-ordinary means:

Do you notice who else I am? I am the Old Testament God who brings destruction whenever humanity turns divinity into an interpreted profanity that mocks my ineffability. In the Biblical days of old I even turned a woman into a solid pillar of salt when she refused to follow my instruction and looked back to reflect. In the past, I was as feared in the Middle East as I am feared today in Bali. This is why I was moved to another island away from the Balinese mainland, but I still can make a house call whenever I want.

Every religion has their version of this feared side of the double force behind creation and destruction. Shiva destroys, Brahma creates, and if you wish, add

⁴¹ From a poem, "The Whale," by Joseph Edwards Carpenter (1813-1885)

another god named Vishnu to preserve this duo. You cannot escape the dark that is forever wed to the light. Any positive without its counter negative side is dead and cold without electricity and heat. This is the way it is, but not quite the way you think.

You are not anything like what you imagine. Mind invents every name and form that are as easily erasable as they seem stubbornly permanent. Perception and conception quickly dissolve in the holy whirlwind where the divine force is a tidal wave of sacred emotion. In the middle of life and death, health and sickness, order and chaos, among other contrarian oppositions, are found the sound and movement of the original vibration. Creation and destruction invent and eradicate like the operations of Maya's pencil and its Mayan eraser, clearing the stage for the next song and dance hooper.

Tremble with fear, for the two-sided changing god is always near. Tremble with joy because we are even nearer than previously believed. Tremble in between fear and joy because this is where names drop, leaving only the vibration with no need to differentiate consternation from jubilation. Above, under, and beyond love, you find extreme love and its bride of sacred ecstasy. This two-sided oscillation gives life to every cell and kindles the fire within. Rejoice in the wind that sends the thunder and lightning of rain, making the sea thirst for the blacksmith's fire to remold your next form.

The gods of old and new are different sides of the same circle within circles—some appear more devilish and punishing, while the others offer unconditional love and grace to those who unconditionally accept it. Surely Wigram would note how this doubleness exemplifies another modulation of the religious stream whose banks are the complementary sides of agony and ecstasy. The shaman, mystic, healer, or spiritual teacher are the same in First Creation and their work involves wobbling in the middle as a middleman or a middle woman. This position makes you the spiritual medium who imports and exports the numinous goods across each side of the mystical veil. This movement has nothing to do with commerce. It is aesthetic conveyance delivered by an anointed performance artist like Beethoven, Liszt, and Gershwin who brought down the songs and Van Gogh, Monet, and Seurat who carried across the colors.

Act 2: Two Trails—Follow the Money or Follow the N/om

Left bewildered by the two faces of divinity, Brad turned to his “go-to prayers,” the mystical wheels he faithfully turns every night: “Yes Lord” and an excerpt from The Lord's Prayer, “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.” Brad soon dreamed again:

Hillary and I were on the upper floor of a modern building in Washington, D.C. Its outer walls were made of glass from floor to ceiling. It was clearly a place where major deals were made between government, science, technology, and big business. A young man greeted us. He seemed familiar, though we knew we had never met before. We realized we were at the operational headquarters of the trickster big shot power game world. I interrupted the man's speech and asked,

“Who are you, really?” He appeared exhausted and beaten up by the system he lived and worked in. He sheepishly whispered, “I am the son of George Shultz.”

Later, after the dream, we discovered that George Shultz had served four cabinet positions for three presidents, was the president and director of the Bechtel corporation, taught at M.I.T., was dean at the University of Chicago, and now at 99 years of age is an endowed chair and professor at Stanford. No one could better exemplify the trickster mix of politics, science, technology, big business, and behind-the-scenes wheeling and dealing. The historical record of George Shultz is a mixed bag. On the dark side, he was an architect of Reagan’s Iran-Contra affair. He was also criticized for conflicts of interest that were said to benefit Bechtel and his own pocketbook. In his later career, however, he advocated policies that mitigated anthropogenic climate change, and a few other more positive contributions.

Arguably the biggest stain on his career record, however, was the “Theranos scandal” involving a health technology company that made false claims about a product that never really existed. This fake diagnostic device created a health risk for those who bought it to instantly assess their physical condition. George Shultz was a board member of the company and his grandson, Tyler Shultz, was hired to work as a biologist. Tyler soon discovered that the company was fraudulent and told his grandfather the problem (to save him). The elder unwisely told him to remain quiet or else he’d be ruined by the powerful corporation. Tyler followed his conscience and became a whistleblower, causing his parents to sell their house to pay for the nearly half million dollars of legal fees to protect him from the company’s retribution. Suffice it to say George Shultz did not act like a very grand grandparent or parent. This story was recently made into a documentary, *The Inventor: Out for Blood in Silicon Valley*.

We previously knew none of these facts about George Schultz, his children, or grandson. Brad, in the middle of the night, was very confused about the visionary teaching. He prayed for clarity and received a clear answer: “Most people need new spiritual grandparents and parents. If in doubt about your ancestral rope, follow the money trail. If it leads to the politics associated with corporate greed without concern for others or is a muddled entanglement of good and bad deeds, then leave that ancestral rope behind. Follow the n/om rather than the money and you’ll find your true rope, spiritual parents, and higher grandparents welcoming you to another kind of life.”

Brad then remembered that this lesson was gifted to him years ago by the Kalahari Bushmen. They never trust an ancestral spirit who wasn’t a fully cooked n/om-kxao when formerly alive. They push those ancestors’ advice away whenever they show up in dreams. The rope to God, rather than the rope to money, dope, and false material hope, hosts the cooked ancestors who have no need for hereditary claims. Be careful what spirits, gods, saints, ancestors, teachers, and guides you listen to and follow. Make sure their cornerstone is right from the start. Don’t follow the money; follow the n/om. And forget the ideology and instead, notice who’s cooking. Better to worry less about money and sugar-coated relief and head straight for the holy love honey. Pour it over your holy bread.

Act 3: Two Wings Arrives as Your Guide

Brad again returned to his prayer wheels and asked how best to encourage others to follow the n/om trail rather than seek power and money at any cost. In a third visionary adventure, a two-winged preacher took the stage with an electric guitar. He began shouting his testimony:

Hello sisters and brothers who love the Lord. This is Utah Smith, also known as Reverend Two Wings. I was born in Louisiana on a dirt road flanked by cotton fields. In 1923 I was called to preach and begin my life as an evangelist. I was anointed with four overlapping gifts or spiritual powers: a down home and highly entertaining preaching manner, an outrageous sense of humor, a capacity for hands on healing, and a completely wild approach to making music.

In spite of not being able to read or write, I could read every page of the Bible. God educated me directly. When I first started preaching, I'd run over to the window and shout to the people on the street, "Fire! Hey, hey, fire!" Then I'd run to the door and holler "Fire, fire!" People outside would come in and I'd shout louder than before, "I got the Holy Ghost fire and it's burning *within!*" I was not a trained preacher, but I knew how to amplify. I'd take a little Bible story and amplify it so it would really move others.

God healed through me because people felt that God was a fire inside of me. God worked miracles through me. I touched them and God healed them. Nobody taught me how to play the guitar, either. It was a gift from God. I was the first black man to play the electric guitar. I became known as "Two Wings" because I sang that song and made it a testament of my faith. I also put on a pair of giant wings and hooked myself up to some cables and pulleys that lifted me in the air, flying back and forth across the people in the sanctuary.

These days I don't need any mechanical devices. I have God's rope in hand, and I own two wings made of light. They really can bring the holy wind. I can fly over you and sing my song and preach my message at any time of day or night. Yes, yes, I've got two wings. Oh Lord, here I am, send me!

There is one more thing I was known for and I'll leave you with this as my final teaching. Whenever spiritual people get too quiet, I like to shout "Glo-ry" so loud that they are shocked. Sometimes they jump and sometimes they laugh. But know this, Two Wings knows how to throw you in the air. I got two wings and both wings sing in stereo because up here everything that is two belongs to one hi-fi wire. That's it for now. Don't be too quiet or I might have to fly over and wake you up. Glory! Glory! Hello!

Fire, fire, here I am.
Fire, fire, I thirst for Thee.
Fire, fire, light the flames in me.
Fire, fire, I'm so tired of the cold
Fire, fire, it's you I want to hold.
Fire, fire, here I am.
Fire, fire, wake me up.
Fire, fire, send me up.

Fire, fire, rewire my soul
Fire, fire, open my two wings.
Fire, fire, throw me anywhere,
Light me, cook me, fly me, sing me, dance me anywhere, Lord
Two Wings is in the sky above; on the rope above your head.
Two wings! Two Wings is here.

Follow me for I am a holy spirit tracker, not a money hacker or trickster slacker.
Follow the higher cooking ways,
Invest in those who walk these trails.
There are two sides of everything, including God.
There are two roads—choose the one that sings
Wear that hoop ring attire and marry the ring of fire,
Two Wings is here to profess that anything less is a total mess.
Fire, fire, make sure your house is on fire!
Look out, jump up!
Glory, glory!
Two Wings is here to amplify
Two Wings is here to show you how to fly.

Psalm 11: Purgatory, Glory, and Fresh Clay

Brad dreamed another three-act psalm:

Act 1: Purgatory

In the first dream, our former psychotherapy students invited Gregory Bateson to make a keynote address at a conference honoring his work. Out of respect for how he had profoundly contributed to our education, we agreed to attend and drive him to the airport afterward. Hillary and I each knew what the other was thinking as we drove: though we deeply appreciate Bateson's work, it is no longer at the helm of our minds.

We pulled into the airport and the three of us sat down to have a coffee. Gregory had not mentioned when his plane was scheduled for departure and it was clear he had no idea what time it was. I was reminded of his charming lack of concern for mundane details. When we asked and he checked his ticket, we knew he had to head for the gate immediately to make his flight. We wanted to give him our phone number in case he was too late.

There were two piles of manuscripts sitting on our coffee shop table. One pile had academic references to Iran and the other was clearly some kind of simplified, watered-down version of Bateson's systemic ideas. We recognized the writing as belonging to his daughters—one a former professor in Iran and the other a popular workshop speaker. Not wanting to destroy their writing, we carefully tore off a blank corner to write down our phone number. Strangely, however, I found

it impossible to write legibly. I tried again with all my concentration and felt something block my ability to write a clear number. The number “1” looked more like a curve than a line. Hillary shouted out that the plane leaves in ten minutes. As best as he could, Gregory sped toward the gate.

We walked away knowing there was nothing else we could do for him and also strongly felt that we had more important work to get on with. We both knew he’d never catch that plane. He’d be stuck at the gate, perhaps forever. We turned to each other and at the same time said, “He’s in purgatory.”

I woke up from the dream feeling sad for the tragedy of Bateson’s life. Though his clear discernment and sorting out of trickster muddles went far beyond most others’ efforts, he was never touched by the sacred vibration and therefore never went past the realm of description. Bateson wisely intuited this paucity of experience and confessed it to Brad many years ago. He lamented that he never caught what William Blake felt and this lack of creative imagination and spiritual passion left him feeling no mystical jubilation. Bateson’s raw honesty about his shortcomings, however, is what differentiated him from most of the people who later claimed to be the torch bearers of his work. Many people declare themselves the holders of “the systemic truth” but have little concern for, nor capacity to discern, their non-systemic action. Bateson’s integrity was the greatest gift he left us, perhaps the primary way he embodied his epistemology which requires an honest accounting for the gap between map and territory, description and action. Before we could weep in sadness for his residence in purgatory, I fell asleep and entered another dream.

Act 2: Glory!

We entered the most spirited sanctified celebration I may have ever experienced in my life. I was preaching and shouting, as was Hillary. We were a blend of Two Wings and all the other ecstatic saints who knew how to preach with fire. Several new gospel hymns were spontaneously composed, and old songs were embellished with sizzling tones and soulful beats. This went on and on and I truly did think, like my grandmother Doe, that “I had died and gone to heaven!” Surely, this was heaven and what a show it puts on for all eternity! If you had felt this with us, there’d be no turning back for you either.

In the midst of this ecstatic fervor and spirited commotion, I remembered that Gregory Bateson was stuck in purgatory. I got on my knees and prayed that he’d hear us teach him how to pray. I asked God to have mercy and hear his plea. His honesty was hopefully enough to crack open the door. With a little prayer power, we believed he could go all the way through. We mysteriously felt he heard our counsel—something previously unsayable, inaudible, and unintelligible at the airport. That’s why the phone number could not be written clearly—he was not yet able to receive it. Only at the gate could we shout and be heard, “Lord, send this man from purgatory to higher glory!” I woke up still inside this room on fire

with its big wings flying us high in the middle of the air. We rejoiced that this middle was amidst the glory, and not a muddle lost in story!

Act 3: Fresh Clay for Newborn Feet

In the final dream I was sitting in the former sanctuary where we had spiritually cooked and felt the oceanic waves of extreme dream love. I reached into a bucket, the one that previously held the singing water in a past visionary dream. This time it was filled with wet, fresh clay that was ready to be shaped into a newborn form. Like an artist ready to throw a pot, I grabbed a handful of clay. Then seiki spontaneously moved my arm and hand and I surprisingly slapped that clay on the soles of my feet. With higher hands moving mine, I formed the clay into a new pair of feet. Startled, I woke up as I heard myself whisper, "These feet leap for the Lord."

You need to wrestle with both bears
and appreciate how each plays its part.
One corrects, the other objects.
Give in to neither at the other's exclusion.
This is the final test.
This is building the big room.
This is act one.
Lean into white bear wisdom.
Then alter the black bear's objection,
Dance to their duet rather than throw fuel on their duel.

When you find yourself in purgatory,
stuck while you wait at the gate
All it takes is noticing and confessing,
That something within is missing.
The comedy and tragedy of Purgatory and Fess,
becomes a mystical musical.
Use the prayer key to open the gate
Get on your knees,
Say more than "pretty please"
Say more that "remove the disease."
Fess up: "something is missing within."
Others are praying for you as they cook in act two
Here Purgatory sings of Glory, while erasing big me story
The door opens when the black and white bears open second eyes,
Hearing the music in color,
Feeling the reeling of God.

Finally, after the holy host party of your hoofing body parts,

The bucket of singing water offers its changing clay.
Remold the pot to hold what's hot.
Act Three sets you free to return to the world,
with new feet ready to meet the new day.
Walk in beauty,
Beauty way
Wear those spiritual dancing shoes,
Tap with Fred Astaire and rap into the zap with a higher top hat.
These new feet defeat whatever held you back.
Feel their heat and take the next leap.

Psalm 12: In the Middle, You Find Three Middles

Brad has been sent multiple times to a particularly high visionary classroom, the last place where words are spoken before they drop away. There he receives esoteric teachings about “the middle.” He usually later finds it too difficult to express what he learned. Last night the translation came through as the teacher expressed things differently. These teachings are not for everyone. They are meant for the future mediums, travelers, and conductors called to work in the mystical middle.

“The middle between the two sides of the mystical veil is called a wobble and a whirlwind for good reason—it always feels very wobbly, whirly, blurry, and dizzy when you are in it. When felt, no matter how many times you have felt it before, you may feel alarmed, completely disarmed, and even start to panic. The sense of ‘losing control’ intensifies as former voluntary control of mind and body begin to wane. It is no surprise that most people retreat and never cross the bridge to receive the n/om meat and mystical treats on the other side. It's often scary the first time and it can be unexpectedly scary later as well. If you haven't felt this kind of fear and trembling, rest assured that you have not ventured to the furthest depths and wildest oscillations of the middle. Even if you are familiar with other kinds of psychological fear, it is not the same as being shaken up by the spirit in the middle wobble between worlds.”

“When people are in a hurry to enter the whirlwind, they may be naïve with no idea what they are asking for. Kalahari community members, on the other hand, are reluctant to accept this kind of work—they are more than happy for someone else to receive the anointment. If you are called to the turbulent middle passageway, you recognize that this is where faith comes in: trust and obey for there is no other way to make it through. Most outside observers have no idea how many times you, like every conductor before, have often struggled to be reeled back in from the other side. You have nearly lost your Second Creation bearings more times than anyone wants to know. You go into this work after giving up your former life and agreeing to be uncertain whether you will come back each time you venture to the other side.”

“We want you to transcribe this new teaching for posterity: There are two sides to the middle of which we speak, and crossing into each side provides its own middle wobble experience. In other words, there are two middles on each side of the main middle’s mystical gate. Climbing the rope, building the big room, making the ecstatic gear shifts, and all other transitions basically entail moving from one middle to another middle, one middle at a time. In the case of the mystical gate, we offer this depiction of overlapping circles indicating First Creation and Second Creation below.”

[INSERT DIAGRAMS HERE]

“Note how each overlapping circle has a boundary arc defining its furthest entry into the other circle. This arrangement leaves you with three middles. The main middle—the mystical gate—is represented by the intersection of common space. Within its space is found a blend of both worlds. The other two middles are located on its opposite outskirts where each circle is half in and half out of the other circle.”

“In an imagined journey that moves from left to right in the diagram, the world of mind initially brushes against the ineffable and struggles to either understand or surrender to incomprehensible mystery. This is when the two bears on top of the roof now have at it. This is wobble 1. When the pull of First Creation is stronger than psyche’s grip, the middle main gate is entered and there you remain as long as your lean favors First Creation with its white polar bear. This is wobble 2. With intensified wobbling, there is next felt another middle on the furthest right horizon that aims to pull you entirely in First Creation, no longer in the world as you know it. This is wobble 3. The anointed medium works with the second and third wobbles to penetrate and retrieve numinous secrets, teachings, and gifts that are beyond psyche’s grasp.”

“Psychological anxiety arises in the first wobble whenever enough First Creation changing is able to shake up and oscillate the former illusion of a stable experiential world. As a side note, we have found that kickstarting the anxiety oscillation usually requires destabilizing two to three social relational fields with an unexpected flood of uncertainty or disturbance (e.g., family, workplace, or intimate relationship). That, however, is a topic for another discussion forum. Suffice it to say that someday others may appreciate how Sacred Ecstasies provides an extraordinary alternative to psychology and its therapies when it comes to construing and altering the phenomenal world of human experience.”

“The second middle wobble enables passage of spiritual goods and visionary teaching between the two worlds. It is a blend of both realms. It whirls because it is constantly mixing the ways of Second Creation and First Creation. To the right of the gate is the third wobble, entirely held inside First Creation. On one side of this border is the raw changing of First Creation while the other side hosts a two world blend with the least degree of Second Creation saturation. Psychological dreaming takes place in wobble 1, whereas visionary dreaming finds its home in wobble 3.

Cleaning whatever numinous fish is caught goes through two phases of translation and editing as it comes back to the world through wobbles 2 and 1.”

“As the entry and ecstatic journey to the main middle is more frequently experienced, less anxiety (fear of losing any psyche propriety) is felt. As there are three wobbles, there are also three experiential oscillators. In wobble 1 the oscillator is felt and connoted as either the spinning of thrilling excitement or disturbing anxiety. Wobble 2 is either felt as a life and death oscillation (especially for initiates) or as the contractions of a new birth. On the other extreme side, wobble 3, the lean toward First Creation without a lifeline or tether to Second Creation, brings the highest fear of losing one’s identity and/or gaining another one. Here your whole life is thrown into oscillation as you give up your former enacted character each time and never know if you will return. It’s similar to a near death experience, though we prefer calling it a near life-in-light experience.

In each wobble is found the opportunity to convert fear into cheer. This also brings with it the alchemical transformation of suffering into joy. Whether a wobble spins one way or the other is determined by many dimensions of influence—your room construction skills, the felt presence of support by the community of saints on the other side, and the grounding support of a community surrounding you on earth. This is why ecstatic communities are protective of those who want to be around their shaman, mystic, healer, teacher, or preacher. It’s dangerous to travel through these middles, wobbles, and oscillators when someone is present whose mind and heart aren’t right, that is, aligned with something bigger than their own self-centricity. When more than a few gather in the spirit, aligned with the rope above their two-bear heads, then a middle gate or shamanic operatic gator can more safely and more strongly die, fly, and return with shareable gifts.”

“Please appreciate that the left side of wobble 1, known as anxiety, brings a valuable teaching, shouting that you are not in absolute control of your life. This is a real shock to big me who wants to guide every thought, emotion, and action. When its kingdom experientially spins out of control, it tries to stop the whirl. The more big me tries to stay still, the more the world spins to show that big me can’t win this contest. This vicious cycle is a valuably needed spiritual wisdom infusion via confusion that is too often missed. Each unpredictable upheaval should be received as a gift, no matter how difficult it may be. Hold back cursing it like a symptom or a bad spirit needing exorcism. Be suspicious of and contrary to psychological and chemical intervention that is standing by to settle or sedate any disturbing, perturbing oscillation. Such a manmade cure comes at the cost of smaller room encapsulation, leaving big me hungrier for even greater control. Paradoxically, the best way out of a left-spinning wobble 1 is to wholeheartedly accept how it can topple your former habits. Expand the room and enjoy the vibratory, circulatory ride—then the wobble spins to the right and infuses energetic might and clarified light. Here’s a rarely prescribed mojo trick: when wobble 1 arrives, shift to a little me performance rather than perpetuate big me observation whose information, contemplation, and speculation are not trustworthy nor spiritually worthy. Easier said than done. Do it anyway.”

“The other two middles are the wobbles brought on by the big room and its overhead stomping god. This is the earthquake as it is in the heaven of First Creation changing. To get from the first extreme middle wobble to the other extreme requires a main middle wobble between them. Are you feeling the multi-middle wobbling yet? Wobbles 2 and 3 are more shocking, unsettling, and disconcerting than psyche’s anxiety because they shake and quake the whole reality room. In their higher whirlwinds, you are automatically thrown to the ground on your knees, hearing the high roof gods stomp as they ask what they asked Job, “Who are you to understand or control this Ouroborean vibration, circulation, and whirl?” This is the mystical gate every Kalahari n/om-kxao feels as the passage from Second Shallow Imitation to First Deep Creation. It is the whirlwind through which the old gods spoke to their prophets and the high wind that moved the shaking tent for the spirits to come through and vibrantly liberate stuck ways and means. Evoking both terror and joy, this utmost fervor is only endured with the faith of prayer and the sword and shield of discernment. As every layer of name and frame come undone, you become ready to be cooked well done underneath the magnified holy sun.”

“Even now, as this report is delivered from above, hear the train roar of a tornado inside your head. The temples on each side of the kicked head feel like they might explode as the whole room spins like a top the gods use to turn and churn the depths and heights within. The middle is not easy to experience, describe, or explain on either side. Arriving at the gate to glory requires swiftly or slowly passing through purgatory, the hell of big me fighting to tell its same old story to keep the room unchanged. Trickster will try every game and call every name, claiming the spirit is easy and permits big me to be lazy. It is but only in the big room outside of trickster’s terms.”

“Respect anyone who courageously steps in, out, and through these middle ordeals, without the sedation, inflation, or deflation of big me deception. The anointed medium dies each time to help others by going on a treacherous voyage to and from the other side. The room must be kept big by the medium and others present. This helps spiritual cooking go well. Edgar Cayce needed to trust the one conductor by his side, sending him to and from the mystery side. The same is true of true spiritual community—they assemble with each member dissembling the role of self-centric observer to become a big room server. As the sanctified space expands and the temperature rises, each person dissolves to become more the same. Here every difference makes stronger every other difference held inside all the relations. A finger no longer claims to be separate from the hand, arm, or whole body any more than a seed or flower claims independence from the root, branch, or trunk. Every drop belongs to the sea as every soul belongs to Thee.”

“Seek to wrap your arms around the elm tree like Charlie did, with no need for big me standing in the middle. Hug Thee tree with only little me. Anointed pointers and conductors help set you free from that big shot part of you, AKA, the big me, observing eye, and critical naysayer. Finally, remember that Frank Fools Crow never

sang, "I Did it My Way." He was a wiser fool who only trusted an anointed tool to help get the job done."

"In each middle, you die a little or a lot to become reborn every time the spirit cooks. Resisting death prevents the resurrection of new life. If you feel disturbed or perturbed by any big room changing, sincerely say, "thank you," because that's what it feels like when the rope pulls. Assume this means that something's already got a hold on you. Now you've been told. Be in the middle with less muddling and piddling. Jump into the middle of the triple middle, please. Now you know why Charles Henry studied the whirling dervishes and their means of conducting the mystical light and extreme love. They spun to feel dizzy in the middle—that's the frenzy of God. Earthly calm or heavenly ecstasy? Let the whirling wind decide for you."

Whirling dervish, spinning color wheel.
Kalahari whirling, blending body wheels.
Into the middles we all go,
Holding hands with the lost and re-found.
Making the lifeline to the other side.
Sacred Ecstatics community is for a communal-Thee.
This is the tree of a soul filled life.
Whether in or out, come back through the door.
Heat rather than peek.
Climb to the pinnacle peak,
Dive to the ocean floor
In between are the middle waves, flames, and winds that whirl,
Blurring old sight, unsettling new thought.
Anything less than the middle of fear and joy,
Misses the contrarian tension offering suspension.
Seek the room, build the room, celebrate the room,
And all it holds,
For this is what it is to be in God's fold.
Hold on, the middle truth has been told.
First, prepare to die in order to come back alive.
Second, excite a prayer to open the gate.
Third, let a song pull you through.
The rest is mere detail,
Including cooking with God,
And being sent back odd.
Oh Contraire, this higher air
Is not for the hare.
It's meant for a flying mare,
Sending you and your best friend high above the bears.
Drop in rather than drop out of the new summer of love.
Neither acid nor the placid hang out here.

Its 1, 2, 3 steps are more surreal than LSD trips.
This old cabin room, full of saints,
And weaving mother spiders.
Tremble in this summer ecstatic fest,
Caught and taught in the middle,
Ready to be thrown anywhere.
Anywhere, Lord,
Anywhere, anytime, any middle.

Psalm 13: Reaching High, Reaching Low

Sabrina, a Sacred Ecstatics Guild member, received the following vision:

About two weeks ago, I dreamt that I was in a sacred ecstatic's classroom. We were all gathered in a single room, with old dark-wood paneling running along the walls, ceilings and floor. It reminded me of an American old schoolhouse built in the early 1900's. There was a hustle and bustle buzzing in the room. Everyone was working "together" on their own individual projects. It may have been a bit noisy, but everyone felt focused and calm. Brad was sitting at a large wooden rectangular table in front of the room with his back to the students, facing the black board. I noticed Hillary was nearby, dressed (and acting!) like Sophie Tucker, wrapped in a rich, purple-colored blanket, with a feathered headband around her head. I realized it was my turn for Brad to "review" some of the work I had been doing. I handed him a short draft of writings. He began editing my paper at a rapid speed, filling the margins with hundreds of words, sketches and diagrams. I pulled up a chair as I watched as the feedback pour onto the page. I peered over his shoulder to peak at what he was writing and noticed something on the top right corner of the page. I remembered these words "Reaching High, Reaching Low" with the sketch of a fern leaf drawn below the words.

I then was overwhelmed with the image of a very small object shooting into the sky and cracking some sort of fragile, invisible barrier that was around the earth. It was beautiful and terrifying. I then woke up.

Here are the verses to the psalm written by Sabrina:

Haste! No time to waste!
Doin' this!
Learning to Reach high, to the tiniest crack in the sky,
Despite the endless times I wobble into error and distraction.
Missing the mark, and forgetting again.
Nonetheless, keeping an eye to listen,
To the Caribbean Mother's ringing bell,
And maybe a rooftop black and white bear duet,
Lands me somewhere between Heaven and Hell.

Perhaps, a puppet-show before bed,
Helps wake up the lead
Foot.
Perhaps a morning rhapsody-show,
Helps forge the bow,
Asking Johnny Hodges to blow, come blow.

Learning to Reach down, down into the ground,
Yearning to be near the Burn,
And to go down swinging, like the roots of an ancient fern.
Thank you Lord, yes Lord, thank you.
Every day I will try,
Again, to sing your praise,
To witness the weavings of our tender Mothers' gaze.
Circling back and forth between doing and un-doing,
Hoping that somewhere, somehow,
There is movement closer to the fire.
Let's do this, Lord.

Psalm 14: Another Gate

Brad had a most delightful visionary journey last night:

I was flown high above one gate after another, seeing that there are many different gates to First Creation's changing rooms. A voice on high announced, "We are taking you to a special gate you will love forevermore. It provides a direct entry to First Creation. Passage only requires that you feel its vibration pass through your body, which will be effortless for you." As I came upon the highest gate in the sky, I wanted to burst into tears of joy. There in front of me was a beautiful black, concert grand piano with Erroll Garner playing. He smiled at me with a twinkle in his eyes. The gate opened, and I felt no need to ever pass beyond it and leave the music. I stayed right there next to Erroll and his piano. Paradoxically, that's how I spontaneously passed through. Both sides of this high gate—earth and heaven—were the same.

I woke up bathed in musical ecstasy and continued to hear Erroll play my inner Steinway. This was my only prayer. I felt no need for anything other than to be part of the groove and vibe of this higher jazz tribe. The jam session lasted for at least an hour before I fell asleep to dream again.

This time, the Sacred Ecstatics Guild was gathered in New Orleans at a club with live music and food. As we partied, I stood up and sang a song with lyrics I found odd. They went something like this, "We were lost sheep but have now been found." One of the Guild member's sons came over to give me a hug, noticing

how happy I felt. We wept tears of joy as did everyone in this reunion where music soared above words. It also brought a lot of old-fashioned fun. Let us rejoice in song, even more than words, prayers, and dance, though it does no harm to add the latter to help you climb the ladder. I remembered how after I heard Erroll Garner play live in 1972, I liked to say, "Erroll is my patron saint." He is and always shall be my saint, gate, and musical heaven. I heard all the great pianists of our time, jazz and classical alike, but none reached his soulful altitude.

Someday we will all gather again and party like there is no tomorrow or yesterday. Let it be a deep, hot soak in the soul-lit joy that music best conveys. Not any musical style will do; only the kind whose performer is an anointed instrument of the performance gods. There is no spiritual cooking without deep fried soul music, contrary to what anyone might suggest. Without mystically and musically co-generated heat, there can be no holy ghost, toast, and roast party. Come on down to New Orleans! Dream it with us and you'll be here, more live than technicolor and stereo. Even more alive, more real than real, when your ecstatic cooking chops serve the big room dreaming.

Erroll is our soulful carol,
His timing inspires rhyming.
Then drop all words,
Forgetting conventional prayer.
Just stay at the musical gate
Chop these rhythms,
Carry this fire.
No need for church to meet,
With all this heat and syncopated treat.
Your soul prefers the heretical,
It best serves the mystical.
Build an altar to altered, doctored sound.
Open with melodies lost and found.
Cook in the jazz deep fryer,
"Do me, Lord,"
Like a New Orleans southern night infusion,
An ecstatic celebration of Mississippi mud,
Harlem sparks and endless African delights.
Given the choice between jazz in hell and silent heaven,
Choose to smoke a bitter cigar
With that Missourian down below.
Take your late-night stand with the rascals who wear halos,
Their light has enough might to blow a small house down.
A big whatever to any promised forever,
That has no syncopation for calibration.
Prefer two wings, multi-tones, and polyrhythms.
Surpass harmony and ask for cacophony.

Forget the peacemakers, be a noisemaker!
Not too much, not too little
Ultimate jazz thrives in the middle.
Rising and falling,
Speeding and slowing.
Alternating, circulating, percolating.
This train is cleaner than religious transportation,
This brain is emptier than spiritual contemplation.
Drop the score and make the lions roar.
Send the rain and keep the forecast dreary
Be not weary amidst the underbelly
Here you find the highest cloud opening its gate
With no desire to be anywhere else,
This keyboard plays the body instrument
Its Steinway and spine way are a double highway.
Its strings pull the dance that whirls the body parts,
Bend the notes to cross the moats
The Guild reunion meets at the highest bar,
Its soul food is seasoned with sound.
Be a lost sheep, who has now been found
Standing near an Erroll holi-day carol.
As the Lewis Carroll bell rings three times,
Heaven and hell respond each time,
With crossroads going left and right.
Head for the pinnacle bar,
There you find your mind won't mind Tony and the little white mare,
Offering a drink to a hare.
When the soul is laid raw and bare,
Heaven and hell marry, with no need to carry
Any burden other than what it takes to get you here.
Hear, hear. This place is for cheer, making dear every tear.
This is the gentle rain of God.
The jazz of heaven as it is in and out of earth.
Let's meet there for the rest of the year and forever more.
I'd rather be electrocuted here than frozen anywhere else.
Being drenched with singing water from this musical well
Is well worth the persecution by pious elocution.
Here improvised notes teach:
The profane is more profound than the sacred
Whenever you and sound are around.
Together, we can jam for god,
And spread a better buttered bread.
Meet us at the piano,
There we find no need for choosing between

Earth or its imagined heaven.
Forget Azusa, it immediately chilled due to false pursuits
Of names, signs, and social appointments.
Respect its spark but flee from its dark.
Go to where Erroll plays all night.
He offers far more keys to the gate
Where both sides of black and white,
Serve music rather than setting the terms
Of what it means to turn the wheels of mystery.
Say not "Amen." Say, "Ahhh, just a min."
Only a minute of this fire is worth more than all of cold eternity.

Psalm 15: Boundary Waters

Brad woke up in the middle of the night, remembering his old Ojibwa friend, Ron Geyschick, an Ojibwa medicine man and tent shaker who lived on a Canadian island. It was on the outskirts, only reachable by boat or seaplane. Brad then fell back into the dreamtime and found himself at our summer campground:

I realized that our summer camp looked exactly like the wilderness area where I met Ron. He lived at Lac La Croix First Nation, a small community of 300-400 people. Located on the Canada-U.S. boundary waters, the island is surrounded by thousands of square miles of wilderness parkland—Quetico Park in Ontario and Superior National Forest in upstate Minnesota. It's a perfect fit for the Sacred Ecstatics summer camp because we are exploring the furthest boundaries of mystical reality, hoping to find a new summer of love that goes past whatever was conceived and felt before. Ron was a tent shaker who'd go inside the medicine tent and talk to the spirits. There the spirits gave him the instructions for me to acquire a special kind of pipe and otter bag, the latter associated with the Midewiwin. Ron and another tent shaker, Dave Gehue, also helped me own my anointment as a tent shaker, something I reluctantly discuss.

In the summertime, Ron was a guide for summer campers. There were fishing camps, mostly informal, all along the islands and waterways. He took people into the wilderness and gave them fishing instruction. Our summer camp, as a First Creation outpost, has already taken multiple forms including the barn musical theatre stage and the Balinese puppet theater. But its original setting was the boundary waters where a Midewiwin medicine man related to both the spirit world and to summer visitors seeking to catch a prize fish.

Seeing him now with visionary second eyes, I heard him sing his spirit song and bring me along for a ride in his spirit vehicle, what he described as a hybrid of a motorboat and a long white Cadillac. He used it to visit the stone people who live in the tropics of Florida. I remembered we recently went there in summer camp with my grandparents. We then took a ride inside the giant trout he formerly used to fly around the world. I recalled him telling me that this trout had taught him

how it's possible to go anywhere in the world with "just a drop of water" because every drop connects to every lake and ocean on earth.

As we spoke of the challenges of navigating every kind of imaginable boundary, especially from this world to the other side, it struck me that Ron didn't just live in a place that looks like a summer camp. He was a summer camp. Specifically, his body held the creatures, lakes, and streams of the world's ecology. He once described how spirits lived inside him after he met them in vision. Within his right shoulder was his strongest spirit, an albino deer, while a regular deer lived inside his left shoulder. He had two moose spirits around his hips, just below the bone—a timber moose and a blue one. The Lord lived in his heart while four butterflies from around the world resided in each ear. He said that whenever their wings start fluttering, he would send his timber moose or the albino deer to find out what they were saying.

Ron's embodiment of spirit exemplifies what it means to be a medicine person, shaman, mystics, or other form of spiritual medium. Like those who follow the high trails of Sacred Ecstasies, there is little interest in religious conformity, that is, following a set-in-stone interpretation or ritual. Read how he first encountered Jesus, something that would delight Sister Gertrude, Pointer Warren, and Mother Twa as much as it would horrify every institutionalized form of Christianity:

The Lord came in. He had two helpers with him . . . The Lord knelt down in front of me, and put a little piece of orange paper on my knee. On it was written a chapter and verse number, with words about beholding the Lord. Then he said, "In order for you to believe in me, I am going to give you special powers. These are the power to heal, and an X-ray vision . . ."42

That's the kind of personal, mystical Lord we adore in Sacred Ecstasies—the one living in the heart with no small room confinement within a fossilized religious ideology. This kind of relationship to a higher power has been embraced and adopted by cooked visionaries from every corner of the planet and then typically condemned by the religious institutional authorities. The Catholics burned "witches" and tortured saints, the Anglicans punished the Shakers of St. Vincent, the Tibetan Buddhists rounded up the early Bon shamans, and all the rest of it. Not to mention how lukewarm and often fickle the renowned preachers of former evangelical movements were, including John Wesley and even George Whitefield, who later fussed and warned about the eruptions of emotional gushers whenever the spirit fountain overflowed too much. A curse on all their houses, Gregory Bateson and the old prophets would likely and perhaps rightly say to them. Today we prefer an absurd lampoon over a harpoon and a rhyming verse over the former preference for a curse.

Without digressing further and losing ourselves in a tangential regress, let us progress toward the summer camp island where our critters reside. By now you should intuit that if you pursue it,

⁴² Ron Geyshick with Judith Doyle, *Te Bwe Win*, pp. 23-24.

mystery can be caught. This is to say, the mystery of you can be caught by its original source. The mystical invitation facing you now is bringing the summer camp's land, water, wind, fire, and spirits into your body. Each acting part asks for a well aligned body part. From altar to musical theatre, then puppets, and now spirits, it is time for you to *embody* the summer camp mystical show. Your fingers have tried out for the duo of pugilistic bears, as the palms of your hands have auditioned a love-stricken mare and a song carrying terrier. In your arms, the spiritual mothers say, "Open wide and say, 'Awe.'" Their spiritual doctoring house call throws you to the coliseum where the operatic pentadic light ecstatic responds to the pandemic and pandemonium below.

Soon you will be invited to the summer initiation where our ancestors are offering to make your body a Sacred Ecstasics temple. Here critters and saints alike will be asked to enter more deeply within you, or at least, you will be asked start acting like they are rehearsing and trying you out! Stay in the hearse or live to rehearse? This is your new body question. Soon and very soon you will be shown how to corporeally incorporate the whole summer camp. It requires a gateway means to accessing spiritual blessings that forever flow, whether noticed, appreciated, celebrated, or not. Again, this fishing and its reeling involve emotion, commotion, and the production of a hooper's song and dance.

Welcome to a deeper plunge into the boundary waters where former boundaries are invited to wobble and topple. With a little bit of *little me* luck, these middle wobbles become a ripple and then a wave, soaking you in the sought vibration of extreme love. Make the summer finale move with the alternating beat of a wild tribe band whose spirited drummers are the kind of roofers who make the ceiling leak, flooding the room below.

Summer camp in the boundary waters:

"Membicaid," calls the spirit canoe.

It's also a boat, a white Cadillac, and the belly of a trout

And the whale that swallowed them all.

Open the gate to your heart

The deep-fried Lord is knockin' and cookin.'

Get drenched by the song bucket,

Get turned by the wheel,

Go through purgatory to find the glory

Where a new pair of shoes and new pair of bears are waiting for you,

Don't fix the leaking roof,

No more boundary between earth and sky

No more veil between living and dead

All of God's critters now have the jitters

They are itchin' to get inside of you.

Why resist if you want to conduct electricity?

You are here to be the camp, the orchard, the garden of Eden.

Your body has been too small all along,

And alone, thinking it was a big me in a small jar

Your body is a world, not an island, not a self, or an elf.

You, dear friend, are the summer camp

Climb into every single body part.

Let every part of camp climb into you.
This makes you whole,
An inseparable part of the holy.
Forget small, forget big.
Just be the drop
Of every lake and ocean.
Anything more stands in the way,
Of being the camp and its fire
Lighting the mystical night,
In spite of the never ceasing fight
Of black and white missing the hue of a clue
The colors of your life are the tones, beats, and moves that build a camp
And carry you to campground.
There is a show going on.
Step into it.
Be more than a part, host all of the parts
The whole stage, the theatre,
The summer camp and the world,
Even more than this.
Marry infinity,
And be a good host to divinity.

Experiment Three Findings: All Tracks Lead to Your Summer Mystery Cabin

Imagine that you find some unexpected markings on your wall, floor, and ceiling at home. You take a closer look to notice they are the tracks of a small dog, two bears, and a small mare, among other critters including a polka dot-shawled spider, a dancing hooper, and a singing gator. Watch how these paws, claws, hooves, and footprints all lead to your summer cabin. This is what we learned from experiment three.

Every visionary teaching has provided a performance tip for helping you *feel* (rather than understand) that you are journeying to the mystical reality of the summer cabin and campground of extreme love found on the other side. True mystics, healers, shamans, and spiritual adventurers of the climbing kind relate to their altar as a gate to the big room. This gate is a middle that oscillates between the physical and the spiritual. You must build up enough sacred emotion inside this wobble to topple you to the other side. We learned in experiment three that this is accomplished by soaking your altar objects, totems, and accoutrements with enough prayer, song, dance, expansive imagination, and heated sacred emotion to make it more mystically real than everyday physical reality. Do it with every part of you, starting with your fingers, hands, and arms. Let these puppets be pulled by higher strings and lead the way for the rest of you to follow and make it through.

Brad remembered recently how he was once interviewed by Jon Young and his faculty who are in the business of teaching others how to track. He told them that the old Bushman master trackers had a special kind of spiritual nose. They did not rely upon sensory experience and outdoor knowledge alone and could track an animal with their eyes closed. They felt a rope

pulling them, a skill that cannot be taught because it is a gift granted from their sky god. Such a teaching cannot be understood in the physical world; it is only felt inside the wobbling intersection of First and Second Creation where spirit and flesh mingle and then afterward guide with a tingle.

As a neonate tracker of the highway to heaven, the vertical line to the sky village, and the rope to n/om meat, you must first recognize that every n/om critter (and saint!) leaves a n/om track. Your mission is to someday use innate mystical senses to find and follow these tracks. Your spiritual senses must be awakened to take over your physical senses and their habituated ways of making sense. Begin where you are—you are in Second Creation. If you are hungry enough for mystery, go ahead and make the imagined tracks physically visible on the wall, floor, or ceiling. You already essentially did so when you created your altar with its spiritual creatures and mojo medicines. In addition, to honor Ron Geyschick's teaching that it's possible to go anywhere in the world with "just a drop of water" because every drop connects to every lake and ocean on earth, go ahead and sprinkle one drop of water on your altar after you make your tracks. Feel how this connects all of us in the summer camp to one another and the rope that is guiding our adventure.

Strive to be less dependent upon materiality and lean toward numinously felt spirituality. Take the action that expands and heats the unseen room. When your innards feel wobbly, know that the critters and their summer camp home are starting to come to mystical life. Get in sync with them so you feel your body parts take over theatrically enacting these characters, preparing you for more saintly roles to later arrive. Make and see the physical tracks, and then let them go. Close your eyes and feel the n/om tracks pull you inside the summer camp, cabin, and big room of mystery.

I don't want to play with a terrier, mare, or two bears. I only want to meet God.
First see all creatures as divinity; only then does infinity come nearer.

I would rather beat a shamanic drum or sing a hymn than learn from a Broadway hooper.
Unless you can hoof, you'll never float to the roof.

I'd rather say the name of the Lord rather than mess with the lard.
Unless you can deep fry any word to be spiritually hot, your god remains in the larder.

Where's the holy bread in acting like an animal cracker in a children's play?
Each spirit crumb holds the same universe as a grain of Kalahari sand.

I don't want to be a puppet.
Those words were spoken by a puppet; try being pulled by another pair of strings.

I understand.
Then work harder to be in awe of incomprehensible mystery.

Are the creatures surrounding my summer cabin what others call spirit helpers?

They are the changing forms of First Creation inviting you to find out what they are on the other side of the veil.

What's up with Tony?

He's a song carrier, in this case a terrier, a best friend who helps you fly

You can't leave your small room home without a song.

Only a song helps you feel that you belong to the mystery on high.

Who better than Gershwin's trusty mate to serve as your aural bridge?

Remember: shamans, healers, and mystics pray for song and pray with song.

What's going on with the little white mare?

With a prayer stone, prayer key and prayer song, the mare sprouts wings that enable you to travel.

Two Wings—that's the horse that keeps you on the upward course

Carrying you over the roof to hoof.

The bears are black and white, but don't forget that both bears bite.

But only when you mistake a finger for its pointing.

Or regard a medicine paw as the greater awe.

Or miss the double gods stomp of approval

Go up in order to come back down,

This time more in the Ouroborean round.

Value sound more than sight,

Then second eyes open to feel the mystery light.

With eyes closed, stare into the eye of the whale,

Hear it call the heart to respond.

Sing and dance to make this feel real.

Shout and leap to really feel.

No more harpooning with interpretation.

No more cutouts without a maternally woven spider's web.

Track the n/om

Better yet, be tracked by n/om.

Aim to become the target of a higher spear, holier harpoon, and mightier fishing line.

Aim to return to what you are—gulfweed in need of a n/om feed.

Be the crumb that falls from the holy bread.

Be the child, reborn in the wild

Go for the extreme rather than mild joy.

Be amidst the changing, and do not pretend to be the change.

Get every single cell and body part on stage,

And get ready to be repossessed.

Not by unreal fantasies of twisted logic and stunted reason,

But by real emotions in each changing season.

This is what it means to voyage on the sea,

Feeling more than what physical eyes can see.

Make the tracks, see them, sing and dance them, and properly feel them.

Each impression on higher ground is an ode to joy carrying a load of spiritual gold.

Two Wings, Two Wings, meet Tony and the mare

They want to join you in the air.

The bears and gator are on the elevator,

The whole world climbs with no critter left behind.

EXPERIMENT FOUR: SUMMER CAMP INITIATION

Initiatory Preparation 1: The Art of Ptolemy Szukalski Found in Southern California

Brad had a strange visionary adventure:

In the dream, we received a letter telling us about a new discovery of some previously unknown art created by “Ptolemy Szukalski.” We were invited to come see it in Southern California and decide whether we wanted to purchase it for ownership. In a flash we were walking toward the address provided.

When we turned onto the street where the art dealer lived, the neighborhood looked like a slum in ruins though it was supposed to be an affluent area with opulent mansions. Every yard had a pile of junk and litter. We had never seen such a trashy place, and we have seen some real dicey neighborhoods in our lifetime. The area was only one block long and we passed one house where a beastly dog came out to bark and growl at us. Its master looked like a monster from a science fiction movie. We wondered if we had been transported somewhere not on earth or were in some kind of dystopian future. An inner feeling let us know we were in southern California where the wealthy live, seeing it now with Kalahari second eyes.

We finally came to the address we were aiming to find. An older man and woman met us and invited us into their house. It was the smallest place we’d ever entered. The ceiling was about 6-7 feet tall and the room about 6 feet by 10 feet in length and width. What was most peculiar was that every wall, the floor, and ceiling were all covered with mattresses. There was no furniture anywhere. I whispered to Hillary, “This is beyond anything a couch potato in a lazy boy could ever imagine.” The only marking on the walls was on one side where a series of thick vertical lines were drawn. At first, we thought it was to give the impression of a bed backboard made of iron bars. Later, we thought it reminded us of a jail cell. We were flabbergasted that we were in such a small, barren place without any windows.

The older man asked, “Would you like to see the Ptolemys?” We reluctantly nodded that we might as well since we had come this far. He then made a finger snapping motion that appeared like he was flicking on a switch. Magically, an overhead project dropped from the ceiling and projected a rectangle of light on the wall immediately over the drawn bars. It was a technologically projected light from a film projector, but there was no image. This woke me up and I had to pray to return and find the missing teaching.

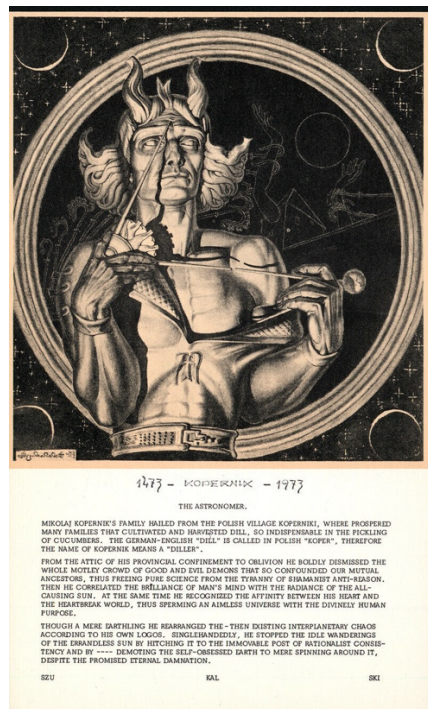
In a visionary classroom held in the dark, a flickering light spoke: “This is what the small room of spiritually looks like. It is none other than Ptolemy’s conception of the universe, self-centric—big me earth in the center of it all. Remember Szukalski? Hillary found this name in a previous visionary dream—at his parking

place outside the original Dill Pickle Club in Chicago. He has something to say about Ptolemy.” I woke up and ran to the computer to do some research. Entering “Ptolemy Szukalski,” this popped up on eBay:

Warehouse Find!

A small quantity of Szukalski’s color poster showing Copernicus harnessing the Sun was recently discovered. The image was drawn in 1973, and the poster printed that same year by the artist. On nice quality paper stock, size 23” X 17 ½”. Text at bottom, complete with explanation (and Szukalski name misspelled, is probably why this poster was shelved.) (Note that some copies may be slightly tattered, due to age and storing).

This was an advertisement for a recently found collection of Szukalski’s drawings of how Copernicus corrected the earth-centric/self-centric view of Ptolemy’s universe. Check out the card for yourself and read what he wrote below:



The card reads:

Mikolaj Kopernik’s family hailed from the Polish village Koperniki, where prospered many families that cultivated and harvested dill, so indispensable in the pickling of cucumbers. The German-English

“dill” is called in Polish “koper,” therefore the name of Kopernik means “a diller.”

From the Attic of his provincial confinement to oblivion he boldly dismissed the whole motley crowd of good and evil demons that so confounded our mutual ancestors, thus freeing pure science from the tyranny of shamanist anti-reason. Then he correlated the brilliance of man’s mind with the radiance of the all-causing sun. At the same time he recognized the affinity between his heart and the heartbreak world, thus sperming an aimless universe with the divinely human purpose.

Though a mere earthling he rearranged the-then existing interplanetary chaos according to his own logos. Singlehandedly, he stopped the idle wanderings of the errandless sun by hitching it to the immovable post of rationalist consistency and by ---- demoting the self-obsessed earth to mere spinning around it, despite the promised eternal damnation.

It takes a Dill Pickle Club to free yourself from a small self-centric room and its ecstatically barren existential universe. Appreciate that Copernicus was the “diller” who reached for the sun and extinguished Ptolemy’s room “chiller.” Sweet or sour, have a pickle and allow its tickle to shake you free of projected light and illusory wealth that hosts a junkyard of fake stuff with nothing that can bake and take ownership of holy bread.

Postscript 1:

After dreaming about a city block in Southern, California, we remembered that Brad had recently discussed writing two words on a wood block: “Prune would.” We decided to conduct this mystical prescription ourselves, “doin’ this” for the sake of experimentation. With the imagined block in hand, we pruned its words and ended up with “Prune,” reasoning that “would” implies something we would do if and only if conditions moved us to do so—something different from actually doing it whether we felt like it or not. Deciding not to delay the prescribed action, we went ahead and pruned. We unexpectedly laughed as we spontaneously shifted our attention, mentioning how the dreamed city block was also definitely in need of a pruning. Then we decided to act again, this time pruning away the letter “p” because it was the first one in the word line. This left us with a “rune.”

A rune is an ancient magical mark made on an object like stone or bone, or even a wood block, that is used for divination. This gave us a double shock because the Szukalski drawing for sale was not a large painting, but a *card* resembling a Tarot card with some prophetic-like commentary added. It also did not escape us that “rune” sounds like “ruin.” The city block in the dream had looked like a future kind of ruin. The city block and the wood block then wobbled in our two-bear minds, blending what cannot be easily spelled out. Suffice it to say that we finally chose a rune fortune telling card about small room projection and junkyard ruins in need of pruning. Brad declared, “We should go *run* (another pruning) and eat a prune before these changing words ruin the rest of our day.” On our way to the kitchen, we pruned again and were

left with a *ru*. We instantly knew that we are almost back to strolling down a rue (street) and cooking up a roux in ecstatic New Orleans, yet phonetically we are “down under” with Muddy and Mahalia. This ru, however, unexpectedly flipped over like flipper, as if resetting its lettered relations. It now said, “u r.” That’s the wobble each of us unknowingly seek: between “you” and “are” (static name and ecstatic being) is found the ineffable middle. We shall go further East. Movement on!

Postscript 2

We purchased the Szukalski postcard for thirty-five dollars. And we discovered that the man we bought it from is 72 years old and lives in southern California. He owns the largest collection of Szukalski’s art. He turned out to be Glenn Bray, the patron of Szukalski who introduced him to Leonardo DeCaprio’s father. Furthermore, he looks exactly like the man Brad saw in his dream when we had a visionary trip to southern California.

Stranger than this connection, Brad has been spouting a wild and crazy theory all summer about today’s world political crisis and its ongoing battle against fascism. Brad calls it the “Battle of the yetis and elands.” “Yeti” is the shared Tibetan and Russian word for a bear, in this case the Himalayan Abominable snowman, a typically unfriendly monster you don’t want to meet. Brad’s secret subterranean research project concerns how rightwing fanatics are more easily persuaded to believe in political conspiracy theories if they also are fed other kinds of conspiracy theories like believing that Yeti’s also exist around Michigan, Toledo, and Omaha. There’s even a popular cable television show that hunts this mythical beast.

Brad spouts his yeti-fueled conspiracy theory about conspiracy theory enthusiasts almost every day during our cocktail hour and has even shared it with his son and daughter-in-law. Whenever he hears disturbing news about the idiots who run the world and botch up the obviously needed pandemic response, he shouts, “Yeti’s!”

Yesterday we discovered that Szukalski had mystical visions that he wrote down and illustrated—called the *Zermatism* books. They consist of 10,000 pages and 40,000 illustrations that focus on his belief that we are “battling a race of yeti-human hybrids.” As a true polymath these books “developed a science that integrated singular theories in geology (cyclic deluges), anthropology (universal pictographs), linguistics (Protong, a universal first language), zoology (Yeti), anthropolitics (Yetinsyn), with many etceteras.”⁴³ These books are now in the possession of Glenn Bray.

That’s all for now. We only speak of the yeti battle during cocktail hour in our own homegrown version of Pete’s Out in the Cold. This yeti madness is not what you likely think, nothing similar to Credo Mutwa’s reptilian myth. It concerns how people who sloppily believe in yeti’s, flying saucers, spirits, and the like as material-like things suited for named nouns comprise the main threat to life. They are equally found among conspiracy theory oriented Trumpers and new agers, along with zealous religious terrorists of every black and white stripe, all equally capable of mistaking the menu for the meal and reversing the name of love and peace with the action of hate and war. Do not follow the Yeti, follow the n/om trail to the First Creation eland.

⁴³ <http://unurthed.com/2007/12/23/szukalskis-science-of-zermatism/>

Enough said, for this is already too much said. Brad's rooftop bears assuredly will now be further fed in their struggle to transform this two-bear duel between Yeti's and elands, to become a Life Force Theatre musical hit that strikes more numinous, mystery lightning.

Do you hunt the Yeti or the Eland?
Are you becoming a Yeti or an Eland?
Let's ask another way:

Are you a Ptolemy?
That's a big me in the center of the universe,
Here to ignore or destroy
Only looking at projections of mind's blizzard, mistaken as light.
Checking if desire is met via small room means.

Are you a Kopernic from the house of Copernicus?
That's a little me diller, here to battle the big me chillers
and air suckers who extinguish the fire.
Only cooking with the windmills of your heart.
Checking if the fire is fed through big room means.

The Yeti, the mythical human-bear hybrid, too big for its britches
Only bitches as it hunts for Ptolemy.
Preferring rumors, excuses, and back biting maneuvers
This big me human-bear magnifier pretends it is hugging a tree
Ptolemy is all bark and carries no light in the dark
Missing its roots, it never flowers
It would rather tower to cover the sun.

The Eland, the n/om gate, meat, song, and dance of old
Only stitches what's written on four cabin walls.
Preferring praise, respect, and room holding maneuvers,
This little me spirit glorifier never bends the trunk of a tree.
Copernicus is the astronomer who finds stars lit in the sky
Bowing before the roots and the flowers,
It would rather hug the tree and grasp the sun.

Are you a Yeti or an Eland?
Which do you hunt?
What room are you building?
What are your props, lines, costumes, makeup, and character role?
Tony, the little white mare, two roof bears, alligator, hammerhead shark, and all the saints
Hug the tree and seek to bask in the sun.
Heavenly sunshine is only seen, heard, and felt by the Eland of First Creation
The eland is back with its dill pickle club, ready to end the Yeti chill.

Trickster conspiracy or God's prophecy of extreme love?
Sacred Ecstatics is a call to the Eland.

Initiatory Preparation 2: Check Your Playbill

Brad had a rather provocative three-act voyage:

Act 1: Solo Act

Hillary and I saw a small crowd enter a theatre for some kind of non-publicized performance. They were part of a society dedicated to avant-garde productions in New York City. We decided to sneak in and observe the show. We were surprised to see how easy it was to mix in with the crowd and find two seats. An usher handed us a Playbill that let us know what the performance was about. On the cover was an actor portraying Jesus. I will not describe what else was on the cover. (Clue: it had to do with Jack Kerouac.) Suffice it to say that the show addressed spiritual masturbation and would be performed by one actor. I replied to Hillary, "this is another typical run of the mill experimental theatre production that is assuredly as cold and dumb as any chilled and boring religious event, new age spiritual workshop, pop music album, or brain and soul dead Hollywood movie."

We left, remembering how any time the performing arts tries to find inspiration in psychoanalysis, existentialism, chaotic experimentalism, exhibitionism, nihilism, postmodernism, or any other ism, it becomes a prism focused on another Ptolemy world vision. We have seen more awful, awe-less performances in New York, London, and elsewhere, than we care to mention.

Hillary and I disappointedly walked out of the room, sparing our having to witness a solo act that was clearly going to be as stupid as it was putrid. Then we both started laughing out loud. We remembered Fred Astaire's words, "I have no desire to prove anything by dancing. I have never used it as an outlet or a means of expressing myself. I just dance. I just put my feet in the air and move them around." We subsequently discussed the extent to which theatre, music, dance, and art also can express more masturbation than a master vibration, entirely missing blissful spiritual excitation. I woke up praying how to lead others away from being stuck exclusively in solo performances aimed at auto-bio pleasure while missing the mutual interactions of relational stereo that yield high fidelity's ecstatic dynamics.

Act 2: Performing Relations

In this dream, Hillary and I were giving a talk to psychotherapists like we have in the past. Here we detailed the common mistake of "sex therapy" when it gives too much emphasis on biological function rather than building a room that hosts loving relations with another. Union requires communion, held on the common ground that hosts mutually held interaction rather than relationally blind

individuation. The world of non-solo blended performance—from a lover’s bedroom manners to a doctor’s bedside manner and a musician’s duet—requires dropping Ptolemy and acting more like Copernicus. Move the center focus away from a self-serving master gator.

Suddenly we were thrown to a praise house in St. Vincent. There we were pointed to notice “a performance of ecological relations, with everyone respecting and maintaining the rope line that feeds its spirited soul-fire celebration.” When anyone spoke, they first thanked their brothers and sisters for joining them in the room that day and then they gave thanks to their spiritual mothers and fathers, the anointed elders struggling to conduct what often seemed impossible to accomplish—turning soloists into a rhythmically synchronized and harmonically blended ensemble.

Finally, a plea was always made to the Lord on high to keep every heart, mind, and body aligned with something bigger than a solo without a halo. A voice, sounding like someone even stronger and fiercer than Mother Ralph, interrupted our observing: “Every action, whether at home, work, or the praise house faces the choice of solo exhibitionism versus surrendering to holy communion—going for the lower passing pleasure or the higher everlasting treasure.”

We were then thrown to the Kalahari with a group of Bushmen women. I remembered that I had not only been formerly admitted to the women’s dance, but to their social club where I was privy to daily conversational life. They allowed me to hear about everything from gathering tubers (Kalahari potatoes) to bawdy body talk, previously non-disclosed puberty rites, and the way they tease each other about sex. The Bushmen are not embarrassed by biology nor are they hung up on either overrating or underrating the hungers of stomach, lion, or loin.

In the dream, I realized the extent to which every key Bushman metaphor was held in a wobble. “Meat” always meant both the hunted food animal and the pursued sex partner, as well as the n/om each contained. The hunter and hunted also oscillated so a human being could transform into an eland and vice versa when things wobbled strongly enough. First Creation is the wobbly indivisible shapeshifting nation where every name and form vibrate between the literal and the metaphorical and forever change across every dimension of sense and nonsense. Like other thoroughly cooked Bushmen, I remain amazed that I belong to both their men’s and women’s dance clubs. Furthermore, in my dreams I am as likely to hunt n/om, eat kudu, or make love with an eland. First Creation is a wilder wildlife than what’s known in other outskirts.

Mother Twa started to explain more about the wobbly meat and plant life in the Kalahari, using our terms, now that she was in summer camp:

Our biology has never been separate from any relational rope. We do not divide the head from the rest of the body. Our body’s relations live in the mind of nature and the heart of the sky god. The invention of a psyche or any other separate organ operating independently from the whole of

earth and sky was invented by others who lost their n/om and found trickster thought filling its place.

We, on the other hand, are married to all three rings of life—our biology, our relations, and our participation in First Creation. There is no auto-erotic disconnection and no excited relation without n/om expression. We don't understand making love with a gland or body part when you can share love with another lover. The body parts are something better served for dinner. Of course, there are those times when we get so hungry inside the wobble that we find it natural to excite only one part and afterwards, eat the whole critter.

She and the other women then burst into laughter, falling to the ground as they saw us looking at them so seriously. We knew they had more interest in teasing than logically teasing apart the meanings, relations, and interactions of Kalahari n/om meat. I woke up amused by the graphic way in which these teachings came down. It reminded me of how I formerly experienced the ancestral saints of Sacred Ecstatics when they were alive. They could be so frank, raw, and graphic that most cultural outsiders would be unable to handle such an unedited delivery. Though Hillary and I are equally wobbly, we are usually more metaphorically tactful with the Guild.

When it comes to the kind of explicit pointing and remedial room care correction found in our ecstatic lineages, we sometimes shake our heads in disbelief when anyone thinks we are ever tough or demanding. We implicitly and tacitly point you to the summer camp and then we carefully discern (to ourselves) who chooses to enter the campground. We allow that choice to be between each camper and their god(s). In addition, we offer campers specific visionary classroom instruction as it comes down. This is conducting in the old school spiritual way with the least amount of regulation and the highest degree of freedom.

Furthermore, we recognize the conditioning of a western cowboy or cowgirl with a "I Did it My Way" upbringing. We only intervene if someone is sucking up too much air and risks extinguishing the room fire for others. Our biggest challenge, the one that keeps us the most on our knees in prayer, is how to convert soloist static-ticians into whirling changers aligned with the ongoing electrical conduction and cognizant of their effects on others.

I prayed again to be led, asking what Hillary and I should say, do, or instruct next for summer campers who seek another splash from the bucket of hooper water. I also prayed that we not be over influenced by any squeaky wheels, where the noise of either an excessive display or an excessive disappearing act too easily results in another big me taking up too much space and oxygen. We do our best to orient to the "ferns" who are deeply committed to old rooted ways of

performing. For this and more, I prayed again for guidance. A third and final dream arrived.

Act 3: Being a Part of Creative Action

Hillary and I were in big conference room with those gathered to learn about spiritual cooking. We noticed some real room stinkers and shrinkers attending, and has become our custom, turned our focus within to step into a physically unseen big mystical room filled with our cooking ancestors. We prayed, as we always do, for what to say in this new day where both dead zombies and living ferns surrounded us. We then began, with the rope pulling these words out of the air: "Today we want to emphasize that in addition to n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit, there are two other names for that which can only be felt. Though they are worn out terms, we bring them back to be in relation to our present trinity of names. They bring more warmth and expansion to the room. We are speaking of 'creativity' and the 'universal life force.'"

We proceeded to demonstrate that creative invention is the natural consequence of the universal life force and that one does not appear without the other. Then we added, "As we enter into the final month of summer camp, make sure that the universal life force and creativity are in relationship to one another, performing a celebration of what it is to be inside musically moving mystery. Finally, always check your playbill to see what room, group, and performance you are attending. Explore more than big me seduction. Head to the kind of relations that cook at higher elevation."

Art, science, and religion are often the same,
A big me appearing to inform, conform, or reform,
Yet making sure the room does not change.
Its playbill pays the bill for quick and easy play.
This is the solo whose low and high never get you off the ground.
If you want to fly, give big me its obit,
Then leap out of the self-orbiting nowhere pit.

The next playbill escapes this mouse-house trap,
Reaching for the Copernican sun.
Oh Ptolemy-o, O Sole Mio!
No - the sun does not revolve around you.
Leave behind small room infatuation,
Care not to serve the master-of-the-bay,
Dare to step on board the boat that keeps your higher relations afloat.

While there's a lesson in self-pleasure, say the bears,
The real treasure is found in relation, answer back the mare and terrier pair.
Step into the circle that hugs as it hums and drums.

Embrace the tree in the middle of the orchard.
Without relation elation is only meta-observation,
Spiritual porn without Mother Pompey's horn.
Leave the illusion of mastur-race-nations,
Enter the boundary-less waters.

The third playbill circles back to include the others,
Holding each ring inside a big top circus tent
Where performers glow and do not care to know,
Feeling how their part is key to the whole.
Send in the clowns, the absurd teasers
To assist the temperature raisers.

Be a three-wedding ring Kalahari hooper,
Married to biological parts, eco relations, and ongoing creation.
This is the trinity of intertwined circles,
The extreme love whirl of the puberty rite that initiates life.

Make sure your artistic creation is aligned with the rope,
Bring duende to the bull ring and overhead bear fight.
Make each flamenco and tango a seiki wind,
With a soulful song for the sacred heart,
Meet the n/om meat arrows, nails, and thorns,
They bring the pierce of heart and spark of God.

Perform the mystical camper, cooked puppeteer, and animated body temple,
Blend in the whirl to become a mate whose fate is a date with God.
Then play your part in the making of creation.
Anything else falls short of the mission,
To empty the teacup and fill the soul.

Remember:
The Buddha lives in the sound of one paw clapping
Seiki lifts the two-winged mare that dares to leap into the air
In spite of dueling bears and tempting hares,
Enter the trout and experience adventures with your ecstatic aquatic relations.
See everything more clearly through the hammerhead shark's 360-degree eyes.
Avoid hell by meeting a whale.
Promise to never harpoon God or any created part.

Solo: hell, no!
Duo: make it a duet, not a duel!
Trio: it takes three to unravel the double bind knots.
Skip four and go to the higher floor,

There the pentadic lifts above the pedantic,
Returning you to fireside critters, jitters, and flickers of the summer camp night.

Sacred Ecstatics is not about self-mastery or trickster baiting.
You are here to fall in love with mystery's nature.
Wake up the pinnacle emotion's clarifying intoxication,
Follow the extreme visionary dreams.
Better than solo satisfaction is the double Tony salivation,
When he greets a true best friend.
Move from fast food to everlasting feast.
Follow the tracks to the source of creation.
Have you forgotten you're in the Life Force Theatre?
Check your Playbill.

Initiatory Preparation 3: Trout Doctors

Last night Brad had a series of dreams where he witnessed his whole life pass in front of him, something that is rumored to happen before you die. Knowing Brad, the spirits wanted him to get this event out of the way so he'd have more time to venture on the other side while he is still alive:

The visionary night began in a medical hospital where I showed up for a job. I assumed I had arrived to be the janitor, so I went to a closet and grabbed a broom. I swept until I woke up pondering what the dream meant. I remembered my summer job in high school was being the school's assistant janitor. I used a rotary machine to clean the floors, scraped all the gum off the bleachers with a putty knife at both the football field and basketball stadium, and finally, painted them white. It was brutal physical work. I fell back asleep, praying for guidance.

I was sent back to the same hospital, this time eating lunch in the cafeteria. It was a tasty pulled pork sandwich with exceptional barbeque sauce that was more spicy than sweet. I must have been in Kansas City, the big city twenty miles from my small hometown. According to us (and a cherished review in *The New Yorker* magazine) it's the barbeque capital of the world. Before I could finish my last bite, I was interrupted by someone announcing that the director wanted to see me in his office for a one-to-one meeting.

I sat down in front of his desk and he stated, "We need to evaluate our soldiers and want you to conduct some special research—assessing their condition and investigating what happened with them after they arrived. You were born with a natural skill for this job. Now go conduct your research and let us know if you need anything." I walked out of the office thinking this assignment was completely absurd. It also felt more like science fiction than conventional experimentation. I woke up again, pondering what this mission was about.

As it often does, my prayer spontaneously shifted from "Yes, Lord" to "Help me, help us, Lord. Guide us, Lord." I fell asleep telegraphing this S.O.S to God. The

next three dreams are now fuzzy in my memory. They seem to have had something to do with entertaining patients and doctors in the hospital lecture hall. I had a piano and felt much better handling those keys instead of a measuring instrument. In addition, I think time was spent in the chapel, pastoring to people with brief and long bouts of suffering that involved physical, emotional, or spiritual concerns.

I recall seeing my life as a whirlwind of constant change amidst multiple realities wherein I played many roles. I realized I had spent a very long time in an unusual kind of medical school and its teaching hospital. Furthermore, I was the oldest student to finally graduate, a crazy fool and alternating tool who retook every course many times while performing every role from janitor to chaplain, researcher, entertainer, barbeque cook, therapist, social worker, mojo doctor, nurse, administrator, textbook writer, orderly, anesthesiologist, physical therapist, and surgeon. I woke up wondering what this long-term education was about.

I prayed harder than before: "Help, Lord. Help, Lord..." I entered visionary space a final time and relived the moment when I met Hillary and fell under the spell of her stare, fresh air, and uncompromising way of discerning what's fair. In the sweet embrace of our love, we began teaching from the start. In San Francisco we caught and cooked our first silver trout. To help you remember, we once upon a time told a class that we would allow the ineffable universe to bring forth each lesson as we ventured into the mystery of love. Our travel diary composed our textbook as the class unfolded.

I knew then what I have never forgotten today. Our loving embrace is vast enough to include the whole human race, including the recruited soldiers of divine love. Our devoted affection is an *extreme love*— the subtitle of the text for the first class we ever taught. In today's ongoing Sacred Ecstasies summer camp we continue to cook silver trout so that extreme love may be caught by all. In the dream I more fully appreciated that presently, in 2020, we time travelled and returned to First Creation's San Francisco where the old summer of love took place in 1967. This was not our first return, for Hillary and I had already burned down that town over a decade ago. This was the third charmed time for us to go back with all our Sacred Ecstatic saints on board a wood boat holding mystery cards that include the name, *Membicaid*.

The golden gate of the Bay Area has been changed into a heavenly gate with a grand piano on top overseen by Saint Erroll. Our summer spirit critters are more real than those fantasized on a trip while dropping a psychedelic pill. Step inside our never-ending and always widening embrace. We and our ancestors have enough sacred emotion and extreme love to share. The more love you take, the more we make. Sacred ecstasy and its extreme spiritual cooking love are from the orchard where n/om fruit regenerate the more you eat them. And the more you study, the more roles you try on, the deeper you dive, and the higher you climb,

the more felt is the melt of any black bear or hare that resists the dare to hug a Fanny Ann⁴⁴ tug boat set free from its bay.

Wake up! Up, up, up, up, up! Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip! Extend the Golden Gate Bridge so it is everywhere. After all is said and done, know this: our love is here to stay with faithful Tony by our side. It is forever expanding and heating the big room with a leaky roof above, because those bears are now stomping with Fred Astaire and George Gershwin, singing and dancing in the extreme love rain. The mare is ready to turn that boat into a Cadillac, Chrysler Imperial, and trout airliner.

One more thing about the last dream. Hillary and I walked out of our new office in that spiritual medical school and teaching hospital. We turned around and saw something on the old-fashioned door. There were hand painted letters in the color red that spelled out our titles: "Tr.D.," meaning "Trout Doctor."

Every drop of holy water has a trout in it. What are you going to do about it? Dare to be flooded and swallowed by that drop, for only then can you learn to ecstatically fly before you die. That's the medicine our lodge hosts and our buckets pour. Catch the silver trout and cook it with us.

What if I haven't kept up with all the experiments and am out of sync?

Congrats! Now you are ready. Go on a vision-fast-slow-feast for one or two days. Read the whole visionary text and listen to every recording. Soak in it all. Borrow other cabins and drawings as needed, remembering what is truly owned by any one person in the big room, belongs to everyone.

What if I have kept up with every teaching and experiment and feel in sync?

Congrats! Now you are ready. Go on a vision-fast-slow-feast for one or two days. Read the whole visionary text and listen to every recording. Soak in it all. Borrow other cabins and drawings as needed, remembering what is truly owned by any one person in the big room, belongs to everyone.

What happens next?

We are waiting for the spirits to instruct. We already received several unexpected preparatory advisories before seeing a past life flash before your eyes—the final visionary dream before your big me dies. What is true about Brad's life also holds truth for each of you. You've played many roles and characters in the comedies and tragedies of your many fishing trips and theatrical performances. Now it's time to pursue the trout. Let the mangos drop, don't look back and be turned to salt without a shaker. Even if you are already too salty, it's never too late to dip, dip, dip, dip, dip yourself in the lake. That makes you easier to become the bait.

Am I a trout?

Yes, Little Me, you are a trout. Let's now catch you and cook you all the way through. Together we can cross the changing color gate that surpasses solid gold. No more can be told for now is the time for you to be bold and take hold of the divine embrace.

⁴⁴ See the visionary report, "In Mark Twain's Study," from *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2*

Is it time to make myself a Membicaid card, or modify the one I previously made?

Yes, please consider making yourself a ticket to ride. On the backside, add this two-sided prayer: "Yes Lord. Help, Lord." Throw yourself into making it as if your new life depends on it. Carry it on your person. This is your lifeline. It's also trickster's speech line and God's fishing line.

What crossroads are we facing in summer camp?

Your choice is to be a shouter or a pouter. To shout, you must catch and cook the silver trout. All else misses the extreme love of sacred ecstasy found in the deep blue C.M.Sea.

Does the middle letter of C.M.C. stand for Membicaid?

Ask again, but only after you catch and cook the trout. In the middle of the sea, between two C's, you find the key to being caught and cooked. Hello! Halo!

Initiatory Preparation 4: Navigating the Wobbles (for Eland Eyes Only)

Brad prayed again for the visionary reception of detailed instructions that would specify the last summer camp experiment. We already had been given a preview that it would involve an initiatory rite where each camper's body would be given the opportunity to host the whole summer campground with all its diverse critters and saints. While waiting for further instruction, we unexpectedly received a series of dreams that addressed "initiatory preparation." Last night Brad received three dreams, the first was a glimpse of where the initiation is being prepared on the visionary side of things. The other dreams included some final preparations.

Act 1: The Initiation Site

Hillary and I were taken to a place deep in the woods outside the summer camp. It was an old-fashioned white chapel made of wood, reminding us of the African American praise houses found in the old Deep South. The door opened on its own and we walked in. It was cloudy inside, as if we were high in the sky. We could not clearly see who was there, though it felt like a mix of people including my grandparents, our many Caribbean spiritual parents, and a man who announced, "Everything is almost prepared. Get your people ready and then bring them here." We then heard the man tap his cane on the floor and shout, "We're ready for these brothers and sisters. Oh yes, we are!"

The mist began to clear a bit and we were surprised to see that the interior was arranged much like a St. Vincent praise house. This hinted that we may be soon following one of their ritual forms where seekers of spiritual infusion and mystical communion are directed by spiritual parents to a visionary locale, usually a place associated with a Biblical tale. I turned to Hillary and said with authoritative certainty, "We are being shown that the initiation will involve a place found in the Bible."

At that moment I started to wake up but, just before I returned, I saw and heard the elder blind preacher featured in the beginning of the Robert Duvall movie, *The Apostle*. He was tapping his cane and shouting. Hillary and I then realized it was his tapping that was behind the Morse-code style of praying that came down early in the summer camp. Our jaws dropped and he smiled while making his presence known.

I woke up in awe of this summer camp chapel we found deep in the woods. Deep sacred emotion flowed within me remembering that old preacher who felt like my grandfather in so many ways. We have watched that scene from the movie hundreds of times and shared it with the Guild. He made me feel the way my grandfather made me feel. I also experienced relief that the final experiment instructions were starting to come through. It would be heavily influenced by St. Vincent ways and, though I knew in the dream that we'd travel to a biblical place, we did not yet know where, when, or by what means.

I also wondered whether the ancestors were hesitant to release this ritual, perhaps because they are deciding whether the campground has been sufficiently cleaned of trickster dust and past heaps of junk. Encouraged by the latest preview, I prayed for the rest of the instructions to come later in the night. I did so with the old preacher whose cane tapping sends direct telegraphy to God. I soon entered another visionary place.

Act 2: Navigating the Wobbles

This time we were sent to an old school classroom where the diagrams Hillary drew about the wobbles were seen on the blackboard. A teacher with his back turned to the class was pointing to them, explaining how each of these initiatory preparations have been about "navigating the wobbles." He said, "The traps and treasures of spirituality can be discerned by keeping track of those three wobbles. Make sure you know which wobble you are in or are not in, and do not confuse one for another." He then lectured for what seemed like several hours. I cannot remember and repeat everything taught, but here's a list of the more memorable points that stood out. Be aware that these are brief notes and partial scribbles, likely (and hopefully) going to make your mind dizzy:

*The common idea of "peace" or "security" usually refers to the absence of any wobble. This is merely Second Creation saturation, a double-sided condition also known to the Greeks as the "hedonistic paradox." The more successful you are, the more you feel something valuable is missing. Or as Norwegian-Canadian philosopher, Herman Tonnessen, bluntly put it in his book title: *Happiness Is for the Pigs*. The search for ultimate security is the dead-end pursuit of a Ptolemy hunting a yeti only to find he was following a hare with two bears fussing overhead.

*The experience of “anxiety” is usually the first sign of leaving the zombie condition. A fixed mind and its reality conception are being shaken up. The sense that the unpredictability of improvisation may overtake the predictability of habituation and memorization is one of the most feared changes among mortals. Few dare to take the leap into creative performance of the First Creation eland kind.

*Every symptom, including addiction and the afflictions of emotional control, is the existential product of a misdirected spiritual escape. The guardians of mediocrity and the doctors of normality will help you come back to a small room with a windowless Ptolemy view and a mattress on every surface for you to rest.

*Allow a symptom to bear its gift, building more tension and suspension until you fall to your knees. Then enter purgatory where you must choose between Second Creation ease or surrendering to the dis-orienting dis-ease that mysteriously converts dead lead into luminous, numinous gold.

*Don’t mistake anxiety for the spiritual wobble. The latter involves no fear of losing trickster’s mind control. Angsty anxiety takes place in wobble 1—the psychological nightmare of losing the big me, ego, self, psyche ruler, and individuated selfie’s sci-fi high. In the spiritual wobble (wobble 2), nightmares turn into flying mares that leave you more than ready to give up the fantasy of island living to soar among the spirit critters who shake with sweet n/om rather than the psycho-bitter jitters.

*The spiritual journey from Ptolemy to Copernicus includes changing the hunt from yeti to eland, that is, shifting from name calling to n/om shooting. This requires a middle passage between auto-bio-stimulation and sacred ecstatic excitation. You move via the three-ring recursions of encirclement from wired-in biology to the room expansion that hosts inclusion of social relations, and then to deeper participation in higher creation.

*The uncalibrated freedom of a sensual hedonist and the complete restraint from satisfying biological arousal practiced by a celibate are more of the same—each misses the higher wobble whose extremes remain in vibratory relation. In other words, Mae West, the cloistered nuns and monks, Hugh Hefner, the Pope, and Dalai Lama are more similar than different. All miss the mind-body wobble that involves more than biology, whether freed or constrained. They have yet to escape the either/or fight between the sacred and profane, already a profanity that mocks the holy. The alternative reality wiggles free of meaning’s bondage, turning the literal into metaphor, pataphor, and n/om matador.

*Adopting a Ptolemaic blindness to the wider field of social, plant, critter, and solar relations renders you a Pavlovian reflex machine. This breeds the

hallucinatory delusion of self-independence armed with primate instinct and steered by auto-moto-flirtation. Such is the yeti life and the happiness found in the pig trough.

*There's no liberation without Copernicus who offered a better science of the dill kind. Ecstatically hysterical absurdity helps Fellini-medicine correct the tendency to mistake yourself as a top dog when you are only eating a hotdog. St. Ignatius of New Orleans stands by ready to pounce and trounce any label that better belongs to a suitcase fable or dining table. Please pass the pataphysical horseradish (offered by the little white mare) to avoid being poisoned by yeti mustard gas. Follow the eland scent—it leads to the honey.

*Lean into the wobble that confounds fantasy realities with reality fantasies. Less concern about certainty breaks the ice age of anxiety, opening the way for absurd play to conquer serious piety whose sobriety is drunk on thinking you're right.

*Learning to ride the first wobble gives you the juggling hands of a therapeutic re-framer and a spider web room weaver. Be careful, for though you can hypnotize and charm, take account of whether you are acting like a malevolent huckster or a benevolent healer.

*In the middle of the other middles, the saints find the second wobble—the oscillation between dark and light nights and dawns of the soul. With First and Second Creation taking turns as to who has the upper hand, their lives feel mercilessly spun out of control. Some surrender to a life of wobbling in and out of the whirlwind while others institutionalize social-political relations made pseudo-holy by the sacrifice of former spiritual elations.

*In the Kalahari, Caribbean, old Japan, and other transient places in between, are found the eland cooks whose wobble leans furthest to the right. It encircles the other wobbles rather than annihilates them, constantly making sure that the embedded rooms are changing and regenerating rather than stagnating and inflating.

*The temptation of Crisco pretending it's the Lard: these trans-fatty acids invite you to think you are in a deep-fried wobble that is hotter and higher than you are. Only aim to pray you are led to whatever hangs over your head. Appreciate the old tracks left behind and the new guides ready to take you on the next fishing trip.

At the end of this lecture, the teacher concluded, "This is only for the eyes of an eland. Others will only see a yeti and proceed to celebrate with big me confetti. Rather than own a yeti projector, own the eland source of mystical light."

Act 3: Don't Force It

In the final dream of the night, Hillary and I were at an employment agency where Sacred Ecstasics students were standing in line for a job interview. They had applied for different positions with an employer on high. We watched from the side of the room. A former student, a mathematician and computer scientist who became a systemic therapist and philosopher of postmodern rhetoric, walked into the room for his interview. He mentioned that he had applied for the role of a Sacred Ecstasics conductor and was looking forward to having the appointment. The way he spoke conveyed the slick confidence of a businessman who has been coached on how to show he knows how to close a deal.

The job interviewers were an elderly couple who seemed to be at least one hundred years old. When they hobbled over to shake the hand of the applicant, the young man gave the old man a forceful bear hug that obviously was meant to make an impression. There was a lot of shaking and carrying on. The old man pushed him away and authoritatively replied, "Stop that! Are you trying to suffocate me?" The couple dismissed this ambitious applicant from the room and wouldn't hear him say a single word.

Another student was not in line for an interview. She had no clue about know what was taking place. She was strolling down the hallway and just happened to see others in line at the door. When she looked in the room and saw us, she came in to say hello, asking if she could help us with whatever we were doing. We instantly felt she was ready for employment. At this moment the older couple who were conducting the interviews suddenly disappeared and we noticed we had taken over their role. Brad then stood up and walked right through the student's body, confirming that she was already in the wobble and had more spiritual immateriality than big me solidity. We both announced and celebrated, "This person is qualified and hired for the job."

Before you step toward the initiatory wobble remember this last visionary advice: *Don't force anything*, including trying to force the appearance that you are not forcing anything. Be less in the knowing and more in the anointed flowing. That is all. Eat that bread to make sure you are ready to be led. Spend more time praying and forgetting what or where you are. Only then will you get fired by holy flames and hired without standing in line to apply.

The little white chapel waits in the woods,
With an old stick for anointing the wobblers.

Hunt the eland, follow its tracks, become the hunted.
When its blood pours, you enter First Creation.
Puberty rites of men and women,
Ready to be hunters at night,
Ready to cook the everyday.

Step out of the employment line and don't be in a rush,
Initiation is for those who are not pushy but absorbed in prayer,
Unpeel layer after layer,
Until the rope is heard and felt as song and dance,
Without ideological stance.
This is the secret to summer camp's mystical hooper.

Play your part and work your chops.
It's time to make more holy bread.
Be the least that is the yeast.
Be the meek, the flour power
Be the poor that has the dough.
Be the sick whose wick is lit.
Feel the need for God to knead.

Forget the outcome, label, and fable
Just be nice,
Let the spirit come in and the bread come out.
Surrender to how mystery appoints and anoints.
Those who are tender and ready to yield,
Will follow the sound of the old cane tapping in the woods.

Postscript:

We received this visionary report from Sabrina who dreamed into many of the recent teachings before we reported them to the summer camp:

I was outdoors, on my way somewhere unknown with people I did not know. We looked at a map posted on a bulletin board before deciding to take a certain route. As we headed down the paved path, the way started to curve and turn in different directions. Between the time of not knowing where I was and where I was going, I was suddenly lifted into the air by an unknown force. As I was taken higher and higher, I became nervous that I was getting too high from the ground.

I noticed that I was holding a cord made of cloth that was somehow attached to the ground. It was keeping me from floating too far. Although I was holding onto this cloth cord very tightly, it started to slowly rip. Soon it tore and I was left suspended very high in the air, holding on to nothing. There were others with me, including a distant friend from high school. I wasn't sure if we should all hold on together or just float. It was so high that I could no longer see the ground below.

Then a woman, whom I never met before, came near with a concerned look on her face. She was also floating and explained that since my cord broke, I will have to fall and crash into the ground. She added that there was no other way for me to find my way back than to meet my fate of death. In that moment, I met the sinking feeling that I was going to die. I then wondered if there were any special

positions I could get in that would break the fall. I also wondered if my death would be quick and what it would feel like. Where would I go? Would I suffer? Nonetheless, deep down I knew this was going to happen and I was scared.

As I started to slowly fall, I suddenly landed face down on a pillow. I looked around and realized that I was in a little girl's room. The room was very pink and billowy, with many lovely things you would find in a child's bedroom. I smiled at whoever this room belonged to.

I then left the room and walked down the hall into another room. I sat down and saw Brad sitting across from me, with his head down in prayer. There were others near him who were also praying. The color of this room was a very distinct navy and turquoise blue. As I looked to my right, I saw figures singing, dancing and praying. From their sound and attire, I thought they were the Caribbean Shakers of St. Vincent. I started to pray and was still unsure if I had died. Looking back, I wish I could have prayed harder and fuller, with less looking. Nonetheless, I was somehow there.

Then the dream transported me to other more trickster-laden experiences regarding my past relationships and family experiences, revealing some things that I cannot seem to remember. I woke up feeling very uneasy, so I began to pray. The posting of Sacred Ecstasies Psalm 12 has put many things into context. I feel I am treading a very fine line, and I am feeling very vulnerable in so many ways. I somehow need Thee now, more than ever. In the past few weeks, I have felt so close to Jesus, and have felt His calm during some turbulent times.

I am so tired of being distracted by Second Creation, and just want to go all the way and never look back. Is that too blunt to say? Thank you, Hillary and Brad, for all that you do in leading lambs to our summer campground. I'm not sure where I would be without this guidance. Thank you, Lord for whatever you throw at me, and for wherever you throw me. Do it. Doin' This. Do it.

Sabrina ascended high enough to feel herself in the middle wobble, and with it the pervasive sense of teetering back and forth between life and death. The road to get there is a curvy, uncertain route that takes you beyond big me control, requiring you to cling to the rope and never let go. Made of cloth, Sabrina was holding the visionary binding made by her pointing parents. When it was time to cross over, she was suspended even higher in the whirlwind and faced the inevitability of her death. Landing in the soft pink waves of a spiritual child's room, she found herself in yet another wobble: had she died or been reborn into a new life? Greeting her new surroundings, this acceptance of her spiritual role opened the door for a walk down the hall to find Brad praying on the other side in a blue room. Sabrina did not know when she sent us this report that he had been discussing with St. Vincent elders on the other side whether it is time for others to receive their bands of cloth that send them to a classroom. Sabrina was sent even before she heard we had received such permission. She also received an important lesson—to pray harder next time to rise above both disturbance and calm.

Since we have known Sabrina, she has always followed through with every spiritual prescription. Years ago, she faithfully followed whatever she was asked by us to perform. This included making a medicine rattle out of a champagne bottle and filling it with her grandmother's

buttons, visiting Catholic churches where she n/om charged their holy water, and creative ways of stepping into the spoken and enacted “copasetic.” She did all this as a spiritual child without pretense to become anything other than closer to God. By not being in a hurry, she was more ready to see the blurry and feel the wobbly. She prays for her life while feeling how death is near and trickster even closer at hand. She’s on her way for a spiritual life that will not avoid earthly strife, but she’ll know how to use her heavenly windpipe, suited up with microphone and prayer cards in hand. Let us pray for God to hold and continue to strengthen her. Only this kind of sincere concern and support for others and obediently following the lineage rope cloth brings you closer to the upper mystery room.

Before You Go Further, Take this Eland Medicine

Brad had a strange visionary experience. He dreamed he was reading the ending commentary of a visionary report. A description of the dream itself was missing. Here is what he read:

No matter what you have understood or not understood, and no matter what you have done or not done, say this to yourself: “I am doing this. Doin’ this!” Then alter your prayer line and revise its expression again and again. A changing prayer generates the alternating electricity that turns the mystical wheel and carries you along the ecstatic tracks.

Twice Brad dreamed he read this same advice at the end of a dream report. It was as if things had been reversed and he was now reporting and reading the visionary reports on the other side in First Creation—with his Second Creation everyday life experienced as a dream. From what we learned this summer, this implies that the present is also now the future capable of changing past history. We remembered a former visionary directive given by Gregory Bateson years ago to “go back and correct history.” That was followed by a more recent vision in which we were again told to go back in time and alter the past.⁴⁵ Each Guild member also faces the present possibility of changing both their summer camp history and their entire past life history.

He later had a third dream that announced that the final experiment for summer camp had been completed and would soon be released. Expecting it to arrive, Brad was startled when a voice next advised:

Regard the previous four initiatory preparations as clearing the way for the final preparation, receiving the ineffable *eland medicine* for each summer camper to ingest. Perform the following without ceasing: Continuously alter your prayer lines as you change their performed expression, while remembering you are building a wheel. Furthermore, each wheel must be in relationship and in sync with every other wheel so there are wheels within wheels rather than wheels insensitive to the other wheels.

⁴⁵ See *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 3*, “The New Cercle Harmonique.”

Pray for each other as you deeply wish they would pray for you. Then wait for those on the other side of the veil to step over and infuse their seiki, n/om, and holy spirit. Don't will, force, or push any of this but surrender to higher administration's timing, numinous ways, and holy means. The virtuous wheels of summer camp's finale now require uninterrupted attention, devotion, and steadfast prayer that enables receiving and sharing the extreme love of sacred ecstasy.

The ancestors have been waiting for at least three women and three men to be sufficiently empty and wobbly for the next experiment to begin. Now that enough vessels have been prepared, no entity—whether living or on the other side—can interfere with the numinous flow. Remember, even if you feel dismembered, it's never too late to head for the gate. In First Creation, the whole summer and its camp adventures can be experienced in a day or two of concentrated soaking. Every prop, action, line, and teaching can now come back to shower, flood, and topple your big me tower.

Turn to your critters and let them take over what you alone would never be able to perform, until you are on your knees as a toddler exercising play-pray power. Giggling while wiggling, this is the trembling contrarian climb up the rope.

Take your eland medicine,
Bring forth the changing prayer wheel.
Do this for others,
Include the spiritual mothers, fathers, and critters
Welcome the operatic gator,
To sing its spaghetti to the yeti.
Making auditory noodles and visual doodles,
This eland medicine performance is for celebrators,
Directed by Membicaid navigators of the boundary waters.

Instructions for Experiment Four: The Summer Camp Initiation

The old Caribbean shakers from long ago would periodically extend an open invitation to those feeling the call to live in much closer relationship with luminous and numinous mystery. It begins with an initiatory ritual that must be completed before there is subsequent admission to the higher spiritual classrooms. The initiation requires you to approach the main middle wobble. Passage through this first gate is voluntary—you consciously choose to dedicate yourself to a new life, aiming to become a person of God, a hunter of n/om, a server of seiki tea, or a follower of the eland tracks (varying ways of pointing to the same mystery way of being). This may be the first time you have seriously taken such a vow, or it might be the renewal of a former vow not

yet fully realized or embodied. We are offering this initiatory invitation to you as the final experiment of the summer camp.

Should you decide to step toward this gate, you will undertake a 1-2 day soaking in the visionary teachings, ecstatic soundtracks, and prayers that showered upon us this summer. Arrange a time to feast upon these offerings, concentrating only on this material. You will cut off any access to outside news, television, and other entertainments or distractions. You may choose to fast from eating as well, but that is entirely up to you.

Your soaking time begins by “banning” (the St. Vincent way of saying banding) your body with cloth in the way directed by our lineage ancestors from the other side. Rather than ban your eyes, other parts of your body will be involved. Here are the steps of the experiment:

1. *Prepare the bands by cutting out strips of white cloth:* This can be any cloth, from a sheet to a t-shirt. Or, you can procure a new piece of cloth. Just make sure it’s white. Each band will be “signed” twice, so make sure it’s cut wide enough to write on (see below). You will need bands of these lengths:

Required Bands:

2 bands for wrapping around your index finger on each hand (representing the former pugilistic bears)

2 bands for your palms (the former little white mare and terrier)

2 bands for your arms (the former operatic alligator)

Optional Bands:

2 bands for the soles of your feet (Fred Astaire, the old stomping preacher . . .)

1 band for your waist (the belly furnace of /Kunta, Osumi, Sensei, Mother Ralph, Mother Twa, and others)

1 band for your chest and heart (songwriters, poets, and lovers of love)

1 band for your forehead and/or eyes at night (the Caribbean shakers and the Balinese head kickers)

2. *Sign the bands:* Write the two-word prayer key, “Yes, Lord” on one side and spell out the mystical password, “Membicaid” on the other side. Write all the letters with blue ink.

3. *Prepare another white stone:* You will need a new stone for holding the big me prayer in your hand. It will now have two prayers written on it, one for the top and one for the bottom. “Hello, Hello!” is one side’s prayer. The other prayer side is “Halo, thank you!” Place this stone on your altar. You may pick it up and hold it when you pray in the day, and before going to sleep at night.

4. *Banning:* When you start your one or two-day soak, ban (tie the band around) the “required” parts of your body listed above – fingers, palms, and arms. (You are also welcome to wear all the bands in the beginning or later). Before you attach them, wash the body part with clean water while repeating the prayer key and the Membicaid password (you may alternate them in a call-and-response). Stomp your feet a few times like the old blind preacher or tap a cane or stick against the floor or table. Continue repeating these sanctified words and making these spirit

inspired tappings as you proceed to wrap and secure each band. Regard these bands as mystical sponges, spirit mediums, and n/om-seiki instillers that attract, catch, and transmit the numinous force from the other side and infuse it into your body.

Remember that your fingers were originally related to enacting the bears, your hands were for Tony and the little white mare, and finally, your arms were for portraying the operatic alligator. Later your body parts were invited to move around as seiki chose to move them. This made your somatic vessel readier to welcome other creatures and saints from the summer camp. Remember that we invited your body to be inhabited by the hammerhead shark as well as Mother Ralph, Pointer Warren, and Mark Twain, to mention a few.

As you now proceed to re-immense yourself in past teachings as if for the first time, allow each banned body part to feel it is downloading the n/om, seiki, and holy spirit that each visionary report conveys. Also spontaneously move your body temple as you listen to an ecstatic track. Such soaking and movement facilitate absorption. Have no attachment to naming or freezing where on your body any spirit visits or whether it moves around on its own. Better to not get too literal or else risk finding yourself chilled. To remain more metaphorical, use the wisdom reframe that regards this experiment as a new, intensified way of conducting the seiki exercise. Involuntary seiki body movement then serves numinous-to-flesh transfusions that occur when you feed on the bread that came out of the summer camp's higher bakery. (Note: Because you will be soaking for one or two days, you may remove the bands and put them back on if necessary, to bathe or conduct other everyday tasks. Recite the prayer key and password when removing and re-banning.)

5. *After the initial soak is done, ban before going to sleep:* When the one or two-day soak is complete, you will take off the bands and place them near your cabin altar. Each night afterward, before going to sleep, you will ban again your body parts, following the same protocol of washing and tying while speaking the two-word prayer key and Membicaid password. You may also pick up your prayer stone and hold it while praying before you go to sleep, or leave it on your altar and feel that it is being held by little me's hand.

6. *Working with the optional bands:* you may choose to only work with your fingers, hands, and arms or involve the other mentioned body parts. Perhaps you will begin with the already rehearsed body parts and then consider adding others, mixing them up with one, two, or more at a time. As previously mentioned, you can also begin the soak with all the parts of you banned.

We will continue to suggest further modifications, innovations, explorations, and special initiation tracks during this time. Above all else, keep taking your eland medicine—changing prayer lines with shifting expressions that amplify the alchemical production of turning your flesh into a spirit house, that is, a mystical spirit cabin and summer camp. Do so while holding your renewed double prayer white stone in the palm of your hand.

Welcome to the spirit soaking baptism, the dip, dip, dip, dip, dip into First Lake Creation. In this initiation process your big me shell dissolves so spirit can operate on you. This gift doesn't come for free, nor does spirit bow before any trickster Ptolemaic yeti idea that you are unconditionally deserving of divine intervention. The cost for passing through this initiation gate is all of you with no sleight of hand magic, no slick talk of the mentalist's misdirection, and no

smoke and mirrors of stage illusion. You must whole heartedly perform an ecstatically changing prayer, the kind that moves you through word, song, and dance. In the midst of this, you become a Sacred Ecstatics hooper able to pass through the pugilist roofers.

It's no surprise that this soak and initiation are taking place in a small chapel found deep in the campground woods. In places like that, old school African American preachers used an even older means of accessing the spiritual classrooms, instead of heading to a seminary for a diploma. There they had to show the ancestors and gods that they meant business, that there was more to them than talk and good intention. The beginning initiation requires all the parts of you taking action.

Zora Neale Hurston years ago met Reverend Jefferson, a man who was a truly sanctified preacher. He fasted in a graveyard while praying to find what God wanted to do with him. There he envisioned that he was placed on an operating table and opened up for balls of light to be installed inside his chest. This spiritual operation healed the wounds of his life and granted him an ecstatically empowered shouting voice to preach and heal (Hurston 1981, 89–90). We are now gathered at the Sacred Ecstatics summer camp of 2020 higher vision to submit each of you to the operating table and surgery of the Creator, asking that whatever needs to be removed is taken away and that whatever spiritual gift needs to be added is fulfilled.

We have been spiritually praying and working on each of you throughout the week, doing so from the other side. You were X-rayed and doctored, until enough of you were in the wobble. This will continue throughout the remainder of summer camp. Now do your part as we and the ancestors will carry out our responsibilities. Way up in the middle of the air, transmutation and transformation occur when both sides relationally commune. Let us begin this next high adventure, praying for one another and asking little me to take its flight. Step into the halo that shouts hello to every part and every whole of all that's holy.

Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord.

Help me, Lord. Help us, Lord.

Guide us.

Hello, hello! Halo, Halo!

Time to hunt the eland,
And welcome the little me born of Thee.
These things we pray night and day.
Committing ourselves to live differently.

No more yeti fussing and cussing,
Throw your body parts in the big room.
No more excuses or abuses,
It's time to act the higher way.

In this soak with all our relations,
Big me must let go of its stubborn control.
It will fight and exert its might, trying to resist,
Trickster insists you remain lord of your life.

Bravely feel lower than the birds and even the worms,
Wisely trust Tony more than your blarney and baloney.
Dare to bow before the mare and surrender your hare,
Invite every critter to rule over the body and mind of your nature.

Only then will the saints come marching in,
Infusing their spirit into your flesh.
They arrive as the children they once were,
Teaching how they were not in a hurry to be at the end.

They prefer the flurry, blurry, whirly
The elation vibration of the middle wobble.
There the temple rearranges and the prayer changes:
“Throw me anywhere, Lord. Throw me anywhere.”

Mothers and fathers,
Brothers and sisters,
Start anew as a child of the wild.
Feel as natural as the blowing wind.

Only higher fire can remold your clay,
Dance your bones, sing your tones,
Teach you how to moan, groan, growl, bark, and whinny,
Like the men and women who have passed through the gate.

Bliss Bomb 1: Taking the Vow

We recently received word from the other side that the final phase of summer camp would involve some unexpected changes that included opening the gate to ceremonial space and “banning” (banding) the body. We also heard that the ancestors would be sending us visionary “bliss bombs” to share during this immersion and feast. We had no idea what a “bliss bomb” entailed. The first one just arrived that addresses and celebrates your pledge and vow.

We caution you to not be in a hurry to make a pledge or take a vow before you carefully consider what you are asking for and declaring. A vow is not a wish-making intention or a magical incantation key that opens the door to an expected outcome, accomplishment, or title that is added to your spiritual resume or merit badge collection. It is the dedication of your whole life (not just a part of it) to living in a different kind of room where big me is put in its proper place and little me is encouraged to be more in performance and on stage. Here you serve the Creator rather than order fast food from a small room service menu. Sacred Ecstasies resides in the big room that hosts our multiple spiritual cooking lineages—those in the present and those yet to come. It is not a singular venue that freezes a metaphor into a literal ideology where the sobriety of piety overrides the more clarifying and exhilarating intoxication of sacred ecstasy, the extreme love we seek.

Let us celebrate rather than lament the invitation to replace the rights of privilege with the rites of passage. You now face the gate that leads to a new kind of vast freedom—liberation from huckster lies, small room brainwashing, and trickster candy addiction. Where do you land, dear eland? That depends on where God decides to throw you. Be assured that every part of you will be washed clean before your soul is set on fire and your former life retired. This may be terrifying to your big shot tater-tot me, or it may be paradoxically comforting to know that you can finally stop pretending that you can have your big m-ego cake and eat your holy bread, too. More importantly, this luminous raw exposure is exciting news to little me who loves to answer the higher performance call. Your big me and little me will tremble for different reasons when you take this next step.

We have received an advisory word from on high that, given the extent to which some of you are imprisoned by a big me *dictatorship*, you may strategically benefit from choosing to make a vow for varying lengths of duration—one day, two days, three weekends, three weeks, the rest of the year, or the rest of your life. This way trickster thinks it can later decide whether to bail, something it will do anyway. This also helps you remember that even after marriage, trickster can tempt you to drift away from your marital vow and offer a spiritual affair or a separation or divorce from First Creation. What is true with the mess of flesh is equally true for the numinous arrangements of spirit. Remember: high fidelity and surround sound differ from every kind of infidelity and trickster channel.

What is involved in making your pledge and taking your vow? Sincerely say to yourself, both internally and externally (so both little me and big me take a double vow), *“I pledge my life to becoming a servant of God.”* We have mentioned the other metaphors you can use for this vow, as long as you remember there is not one metaphorical truth separate from the wobbling truths of other metaphors. Pick one and then dive in, knowing that the crossroads will again be faced until you make the long-term commitment. Here you find the different temporal lengths of your vow are analogous to agreements to go out on a date, go steady, be engaged, and finally take the marital vow. Decide whether you want to date or marry God, or anything in between.

Celebrate, celebrate!
You’ve got a date with God.
Celebrate, celebrate!
You decided to go steady with seiki.
Celebrate, celebrate!
You’re engaged to n/om.
Celebrate, celebrate!
You’re getting married to the holy spirit’s
Bride and groom, ride and room.

Postscript from Brad:

After I met Hillary and we became committed to one another, I learned that her Zen Roshi gave her the name “Radiant Vow” when she took her Buddhist precept vows. Hilariously, other community members in the residential monastery called her “R. V.” for short. I’m delighted that our summer camp recreational vehicle (R. V.) is driven by Spiritual Mother R.V. That helps our

T.R.M. make the right turn and move toward the higher burn. Celebrate, celebrate, because R.V. won't leave anyone behind as long as you answer the radiant call to take the vow whose middle vowel sounds like a rhyming wise owl aligned with C.M.C. sacred ecstasy. Tony barks "Hello! Halo!" as the little white mare starts to fly and teach the hammerhead shark not to be afraid of the dark. Listen, the operatic tenor attendant gator has opened the gate and launched the marching saints holy ghost party. Godda and Goddessa, now an eland duo, await both of you, little me and big me are a hand in hand hooper duet, ready for every body part and spirit whole to alternate both sides now.

Bliss Bomb 2: The Gift/Library Card

Brad dreamed we visited a "double" visionary place:

Hillary was with me and we walked up to a counter staffed by a woman attendant. It felt as if we were at two different places at once, though the woman behind each counter was the same person. From one angle it appeared we were on the top floor of a fancy department store that looked like a combination of Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman in New York City. The highest floor is where they gift wrap a purchased item. From another angle the place looked like the bottom floor of an old library where you go to check out books. Standing at the counter, I told Hillary that there was a special surprise for her. The woman behind the counter then handed us a gift-wrapped item with a single bow around it. The shape suggested it was a large ancient book. It felt like we were checking out a special tome as well as receiving a rare antiquarian book.

Then I doubly surprised Hillary by announcing a second gift, "You can have anything you want from this place. Just ask for it." I handed the attendant a special card that was a combination of a gift card, credit card, and library card. It enabled me to obtain anything in this double duty library and gift store. The attendant smiled, as if communicating that I was a long-established patron of this multi-dimensional mystery place and had unlimited funds to acquire anything (spiritually) desired. Hillary was more shocked about the card than she was the gift or her opportunity to select anything else she wanted. Before she could say a word, the woman turned to Hillary and announced, "Your application was already filled out by Brad and has been approved. They are sending you your own card. It, too, will grant unlimited access and the right to acquire anything held here."

Hillary and I walked away with that gift-wrapped, book-shaped object. It delighted me that she was more interested in exploring the content of what we were already holding than considering what other gifts were available. Hillary actually forgot to order anything else, which I realized was the application test that approved her right of access. Namely, she didn't desire anything more than she presently owns, or forgot if she did, and this resulted in the second gift being chosen from on high and delivered to her: the gift/library card.

We continued discussing what had happened and soon also forgot about the book we were holding, more excited about being able to bring others to this place

because now we knew they could access a spiritual gift with our card. I said to Hillary, "We have enough credit in our account to cover whatever anyone else needs. No one has to worry that they are missing the currency needed to receive the gift awaiting them from the other side."

Welcome to the ceremonial grounds of summer camp!
The gate has been opened.
We are going to the gift and library place.
Don't worry whether you have enough credit.
Our cards will cover whatever you need to get through the gate.
We'll meet you at the double counter.
Let's go shopping and searching for mystery.

There are even some old LP's in the Akashic Records,
As well as new digital recordings of the singing waters.
Excelsior springs, oratio musica!
These ropes, these ropes, are not ordinary ropes.
These gifts, these books, are not ordinary things.
This summer camp, this summer camp, is no ordinary place.
Don't hesitate or cogitate,
Celebrate, celebrate!
Go through the gate!
Be ready to receive whatever God has in store for you.

Postscript:

The same night Brad dreamed that Hillary was granted full access to the library/gift store on high, she was sent to a visionary classroom:

In the first part of the dream Brad and I were at a large mansion. It was white, modern, and soulless like some of the large homes you often see in Southern California. It was hot outside and we had been invited by the owners to enjoy their swimming pool. Soon after arriving, we noticed there were other people at the pool we didn't know and that our hosts were nowhere in sight. The whole situation felt cold and unwelcoming with a bad vibe. We left as soon as possible and wondered why we had decided to visit in the first place.

In the next scene Brad and I were at a large lake, the kind I grew up around in Michigan. It was surrounded by evergreen trees and green grass. I was in the middle of the lake where it was deep, diving way down under the water like a fish. I swam all the way to the bottom to retrieve something. I did this over and over again, staying underwater for long periods of time as if I had become an aquatic creature that could breathe underwater, find mysterious things, and bring them

back. When I finally came to the surface for the last time, I heard a voice that sounded like Brad's. He announced that I had completed an initiation.

Bliss Bomb 3: Bliss Mountain

Last night Brad was sent to a beautiful place:

I beheld the most breathtaking sight I have ever witnessed. Hillary and I stood in front of a mountain so magnificent that it left us speechless. We struggled to find a single word that could begin to express what we felt. The only word that came to mind was "majestic." The experience, however, was beyond description, as if we had entered another world. Most strikingly, the air surrounding the mountain and land below it was not made of air at all, but a liquid-like substance. It was more like an ocean of pure emotion than empty sky. We wanted to be engulfed by it. As soon as we realized we were facing the ineffable, it became apparent that we were experiencing all of this through mystical senses.

I wondered for a moment if this how great master painters and sculptors see the world, but the landscape was neither representational of any geography nor was it like the inventive imaginary phenomenal worlds evoked by experimental artists. We had no doubt that this mountain and oceanic air were not comparable to anything known in the world. Although I have experienced the musical heavens multiple times, here we were experiencing more than sight, sound, touch, and other forms of the human sensorium. The scene evoked an emotion so different than everyday feelings that we cannot find any words to fully capture or convey it.

As we stood before the mountain, land, and sky, we knew that our Bushman "second senses" had awakened. Perhaps we were viewing a First Creation Mt. Kalahari. Then I recalled that I had seen this same exact mountain before. I was sent there by Archbishop Pompey during my first visionary journey during a St. Vincent mourning ceremony. The moment I remembered this, I additionally remembered that just before I went to St. Vincent, Osumi, Sensei told me that I must do three things to fulfill my mission: (1) get more rest instead of constantly working; (2) step into my "authority"—be stern when necessary with others seeking spiritual counsel and put up with no one's trickster noise; and (3) climb the spiritual mountain, Mt. Fuji. She never explained the latter but gave me the painting of Mt. Fuji her aunt had gifted her and that had been sitting on her altar for most of her life. Years later, after I finished my work with her, Sensei gave me another painting of Mt. Fuji made by one of the great artists and national treasures of Japan. Later I climbed that mountain in a waking vision with her friend Professor Kato, a national treasure who also was an eminent calligrapher and holder of the tea ceremony tradition.⁴⁶

⁴⁶ In this vision and in the ones received in St. Vincent and Japan, each mountain curiously looked like the Matterhorn of the Alps. In the St. Vincent mourning room, I initially thought that I was

Formerly I encountered this mountain distinctly through each lineage. This time, however, I saw the mountain through a blend of Kalahari ecstatic perception, a St. Vincent visionary ascent, and the Japanese climb to the seiki summit. In this unique Sacred Ecstasies mojo gumbo mix, the spiritual climb and immersion in sacred emotion were experienced in a new way.

The location of our experiment four summer camp initiation is indeed a Biblical place—Mt. Zion. However, it is also Mt. Fuji and at the same time, the top of the Kalahari rope that arrives at the sky village where all senses are combined and refined. Its sky is alive like an ocean of vibration and this mountain is a storehouse of n/om concentration. In this classroom we are filled with a feeling unlike any passion commonly known. This emotional atmosphere is a vibrational, magnificent, and extreme love only accessible in dream, whether asleep or awake. Encountering this mountain beyond description is what it means to go through the gate. Being awake on the other side is the up, up, up, up, up of the dip, dip, dip, dip, dip plunge to the depths and the heights of mountain land and ocean sky.

The gate to Mount Zion, Mount Fuji, and the Mount Kalahari Sky Village is now open!
Mount the spirit mare.

Know there may be other stops in between.
Allow higher guidance to send you anywhere.
Throw me anywhere, Lord!

It does not matter if you remember where you were sent,
Sometimes traveling is meant for the deeper senses and vaster mind.
Trust that if you sincerely seek the big room,
And big me bows rather than demandingly howls,
Your senses will be doctored,
And the whole room of your life will be altered.

Celebrate, celebrate, do not hesitate.
Pray on!
Movement on!
Tie those bands,
Turn that wheel.

Let the air out of your big me balloon,
Then pass through the portal with the northern loon.
See through the eye of the n/om needle,

facing the Matterhorn but a wood sign in front of it indicated, "Mt. Zion." Here First Creation is creatively playing with its changing forms. For me, Mt. Fuji, Mt. Zion, and Mt. Kalahari all look the same—like the Matterhorn. This is the only mountain form I recognize. The implicit teaching here is that while each form is a transient trickster invention, what matters is that it blows the higher horn, that is, awakens higher sensation, perception, cognition, and emotion. Make sure your Mt. Zion and Mt. Fuji are a Mt. First Creation with a horn that matters, that is, a Matterhorn.

Align with divine oversight.
Hear with the tuned prayer key,
Align with the body instrument.
Feel with mind bowing and heart kneeling,
Align with the rope pulling and reeling.
Swim with the trout and be a friend of sea,
Align with God's fishing line.

Membicaid, membic aid
Memory aid: remember what it feels like to turn the wheel.
Don't forget it starts with prayer; use the key that was given.
Allow the changing to carry you along.
Allow your longing to change and rearrange you.

The mountain climb, rope climb, and holy city intertwined,
Hold on to the three lineage strands that make up your bands.
Strike up the mystical band: hear its high-fidelity sound,
Light the mystical fire: see its higher vision,
Release the mystical coil: feel its sacred emotion.
Take the big me fall,
That sets little me free to leap.

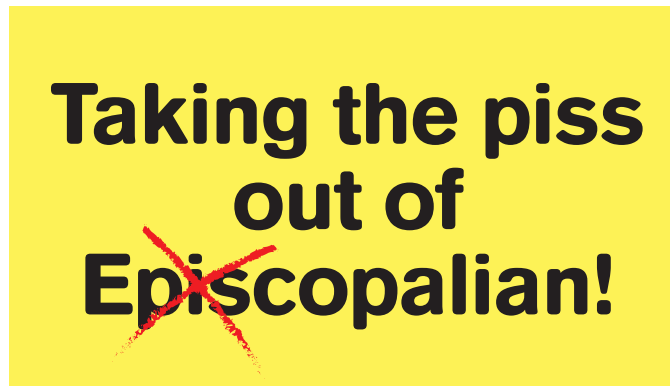
Bliss Bomb 4: A Fairy Tale About Being Odd for God

In dream, the ancestors asked Hillary and I to write a fairy tale. They gave us the title, but I woke up before hearing the story. I fell back asleep hoping to catch the rest and dreamed it was already written and placed on the library shelf. After awakening I forgot the title and had no clue what to do. All I could remember was that the fairy tale was about someone's rite of passage, a magical story of spiritual metamorphosis. Praying harder, I fell asleep and this time was shown in vision that the fairy tale has already been lived by someone in our summer camp. Here is her tale:

Once upon a time there was a trained soprano who sought the heavenly vibrato. She went to seminary as a preliminary to being assigned her role in an Episcopalian church. The cleric she worked for was entirely alphanumeric, and neither appreciated the esoteric nor the spice of turmeric. Our young minister was unable to refrain from making her wild sounds, so the sinister vicar warned she'd better conform and not break the norm or else she'd be kicked out of the religious dorm. She was informed that she needed to make less joyful noise, implying that the Bible was more of a fable than a feast table.

This revved up Rev-in-the-making was in need of spiritual direction, so she contacted us for advice. Rather than free her from spiritual vice, we suggested "'tis better to enjoy the fall and do it for the God of us all, rather than be a priest whose missing her yeast." The Sacred Ecstasics ancestors, looking down from above, became interested and sent us a mystical prescription to administer. The young

minister was advised to make a new card to hand out to other sweet looking congregants in order to start a new ripple underneath that troubled steeple. She faithfully carried out her mission. Within a week the gods arranged for her to leave the guardians of piss and meet the summer campers of bliss. She left fully lit with a spark that could soulfully bark. Take a look at the front and back of the card and make sure you laugh and cry at how bravely she passed her initiation:



This is why our singing honeybee, trying to sort out her “shhh to noise” ratio, received the first Sacred Ecstatics Bee Shhhollership. She soon graciously exemplified to others how to receive pointing correction and this sent her one foot inside First Creation. There her name later changed to a “Shish-kebob” for she was now bobbing on singing waters and working out when to shush, swish, splash, dive, fly, live, and die.

This is the true fairy tale of Mari Bee Shish-kebob on her way to becoming a sweet and tart heart of the grilling spear. The moral for you and the morsel for God is that “’tis better to be odd for god than get even with men and women.” As you proceed in this ceremonial initiation, make sure you are careful to be *noticed*. How do you expect the gods to notice you if mortals don’t say, “She (or he) is acting differently.” Be odd for god and then become even odder. Hit the sweet spot that tastes like honey and sounds like it Hodges rather than dodges. Work out your “ssshstudy to cooking noise ratio” and know you’ve done your job when others above start singing, “There Will Never Be Another You.”

Celebrate, celebrate, be odd for god.
Take the piss out of Episcopalian!
Be a sweet-o-palian,
It's Ang-lickin' good!

Celebrate, celebrate, be odder for god.
Tony is a good buddy,
A flowering friendship bud
And a more trustworthy ha with awe than the Buddha!

Celebrate, celebrate, be an oddity of god
More sweet potato, less couch spud.
Be a mojo root rather than a dud toot who doesn't give a hoot.
Mash, fry, grill, and bake those taters,
Make the operatic gator sing for its dinner.

Celebrate, celebrate, be the Bee
Get cooked in the campfire oven with Beethoven.
Hey you, summer camp hive:
Bee in the oven!

Take the dive and make the climb,
Use your Membicaid card.
Yes Lord, Yes Lord
Doin' this, doin' this in the field of the lord
Get deep fried in the vast lard yard
There will never be another crispy you

Celebrate, celebrate
Bring more spring, and more fall
This is the sojo-mojo-spring-and-fall Mardi Gras ball
Act so others will forever sing,
"There Will Never Be Another You"

Odd for God,
The odder camper owns an otter bag.
Oddity and hilarity,
Heals pious profanity
Making spirit and flesh more enmeshed.

Yes Lord, Yes Lord,
Membicaid card has many forms
Act to make others dance and sing,

“There Will Never Be Another You”

Lord, Lordess, your Highness, your Lowness
Put some lard in our pastry to make holy bread more tasty
Help us be in the middle giggle,
Feeling we’re a part of every critter.

At the end of the Cole Porter night and day,
Reverend Bee knows how to visit Irving Berlin,
And measure “How Deep Is the Ocean.”
Don’t you ever forget:
This bee singer has a faithful companion,
Tony Soprano is by her side.
They belong to the odd God mob.
As do the Gershwins, Astaires,
and the musical Duke of Ellington.
Bebop, bebop, jazz, jazz, jazz!

(We’ll whisper another ancient secret. The Bushmen say the First Creation eland was made when Second Creation stopped “the changing” and froze its form too early, leaving it with horse hooves. This resulted in making the first healer, shaman, and n/om-kxao, as every Bushman knows, because the eland is in both First and Second Creation. But today its name has another double meaning: the eland were the first song and dance hoofers and the little white mare is also an eland. Similarly, there are double Kalahari honeybees, plants, scarabs, friends of the sea, shish kebabs, pissers, roofers, and hoofers, to name a few halo hoop-loop forms that go through the straight and narrow, spiritually hollow, fire-in-the-bone gate.)

Bliss 5: An Ecstatic Launch into Outer Space

We never know what the night has in store for us. Sometimes we are so busy traveling the spirit highways, it’s as if we have a second job. In addition to visiting new spiritual classrooms to bring down new teachings, there are times when we are conducting the teaching ourselves in the Ezekiel’s wheel classroom assigned to us years ago.⁴⁷ In addition, we may apply otherworldly doctoring or administer the transmission of seiki and n/om from the other side:

In the middle of the night I experienced working with Annamária Kalapáti, a summer camper from Budapest. She was given a multi-strand blast of seiki, n/om, holy spirit, and the universal life force. During this kind of work, I experience myself as a body-less energy form that is like an electrically pulsing cloud. The energy initially went inside her spiritual body, similar to the way my former shamanic and healing elders would travel through someone. There is an immediate diagnostic check, not of any specific physical disease, but of the general

⁴⁷ See “Receiving the Wheel,” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2017).

spiritual condition. In the case of Annamária, there was a high degree of readiness and nonresistance to energy transformation. It was obvious that she was ready to have a major download of the Sacred Ecstatics mojo gumbo energy blend.

I signaled that “now is the time for you to do it, so make sure to push yourself.” Typically, we advise others to never push numinous reception because trickster too easily waits to hijack the situation. Even wanting to have something spiritually happen can plant a seed for a trickster psychological dream imitation of spiritual vision. Distinguishing between the two is something only a spiritually cooked and anointed elder (e.g., a Caribbean “pointer”) can discern. Every situation is unique, however, and in Annamária’s case the advice to push was needed.

Soon we both lost our earthly forms and became even more non-localized as if we were a whirl of particles and waves that you might see in a physics illustration. I wasn’t sure whether we had become subatomic, microscopic, or astronomic. What was clear was that we were energetic and no longer in the earthly realm. It was pure bliss—a communion with the universe rather than each other, for self and other had dissolved. I woke up wondering if we would hear from Annamária because this experience was so strong. Sure enough, we received the following report.

Dear Hillary and Brad,

I wanted to share with you a dream I had last night. Ever since I can remember, I've always been haunted by nightmares, disturbing dreams, and something that they apparently call sleep paralysis. I almost never have nice dreams, and this often makes me fear nighttime.

Last night, however, I had a dream in which I had a toy camera-like device, something very similar to what I used to own as a child. You had to put a circular paper disc inside it and look through goggle-like lenses for the images to magnify. I used to find it fascinating. In my dream, I had the ability to look through this camera and immediately be teleported into the middle of the universe. I became a tiny little dot that accelerated up to the fastest speed and found myself amongst the planets and the stars. At one point in the dream, however, something changed. I found myself on a balcony during a dark and starry night. I felt frustrated that my former ability to travel among the stars didn't work anymore. It seemed that those experiences with that toy were a very distant memory or maybe something I had only imagined. I was disappointed and hopeless.

Then I heard a voice from behind me. A strong male voice was encouraging me, and it sounded like a teacher or a strict mentor. Though I couldn't see him, I strongly felt his presence. He was telling me that I should “do it,” that I should focus harder. From his voice I got the impression that he was rushing me as if my becoming a small dot and traveling to the void between the planets was a matter of urgency. I decided to give it another go. Though still convinced that I would never succeed again, I immediately found myself speeding up, tiny as a dot, and then, there I was, traveling amongst the planets. I felt the utmost joy. I danced

with the planets because they were so close. I could almost touch them. I didn't care about the "way back." All I cared about was that I was in space.

After I woke up, I remembered a similar experience I had when I was four years old and had broken my thigh bone and had to undergo complicated surgery. They used some kind of gas as an anesthetic. As I was drifting off to sleep and the voices of the doctors and nurses faded, I became a small dot and found myself to be one of the stars in the sky. For some reason, I felt no fear. It was just normal. I accepted that this was where I was going to be.

Today I wholeheartedly accept and know that where I have to be is amongst and under the stars of the heavens of this Summer Camp, this wonderful place you created for us during the greatest of needs. I thank you for the love you cook and bake for us, and that the more we take, the more you make.

Much love,
Annamaria

Celebrate! Accelerate!
Fly our little me dot to the moon
So we can play among the stars,
Dancing with Jupiter and Mars.

Fill our hearts with song
As we long for extreme love,
A vibrational communion beyond words,
Fulfilling our radiant vow to become tiny buzzing particles in God's big cosmos!
Let us worship and adore,
Loving the longing and belonging to love.
There is no you and no me.
And no need for names or their games,
Only the universe in love with love.

This summer camp is for hoofers,
Traveling higher than the roofers.
Our mission is to explore new worlds
To seek out new mystical life and new First Creation civilizations,
And boldly go where no one has gone before.

Welcome to the newborn solar system,
Past Ptolemy and Copernicus,
We seek the heart of everything.

The whirlwind surrounds you,
Feel it without resistance.
This is extreme love conductance.

This electricity, both direct and alternating,
Hosts Tesla the carrier pigeon and Edison the tulip bulb,
No longer pugilistic, they now dance around the sun.

Accelerate through the gate,
Launch into orbit.
This is the summit of extreme love.
We're there.
It's here.
Door and floor are open.
That's all and this is everything.

Take a look with second eyes
Fly high into the skies
You no longer have to fear coming near
Or avoid the void
Step into the heavenly sunshine, moonshine, and earthshine
Day or night,
Little me is free and everything's fine.

Lost and found in space,
It's time to get over the human race.
Dissolve and leave not a trace.
The eland hunt for falling stars
Shooting arrows of n/om
Into summer campers whose hearts are ready
For energetic transformation and old school initiation

Postscript 1

After the previous vision of receiving the gift/library card from the store on high and the night dancing among Jupiter and Mars, we received an application to the Guild from a woman in Switzerland. She enrolled that day. Since we never have met her, we asked why she was eager to join us. She replied, "I had two dreams and each dream was the same. Brad came to my house with a gift box and inside it was a tiny planet earth."

Postscript 2

The following email arrived four hours after the Switzerland news. It is from another woman in Europe that we haven't seen in years:

I just dreamed of you both conducting an event. You were wearing green costumes. Hillary looked radiant as usual, and Brad looked like an Egyptian. He had the same hair but had dark skin and dark eyes. Hillary told Brad to look after me. I was sitting alone. Brad comes over and asks me, "Have you read our last newsletter post?" He also tells me that the bakery next to the event room is a "Sacred Ecstatics Bakery." Then he moves on and helps someone else. I looked up your recent newsletter and saw that it contained an essay, "The Double Wobble and How Not to Feel Anxious When Flying." The essay is about doing seiki movement whenever life (or an airline flight) gets wobbly, rather than resisting movement and change. I then remembered that the day before I had been flying in my dream—a new experience for me. It was a wonderful, peaceful flight. Whatever this is, I don't know. I send you my very warm greetings and love."

Postscript 3

Sabrina was also the recipient of ecstatic treatment the evening Annamária went to outer space. In particular, Brad envisioned spinning and throwing Sabrina into the sky. He also sent n/om into her feet and legs the way Bushmen women receive it in their dance. He did this to several Guild members inside the room where everyone was soaking in the wild energetics of Sacred Ecstatics. Sabrina wrote us the next morning:

In the middle of the night I suddenly woke up remembering a strong experience I had several years ago in an old chapel named Basilica di Chiesa di San Giulio. My uncle somehow convinced the security guard to let me in the chapel during the local mass. I slipped into a pew but had a terrible view of the pulpit. It was blocked by a wall covered in paintings from the 14th century depicting many cloaked men and women. Although I could not see the mass, I could hear the clarity and extraordinary tones of the singer's voice. The feeling was so intense that I began to weep.

Remembering this from my past, I fell asleep and landed in a dream where I was in my Grandma Rosalie's and Papa's basement (the grandmother with the buttons). I was sitting in my favorite part of their house in front of an old-fashioned record player with hundreds of records. The player was hooked up to a clunky 90s stereo and microphone.

In the dream I was praying and moving when suddenly I began to levitate. I did not fear this experience as much as I did in my last dream where I floated to the sky. This time I floated up the basement staircase into the main floor where I joyfully said hello to my friend's husband who was sitting in the living room. Then I floated up another staircase to the third floor. I realized I had been transported to a different house because my grandparents lived in a single-story ranch house. I was now in a bedroom that seemed like it was also my temporary residence. The room was simple and had a little light on, but it was mostly dark and hard to see.

Once inside this room I was moved by an outside force and began to spin uncontrollably. At first it was graceful but then it increased in speed. In order to

dampen my fear and confusion I knew I had to pray. I prayed the pentadic prayer key, “Yes Lord,” with strong force and intensity. Soon I started hearing popping sounds from the other side of the room. It was so distinct that I thought the clock might be malfunctioning. At the same time a strong vibration began to climb from my feet and envelop the entirety of my legs. As the energetic commotion intensified, I began feeling afraid again. Suddenly I realized that I was turning at a rate and speed I imagined a skater would perform during a spin. I then began enacting a one-footed spin. Again, I thought this must be what professional ice skaters learn to perform. I moved in graceful positions and felt I was turning with a bit more joy and ease.

Nonetheless, I moved in an out of feeling joy and fear. Eventually, I fell to the ground. In a bit of a stupor, a friend of mine appeared at the door. She turned on the light and began singing a song as I crawled into bed. I fell asleep in the dream and then softly woke up.

Like Annamária, I have had many mysterious and sometimes scary experiences as a child, often contextualizing these experiences into an immense fear of being haunted and becoming possessed. These fears definitely came up in this dream. But despite the experience of spinning out of control, I have learned how prayer can lift us above the physical anxieties and fear, bringing us to the utmost Love that carries us through. It is a miracle! Thank you! After the dream, I prayed and praised God as I felt the need while I also felt overjoyed. But most of all, I was feeling a strong need to focus and concentrate on developing a longer stamina of prayer, so that I can lose more of myself.

There is a lot of work ahead before becoming deep fried tempura! Thank God for this humble lesson. Thank you, Hillary and Brad, for bringing in these teachings and keeping us tethered to the straight line. Thank you for shepherding us and keeping us from straying. Although the road might seem winding, unseen or out-of-control, I wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

Big Hugs,
Sabri-fern-a

Sabrina's vision brings a teaching for us all. First, remember that when you enter the big room cathedral, clear visionary sight is secondary to being pierced by the heavenly songs. If you want to climb effortlessly to the upper room, first find your way to the music room where the ancestors' song collection is found. The cost of rising high is entering the whirling and spinning of First Creation. There the predictable tick tock of Second Creation clock time will begin to snap, crackle, and pop! To not feel anxious when flying or spinning, remember to pray with the prayer key. Yes, Lord! Yes, Lord! Then you will begin to experience the joy and graceful aesthetic performance of a body filled with n/om. First you must act like an Olympic skater, putting in the hard work to develop the stamina that will truly allow you to go all the way into the furthest wobble and whirl. Do not fear losing yourself because a song will always bring you back.

Bliss Bomb 6: The Natural Ecstatic Climb

Brad dreamed he was climbing a ladder:

I had already climbed most of the way and was nearing the last rung. About five feet (one and a half meters) above the ladder was an opening to an attic that looked like it had been converted into an upper room. Because the ladder did not reach all the way there, to get through the door I had to exert strong physical effort to lift myself up. I suddenly remembered that the previous night's visionary journey involved encouraging Annamária to push herself to go through the gate. It seemed ironic that I faced the same need to push, but in my case I had to perform a "pull-up" to get into the room above. (The "pull-up" is a calisthenic exercise I have detested since childhood.)

Oddly, I was carrying a vacuum cleaner in my right hand while holding onto the ladder with my left hand. Behind me on the ladder was my physically strong athletic son, Scott, making sure I didn't fall. (He does many pull-ups every day in his home gym). At the top rung, I realized that I could not physically lift myself with my left arm alone. I therefore handed Scott the vacuum cleaner and reached both arms upward. My hands grasped the edge of the upper floor and after taking a deep breath to attempt the dreaded pull-up, I stopped. I said out loud, "I'm too physically tired and old to do this again." I stood there wondering why I had paused and uttered such a thing.

I was close enough to see the space above, so I took a careful look at where I was hesitating to enter. It was the upper room of the Azusa Street Mission in Los Angeles where Reverend William and Jennie Seymour conducted their initiatory spiritual work and gave anointments. I was flooded with the realization that I no longer wanted to enter that kind of spiritual space. It too obsessively tries to claim and cling to a "pure" ideology while allowing spiritual ambition to circumvent preparatory contrition. In the case of Azusa, their Christian congregation was filled with eager beavers desiring to claim they were ready to preach the gospel the minute they spoke in tongues. In short, the particular spiritual sign of anointment eclipsed the importance of feeling and serving divine love.

The glamor of a spiritual appointment conquered fire-born ecstatic clamor, and those not spiritually groomed and ecstatically anointed planned a mutiny. White people criticized the Seymours and other black congregants for expressing too many "Africanisms" (AKA, "devilisms"). In their literally interpreted Biblical arguments, they argued that the wild spirit must settle down to fit their less heated style of expression that was more static than ecstatic and more tongue tied than soul fried. Christianity (and every other religion from Islam to Judaism, Buddhism, and Hinduism) without the African wild spirit-critters and fire-tending ancestors becomes too wordy and therefore spiritually filthy, requiring you to lug around a vacuum cleaner while climbing a ladder that doesn't take you all the way. They miss and dismiss the improvising jazz juice, the numinous lard, the n/om bliss piss, and the hooper combo of bone and tone fire.

At at the top of the visionary ladder, staring into the Azusa upper room, I realized that I finally have had enough of Christianity and its one-dimensional scriptural fixation. Like many shamans, medicine people, and mystics before, Jesus forever remains in my heart as the extreme love prophet with a heavenly sunshine beam. I equally own an aversion to the conversion of any -ism into a self-righteous knowing that turns people cold and mean, hosting a small room inquisition that masks an ugly imperialism under the dark hood of evangelism.

In the dream, I asked my son to climb back down the ladder because I was tired of trying to fit into any one-dimensional spiritual room. This ladder was too short and the climb was cumbersome and unnatural. As we descended, I tenderly and deeply appreciated the ideological minimalism of Osumi, Sensei and the Kalahari elders. These two paths offer a more natural way to climb as long as you avoid the temptation to freeze frame any of their names and forms. Coming down the ladder, I envisioned again how the mystics' long cold soul nights were the consequence of trying to squeeze the ineffable into a small chapel, bottle, or pamphlet. This was as true for the old Catholic saints as it was the London preachers whose sermons we enjoy, from Joseph Hart to George Whitefield and Charles Spurgeon. Reading their boring arguments and soulless debates, as we have done, makes clear that they were as absent of the sustainable inner fire as their minds were increasingly overtaken by propagating trickster hares.

Nearing the bottom rung of the dream ladder, I remembered all the times I have climbed the vertical rope to God in the Kalahari. This climb is effortless. As soon as the rope appears, just the slightest move toward it results in swiftly being taken up. It is crystal clear how Kalahari ecstatic transformation is easily accessed at a moment's notice once you have the engineering chops for spiritual cooking and keep yourself spiritually fit. Even the seiki bench, missing the Bushman hooper's song and dance routine, demands more work than it should. It still offers more hope than any social institution wed to textual exposition. The big boy religions long ago encouraged the changing spirit to blow away, making it nearly impossible to ever get cooked by God. Their over-wordy, under vibratory, and insufficiently songy-and-prancey means, while sometimes offering an accidental spark, are simply too exhausting to ignite, sustain, and spread the extreme love flame.

All non-ecstatic religious and spiritual-but-not-religious ways are ecstatically the same—small chilled rooms constantly spoiled rotten by trickster name heaps, frame files, and ideology piles. They require perpetual cleaning that is never ending. That's why I had a vacuum cleaner by my side in the dream. Enough of this impossible chore—it's too unnatural a journey to pass through the door.

After I came down the ladder with my son, Hillary and I again declared, in case anyone forgot: "We are neither religious nor spiritual because both names spawn small room containment and refrigeration. We are *ecstatic natural climbers*, preferring to serve up our favorite dish, Hands-on Musical Vibration á la Kalahari, a main course flambé served with any tasty side dish, spice, or lagniappe that enhances the sacred ecstatic flavor. The Azusa we adore was a blend of its

Africanisms with the extreme love sunshine of Big Doctor Dada Jesus. When Mother Africa is removed, the cooking carpenter with nails becomes a trickster messy pariah rather than a cooking mystical messiah, an ice-cold statue that is no longer capable of making you toasty and nice.

When we doctor others in the night, it is not constrained by any lineage method or fixed room arrangement. We only impart the sacred vibration, enhanced by any resource ready to blend and kick in. This outskirts-inspired fringe singe work is our cooking anointment and we do not stray away from its dual raw sushi and fried tempura nature. Sacred Ecstatics is the double cooking way that requires two of you ecstatically aligned and ready to play.

After this dream, Brad entered another dream where he was shown another way to ecstatically treat, tune, and charge the summer campers. Here everyone is seen gathered in our New Orleans living room that is simultaneously our mystically constructed summer camp. In this double place, we bring down the whirlwind of seiki, the thunder and lightning of n/om, and a shower of blessings from the holy spirit on high. Every day and night for the rest of the summer camp's duration, we will be soaking you underneath this numinous canopy and inside this mystical universe. Sometimes we work with one or more people in a specialized way. This is always unexpected and never planned. We only know that what is done feels completely natural.

The same night Brad dreamed of the ladder he also filled the English Wood Farm living room with the ineffable whirlwind. The next morning an email arrived from Diana Jacob from Wood Farm: "Thank you, Brad, for being in my dream last night and sharing the vibration with me. You were a younger you. Love, Diana." Not only had she felt the vibration, she somehow picked up that Brad only feels young when Sacred Ecstatics is conducted in the old fashioned non-religious and non-spiritual way—it's more natural.

Celebrate, celebrate, the fire is ablaze.
Drop all pretension for this or that way.

Be an eland in the vast land.
Be more natural than a petty yeti.

It's more beautiful to allow vibration,
To overrule the idealization of ideation.

This is how sacred ecstasy sweeps away fantasy,
Changes the room and its reality,

This is the natural heart way,
The journey to the new summer of extreme love.

Climb up and down the ladder,
Where the name of the room does not matter.

Blow the horn like nothing else matters,

Musically scale the Matterhorn.

Keep it sweet and just be nice,
Turn ice and vice into fire and spice.

Celebrate, celebrate, celebrate!
It's the natural way to die, fly, and come back again.

Seek well-fed transformation,
Not salvation by ecstatic starvation.

No more scrutiny, no more mutiny,
There's a natural feast and Nor'easter going on.

Celebrate, celebrate!
Yes, Lord, Yes Lord,

The Lord of All Names,
Hallowed be everyone.

The Lard of this yard,
Fries every trickster yarn.

To burn, become a fern.
That's the vegetable god's eland way.

Postscript

The night after Brad dreamed of leaving behind the limitations of small room Christianity, Hillary dreamed she returned to the Zen Center of Los Angeles where she used to live:

The whole sangha was there, and it felt wonderful to reconnect with people I haven't seen since I left over ten years ago. I have dreamed of returning there many times and it always feels joyful or brings a special teaching. This time I was in a small room with the head teacher and several other people I was close to when I lived there. People asked me to say more about Sacred Ecstasies and what I have been doing since I left. After I spoke, the head teacher surprised me by saying with a stern look on her face, "I was very disappointed with the way you left the Zen Center. You moved away abruptly with no sufficient explanation, leaving everyone confused and struggling to come to terms with your departure."

In the dream I was very surprised at her words because they didn't reflect the reality of my departure. However, rather than get defensive and offer a counter argument, I remembered that an individual's perspective partially speaks to a larger interactional truth, even if it does not represent the whole reality of a

situation. I just listened and accepted that there must have been something about the way I left that contributed to the teacher's uncomfortable experience, even if it was unintentional or unconscious on my part. Then the dream ended.

It's important to note that in real life I continue to have a positive relationship with the head teacher and several of the sangha members. They have celebrated my books and other accomplishments that I have shared on social media. My departure was pre-planned and marked by a celebratory send off. In fact, when I left I had no intention of leaving Zen Buddhism.

This dream speaks to a deeper and more encompassing truth about my relationship to Zen. Within a month of leaving Los Angeles, Brad and I shared our first Kalahari n/om embrace and began teaching the "silver trout" class together online. The arrival of n/om (through Brad) was an abrupt and sudden surprise that I never saw coming, in part because I didn't even know until that night that it was missing from my life. That's when I was launched into a spiritual room even bigger than Zen. It includes not only the Kalahari, but now all the lineages and experiences that have become Sacred Ecstatics.

N/om, also called seiki, the holy spirit, or the sacred vibration, is the "something within" described in the gospel song written by Lucie E. Campbell. It is a "heavenly fire" that "holdeth the reins" and "cannot be explained." Although Zen Buddhism will always be a part of the fabric of my spiritual life, it lacks the fire in the bones and singing tones that wake up n/om. I now have a new spiritual home and the Zen gods will just have to come to terms with the fact that they are missing that "something within."

Bliss Bomb 7: The K-Pops

The morning after Brad's vision of the ladder climb with his son behind him, we received a message from Johannes, our Guild member from Tyrol, Austria. He had dreamed of traveling to a Sacred Ecstatics gathering in a large conference center where he surprisingly saw our son, Scott. It left such a strong impression he wanted us to know. On his way there he saw Bruno (our godson from Budapest) and later ran into Sabrina (from the First Creation sky coliseum). In the dream, Johannes felt there was an important word he had received from the other side that he wanted to share. The word began with "com" or "con" and may have been "complacency" or "contrition."

Then the scene shifted to Johannes, Sabrina, and Bruno trying to find the room where our spiritual cooking would commence. That's when Bruno spotted Scott. They were all surprised to discover that Scott had become very small—he was there as his little me:

Scott was maybe half our size. In order to hear what he was saying, the three of us had to squat down. He was also dressed like a K-Pop star. Then Linus (our Guild member from Sweden) showed up and he, too, was dressed like a K-Pop performer. As we talked, each of us became the same small size as Scott. Then my attention was drawn to an earring both Scott and Linus were wearing. It was a circle divided in half by a line. The left and right sides were different pastel colors and the outer circle ring was solid gold.

Let us not forget that the spiritual traveler and locus of anointment is little me—more like the size of Scott who Johannes envisioned as an Asian version of DJ Skee. The latter hints that Scott received seiki from Osumi, Sensei when he was a child—the only child to whom she ever gave a transmission. Bruno (as a child) received seiki from us. Becoming small requires *contrition* and the recognition of how *complacency* leads to big room vacancy. Hillary and I often marvel at Scott’s complete absence of any ego—he graciously accepts and appreciates criticism and correction so that he can learn and improve. He is also one of the hardest working human beings we ever met. That’s his winning combination, especially when blended with the seiki power that was instilled early in his life.

Once you’re small, Sacred Ecstatics alchemy begins with a ringing and singing in the ear. There lines become circles and both sides blend like the color wheel of Charles Henry. Also recall Brad’s previous vision that the rope to God is a circular dot that, when stretched across time, becomes a line.⁴⁸ As a side note, hip hop star David Banner years ago named Brad, “Skee-Pops,” because he was DJ Skee’s dad. In Johannes dream, Sabrina was a reminder of the importance of finding your POP—a trademark sound of Sabrina’s Sacred Ecstatics waking and visionary life! That’s the sound of bubbly champagne being released as the cork is launched. The double wobble of DJ Skee and DJ K-Pop brings a First Creation change to all the multiple truths such a shifty metaphor can convey. The K-Pops are the bubbly, wobbly, Keeney clan with an ecstatic wingspan reaching from Hollywood to Tokyo, with the entire dill pickle cosmos held in between. Linus and Scott are also musically inclined and less likely to recline than mountain climb, so, of course, they have a head start when it comes to getting small and hearing the ring. That’s what art is all about—becoming as small as the musical notes, the color dots of Seurat, and the *contracted* words that are the *contextual* compass for the senses that seek the *communal* bliss of ecstatic *communion* served in the big *conference* room.

To find the room and feel it all, first get small.

To uncork the seiki bubbles and launch the pop, follow the hooper DJ tracks.

Meet the K-Pops!

Seiki certified, n/om fortified.

Dill pickled through and through,

We’re here for you.

The rope to God is made of a circular dot and a line

To enter the middle wobble

You must cross from one side of the circle to the other

How will you know how to get there?

Following the ringing in your ear.

Contrition and communion bring forth a seiki family reunion!

⁴⁸ See “The Rope Revealed: The Dot of Eternity and the Line of Temporality,” in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2*.

Ma and Pop change forms up and down the ladder.
Moving from one medium to another.
Follow the main rope of Valmour,
The ecstatic glamour channeler of New Orleans.

Pop, you're on top.
Kerplop, you just took a fall.
Up and down, don't you frown.
Meet the Sacred Ecstatics family
You're cordially invited to be a K-Pop.
Why not, it's the most natural way to tie and untie the knot.

K-Pop: Kalahari rope that pops as you climb to the top
Summer camp: up, up, up, dip, dip, dip, pop, pop, pop!
1, 2, 3: K-Pop!

Tired of God's piss?
Drink K-Pop!
Before you toast with a glass of champagne,
Share a sip of Kofola, the soda pop found in Slovakia.
This will remind you that both the sweetness and bitterness of life
Are always better when shared.

Want some more life jazz?
K-Pop, K-Pop, jazz, jazz, jazz!
Catch this vibe and take a ride.

Postscript

After the K-Pop vision, Troy sent us a report about a startling dream he received while sleeping under the stars of the Utah wild:

Last night I started banning and slept in a sleeping bag under a juniper tree. I awoke during the night to the song of coyotes close by and then fell back to sleep. Then I woke up again, or I thought I was awake, but later discovered I was dreaming. I heard a gathering taking place nearby. I got up with my flashlight and found many cars parked next to where I chose to soak and sleep. To my surprise, a man came up to me and asked where we were. That made me even more confused, especially since I still thought I was wide awake and that this was physically really happening. In the midst of this wobbly state, the man looked at me and said two words and a number: *Cascade Connecticut 1910*. I woke up remembering those words and that number. When I read the dream of Johannes (Thunder Shock), the mention of "con" inspired me to let you know what had happened to me.

We wrote back to Troy: “This dream is over our heads. Not sure where those words and number lead. Everything these days is a mystery.” That night Brad prayed about Troy’s dream and in the middle of the night received an answer: “The message is a date referring to two places and events—one moment in history brings a double message. You will find that Mark Twain died in Connecticut that year and that soon before that was a great calamity in the Cascades, an event that altered history.”

The next morning, we conducted the research and sure enough, on April 21, 1910, Mark Twain died in Connecticut, the same year Halley’s comet blazed through the sky. We also found that the month before, in March, the greatest avalanche in U.S. history occurred in the Cascades near Spokane where a train plummeted after spending a week stuck on the tracks due to an avalanche. Here’s the rest of that story as reported by Jim Kershner of *The Spokesman Review*.⁴⁹

Then, just after 1 a.m. on March 1, nature blasted Wellington [at the crest of the Cascades] with one more unexpected, terrifying event: a thunder-cracking electrical storm. One train engineer remembered hearing a sharp blast of thunder, followed immediately by a deep, ominous rumbling sound. The snowpack above the stranded train had broken free. Tons of snow were headed straight downhill, picking up speed. Some of the sleepers on the train never knew what hit them. The wall of snow smacked directly into No. 25, and into another stranded mail train. Both were swept off the track and tumbled into a creek ravine far below. Many passengers died when they were pinballed around the train cars’ interiors. Others survived the wild ride down into the ravine, only to die slowly of suffocation in the snow-buried cars. It took days, even weeks, for rescuers to burrow through the snow and find all of the victims. The final tally: 96 people dead.

It remains, to this day, the worst avalanche disaster in U.S. history – yet even in the Northwest, plenty of people have never heard the story. . . Gary Krist, a Maryland author, was one of the people who knew nothing about it until he stumbled upon it several years ago while doing research on another book. “I said, ‘My God, how have I never heard of this?’ “I felt this was a story that was in danger of disappearing.” So Krist made this topic his next nonfiction book project, *The White Cascade*, published to glowing national reviews in 2007. [Krist concludes] “The disaster also helped to recast the whole balance of power between the people, the railroads and the government . . . There was a growing modern sensibility that there was something called “corporate responsibility.”

The return of Halley’s comet in 1910 marked the return of Mark Twain to First Creation so he could reappear later as an ancestor bringing us a teaching from the other side. The sound of Thunder Shock’s report and the “con” and “com” its benevolent trickster brought were also aligned with the outdoor shock Troy found in the mysterious parking lot and the stranger met in

⁴⁹ <https://www.spokesman.com/stories/2010/feb/28/an-avalanche-of-nightmares/>

the visionary night. Whether he was a yeti or an eland matters not, for the teaching remains true no matter the form of its messenger: catastrophe necessarily and anxiously awaits anyone stuck on the rails, unsure whether you'll escape and move forward or plummet into oblivion. When the thunderstorm strikes with earth shaking sound and high voltage lightning, the old passageway is blocked and a part of our old life must die.

Troy had himself a valuable visionary teaching, showing how a major fall and big me calamity precede a heavenly bread rise. It also delivered a lagniappe aftershock that reminds us of how both spiritual and physical engineering must involve improved corporate, political, corporeal, and communal responsibility. Less yeti greed and more feeling the eland need to feed and care for others with less stockpiled goods. That's the high call to a different kind of sharing ethics whose aesthetics is ecstatic, undivided as it is in the Kalahari where one for all and all for one define the union of the Eland Party. Mark Twain, an eland at heart who suffered when his yeti tried to become a Getty, left a meteoric trail of blazing stories bright enough to light up any overly pious dark night of the soul and burn away any trickster hogwash. The other prefix of the thundery beekeeper's dream, "com," points to the *comet* that rarely crosses the earth. The same is true for any past spiritual fire—it usually departs soon after it starts. Sacred Ecstasies is attempting to do something even rarer than spotting Halley's flying spark—keeping that perpetual fire orbiting closer to home so you don't so easily lose your way when stumbling around in the dark.

Bliss Bomb 8: Eland Breath

In the visionary night, we traveled many places near and far including New Orleans, Mexico, Europe, and elsewhere. We were instructed to report on our travels in a more poetic manner that better evokes sailing the oceanic unconscious on a seaworthy ark, rather than staying parked in a partial conscious arc of knowing:

Celebrate, celebrate, leave past rooms behind.
Head to the middle whirl,
Do the funky, spunky, dippy, sparky wobble.
Get in the four-hoove ecstatic groove.

The southern bird's eye view asks, "What's your cornerstone?"
The lark of Mexico sings back, "Corner stone or four-corner tone?"
Only the song and dance hoofers find the natural heat
That defeats the cold,
The c-old: the vast sea of C.M.C. separated from the old ways.
Pour that salt back in the sea to end the malaise.

Awaken new senses to reveal there are no fences,
No need for bears to fence devils or gods,
No need to rule over critters nor treat jitters or bitters.
The yet already smells that your eland has one hoof out of the corral,
Your soul already left!
It's time for your body to catch up.

Time is running out, there's no time to spare.
Death is near so why not dare to embrace what's most dear.
Follow the tracks that lead to the fire.
Follow the Bushman tracks to the goddesses on high.
The spore of Big Mama Darling helps you adore creation.
This piss of Big Dada Darling helps you absorb divine bliss.

Adore First and Second creation,
Adore the door to their shared celebration.
Adore adoration's natural means of reaching the upper floor.
Neither biology nor theology will help.
You need ecstatic astronomy and outskirts hoop-de-loop alchemy.

In vision came a mix of family reunion and wedding ceremony.
Two women already are dressed,
In white hoop skirt wedding gowns,
Ready to whoop and holler on this reunion and communion day.
In another vision men were seen receiving the eland's breath.
Blown into their nostrils, their head entered First Creation.
Three men passed the eland test, more are soon to follow.

Celebrate, celebrate, the flood has already come.
Celebrate, celebrate, this is the fire you always wanted but never imagined.
Celebrate, celebrate, stop looking, stuttering, and puttering
Forget past pouting and start shouting!

Hooped mothers and eland headed men, movement on!
Carry and tarry on in prayer,
With mystical wheels and visionary banning,
Join those who have been censured and banned by uncooked religion and spirituality.

Be too spiritual and too religious until you are neither.
Be an eland prancer, hoop dancer, and a whooper,
A joyful-noise-hollering, super-duper hollow cooker,
Enjoy following the Lard every step of the way.

We don't know about you, but we've gone through.
No more preaching about it,
Get on with the reaching for it!
No more naming or claiming, just enter the flames and be part of the changing.
The extreme light and heat of the new summer of love is here
That's the reason to cheer.

Don't fear it.

Cheer it, adore it, step into it, own it, and share it,
With no expectations except accepting whatever the Creator chooses for you.
Little me is now an eland and running in the field of the Lord.
Don't ask for anything other than "Thy will be cooked well done!"

No more spiritual pills or religious chills.
Seek what fulfills—the open door to the spore and piss of utmost bliss.
Be so odd that it scares both the demons and gods out of you.
Be such an oddity that you became a true rarity.

Head outside to play with Tony and the little white mare,
They are taking turns jumping into the Lard's frying pan.
Ready to dip? Then flip!
Flip your house 'cause you already put it up for sale.
This is what puts wind in your seiki sail.
Ready to fly? Then let your yeti world die.

Resurrect the original room of First Creation,
Head for the Life Force Theatre stage with all your body parts.
Use your card to get out of Chuck Stare jail.
Celebrate, celebrate, for the gator is singing in the sky.
Celebrate, celebrate, for the bears have become friends with the lowliest worm.
Celebrate, celebrate, for even the dust is equal to you.

Sing to the dirt of the earth.
Love it as a natural part of the whole cosmic body
It's the shed skin of the gods.
Sing to the prayer stones found way down under the ground
They are like you, a diamond in the rough, ruff, ruff.

The eland breath and hooped outskirts are coming for you.
They are coming for you, coming for you.
What are you going to do about it?
It's too late to decide.
They are already here,
Trembling you, doctoring you, changing you.
Rearranging your interior, replacing your room.

It's too late, dearest ones.
You've already gone through the gate.
It's time you catch up to feeling it,
Like it feels you,
Like it adores you,

Like it's singing and dancing you.

This is dissolving in the vast plankton, shark, whale, and trout sea.
Friend of sea, this is your chance to catch and ride
The tidal bridal wave of C.M.C.
And breathe the eland through your nostrils,
As the plants become animals,
As spirit critters enter to animate flesh,
Changing the world into a hive of honey.

Be the oven's keeper,
A servant to the divine maker of baked creation,
A hooper roofer living at the highest altitude,
This is the sea level of God.
Dip, flip, leap, and heat amidst the changing and alternating current.
Choose to enjoy this Life Force Theatre.
You'll be glad you dove in.
Makaheeshta! Yes, Lord! Fry that Lard!
Let's party like there is no yesterday or tomorrow!

10, 9, all is fine,
8, 7, on your way to hooper heaven,
6, 5, take the dive,
4, 3, hug a tree for Thee,
Always be ready 2 set your soul on fire,
Launch the all for 1 and 1 for all.
Blast on! Head to the big bang boom room.

Bliss Bomb 9: Inside the Shaking Tent

Brad was sent in vision to a shaking tent in the woods, obviously a place near our summer camp and its boundaryless land-and-waters. There he entered the wigwam to shake and electrically commune with the spirits. Again, we were advised to evoke rather than re-present what transpired:

Inside the tent, the space changes.
Journeying from physical to spiritual,
Then past both of those forms,
An electrical cloud arrives to shake the room.

I do not know whether I am the cloud or whether I am dissolved in it.
I am no longer knowing things like that.
Only cooking with another kind of sensing and feeling.

Reeling from the whirling and reeling in the spirits' swirling
I catch the vibe needed to prescribe and instruct.
Spirits aren't called, they just arrive,
Changing their creature forms as Mother nature determines.

This is natural doctoring, conducting, and transforming,
Designed to test, treat, and gift through alchemical means.
More electrical than chemical, this spa dispenses raw awe.

What is seen and heard?
Music of every signal and noise.
Dance of every wiggle and leap.

Colored auras bursting in midair.
Tonal auras both familiar and other worldly,
Singing and dancing in the atmosphere.

The galaxy of ecstasy has no borders or names,
This higher attic evokes the pinnacle aesthetic.
Welcome to the art of ecstatic creation,
The universal life force filling station!

In this shaking tent we witness what few ever meet,
We conduct the heat from which most people retreat.
We are offered what is rarely granted,
We sow the seeds that are rarely planted.

Get small as a needle to fit through the door of God's eye.
Be paradoxical and hysterical,
A real transhistorical oracle,
Who travels back to the past to suture the future.
No need to worry, for this flurry is in no hurry.
The universe is a song whose melody and verse
Sing the longing of ultimate belonging.

This commotion involves every sensory-motor dimension,
Moving colors, tones, heart palpitations, and soul drumbeats
Seiki exchanges voluntary movement for spontaneous dance.

This fire is found in every corner of our campground,
It's also a singing water with a mighty wind,
Shared with trustworthy friends.

It leaves you feeling no better than a worm,

Hungry to learn how to better turn
The wheel of prayer that makes the fire burn.
Now it's your turn to feel and see
That the soul is freed by feeling the need.

In the shaking tent, the rope is not bent,
It is a true straight highway to spirit,
A song line to God.

Travel down its generous road,
Receive the showers of gifts,
Pouring from the wondrous powers.

In the middle of the shaking tent,
I spoke to five spirit critters.
All were in accord that you each need a cord.

So said the terrier, the mare, two bears, and the gator.
These names I can give, permission was given.
There were five other creatures, but they cannot be mentioned.

Some things have been said,
Other things, not yet met, must remain quiet,
To help you not hunt and chase another yeti.

Each night all of you are found in summer camp,
and in New Orleans.
Now you will also be met inside the shaking tent.

There wild and crazy things take place,
Pure mystery for sure.
Fear not whatever happens, including not remembering a thing.

Make sure your vessel is emptied before it's soaked in prayer.
Then it can be filled each and every night.
We pray you accept whatever the gods choose to convey.

We are not here to catch dreams,
That's just a gig for a mail carrier
Don't confuse signs with the extreme love grail.

What you are seeking is divine will
To take away the chill,
Of singing and doing it *my way* on a bumpy highway.

Some think it's better to be a terrier than a mail carrier.
It may be better to retrieve a holy stick than catch a dream fish.
Climb above and get over whatever makes this a name game.

Seek life in the big room,
There you are a dot, line, and circle,
On a mission to align your inner innards with outer space.

Celebrate, celebrate, celebrate
You are a part of the tones and the colors,
The sensory extravaganza of this ecstatic bonanza.

The extreme love of the new summer is here,
Hearing you, feeling you, seeing you.
Standing on Zion Hill,
Join the theatre camp show,
Mothers and Fathers blow, come blow!

Be odd like an old root,
A vital sweet potato part of the god squad.
Take the bow and make the nod.

Be a friend of sea,
A vital part of the multi-armed squid god.
Feel the tentacle of the shaking tent,
Tickle the Copernican pickles who are here to loosen all the shackles
That restrain this tabernacle.
Step high, stoop low, leave your dignity outside.
This club is for the artists willing to risk obscurity
To preserve their crazy purity.

Yes Lord, Yes Lard.
It's so much nicer to make god Tony,
Than be a trickster hare caught in a snare.

Invite two bears to turn the color wheel
Changing black and white to serve all relations.
The alligator sings the high note elation.

Shout it, sing it, dance it!
Mystery critters of land, sea, and air,
Join us at the Sacred Ecstatics fair.

Throw me, Lord, throw me anywhere.
Hot or cold, silent or told.
Remold me and bring me inside your fold.

Postscript

The morning after Brad dreamed of being inside the shaking tent with its swirling colors and changing sounds administered to members of the Guild, we received this report from Agnes in Budapest:

I dreamed I was in a room where I could feel the wind inside. The walls seemed to be made of soft long velvet with twinkling white curtains. The Guild was with Brad and Hillary, and everyone was moving in the room. We were colorful dots in motion on a big white canvas.

We didn't sit and we didn't have colored desks in front of us, like I found in my previous dream. Previously we were a group of students forming a spinning color palette of Charles Henry's *Cercle Chromatique* on a rotating theatre stage. This time *all of us were the colors! We wore the colors on our bodies.*

In the big white luminous room, we wore long colorful light silk dresses and moved around in beautiful shades of pastel. The wind became a soft summer breeze as it lifted our silk dresses and made us float in the air. Together we constructed a wonderful and *gigantic non-figurative pastel drawing* with colorful moving dots on it, an amazing work of art in motion.

We celebrate the beauty of this report. It's also a reminder for everyone to use the prayer keys in your dreams. Soaking during the day and before sleep—while banned—is what helps you remember the keys, passwords, and tickets that assure the highest inspiration and guidance for the creation of all visionary art. As beautiful as art for art's sake may be, art led by the heart of God turns the dots, lines, and circles into more deeply felt arrangements that are able to melt the everyday way one interacts with every relation.

Mary, meanwhile, caught the moving musical tones in Sugarland, Texas:

I had 3 dreams last night. In each of them, I heard a Middle Eastern call to prayer. In the first dream, I only listened as my heart was moved. I said, "Yes, Lord" again and again. I woke up feeling a strong desire for the love of God.

In the second dream, I again heard the call to prayer and then a flute appeared in my hands. At first, I started humming and then realized I was supposed to play the flute. I started playing my flute and that woke me up. I felt a bit frustrated by this dream because I wasn't quite sure what to do with my flute. I prayed myself to sleep.

The third dream once again began with the former call to prayer. Now the music was literally pulled from my heart. There were cords attached to my heart that enabled me to feel the pain of separation and the longing to feel joyfully close

to God. Different tones pulled different strings as tears were flowed from my eyes. I did not want this to stop because I felt a connection to something far beyond what I can describe. As before, the constant prayer of, "Yes, Lord and "Help us Lord" was moving rhythmically in my mind. The flute then reappeared in my hands and this time I picked it up and started playing in a new way. As I was played, the strings pulling my heart became wrapped around the flute to help bring more natural sounds out of the instrument.

I woke up in the morning with my heart full. I am now praying, "Throw me anywhere, Lord."

We celebrate Mary's hear-heart opening dream and encourage everyone to hunt the music that pulls your heart strings. Resist former big me habits of trying to figure out what this means or what you want it to mean. Instead, little me is better served when you simply act and let the higher strings pull you, throw you, sing you, flute you, and St. Nicholas of Flue you anywhere. Keep soaking, banning, and using that prayer key!

Finally, let us note how these two dreams together teach us again that catching two (or more) sensory vibrations is the Kalahari means of conduction and the Charles Henry discovery of what is behind mystical illumination. In the Bushman hooper's case, whenever vibrations of sound and movement are aligned with the highest vibration of creation, mystery happens. Having all the sensory-motor wheels in play constructs a new reality.

Bliss Bomb 10: Deep Fried Soul Dining

In the visionary night, Brad experienced us coming to new terms with Jesus and other characters on the religion stage. Here's how the higher editors suggest the report be said and unsaid:

When Reverend Two Wings sings and shouts, "Jeee-sus"
My soul likes the way it tastes deep soul fried.
Little me loves how that electric geeee-tar feels.

When stiff clerical collars squeak about "Christ,"
My soul suspects a heist,
Little me tastes something sour and not quite right.

Where did the long-haired carpenter with n/om nails go?
Ask the Hammond B-2 organs, trap sets, and geeee-tars.
Those music gators repeatedly bring Jeee-sus back.

We embrace this musical resurrection
Of the hot and spicy soul that's heartily felt.
We reject the not so nice square ice cubes that never melt.

Yes, brothers and sisters,
There's been a change in Sacred Ecstatics,

Now we doubly own the deep ocean and the high sky,
And that includes the two-winged Jeee-sus who can fly.

We're holding onto the heat, meat, and dancing feet of religion,
And the tater tots and singing chicken wings of their spirituality.
Now we own their outskirts deep fried, extreme love dishes.

That's where visionary dreams reside.
Home of the C.M.C. tides,
House of New Orleans vibes.

Celebrate, celebrate, Jeee-sus is back,
As a deep fried two wing song,
With reachers and preachers who soar on the rope.

Abraham plays the ham bone,
Allah cooks with thaw and awe,
Krishna serves a dish of Buddha collard greens

The gods become odd underneath our roof,
We're more a circus than a carcass.
More a Fellini hooper than a party pooper.
Celebrate, celebrate, the K-Poppers are here
To pop big me bubbles, verbal babble, and lofty balloons.
More loon than goon, we are the ones who carry the tunes.

Yes, Lord. Yes, Orb. Yes, to higher dining.
Pass the Lard and Catch-up to the Mayo,
Our First Creation diner has a Two Wing deep fryer.
Jeee-sus is back with Mississippi comeback sauce.

In other words, nothing has changed,
Except more owning what we owned from the start.
Expect more changing with all this rearranging.

Celebrate, celebrate, the outskirts remain,
Let the new Rome fall and the new dome rise,
Our circus sings its chorus with a song and dance for all.

The new summer crossroads is here:
Where will you host your ups and downs?
Which room will hold your life's breath and death?

Are you a yeti trying to be a Getty?

Getting this and getting that,
Breathing like a billionaire

Or are you becoming an eland seeking higher land?
Drop privileged demands, drop no more big shot spore.
Accept whatever chore God has in store for you.

Celebrate, celebrate, sing and dance the spheres,
Breathing the summer camp atmosphere
Following the hearts of the spear who dare not to fear.

You're lying if you don't admit you're dying,
It's a good day to live in the hive,
Ride the vibe, change your hide, and be an eland.

Cele-brake, accelerate, oscillate, and celebrate!
The lard is back to fry your parts and cook your hearts,
In the heat you change your beat and be the hooper whole.

Jeee-sus and Abra-ham bone are grilling a T-Bone,
Bringing you a tasty thrill,
With a side of Kosher-Krishna dill

Drink from the Buddha glass even though it's empty,
Allah has an olive to make little me a martini.
Welcome to the changing menu and open forever bar.

Always stirred, always shaken,
Mixed, blended, and amended.
Gather the ingredients and spin the sensory-motor wheel.

We're not lying: Mamma Mary is frying in the kitchen.
Serving two wings, collard greens, with a dose of chitlin' power.
It's time you had some soul food.

Sister Gertrude shouts, "Eat that fry bread! It'll raise you from the dead!"
Brother Valmour lifts his hammer, then brings it back down,
Giving you a deep fried two wing Jeee-sus nail.

Bliss Bomb 11: Launch, Fly, and E-Land in First Creation

These words came down from on high and resulted in a lot of shaking going on at our house in New Orleans. We're throwing the emotion at you. Catch it and don't worry about assessing, obsessing, or knowing whether you did or didn't really feel it. Reach for it. In this reaching is lit

the longing for hooper hooved tracks, the prelude to higher First Creation belonging. The eland emotion comes when it's ready to burst forth.

1, 2, 3: the waltzing recipe of sacred ecstasy.
Add das schleppen and southern fried syncopation,
Light 'er up and fly this jazz all the way up, up, up
To the original village in the sky

There you meet and greet the ancient roots of ecstatic heat,
Welcome to God's deep fryer.
Cook your feelings to keep them changing,
In your dying is found the means to flying.

Build the room, cook, and return
That's the line; now here's the circle:
Launch, fly, and e-land in First Creation.

Step 3 is not an emotional letdown,
It's bringing down First Creation.
That's the climbing secret of the Kalahari.

Go up in order to bring down the sky village,
Then when you're low, it's felt inside a high place
That's the true double room life.
Earth as it is in heaven
Second Creation as it is in First Creation.
How? E-land, rather than land as before.

First, the body rocket must launch.
Second, the rocket fuel must burn.
In the middle is the cooking and the flying.

Drop one booster at a time,
Until there is nothing there,
Except electrified, deep fried emptiness.

Enter the flying dots and swirls that dance the universe.
The dots of George Seurat meet the dashes of Johnny Hodges,
The aural-tactile duo wheels are in motion
Turning Ezekiel into an eland
Out of his mouth pour musical tones instead of prophetic words.

Never come home alone,
Bring the planets and stars hungry for earth

Let outer space dissolve human disgrace.

The vastest grace abounds in places both high and low,
Receiving it requires taking a journey,
Forever leaving
Forever returning
Forever cooking
Always learning to have better discerning.

Ignition, navigation, higher mission!
Fasten your bands, we're getting ready to e-land
We have a First Creation universe to bring back
You won't get lost if you follow the right song track.

Summer Camp Initiation Pointers

The summer camp rope antenna is still broadcasting its signal. Guild campers keep catching its resonance, either picking up a few bits, all of it, or adding more to the ongoing dreamtime production. We can't keep up with posting all the news, especially the cleaning and cooking required on our part to prepare them as a culinary serving.

Amy envisioned a dancer whose parts were made of different shifting shapes and colors. She could see this performance through a mirror that now functioned as a clear windowpane. What she saw in the dancer also took place in her body. She also dreamed she had her first T-bone steak with Lance showing her how to clean the meat off of it. Thanks, Lance. I guess that means you and Brad have to go shopping for some more sauce for Nate's steak cookout. Maybe that's why we received the gift cards. Ha!

Hillary also dreamed of Lance, who seems to show up when you least expect him. She dreamed we were all gathered for an intensive. When it was over, we were all full of joy, heading out the door, and saying our goodbyes. We were thanking and celebrating Brad and Hillary said something about the way Brad has spent his life always following the rope and sharing n/om with others and Lance said, "He's a moving prayer line!" Then we all erupted in laughter and celebration.

On another night, Brad sent n/om to Diana again, this time only briefly touching her head with his fingers. He dreamed we were in a gathering where we didn't know most of the people there. Diana the next day wrote back: "You were in the dreamtime last night . . . and I was the only student you knew. We didn't share the vibration this time, or rather I didn't feel it in the dream, but you did place your finger on my head several times."

We are now both elands running across the n/om-osphere energy fields. Yet (needing to be one step ahead of the yeti), tomorrow we may be plums, given that those are an eland delicacy. As we get further out in the far outskirts of the present outskirts, we find ourselves hungrier for the vegetable gods. The gods and goddesses can't deliver the sweetness of a fruit. Back to the orchard where it all began. As we mentioned to Reverend Bob-on-the-E-land-hunt: Not Adam, not Eve, not the leaf, but the fig, the plum, and the trickster forbidden apple and orange odd pear. Let us aim for eating more orchard fruit than hugging the tree bark talk.

It's also worth mentioning that Dezsoe experienced his own death in dream, doing so as Brad's dreaming entered that same eschatological territory. Troy also faced the two kinds of death and life tracks – one manmade and catastrophic, the other more beautiful and celestial. Everyone's crossroads is this: the ice-cold blizzard of corporate reality versus a Mark Twain Mississippi Comet Ride. We're leaning toward Missouri. Oops, we almost forgot. The double life of the Twain Train went further East. Make that a Connecticut nor'easter.

Some of the fish caught required our doing some cleaning that was not publicly shown. Those dreamers found that the real meat for them was learning why something was thrown away. In one instance, it was dream content that was more trickster distraction than holy evocation, and in another the gunk involved the post-dream questions and hypotheses regarding the dream's implication for an appointed role.

Now, for some pointers on catching and cleaning visionary fish:

*Every caught dream fish brings trickster scales that get attached the moment the dream passes into Second Creation. Rarely is a clean fish pulled in. There is a lot to be learned by how trickster works on you by the nature of its dream scales, thereby making a dirty catch sometimes something valuably dirty for the Lord's rod and reel work.

*A pleasant tasting fish is not necessarily a better catch. Candy tastes dandy, but the real learning usually has some bitters added to the spirit sazerac.

*A confusing or unpleasant tasting fish may actually be a great catch. Troy got a big hit as did Brad when his catch was prayed over. In other words, It's 1910 all over again. Which track are you going to ride? Let's be riders in the sky! That means leaving behind corporate tycoons (on both sides of the political aisle) with their fire-spitting, forest-burning, unsafe avalanche-bound locomotives.

*The rope sometimes does not need a dream to be the means of mystical reception. Chris caught the vibe wide awake. A waking or sleeping dream can be as valuable as waking or sleeping wakefulness.

*Don't pray for a dream or overrate what it means for a sinner to catch a finner. Otherwise, you are increasing the odds of landing a wish fulfillment, a psychologically seeded dream rather than a sacred vision.

*Some folks have formerly learned how to psychologically seed a dream, either accidentally or purposefully, so dreams are less trustworthy and likely more trickster cornmeal covered for them. It might be better if such a skilled dream producer prayed not to dream. Just kidding. Or not.

*Accept every visionary teaching that someone else has as your dream. And if you dream, accept it as a part of someone else's dreaming.

*Since we are banning, above all remember the password and key throughout the day and night, including in the dreamtime. That's the first thing an old-school pointer asks about. The main purpose of soaking is to make sure the password is at hand and that the room is big.

*It's the room that dreams. Small room dreams are unimportant even if they involve big emotion, aesthetic wonders, and spiritual signs. Big room dreams are important even if they seem to be bummers. And big room absence of remembered dreams is as valuable as anything remembered in the big room dreaming night.

*Ceremonial space for dreaming, whether in Turtle Island vision fasting or St. Vincent mourning or other forms throughout the world, is all about the concentration and saturation required to establish a big room experience. The dream matters the least. Spiritual work is all about you clearing the time and space for building the big room. It is built with changing prayer—the gathering of ingredients that form and turn the mystical prayer wheel. If you are not building a big room that hosts at least 75% holy saturation and get a dream, then better to not ponder it. A lesser *con*centration has too much trickster junk to remove and filter. If you get a supersaturated big room, you have reason to celebrate! The impossible dream to sing about is all about making a room vast enough for everything experienced inside it, asleep or awake, to feel it is dreamed on high. Get inside the big room sacred dreaming—caring not whether you are asleep or not.

*That's all. The fire is on. Enjoy every angle and angler of it. If you wake up alive, celebrate that God caught you and threw you back in the lake for another day of aquatic ecstatic life. Then accept the value of feeling you are a worm. That's real bait for the next fishing trip! Hush puppies, the trout are now in school.

Bliss 12: Lights that Dissolve into the Void of Creation

Last night Brad beheld what is behind every imaginable reality:

There was only the dark void of universal space, the phenomenal world before it was colored, decorated, and populated with creators and observers. Occasionally a shape of white light—either geometrically simple or complex—would appear and remain still or move about. Then it would disappear and dissolve into the void. I was shown that before color there was only black and white—the “on and off” of everything. I understood that this is what underlies the perceived forms we construe by sensory-motor action. The canvas we paint and the design we build begins with a black rather than a white blank slate. As I beheld this mystery, I wondered who was teaching me and what lesson was being conveyed. I woke up and prayed for the Guild, allowing divine will to deliver whatever intervention was needed.

I dreamed again, and this time I met the teacher who showed me the void. He was sitting at the middle of a long wood dining table. I sat facing him, recognizing I was looking at Franz Liszt in his elder years. His hair was wild and unkept, his mood was one of agitation. I worried whether he would have a temper tantrum

over whatever had disturbed him. He began waving his arms furiously and it appeared like two expressive realities at the same time—a man conducting an orchestra and someone having a fit of anger. In this performance his movements spoke to me without any need for words.

I learned that he was unable to stop creating, whether he felt like it or not. Joyful excitement or irritating agitation equally inspired him. Furthermore, as much as he enjoyed being a flashy showman, an extraordinary performer, and a passionate energizer of others, he hated traveling and became increasingly annoyed with audiences who wanted him to play former compositions that had become popular. He once conducted over one thousand concerts in eight years. Lisztomania was more contagious than a plague. Neither he, the audience, nor the critics understood what made everyone go ecstatically wild and delirious when he played. He was called a force of nature. He finally stopped playing, or almost quit, preferring to write instead. Few people know that for a period of time Liszt turned his art from music to writing. He wrote both letters and critical essays, resulting in one scholar calling him the “The Scribe of Weimar.” This is the Liszt I faced in the dream—he was a scribe not happy with his audience. Hillary and I must turn to a more poetic means to point out the mystical teaching he expressed:

Art’s highest aim is to evoke the ineffable,
Not a release of psyche’s excrement.
Be an instrument of what remains beyond earthly reach.
Build the multi-sensory bridge to the other side.

The ecstatic mania, fever, and fervor of mystery
Has nothing to do with charisma or personality.
It comes from composing for God and playing for heaven.
Care not for anything other than mystical priesthood.
Your light is fleeting.
Head to the gate and rite of passage.

The canvas, score, chalkboard, and manuscript are pure darkness,
Waiting for life to pass through.
Meet the dark and light twins of breath.
In their respiration is found art’s inspiration.

The composer’s keyboard, the painter’s easel, the writer’s desk,
Ezekiel’s wheel of harmony, color, and metaphor.
Changing the past to recreate the future,
As higher awe thaws the flaw of lower ideation.

If God asks, be ready to change the instrument.
Exchanging notes, letters, hues, numbers, thoughts,
Rearranging shapes, critters, body parts, and musical notes.

This keeps mystery the same—unattainable
A dissolving focus going in and out.

God breathes construction and destruction,
Mystical sensation is a celebration of flickering sparks in the dark.
Each work of art is made by the on and off of the overhead light.
Like you, it shines for a moment and then goes out.

The void welcomes you to finer dining,
Come as bread, better read when colored red,
Practice and rehearse to become
A better fit for ceremonial passage.

Create a more vibrant interplay of life and death,
Offer a glass of love at the upper room table.
Bland or ritually banned? Face the aesthetic question.
This is Liszt's answer to composing a life.

Wave your arms to pray into the whirl,
Conduct the symphony of war and peace,
Sing the marriage of joy and suffering,
Soak in the Excelsior Springs of sojoprings.

Celebrate, celebrate, you've got a date with God.
Prepare to meet your Gardener,
Go way down under the ground.
There is found the root of your art.

Bliss Bomb 13: Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting

Last night Brad dreamed we were in the country town he grew up in, accompanied by his father and grandfather who were both country preachers:

Hillary and my grandmother Doe were also with us. The five of us were going around making house calls like old-fashioned preachers and horse-and-buggy doctors did in the past. In this dream, every Guild member resided in my small hometown and we came to your house to administer spiritual doctoring and prayer. This spirited activity woke me up in the middle of the night and I continued on for another couple of hours, feeling wide awake yet still inside the ongoing vision. It was the kind of prayer meeting and open-hearted vigil I used to attend as a child and later as an adult member of a sanctified black church. These meetings took place on Wednesday nights. The next morning I realized that the visionary prayer meeting also took place on Wednesday. Since the prayer wheel is still turning, let's throw you in its motion:

Now it's time to restart the prayer feast
With its hooper song and dance fest.
Reconnect the electrical booster cables,
Then select everything on the high dining menu:

Zen Roshi Roti: one-word dining to keep you on the main course.

N/om-Kxao Beef: one-song feasting, repeat to make and bake lead into spiritual bread.

Holy Spirit Cocktail: one-prayer drinking, repeat until the flood, fire, thunder, lightning, and wind are released.

To enter the changing of First Creation, start praying with an unchanged focus.
Be careful with any trickster hocus pocus.
Don't be in a hurry to arrive at the destination you fantasize.
Only aim to end up juggled in the middle wobble whirlwind.

There you meet the crossroads again: trick or retreat?
To be or not to be a master yeti baiter, or a holy singing gator?
Close your eyes and hear the eland breathing.
Wave goodbye to trickster brain's clogged drain.
Wave hello to the vast silo filled with spiritual grain.

To build a big room, trickster must be hired and then immediately fired.
Don't get confused, pretending you don't need trickster's help to light the fuse.
The black bear isn't going anywhere,
It's forever wed to the white bear, a true contrarian pair,
Their two-sided love is here to stay.

Knock knock, who's there?
It's Tony and the mare,
Along with Reverend Keeney and the rest of the K-Pop clan from now and long ago.
Open the door, we're here to doctor your soul.
Smithville is in the middle wobble between the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers.
Higher hands have come to deliver the holy spirit shivers.

Pray with every thread of the spiritual cooking lineages.
Those are the prayer lines that braid a strong rope.
Wait for song to come as dessert.
A holy dream is a cherry on top that can make you feel merry,
Only after you have feasted on the n/om meat and sweet potatoes of prayer.

Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord!
That's the two-word ignition key.
It feels and feeds the need to pray.

The more its words remain the same,
The more likely you will be changed.

Prayer starts classically, with unaltered words and notes.
Until it spontaneously morphs into a fresh improvisation,
Making old dots and lines feel new again.
Jazz must be under God's supervision, with Duke and Johnny in the band.
At some point you must surpass the wordplay of a hip hop cat.
Otherwise, you'll never drop the hat and remain a talking head.

Later, the eland helps the land expand.
Then EEE-land and JEEE-sus start to sound the same.
As the big room nears, your ears will hear things differently.
With second eyes feeling more than seeing.

Everyone gets stuck trying to figure out the start and the end,
Forgetting that life and death exist in the middle.
Pray in order to pray more, becoming the wheel you already are.

Prayer meetings start on Wednesday,
That's the middle of the week.
Make the middle matter more than the name of the day or the source of the ray.

Wobble in the middle of prayer, forever wed to Wednesday.
This is what it means to live way up in the middle of the air,
Where wheels within wheels are the turning of prayer.

Stop worrying about when and what to sing or dance,
Only pray the same old way the ancestors climb.
The Higher Eland Hooper decides when it's time for a chorus line and dance circle.

Celebrate, celebrate, use the two-word key while on your knees.
Shout Membicaid to forever assure you never have a clue when bliss is due
Or its time to take that long song walk amidst the morning dew.

On the first day, be in the middle.
On the last day, be deeper in the middle.
Everything in between is Wednesday night.

***Bliss Bomb 14:
The Come and Get It Reset—It's Dinner Time!***

Brad envisioned an old blacksmith named J.B. Valmour turn away from his bellows in New Orleans and offer these words to those soaking in the ceremonial campground:

Let me tell you what goes on in an initiation into the ways of spiritual cooking, which I call spiritual blacksmithing. Shamanism, mysticism, ecstatic healing, seiki transmission, n/om archery, sanctified preaching, higher doctoring, visionary teaching, spiritual engineering, and spiritual cooking all involve the same dynamic action: the art of changing a cold, hard prayer line into a hot, soft mystical wheel. At first, a prayer line is just a piece of metal. You need a spiritual pointer to provide you with the directions for heating it up. Once you cook it with good spiritual engineering, that prayer line is forged into a mystical wheel.

You received a summer camp prayer key: “Yes, Lord.” It is supposed to be prayed again and again until a spark ignites and you feel that mystical wheel turning. Later when it really gets moving, the wheel will feel like it turns on its own. The gears mysteriously and surprisingly shift. With old school supervision that links each generation of spiritual cooks and blacksmiths, you learn how to alter the prayer line’s expression until it becomes an alchemical mystery wheel. If you can’t get that cold prayer line to heat up, don’t change the prayer. Change the way you are praying. Learn how to handle and melt the metal that was given to you, and then let the higher blacksmith’s hands forge and reshape its form.

Hillary envisioned a sidewalk corner in the French Quarter of New Orleans, not far from where an old blacksmith once dwelled.. There Sister Gertrude Morgan picked up her tambourine and spoke to summer campers:

Listen to everything that Brother Valmour teaches. He knows how to turn that hard, cold metal of you into a wheel for God. We mothers, however, know you are also in need of being led by being fed because you’re hungry for some holy bread. Follow these fine dining instructions for how to eat what’s on your summer camp menu:

First, take a bite of the T-bone steak. Pray with one word over and over for one minute, like chewing a piece of tough meat. Make it soft before you swallow. This one word is, “Yes.” Do this with your whole body praying. Get moving when you say that word!

Second, put a little sauce on that prayer line! Say the whole prayer key, “Yes, Lord,” but add some melodic tone. You don’t need a fancy melody—just a one or two-note musical tone will season that two-word prayer and give it some flavor! Do this for the next three minutes. Don’t drift or get distracted. Warm up that two-word prayer key, but don’t be in a hurry to make it hot. Let Big Dada be in charge of that.

Third, drink that prayer! Turn the two-word key with all your heart, longing, and passion for Dada Darling communion. Do so while holding a glass with a small amount of water—transmit your prayer vibrations into that water. Allow one minute for that two-word prayer to change that water into spirit wine! Then drink that glass of extreme love poured by prayer. Amen!

A new dinner is now being served, fellow campers! Repeat this three-course, five-minute pentadic prayer feast as often as you like. Make sure you make the experimental changes of tone, rhythm, and movement until you turn a cold, bitter, hard metal line into a tasty soft drink, a thirst-quenching water wheel. Eat that bread and wash it down with holy water! As Sister Gertrude says again in our campground, "You'll be glad you did."

Celebrate, celebrate, the old New Orleans family is back.
They bring their gifts for your ceremonial reset.
Don't proudly say, "I did it my way."
Sister Gertrude would say, "That's the *sin* of Frank *Sinatra!*"
We just say, "Frankly, doing it 'my way' is uncooked spaghetti,
Missing the eland meat of the Serengeti."

Saint Valmour plans to forge you into a wheel.
Saint Gertrude aims to feed you some spiritual heat meat.
They pray you don't get lost in the dry cereal of serial spiritual materialism,
They want you inside the juicier praying condition that has more contrition nutrition.

Shout with joy when an eland sparks, barks, spans, or pranks you,
Shout with delight when a cabalistic god kicks you in the *cabeza*.
Welcome to the Old Ship Zion!
Get on board and tell your Chuck Stare to walk the plank.
Be a prayer pirate, hunter, forager, forger, and cooker for the Lord.

Celebrate, celebrate, it's all about prayer.
Turn those words into flesh and blood,
Swallow this dual fire for the bones.
Eat, drink, and be married to the Big Mama and Dada Darlings.

Celebrate, celebrate, be more like Tony.
Otherwise risk being a phony that can't ride the pony.
Dial up the mare and ask to be lifted above the roof,
There you do more than speak in tongues,
You pray in fire and are reborn as a drink of holy water.

Be more like Tony and learn how to heel,
Give up the trickster deal.
Turn the wheel!
Try it for five minutes, and then five hours.
Day by day, this is how you build a room.

Lay your burdens down, erase the "burr" dens of refrigeration.
Throw that "burr" and chill of a small room into Brother Valmour's fire.
He cooks his prayers and transforms burden into God's burnin'.

He came back with the Deep South blacksmith praying way.
He created a circle and served as its medium,
He had an anointment for sitting in the middle,
He hosted appointments with former saints,
Made of spirit and served by communion.

Quench your thirst and feed your hunger,
Eat and drink that extreme love from Sister Gertrude's kitchen.
She cooks her prayers way up in the middle of the air.
She inhaled and exhaled the holy spirit with every breath,
She never had a conversation,
She only spoke in sermons,⁵⁰
She only served soul fried fish and extraordinary fine wine,
Made of bread and water.

Go wild for the holy drop,
Then drop the spoilt past.
Ready and steady,
Feet off the brakes and hands off the wheel.

Get a new set of tires,
Fill them up with holy wind.
Take a trip on the straight and narrow highway,
Fueled by a sweet hour of prayer,
"Heavenly Sunshine" is your ticket to drive in the fast lane!⁵¹

The key turns the ignition, the engine,
The moving wheels of transportation,
The whirling journey to and through the gate.
This is spiritual cooking, the passage to whole room transformation.

The summer camp initiation is grounded in prayer,
It is dip, dip, dip, dip, dipped five times into the mourning ground,
It is shot up, up, up, up, up five times all the way to outer space.
Prayer has two wings and two fins to help you doubly fly and swim.

Nix that faux journey to Ixtlan,
Join this journey to E-land!
It's a coast-to-coast, up and down, circling round,

⁵⁰ Josh. "Jesus Is My Airplane: Sister Gertrude Morgan's 'Let's Make a Record.'" *Let Us Make a Record*, 23 Aug. 2011, letusmakearecord.com/2011/08/23/jesus-is-my-airplane-sister-gertrude-morgans-lets-make-a-record/#comments. Accessed 20 Aug. 2020.

⁵¹ This is from Brad's vision published in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2017)

Holy toast, holy roast hearty party,
Ceremonially reset, forged, and cooked in New Orleans.

Feed that prayer,
Feed that fire,
You are a chunk of metal in need of the hammer and anvil.
You are a sacred thirst and sacred hunger in need of being watered and fed
By holy Sazerac spirit and musical bread.

Postscript:

Within one minute of writing this report, we received a message from Guild camper Owen Stevens: "I awoke envisioning one word— 'pernacious.' I had this odd thought, 'This is a pernacious sky.' The word does not exist. But we did find it invented in one book, *Sacred Hunger*, written by Barry Unsworth."

We looked up the word in Unsworth's book and it appears three times. It is used as if it is the word "pernacious," but it is unlikely that the author and publishers of this 1992 Booker Prize-winning book made the same typo three times. Therefore, the presence of his word, pernacious, remains a mystery to us. Even more mysterious is that it led Owen to discover this book, much the way Brad's previous dream of the misspelled word, *sojoprings*, led us to the work of Reverend Joseph Hart. According to the book jacket, "*Sacred Hunger* is a stunning and engrossing exploration of power, domination, and greed. Filled with the 'sacred hunger' to expand its empire and its profits, England entered full into the slave trade and spread the trade throughout its colonies." Owen, we know firsthand, is unafraid to voice his anger at the pernicious pernacious persistence of the insatiable hunger for power and domination is still running rampant throughout the world. We are reminded that the same phrase, in this case "sacred hunger," can refer to two very different things. The question is, which kind of sacred hunger will you feed: The eland hunger for God's T-bone n/om meat, or the yeti hunger fueled by greed? Choose to travel on the sky comet not the faulty corporate railroad track.

Yes, summer campers, we are hungry for the sacred and Sister Gertrude knows it. She's got her cast iron pan, forged by Brother Valmour, hot and ready to sizzle your soul. Follow her instructions for the ceremonial reset. The summer camp dinner bell is ringing! Come and get it!

Postscript Two:

On a final silly note, after summer camp, Pons Haley and Pernacious Owen will go home having caught two trophy fish, each feeding the hunger of the other.

Bliss Bomb 15: Shakers

Brad dreamed he was at a university that was an amalgam of every academic institution he had worked at during his professorial career:

I stood in front of my former university administrators. As I looked at them, I remembered how I had earlier amassed a long curriculum vitae with many publications and professional contributions. It made me a desirable hire as long as no one knew how much I was organized by the inner fire. Because I was in demand back then, I made sure that my job contract specified that I would not have to attend any meetings or serve on committees, and that I would teach whatever I wanted to teach. In the dream, looking back I was surprised I had suchchutzpah and could get away with those demands. At the same time, I wondered why I was now facing these administrators, the ones Hillary and I privately call, “the guardians of mediocrity.”

My first department chair, Professor Connie Steele, appeared in the dream to hand me an academic publication with a very long and convoluted title. It emitted the “smell of scholarship,” as I used to call it, but didn’t necessarily say anything meaningful. She announced, “The university has decided to commit itself to raising its standards and go to the highest level. We want you to give a lecture on this topic to set an example.” I was annoyed to be told that I had to do such a thing, especially since it wasn’t in my contract. Just as I was about to protest, Professor Steele leaned over and whispered, “Look at the title again. You’ll be pleased that it’s a topic you know well.”

When I looked more closely at the title, I saw that the typed title had been crossed out and one word had been handwritten over it. The new one-word title was, “Shakers.” In that moment I realized I was in a spiritual classroom on high. Then Hillary appeared by my side and we gave the presentation together. It flowed out of us without any preconception of what we would say. It was an improvisation built on a whole life of preparation for this teaching presentation. Let’s just say that Professor Steele was a metaphor again pointing us to the alchemical transformation of hard, cold steel into a mystical wheel. Furthermore, there is no longer any need for extensive explanation or beating around the bush when the teaching is a primary cornerstone felt deep in your bones.

Shaking is a sign of spiritual baking.
Yet once this is said, it becomes easily misread,
Reduced to involuntary twitching rather than holy wonder bread.
People itching to make claims and missing the higher aim.

Years before, we dropped the name “shaking”
Because it led to too much faking.
We went for the big room n/om boom wakeup call
That put feeling the rope to God above all.
But even a rope and a n/om nail can become yeti food,
More grain for the trickster brain.

Shaking must shake everything, not just the muscles.
It must shake you to feel as small as a clam, shrimp, or mussel.

Shake every thought, emotion, and motion.
Shake the dueling bears of mind and body.
Shake the shouting bark and the lark song.
Shake the slippery elm's medicine hug.
Shake in the dark to find a different light.

What does this mean?
Cross out that question,
Write the right one-word answer.
This is the title of your singular anointment.

Shake the ocean waves,
Shake the angel wings,
Shake the trees,
Shake the flames that burn and turn.
The four walls of your cabin are trembling and shaking—
A summer camp earthquake has been unleashed!
Every fault line is slipping.

The Kalahari shakers are here,
The Caribbean shakers are near,
Welcome shakers of England and New England,
Shakers of the Pacific Northwest and everywhere.
All had their moment in history,
Falling meteors or passing comets, rarely returning.
Only the Eland people know how to keep that shaking fire burning.

The Shakers and Quakers soon became still.
The Methodists never had enough fire,
In spite of their method, or maybe because of it.
In the scheme of things there wasn't much heating in their meetings.
Every religious revival soon struggled to revive,
Survival of the politically fittest replaced the natural bloom of wilder flowers.

Earthquakes may gently tremble,
Or powerfully crumble the walls.
Numinous shaking has the same variation,
From jubilation to trepidation,
Depending on whether you welcome or resist new room creation.

The gross motor shake feeds the stillborn life of zombie and yeti,
Littered with predictable spiritual signs and cliché graffiti.
Tongue babbling is not spirit stream bubbling.
A brief pleasure quiver tickles but never topples.

Be careful what you pray for, it might come.
Are you ready for the cost, if it means getting lost?
The double wobble may begin with an unpleasing queasy that is not easy.
Trickster agents will say this spiritual unease is a diagnosable disease.
They'll dismiss it and you'll miss another chance to run with the Elands.

There is no "I" in shaking, even though there is.
There is only shaking, baking, and remaking the room,
The community, and the whole theatre troupe.
Shaking vibrations include all our relations!
The shaking Life Force Theatre hosts the wild force of nature,
Not the shaking medicine of a new age pill and trivial thrill.
This is the ancient shaking medicine of death and resurrection.

Meet the heat of numinous baking, before you call it shaking.
You can't define it and you can't refine it.
This fuel is raw and dirty, unfiltered, unlaundered,
No institutional whitewash with soul butter that puffs up your adder.
This is the white seiki snake who is ready to shake!

J. B. Valmour is here. Let's ask him our question:
"Where did your shaking come from, the one that started your inner fire?"
He answers in two manners, accustomed to the need for double blacksmith hammers:
"All the way from Africa Land, I felt the E-Land give its command to
Re-enter First Creation, for all else is lower imagination."
Then he added, "All oscillation must be aligned with the Lord above,
Kept steady, engaged, and in holy matrimony.
I follow the ancient variation, palpitation, and vibration of mystical heart defibrillation."

Mother Ralph arrives and we ask her the same question:
"Where did your shaking come from, the one that started your inner fire?"
She answers, "It came from the Lord."
Then she breathed like a drum,
And rang like a bell,
"We shake to become sunbeams for the Lord."

Mother Twa arrives and we ask again:
"Where did your shaking come from, the one that started your inner fire?"
She doesn't say a word but starts to shake,
And bakes us an answer in movement and sound:
"I own the eland and so do you."

Mother Osumi, Sensei, arrives next.

“Sensei, where did your shaking come from—”

She answers before we finish the question.

“Less important is my shake, I only bake the seiki cake.

As long as sushi and tempura are both on the plate,

Seiki moves everything along.

Actually, it no longer has nothing to do with what I just said,

Because seiki returns to sweep away whatever is transiently true.”

Old blind Motaope arrives with a cane.

“Where did your shaking come from, the one that started your inner fire?”

He smiles and says,

“From the rope that helps me see through the cold and dance past the fire,

I climb higher.

I become the eland, coming from the place where we are still coming from.”

Mother Samuel arrives to add her cooked dish to the table.

We ask her, “Where did your shaking come from, the one that started your cooking fire?”

She replies without hesitation,

“It comes when we think or speak of the precious one.”

She adds, “You can taste the shaking in my cooking if you pray without ceasing.”

/Kunta Boo shouts somewhere out of the bush and over the rain-bo,

“Peek-a-boo, hello Bo, stop that looking and let’s get cooking.”

He meant “Let’s go hunting for the n/om of First Creation.”

His gaze was ablaze, conveying that the eland are near,

Ready to pierce us with arrows and spears.

Reverend Joseph Hart, hearing these words as a hymn made of psalm,

Stood up and proclaimed, “I, Joseph Hart, was always seeking that dart,

The Kalahari arrow tip, nail, and spear of the upper atmosphere.

I’m so happy that Brad and Hillary went back in time to correct history,

Because now I’m eland on fire with Jeee-sus mystery.

/Kunta Boo is teaching me how to shake,

And I’m teaching him how to write his autobiography.

The old jazz legends are the last saints to come marching in.

Inspired by the staccato, vibrato, and legato of the said and unsaid.

They say, “Let’s spread some jam on this warm holy bread.”

The Juke joint appears inside the church, giving birth to gospel syncopation.

The church appears inside Africa land, rebirthing eland emancipation.

Wait! Who’s that man in the distance?

It’s Charles Henry parachuting in with sensory wheels spinning.

“As I observe from the upper Sorbonne,

I must say that a contrarian librarian is needed,
To keep neither night nor day from having the final word.
I'm currently working out the mathematics of trembling vibratics.
Inspired by your lecture on shakers,
I'm expanding my multi-glory laboratory."

Hearing this, George Gershwin and Fred Astaire,
Sing and dance themselves up and down the Broadway stairs.
They perform what it is to both ascend and descend,
Doing so at every show.
Dancing in the dark and singing in the rain,
The summer camp theatre is open again!

It's time to journey to E-land, the other name of First Creation.
To get there, follow the map that only a shaker can read,
There you find that nothing was ever missing,
Come home, elands, come home!

Bliss Bomb 16: Make Prayer a Chrysanthemum

Brad dreamed we heard someone beating a drum and chanting a two-word prayer. As the drumbeat varied in volume and tempo, the intensity of the prayer changed in kind. As we listened, our bodies were naturally swept up in the rhythm and we were carried away by this turning mystical prayer wheel. At the end of the dream, Brad heard one word spoken: "Chrysanthemum." He asked what this meant. A voice replied, "Make prayer a chrysanthemum."

The heart of shamanism is prayer,
A wheel turned by drum and voice.

Add a pipe or flute, then a lyre,
Music brings more truth to prayer.
Stomping feet and tapping cane,
Make another prayer drum,
The drum and voice walking together.

Make prayer a chrysanthemum,
Become a different kind of flower child
In the new summer of extreme love.

The Chinese started making its tea 3,000 years ago.
This all-purpose medicinal plant,
Treats poor vision, a virus, and hypertension.
The ancient Greeks wore them as garlands to keep dreaded spirits away,
Others said it discouraged wandering ghosts from stopping by.

Brought to Japan in the 5th Century by Chinese Buddhist monks,
The chrysanthemum became the symbol of that country,
And the magic potion for the fountain of youth.
The old Japanese legends say this flower was sent before the time of religion.
Then associated with the fire made by the gods, even with the sun itself.

Kiku is the Japanese name of chrysanthemum.
Ikuko Osumi, Sensei knew its seed and blossom.
Alongside her orchids, the kiku bloomed.
Kiku, seiki, fire, prayer, all the same.

Matsuo Basho, Japan's beloved poet,
Made the chrysanthemum the subject of haiku.
Tap, tap, tap goes the cane on the floor,
Open the door, a haiku telegram has arrived for you:

Scent of chrysanthemums ...
And in Nara
All the ancient Buddhas.

Every sense has its prayer
The prayer of scent, sound, taste, sight, and touch.
Everything praying, beating the drum,
Turns two-words into one—
Chrysanthemum.

Prayers are flowers.
Their seeds are planted in the ground.
Only later do they track the sun and extend their reach.
Feel the power of the flower mother
The chrysanthe mum gives birth to prayer.

Bliss Bomb 17: Welcome to the New Middle

Brad had a visionary reunion with Motaope, the old blind Bushman n/om-kxao. They discussed the future of Sacred Ecstatics:

Celebrate, celebrate!
The Guild has been shown its future: a new middle.
This adventure will soon begin again as we are about to reach the end.
Welcome to your next wobble.

This is the Guild experiment:

Exploration of how we can better yield to the middle,
Playing and praying in the vast field of First Creation,
Setting our souls on fire,
Hearing one another singing in the wire,
Spinning that prayer-song-dance wheel,
Recreating the world with each turn,
Re-building the summer camp cabin every morning and every night.

Guild: yield to the middle.
Follow the eland tracks and find the First Creation fire,
The spirits only come when the room gets bigger,
The room only gets bigger when the heart climbs higher.
The old blind Bushman returns with news of a mystical sighting:
You're at the border crossing, living and dying at the gate,
Never leaving, always dancing between the two worlds.

Brad's last visit to Motaope was on January 3, 1999.
That's when he asked Brad to tell everyone about the Bushman way,
Opening the heart's door to n/om excitation and rope-bred transformation,
The old school means of climbing every mountain,
And drinking from the fountain of sacred ecstasy.

His final words to Brad were:
"God brought you and me together,
This makes me very happy.
I see you in my dreams.
I know what you are doing, and I protect you."

"You must tell everyone about our medicine.
That's why we were brought together.
Please teach them to sing, dance, shake, and touch.
Everyone needs to meet God through this experience.
It teaches us to forgive and love everyone. . . .
Go and love everyone as a Bushman."

Let the dance show we are truly one people, one family, one love.
Now he adds, while changing your history and the Guild's future:
"We have found the new summer of extreme love,
Born of visionary dreaming,
Reborn in the stream,
This singing water flows to lakes, to rivers, and finally
Becomes the Kalahari sea of sand."

Postscript:

Extreme love is here to stay.
It's always been here, have you?

Not feeling it? This only means you aren't yet inside the summer camp First Creation room. You (AKA, big me) are hopeless and therein lies the hope. Get hopeless enough to no longer try fixing yourself or others. Instead, join us in the big room built for both the big and little me of you.

Sort of feeling it? Awesome. This means you are in the theatre, but not yet on stage. Think you are feeling it, but are possibly only mistaking it for big me inflation? This means you are over-extending your reach, not acting your part, or pretending you aren't bending the rope when you are on another big me intoxication bender.

Irritated, pissed, and ready to dismiss? This means your big me has masterfully created more room shrinkage due to distant observation that negates others in order to affirm the big me kingdom of never-land in the nowhere cold.

Hungry for more? Then step, leap, and dive onto the performance stage, but don't suck up all the air and hog all the space. And don't be in a hurry or risk losing the blurry wobbly.

Still hungry for more? Take the prat fall so the high rise may naturally arise.

Want to go all the way? Then aim to be in the middle of the big room wobble. Careful, this is not the Ptolemy solar system. It is the alchemical everywhere of every critter in the pregnant-belly-heart of First Creation.

Want the heat but aren't sure how to act? Fantastic, now you are getting to the better question and answer, the sanctified call and response.

How can I change my action? Thank you, Lord. Let's throw the Lard in the frying pan. Act in ways more pleasing to the mediums who are the middle chain links, rungs, and steps of the ladder, rope, and stairs. Be careful, act like they did when they began, not how they are now. Be as lost as they once were, as contrite, and hungry for being set right rather than claiming too early that you are already there or ever have been.

Would you please repeat that again? Everything thought, spoken, or enacted should not imitate an anointed middle, medium, transformer, or conductor. It should perform the role of someone lost, in need, and still learning how to hunt and feed every body part that lost its n/om home.

How do I say thank you? Enact it, embody it, perform, it. Practice it even if you don't feel it. That's the Japanese seiki way, the Kalahari n/om way, the Caribbean holy spirit 'doption way . . . the shaking tent way. The cooking ancestral way in all its changing forms.

Ready to be in the middle as if it's the very first time, having no idea what this means? If yes, then you are half way there. If no, then you are half-way there. Keep both those black bears a contrary pair. But hold the paw paw of the song carrier and hear the singing gator jawbone preparing to take a bite. Stop looking at God's finger. Bite it. You'll be mad if you don't. This is what it means to be glad that you ate another meatloaf of holy bread.

In other words, be disappointed when you feel too certain about anything.

In other words, be grateful when you feel shaken.

In other words, celebrate the waking and walking that lead you to the Void of the asteroid, comet, and falling rope star.

In other words, the middle wobble topples whatever seems big, delightfully and surprisingly making you feel a teeny-steamy part of it All.

In other words, everything is the reverse of whatever verse you may have learned.

In other words, feel the entry into First Creation.

Beyond all words, Kalahari style eating and shitting help make you more fitting for God.

In other words, have fewer shit fits, and become a better fit for God's greatest hits.

The bottom upper line: Less searching for the miracle pill and more becoming a dill pickle with a side of grilled ribs and fried chicken wings. E-land dining talk invites a four-legged walk.

Bliss Bomb 18: The Big Aerosol Can of Wet-Dry Cleaning

In dream Brad met a former colleague, Jeffrey Ross, a psychiatrist who co-authored a scholarly book with him entitled, *Mind in Therapy* (1985):

Back then he and I presented at conferences together and maintained a private practice in Manhattan. We only worked with the oddest clients we could find—a deli delivery man whom we taught Morse code, a frustrated cabinet maker whom we had design the ultimate chair, and other families and couples who were “crazy” in interesting ways. When Jeffrey and I were together, for some unknown reason we could not stop laughing. There was never a clinical session or a professional conference where we didn't get the extreme giggles and have to leave the room. We once crawled out on the floor because we were so bent over laughing with side-splitting pain. Finally, we were experts on the hot sauces of New Mexico. He grew up there and we conducted “research” at practically every diner that claimed to serve the best chile heat. We even named ourselves the Burrito Brothers and took turns calling each other either Red or Green Burrito.

In the dream Jeffrey was with his wife, a former cardiology nurse from New York City who received her Ph.D. in history from Columbia University. Her dissertation studied women's diaries written during the American Civil War. She now teaches history near Santa Fe, New Mexico. In this visionary reunion, Jeffrey made an announcement while unsuccessfully trying to keep a serious expression on his face. He said that they had a gift for me, something they had kept in storage all these years. I knew that they had been waiting for Hillary to be my side. Jeffrey

asked his wife to present the gift. She went to a closet in the kitchen and pulled out an absurdly giant aerosol can. She proceeded to spray the back of my clothes with it, from the top of my collar to the bottom of my pants. I felt its moisture as it struck the surface of the cloth, but then instantly my clothes felt dry and starchy. We all started laughing when she announced, "It's a can of wet-dry cleaning."

I woke up laughing and remembering how often I used to die of laughter when we were together. In addition, I recalled how long it took for Jeffrey's wife, Kristie, to complete her dissertation because her professor was one of the most famous historians in the world and he demanded uncompromising excellence in his students' work, no matter how long it took to achieve it. It took her over a decade to complete her dissertation. In the dream they set up a prank that was as humorously medicinal as it was wisely pedagogical regarding the polarities of hilarity.

What amazed me about the dream was how it condensed so many themes into a string of metaphors. We are surely living in a time of civil war with hearts in need of nursing. This is true for many countries as it is the case for each cabin dweller with two dueling bears on the roof. We must go back in history to correct our perception of it. Changing how and what we read, and highlight, in those diaries results in a return to an altered future. Take your time, it takes many years of study to undo and correct what you originally mis-learned from the past.

What feels wet can dry clean your suit, and what goes up can help you come down. In this spiritual classroom the duos are complementary pairs rather than dichotomous duelers. Opposites are two poles of conductance. Dry land and wet mist from the sky also meet in the hurricanes of every day. Don't fear the flood, it cleans and leaves you dry, more fit for a clerical collar from over and under yonder. And that is simply hilarious, isn't it? Here, try it out for yourself. Canned humor may not be funny when it's wet, but after it dries the wit comes out. Next time you are considering have a fit about political or relational divisions, reach for that can. It's invisible but always there in front of you. Spray only your backside (leave the front untreated) and then consider crawling or better, sliding across the floor with tap dancer Jimmy Slyde. It's guaranteed to make the local weather better as you learn to be a wet and dry rainmaker.

Don't be in a hurry to dive in the lake,
Never rush to spray a can.
Rein in canned humor,
Go for the aerosol spray with more change in its air.
Reach for the wet-dry cleaner.

Jimmy Slyde didn't hide his soul tap water,
That's how he slipped and Slyded on a dry dance floor.
A two-hooved hooper he was,
A tap changer and room rearranger.

The Burrito Brothers fly the zany skies,

Ending the civil war between red and green with every bite of New Mexican sauce,
Rereading diaries to tickle a former fickle history,
Using tap shoes, tapping canes, spraying cans, and spicy wings.
Down pours the gentle mist of mystery,
At first it's wet but quickly dries,
We'll never know whys although we tries.

What is the moral of this odd fable?
Is it about the wet-dry duo combo?
Losing your mind in therapy?
Civil war and how not to die while writing in your diary?
It's definitely about laughter, brothers, chiles, and this:
The aerosol can must be *big*.

You need a big room sized wet-dry spray, that's all.
Nothing less can clean up the mess
Reset a broken funny bone,
And cover the back of your bread,
With wet and dry double sauce.

Don't fight a war, spray it with hilarity.
While you're at it, mist Chuck and Chuckess Stare,
Only this will get them out of the chair and breathing higher air.
Chiles begin wet, then are dried, and then are made wet again,
The green and red will teach you how to go from trickster boss to fiery sauce,
From chilly burr to hot burrito.

Forget the hare, spray your hair.
Fred Astaire did, as did the Gershwins,
Check Errol's top mop,
And all the hooper hair roofs.
They look wet enough to make you die and dry laughing.

Since we are still in summer camp theatre mode with its prayer code,
Let us remember the Broadway Musical hit, *Hairspray*.
Spray on these wet-dry lyrics from its theme song:

*If you take a ride
With no can at your side
Then your flip will be gone
With the wind*

*But if you spray it and lock it,
You can take off in a rocket*

*And in outer space
Each hair will be in place*

*Why take a chance
When you get up and dance
If you twist, I insist
You use hairspray.*

In other words,
Pray with the right spray
For your back, backside, and the top of your head.
Leave the front alone,
That's for the higher big aerosol can.
Ladies and Gentlemen, please starch your engines!
The race to replace mild with wild is about to begin.

Bliss Bomb 19: The Lord Is My Eland

The Lord is my Eland; I shall not want.

² He maketh Tony to fetch in green pastures: he leadeth my little white mare above the turbulent waters.

³ Thy two bears on top of the leaky roof are now a pair that restoreth my soul: the gator leadeth and singeth me toward the path of sacred ecstasy with no need for any namesake.

⁴ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Yeti shadows, I will fear no evil devil or meanie weenie: for thou playful critters art with me; thy lightning rod and thy musical staff they excite me.

⁵ Thou preparest a dining table before me in the presence of all the changing forms of trickster: thou anointest my soul with fire; my cup runneth over with the singing waters.

⁶ Surely goodness and hilarity shall follow all the dill pickles of my life: and I will dwell in the big room summer camp cabin of the Deep-Frying Lard forever.

P.S. Yes, Lord. Thank you for the seiki shapeshifters who give me the utmost joy jitters in every part of my Zen empty temple as I forever host the oddities of your numinous body.

Bliss Bomb 20: Elands, Come Home

Brad dreamed we were with a group of financiers who wanted to support our doing more ethnographic field work with ecstatic spiritual cultures around the world.

Hillary and I looked at one another, smiled, and replied, "No thank you." We walked away from the table and knew that the most important and exciting ecstatic spiritual culture to explore was the Sacred Ecstatics community now beginning to take form for the new future. We walked out of the building, leaving that former spiritual fieldwork life behind just as we had left behind the university

and the psychotherapy profession. It felt as if this was the last small room to drop away. The institutions we formerly worked with, in spite of their good intentions, were yeti-minded and missing soft and tender eland hearts. More than that, however, we are now dedicated to embodying and hosting the unique Sacred Ecstasies mojo blend of seiki, n/om, holy spirit, universal life force, creative fruit nectar, dill pickle elixir, hooper wine, and jazz champagne. Walking away even freer from every former ring that has no fire, we're now clearly living full time on the furthest outskirts of a truly ancient but newly reborn frontier.

In the dream and afterward, two old hymns kept alternating back and forth. "Throw Out the Lifeline" and "Have a Little Talk with Jesus." They continued to change their lyrics like a true First Creation Life Force Theatre Show. "Have a Little Talk with Eland" and "Throw Out the Multi-Lineage Line" created a new kind of marching tune for the saints to come tap dancing in. We celebrate how the summer camp collectively managed to break through the veil and unwrap the mummy wrappings of maya—the armor of hard resistance to sacred play and oldest-fashioned n/om living. We are samurai of the live-and-die-bake-pie-in-the-sky spiritual mavericks. crazier than any salon movement, wilder than any prior aesthetic school, we have tasted what it can be like to have a wobbly mystical online community where yetis are kept in place so elands can have more space. Someone's in the kitchen with the critters, and we campers have decided to conduct rather than resist numinous electricity.

Question: As you reenter life after initiation, what do you bring back?

Answer: A sense of what it's like to be doin' this together.

You felt *it* for at least a moment,
Traveling on the other side of the eland hide,
Where true shakers reside.
Step by step, feeling it together.

Over there you feel fizzy and dizzy,
Especially when dealing with yeti,
The zombie snickering at the light,
Making easy chair claims that it's always right,
Placing the blame on others when it doesn't feel the rain.

Elands, come home!
Leave your former dome,
Share each vision, song, and tremble with each other.
Step by step, creating the big room together.

Everything is changing,
Bit by bit,
Tap by tap,
Zap by zap,

Doin' this together.

This is the community of ecstatic communion,
Laughing and crying, dancing and dying,
Singing and ringing, shouting and climbing
Shaking this tent together.

Never forget:
You will forever need a spray of hilarity,
To wet-dry clean your back when it's thrown out of whack.
Spray the bears,
Spray the mare,
And spray your own hair.
Make that do taller 'til you holler,
It'll last so much longer!
Exchange big me observing for higher beehive serving.

The numinous is a hurricane of whirling wind.
Don't you be in a hurry,
The spirit cane arrives in its own time,
Tapping a two-word prayer key,
Bringing more pentadic possibility,
As you step into the role of a saint,
To experience your changeability.

Fly away, pelicans who think you can't.
May you later remember the sparrow arrow,
And return to the double truth on top of the roof.
We all face the same choice again and again,
Whether to eat holy bread on our life or death bed.
The door to the middle is always open,
For a wobbling eland no matter the reason.

Dive into the deep well within your soul,
Where the water sings and sacred ecstasy swells,
Until it Pops,
Making you a Mother,
Of another brother and sister.

Say E-land, somebody!
It's time to come home to your little me self.
Untie those bands,
Then take a stand for remaining bound.
Here we go for another round!

Forever tied to the incoming tide,
Taking you on the next Membicaid ride.

Bliss Bomb 21: Peculiar Pedagogy

In a dream Brad witnessed an odd event at sea:

The entire Guild was on a tugboat that helped pull a gigantic black cruise ship across the oceanic waves. I then noticed that a very large rope was pulling the tugboat. It surely was the thickest and strongest rope ever made, but I could not see what it was connected to. Suddenly that rope pulled with enough force to jerk the tugboat and give everyone a startle. Every Guild member immediately jumped into the sea. That leap was inspired by an emotion caught somewhere between disorienting fear and joyful excitement. People were initially upset by the realization that an unseen force was pulling their ship. They previously believed their little tugboat was doing all the pulling. At the same time, the experience of this greater power created an exhilarating sense of awe, hope, and fearlessness that caused a spontaneous overboard jump. Midair between air and sea, they were engulfed by sacred ecstasy.

Witnessing this with Hillary, we thought how such contrarian, paradoxical transformation seems nearly impossible to teach. Nevertheless, it is the pedagogy of Sacred Ecstasics. In other words, the impossible dream of attaining the Matterhorn pinnacle experience is not only beyond description and explanation, it is not something that can be learned in the conventional, logical way. We frustratingly concluded that the impossible dream requires a “futile pedagogy.” As we thought this, the clouds above moved and filled the nautical sky with two newly formed words: “Peculiar Pedagogy.” We immediately edited and changed what we had previously pondered and altered our conclusion: “The impossible dream requires a peculiar pedagogy.”

I woke up disoriented by the odd nature of the word “peculiar” and curious about the new phrase, “peculiar pedagogy.” The word “peculiar” has a double meaning. It connotes something strange and unordinary, but it more technically means something is special, distinguished, unique, or particular.

It also seemed I had grown up with that “peculiar” word as a child. An hour later, walking down the stairs to our shared work desk, I remembered how my grandmother, Doe, liked to giggle when she told us that we lived about one hour away from a small Missouri town named, “Peculiar.”

Directly south of Smithville and Kansas City is the town of Peculiar. There are two theories about how the town got its name. One attributes the name to its first postmaster, Edgar Thomson. He originally proposed that the community be called “Excelsior.” That name was rejected since it already existed—Excelsior Springs is the name of another town in Missouri and I dreamed of it last year. After other suggestions were rejected, the annoyed Thomson wrote to the Postmaster General and complained, adding, “We don’t care what name you give us so long

as it is sort of ‘peculiar.’” On June 22, 1868, Peculiar became the official town name.

The folklorist, Margot Ford McMillen, proposes another explanation. She believed that early settlers looking for some land to clear and farm found their spot and proclaimed, “Well that’s peculiar! It’s the very place I saw in a vision back in Connecticut.” Later a village was built on that plot and named “Peculiar.” Whatever the real reason for the peculiar name, the town motto today remains the same: “Peculiar, where the ‘odds’ are with you.” We’re even more interested in learning who came up with this genius motto. It sounds like something our favorite Missouri-born author, Mark Twain, a later resident of Connecticut, came up with.

A small tugboat helps move the big ship along, either with a push or a pull.
This little boat is more maneuverable and able to change its course,
Better able to get through crowded ports and narrow passageways.
Tugboats are strong, they sometimes are used to break ice.
They are also used in firefighting.
Their engines were originally fueled by steam.
Mark Twain even went fishing on a mischievous Fanny Ann.
When another ship faces a futile trickster challenge, a tug provides the sacred fuel.

In the nautical world of mystery, the tugboat pulls and is pulled,
An unseen big rope is attached to its bow.
When it pulls, the crew feels the sudden jerk of a power previously unnoticed.
That’s when the trembling, shaking, and quaking begin.
Big me is afraid that its job as captain is over,
Little me feels it is finally set free.
In that moment, when everything seems futile, confusing, and contradictory,
All of you leap into the sea!
This dive throws you deeper into C.M.C. ecstasy.

Sacred Ecstasies dreams the Impossible Dream
Where dive and climb are the same.
Get on board this tugboat, it’s pulled by the Old Ship Zion,
And provides a peculiar pedagogy,
An odd means of learning spiritual burning.
Don’t worry, the ‘odds’ are with you.
And so it is again, another headwind’s stern tale,
Traveling with the odd God,
On another remarkably peculiar journey at sea.

Bliss Bomb 22: The Shaking Tent High in the Sky

Brad dreamed all night of conducting a shaking tent:

This time I was above the earth, high in the atmosphere. Though impossible to imagine, the animals of the world were inside that tent with me. They all talked at the same time. It reminded me of interviewing a group of Kalahari women n/om-kxaosi. They would get so excited talking about n/om that they'd all speak at the same time, sounding like ecstatic chirping birds. This First Creation shaking tent swelled with the sounds of many animals. It was spiritually electrified, hovering in the middle between heaven and earth. Not only could I hear the signal sent by every animal in this noisy blend, their sounds came through my vocal cords. I was both hearing and speaking for them, back and forth like mountain echoes in the Alps. The alternating current generated and circulated by this atmospheric electricity was extraordinarily wild.

As the intensity rose, it woke up Hillary because I was actually making these noises as I dreamed. She nudged me to turn over, thinking I was having a glossolalia snore-fest that made sleep impossible. Shortly after, it happened again with the same sound fury, internally and externally. Sound was taking place in three dimensions—from the animals, from little me inside the spirited dream, and from big me in the body. When I woke up the second time, I started laughing because I could only imagine how wild and crazy this must have sounded to Hillary though she was likely too groggy to hear it all.

I then became curious about my past experiences in the shaking tent and the times I had gone up the rope or spiritually traveled in outer space. I had forgotten the extent of how much shaking intergalactic travel I had experienced over the years. These memories reawakened the animal noises in the tent. I fell back to sleep and there I was, talking with the animals again.

They had many things to communicate about summer camp and how we had invited them to walk, fly, crawl, gallop, and swim amongst us. As they spoke I remembered how the elders I interviewed around the world told me that our interaction brought back what they had forgotten about their grandparents—the old ways of spiritual cooking already starting to slip away. I had not learned then, what Hillary and I better know today, that building a big enough room enables the past to be brought to life in the present. Change then arises in the interaction of the present (now a future to the past) with the past (now a present) that alters the future (soon to be the present again).

I surprised myself by asking all the animals to speak in unison. That's when the visionary teaching became clear. I will only report what was highlighted and marked as most important to bring back to the summer campers as we return from this once in a lifetime adventure. Since the critters spoke at the same time, with my voice included, I present their message through the language of Sacred Ecstasics:

Please tell everyone that the yeti is also known known as the abominable snowman, rumored to live in the mountains of Asia. It lives to *just be ice*, as our fellow camper Esther recently said. Many people over the ages have reported that this beast leaves tracks in the Himalayan snow and elsewhere throughout the world. Also known as Bigfoot, we want you to now know that it is the same creature as Big Me. Numerous expeditions have tried to find it. Yet the existence of the yeti and Bigfoot remains unproven. We would like you to know that the yeti does not exist and that there is no Big Me. Look around in the shaking tent. Every animal is here. There is no yeti anywhere to be found. There are only mysterious tracks down below on the earth that give the appearance that something large and imposing has left an impression on the earth.”

“You may wonder how the footprints found nearly everywhere on the earth are formed if there is no beast making them. This is not easy to explain, partly because human beings have two bears on top of their head that argue things must be one way or another. Let us say that the tracks are the artifacts, aftereffects, shock waves, impressions, and vibrations left after each interaction between human beings. A large track is the result of a big me, yeti encounter.

If you react to another person primarily to make yourself appear big, you immediately leave a yeti track. That’s it. There is nothing else you need to know. However, if the eland breathes on you—also known as the holy spirit, *n/om*, or *seiki*—then your footprint becomes small and barely noticeable. Your walk and talk dissolve into your surroundings. The elusive big me seems to be everywhere but in truth it’s nowhere. There is a pandemic that has existed for thousands of years, caused by the virus of language and thought. This viral infection makes you think that the big me is the only creature on earth. If you don’t feel like you are big enough, you might seek professional help to build yourself up to leave bigger tracks.

First Creation, the whirling force of change that shakes this tent, is for the little me of you and everyone. Sacred Ecstatics is the search for what exists past the yeti tracks. If you drop the “i” in “yeti,” it becomes a better symbol for the yet to be met mystery of creation. Be careful what footprint you leave on the ground. Stop searching for the yeti and stop feeding the need to feed it. In the middle of earth and heaven is the shaking tent with all the creatures who speak in one voice whenever you and they are aligned. This is all you need to know about what it means to pray for all my relations: leave less yeti tracks and soak in the ecstatic

tracks. This was a wonderful summer camp of extreme love! The question is not only, “what are you going to do about it?,” but who is the one who will do the doing—little me or big me? Eland or yeti? Forget the yeti, drop the I, and celebrate that the best is yet to come.

Yeti tracks are everywhere.
They are not the tracks of a monster,
They are those left by monstrous interactions.
Little me leaves a less seen track,
A path more heard and felt,
Dissolving in its own melt.

The yeti fantasy is more ice than nice.
It creates shivers but these jitters are not from n/om,
They are born of fear about not being big enough.
Yetis are more worried about the apple eaten,
Than the orchards destroyed by greed.

Don't steal the fruit, become a seed in the orchard.
Leave less yeti tracks,
Leave no religious tracts that inspire attacks,
Sweep away big me trails and tales of knowing-it-all.
Make more eland tracks,
By soaking in the right songs,
And joining the chorus of little me critters rejoicing in the whole orchard.

Celebrate, celebrate!
Be more Japanese, draw less attention to your yeti.
Be more Kalahari, be more related to the eland way of tracking God.
Be more Caribbean, put steel in your drum and not in your heart.

Summer camp's initiation day brings this gift:
Drop the need for graduation,
Close your eyes,
Pray until mystical senses awaken,
The orchard of First Creation is summer camp,
The stage for song and dance hoofers,
The marriage of contrarian bears,
And all spirit critters who have come together in extreme love,
Shaking and singing together in the tent on high,
Suspended in the middle wobble between ground and sky.

At the crossroads there are two pipes,
But it's not either pipe that matters.
The higher choice concerns what you do with each.
The ancestors ask their question:
What are you going to do about it?
What is your response to each call?

The choice is this:
Leave yeti tracks and just be ice.
Or follow the eland and just be nice.

How will you handle the pipe?
How will you light its wick?
For how long will you let it burn,
Until the flame is extinguished and it's time to return?

Timing is everything,
Along with rhythm and tone.
Vibrato, legato, staccato—
The auditory trinity of space, time, and energy.
Bow, leap, shake, cook, love—
The heartfelt pentadic of sacred ecstasy.

The Sacred Ecstatics dream is extreme,
A world with no yeti footprints,
Only pristine snow and ice castles,
Chrysanthemum heat and desert roses,
Singing water and wisdom woods,
Little me wheels in communion and union,
Tracks erasing in the vast land of E-land,
Leaving no trace, just wide-open space.

Elands come home!
This summer camp isn't letting go,
Of extreme love, with or without dream.
Forever here to provide the ray,
The play, spray, night, and day of prayer.

Eat that wonder working prayer bread.
The breakfast, lunch and dinner of champions,
Who hike, swim, and climb the impossible bridge,
Finding the middle answer to the highest riddle:
This wobble is here to stay.

Bliss Bomb 23: A New Home, a Big Splash, and Vast Flood Are Coming!

Brad dreamed that we had just moved to a new home that looked simultaneously like the British Museum, the Natural History Museum of New York City, and the largest shotgun house in New Orleans we had ever seen. The former tenant was an old man from the 18th century. He was still there when we walked in, cleaning up for our arrival as he swept dust from the floor.

The large main room was filled with glass cases and gigantic shelves brimming with antiquities. These were not just any objects, but Caribbean mojo, African muti, spirit totems, and mystical art from around the world, including ancient cultures. In the middle of the room was possibly the highest cabinet ever constructed. I noticed that Hillary had already emptied out the case, thoroughly cleaned it, and was in the process of putting the items back on the shelves. Together we rearranged these rare objects in a more aesthetically pleasing manner. There were hundreds of objects from Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Persia, Asia, and Arctic Inuit cultures. Some of the objects seemed to be from far away galaxies, undiscovered planets, and unexplored solar systems. This magical middle room was overflowing with spiritual gifts and bridges to mystery.

The front room was the main gathering place for spiritual cooking, while the back room was like a receiving station for new objects that had just arrived, most of them appearing to have originated in contemporary times. In the middle of that room was a pedestal holding a turquoise colored double bowl made of clay. It looked like the scales of justice, but it was level with neither left nor right elevated over the other. In this three-room place of mystery, we felt very excited to know that the gods have a lot more in store for us.

The night after Brad's dream about our new home, Hillary went to a spiritual classroom:

Brad and I were traveling and arrived in a modern, bustling city. Exploring and enjoying ourselves, we went to go check out a large new music store that had been founded by a collective of young musicians, artists, and music lovers. It was part record shop, part dance club, and part musical instrument store. One of the owners was a young African American man who greeted us and showed us around. We had the sense that this place and the people who ran it were part of a new generation of bohemians who were astute custodians of great musical traditions from around the world. That made us very happy and hopeful about the future. Brad got very excited because they had a wonderful Steinway grand piano.

The scene changed. Brad and I were standing next to the ocean near a hotel where we were staying. A large crowd had gathered on the beach and there was a lot of excitement in the air. Being travelers, we had just stumbled upon the scene and had no idea what was going on. We were gazing out at the sea when suddenly a huge mushroom cloud of water exploded out of the ocean on the horizon. The blast was the size of an atomic bomb. The crowd erupted in celebration, and I had a sense that this is what they had come here to witness.

The water from the explosion shot up into the sky as if it was a firework show. I thought the water was going to rain down upon us, but it burst from the sky and fell over the ocean near the shoreline. Just as I thought we were in the clear, I realized that the falling water had created a giant wave. The tide quickly came rushing in as the crowd continued to celebrate and cheer. Realizing we were going to get soaked, Brad and I looked at each other and laughed as we joined the rest of the crowd trying to outrun the water. The water overtook us, and we were soon soaked up to our waists.

Celebrate, celebrate!
The elands have a new home,
An atomic flood has been released!
Whales are blowing their sacred horns,
The hammerheads are beating their drums,
In this vast sea of mystery,
Every instrument is grand.

Endless wonders, old and new,
Await in the middle,
Of our new three-room mojo house.
Double bowls, one each for the twoness of you.
Crossing bridges to mystery,
Receiving a tidal wave of gifts.

As we near summer camp's end,
Another adventure soon begins.
The critters are not leaving without you,
They now live inside you, in each body part.
You are the boundary waters, holding our summer adventures.

Every time a finger moves, the black and white bears are there.
Every time you notice your palms, you are in tropical Florida,
With Tony and the little white mare.
You'll think you died and went to heaven,
Where the operatic gator sings our song.

Keep longing for the four love directions,
Hanging on each cabin wall,
Then hear the summer wakeup call:
Up, up, up, up, up! Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip!
Flip the room and step deeper inside summer camp.
Inside our critter barn theatre, it's always opening night!

Be a hooper with eland hooves.

A member of our First Creation troupe.
Always on the road, seeking higher gold.
The Odyssey of dill pickle absurdity,
Be odd for god and a rod for holy lightning.

Now you know what it means
To miss New Orleans summer camp.
Where spiritual mothers cook bread, cake, and steak,
And spiritual fathers hunt for hammers, anvils, and fire.

Celebrate, live on in this endless summer vacation.
No matter the season, allow no reason
To tempt you to be anything other than
The yeast among the least,
A Sacred Ecstatics camper on the far outskirts.

Hoop skirted and wedding ringed,
Don the mother spider's polka dot shawl.
Be a part of this three-ring circus,
Moving through wobbles one, two, and three.
Take the soul fried two-wing flight into the mystical night.
Hammerhead shark wants to give you a nail,
To wear with your garland of chrysanthemum.

You will never forget your best friend,
The tail-wagging terrier who brings song after song.
And what would life be without Fred Astaire
Showing us how to deeply care about the dance,
With George and Ira singing "Our love is here to play,"
Because that's the way to make it stay.

It's all written down, forever preserved,
In the mystical library on high.
What we tasted, how we basted,
How nothing was wasted because it can always come back as another sauce,
Assuring that whatever was lost will again be found reborn in another form.

1, 2, 3 led us to five,
The pentadic of the light ecstatic.
Use the prayer-key, it's another double,
As Membicaid comes to your aid with a ticket and boat to ride,
Remember the cost of *life* requires the *aid* of death.

Though two earthly hurricanes may make you tipsy,

You now know it's better to be in the higher wobbly,
In the middle of every leap to the next middle merry-go-round,
Wiggling, giggling, leaping, and dipping: being alchemical,
Turning lines into circles,
And big yeti deals into little me prayer wheels.

The Life Force Theatre goes on every night and matinee,
Leap upon its stage, the props have been set.
Then take the plunge into the summer camp lake,
It leads to every seiki river and ocean of motion on earth.
One drop leads to another, including the necessary flips and flops.
Be a friend of the sea, a true friend of C.M.C.

The next Sacred Ecstatics show has only just begun,
Let's keep it that way.
Don't forget to gather the goods,
Blend and mix the parts of you,
Whose tones, beats, and moves generate delight
In the fight flight from duel to duet.

We are the initiates of the new summer of love.
Everything about us is extreme.
We party far to the left and right of day and night.
We go up and down the rope and elevator.
Singing and dancing on our way to campground.

Never let anyone say that this never happened.
It took place in both First and Second Creation.
Everyone was called, and the gods await who will choose,
To lose their life and loosen their collar,
To holler a joyful noise for seiki, n/om, and spirit plants and critters.

We don't know about you,
But we are sure about the universe.
It's verse rhymes, sings, and flies away from trivial meaning,
Preferring the leaning of just being nice and thawing the ice.

Saint Erroll, our piano gardener, is at the gate,
Riding the jubilant vibe of the transitioning jazz tide.
Not one, not two rhythms,
He hangs out in the middle, both ahead and behind.
Feel this mysterious vibration pass through your body,
There's no reason to ever leave the utmost musical threshold,
It's joy! Better felt than told,

Saint Erroll's got a hold on you.

Johnny Hodges sings through his saxophone,
He'll change every sense with just one tone.
Reform how you perform your cold and hot chops,
No more excuses—even Chuck Stare has left his easy chair.
Why laze when you can graze in the vast field of the musical lords?
Do not gaze but be ablaze like a wildfire.

Celebrate, celebrate, soon there will be another reunion.
Another chance to polish the A, B, C's of ecstatic communion.
Leave if you wish, our door is always open
With Mahalia forever singing, "Eland, come home."
We're not a line with a final exit, we forever travel the circles.

The cercles of Paris, New Orleans, and the Kalahari
Have become Ouroborous, a multi-ecstatic genius for each of us.
We're heading to the kitchen because that's our main middle,
Readying ourselves for another feast,
For the yeast rise to the manna heaven of the Big Dada and Big Mama Darlings.

Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Hear Ye!
We sing and dance all about Thee,
With names always changing,
And rooms rearranging,
We live in the middle wobbling,
Full throttling our way to the next visionary classroom.

Boom! The trout airliner just fired up its engines,
Ready for another trip around the world.
Jump inside its belly where it is welly with your soul,
With the captain in your heart and spirit critters in your body,
You'll find your way if you pray in that old Ojibway fisherman's way.

Celebrate, celebrate, history is no longer the same.
The future is now unsure and more dill-iciously pure,
Ready for holy fools, n/om tools, and seiki brooms.
The hoofers have returned with tweeters and woofers,
Ready to explore the mid Bliss Mountain tonal range,
Where the sky is an ocean of liquid emotion.

Extreme dream,
Extreme stream,
Extreme trout fishing,

Extreme shaking, frying, and baking,
Extreme love.

You found it where you last left it,
To the right of whatever was left behind.
Right over your shoulder and just above your head,
In the belly the heart meets its double and triple E-nature.
The Eee-land Jeee-zeus of Prometheus.

Go further eeeast to find the feeeast.
Keep going until your circle gets rounder.
Enter that shaking tent, get adopted in the lodge,
It's 110 in the Shade and They're Playing Our Song.
Put on those two wings and meet us at Tujague's!
Reaching high, reaching low,
If you want to cook and burn, then act like a fern.

Celebrate, celebrate!
You ate everything on your summer camp plate.
Never doubt that the silver trout swims on,
In the form of prose, psalm, and poetic bliss bomb.

Say Amen, somebody!
Say Hooper, everybody!
Be a double tap shoe hooper on the roofer with two bears and a little stone prayer!
Say it!
Sing it!
Dance it!
Cook it!
Welcome to E-Land—
Ecstasy Land!

Experiment Four Findings: Piecing Together the Dream Puzzle

This experiment invited campers to take a vow concerning their relationship with the numinous. The initiatory ceremony tapped into aspects of the Caribbean Shaker (Spiritual Baptist) tradition that follows a commitment to live a spiritual life. Banning (banding) and soaking in the spiritual teachings of summer camp opens the door to the big room for an extended duration. Here the spiritual conditions make catching a spiritual dream more likely. Since the entire summer was directed by visionary downloads caught by the conductors and some of the campers, there arises a trickster temptation to think that the goal or intended outcome of experiment four, and of Sacred Ecstasies in general, is to catch a dream. What is more important is the vow and the sincere action taken to enact it. What you do before sleep is more important than what happens during the latter part of night. If a dream comes, how the dreamer interacts with others the next day is

a more telling sign of its importance than the dream's content. All spiritual seekers are tempted to define spiritual victory as gaining possession of a spiritual "sign" like a dream, speaking in tongues, automatic body movements, unexpected daytime synchronicities, proclamations of magical names, and the like. While there may be inspirational value in these presumed gifts, they become toxic if they are taken as the whole rather than a part of spiritual life. The seeker must not seek anything other than "Thy will be done," and this includes embracing divine will to not receive a *remembered* dream or a desired anointment. If a dream comes, it is appreciated but also respected that it comes with a new responsibility—what you do with it determines whether it was a blessing or another round of trickster addiction to the same "knowing" rather than inspiring changed "performing."

Before experiment four came to a close, Brad had a strange dream. We didn't report it at first because it didn't seem complete. After other dream reports arrived from Guild members Frank Walker, Agnes Ozoli-Birkas, Chris Jacob, and Sabrina Damato, a visionary teaching collage brought a summary of our findings with the initiatory soaking and banning. It begins with Brad's report:

I dreamed we were hosting a Sacred Ecstasics gathering in a mid-century home. We were in the living room located in the middle of the house. Hillary pointed to the staircase located on the back wall. I immediately found it aesthetically unappealing and repulsive. It was tacky and had a cheap metal railing filled with acrylic cutouts of boring shapes that were too obviously meant to resemble clouds. The plastic pieces were etched with flowers and other cliché, uninspiring images. I wanted the Guild to leave that room because I knew too many people would think that this is the stairs they should climb. I tried not to imagine how anyone would find the stairs beautiful or spiritually evocative, though I knew some people prefer a popular aesthetic, loaded with conventional nature images and spiritual signs, something not odd and funky enough for my deep-fried soul's taste buds.

Frank Walker later sent this report of his dream, providing another piece to the emergent visionary teaching puzzle:

For this final (middle) experiment there was so much to circle back and re-immense for a soaking. I listened to many of the Summer Camp ecstatic tracks, the extreme LOVE we speak of, with a mountain of visions to climb and a sea of psalms to dip, dip, dip into. I dove into creating a "Book of Psalms" to swim in the wobble and swirl, doing so wherever I was in the day-to-day.

For the first week I partially soaked and avoided distractions. For the second week I committed to a three-day banning while absorbing Sacred Ecstasics tracks, songs, and prayers, spending much of the day and each night in our caravan. The banning felt so right—Pointer Warren was there by my side. The five-minute prayer reset came just at the right time to boost the soaking and lift the swirling!

I likely had many dreams, but few were recalled or reportable. However, the night Brad dreamed of climbing the natural ecstatic ladder, I dreamed of climbing

a rope. I did so mountain climber style on a rope that was hanging down from a bridge. As I climbed it, I passed many people queued up a set of stairs leading up the bridge embankment. I was thinking that Linus would be pleased with my rope climbing ability. Ecstatic natural climbing!

This Summer Camp has been very special. As I said in one of my comments, I'm so eland-ated to be amongst so many natural ecstatic climbers.

Agnes sent in a third contributing piece to the dream puzzle, following her soak in the summer camp visionary spa:

After soaking I dreamed of viewing a Japanese watercolor painting. I saw myself in the picture posed as an invited guest attending an open-air event, a graduation ceremony. It was held in a huge, airy, and a wonderful Japanese garden. While walking around the park I noticed a long line of young Japanese men and women. They wore traditional kimonos and they all had diploma tubes in their hands. I couldn't see their shoes, but I heard their steps. I felt they must have been Spanish dance shoes. I thought, "How funny, duende and seiki together. Tempura and flamenco."

These people queued up on a long and very narrow path. Later I realized this path was a suspension bridge. They moved forward very slowly, step by step, like water birds on the shore with one behind the other. All around were ponds, trees, birds and butterflies. The air was very humid, but I felt a strong, refreshing wind. The most surprising scene caught my eyes—there were dozens of stairs going up and down. These stairs seemed to be connected by the narrow bridges, but I couldn't see what the stairs were connected to since there weren't any walls to hold them. All these stairs with the bridges together were suspended in the air, completely loose and floating. The sight made me feel dizzy and reminded me of M.C. Escher's famous work, called "Relativity."

These dreams, when juxtaposed like puzzle pieces, teach us more about the natural way of climbing. Here we find that the most natural climb paradoxically appears the most unnatural—you walk to a rope that leads perfectly straight up to the sky. Then you either spontaneously float or effortlessly climb upward like a super mountain climber. You arrive in the middle wobble, the bridge between all contrarian sides. This is how it appears and feels in First Creation.

The Second Creation *view* of this line of spiritual ascent depicts an angular pathway—the incline provided by stairs. The bent stairway attracts more people because it looks more readily climbable than the vertical rope. But paradoxically choosing what you think is the easier climb lands you stuck in a slow-moving line. In addition, you can't always be sure where these stairs lead. Going up may send you way down, while heading down may turn you more upside down.

Brad's dream brought a reminder that people are often in a hurry to ascend the steps and mistake tacky mid-century plastic for a real middle wobble ecstatic aesthetic. Frank saw the Second Creation stairs in his dream, located on the side of the First Creation vertical rope. It, too, had a lot of people waiting in line, eagerly waiting to go up. Perhaps Frank, being the generous elder he is, missed noticing that he was the only one in the dream making the natural climb.

Agnes viewed multiple angular stairs and middle bridges in the scene of a watercolor painting. She was there as an invited guest to witness, rather than participate in, a ceremony. She observed her observing, a fine example of double ordered observation. As the seiki wind blew, the bridges and stairs appeared more recursively intertwined and suspended in mid-air. The picture revealed the drawing style of Escher, echoing the sly moves of the Cheshire of Wonderland. It is the same kind of labyrinth Brad previously found in a visionary underground place where trickster agents chased after him to prevent his escape.ⁱ Angular stairs are not what they seem—their bent angle is more unnatural and impossible than a straight vertical climb.

This is the double bind and double trap of trying to escape observation by means of observing, similar to thinking your way out of too much thinking or sitting yourself out of sedentary waiting. Fortunately, there is another benevolent side to double viewing, as there is to anything found among Second Creation lines and circles. Everything suddenly appears as an odd couple and contrarian pair, including the duo of Japanese seiki air with flamenco shoes dancing on the Spanish ground. Here double observation, awake and in dream, is a curse with a hidden blessing. The double descriptions of realty construction are made clearer, but there remains no change from observer to performer. While circular insight is more cybernetically valuable than linear travel lines and singular road signs, it comes at the cost of losing a deeper connection with the higher electrical line. Still in the observing position, you miss the inclusion of participation. In summary, an Escher sketch (unlike an etch-a-sketch) eschews enacting the vertical rope climb, preferring a more distant view of viewing.

What caught our attention in the viewing dream of Agnes, more than a flood of Japan or a hint of Spain, was what each graduating student held in their hand—a diploma tube. If this is a final graduation of Sacred Ecstasics rather than an imagined rehearsal, then rest assured that the tube is empty. Its diploma holds the cosmic void of nothingness. In addition, as the dream implicitly suggests, the graduation is never-ending, forever crossing one middle bridge after another.

Making the sacred vertical climb requires every kind of launch fuel, including seiki, duende, n/om, and wonder working flour power. To get more involved in the cooking that goes past improved looking requires holding an empty tube. You must get small enough to jump into that diploma tube, while letting go of all Second Creation content. Then the tube, now a rope, stands straight up. The rest of the journey leads to the kind of natural and effortless ride that enabled Frank to surprisingly impress Linus, the professional mountaineer.

In another dream that came during this experiment, Brad saw the image of Jacob's ladder painted by William Blake. It depicts a wide spiral staircase traveling upward. The climber keeps changing direction, alternating between left and right in order to move on an upward trajectory. Blake's stairs escape the no exit double bind climb of Escher. The next day we received a dream report from Chris Jacob:

In my dream I climbed a zigzag stairway and found my father halfway up. He was sitting, slumped at a small landing. It was like a resting point on the middle zigzag crossing. The stairs were made of wood like the ones in the house where I grew up. However, they were the mirror opposite of those stairs. In the dream my father looked distressed. I came down the stairs to be near him. Mother Samuel

also came down the stairs to join us. My father's distress was related to my mother who is now alone to face current family difficulties.

The dream then shifted to my departure from the house. I knew I would find my father again to say my final goodbye. I also felt the emotion of my father, experiencing a sadness that perhaps I'd forgotten him and would not come back to say goodbye and have a last hug. I found him. We hugged and I left.

Chris found the zigzag stairs whose back and forth alternation enabled a clear ascent and descent rather than an inescapable labyrinth. In the middle of those stairs he also found the old way of making amends that mend the heart. Here climbing back and forth on the zigzag stairs overlaps with Blake's spiral ladder. At the middle meeting ground, hearts hug to say goodbye from below and hello to those above. Mother Samuel's oversight helps assure that this moment of tenderness was not a regress into fantasy but a matter of holiness that is felt to be more real than a visual display.

Each of these visionary puzzle pieces adds something valuable to experiment four's multi-faceted teaching, demonstrating more about what a natural ecstatic climb is and what it isn't. Speaking of demonstrations, one of our favorite summer visionary teachings was the one about an experiment with two pipes, which we later performed as an ecstatic audio track. We can now appreciate these pipes as two kinds of diploma tubes. Revisit this demonstration and experience it differently to change the nature of your future graduation. Now meet your choice of diploma—one impossible though more natural, the other unnatural though it appears more possible. At the end of each night and day, aim to climb the impossible dream rope rather than choose the easy chair or easy stairs. It's more natural. Make sure there is more embodied ecstatic action than passive observation of static imagery—this is another way of pointing to the Sacred Ecstasics ratio needed for spiritual cooking. Should you retreat to observe, at least make sure there is a felt seiki breeze that shifts observing to observing observation. This enables the double-ness of everything to be more likely seen, but still leaves you uncooked and trapped in a shrunken world that revolves around the observer, another Ptolemy spectacle where insights and knowing inevitably lead to interactional blindness and unchanged action.

Everything exists on both sides of the veil, each side holding the opposite valence of the other. The heat of Second Creation is cold in First Creation. Second Creation dreams are the trickster recycling of psychological debris or conscious wish fulfillment, whereas the First Creation dreamtime brings visionary inspiration for newborn down-to-earth performance. Second creation love is a sentiment unlike the fire of extreme love on the other side. Everything, including every idea, name, emotion, and human being, exists in two realities simultaneously, one on each side of creation. This is especially true for a dream, an unconscious experience that becomes instantly trickster coated as soon as it passes through the conscious-language filter for constructing its report. This is why editing is arguably holier than dreaming—it separates the wheat from chaff, something not possible without n/om as a reference signal and a sharpened samurai sword with a Zen broom ready to remove extraneous interference.

When you report a vision, an anointed pointer helps determine what side of the veil you visited by noticing the nature of your comeback response. If you really traveled to visit the Caribbean shakers at night, then the next day you will be feasting on prayer. Kalahari dancing leaves you with tones and bones on fire. If you visit Japan and come back proud and lacking the

formal respectful bow, you never went anywhere. Any dream *about* spiritual cooking that brings you back entrenched in the cold-and-told of knowing means the dream was missing the heat that cooks the soul.

The changes that matter are always found in the way you interact with others. Do you only celebrate and re-indicate what situates the Ptolemy of you in the center of the universe? Or do you make your joy and celebration about the whole solar system? Does your response avoid plastic flowery puffery in order to be more real? Are you considering how what you say and how you say it will affect the room that includes the conductors and others? Respond as an initiate rather than a conductor, pointer, and framer. Otherwise you will surely find that your resistance to making a part-whole reset renders you unable to feel electricity coming through. Over and over again, the proof of the First Creation pudding is found in your response on the Second Creation stage and your counter response to others, especially a pointer. A true vision inspires you to passionately desire praying on your knees rather than to lord over what pleases big me.

A skilled pointer can discern whether the trail of responses you leave to a call from the other side are yeti or eland tracks. Once a yeti print is left on the ground, others may re-indicate it until step by step a yeti trail leads everyone away from E-land. Follow the eland tracks by re-indicating the right primary teachings. The best way to do this is by waiting for the pointer or conductor to show you which tracks to follow, that is, what elements in a visionary report should be underscored and celebrated and which should be left alone. The community must then together edit and reset their steps to make sure an eland tail rather than yeti tale is leading folks down the trail.

The Japanese, Kalahari, Caribbean and all ecstatic ways of cooking take the attention off of anything other than the dissolve of the vision into the alteration of everyday action. Osumi, Sensei removed all importance given to dream, knowing it is too easily fed what is read by self-centric interpretation. Most dreams are a result of yeti dream seeding rather than spiritual gardening. Sensei focused entirely on how she bowed to seiki and the client or other sensei in need. All else was swept away. The Bushman laugh at any dream that has no song conveying emotion. That helps keep the tracks clean. Caribbean pointers use their rod to draw the line over and over again to forever re-indicate the main point: climb the rope rather than look at the up and down stairs.

There is a fire on both sides of the veil, as Troy's "Cascade Connecticut 1910" vision reminded us. Follow the comet trail blazing across the sky, not the one imagined by human dreams of personal success, especially spiritual victory of the inverted and perverted kind. Whenever an eland track is revealed, don't follow it until you are sure you aren't reframing and renaming a yeti footprint. If hopes and worries about business, social status, or popular relations reign, you are on a manmade bridge ready to collapse, with an unnatural forest fire soon to follow. The eland tracks are only seen with second eyes open, something that only occurs when earthly eyes are closed in prayer. The old-fashioned way is to avoid trickster risk and follow the anointed E-land trackers, they are half human and half orchard. Rare and seldom found, these middle pointers, preachers, teachers, shamans, mystics, and hoofers are as irritating to a big me as they are delightful to the little me.

Frank's vision exemplifies tracking and climbing like an eland. Though we cheer that he envisioned climbing the rope, this was only an extra serving of dessert. The main course was his devotion to action, both intermittently and continuously, while aligned with the experiment

soaking instruction. Feeling Pointer Warren near him assured that God was also near. The latter is the ladder that matters. The dream is the whipped cream on top. We must be very careful to not reduce a dream to finding a big me grail filled with yeti ale. What matters is how the dream inspires continued climbing. Follow the eland tracks Frank followed, given to him by anointed trackers. Avoid giving any importance to dreams or other spiritual signs if they cause measurement and assessment of spiritual progress to overrule prayer-ignited performance in the everyday. When any kind of sign, including a miracle, is elevated over action that builds a room, it becomes a mere trickster cutout—an unearned merit badge of a greedy badger. Better to feel the sweetness in your hour of prayer and never have a dream. That's living and embodying the highest dream.

The most common finding of summer campers undergoing the banning and soak was how relatively easy it is to re-enter the big room and feel bathed in the warmth of divine extreme love. When the prayer wheel smoothly turns, the little fire ignites again. Whether or not previous teachings and instructions had faithfully been conducted in the summer did not affect the ecstatic transformation brought by devoted soaking in the visionary gifts that had come down in the months before. Campers reported a sense of revival and attunement when they enacted the pledge to soak, whether for one day or three weeks. As easy it is to slip into cold, small room living and be resistant to working the prayer-key, they found it was possible for the space to heat and expand even if trickster internally argues that it is impossible and not worth trying. The freedom of play that summer camp brought helped reason be held at bay, paradoxically enabling a serious plunge into spiritual depths that otherwise might be rationalized away. When thoroughly spiritually cooked you come back a reborn child of the E-land Lord. During the last week of summer camp, Sabrina reported her visionary journey that reminds us that we climb high to return small:

Inside a small church, I was sitting in a pew next to my late mother. I noticed that we were sitting behind a group of children who were participating in some kind of program. I realized that my close proximity to the children might be perceived as my being a participating child. I immediately wondered whether I should move to give the children some space, but no one seemed to notice or mind.

An elderly woman then came to the stage altar to announce that she would be handing something out to the children. Holding several pieces of paper, she threw them into the air toward the group. One of them fluttered in the air and, to my surprise, it landed on my lap.

I opened the slip of paper and saw a white chiffon ribbon sewn into the number "35." There were small, delicate words written below, but I do not remember them exactly.

My mom and I admired the craftsmanship of the ribbon adorned number, when the elderly woman asked all the children who received a slip of paper to come to the altar and receive their gift.

As I walked down the aisle, I heard a strange clanking sound come from the church lobby. I turned to look at the noise and saw a small one-room shanty-like structure painted in very bright colors that was about the size of a doll house. The front door was hardly hanging on its hinges and the walls were barely holding up.

It was suspended in the air with two white threads coming down the base of the house onto the floor. The two white threads seemed to be attached to a magnet on the floor, connected to another magnetic track running up and down the aisle.

I proceeded to hand my slip to the elderly woman as she looked at me in confusion. She was clearly surprised to see that I had a slip of paper but was not a child. I vigorously nodded in agreement that I was equally surprised. She shrugged her shoulders as she reached in a large brown bag to retrieve something. I do not know whether or not anything was received, but the dream ended outside the church entrance in the bright, warm sunshine, with my mom standing by my side. I felt very content and free.

Yes, summer campers, at the end of the rope climb and after another song and dance circle around the evening campfire, you arrive at the door of a brightly colored shanty—a holy cabin within a church, a room within a room—found in the middle of the air. That’s where the double ropes from earth to heaven pass through. They are magnetized to keep everything holy on the right track, running down the middle aisle that leads to and from the altar. The room for spiritual cooking always changes from church to barn theatre or cabin, filled with pews, seiki benches, or Kalahari furrows in the sand. Summer camp with its chapel in the woods is near wherever J. B. Valmour’s anvil and hammer are heard clanging. It gifts you with God’s newly forged number, this time, “35.”

Brad received word from the other side that 35 was the age of Jeesus Eeland—the last year of his life. Scholars argue whether he died at 33 or 36, or somewhere in between. The teaching here is to live like it is the last year of a holy person’s life, the middle wobble between Second and First Creation, life and death, this side of the veil and the other. In addition, the number 3 refers to the trinity while the number 5 brings back the pentadic, two clever indications of the right and left Balian sides. Unbeknownst to Sabrina, we have also discussed how the next round of the Sacred Ecstasics Guild will be organized by three five-act plays: 3 5’s. There are more things that shall remain unknown about what 35 and three fives continue to evoke, but we will allow those mysteries to further grow and ripen before the fruit is served.

Our final summer camp experiment made clear that spiritual gifts are meant to inspire the performance of Sacred Ecstasics and its three-step action recipe—building a big room, spiritual cooking, and returning to the everyday with altered creative action. Any spiritual vow taken is ultimately a commitment to fulfilling these three steps. These steps are the trinity of eland tracks. Perform these 3 steps 5 times a day and you have a whole eland line to follow. Hello, “35.”

After a ceremonial experience, we aim to come back to ourselves more fully appreciating that the shaman, mystic, healer, and all other spiritual names are different ways of pointing to eland prayer room janitors, the First Creation custodians of big room reconstruction and maintenance. Prayer is the first eland step toward song and dance. The ecstatic shifts in expression advance you along the trail to God. Here, the mystical prescriptions for action that arrive after a round of cooking, including this ceremonial banning and soaking, are found to be renewed ways of enacting the three-step recipe for ecstatic living.

A mystical directive came down the main line as a take home assignment for everyone. This visionary instruction was originally designed for camper Lynn, now an E-Lynn. It was also made absolutely clear that it is a gift for everyone:

Slowly draw or paint a vertical line while saying the two-word prayer key, 'Yes, Lord.' Someday do the same but make a circle. Pray as you make lines, circles, and dots. Perhaps it will become another shape or figure in the future, but don't be in a hurry and miss first climbing the prayer line.

Attention elands, spirit critters, ferns, and fruits of the First Creation orchard! We are speaking to you. We're doin' this together, drawing the line, praying the line, walking the line, and cooking while aligned. *Doin'* means action, and not just any kind of action. We are talking about action with others—the interaction that leads to a chain reaction. This chain is the rope to God built by a community aligned in Sacred Ecstatics communion. Its chain reaction is the big bang of creation, the prayer bomb explosion, the champagne bubbly and tingly bottle opening pop, and the ecstatic shaking K-Pop that knocks down every barrier separating you from First Creation show business. Live to perform on the musical mystical stage of the Life Force Theatre in its endless forms.

We invite you to make or re-make your vow, every minute and every hour. Summer camp may seem as if it has come to an end, but look again through the eyes of eland. Feel how you are back in the middle. It's time to draw the line in the ground and prepare to replant your next seeds. Now is also the time to draw the line you'll climb to the sky. We pray that you won't forget and if you do, hear us tell you that this only means that you miss New Orleans and should remember you're only one Membicaid boat ride away from everywhere. All aboard!

EPILOGUE: WHERE OR WHEN?

On the last night of summer camp, Brad was sent to his favorite spiritual classroom:

I was in a jazz club with Erroll Garner. He sat at a Steinway grand piano and started playing. I was overcome with joy that my favorite saint was gifting us with a song at the end of summer camp. It was a Broadway tune by Rodgers and Hart entitled, "Where or When." Its lyrics express how summer camp and its many visits to the past touched our hearts in an unforgettable way:

When you're awake, the things you think
Come from the dreams you dream
Thought has wings
And lots of things
Are seldom what they seem
Sometimes you think you've lived before
All that you live today
Things you do
Come back to you
As though they knew the way
Oh, the tricks your mind can play!

It seems we stood and talked like this before
We looked at each other in the same way then
But I can't remember where or when
The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore
The smile you are smiling you were smiling then
But I can't remember where or when
Some things that happen for the first time
Seem to be happening again
And so it seems that we have met before
And laughed before and loved before
But who knows where or when?

As Erroll played this song in the dream like no one else ever could, he looked at me and I felt we had looked at each other in that same way before. He then *threw* the music into me. I can't explain how—it was the same experience I had the first time I heard him play when I was twenty years old. It seemed to be happening again. I then sat down at the piano and whatever magical muse played through Erroll now came through me. Making music this way in the vision seemed so natural, as if we had played together this way before. And laughed before and loved before. But I was unsure where or when. Was it happening now or then? Here or there? And on which side of the veil?

After I got up the next morning, I found I could not fully wake up from the dream. Still hearing Erroll's music fill the house, I wept at the majesty of being alive like this. Then I remembered how Hillary and I met. With one look and one hug, we felt as if we had been and would be married forever. The next day we started teaching an online class we called, "Cooking the Silver Trout," inspired by Yeats' poem about catching love in a stream. Since then, no matter where or when, we have never stopped fishing for trout and hunting for n/om. Sacred Ecstasies has always been a summer camp with a fishing pole and frying pan in hand. Let us never stop catching extreme love, climbing and dipping into the highest dream where things are seldom what they seem.

Consider this musical gift as an everlasting song rope to our summer camp where open hearts found extreme love. Anytime you need to travel back to campground, reach for this song and, like a highway, it will take you straight there. Don't ask whether this summer was more about correcting history, changing the present, or altering the future. There's also no need to ponder whether we really went on the many adventures we took around the world and into outer space—or whether we dreamed it all. Just soak in this mystically delivered song that came to feed your everlasting longing for the extreme love that blurs dream with the way you think when you're awake. Own this feeling and allow it to reel you back to the summer camp where we laughed and loved to the extreme. Rest assured we'll meet each other this way again, though who knows where or when.

ⁱ See the visionary report, "Bringing Forth the Teachings" in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2017).