

**THE SACRED ECSTATICS GUILD**  
**Record of the 2020-2021 Season**

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### ***Introductory Note***

The following is a record of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild season held from October 1, 2020 through May 31, 2021. It includes the visionary teachings, experiments, production notes, and outcome reports that took place during this exploratory period. 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 season of Sacred Ecstatics visionary teaching and revisit the past to re-member its transformative experiences.

## INTRODUCTION:

### ***Sacred Ecstatics Takes Another Dip into the Changing of First Creation***

Before this season of the Guild began, we conducted what has become an annual ceremony: dipping the whole of Sacred Ecstatics into First Creation to allow any enhancing changes to come through. We take stock of where we have been and then let go of whatever no longer serves the future of our unique spiritual experiment. This year we found ourselves again amazed by the enormous amount of spiritual material that we have transcribed from visionary dreams since we originally launched Sacred Ecstatics. Through this process we've produced more spiritual text than some religions. We also have a steadily expanding repertoire of recorded material, exemplifying a new kind of aesthetic performing art that experientially rides the ecstatic tracks. The Guild has remarkably created a theatrical, mystical phenomenon that has not existed before.

We aim to hold extreme emotional ecstasy in a contrarian tension with extreme intellectual clarity, neither elevating one at the expense of the other nor seeking a diluted average in between. We allow both the heart and mind to be extreme—that's the secret dream of the soul. In this stretch is found the wobbling vibration of the awakened force of creation. The marriage of Zen bare bones and Kalahari tones is more mind blowing and heart piercing than anything that has ever circulated before. It is also as cybernetic as it is aesthetic with an ethics as absurd as being serious about flying with two deep fried musical wings. This is the shamanic soul recovery that requires a singing and dancing hooper rather than sitting still in a fantasy stupor. The nature of our teaching seeks to evoke, trigger, and spark the embodiment of divine ecstasy—performing rather than informing about the numinous of which we speak, write, shout, sing, and dance. To put it simply: we relish being dilled rather than chilled. Welcome to the extremely odd, peculiar, and maverick wild children of the original orchard, garden, and Eden of the chain reaction atom. This is First Creation, the Bushman name for the world unfrozen by naming—the primordial soup bowl that holds the sweet and spicy.

In the month before this Guild season began, an enormous amount of musical and theatrical downloads unexpectedly came to us. It was far more than we could write down. Instead, we went to the recording studio to perform some of it. This resulted in the first intensive which is structured like a five-act theatrical performance. Since there are three of these five-act intensives this year, the magical number "35" reappeared, something dreamed by Sabrina near the end of summer camp. In other words, three five-act theatrical productions will grace our Life Force Theatre stage. We hope you feel this new version of the Sacred Ecstatics flood bring new life to your blood. Its performance is fortified with seiki, n/om, and the holy fire of the soul train riding spirit.

The saints of Sacred Ecstatics have brought us several other changes. To help gatekeep information, we have built a separate online mystical library. There we will post transcripts of our recorded ecstatic audio tracks and house an archive of recordings. The mystical library is also

where any Sacred Ecstatics lagniappe (bonus dishes) are served whenever they come down. We'll periodically alert you to any new lagniappe material posted there. The creation of a separate library helps keep the main performance laboratory of Mighty Mouse focused on the experimental practices that come down the line. All the discussions and interactions in Mighty Mouse will be focused on your responses to the intensives as they occur and clarification of an assigned monthly experiment. More importantly, at the end of each month, Mighty Mouse hosts your reports about experimental and experiential findings. Keep your report or performance (either written, visual, audio, or film—your choice) related to the experiment in play—no drifting please.

We also start the year with a new alignment to the shift happening in our relations with the other side. Our visionary dreams bring as much musical material and visionary art as they do word mediated instruction, and we physically cannot sustain our previous level of written visionary reporting. We also realized that the enormous amount of downloaded teachings over the past years has been like a flood that made it difficult to not be pulled under its torrential current. Actually, go ahead and be pulled under—after all, this is higher intervention! That said, we will attempt to produce a higher concentration of sound with our First Creation downloads—more heard and less read. Of course, this can change because Sacred Ecstatics remains led by rope tugs and electrical forces that are over our heads. Our Guild season launches another experiment amidst the changing currents of First Creation—let 'er rip!

In particular, music has been pouring through us, sometimes all night long. Brad even dreamed that he was asked to directly convey Sacred Ecstatics by musical means more than ever before. Soon after we started to record what he was hearing in the visionary concert hall, we received this email from Mary, a Guild member:

I dreamed we were at a gathering of our "tribe." Brad went around to the participants and was using his hands to touch the people, much the way I have seen him do for years. When he came to me, he touched my shoulders and this time it was as if he was infusing my body with music. There was no music playing in the room, but when he touched me I could hear sounds inside my body and felt things in my body and heart in the same way as if I was listening to sacred music or the classical music that moves my heart. Somehow, Brad's hands were infused with sacred sound and it was moving through each of us. It filled my heart and my whole body with such joy and love. This memory has stayed with me all day, and it is so strong that I felt I should share this experience with you.

Sacred Ecstatics is about conveying the most intense experience of jubilation, the ancient First Creation n/om vibe that is inseparable from the seiki wind and the holy spirit fire in the bones. It travels through the whirling mix and blending blur of acoustic and somatic vibration. This year we will stand on our vast foundation of sacred texts built by higher stonemasonry and



revisit their teachings from time to time. We will do so as we sing and dance Sacred Ecstasies electricity into every tuned-in recipient. We are planning to serve more than sweet pie from the First Creation sky. We are aiming to be zapped by the pie-zo of piezoelectricity. Electricity, here we come. Magnetism, our pugilism is coming after you. C.M.C., our sacred ecstasy is here to stay. Extend the lightning rod and get ready for the shock and thaw of the utmost awe. This is Sacred Ecstasies with its extreme love alive and well in the Life Force Theatre. Our show is ready to go on with the off beats that make the right and left oscillate. Do not inoculate, insulate, or hibernate—dive and leap into the numinous vibration of creation.

### ***Dominic Is Served Holy Bread***

Brad had a dream that we were in his grandparent's kitchen:

In the past we have received valuable gifts from Grandmother Doe there. We had spent the night in their house and were preparing to leave. On the kitchen table was a large round loaf of bread to feed our hunger. There was some fresh butter next to it to make it tasty. We knew we were being fed spiritual nourishment to begin the next adventure of the Guild. Then the basement door opened, and Dominic walked in. He had spent the night in the basement, as if going through a ceremonial prayer plea. He looked hungry so I offered him some bread and butter. We believe other Guild members were in the basement too, getting ready to come upstairs and share in the feast.

### ***The Mystery Bowls***

In a dream, Brad and I went to an old antique shop:

We were there because I had heard that some rare vintage ceramic bowls had just come on the market. The owner greeted us and seemed very happy about our arrival. He knew why we were there, so he immediately went to the back room to bring out a large box of carefully wrapped bowls. I told Brad that I had been told that they were priced perfectly, guaranteed to be a true bargain for an item that is rarely available. The shop owner carefully unpacked each bowl and placed them on a table as we admired their beauty. They reminded us of the bowls that Osumi, Sensei had previously gifted Brad long ago.

I noticed a price tag attached to a string that was inside one bowl. It shocked us to see that the bowl cost \$2,220,000 dollars. Looking more closely at the tag, we found the word "Forint" next to the price, indicating that it was in Hungarian currency. It was still very expensive—over \$7,000 US dollars—for each bowl. We were also shocked that we were in Budapest, Hungary and had no clue that's where we were shopping. The shop owner then came over to us and announced, "Forget all the zeroes, only remember the number 222." That message sent us back to New Orleans where we puzzled over the number 222.

We celebrate that this year's Guild begins with each of you receiving a mystical bowl from First Creation. It is not visible to the physical eye but can be perceived by mystical means. Feel its mystery come toward you. This bowl is filled with everything you need to get your ecstatic

life in motion. Out of it will come one surprise after another. Let us bow and say thank you to the gods and ancestors for launching our season with this special gift.

In the dream, the bowls changed color. They were sometimes light grey, at other times more charcoal. The ones most beautiful to us were iridescent, especially the green colored ones, though their color could change depending on the angle, reflecting colors of red, blue, and purple. Each bowl embodied a dynamic changing color wheel. Later we found that these bowls were made by the Zsolnay ceramics factory originally established by Miklos Zsolnay in Hungary during the year 1853, when J. B. Valmour was going strong in his healing blacksmith shop New Orleans. Under the leadership of Vilmos Zsolnay in the 1890s, the factory began developing an aesthetic ceramics application called the eosin process. This innovative technique for making a new kind of material with an iridescent glaze in many colors was the foundation for the Hungarian art nouveau movement. The term eosin is from the Greek word *eos*, meaning the flush of dawn. His ceramic became a favorite material for art nouveau artists at the time. You can see his tiles in historic buildings today throughout Budapest including the Gellert baths, the Central Market Hall, and the building that is now the Four Seasons Hotel. He won awards for his work and after he died, his statue became the first memorial in Hungary to honor an artist.

The Guild begins by gifting you each with a mystery bowl and number, 222. We pray that we are guided in how to use it in our experimentation.

### ***Piezo***

The next night, Brad had a dream that repeated itself three times:

We stood facing the front of an old house that Hillary and I were going to visit. Before we moved toward it, the whole front yard broke away from the edge of the street. It was like the fault line of an earthquake opened and tore the house away. Soon water filled the opening in the earth that now looked like a giant bowl. The house appeared to be floating on a lake. A man come out of the house who was in need of rescue. It was my father.

The current around him became stronger as the lake turned into the sea. Suddenly the water was ice cold with treacherous icebergs everywhere. I knew I would die of hypothermia if I tried to rescue him. I also knew he'd fight my rescue attempt and that would assure killing us both.

We then noticed that a big rescue barge had arrived and was hooking itself up to the house to tow it toward the shore. The captain of the boat kept shouting at me to move, as if I was standing in the way. I didn't know where I was supposed to stand on the shore. Perhaps he was going to throw my father onto the shoreline, and this would involve some kind of risky maneuver that might harm

anyone standing too close to the water. I moved to the right, then I moved to the left, and finally made up my mind to not go near the water.

Finally, three sentences were spoken by an unseen voice. The language was Hungarian. The first sentence we intuitively understood as being a message about “rescuing fathers” and we felt it applied to everyone. We all face some form of father rescuing, and this includes saving all our father figures from any misaligned views about manhood. The second sentence we heard spoken in the dream had to do with allowing another captain to take care of the situation and to get out of the way, not being so quick to dive in for an impossible rescue. Finally, the most important sentence, the third and last one, had a word in it that I recognized. It was not a Hungarian term, but a scientific word: “piezoelectric.”

That word was then spelled out in front of us in the dream. It morphed into a weird condensation like “piezo.” I remembered that years ago I used a piezoelectric device that had been designed for pain control. I used it as a part of my shamanic and healing work. I even healed the chronic pain of one of the founders of family therapy with it. His name was Dr. Sal Minuchin, the father of structural family therapy.

Brad sent this dream report to Dezsoe Birkas, our Guild member from Budapest, and mentioned that the visionary message applied to every father and son, including him. Brad also mentioned that “piezo” reminded me of “Dezsoe.” Brad called him “Dr. Piezo-Dezsoe.” Dr. Piezo-Dezsoe immediately wrote back, mentioning that earlier that day he was driving with his son, Bruno, and they were discussing how short life is. Soon they approached a traffic accident scene with a shattered bike on the road. There was a man on the ground being medically helped by a rescue team. They broke out in tears and stopped to pray for him. Before going to bed that night, Dezsoe and Bruno prayed to be led how to help Sacred Ecstatics and its future. My dream of a father and son staring at the fragility of life had resonated with a father and son’s similarly shared experience in Hungary.

What does this visionary dream mean?

Are we supposed to let go of our fathers?

Are we supposed to stop interfering with what the higher captain has in store for them?

Do we barge ahead or turn it over to a mightier ship?

What must everyone do about their relations with every kind of fathering?

Including mothers who also father their sons and daughters?

What are we to do with fathering the mothering?

What are we to do with parents and grandparents?

What are we to do with men and women?

What are we to do with the ancestors, angels, demons, and gods,  
Who came before them?  
Who or what do we let go?

Let's return to Archbishop Pompey's initiatory vision  
It took place in his first mourning ceremony in St. Vincent.  
He dreamed he was riding on the back of a truck with some spoiled mangos.  
When those mangoes fell off the truck, a voice from on high said,  
"Let the mangoes drop and never look back,  
Don't stop to retrieve them.  
Don't reach for them and risk falling out of the truck,  
Let the mangoes go."

Recently, we have heard this visionary teaching change,  
Remember that the Archbishop Pompey was my spiritual father.  
Yes, we are still talking about fathers.  
Here's what we hear today  
Listen carefully:

Let the man go  
Let the man go  
Let the he-man, who is not fully human, go.  
Let the fathers go,  
Let their mangos go.  
Let the definitions of man go.  
Let the errors of man go.  
Let the bent ropes of man go.

Men need to drop their ideas about men and women  
Let the man go  
Men need to stop acting like they are Ptolemy  
Let the man go.  
Men need to recognize that they have fewer letters than women  
Men are a 3 and women are a 5  
1, 2, 3 is less, not more than 1, 2, 3, 4, 5  
Men are less lettered and more fettered.

Women are higher with that high five in play  
Three to five requires going through a middle four – what's all this gender stuff even for?

The big room makes enough room for all relations and transformations  
Let the man go  
Let the three arise as a part of the walk to five  
Three is included in five, not separate

Men come out of the womb  
3 resides in the belly of the 5  
Let the man go  
Time to spiritually tango  
Let's humanly untangle  
Whatever fandango  
Hasn't dropped the mangos.  
Let the man and mango go

After the mangos drop, what's left?  
Welcome the piezoelectric!  
Piezoelectricity results from pressure and latent heat,  
It is an electric charge that accumulates in certain solid materials  
Like crystals, ceramics, and bones

This current was discovered by Jacques and Pierre Curie in 1880.  
They hunted radiation, the radiant rays of energy.  
They studied magnetism, piezoelectricity, and radioactivity.  
They also studied spiritualism,  
thinking it could address unanswered questions about magnetism.  
They considered spiritualism as another kind of experiment.

Edit, edit, edit, reset!  
Now we are leaping from Paris to Budapest again.  
From one café to another  
From one pastry to another.  
When cafés and art nouveau were thriving in Budapest,  
Zsolnay won the Grand Prix Award at the 1878 World's fair in Paris.

We just bounced back to Paris.  
Where Charles Henry is turning his color wheel.  
At the same time, jazz is being invented by Buddy Bolden in New Orleans,  
And Mark Twain is hanging out with Nikola Tesla in New York City.  
Did you know that our favorite aesthetic is from the late 1800's?

That's our middle sweet spot time in history.

Mark Twain taught us that God is electricity  
Tesla taught us that higher electricity alternates,  
It is a vibration.  
Edgar Cayce taught us that God is a Vibration

Charles Henry knew that mystical light and divine love  
Were the results of multisensory wheel turning.  
The vibration of ultimate jubilation  
Sacred ecstasy is now  
Sacred piezoelectricity.

It's time to get piezo,  
More electrical than before,  
In our communing, cooking, and creating.  
Let's become an electrical guild,  
With a spiritual grill and potter's oven.

Where ceramics make art piezoelectric  
And iridescent.  
Let's have another glass of effervescent champagne.  
When pain or complaining arrive,  
Board the piezoelectric train.

Years ago, Brad had a piezoelectric shock generator. He carried it in his pocket at all times. Whenever he shook someone in a shamanic manner and the n/om current rose, he'd take out that device and give them a little bolt of piezoelectricity. He actually cured several famous medical doctors with that miniature lightning bolt machine in hand.

We are making the Guild year more electrified than ever. Let's venture back in time to when we met Mark Twain in his study. He had something important to say about electricity that we need to re-hear and re-feel again as something that is now as delicious a surprise as a slice of piezoelectric pie.

### ***Prescription for Experiment One***

*Perform the prayer lines:*

"Com-mun-ing with Thee"

“Climb-ing the lad-der”

“Sac-red Ec-sta-sy”

*Adding other layers to experiment one:*

The belly, heart, and head tappings

Add the shaky seiki, the Kalahari tremble, and the Caribbean jerky.

*Building the new altar:*

Maps of Japan (far left), the African Kalahari (middle), and St. Vincent (far right). Write the appropriate phrase on each map’s center of spiritual activity— “shaky seiki,” “Kalahari tremble” and “Caribbean jerk.”

*Completing your altar and instructions for experiment one:*

Obtain an empty bowl, the number 222, and something to activate or represent “piezoelectricity.”

First, sit in a chair or bench and stare at Tokyo, the words written over its locale, and the special bowl sitting below it. With your visual attention totally given to the pointers related to this Sacred Ecstatics lineage note this is your spiritual home for the body’s seiki movement—the shaky seiki. While in the Tokyo region of your altar space, perform your three five-beat lines and their associated body tappings.

Second, stand up and face the Kalahari and its words, and the completely mysterious magical number “222” that stands below. Note that this is your home for the Kalahari hand tremble. While in the Kalahari region of your altar space, perform your three five-beat lines and their associated body tappings.

Thirdly, turn to the St. Vincent side of your altar and face it, its words, and piezoelectrical device or symbol. Start marching as you stare at St. Vincent. You will fall into a natural marching rhythm. Note that this is your home for the Caribbean arm jerky. While in the St. Vincent region of your altar space, perform your three five-beat lines and their associated body tappings.

### ***Erroll Garner Pulls on Both Sides of the Gate***

After posting Brad’s dream of Erroll Garner playing “Where or When” on our blog, we received a letter from a friend of Erroll. He had a PhD. In ethnomusicology at Columbia University and had a long career directing and arranging music arrangements for jazz bands in New York City. He wrote us:

O.M.G., we are on the same page. I checked out your essay. Erroll was a good



friend. My wife and I consider “Where or When” our song. When we were dating, I took her to Birdland and asked Erroll to play – you guessed it.

Since this last major visionary immersion into the Erroll Garner’s way of playing, Brad has been haunted by his super-charged ecstatic groove. Almost every night he’s at a piano, soaking in this rare vibe. As we mentioned before, no one has been able to adequately replicate Garner’s style. They might catch some of his right-hand stylistics or a fraction of his left-hand comping, but it never quite comes together when both hands are played at the same time. In dream, Brad learned that Garner’s two hands play like they are rhythmically pulling against each other—a double contrarian tension that other pianists are unable to master. Garner has double and even triple or pentadic schlepp—each hand tinkers with its own rhythmic variations and with the multiple alterations occurring in the other hand. It’s not only his polyrhythmic interactions that are missed by other pianists, so is the quality of his tone. He strikes the keys with his whole body rather than his fingers alone. The strong impact of the hammers on the strings creates a loud sound with an extra buzz that for a while made Brad wonder what kind of piano he was playing.

Perhaps the biggest mystery of Erroll Garner is not found in his piano but in the grunting sound he made when he played. Jazz pianist Jason Moran claims that this is a sign that he is “working hard,” but we think there is more mystery to it than this. Garner makes the ecstatic sound of spirit ‘doption familiar to those who “work the spirit” in the African diaspora. It’s produced by the Bushmen n/om-kxaosi when their bodies pump with n/om and it’s heard among ecstasies in the Caribbean when the spirit seizes them. It is this guttural sound of ecstatic emotion and spiritual electricity that enables more complex polyrhythms and body strength to spontaneously kick in. Garner had an inner Sacred Ecstasies gear that enabled him to play at a different level unattainable by others. To play like Erroll Garner, you need his rare ‘doption, formerly mistaken as an unexplainable and superfluous noise.

Brad caught Garner’s ecstatic grunt and owned the intense energetic feeling associated with it when he was a young man. It was the key that helped him access the transformative dynamics of the Kalahari singers and dancers. As we reflected on this phenomenon, Hillary suggested that people wanting to play like Erroll Garner should first focus on learning to grunt like he did rather than emphasize piano technique. The same wisdom applies to someone who wants to Garnerize any expressive art form. Aim for the grunt, though it can never be learned or imitated. It must catch you. Once it owns you, you will reciprocally own it. After that, all else will fall into place naturally and automatically. Easier said than done. What stands in the way? Old habits of resistance and interference. Back to the seiki bench to sweep the ecstatic grunt barriers away. Empty the bowl and the grunt will come when it’s time, that is, when that arrow is released in Erroll’s soul fire time.

Erroll Garner owned a Sacred Ecstasies pump  
This is the Bushman fire within.

He conveyed n/om through song.  
This is why people longed for him to play all night long.

Caribbean spirit 'doption was in his throat.  
Higher syncopation and ecstatic tones  
Are what float this musical boat,  
And get you rocking back and forth on an ocean of musical potion.

The key to Erroll's impossible music  
Was having the sacred vibration and drum box within.  
They make you sweat Kalahari medicine  
And serve jerk soul food.

Erroll had that "something within"  
And it's what shouted joy through his eyes  
It was behind all the music he made.  
He was committed to not knowing what he would play  
Until his hands touched the keys  
And each time he lit a fire that has never gone out.

### ***Erroll Garner's Ten-Dream Lesson***

Brad has been miraculously receiving piano lessons from Erroll Garner for several weeks now. One night he had ten dreams that were the same—Erroll taught the same musical measures of one of his improvisations. We regard this as a rare miracle in our lives. As we lean toward using sound to primarily convey the visionary teachings, we find more music lessons pouring through, along with specific guidance for the musical arrangements behind our ecstatic track recordings. Though there has been less sleep, there is more energy circulating within. At times, verbal teachings arrive, especially with five-beat triplets, the "35's" that kicked off our Guild year. Here are some of the lyrics that came through during the master sessions with Erroll Garner. They begin by spelling out a little more of what is behind our three primary lyrical, theatrical, mystical, prayer, room construction, cooking, and Sacred Ecstatics recipe lines.

Calling mystery,  
God is on the line,  
*Communing with Thee.*

Singing and dancing,  
Shouting and shaking,

*Climbing the ladder.*

Return with the joy,  
Radiate changing,  
*Sacred ecstasy.*

Seiki shaky switch,  
Begin unknown,  
Erroll's stutter start.

Kalahari hands,  
Pulling left and right,  
Erroll's pump takes flight.

Caribbean jerk,  
Middle interrupt,  
Erroll's way to add spice.

Chaotic surprise,  
Rhythmic double pull,  
Melody comes through.

In noise we find the new,  
Cook in 222,  
Birthing creation.  
Enter the conflict,  
Pull the contraries,  
Meet the beats of God.

2 tones melting bones,  
2 beats cooking souls,  
2 songs pull the heart.

2 of you dissolve,  
2 gods awaken,  
2 realms of creation.

Soul sounds, body moves.  
Song and dance, hello!

Lights, curtain, begin!

The music heard in these visionary lessons is so intense that Brad feels he might explode. It continues after he awakens and, during that postlude time, he is also able to internally play songs Erroll did not record, including old hymns like, “Amazing Grace.” Music is the aural bridge to the big room of mystery—something Franz Liszt and Erroll Garner knew and embodied. This is the oldest teaching of shamanism—catch a song and it will take you to the other side. But only if your Japanese-Hungarian bowl is empty, your Kalahari 222 is aligned, and you are in relationship with the piezoelectricity of the Caribbean power generator.

### ***An Audition with Bill Charlap***

Brad was sent to a visionary classroom in a higher music school. There he auditioned for the great contemporary jazz pianist, Bill Charlap. When he asked Brad to perform a certain musical chord change, Brad had no idea what to do. No matter what Mr. Charlap asked, Brad was lost how to respond. In that moment, what Brad already knew was embarrassingly confirmed—he knows nothing about music. Furthermore, he doesn’t know enough about music to even learn from a master who is willing to teach him. He is not qualified to be a student. Again, none of this is news to us.

Brad devoted his musical life to “not knowing” how to play the piano, believing that the aural bridge hookup that Erroll Garner used is more fascinating to pursue, even if he only caught a fraction of this kind of rare connectivity. Erroll plugged into an ineffable muse whose higher compressed soul power is the key to the piezoelectrical aesthetics of Sacred Ecstasies. Past the knowledge of schooled conscious knowing is pure seiki playing, the Mount Everest of the musical mystery climber.

Musical knowledge is either beneficial or malevolent—it is trickster’s contribution to musical performance. Your aesthetic life is at risk, with or without it. After Brad failed his visionary performance audition and realized he was not worthy of any formal admission to the advanced study of music, another visionary teaching arrived. In this dream, we were our watching a film of how we produce our ecstatic audio tracks. Brad often dreams of playing what we record, but he can’t say what it is with any musical knowledge. He just catches the feeling and when we record it that emotionally charged music comes through. As we watched this mysterious process on film, we were surrounded by our musical ancestors, the saints who have visited us in former visionary dreams. They smiled and together in a collective, choral-like voice announced:

You are a medium who plugs into the other side’s electricity. What comes through is beyond human understanding. What musically matters is the conveyance of a force that awakens the body, heart, and soul. Fill your bucket with this piezo mojo, and then throw it, pour it, shoot it, and generously serve it to others.

The teaching continued in the dream. We were told how every Guild member owns a bowl designed to hold and convey mystery to others. It must be linked to the other side to become an expressive vessel for creation. Your anointment may be found in how you say, “just be nice” to yourself and others. It may involve how you sweep a broom or tidy a room. Or your gift may be baking pies, painting the skies, or expressing a “thank you” that is as sweet as honey. You cannot decide what your instrument, gift, or aesthetic style will be, and you may have a primary gift and a secondary one. Your job is to get out of the way and let the other side sort your life. This is easier said than done because you are so easily and readily hijacked by chasing trickster names and claims. Rely upon conductors to help you discover the nature of your destined middle wobble, the unique kind of medium bowl you were born to handle.

Learning how to live with a spiritual hookup is akin to attending an academy of performing arts and mastering a higher performance discipline. Big me must surrender to accepting the value of errors and correction, along with dedication to pouring that learning into subsequent experiments. The changing of First Creation with its piezoelectric spark is not held in mutual admiration communities where everyone’s big me is inflated by constant placation and lack of correction. The quick and easy path offered by feel good hucksters takes you nowhere except trickster dead ends and experiential flat lines. Follow the narrower road to the ultimate life performance grail whose cost is turning over your big me spud dud gun and its dictator tots. The art of ecstatic living must be reborn each and every day, built upon throwing yourself into the practice rooms and rehearsal stages. At the same time, you must paradoxically learn (grow, change) while trying not to learn in any rational way. Each time you cook, make sure you don’t look back. It might tempt you to think you captured a piece of knowing that you can re-enact in the same way next time. That kind of certainty kills improvisation, makes it hard to light a fire, and clips the wings of performance butterflies so they never take flight. Drop all those mangoes. Let the big (wo)man go. Make sure you fail every trickster audition and then get busy learning to light the hot charcoal required to fire up a soul performance. You need more char to run the higher lap. That’s what we learned from Mr. Charlap and his piano on high.

*Postscript: Boxing for God*

Brad shares more about receiving visionary musical instruction:

When I receive a mystical musical infusion from the other side, it is important to know that this does not mean that I can sit down and repeat it. Although this may sometimes accidentally happen, soon afterwards there is a middle passage of extraordinary hard work and concentration that I must go through so the inner inspiration (the caught emotion held in the music) can jump and sink into into the external body and spontaneously execute it. Here pugilism is on center stage – the

stamina, discipline, sweat, and blood of old-fashioned hard work. As my friend Al Di Meola said about the guitar—you have to “bleed” in order to own it. Literally, the guitarist and pianist practices so much that their fingers bleed. Check the band-aids they wear! Without this dedication to work, there is no alchemical conversion from the inner to the outer.

For instance, in the last recording of Morten doin’ his three lines, I spent 5 hours with over 100 attempted recordings to catch it. I had to memorize every one of his tonal and rhythmic changes so I could automatically and unconsciously be in relationship to it. And I had to tinker with tones, harmonies, cacophonies, rhythms, etc. Then Hillary does the same in postproduction—adding the explosion, altering the volume, and sonically linking the three lines. I also recall that the music behind summer camp’s Wood Farm fairy tale took a week of concentrated work, from script, to all the music working it out. Of course, there are times when all this pugilism doesn’t happen during the production itself. A live performance must do it in the moment. But before that happens there is constant practice and disciplined pugilistic work.

Erroll spent most of his life working out his magical relationship to music at home with extraordinary concentration. George Gershwin found pugilism so important that he installed a boxer’s workout gym in his NYC apartment. This degree of work ethic is what helps make the performance sound like effortless play. In the middle of work and play is found the wobble that is not one, not two of the music medium. All of this applies to writing dream reports, drawing illustrations, and making a ceramic bowl. Everything. Work and play—wed as a middle wobbler.

One more thing: because Erroll could not read music nor understood its code of representation did not mean that he didn’t have to “work it out”—he did so in another way, based on his personally invented way of piano technique and method. I learned to read the simple notes, but don’t know a single chord nor anything else about musical principles. I, too, worked out my own method of playing. There is the same amount of work involved whether you use another system or invent your own. No short cuts, no easy way. Same for spirituality, shamanism, mysticism, healing . . . all of living. Let’s get to work so we can really play!

### ***Climbing the 35***

In dreams we kept embellishing and varying the three fives. We said to one another, “Let’s make some jazz with our three lines. 1, 2, 3, let’s get those three 5’s on the go, circling back to include

some themes from the past that are ready to blast back reborn again.” Here’s some of what came down the line:

Communing with Thee  
Climbing the ladder  
Sacred ecstasy

Building the big room  
Spiritual cooking  
Everyday changing

Yes, Lord, I Need Thee  
Yes Lord, Do it Lord  
Yes Lord, Just Be nice

1 to 3 to 5  
Needs a 2 and 4  
To open the door

Shake your seiki bowl  
Tremble your two hands  
Walk the jerky sea

Trinity plus two  
Brings the pentadic  
The beehive high five

Sweep and clean your bowl  
Set your soul on fire  
Bring back the next change

Big room, make more room  
Big fire, light er’ up  
Big God, send the rain

Who is Osumi?  
She brings the seiki.  
Thank you, Osumi,

Who is Mother Twa?  
She sends the n/om awe.  
Thank you, Mother Twa.

Who is Mother Ralph?  
She shouts the alpha and the omega.  
Thank you, Mother Ralph.

Hungarian bowl  
Cooking 222  
Piezoelectric

Japanese bowing  
Kalahari fire  
Caribbean walk

Second Creation  
Cooking the middle  
Changing creation

Sacred Ecstatics  
In the 222  
Piezoelectric

Electrified Guild  
Double 222  
Squeezo to spark the piezo

Bowl, 2, 3, 4, 5  
2, 2, 2, four, five  
Piezo, 3, 4, 5

Do the higher math  
The ecstatic path  
Never turning back

You, radiant bowl  
With flammable soul  
Set the room on fire



### ***The Sacred Ecstasy Sanctuary: A Conservatory of N/om, Seiki, and Spirit Fire***

The demonic-like possession of human beings by power hungry, hate fed, and ignorance bred propagandists of Ptolemy-oriented nationalism is a horrific plague circling the globe. If you have not heard, the future of fragile democracies is not being steered by deep wisdom, ecological relations, or neighborly charity. What does Sacred Ecstasics advise during these worst of what-might-have-been-better times? Past the obvious ethical responsibility to decry and oppose the forces of oppression around us, we as a maverick Guild of ecstatic artisans additionally have a one-of-a-kind mission and responsibility. Brad dreamed that we were all gathered in a room to discuss how best to meet the dark challenges of our time. We then heard a voice clearly say that we have been assigned as the custodians of the “sacred ecstasy sanctuary,” the conservatory of n/om, seiki, and spirit fire. Without regular entrance into this sanctuary, it is almost impossible to ably think, speak, respond, and act with big room wisdom in response to the craziness of the world.

The room we were in was located at a retreat center. The space felt worn out and in need of repair, and the windows need to be opened for fresh air. We looked at the old floor and noticed that a section in the corner had fallen through and been replaced by unfinished boards. Brad felt we had to get out of the room and run outdoors. He peeled off his shirt and kicked off his shoes, heading outside in bare feet like a Kalahari dancer. A bolt of electricity came through us as we made a cacophony of noise, using auditory confusion to help shake everyone out of habituated refrigeration. We continued shouting emancipatory teaching as we prepared to launch some ecstatic dancing with wild sound improvisation.

Without n/om, politics is lost  
Without n/om, healthcare breeds disease  
Without n/om, education is mindless reduction  
Without n/om, religion is heartless moralism  
Without n/om, spirituality is soulless superstition  
Without n/om, creation stops and art flops  
Without n/om, life stinks of death

What is n/om?  
It must remain unknown,  
Only felt in the sacred ecstasy sanctuary  
There n/om is also seiki,  
And the old school bone and tone fire.  
When its spark goes out, the world is forever cast in the dark.

N/om, seiki, and the fired-up spirit,  
Are the changing names of sacred ecstasy,  
And the highest inspiration behind aesthetic invention.  
Sacred Ecstatics caretakes this pinnacle emotion  
And its rising motion and transforming commotion.  
We host the muse, music, and dance of creation.  
We tend the garden of n/om.  
This sanctuary is the big room,  
The hope for saving the world from small rooms,  
Scatterplot minds, frozen hearts, and lost souls.

Let us head past all maps to the remotest outskirts,  
Keeping the oldest sparks, coals, and fire alive  
On the original roundabout stage of the Life Force Theatre,  
The big room, vast stage, and numinous venue,  
Serving the highest avenue.

The battle and war are ongoing,  
Even talk of peace becomes a weapon of oppression,  
A rhetorical maneuver to ban spiritual protest and prophetic unrest.  
You are either a part of the changing, or you are glue keeping a problem intact.  
Past revolution and intervention is a more radical call:  
The call to arms, legs, hearts, minds, and voices to sing and dance  
To the music of a different fire, and another fiddle,  
The pipe, lyre, drum, and piano of God.

Be in both worlds,  
Make sure you can discern First from Second Creation.  
Get your ratio and concentration right,  
Be a conserver of the whole n/om room,  
And less a preserver of the left or right, up or down.

Sacred Ecstatics is a strange revolving room blender,  
Kalahari communal-ism and Japanese Shintoism,  
Caribbean syncretism and Zen minimalism,  
Pyrotechnical absurdism and hooper roofer repair,  
Far more complex is this blues, gospel, and jazz,  
With Beethoven jamming with Mahalia's holy bread,

In New Orleans and Budapest,  
Don't forget the Viennese waltz and Salsa sauce.

Our sanctuary is an estuary of Excelsior Springs,  
A living statuary of the cooking saints,  
A conservatory of hot tones and fascinating rhythms  
A dictionary, a 27ok ayah27y, and verbal tributary to God.  
Welcome to the worship sanctuary of First Creation.  
Our visionary teaching and preaching are revolutionary,  
Holding the evolutionary seeds for the soul's apothecary.

Be as much a brilliant non-dual mercenary as you are a pure emissary of love,  
This is necessary for the survival of the planetary library.  
Honor the huckleberry and gooseberry contraries.  
Serve the non-ordinary culinary thrill.  
Meet us in the newborn wilderness of wild extreme elation,  
The forever changing home of sacred ecstasy.

***Sacred Ecstatics Performs Alchemical Condensation, Not Trickster Simplification***

For nearly a week Brad experienced the same dream multiple times throughout each night. In a visionary theatre he performed endless altered versions of the "35" as well as other beats, tones, and metaphors that pointed to the main dynamics of Sacred Ecstatics. Then a teaching was spoken from on high:

The alchemy of Sacred Ecstatics changes one experiential form into another, especially the presumed conceptual solidity of Second Creation to the middle vibratory waves of heartfelt liquidity and finally, entry into the ethereal soulful steam that thrives in dreamtime until it falls to the ground where it cools and hardens again. As these phase shifts take place, words enter, disappear, and then repeatedly come back altered. In this way our foundational metaphors multiply and become multi-dimensional. We use multiple names to point toward what one name alone cannot adequately indicate. For example, the big room of Sacred Ecstatics is also called First Creation, heaven, vast sea, and our original name, Life Force Theatre. As we journey onward with our experimental adventures, more names appear to make sure we are both clear and unclear about what is meant by expanded sacred space. E-land, the shamanic academy, Charles Henry's multisensory laboratory, the far outskirts, and the like keep us dancing on our toes as we are sung by a touched heart and a spun mind.

In the dream we were whisked back to view some recent history where we tinkered with the alchemy of prayer. We watched ourselves formerly use numbers as a way to pray. It began with a musical soak in the old hymn, “I Need Thee” in order to fill us with emotion. When that was heartily felt, we were prepared to passionately speak the prayer line, “I need Thee.” We found how an effective musical soak made a prayer line more energetically and emotionally potent. After this emotional transference, rhythmically working the prayer line “I need Thee” then shifted to replacing these words with numbers—“1, 2, 3.” As we moved from melodic song to prayer line and then to numbers, the changing of each form continued to amplify the potency. This alchemical process constructed a mystical prayer wheel that turned with each expressive phase shift, expanding and heating the room. The teaching voice returned to point out a new teaching:

Moving around the wheel from song to prayer line and number can occur in any order. You may start with a number or begin with the prayer line. What matters is the continuous turning and circular interactivity of these different parts. When the wheel feels like it is moving on its own, the temperature warms as the creative life force enters to provide embellishments and improvisation. This is when a new metaphor, term, or phrase may enter and further enrich the ecstatic condition. At the end of such a cooking session, you find that performing any of the forms then awakens all of them because they have been sufficiently circularly connected. Now uttering “1, 2, 3” can have the same effect as hearing a gospel choir sing. This is the complexity of alchemical condensation, not the reductionism of simplification. In other words, it is like making a reduction in fine cooking rather than the naïve reductionism of platitudes, clichés, and bromides. Perform alchemical condensation and avoid trickster simplification.

Here’s a peak at some of the cooking that arose in the mystical night’s performance kitchen:

1, 2, 3

Room, fire, change

Sweep the broom, make more room

Kaboom, ignite a fire!

Rearrange, perform another change

Building the room, cooking with fire, changing the everyday

The 1, 2, 3 of sacred ecstasy

Setting your soul on fire

1, 2, 3

Rebuild, re-light, perform differently

Sweep, set the cornerstone, rebuild

Heat, release spontaneity, re-light

Change, improvise, perform differently

Tokyo, Kalahari, St. Vincent—ride the three tracks

Clear the room, circle the fire, journey into change

The 1, 2, 3 of spiritual cooking,

The oldest way of embracing mystery.

Sacred Ecstatics alchemy produces a mystical wheel,

Where song line, prayer line, and number line

Are the spokes that turn the circles, spirals and recursive dragons.

Breathe the fire, sing the soul, and dance a hole in each sole.

This is not simplification or degeneration,

Avoid self-deflation and inflation.

Seek the highest ineffable jubilation without exaggeration.

Condensation compacts the crystal,

Making it piezoelectric,

Filling the bowl with sound,

Shining light on the morning dew,

Doin' this for the Lord.

Crossing the fjord, walking on the sea,

Talking to the animals,

Inventing worlds,

Melting changes,

Feeling, reeling, rearranging,

Exchanging the forms.

Compact, condense, and electrify,

Piezo!

Heat, melt, re-solidify,

Change! Rearrange!

Trial, error, experiment.

Downsize! Improvise! Surprise!

Condensation begins with expansion,

Then comes the fire,  
Making you concentrated and less diluted.  
Spiritual cooking turns you into the comeback sauce,  
Helping your expression creatively taste better.  
Keyboard jazz married to dancing salsa,  
Is better than bread and water alone.

Blackening, whitening, and reddening the gold.  
Include what's told and untold,  
Count and be counted upon.  
Embody the singing and dancing universe,  
Hooper heaven as it is performed and reformed in earth.

*Step 1: Building the big room*

Sweep,  
Empty the bowl,  
Let the man go,  
Lay the cornerstone,  
Word masonry, hello.  
"I need Thee"  
"Yes, Lord"  
Communing with Thee,  
1,2,3  
Expanding space,  
Big room construction.  
Life Force Theatre,  
Sacred Ecstasies sanctuary,  
N/om conservatory.

Seiki shaky sit-down,  
Preparation to de-solidify  
Leaving Second Creation,  
Bound for First Creation,  
E-land,  
Poly-heaven

*Step 2: Spiritual Cooking:*

Lighting the fire,  
"Do it, Lord"

“Send the rain”  
Spread the fire,  
Chain reaction,  
Ecstatic gear shifts and temperature elevation,  
Lines into circles,  
Wheels within wheels,  
Turning  
Rhyming,  
Singing,  
Scatting,  
Improvising.

Involuntary spontaneity,  
Kalahari hand trembling,  
Body shaking and quaking,  
Shouting,  
First Creation changing.

Spiritual ride,  
'doption,  
Middle wobble,  
222,  
Medium,  
Membicaid,  
Liquify,  
Climbing the ladder.

*Step 3: Return to the Everyday:*

Everyday room changing,  
Second Creation as it is in First Creation.  
Room hygiene,  
Body tuning, soul aligning, mind resetting.  
“Just be nice”  
Piezoelectric participation  
in all of creation.

Stage rearranged,  
Daily alteration,  
Primary dot re-indication.

Caribbean jerky: make it hot and spicy.  
Post-smelt blacksmith reformation,  
Mystical prescription,  
More experimentation,  
Performance chops—practice makes sacred imperfection perfect.

Ride the ecstatic tracks,  
Tracking God,  
Hunting and gathering n/om, seiki, and spirit.  
Harvesting tones, rhythms, movement, and sacred emotion.  
Snaring hare,  
Catching a lark's song.

Soaking in sacred emotion,  
Shifting directions:  
Absurdity,  
Creativity,  
Stonemasonry,  
Mystical flight engineering  
Movement on!  
Hello and halo!  
Stewardship and service,  
Making a difference in aesthetics, ethics, and ecstasies.  
Community intervention,  
Enhancing ecological relations,  
Being a part of it All,  
Life as an ecstatic instrument,  
In the grand maestro's symphony of epiphany and theophany.

Serving,  
Sharing,  
Emitting sacred ecstatic radiation.  
A new world revolution based on n/om, seiki, and piezoelectric spirit.  
Boom,  
Big room,  
Sacred ecstasy!

Ecstatic living,  
Song and dance hooper



Maverick outsider,  
Setting the world souls,  
Musical note souls,  
Dancing soles,  
and all souls on fire.

### ***The Spiritual Meat Is Found in Metaphor***

In dream we saw a pile of cut out words made of hard metal thrown into a crucible, placed over a fire, and cooked into a liquid. We were in a wordsmith's blacksmith shop, facing a demonstration of the transition of words from solid to liquid. This visionary experience dramatically demonstrated how the careless metallurgical handling of language can harden words into literal representations of solid materiality, even making them seem as if words are the thing itself, a metal-like cutout in need of a literary melt. In contrast, master poets and creative writers handle words alchemically and aesthetically like wordsmith-blacksmiths, carefully keeping them malleable and changeable.

Nothing kills the spirit like the literal word. When religious ideologues uphold "the word" over the sacred emotion and vibration of spirit they are exalting the literal definitions and interpretations of metaphors, parables, psalms, and other literary forms that are supposed to remain too slippery, wobbly, multidimensional, and changeable to pin down and embalm. The hardening of terms and categories marks the classic devolution of religion from experiencing the spirit to understanding the spiritualized word. In the beginning was not the word; it was the multi-sensory fire of sacred ecstatic emotion brought on by divine communion inside the vast room of the indefinable ineffable. When the room shrinks and the temperature cools, the words harden. Former evocative metaphors serving the awakening of heightened emotion are converted into iron handcuffs and ankle cuffs—leaving no room for dance as ideological stance conquers the room and its occupants.

Spiritual war is not a conflict between different belief systems; it concerns the never-ending struggle between taking words literally or metaphorically. One spiritual fire after another has been extinguished by the ongoing solidification of knowledge, whether it took place in ancient shamanism or among more contemporary religious institutions. Sacred Ecstasies brings back the fire, the blacksmith, and the alchemist, melting the hardened words. As we heard in the dream, "doing so brings back the meat of metaphor." Our shifting "meataphors" exemplify how spiritual cooking requires making words, names, and concepts more liquid to better evoke the ineffable experience found in a room so large that semantic meanings, pragmatic implications, and action keep on changing.

We have a special way of helping prevent sacred words from hardening into solidified understanding at the cost of losing the spirit. We host and use our terms inside an ever-expanding network of metaphors. We typically have at least three different forms, dimensions, angles,

levels, and metaphors for anything discussed. There are three steps in the Sacred Ecstatics recipe, though no one step is separate from the others. While it helps to momentarily assume that step one precedes the other two steps, later you can start with any step because all experience takes place in a circle rather than a straight line. Another example of our multiple handing of terms involves our quest for sacred ecstasy. It is also the hunt for n/om as well as arrangement of the climatic conditions conducive to receiving seiki. Similarly, as mentioned before, the big room has many names to help it from being shrunken inside a small room of its own self-referential making. In other words, the best way to protect a metaphor from losing its meat is to surround it with other related metaphors, each bringing a different quality to the whole ecology of mind.

The meaning of a word or phrase always depends on the room (or context) in which it is expressed. Big rooms have room for many metaphors and this vastness helps keep them changing from one term to another. Literalists often ignore context and favor singular terms, definitions, and explanations that do not change—something only possible in a small room the size of a category, dictionary entry, or wall frame. This shrinkage suffocates and kills the soul of spirituality. It also prevents the creative interaction and relations between various metaphors.<sup>1</sup>

To avoid the perils of hard metal encounters and plucking your words from the main lifeline, make sure you protect the n/om meat in your metaphors. Stop going meta to human experience and dive into the meat of the big room—there you receive the n/om, seiki, and spirit that really matters, something readily accessible before “the word” turned words into matter. Let tones, rhythms, and movements keep words a lyrical verse that serves the mystical universe. Head to the wordsmith’s blacksmith shop and throw all your hardened word cutouts into the crucible and fire. Allow higher hands to hand you a newborn metaphor whose meat is a treat made in divine heat.

Throw God in the fire,  
That is, throw the word, “God,” into the fire.  
Have no attachment to how it will return,  
Even if comes as the word “frog” or “ice cream.”

Do the same to n/om, seiki, and holy spirit.  
While you’re at it, throw all your words into the fire.  
Then throw all of you in as well.  
Have no attachment to how you will return,  
What matters is the sweet liberating burn.

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<sup>1</sup> As an aside, here we see how pseudo-sciences emerge that pretend to explain the mystery of human experience by reductions that have no metaphorical wobble. The psychological and neurological explanations of spiritual experience are little else than a mockery of complexity that replaces aesthetics with formulaic fantasies. Gregory Bateson was one of the first to see the fallacy and folly of the “social sciences”—an oxymoron in need of an alchemist to heal its steel and inexcusable means of stealing the soul of humanity to prevent it from wobbling inside divinity.

The wordsmith blacksmith is waiting  
To take your metaphors and turn them into meat to feed the gods.

You, like everyone, is in need of being cooked by the ineffable.  
Anything less is a word game,  
With cutouts too hard and unchanging,  
Sending you off to split hairs and chase hares,  
Cutting you off from the mainline.

Get over yourself, that's only another word.  
Get over the word,  
Get into the fire,  
Get even deeper into the music,  
Reset, reignite, reborn  
With different words ready to change how you relate to words.  
The world is a word.  
Bye, bye.  
Let us return to First Creation,  
Singing and dancing before the names came.  
Hello, hello,  
Word jello,  
Wobbly and ready to topple,  
From one metaphor to another.

Anything goes,  
As long as sacred ecstasy is here to inspire  
The fire to give rise  
To the surprise of each sunrise.

Climb from dark ash to lightening flash,  
Find the meat in metaphor,  
Be a matador needing to be a different bull,  
Ready for another kind of pierce.

Less metal, more flower petal,  
Defeat your meta, meat your master.  
Take the journey from solid to liquid,  
Words are not what they seem once you turn to steam.  
Receive the nail to pierce the veil,

God's vapor leaves a trail for everyone to follow.

### ***Metaphor Ropes and Middle Wobbler Metaphors***

In a visionary classroom we received a teaching about the literal versus metaphorical handling of words. A single word was depicted as a dot whereas a string of associated words was shown as a line. The latter was called a "metaphor rope." Literality was then defined as a dot that never becomes a line, that is, a term that remains isolated rather than richly associated with different metaphors of the same orientation. In the beginning, a dot is like a seed ready to blossom and bring forth another generation of seeds. The name "big room" may blossom into "First Creation," and later, "E-land."<sup>2</sup> However, if a dot or name remains dormant and only re-indicates itself in the same way, a Ptolemaic solar system is built—one metaphor becomes the center of its own universe. Any human being clinging to such a singular, unwavering name becomes equally frozen in fixed knowing that now exists to persist and never change.

Unbroken word chains—different terms belonging to one another by mutual interrelations—keeps a metaphor rope from degenerating into a self-verifying dot or "cutout."<sup>3</sup> Metaphor ropes build a big room, as long as they keep stretching to evoke more multi-dimensionality, differential angularity, and increasing variability. For example, the journey from "big room" to "E-land" keeps the room big, whereas endless repeating of the name "big room" with no creative variation eventually causes the room to settle and shrink back into the unchanging dot. In the dream, we envisioned metaphor rope lines becoming circles within other circles, extending a room to become a whole universe. Reality construction is built on the cornerstones of primary metaphors that spawn ropes, wheels, and Ouroboros dragon globes of metaphorical relations. The expansion of this complexity makes room for the spirit with its endless changing names.

When we look at a metaphor rope, some of its metaphors are more ambiguous than others when it comes to discerning which rope they belong to. Some metaphors overlap different ropes—they can be perceived as belonging to more than one rope. These are the "middle wobbler metaphors." For instance, the "seiki shaky" metaphor belongs to step one's building a room and sweeping a room, and step two's cooking with spontaneous movement. It also is found in step three's everyday return where the daily seiki shaky practice maintains room repair and temperature control. The middle wobbler metaphors are the vibratory bridges that enable

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<sup>2</sup> Historically speaking, when we first began writing about Sacred Ecstasies we mainly used the term "First Creation" from the Ju/'hoan Bushmen. We also used Brad's previous term, "Life Force Theatre," which wobbled between a name for a ceremonial event and the big performance room of sacred ecstasy. Then came the term, "vast sea," based on the Zen parable of "moving from small glass to vast sea" published in *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire* (originally published in 2016). By the time we had re-written the current version of *Sacred Ecstasies* (2019), we had begun steadily using the term, "the big room." We discuss our use of the term in the chapter "Flying Books" in *Climbing the Rope to God* (2017). "Big room" is now the primary name and other metaphors, both old and new, extend in a metaphor rope line from that dot.

<sup>3</sup> See the teaching on "cutouts" from *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2017), p. 41.

passage from one transition to another. They cannot stand alone but need to be in relationship with less wobbly metaphor neighbors in order to assure they remain sufficiently evocative of the primary dot. In this case, “seiki shaky” is tethered to the name “seiki,” but suggests more than seiki alone and even connects the latter to other Sacred Ecstasies traditions. If a wobbly metaphor drifts too far from the lineage of an originating dot, it ceases to evoke any meaningful meaning. Without “seiki,” the name “shaky” loses its defining context and vital life force. To wobble, a metaphor must be both connected to a primary dot and float more freely in the space of creatively extended semantic change.

The art of ecstatic transformation handles words in these important ways: laying cornerstones that evoke movement toward a sacred direction; building metaphor ropes so our relationship to the cornerstones remains fluidic and changeable; the inclusion of middle wobbler metaphors as a part of these rope lines that enable a leap from one rope to another. Making that leap is traveling from one reality to another, the room hopping of reality transformation. This is another way of circling back to our previous blueprint for reality construction: the recursive frame analysis of how dots, lines, and circles comprise the Ouroborean tail-swallowing creature called “reality.”

Make a primary dot,  
Then make another related dot,  
Launching a line of aligned metaphors,  
Building a reality one difference at a time.  
This is how Second Creation claims its last name,  
The tricky realm of language,  
Home to life-killing, world-ending rhetoric,  
And beautiful, exhilarating prose and poetry,  
Lyric and literature,  
And theatrical healing sessions that change lives.

Add more metaphors,  
Line up the next changed rope,  
Aim it toward a different angle.  
Build up the four directions,  
Then multiply the axes,  
Creating spokes of wheels ready to turn  
One room into an alternate reality.

Make sure you alter the tone  
To avoid over-hardening the cornerstone.  
Turn a corner with a corner’s tone,

Un-dot your "i" in favor of a line,  
Then journey to the crossroads,  
Unknot every bind of mind,  
Find the heart of God's atmosphere,  
Where every metaphor is free to soar,  
To open and close any door.

In the middle of extended lines,  
Are the middle wobbler metaphors,  
Preventing the shrinkage that stops the dot,  
Keeping you from getting lost in a fragmented scatter plot.

Leap from middle to middle, one rope to another,  
Swing on the grape vine of Eden,  
Whose name farther down the line is E-land.  
Elands enjoy tasting a variety of propagated metaphorical fruit,  
While yetis are critical of those who wiggle free from the literal,  
Seeking dotted i's rather than lines that encircle.  
Be less logical and more ecological,  
Otherwise it's a bad day to die,  
And you'll never ecstatically live.

Dots, cornerstones, and corner's tones,  
Lines, multi-dimensional ropes,  
Circles, wheels within wheels,  
Ouroborean, way beyond Copernican,  
Every Ptolemy left behind.

Build the room, grow the lily, and yield your field  
To the big womb-tomb oscillating room,  
The changing name dressing room  
In the grandest Life Force Theatre.  
On this stage it is always a good day to fly,  
And a good day to laugh and cry.

In the unfolding drama from dot to line,  
Is the marriage of heaven and hell,  
The oscillation between metaphorical and literal,  
Always leaving and ever returning

To the dot of eternity,  
The universe in a grain of sand.

### ***The Mediumship of Sacred Ecstasies***

Perhaps the spiritual occupation least understood is that of the medium, sometimes called a channeler, clairvoyant, or communicator with the other side of reality. It appears as an official role in religions throughout the world from the oracles of Tibetan Buddhism to the Zulu mediums of South Africa and the past diviners of ancient Greece. In more recent history, an entire religious movement started in a Hydesville, New York farmhouse where the presumed spirit “rappings” of the three Fox sisters resulted in the birth of modern spiritualism. Though the sisters later confessed to being frauds, this fact never deterred the area from becoming a home base for spiritual mediums even to this day. Other self-proclaimed fortune tellers and spirit channelers later settled into Sedona, Arizona and throughout southern and northern California, with their historians and spiritual teachers sometimes pointing to the important influence of the Fox sisters, ignoring the fact that they only put on a magic show that purposefully tricked others.

Spiritualism took hold and flourished in Brazil even more than in the United States. There entire spiritualist medical centers were established to host a daily run of miracles. The influential combination of the placebo effect, groupthink, simple hypnosis, and cognitive dissonance often resulted in the uncritical acceptance of any place emitting the smell of antiseptics with the display of spiritual robes, magical symbols, and long lines of true believers. Again, most popular mediums turned out to be frauds like the Fox sisters, and the few with any anointed spiritual gifts lived on the outskirts where they remained largely unknown.

The widespread fakery of soothsayers and newly outfitted entrail readers found in the New Age spiritual marketplace led to frequent skepticism, knee-jerk ridicule, and automatic dismissal by investigative journalists and critical scholars evaluating either early day spiritualism or its contemporary resurgence. Furthermore, the marketing hype that anyone can be easily and quickly taught how to channel, manifest psychic powers, shamanically journey, heal the sick, and communicate with unseen entities has made it nearly impossible to find authentic practitioners who catch and ride the medium vibe.

One of the most famous authentic owners of a bridge to mystery was the Kentucky seer, Edgar Cayce. He underwent a hypnotic trance and spoke to a stenographer while in a deep unconscious state, not remembering what he had said afterwards. Decades later, Ross Peterson, called “the new Edgar Cayce” offered the same kind of medium-based medical diagnosis. Brad had the opportunity to experience Peterson firsthand. Hillary also met a remarkably gifted medium in her past so we each have a good reference experience to help discern the imposter from the imposter messenger. In general, authentic mediums are either fully, partially, or not conscious and aware of what is received when they report their experience of the spirit world. Perhaps the most famous medium of all time was Emmanuel Swedenborg who clearly recalled

his nightly dream visits to the spirit lands and kept journals of his travels. He became the inspiration for later students of spiritual mediumship. Even the circle of mediums organized by J. B. Valmour in New Orleans claimed contact and guidance from him. Brad also has been profoundly led by visions of Swedenborg, and even received one of his earliest visions.<sup>4</sup>

Prodigious mediums are as rare as great painters, writers, and musicians. Unfortunately, many questionable characters have falsely claimed to be channelers. We mention this historical background because mediumship has been a part of Sacred Ecstatics from the start. We carefully differentiate ourselves from the ways it is typically understood and so often misappropriated and erroneously practiced. We are more related to the old school ways of spirit communication that takes us further east than Hydesville. We have previously not emphasized this side of our work, or we have hidden it inside metaphors like the “middle wobble.” However, we have been surprised by recent visionary teachings that made more obvious how Sacred Ecstatics is connected to a pantheon of saints that influence us through our innovative means of middle wobble mediumship.<sup>5</sup> We were also encouraged to address how misunderstandings about this rare tightrope balancing act may arise and distract you from our core teaching—the emphasis on awakening sacred ecstasy as the supreme fiery emotion locomotion for changing reality, making life more of a First Creation sharing village than a hoarding Ptolemy storage shed.

A recent downpour of visionary teachings delineated some of the general principles of how we enact mediumship in Sacred Ecstatics. We wish to outline a few of these pointers. Again, please approach these ideas with more uncertainty than you may be accustomed to. Rein in any assumption that you readily understand and lean toward presuming that you don’t have a clue. Anything written or said can just as easily evoke a misunderstanding as it can light a spark of illumination. Hold the following points inside a multifaceted juxtaposition to feel what is collectively being addressed. Feel the whole and try to not cling to any part. Please cautiously proceed:

\*The journey from unconscious to conscious mentation passes through a middle transition. This particular middle is the “translator” of one kind of communication to another. In other words, the mind moves from one room to another by passing from analogical whole pattern communication to digital bits of binary communication, each with its own kind of logic and reason. One is akin to an artist’s sketch with a continuous, unbroken outline, while the other is a

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<sup>4</sup> Brad reports his vision of a loaf of bread that he received in the mourning ceremony in St. Vincent in *Shakers of St. Vincent* (Profiles of Healing series). He dreamed of the bread again and we report that vision in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2*, in the chapter “Secrecy, Mystery, and Holy Bread.” The bread came back in the first vision that launched this year’s Guild—it was served on Grandmother Doe’s kitchen table, this time with Dominic showing up hungry to be fed.

<sup>5</sup> See “The Room is the Medium” and “A Spiritual Ancestor Sees Us Through” in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2* and “The Medium is the Middle of the ‘3044’ Transformation” in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 3*.



telegraph-like mix of dots and dashes with space between each on and off. To the whole Rock of Gibraltar and every holy altar you say, "Hello!" To the binary canary bearing a contrary you are more tempted to say "yes" or "no."

\*The passage from First Creation to Second Creation (and big to small room, among other metaphors) is analogous to the above. In the middle is the mediator, transporter, conveyor, and translator that wobbles back and forth across two worlds.

\*On the original side of the divide (which mirrors the divide between spirit and physical worlds) there are no words or names. This side is First Creation, the medieval alchemist's pleroma, the world of dream where no distinctions exist because it consists of unbroken ecological relations and whole heterarchical nets.

\*On the other side of the divide, which is construed only in Second Creation (the medieval alchemist's creatura), the naming of First Creation arrives and creates the illusion of stable objects and things made possible by frozen names. This process is also a part of early human childhood development as described, for example, in Jean Piaget's study of how we learn to construct objects and a constant reality. Heinz von Foerster extends the argument for object construction and reality homeostasis as something built upon eigenvalues or stabilities of sensory-motor interactional patterns.

\*In the dynamic middle, where translation takes place, every word is a metaphor with a tendency to wobble. On the spirit side, there is no language. On the far conscious side, metaphor begins to solidify and reify into a false sense of concreteness. These three word-world domains must be differentiated to avoid the confusion of conflation: the unnamed, the wobbly metaphor, and the literal.

\*You only experience emotion in the depths of dream. What you later recall seeing and hearing in dream are reverberations from emotional inspiration manifest as forms that are recognizable to the conscious mind upon waking, while still carrying more ambiguity, multidimensional directionality, poly-reality, and contrarian possibility.

\*Remembered dreams are constructed in the middle wobble between two worlds. What you recall and report is not a pure representation of what was experienced, but a reconstruction that wobbles between the energetic relational field of the ineffable and the post-hoc means of remembrance and verbal expression that follow.

\*Everyone is a medium in the sense that you exist in a middle wobble between two worlds, namely Second Creation and First Creation.

\*Not everyone is a skilled medium. Some people refuse to acknowledge there is anything beyond the known, physical world. Others think they clearly know and understand both worlds but are blindly lost in the hardened words and literality of an overly conscious state of illusory affairs.

\*Constructing a middle is an art, the aesthetic performance that simultaneously and/or sequentially handles both the known and unknown, a back-and-forth dance of unconscious imagination and conscious rigor.

\*This art of the middle way requires these preparations: (1) a cleared and empty conscious mind (the empty vessel or bowl) where hardened names and literality are swept away, leaving no ideological stance and no habituated ritual that bans either improvisation or discipline; and (2) an ecstatic means of entering and participating in the other side of creation. We call this practical performance know-how the spiritual engineering of sacred ecstasy.

\*The quality of channeled material is the same as the instrument channeling it. A beautifully attuned mind will channel beauty. A muddled mind will channel the same order of muddle. The most reliable test of a medium is to ask for a performed and improvised prayer, poem, song, or dance. Its aesthetic quality is the mark of the medium's degree of skill. Here many fake channelers fail because they embody no authentic sacred emotion or vibration in their expression. Call this the aesthetic litmus test that reveals whether a performer is real by whether their performance is sweet and full of life force or has the stink and lifeless tone of a soulless robot parroting cliché platitudes and bromides. This test will keep you from being led astray, unless you have the aesthetic discernment of Orrin Hatch,<sup>6</sup> in which case, never trust yourself to ever discern spiritual matters. Such an out of alignment gut and heart is not to be followed.

\*The highest human achievements—including poetry, painting, music, dance, science, engineering, mathematics, religion, philosophy, and so forth are created by mediums. They bring forth “the new” by alchemically relating to both the ineffable and effable, resulting in a remarkable transformation of form.

\*Remember that the sacred middle always wobbles and is blurry—a dynamic of reverberating change. Its movement is a vibration needing constant realignment with the creator on high. Interference occurs when there is either too much influence by former knowing or too much noise from the random chaos of the cosmos. To be aligned with the divine vibration requires a

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<sup>6</sup> This reference to United States Senator Orrin Hatch comes from a vision we reported in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2* in the chapter, “You Can’t Spiritually Hatch with the Music of Orrin Hatch.”

dedicated spiritual practice, including the bold audacity to throw away whatever may have been learned or valued before. Get rid of static cling-prone mind fabrics.

\*All spiritual phenomena are determined by their enacted middle dynamics. You should never blithely assume you are operating with a pure holy vibration simply because that is your intention. Be equally cautious of mislabeling natural muscle automatisms as evidence of an ecstatic spiritual event. Inner vibration of the sacred kind benefits from confirmation by an attuned practitioner. Never confuse general public support and encouragement with evidence that you're on the right spiritual track, because few people can discern memorized patter from improvised wonder, or trickster noise from numinous signal. Furthermore, the same practitioners who obfuscate and mislead in the spiritual marketplace also readily claim to have a perfect vibration, so be careful who you invite to assess and tune your instrument. You can't do it alone and working with someone else who is misaligned will perpetuate the habits you both need to eliminate. It's a catch-22, for sure. The mystery solution is found in the Sacred Ecstasies 222.

\*The efficacy of a visionary dream is also gauged by the preparation of the empty bowl and the effective utilization of piezoelectricity. The 222 of the middle, where spiritual cooking transpires, refers to the double you, double god, and double reality of First and Second Creation.

\*While a spiritual vision is a gift, the greater gift is the subsequent aesthetic report of the vision that conveys sacred emotion and wisdom. Your spiritual guide needs to be a literary editor or theatrical script writer if your anointment is to verbally express teachings from the other side. Without this latter technical proficiency, dreams are better not shared, and sometimes better not even remembered.

\*The artist creating while awake is no different than the aesthetically inclined dreamer waiting to catch another dream and create its report. Both work in the middle—catching the fish and then cleaning it. The spiritual work and talent for doing it are found in the cleaning—everyone catches scaly night critters, remembered or not. Michelangelo envisioned the sculpting in the marble before he lifted his hammer to sculpt. His gift was editing the stone—chipping away all that blocked others from seeing the hidden beauty. Beethoven, Liszt, and other spiritual bridges to the celestial musical atmosphere, heard the music before they wrote down as much as they could. They didn't compose as much they brought back already existing music from another dimension, and then their talent was editing it as best they could. George Gershwin, too, mentioned it was rare to pull through an already well-formed song. His emphasis on pugilism is the work of a medium who pulls away whatever interferes with the melody coming through.

\*Former spiritual mediums can be evaluated by the nature of their bowl and the temperature of their contact with the other side. Here we find that some renowned mediums, like Edgar Cayce

and Rudolph Steiner, were not the cleanest of bowls—their reception was contaminated with cultural debris and unnecessary noise. In their case, they added extraneous mentions about “Atlantis” to their readings—something that was a popular cultural fantasy during their lifetime, widely found in bestselling books and magazine articles. Whatever circulates in the cultural atmosphere will settle into the spiritual reading if the vessel is not sufficiently empty. During the days of radio (before television), people dreamed of radio transmission. When UFO’s arrived, visions brought saucers rather than bowls. A cleaner vessel would filter these cultural symbols, signs, and metaphors away and allow for something more unexpected. At the same time, no medium is separate from the social ecology in which they live, and what is translated on the way back from the other side will always be shaped to a degree by the medium’s particular time and place in history.

\*All dreams are “seeded” and “grown” by the ideation and emotion planted in the room the medium occupies, and this includes both daydreams and nighttime dreams. Stated differently, a dream reflects both the room and primary cornerstone holding and organizing your whole spectrum of experience. This is why you want to fall asleep in the big room, with its space concentrated with the right mojo mix of cornerstone tones, rhythms, and moves that are inspired by sacred emotion. In other words, it’s more important to fall asleep in the Kalahari dance circle, the Japanese seiki room, or the Caribbean praise house than it is to be in a “make a wish” game show. If there is a lot of trickster debris or if the room is too small, this will be reflected in your dreaming. Simply avoid any overly purposeful dream seeding, i.e., don’t make dreaming the main purpose of your sleep or spiritual life. Such conscious purpose clutters the room with big me wishful thinking and disconnects you from the big room’s higher guidance. Your life room must be emptied and cleared of every speck and peck of personal desire to serve as a medium so that “Thy will” can come through and be well done. If you want divine intervention, then abandon mortal outcome specification—let the higher power design what is perfect for you.

\*How does the medium empty the reception bowl? Here spiritually inspired ecstatic shaking surpasses the calmer and more difficult means of meditative concentration. The latter, though interesting and valuable for other reasons, goes against the medium’s grain and uses too much brain to align the instrument which is the whole body. Enough said for now. Shake in order to bake and become more awake in the middle.

\*Once the bowl is empty, fill it with spiritually hot sacred emotion. The temperature of the medium and the warmth of the means of transporting the goods from the other side also shape what comes back to the everyday. Without ecstasy, cold verbiage is all that crosses, missing the higher aesthetics stirred by ecstatic dynamics. The reports of Cayce, for instance, are not exemplary performances of the divine. They are more informative for trickster mind, remaining in need of further filtration and higher editing. This is not to say that there was not important

spiritual teaching, but it was limited to the colder zones that lack stronger vibration and sacred elation. There are important exceptions to his tendency to drift, however. These occurred when his mainline holy signal was strong enough to keep secondary signals in their place.

\*The medium should primarily aim to convey the contextual room of the other side, rather than only its content. Less important than the particular message, gift, or teaching is bringing a room or a sense of the room across.

\*The more the messenger bears a literal message, the more likely the medium will convey the opposite of what was true on the other side. Hence, the great backfires of religion arrive due to middle translation errors. Peacemakers become war enablers, lovers become the self-righteous haters, healers offer iatrogenic interventions with too much refrigeration, and ecstasy is converted into a measurable trance without the immeasurable emotion that inspires song and dance.

\*Talking about the spirit as if it is a material thing kills its n/om, seiki, and numinous spiritual nature. Only a conductor who has effectively built a vast enough room can mention the names, nouns, and frames of spirited mystery. This includes any mention of mediumship. In addition, there is a time and place for a real shaman, mystic, or healer to say they are a shaman, mystic, or healer, and other times and places to not say anything. This is another way of pointing out that it is the room or theatre, not the particularities inside it, that matters most. In the big room ablaze with bone fire there is no need, desire, or capacity to name. That's when an anointed shaman, mystic, healer, or mojo hooper becomes that role. In a small room with no n/om they are nothing.

\*In the middle wobble, all sacred names are wobbled—in tone and in meaning. A name must not be said in a way that allows it to settle, chill, and solidify. The name must remain liquid and vaporous, constantly able to shift as the spirit wills. This changing is orchestrated by higher hands and is never purposeful. It is pragmatically wise to assume you will never serve as a medium of any kind. If it happens, be confused, uncertain, and not sure. Ask an elder to straighten out your rope, helping you recover pre-beginner's mind.

\*The medium is a master room builder. Laying down the wobbly metaphors in the middle gives rise to a chain and chain reaction of related metaphors, each different enough to make a difference for expansion and heat. Room building and metaphor construction are not primarily about informing. This is performed to wake up the circular wheels that increasingly encircle, creating the stage for the dragon to swallow the room. Inside its circular mythic-scale return, everything is ingested, digested, recycled, impregnated, reincarnated, and then returned remade, renewed, and better aligned to play an instrument in the divine orchestra's symphony.

\*The master medium is a master spiritual cooker, regarding no difference between room expansion and HVAC know-how. Expansion automatically heats and vice versa in circular fashion.

\*The master medium is a supreme creator of ecstatic art. Expansion and heat breed creations for the mystical senses that have been ecstatically awakened.

\*The master medium is a carver of sacred metaphors, each requiring the right staging and timing. The set must be arranged for the characters on high to arrive. Don't invite them, they will come when they are ready. Get "big me" out of the way and its outcome-focused interference. Only perform the middle, the not one and not two of the 222 trinity that builds the lines, circles, and fire breathing dragons who perform the theophanies of divinity's creative infinity.

\*Do not seek to become a medium like anyone else, including imitating Cayce, Beethoven, Sister Gertrude, Isadora Duncan, Shirley Horn, or Michelangelo. Your mission is to find the unique mediumship designed for you. It may be channeling silence or wholeheartedly supporting another medium. It could be anything—God's imagination and creativity are bigger than the entire sum of humanity. Whether your job is to make music, pastry, or a hat, the fish must be cleaned, expression edited, and interference and resistance swept away. This requires hard work and is nothing like an easy, pleasey daydream journey. The great mediums all were given a broom to use in a big room. That's what made them real—being a janitor for the gods.<sup>7</sup> Above all else, work on your room hygiene—this, along with blending all four ecstatic ingredients, gets you through good and bad times. Those who try to outfox God, like the Fox sisters, didn't use a broom and their room remained small, dirty, and filled with the noise whose signal only brought more interference.

It's all about the room, my friend.  
When the room is big enough,  
Then it's all about the electricity,  
As long as you make sure God is on the line.

The medium is the wobbler,  
A cobbler of spiritual walking shoes,  
A baker of sweet apple cobblers,  
A floor sweeper and air cleaner,  
A room caretaker,  
With walls that fall,

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<sup>7</sup> See "The Double Realities in Sacred Ecstasies" in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 3*. Brad dreamed he said, "I am a janitor with a broom who makes room for the spirit to come."

Ceilings that open.  
Make your prayer a broom,  
It helps build the big room.

Appreciate every kind of broom stick,  
Swinging together in concert,  
All these relations bring forth sacred elation.  
The jubilation of vibration,  
Brings elevation to every direction.  
You, the instrument,  
The spine way piano of shocker chakras,  
Use those black and white skeleton keys,  
Up and down, striking each string,  
The gods bring another gift for you.

The community and universe surrounding you,  
Receives whatever anyone is offered.  
The room is the gift, as is the broom,  
Not separate from you,  
The 222 of piezo is on the go.

Hello, halo, piezo, 222.  
This will have to do.  
Sister Gertrude is serving holy bread.  
Go past what you have read.  
Feel the blood in the letters that are red.  
Be here to feel reeled in by mystery,  
Anything else is not real.

Your fishing rod is the broom stick.  
Both saint and witch are aligned in synchrony  
To the changing tones, rhythms, and movements,  
Of the holy ones sweeping the upper room.

Get over the names and then rename everything,  
As long as the broom, rod, line, and rope are in line,  
Power line, telephone line,  
Highway, conduit, pursuit.  
The middle way reenters the middle,

The encircling journey of ecstatic living.

Ouroborean living,  
Our way of adoring Oberon,  
The king of the fairies,  
Questing for the queen of song and dance,  
Hungry for the sweet cakes of psalm,  
Let us perform the hooper prayer.  
“Dear Lord, let the show begin.”  
It’s a midsummer night’s dream,  
All over again.

*Postscript:*

When Brad had his major mystical initiation at age nineteen, he was made a medium. His hookup to mystery has directed his life ever since. Now we both haul down the spiritual teachings, knowing that the dreams themselves are secondary to the way we are required to edit them to convey their original mystery. Similarly, when Guild members bring down a visionary teaching, our editing typically is required to bring forth the n/om meat. At present, the importance of dreaming has been reined in because too many people mistook it as a static sign of spiritual accomplishment. When it comes to catching dreams, credit should be given to the bait, hook, line, and rod rather than the one fishing. Anyone can be taught to catch a dream: saturate in the right lake whose concentration of sacred metaphors improves the odds of getting a holy mackerel on the line. Then disturb your sleep to more likely wake up remembering to pull it in (e.g., set your alarm for 2am, 3am, and 4:30am). When you reel in a fish, know that you won’t know what to do with it. You should humbly assume you are unsure what is holy meat and what is a scaly veneer. That’s when it’s better to throw the dream fish back in the lake until the gift of discernment and cleaning come along to make you a prepared, whole conveyor of visionary teaching, but only if that is your confirmed calling.

***Before the Cornerstone Is Laid, Pour the Base Emotion***

In a visionary theatrical production, we experienced an ensemble of actors perform. A man wearing an extremely exaggerated costume that looked like a gigantic human brain first stepped onto center stage. He was adorned with ancient Greek head ware and a tunic, and he carried a long, folding measuring stick. Other actors followed and addressed him as “Ptolemy.” They walked in circles, orbiting around the main actor when they spoke. Within a few minutes of this opening of the first act, an actress arrived, hoisted down from the ceiling to hover above the



scene. She was a two-winged character dressed to resemble an angelic artichoke. That's when we knew, if we had any doubts before, that we were in a theatre of the absurd. She spoke:

I am here to peel away the truth and release the choke of unsound, unfelt thought. Let it first be known that the human brain is today's Ptolemy of the mind-centered universe. The body and your emotions are commanded to serve the head's satisfaction, as thoughts are presumed to determine your physical and emotional condition. The more positive your thinking, the less troubling emotions you will feel, or so you have been told. It should be no surprise that spiritual experience is increasingly defined as an altered state of consciousness. Even ecstasy is regarded as a trance state with no mention of elevated emotion. It is time to remove this Ptolemaic brain choke and find the art that came before. Let's get arty. I say this as the arti-choke that resides above your head.

We suddenly noticed that the artichoke was now flying in a circular motion over the whole stage. She left a trail of steam or fog that made her journeying appear as a halo that crowned the play below. She spoke again:

You are far more than a sack of molecules or a bowl of quantum cherries. You are even more than scattin tones, tapping rhythms, and hooper movements. When we say that sacred emotion is the most important ingredient, we are pointing to a revolutionary shift in the existential, experiential composition of human beings. Sacred emotion is the sacred ground underneath the first laid cornerstone and its subsequently built foundation. You begin as liquid emotion and then all other conceptions of materiality follow. Before you fantasize and upsize solidity, make sure you pour and flood the ground with sacred emotion.

We were suddenly lifted up in the air by a strong gust of wind. The artichoke came back to join us, but her face kept changing. She looked like one saint of Sacred Ecstasies after another. We and the changing saints took turns dropping a rain of tones, rhythms, and circular movements able to convey more than meaning alone. All we remember of what was expressed was this melodic sentence: "Before the cornerstone is laid, pour the base emotion."

Before the cornerstone,  
Comes the ground upon which it is laid.  
The ground is made of emotion,  
And sanctified ground is made of sacred emotion.  
Before the cornerstone comes emotional tone.  
Before aligning the next stone, pour more emotion.

Emotion inspires the motion of big room construction.

If the room starts to shrink or feel cold,  
Don't change your thoughts,  
Change your emotion.

Emotion guides thoughts and words,  
Though each of these is in circular relation,  
So we should not speak of linear causation,  
Because it leads to oversimplification rather than  
Holy condensation and distillation.

Send the rain,  
Get over Ptolemy's brain,  
Seek more than particles or waves,  
Don't be quantum dumb and n/om numb.

Your sea is emotion,  
Your journey is ecstatic motion,  
Your ship is the performance body.

Pour the emotion, build the sacred ground  
Lay the cornerstone, build the sacred foundation.  
Repeat with the ingredients aligned, build the big room.

From emotional tone and building stone,  
A song is composed,  
A dance is released.

The vast mystery stage,  
The performance of fire,  
The return of sacred ecstasy.

Sacred emotion,  
Higher motion,  
Celebratory commotion.

Sacred ecstasy,  
Sacred Ecstatics,

Life Force Theatre.

*Postscript:*

The main error of believing that “positive thinking” or “setting an intention” lead to desirable outcomes is that they miss or dismiss the needed emotion that must precede the cornerstone thought. Such a thought-driven life makes you unable to see that it is the room rather than the inhabitant that must be changed. Build the big room and change will arrive. Don’t think this, feel excited about enacting this. Act with the emotional muse that keeps you aligned with the source and force of creation. The ecstatic life is not built upon words and thought alone. It is built in layers—pour the ground of sacred emotion, then lay a hallowed cornerstone, follow that with aligning more construction stones as emotion continues to flow. When the room is vast enough, your job is done. That’s when the higher puppeteer commandeers your performance strings. Work becomes play, and sacred emotion climbs the spiritual thermometer to become the ultimate heated bliss of sacred ecstasy.

The next time you feel the need for a room change (which is already a revolutionary leap from thinking you need a personal change, saving you from pills and dead-end thrills), reach for another dose of sacred emotion before laying the cornerstone of word and thought. Alter your tone, rhythm, and movement until it feels aligned with the only muse that can light your fuse. Then get on with the show.

### ***Meet, Greet, and Treat the Catch-22 with the Sacred Ecstatics 222***

The main double bind or catch-22 of setting your soul on fire is that you need sacred emotion to effectively turn your tones, rhythms, and movements into an ecstatic, mystical, song and dance performance wheel. However, to catch the sacred emotion needed to activate this wheel requires altering and aligning your sounds, beats, and moves so they spark a different kind of emotion. You must start in both directions: act to feel the emotion and catch the emotion to inspire the action. It is this circular double relation of action and emotion that get the wheel turning and the fire burning.

In a visionary performance room, we watched two things happen at the same time. On the right side of the room a drop of mojo emotion fell upon a sleeping Sacred Ecstatics Guild member. It took several drops before she sprang into action, leaping up to form and turn the mystical wheel. While this occurred, we saw the same person—this time on the left side of the room—perform a Sacred Ecstatics experiment. She did her best to sincerely voice the assigned prayer lines with their associated movements. After several minutes she held out her hand to see if it had started to rain. She would then make some adjustments and try again, until she finally felt a drop indicating that the mojo emotion had landed. The teacher explained, “You must start

turning the mystical wheel in order to feel the sought sacred emotion and you must pour sacred emotion to prepare the ground and the mystical wheel that takes you on a spiritual ride.”

One main hindrance to spiritual cooking is thinking that you can only begin when you “feel like it.” You must act differently—using spiritual engineering know-how—to gather the drops of sacred emotion, especially when you aren’t feeling any holy inspiration. The other main hindrance that creates a wall of resistance is thinking that cognition precedes turning the cogs of action. You may then dismiss action because you “already know what that action means so there is no need to do it.” The performing saints of Sacred Ecstatics remind you that you don’t act in order to understand or prove that you know how to interpret the prescribed action. The experiment is not about achieving any such knowing. You act to bring forth a different kind of emotion that sets in motion an ecstatic reality construction wheel. Act when you don’t feel like performing. And act whether or not you understand why you should take action. Nothing else can reform and transform your life. More than anything else, act in order to feel what you will never understand.

The double duo of action-emotion (AE) and its twin, emotion-action (EA), makes understanding a less important side effect rather than the one and only main outcome. No longer wait until you feel ready. Act whether or not you are feeling lost or unready. The latter actually can help you be better prepared for a journey to mystery. Remember, there are two of you, big me and little me. Each must be oriented to both the pursuit of ecstatic action and sacred emotion. Both of you and their double performance twins (AE and EA) must rein in any primacy of understanding, though little me already knows the importance of not knowing. All of this should be enacted in the wobble between two rooms or worlds, one filled with names and the other filled with waves of oceanic emotion. In the middle is the action that feels the contrarian double tugging between named knowing and emotional flooding. All of the doubles, the 222 as a whole, must act and feel the wheel turning and burning within and without. As we learned in the double action, double emotion spiritual classroom on high, “Meet, greet, and treat the catch-22 with the Sacred Ecstatics 222.”

When you feel in a double bind—  
Damned if you do, damned if you don’t,  
Pissed if you don’t react, pissed if you do,  
Lost if you act, more lost if you don’t—  
Don’t do what you’ve done before.

You can’t change the situation with only a thought,  
You can’t change life by altering consciousness,  
You can’t alter your personality to adjust reality.  
You need to find another room.  
You must build the big room.

Ecstatic ignition can't start with a new cornerstone.  
First pour the mojo potion of sacred emotion,  
Start with a drop or two,  
This is the ground on which to build a foundation  
That alters the tone conveying something felt within.

Angry about science haters and propaganda liars?  
Don't look away in the name of positivity.  
That makes your gut rot and heart stop.  
Pour the mojo potion made of sacred emotion,  
Flood the ground so the temple can soar and roar.

Don't seek saccharine sentiment, only First Creation honey will do.  
Extreme love does not run away from conflict,  
It blends the bittersweet, mixing the sweet and sour.  
Meet the juxtaposition of contrarian feelings,  
From there the Phoenix of extreme love rises.

This love is more than love,  
This emotion inspires higher revolution,  
The locomotion of shambolic commotion.  
Sacred Ecstasies surpasses the former spectrum,  
Widening the palette for holier sensory experience.

Upset with big me interfering with the little me garden?  
Don't pout and don't yet shout,  
Shake your mind-body etch-a-sketch.  
Before drawing a new line,  
Pour some mojo potion of sacred emotion.

Not feeling the emotive alchemy and ready for blasphemy?  
Then feel your longing to feel the mojo potion.  
Soak in that longing,  
Move to create more perspiration than frustration.  
There's your inner drop of sacred emotion.

One drop of medicine after another,  
One hallowed word stone after another,

Each bringing forth the other,  
The oscillation between longing and owning,  
Make the holy rain flood the yeti brain.

The meaning of the word stones,  
Arises from the emotional ground below.  
Start with the right longing for higher feeling,  
This sparks the reeling that lifts you up,  
Kneel on the ground, go around the prayer wheel.

From prayer to song to dance,  
The old school ecstatic shamanic journey,  
Requires a mojo potion ground of emotion,  
Its locomotion carries all of you to the other side,  
Where your lost body finds its soul in the fire.

Pour the medicine,  
Lay down the words,  
Alter the tones and rhythms,  
Move toward the big room,  
The 222 is waiting for you.

***Brother Valmour and Sister Gertrude Call You to New Orleans***

J. B. Valmour  
Opens the door.  
J. B. Valmour  
Ushers you to the next floor.

J. B. Valmour  
Makes the fire roar,  
That comes before  
The metal clangs and heart pangs  
Amidst the African drums and Creole hums,  
The healing way of the Vieux Carré.

Sister Gertrude Morgan  
Paints the beauty of the beatitudes  
Her images and sounds fly the higher altitudes,

Her art throws the Kalahari darts,  
In the chapel of her Little Dada Darling husband, Jesus.

J. B Valmour is our spiritual brother,  
He demands the kind of rigor  
That turns hard metal into molten lava,  
Changing every form.  
In the blacksmith shop of First Creation,  
Healing was his true vocation.

Gertrude Morgan is our spiritual sister,  
She does not exclude  
Anyone from her hoop, loop, and wedding ring.  
Welcome to our outskirts troupe,  
A lower 9<sup>th</sup> fern leads to the upper room burn.

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild  
Yields to the anvil and hammer of Valmour,  
We follow the T-bone pointer of Gertrude.  
Learning how to ride the melt,  
Thawing the ice, returning nice.

Come on down to New Orleans,  
Have a closer walk with Thee,  
A song and dance with sacred ecstasy.  
Feel the fire a burnin'  
Smell the bread a cookin'

1, 2, 3  
Ecstasy  
1, 2, 3  
You and Thee  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5  
Sacred ecstasy

1, 2, 3, 4, 5  
This community  
Closer talk with Theeeee  
1, 2, Threeee

Sacred ecstaseee

Use the recipe,  
You'll be glad you did.  
Morning alchemy,  
Mid-day bakery,  
Nightly revelry.

Life Force Theatre,  
Louisiana,  
Yes, Alligator,  
Set your soul on fire  
1, 2, 3, floor 5

Shaking seeker,  
Ecstatic reacher,  
N/om is the teacher,  
It will change you forever.

Alter your past and future,  
Brother Valmour wants all of you,  
Sister Gertrude pulls you through.  
Three fives expand the hive,  
Own the 35.

At the end of the day,  
Make sure you can say,  
"It was a good day to alter  
And become a better smelter and melter,  
Shouter, singer, dancer, and painter,  
In First Creation New Orleans."

Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?  
It means you missed another sunrise in Tokyo,  
Another morning in St. Vincent,  
And another sunset in the Kalahari,  
Make sure you know what it means to not miss New Orleans.



Brother Valmour and Sister Gertrude  
Invite you to another way of living,  
They do not fit into your present quarters,  
They tease your room away with easel and anvil,  
Revealing a bigger canvas ready to be colored,  
A vaster sacred stage where all can be doctored.

### ***The Lion People***

A therianthrope is a mythical being that is part animal and part human, the result of the metamorphosis one undergoes through some process of shapeshifting. Brad has met numerous shamans and spiritual elders throughout the world who have experienced this kind of transformation, as has he. In the Kalahari, Brad learned how to become a lion. In a recent visionary dream, he met this kind of therianthrope in a different manner:

Hillary and I were walking along a trail in the bush of southern Africa. There was a fence that had been erected to protect human beings from any dangerous wildlife. Soon a lion came up to the fence near us. I went over to get a closer look. Suddenly I felt the hair stand up on my neck and I immediately stopped in my tracks. I could see that there was too wide a gap at the bottom of the fence that would allow the animal to reach out and grab hold of my limb if I got too close. In that moment I noticed that the lion was half human. This realization sent a powerful bolt of emotional electricity through bodies and brought a stark and surprising new teaching: it was the human side rather than the lion side of the creature that was dangerous. As soon as we realized this, the animal became ferocious and clearly wanted to cause us harm.

We walked away from that beast and started to discuss my past experiences with shapeshifting and the various shapeshifters I personally knew. Then a pair of lions approached the fence. We checked to see if they were like the former therianthrope and fortunately, they were not. Without fear we went close to them and unexpectedly felt the vibrational beauty of how life and death are held in a delicate wobble in the wild. I looked into the eyes of the oldest lion and could see my own reflection. To my shock, I was now the other therianthrope we had formerly faced—half lion, half man. I realized that the lion was feeling the same concern I had before. It was apprehensive about my human side.

This time we were sent an even stronger lightning bolt of emotion that conveyed a second teaching. We were flooded with the double truth of our nature, how we are a mix of wild animal and a supposedly tame and civilized human being. But again, we realized that it is our human side that is cause for

alarm. The dark truth of how humanity has acted toward other humans and nature broke our hearts and we had an existential meltdown, realizing that humans have far less wisdom than lions, birds, rats, and worms. We carry the kind of mind that dissociates itself from the mind of nature and this wreaks monstrous havoc. The lions did not create the violent dictators, polluters, and selfish hoarders of the world or any of their cultish, terrorist followers. In the dream we immediately dropped our human nature in favor of being completely wild.

We felt we had met our most natural friends and family among the lions on the other side of the fence. Continuing our walk, we passed former colleagues who stared at us like we were an embarrassing sight, something they could not bear to look at because we seemed too odd, unfamiliar, foreign, or incomprehensible. We, for the first time, felt what it is really like to live on the furthest outskirts beyond the outskirts. As wild creatures of First Creation, we were perceived as strangers to our own kind. This experience did not fill us with a feeling of magical power, pride, or any sense that we had conquered our dark side and were now better than others. We simply continued walking as we watched the fence melt away, laughing and weeping at how impossible it would be for anyone to understand what had taken place. We are not speaking of any wild spiritual fantasy about shapeshifting. We are not speaking at all, only walking.

Take a walk on the original wild side,  
And see your true reflection in the lion's eye.  
It reveals the lie  
That your human side is tamer, wiser, gentler.  
The lion kills, but its reasons are pure.  
Be less sure about your nature, the source of danger,  
And who is the stranger.

The truth will deliver a shock of electricity,  
A fire of emotion that melts all fences.  
Drop your human pretenses and defenses,  
Surrender to the wildness of God's creation  
From which you came before you were a name.

Nature does not nurture human hatred  
Based on color, shape, or size.  
Fight the monopoly on natural resources,  
Fight the monotony of tone and rhythm.  
Erase the hegemony of humanity over other earthly forms.

Be an anti-citizen and pro-wild family member of everything.

Reject the human idea that some people deserve the lion's share  
While others go hungry.

Remember what keeps mankind alive, as William Burroughs said,  
"First make sure that those who are now starving  
Get proper helpings when we all start carving."

Be careful about saying you are a peacemaker,  
That is too often an excuse for looking the other way,  
While someone else commits acts of war with your dollars,  
And you stand aside pretending not to take a side.  
We're not alive for very long,  
So be more unsure of what you know and where you belong.

Get on your knees each time you face your fears,  
Look in the eye of God and see the danger is you.  
The humanity of you masks an unseen profanity,  
The mask of you is made of whatever trickster wants to say on any given day.  
Be more confused regarding which side you are on.

Don't idealize, exaggerate, or over-simplify nature,  
The theatres and libraries are also wild,  
And everything human is indigenous to planet earth.  
Besides, the lions would rather you stay in the city  
And learn to be more ferocious about art,  
More ravenous for music,  
More protective of all children.

Too much rational contemplation without ecstatic elation  
Makes you forget that you cannot exit First Creation,  
Where all your relations are met in the eye of the other.  
Remove the splinter log of your "I,"  
Trust the eye looking back at you.  
Meet the other's fear—it's you.

What can you do with humanity?  
How do you end the reign of King Consciousness?  
Should you become more unconscious?

Which is one more monstrous?  
What about the mind of nature?  
Where's the heart, body, and soul in this?

Be lost when it comes to an answer,  
Do not trust the response your psyche mind computes,  
Keep on walking,  
Keep on hunting n/om,  
It will help you become wilder and irrationally kinder,  
Making you a stranger to those who are tame.  
Feel the big love that makes you lose your composure,  
Follow the scent of sincerity and authenticity,  
And the therianthropes who track mystery.

Join us, sister and brother lions,  
Recognize that you are prone to lie down, look the other way, and lie to yourself.  
Explore the trails with us, fellow critters seeking the ecstatic jitters.  
Add more therianthropy to your philanthropy,  
Be a better, wilder neighbor.

Sacred Ecstatics is found in lion country,  
Where fences aren't what they seem,  
We wobble in the middle between humanity and divinity,  
Holding empty bowls to catch the 222 trinity,  
It's raining threes and fives,  
Our universe is the singing and dancing wild.

Be a child,  
Communing and cooking with nature,  
Climbing the rope to the sky village,  
Following Mother Pompey to Mount Zion,<sup>8</sup>  
Returning as a lion,  
With our relations reset by higher elation,  
Keeping the electricity in constant circulation,  
Each of us a piece of the whole piezo pie.

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<sup>8</sup> This is in reference to Mother Pompey of St. Vincent and her vision of being taken to Mount Zion where she received a song: "I stand on Zion Hill, and I hear an angel's voice. I stand on Zion Hill, and I hear an angel – Mother Pompey blow, come blow, Mother Pompey blow, come blow."

Communion,  
Climb into union,  
True peace is found in the piezo,  
The spark of your compressed, complex, electric nature.  
Take down the fence and dissolve into the biggest other,  
Shift your shape to fit a boundless landscape.  
Sing when you roar,  
Less is more when it comes to your place in the scheme of things.  
Be the least among the beasts,  
The size of a pebble with a big Kalahari tremble.

### ***Gifted with a High-Tech N/om Heating Device***

Brad dreamed that we discovered a surprising and unusual technological gadget in our living room:

This spiritual gift was literally a black box the size of an old radio. A voice from an unseen source explained, "This is a n/om heating device. Whenever you feel your inner or outer expression becoming cold, throw your words, tones, rhythms, and movements into it. They will be instantly heated." We then tried out the contraption by discussing topics that usually raise our blood pressure as they equally lower our spiritual temperature. Our go-to instant room chillers include any conversation about the decline of scholarship in academia, a rant over the non-systemic nature of psychotherapy, or more than anything else, trying to conceive of an effective tactic or political intervention that might disrupt today's toxic cult of hate mongers who have overtaken the Republican party. As we felt our room shrink in the dream, we threw our words into the hi-tech n/om heating device and to our surprise, we were flooded with a more complex kind of emotion that served to inspire more creative participation in facing our adversaries.

After trying out the device, a smaller version was then installed within each of our bodies. A spiritual surgical operation was performed on us by angelic beings. Now we both had an inner device as well as the larger version that remained in our living room. The voice on high added, "Do not fear facing your adversary, but do so only when you are riding on musical tracks. Whatever words come through need to radiate with the deepest soul vibrations. Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke while hearing a church choir sing inside himself. Do the same. Don't retreat and don't compete. Face the other, get on the musical railroad tracks, and then radiate the tone, rhythms, and movement of n/om into the darkness of day and night."

We were stunned but also recognized the important teaching. Too often people think that a spiritual response to violence and discord is to not get angry and avoid conflict. But this can easily encourage an impotent retreat from what must be met with something more ethically responsible and spiritually deeper than a tranquilizing spiritual platitude. The emotion we felt in the dream from the mysterious black box made us more determined to take on what cannot be ignored. It inspired us to more creatively address the double-binds of contemporary times. "When others go cold, we want to go both high and low in a turning wheel whose cybernetic circularity offers an opportunity for self-correction." That's how we say it to ourselves, though we know this may not convey any relevant difference to those outside our living room.

Years ago, Brad was granted an important spiritual teaching that showed how he could address any trickster confrontation without losing his patience and throwing harmful mojo around. The anointed ecstatic alternative he was shown involved going to his piano (the one in our living room or the Steinway inside him) and playing some improvised music before he spoke about what irritated his ethical dynamics and spiritual pyrotechnics. Such a changing tone, along with rhythmic variation, enables the temperature to rise and make the room bigger. We discovered again that wisdom resides in the big room's natural and spontaneous creative response, something not available in a small room that only fosters naïve attack or fearful retreat. As this was remembered we also reheard an old church mother who spoke these words to Brad long ago: "You've got to get dirty for the Lord." We knew this means something more than we thought it did before. When others get low and dirty, you need to get down and not be afraid or embarrassed to speak out with the prophets of old by your side. In the big room, dirt can alchemically become gold dust. Remember this old school wisdom or else you'll dismember the high from the low and the dirt of earth from the alchemical gold of its interrelated heaven.

As these considerations came to mind, we realized that the visionary technical device in our living room that is the size of an old-fashioned radio, is actually a music making device. It's like a miniature juke box. In addition, it is a transform of Brad's inner Steinway and our outer keyboards. This is when we realized we had a new teaching for you:

Make sure you install an inner juke box, radio, or piano. Whenever you experience a know-it-all Ptolemy litter your room, turn the music on. Ride the tracks while you allow higher hands to face the trickster with whom communication seems impossible. This higher guidance will help you express what could never be imagined, performed, or conveyed in a small, cold room. Get dirty and clean, low and high for the Lord of the true Ouroborean rings.

After the dream, Hillary and I recalled how over the last months we had discussed what we'd publish if we were back in the university teaching family therapy. We agreed that we'd address how therapists can intervene with couples and families who are enacting the civil war of a divided country. In particular, families who have a Trump supporter or the equivalent find themselves in a major stalemate not knowing whether to separate or fight, finding it a nightmare to be with one another in a room loaded with landmines. This is something Hillary experiences firsthand in her own family. We even constructed imaginary sessions of what we would say to these conflicted clients if we were doing a teaching demonstration. Here we found that, like any other session we conduct, independent of the theme or problem definitions presented, we aim to make the room bigger so more expression and creative energy can circulate. Then we allow a session to surprise us, with no platitudes or canned rhetorical maneuvers recycled. That's why we always have a keyboard handy when we are asked to be handy dans for relational room renovation projects.

Similarly, we have often prayed for advice as to what we could say to you with the ongoing rise of homegrown fascism and terrorism in the United States and Europe. We all struggle as we observe the bashing of science and the absolute lack of either earthly or heavenly wisdom that results in the genocidal action promoted by totalitarian leaders. It is no accident that three of the most irresponsible world leaders who did not listen to medical advice ended up being infected with the coronavirus. We recently prayed again for what we could say to you in this medieval time of ignorance and evil that is maintained by propaganda brainwashing, intentional misinformation, uncalibrated greed, and blind self-righteousness. This time we threw our own frustration and its chilling ideas and pay-back combative fantasies into the musical black box and allowed the other side to have its say. This is what came down for us to share about the unique place and mission of Sacred Ecstasies in today's troubling times.

### ***Fireworks Announce the End of the War***

Hillary had an unusual dream where she traveled back in time:

I found myself in Paris, in a large city park. It was nighttime and the stars were shining across the sky. I was with a group of about fifteen close friends who were young bohemian artists and musicians. It seemed I had only met them recently, and they had invited me to meet them in the park to watch the stars. It was the 1940s, and a big announcement was going to be made whether World War II had officially ended, and Paris liberated from German occupation. The announcement would be made in the form of a fireworks show. The park was dotted with groups of friends and families filled with desperate hope for this good news.

While everyone waited, one of the women took me on a short stroll to see more of the park. The weather was perfect, and I was intoxicated with the romance of Paris. Upon

returning to where her friends were gathered, I noticed they were all lying on their backs looking up at the sky. Strangely, however, the ground beneath them was made of shallow water and they were all floating rather than lying on the ground. It was an otherworldly sight, their bodies glowed slightly as if they were fireflies or magical fish floating on a pond, gazing up at the heavens.

Just then we heard something above us. I looked up at the night sky and saw a small firework explode in a trail of colors. We knew the announcement was coming soon. A few more fireworks appeared, and it seemed as if the explosions were beginning to form words in the sky. Everyone's eyes were fixed on the fireworks, waiting to decipher the communication that the war had finally ended, or whether we had longer to wait. More fireworks began to blast over our heads, and everyone started to cheer. The message was clear: the war was over. Peacetime would now return, and the whole park erupted in joyful celebration and revelry.

Lately we have been wondering:

Is there a war coming?

Sides are forming.

Even peaceful people we know

Are learning to shoot guns,

"Just in case," they say.

Meanwhile, the Republicans are out for blood.

Is the war already here?

The good news is,

Wars end, eventually.

Can we skip to the part where we're in the park

In Paris under the night sky?

We take solace that there will still be young bohemians

Who pledge allegiance to poetry, music, dance, and art.

Let us fight with explosive rhythms,

And drop melodic bombs charged with complex harmonies,

Sending arms and legs flying in all directions on the dance floor.

We salute the jazz that saves defeated lives,

We bow before the swing that brings us something to live for.

*It's still the same old story*

*A fight for love and glory*



*A case of do or die*  
*The world will always welcome lovers*  
*As time goes by.*  
Play it again, Sam.

The ground beneath us is not as solid as we thought.  
It's made of something more fluid –  
The liquidity of feelings.  
Buoyed up  
By hope?  
Or simply an abiding love for life.  
We float.

Something mysterious makes us glow  
And look up at the sky,  
Trusting that the fire of joy is returning again,  
Surely it will work,  
Like it always has,  
To spark the multi-colors of peace,  
Bringing back the light,  
To desperate faces below.

For now, we're waiting in the dark,  
In the park among friends at night,  
Suspended in the middle between earth and air,  
We prepare for the return of exhilarating delight,  
In this city of love, and art, and light.

### ***Journey to Ecstasy Land***

Edgar Cayce, the famous seer from Kentucky, came to us in the visionary realm. He stared into our eyes and spoke: "God is a vibration." As he said the word "vibration," he lifted his tone and gave it a long-lasting vibrato that was viscerally felt as something truly other worldly. He kept repeating the phrase, and each time he expressed the word "vibration" with a different vibrato, tone, pulse, duration, and musicality. Soon multiple expressions of that word lingered in the air as they blended and changed in and out of dissonance and harmony. We felt dizzy and began to lose consciousness. Then, without warning, the vision shifted and Brad found himself in the country church of his childhood.

Brad was at the back of the church building with four men from the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. He was giving them a tour of the place in which he was spiritually raised and where his father had served as the pastor. Their walk began near the nursery where infants were cared for during church events. Next they passed by the classrooms that had been used for Sunday School teaching. Brad opened one door to find it was empty without any chairs, looking deserted. They went on to the large space that was the original main sanctuary before his father built a larger one. It, too, was empty, missing its pews, altar, and musical instruments.

The tour made Brad feel uncomfortable—the site of his early spiritual life was now literally empty. He remembered that as a child he carried a mixed bag of emotions about religion. It brought an occasional sense of uplifting mystery as well as a weary feeling. It was missing the soulful vitality more readily found in the performing arts. Back then religion seemed way too serious and some of the church members emitted an existential stink. They could be overly pious or morally incongruent, speaking of so-called Christian love while backbiting with malicious gossip and double standards of conduct. As a child, it was hard for Brad to tell whether the “dark side” of small town life came from the church or from the rural population whose intellectual and aesthetic sterility made sure there would never, ever be a bohemia. This deadly mix of God and bad taste (we sometimes call this an “Orrin Hatch” performance flavor) made Brad count the days until he could escape small town stuffy, stinky, cornball, hardball provincialism.

The tour continued as they walked down the corridor connecting the old with the new church buildings. Brad stopped at the pastor’s office, but when he looked in it appeared some kind of strange treatment was being applied to his father’s feet. He decided that this sight might be too much of a shock for the men to comprehend, so he closed the door and kept on moving. At first Brad himself wasn’t sure what was happening to his father, the preacher. Later he realized that a spiritual leader must both talk and walk their teaching and therefore extra care, unusual practices, and mysterious treatments must be applied to this person’s feet.

As they approached the main big room sanctuary in the new building, it became obvious that there was an overflowing crowd with a lot of celebratory music going on. Walking through the entrance, they felt they had entered an energized music festival. Brad made sure the four men stayed together. He kept his eye especially focused on Dominic who stood next to him. The other men went in and out of focus. They were Morten, Linus, and Johannes, though sometimes they appeared to be a blend of other Guild members, as if they were ambassadors for the whole group. The men walked across the sanctuary, headed for seats just to the right of the center aisle where Brad prefers to sit. Suddenly a song exploded in the air. It was the old hymn, “There’s Power in the Blood.” Each of the young men instantly knew they had all received the same sacred song. Together they felt the joy and ecstasy of this simultaneous musical transmission.

Brad looked around and saw that the majority of people in the congregation were professional musicians of different kinds, including the jazz pianist, Chick Corea, along with some well-known gospel singers. There were a few small town folks in the audience, but their presence was dissolved in the large crowd and rendered unnoticeable by the musicians who’d come to

make an exhilarating joyful noise. Brad and the young men all sat down and absorbed the sacred vibes.

Within minutes, Dominic stood up and Brad followed him. He mentioned that he had to check on something outside. Realizing that this was an important moment, Brad guided him out the door. Dominic added, "I need to find my bearings. I left a vital part behind and I think it is behind the church." To his surprise Brad found a door on the right side of the church that had never existed before. They went through it together. Once outside Brad could see that behind the church there were huge steel beams in the ground that extended all the way from the church over the sidewalk where people had to step over them. The beams were tied to the building, anchoring it in place and making it entirely immovable. It crossed Brad's mind that this is how institutions of religions typically are. On the one hand, they are immovable in a resourceful, steadfast way, but on the other hand their inflexible, unchanging solidity often chokes out spiritual mystery. The steel beams looked unnatural and out of place, prompting Dominic to comment, "They'd never allow this kind of construction in London. It wouldn't pass the city building code." They laughed as Brad watched where Dominic would go.

He went to a spot hidden by shrubs where the main water line was attached to the church. Digging underneath the pipes, Dominic found some tools wrapped in cloth. It seemed he had left them there long ago. He took them out and set them aside. Then, for no reason other than curiosity, he dug a little deeper and was surprised to find a very unusual and mysterious object. It was the size of a large telephone book, but it was made of metal. It had a single ball-like object on its cover, centered at the top. Neither of them knew what it was. Their first thought was that it was a ball bearing, but it wouldn't move so they thought perhaps the tools were there to repair the ball bearing.

Brad noticed that the word, "Toyota" was etched on the back side of the object. Immediately, he knew that this meant they now had a means of transportation that was waiting to take them elsewhere. Brad instinctively knew what must be done. "Follow me, Dominic." They walked around the entire block before returning to the backside of the church property where the tour had started in the dream. They stood next to the outdoor cans where trash was discarded and burned when Brad was a child. Brad lit the fire and not surprising to him, a heavenly choir started to sing, "I Need Thee." Brad woke up but remained inside the dreamtime, absorbing its musically conveyed emotion as he repeated the three lines that began this year's Guild adventure: "communing with Thee, climbing the ladder, and sacred ecstasy."

Soon falling asleep again, Brad was sent to another visionary classroom. Now Hillary was with him and we faced another person who was not Edgar Cayce, like before. It was Osumi, Sensei and she stared into our eyes as she spoke, "Seiki is a wind." When she said the word "wind" we felt seiki circulating around us. It was felt as moving air and heard as a low hum, pulsing like the heavens and the earth were both breathing in unison. Sensei repeated her declaration and the word "wind" varied each time, launching waves upon waves of energetic intensity. Osumi, Sensei then handed us a book from the mystical library. It was open to a particular place in the table of

contents. She pointed to the middle of the page. There we saw eight separate entries all with the same title: “Seiki.” Though we read what preceded and followed those entries, we no longer remember the other names or themes.

We opened the book to read what it had to say about seiki and instead of finding words, a primal force leapt from the page and filled us with overflowing currents of seiki. Our bodies jolted so strongly that it woke us up. We only woke up in the dream, however. Still inside the vision, we kept on trembling from the intervention that came from the land of Toyota, the Japanese place where we had been transported. We then noticed that Dominic was sitting in the room and seemed unsure of what was taking place. Brad went over to him, assured him that all was well, and finally laid his hands on the crown of his head. As he did this, the Brazilian healer, João Fernandes de Carvalho, mysteriously floated into the room. Upon seeing him, Brad knew what to say: The Lord’s Prayer. This is what João did when he helped others. When Brad spoke the words, “Our father which art in heaven,” he said “heaven” in a way that felt like the “vibration” vibrato of Edgar Cayce and the seiki “wind” of Osumi, Sensei. This happened with each line of the prayer—certain words doubly conveyed the divine vibration and the seiki wind. Through this multi-dimensional manner, Dominic received a seiki transmission.

We then noticed that Dominic was still holding the spiritual mystery gift he had received in Brad’s childhood church, found near the main water pipeline. The gift had changed after he received seiki in First Creation Japan. The round part was no longer a ball bearing. It was now an old-fashioned compass, the kind of bulb that held a liquid with a floating pointer inside it. Brad’s grandfather, Reverend W. L. Keeney, had one of these on his dashboard to make sure he never got lost. It always fascinated him as child. Brad would sit in the middle of his father and grandfather and stare at that bobbing compass rather than look at either side of the road.

We celebrated that Dominic had been given a spiritual compass. Of course, this means that his reception of mystery is meant to be shared with everyone. Each Guild member now has a ball bearing that becomes a compass whenever the seiki wind blows. In its original form, it is a ball bearing that enables movement from earthly emptiness to heavenly reception. When your empty bowl is filled with ecstatic seiki movement, it becomes the compass for everyday spirited guidance.

As we felt this transmission branching out and reaching its threads to touch and tap other Guild members, we were simultaneously filled with a new teaching: “Seiki is not only the beginning, when the bowl is empty. It is also the middle—the reception that fills the bowl.” In the visionary adventure of this mysterious night flight we discovered that emptiness was initially found in Brad’s childhood church community—it had been cleared of former irritating small-minded debris so that there was now only room for music, the ecstatic means of climbing the ladder. The church, as a beginning empty bowl, became a middle when music arrived to move the journeyers out of its constricted, limited space.

As we marveled at what had mystically happened, a huge staircase dropped from the sky. It was the broadest and highest stairs we had ever seen. Immediately a huge moving object walked

to the center at the top of the stairs. We could barely see it at first, but then a light shined upon it and brought the mysterious presence into focus. It was an African elephant and other wild animals were felt to be close behind it. The elephant and its corresponding dance is also a trickster form to Bushman elders—it can be wise or foolish, and it is musically equipped with a trumpet horn. When used wisely, trickster mind can help lead you to the stairway or ladder, but sacred emotion and ecstatic expression are what enable you to climb it. That's when the hare is no longer chased. Instead the lark's song opens the heart to soar to the higher floor.

As we were flooded with this teaching, we more deeply appreciated how all religions and spiritual practices must be emptied of garbage and filled with mystery. When this is done, all roads lead to Mother Africa where the Kalahari Sea is ready to rise from the earth again. It, too, is the beginning, the original final return to the middle. The journey to E-Land or Ecstasy Land involves hunting for unseen n/om, serving an empty bowl of seiki, and awakening the spirit fire that sings and dances your bones.

### ***Sounds of Nature***

Last night in a vision, Brad heard someone knocking on our front door. We both went downstairs in the dream and saw that a package had been left for us at the front door. We opened it to find a gift inside. It was a large padded envelope with these words written on it, "Sounds of Nature." When we opened it, we heard the next ecstatic track we would produce. It included the natural sounds of the wild associated with each ecstatic lineage. There were other ecstatic sounds mixed in as well. Brad woke up and kept hearing the track repeat for over an hour, absorbing its vibration and musical scoring.

The wild cannot be known and remain wild,  
Nor can it be framed forever for postcard pleasure.  
The wild is a conservatory of changing sound and emotion,  
A mojo, muti potion that sets all relations in motion.

Without the marriage of song and dance,  
The wild is lost to a categorical tomb,  
Disconnected from the mystery womb,  
Needed for endless reborn wild mystery.

Both before and after  
The imaginary line of evolution,  
The ecological revolution brings a circle  
Of dreaming that alters every theme and scheme.

In the wild, no single sense rules over the others.  
No mind reigns over a named body.  
Embodying the whole wild *is* the mind of nature,  
A musically mystical hybrid that lives off the abstract knowledge grid.

The therianthropes own the ropes,  
We are neither what you think or see.  
We are what is heard and felt,  
Performing the changing and dissolving the naming.

When the sounds of nature call,  
Respond with song and dance that release the n/om arrows,  
Drop the categorical, ideological, and confessional.  
Choose to stomp your hooves and let your antlers glow.

The lions are here to bring wild cheer,  
Making a joyful noise for the E-cology of E-land,  
Their hidden signal is heard and felt in the climb,  
Up and down the rope of the therianthropes.

### ***Bring it Back***

In the middle of the night, Brad was awakened by a voice:

Over and over I heard these words spoken, “Bring it back, bring it back . . .” At first I wasn’t sure what I was hearing, but the moment I recognized the three words, “bring it back,” I wondered what should be brought back. That’s when the voice immediately answered, “Seiki, bring it back.” I again felt puzzled and wondered what this really meant. The voice didn’t lose a beat as it responded to my unspoken question, “N/om, bring it back.” Finally, before I could feel confused or ask anything the voice came back with another variation, “Holy spirit, bring it back.” Fully awake, I was flooded with the clarity of our Sacred Ecstatics mission. The Guild has been charged to bring back n/om, seiki, and the holy spirit flames. The voice then provided its conclusion, “Bring back sacred ecstasy.”

Before I could get out of bed and write down this visionary experience, multiple voices began to perform an improvisation that addressed this year’s opening performance lines. I heard men and women join in to add their variations to this questioning and answering, that is, calling and responding to what we have been summoned to bring through from the other side of mystery:

Communing with Thee—  
What is this?  
Building the big room.

Climbing the ladder—  
What is this?  
Spiritual cooking.

Sacred ecstasy—  
What is this?  
The pinnacle joy that fuels creative changing.

Communion is every step of the recipe,  
Climbing is every step of the recipe,  
Changing is every step of the recipe.

Everything a transformative middle,  
Everything an ecstatic wiggle,  
Everything a creative tickle.

Expansive construction,  
Heated improvisation,  
Creative performance.

1, 2, 3.  
4 is a double 2,  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Journeying the ecstatic,  
Alternating the thermodynamic,  
Sparking the piezoelectric.

Bring it back,  
Bring the bobbing seiki back,  
Wake up your seiki shaky.

Bring it back,  
Bring the fluttering n/om back,

Wake up your Kalahari hand trembling.

Bring it back,  
Bring the kicking wild and holy spirit back,  
Wake up your Caribbean arm jerk.

Communing and commuting with wheels within wheels,  
Climbing and finding the belly-heart-crown rope,  
Bringing back sacred ecstasy.

Sing it back,  
Dance it back,  
Bring it back.

### ***Be a Sideman Rather Than an Interfering Middleman***

In a dream, Brad was with someone from his childhood:

A man I have known since my early adult life showed up in a dream. This person always has to be the center of attention. No matter the conversation topic or activity, he has a way of making everyone notice and emphasize him, by either talking all the time or making a nonverbal fuss or distracting commotion if someone else is in the spotlight. In the dream, we saw him at a family event where miraculous things were taking place. A blazing meteor fell through the ceiling, but he ignored it and talked about his skill at making a hot and spicy taco. Someone stopped by the house to read a heartwarming poem, but he talked about how much he liked reading Kurt Vonnegut. The number “21” mysteriously appeared on the ceiling, but he used that as a signal to talk about what happened to him on his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, mindlessly adding that someone back then sent him a birthday card with a “21” on it and his cake also had that number. Finally, when we mentioned that the number on the ceiling had been dreamed, he said that he also likes dreaming and proceeded to recount one of his dreams. He then left the house and went outside. Hillary and I secretly followed and found him sitting by the side of a car drinking a bottle of booze. It was clear he was addicted to his own importance—a big me intoxication not easy to overcome.

In the next dream scene, we were taken to a New York City theatre. We were eager to see a new, sizzling show all the critics were celebrating. We sat in the front row of the mezzanine that hangs directly over the middle of the theatre. Our seats were located at the mid-center and mid-height of the room—the exact



middle. When the curtain opened and the overture began, this man leaned way out over the mezzanine rail and turned backwards to wave at the audience in the balcony behind him. He had managed to use his middle position to interfere with the main show. A voice whispered in our ears, "This is not the Sacred Ecstatics middle. It is the interfering middleman who has to be in the middle of everything, blocking others from experiencing the main show. Be a jazz comper rather than a space chomper."

"Comping" is a jazz term that means more than typical musical accompaniment, usually involving counter rhythms, different melodic notes, and surprising chords to bring more complexity as it holds up the performer rather than draws too much attention to itself. A great comping performance is not noticed – it makes the main performer's performance bigger, more supported and celebrated than it would otherwise be. The art of following and blending.

When a jazz vocalist sings,  
The band uniquely accompanies,  
With contrasting rhythms and harmonies,  
To make a richer blend,  
Rather than interfere.

A pianist comping is not competing.  
The true sideman  
Is not a man in the middle.  
To comp, let the man go,  
Get out of the middle.

The soloist wobbles in the middle,  
Everyone else comps on the side,  
No inflated pomp in this circumstance,  
The musical circumference has you on the periphery,  
Riding the circle that brings you further into the mix.

Little me lives in the middle,  
Big me was born to be a sideman.  
Don't mix these two up,  
Or else the music won't come through.  
The signal must fly above the noise.

Every name can be hijacked in a small room.

This includes “the middle,” “the wobble,” and even “the changing.”  
Worry less about being noticed in order to feel more included.  
Be on the side to feel more inside the middle wobble.  
Cross over into higher *compground*.

### ***Immerse in Seiki Noise***

Brad received two successive visionary teachings from Osumi, Sensei. In the first one, Sensei called us in the middle of the night and directed us to “immerse in seiki noise.” A shower of unpredictable sounds then fell over us, coming from every direction. At times we’d hear a word or phrase spoken and repeated, only for it to soon be interrupted by an unfamiliar sound, melodic tone, or another word. This immersion was both unsettling and exciting. Sensei’s treatment continued and we lost sense of time, so we are unsure how long this noise immersion lasted.

During this sonic bath in “seiki noise,” as she had called it, we realized that we felt more ecstatically shaken and awakened by sound than we normally do by physical touch or vibratory movement alone. The moment we thought this, Sensei smiled, indicating that we had caught her teaching. We went on to hypothesize that while vibratory touch is powerful, sound carries more emotion and arguably is the stronger conveyor of the sacred vibration. We found this in the Kalahari where sound is the primary activator of n/om, whether from a piercing shout or an enthusiastically performed song with intense hand clapping. An arrow of n/om can even be delivered by a finger snap—a sound produced by a quick finger movement that is enough to shoot the life force across a gap of physical distance.

Similarly, when Osumi, Sensei gathered and concentrated seiki for a major transmission to a client, it was her ecstatic sound production that was most noticeable and energetically stimulating. While she also moved her arms and body, those movements seemed secondary, something that enhanced rather than primarily conveyed the seiki energy. As we pondered these remembrances of ecstatic practices from both lineages, we suspected that the western mind has a culturally biased assumption about sensory experience that may be a barrier to the reception of seiki, n/om, and spirit. Here what is seen with the eyes is considered more trustworthy sensory data than what is heard or felt emotionally<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Often hearing and feeling are presumed to be secondary senses or even to lead us astray when it comes to discerning the spiritual dynamics of sacred ecstasy and its transmission. This is why an observer, whether an anthropologist or spiritual tourist, is more likely to emphasize the importance of what they see rather than hear or feel, whether it’s the way someone moves, their facial expression, or the clothing, beads, or other ceremonial adornment. When it comes to hearing sound, the words spoken are typically emphasized more than the tones or rhythms in which the words are expressed. These sensory preferences result in observations gathered and conclusions made that may reverse, distort, and pervert describing the actual performance dynamics and experience of the ecstatic shaman, mystic, or healer. The epistemological habits of eye-dominated onlookers, in other words, have created a shamanic, mystical, and spiritual reality that is found in the observer’s head and eyeballs rather than in the bodies and ears of those ecstatically singing and dancing.

In the visionary seiki noise immersion we re-discovered that sound is often sufficient for the initial transmission as well as the reawakening of seiki, n/om, and hyper-charged spiritual energy. Rest assured that a freely moving body can profoundly help the sonic transmission of seiki be received. As we were immersed in the seiki noise, it became clearer how the synchronized coupling of acoustic and mechanical vibrations (song and dance), when embedded within a call and response that amplifies each, further enhances the overall impact of seiki reception and absorption.

Like all double matters in Sacred Ecstasies, alternating change is behind emotional amplification, temperature rising, and rope climbing. The primacy of song or dance alternates as the room expands and heats. To put it in jazz terms, there are times when sound is more like the soloist while movement enacts the comping (or accompaniment), and at other times the complementary roles reverse. Sometimes the musician is center stage and at other times, the dancer has the spotlight. Music typically and conveniently holds the rhythms that bind melodic and dance lines in real time—this accounts for why music usually launches an ecstatic dance rather than the other way around.<sup>10</sup>

The pinnacle vibratory experience of sacred ecstasy occurs in the hottest phenomenal zone. There the difference between song and dance becomes less distinguishable—the dance movements seem to sing as musical sounds seem to dance everything within earshot. The whole room sings and dances, as does every cell of every participating hooper. In spirited ceremony, the drummer feels like the observed dancing bodies are moving their hands while the dancers feel like the heard drumbeats move their feet and arms. These are the co-strings or double ropes connecting dance and music, making them an inseparable poly-sensory, multi-performance instrument.<sup>11</sup>

### *The Second Teaching*

In the first part of the dream, seiki noise began as a total sound immersion. We were so engulfed inside this envelope of complex sound that constantly changed, that we had no awareness of the

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<sup>10</sup> In the tradition of seiki jutsu, the movement practice begins at a cooler temperature with no sound. For seasoned seiki practitioners, once seiki is further awakened in the body through movement, ecstatic sound making typically follows in response. Seiki jutsu masters (who are able to transmit seiki to others) always transmit seiki through sound as well as movement. It is not possible to be totally silent while powerfully transmitting seiki.

<sup>11</sup> Sometimes music becomes culturally separated from movement—witness the many concert halls filled with non-moving audience bodies. Similarly, dance can be performed without musical sound. When it comes to communing with the numinous, however, the coupling of sound and movement is usually not divided. In ecstatic ceremony, all senses are involved and interplayed. As the temperature rises, their relations also alter until the higher heat enables sound to be felt and the visual to be heard, among other cross sensory exchanges and transformations that enable transportation of the sacred vibration from one person to another. In First Creation sound and body movement converge. The singer's vocal cords and clapping hands are like the dancer's moving limbs—each a moving body part. While the embodiment form changes, vibration remains underneath the whole performance.

surrounding visual field. As we experienced how Osumi, Sensei used sound in her First Creation seiki treatment center, we were not prepared for her to completely throw us off her sonic ecstatic track. Without any advance warning, we found ourselves in a car that was entering a kind of natural park, a wild place in nature with no buildings or roads. Sensei instructed us to drive through the maze of treacherous rock formations that were everywhere around us. The place looked like a combination of Bryce National park in Utah and the wild of southern Africa. Somehow had to navigate this journey through impassible masses of stone. There was no way we could figure out how to do it. We just did it, barely squeezing through narrow passages, occasionally floating up into the air, and even dematerializing ourselves or the surrounding geographical features. We weren't sure how we did it, exactly. We just did it.

After a while we realized that Osumi, Sensei was now bringing us a teaching about immersion in *visual* seiki noise that paralleled the former immersion in auditory seiki noise. The visual landscape, like the previous sounds, constantly changed and seemed impossible to track or follow in any obvious way. Whether the immersion is in sounds or sights, seiki must remain the primarily felt signal that guides you through the noise and its immediate distractions, constant frustrations, and apparent impossibilities.

Spiritual sight works the same way as spiritual hearing—what others see as important signs are now discerned as sheer noise that interferes with noticing the true pointers that are left on the trail. When a spiritual sign seems too obvious, it is not a trustworthy marker. The same is true for conventional sounds and the other senses—don't be too much in a hurry to think that what you hear, see, smell, taste, or feel is anything other than a trickster distraction taking you on another dead-end ride. Feel the sincerely unquestionable need to commune with Thee, the key to navigating mystery.

You must be thrown into the seiki noise, immersed in its sensory complexity where nothing is easy to make sense of with former habits of perception. Immerse yourself inside the noise so there is time for your mystical senses to awaken and do their job. The big room hosts numinous noise. Its signals are the special songs and dances that are paired and alternated. The call and response of song and dance turns the mystical transportation wheels that take you on a seiki-energized journey where spontaneity leads and the jazz of improvisation conducts the piezoelectricity of seiki, n/om, or holy spirit champagne. Then you will feel the familiarity of mystical unfamiliarity—the unknown that is already changing before you can nail it down. Surrender to the higher noise—in its confusion is found the muse, fusion, and union of mystical communion.

### ***A Day and a Night in the Life of an Ecstatic Mystic Misfit***

As partners in rhyme, our every day and night are like those of the spiritually cooked merry berries from long ago. We are a living testimony that you can step into the old ways amidst new

times and find yourself breathing the ineffable mystery that naturally circulates inside the big room, a place where anything can happen.

We have found that if there is any one lesson you should never forget, it is this: There are no enlightened spiritual people who progress through more and more stages of advancement. Rather than chase an illusory line of spiritual development, aim to become a change-ready turner of creatively interesting circles, a sweet up-and-down-and-all-around-the-Kalahari-bush oddity for the gods. Live a Sacred Ecstasics lifestyle inside the middle, wobbling vastness of jubilant mystery.

Recently we were asked by the wise and saintly ones on the other side to share what our lifestyle of big room living is like. This hopefully gives you a sense of the alterations you can ponder making should you get serious enough to actually choose a whole life dedicated to spiritual shaking and baking. Their words came through us, pointing you to rope-assisted living. Here experimenting and adventuring never end once you wholeheartedly reach for sacred ecstasy:

Wake up! It's morning and time to burst into action, with a sense of mystical expectation. No questions are asked, no doubt is given any chance to sprout. You awaken with excitement, feeling appreciation for whatever mystery has in store for you today. Whether it's time to write, read, or listen to what someone in the mystical community has brought from the evening hunt or previously left before—the table is set for serving, sharing, and enjoying the holy bread and butter that readies you for the forthcoming jam session with the saints who are more than ready to play their divinely tuned instruments. Little me instantly launches an inner prayer line, whether it's "Yes, Lord," or the latest iteration of "communing with Thee, climbing the ladder, and sacred ecstasy." The compass is set along with the action required. The whole day and night involve communing with the mystery of divinity, tapping into the infinity of treasures yet to be told. Something within gets a hold on you and won't let go, reining in momentary distraction with the greater satisfaction of inner music, dance, and prayer.

Remember what you have heard about the life of mystics in the past—prayer lines were uttered around the clock, sometimes holding prayer beads, strings, or ropes. Sacred songs caught by shamans, healers, and spirit journeyers opened the bridge to the other side and awakened the wheels of numinous transportation. Aim to make prayer and song and the movement they stir to be as present for you as it was for the spiritually cooked ones who came before.

What is the first noticeable difference between small room and big room living? It has little to nothing to do with earthly measure and its means of assessing worth, health, and wealth. The big room difference is found in every moving part of you, including on the tip of your tongue that sincerely expresses hallowed

words, prayer verses, and musical lyrics that reach for communication, communion, and closer union with the source and force of creation. Hello! Get it? Get those holy lines and verses turning on the inside and on the outside—the sacred words whose tones and rhythms amplify each spark until the lark song and shaking dance break out inside with little me in motion on the mystery performance stage.

A contemporary mystic operationally, functionally, thermodynamically, and theatrically lives the same way as the cooking day-and-night dragon chasers from the Middle Ages. No matter where they were or what they were doing, there was sacred emotion, performance motion, and ecstatic commotion inside. This is how you light and relight the fire in the bones, the something within that leaps and shouts with bursting joy. The big room and its Life Force Theatre begin inside and grow outward, moving right through the walls of your skin. Then the whole body's halo extends its glow until it becomes the room and your immediate surroundings. The ring keeps on multiplying and expanding until it is the whole house, neighborhood, community, and universal reality of your life. That's building the big room—communing with Thee.

Ecstatic living is a fulltime gig, but having another busy job to pay the bills is no excuse for missing the opportunity to constantly construct a mystical reality. The spiritually cooked cleaning women, railroad porters, and crop pickers of former and current hard times were and are always in prayer, praise, and song. They moved their body with soulful rhythms, aligned with the ongoing ceremony inside. Do the same and do it while joyfully grateful for your performance life regardless of any irritating bristles and prickly thorns. We do, each and every day. When we are not writing or recording, we are walking back and forth inside our house as we internally and externally enact the experimental lines that come down the main pipeline. Brad walks four to seven miles a day inside the house, and Hillary works the prayer lines while she cooks and takes care of other household chores. We are “doin’ this for the Lord,” as the visionary saying goes.<sup>12</sup>

Everything, everything, everything is done inside the vastest ceremonial song and dance circle, on the never-ending seiki bench, and within the highest praise house. We have formerly spoken of getting your ratio right—this means concentrate yourself with more mystery communing and climbing than you do pondering and minding the less embodied mind. Count the time you spend surfing the internet or doing other tasks while listening to a small room narrator inside your head. Does it add up to more time than you seek communing with Thee? If

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<sup>12</sup> See “Sabrina Sings in the Twinkling Night Sky Stadium” on page 60 in *Climbing the Rope to God Vol. 3* in the Mystical Library.

so, rest assured that your room is not nearly as big as it could be. It is assuredly littered with tidbit cutouts that keep mystery at bay as ecstasy is locked in a faraway fantasy. Change your ratio and the station on your inner radio—receive more words, tones, rhythms, and moves that aim to commune with the big broadcasting system and the good news that belongs to every spiritual tradition that knows how to light the inner fire.

Again, revisit the crossroads question as to what mysticism, shamanism, healing, and the other metaphors of ecstatic living are about. Are you trying to put seiki, n/om, and spirit in your pocket while residing in the small room that primarily hosts pop media? Or are you making the numinous the room of your life, a vast place that dissolves away the noise of popular convention, cold transmission, and mainstream addiction? Change the room that feeds sinking despair about what is in the air. Do so by disconnecting from the chatter of digital cables in favor of connecting yourself to the invisible spiritual cable that makes you able to feel closer to the sound and motion of higher flotation, rotation, and elevation. Convert your radio reception from AM and FM to EE-M, the ecstatic eland modulation, pure signal, and radiation of heavenly sunshine. Live in the odd-for-all-the-gods room. There you find mystery waiting to commune with you, showing you how to climb the vegetative god vine—as long as you find your way out of former habits and habitats where a creative hat, cat, snap, tap, or zap are never made.

We wake up each day and night with all our senses focused on the house of mystery, the manor of seiki, the hut of n/om, and the temple of spirited spirit. The few interruptions that come from taking a peek at what a yeti world leader has said or done are countered as soon as possible with emergency intervention. Here we do not sedate ourselves to be numb to the suffering bred by word-twisting monsters and mobsters. We feel prophetic anger and the samurai sword co-arise, ready to chop off the head of the yeti, Ptolemy beast. At the same time, we make sure that the fire of song and dance do not go out. Its flames are fed even more than before as we feel an even deeper need to be thrown in between the wobble of war and peace, suffering and joy, ready with a sword in hand and a song in the heart. We live where the holy ones live—in the mystical middle that brings transformative noise to any secular muddle. This is not the average blah, blah, blah of normality; it is the wobbling thaw and awe of radical rascality. We protest all small rooms, especially those we ourselves accidentally or habitually participate in building and perpetuating.

We also do our best to keep moving around all four directions of ecstatic living at every degree of temperature. Absurdity and hilarity are as important as the alchemical de-solidification of names that lead to metaphorical liquidity. Similarly,

down to earth creative work is as valued as the escape flight of spiritual steam. Whatever is transiently spot on is expected to generate the next error behind a subsequently welcomed surprise, giving both rise and fall to the sacred spinning of whirling expression. Being an instrument for the Sacred Ecstatics symphony includes alternating between harmony and cacophony, surfing a steady beat with a surge of heat brought by a dragging, ragged syncopated offbeat. Feet and hands, jerking arms, waving palms, and halo-circling crowns assure we are never sure of what mystery brings with its next house call.

When evening arrives and it's time for bed, we end as we began—in the middle shaking, trembling, and hot and spicy jerk of prayer and song. During the night, we may dream two, three, or more times a night. We awaken each time to return to the Sacred Ecstatics middle, high wire act. Night and day we remain on the main track, allowing the changing to be steered and pulled by higher hands. Rather than solely informing, we are always performing, even when we act like we are informing. The lifestyle of Sacred Ecstatics includes a turnstile, entering and exiting one locale after another. This makes life and love more of a carousel, a continuous Broadway mystical musical. Don't forget your parasol, for soon it will be time to meet in the park on Sunday. Whether there is sunshine or pouring rain, lift your arm and umbrella high. We are here to raise the fiddler's roof, tear down the Jericho-echoing walls, sing the dots and dashes, alternate the lines, and turn the electrical generator wheels.

Little me is waiting to reform your room and perform your born-for-the-role, really big show. Be certain that becoming an ecstatic mystic requires a different kind of show biz schtick. Vaudeville, cabaret, circus, and theatre brigade: movement on! The next matinee of this airway highway field day with two-wing horse play is about to begin and end in the next middle.

Focus, concentrate, and flip your ratio. More expanding and cooking inside so the spiritual heat can radiate throughout your everyday. There are 1, 2, 3 steps to our recipe. Build, cook, change. Communing with Thee is climbing the ladder, that is, the Ouroborean journey of sacred ecstasy. Not yet(i) feeling the mystery of sacred ecstasy? Then change the room with your newly received performance gifts—the performance lines, maps, bowl, 222, and piezoelectricity that came down our pipeline. Use them or lose the potent opportunity to mystically enter the experiences offered by the big room. Use these new gifts more than you watch the news, worry inside, or try to think yourself out of whatever small room has a hold and told on you.

The only difference between you and the saints, mystics, shamans, and spiritual oddities of old is this: the room that you build. Yield to the gifts of the Guild and let the daily and nightly performance flood your empty bowl and wash



away whatever formerly had its grip on you. Be more unfit to fit in any small room. In the dynamics of the 222, rather than in the letter-fetter name of change, you pass through the mystery gate every morning, noon, and night for the rest of your life. Don't relax when you can feel the pressure and squeeze your crystalline, valentine nature—this is what makes you piezoelectric, a fully charged member of the higher voltage tribe.

In other words, if you wish to follow in the footsteps of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies, you must do more than imitate their dress, props, talk, and walk. You must build another reality like every spiritually cooked maverick did before. Use their same mystical performance skills to construct an everyday mystery theatre whose alternating current provides an electrically led-and-fed alternative lifestyle. Sacred Ecstasies offers more than small change for your pocket. Its gods, saints, and elders offer the ecstatic means to a creatively changing room that lampoons any stage of a sage stuck in a former ice age. Your mystical senses awaken and the fire within is set only when you climb toward the higher carpentry where nails of n/om pierce every heart seeking divine communion. Bring back the big room alchemy that transforms souls in the crucible of fire. Bring back the seiki, n/om, and holy whole spirit by bringing back the 24/7 lifestyle exemplified and embodied by those who ecstatically cooked rather than only looked at life.

### ***Hillary Teaches Sabrina to Do the Laundry***

We received a letter from Sabrina soon after Brad's dream of the transformer, which he had not yet shared with anyone:

You announced that you were going to do laundry in this square metal black box sitting on top of a table. You opened the top and began pouring detergent inside, emphasizing to me (with a touch of humor, of course) that you made sure that this detergent had the most paraben's and fragrance as possible. Although I remember clearly seeing the bottle labeled as "Trader Joes" (which isn't the worst brand of chemical ridden detergents) I still laughed so hard. I was also surprised at how a load of laundry could fit in this relatively small "machine". Brad was sitting across the room laughing at the occurrence as well. He then asked me to speak to a group of people in the adjoining room about my experiences in the Sacred Ecstasies experiment. I briefly spoke and joined you back to doing laundry!

### ***Prescription for Alteration of Experiment One***

You will now add three metaphor ropes to your altar. Attach a piece of string or yarn to the key metaphor found on each map. (The color of the yarn doesn't matter). It will hang vertically from the map down to the object below it. You can also draw it on the wall if you prefer. One rope is for the seiki shaky of Tokyo, a second rope is designated for the trembling hand of the Kalahari, and a third rope is for the Caribbean jerk of St. Vincent. Next you will add three metaphor cutouts to each rope to make it a metaphor rope. The metaphors to add are as follows:

Tokyo: bowing, shaking, emptying the bowl

Kalahari: singing and dancing, trembling, entering 222

Caribbean: praying, jerking, being piezoelectricity

We recommend taking a small piece of paper that looks like a rectangular flag. Write the word or phrase on it. Then place it next to the rope that is attached to your wall. You can also attach the pieces of paper to the yarn if you prefer. You will have three of these cutout metaphors for each rope. You now have three metaphor lines, one for each lineage. Each enacts the different lineage ways of pointing to the 1, 2, 3 steps of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe.

When you are in the Japanese lineage line, the traditional custom is to begin with respectful bowing. Then you spontaneously move and do the seiki shaky in order to reset yourself as an empty bowl, a receptacle ready to receive seiki. In the Kalahari lineage line, you begin with singing and dancing that results in the spiritual cooking where a trembling hand is used to handle the nails and arrows of *n/om*, hopefully leaving you amidst the doubling mysteries of 222. Finally, the Caribbean lineage rope climb begins in prayer until 'doption is pulled by the arm jerk, helping connect you with God's piezoelectricity.

Note that the first metaphor above each altar gift is each lineage's way to specify step one of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe. The Japanese bow, the Kalahari song and dance, and the Caribbean way of praying provide three different, though interrelated, means of communing with Thee—the performance action that builds a room big enough to make contact with mystery. The second level of metaphor points to step two of the recipe. Here the body movement of shaking, trembling, and jerking find their main lineage homes. While each tradition can have all these movements in play, each is more highlighted in one of the traditions. Step three of the recipe is found in the three metaphors that bring a different dimension to what you bring back to the everyday—emptying the bowl enables seiki to be held and shared, entering the 222 rooms of visionary mystery brings back the changing of ongoing creation, and feeling the piezoelectricity of the divine force of nature makes you a radiating sunbeam. If three horizontal lines were drawn across each level, it would show how the Sacred Ecstatics rope climb is both vertical and horizontal. Not only do you move from earth to heaven and back again, you traverse through each of the lineage rope highways.

After your altar is modified, you will make a major change in your performance routine. This time when you sit and face Tokyo, you will imagine little me saying the first line—communing with Thee—as it does the belly tapping. This time you will encourage your body to do some seiki shaky. Moving on to the Kalahari, little me will again internally enact the second line—climbing the ladder—as big me reaches out an arm and launches some hand trembling. Finally, in the Caribbean, little me internally says “Sacred Ecstasy” as it invisibly taps the crown of the head. This is when you allow the Caribbean lineage to jerk that arm of yours, like its trying to pull you through or start your engine.

The empty bowl is a gift that leads to your embodying it in First Creation Tokyo—you start with the physical bowl on the table and climb to find the bowl inside of you. The same applies to the “222” and its embodiment in the First Creation Kalahari. Likewise, you begin with physical piezoelectric material that is later felt circulating within when you reach the First Creation Caribbean. Consider how each gift begins as a material form made for observation, and then next liquifies as the force behind this changing is emotionally felt. Finally, this mysterious ecstatic dynamic climbs higher as a mystery steam, stream, and current—an electrically passing through the wall of skin and conceptual border, released into the world.

### **Little Deer**

In vision, Hillary again found herself at a university:

This time I was a student and it was the first day of class. The instructor walked in and to my surprise it was the actor Aaron Paul who co-starred in the television show, *Breaking Bad*. He set up two chairs in the center of the room that faced each other. The rest of the students were seated in concentric circles and were tightly squeezed together because the class was so full. The chairs had a desk attached to one side. The room reminded me of the intimate, crowded places where Brad and I have taught in Mexico. It is actually the kind of classroom environment I prefer.

The instructor made clear that the course was going to focus on a new kind of transformative encounter based on recursion, the cybernetic principle that all action, communication, and interaction is organized in a circular feedback loop. I became extremely excited because that is exactly the kind of work I have been doing and writing about with Brad for the last ten years. Brad invented Recursive Frame Analysis (RFA) and spent his whole career conducting transformative sessions based on its principles of creative reality invention.

As soon as I felt this rush of excitement about exploring recursion and the art of conducting sessions, I found myself sitting in the chair across from the instructor. We were going to perform a role play. Just as we were about to begin,

however, out of the corner of my eye I saw a small, brown animal moving on the ground a few feet away. I pointed and said, "There's an animal in here." Assuming it was a mouse, the students shifted in their seats and moved their feet out of the way to avoid it. Then the creature emerged next to my chair where I recognized that it was a small, baby deer with the familiar white spots on its back. It was miniature, like the size of a stuffed toy or small puppy, and very adorable. I picked it up and stroked its back as we all marveled at its sweet, happy presence. At this point in the dream it dawned on me that I was in a foreign country. I asked the other students if it was normal for such a tiny deer to come inside a classroom, but they seemed just as surprised as I was.

The scene immediately shifted and I was outside, walking on the street of a busy city. The buildings around me were old and there was a cathedral in the distance. It could have been somewhere in Europe, New Mexico, Mexico, or an older city on the east coast of the U.S. I ran into my professor, Aaron Paul, in the street. He told me how much he appreciated my enthusiasm about the class. Our conversation then turned to some political struggles that were occurring at several of the universities in the world where students and professors were fighting for free speech. We both mentioned that some of the people we know who like to think of themselves as liberals who support the arts are actually fairly conservative when it comes to their political action. In other words, there is often a fuzzy wobble, either benevolent or malevolent, that suggests more complexity and contradiction than most people are willing to acknowledge they host.

At this point I wondered if I should tell Aaron Paul that Brad and I were huge fans of the show, *Breaking Bad*, and that three of the Guild members last year gave Brad a bottle of Dos Hombres mezcal for his birthday, which Aaron owns with his former co-star, Bryan Cranston. Brad and I even met Mr. Cranston briefly in New Orleans at a neighborhood restaurant. I decided not to bother him with all that fan talk, however. Just as we were about to part ways, he mentioned that I had missed some classes and was concerned because he felt I was a big asset to the class. I felt confused and disoriented. The image of a calendar popped into my mind, and I realized that it must have been that I had mixed up my schedule and gotten the times wrong. I was disappointed and dismayed that my own error had caused me to miss what I felt was the only class I had been excited about for a long time. I assured him that I wouldn't miss another class. Then the dream ended.

Welcome to the Sacred Ecstasics Academy for the Performing Arts that is located on the other side. Here you are re-introduced to transformative sessions are rooted in three pillars: the cybernetics of Ouroboros recursion, the theatre of creative transformation, and the ineffable

realm of divine mysticism.<sup>13</sup> In vision, Hillary was given the opportunity to dive deeper into the rare performing art that conducts a new kind of three-legged theatrical, ecstatic, and alchemical session. Right before the performance began, she was reminded of the importance of remaining connected to the main line of spiritual mystery, something that is soullessly missing from institutions of higher learning and not easily taught. This big visionary lesson was delivered by a miniature baby deer, similar in size to the little white mare Hillary dreamed at the beginning of the 2020 Sacred Ecstasies summer camp. These non-power-seeking ecstasy companions from the other side help keep us both wild and “amongst the littleness,” as Reverend Joseph Hart referred to the practical spiritual necessity for a healthy dose of humble meekness. In the midst of the world’s insanities, human error regarding temporal relations easily goes helter-skelter. Be grateful for and pay attention to the conductors who help you reset your many clocks and stay on course while riding multiple time tracks.

### ***Anointing Your Altar with a Spiritual Paintbrush***

In dream we were transported to a visionary classroom where altars were being constructed:

The master teacher looked like someone from the Florentine Renaissance who was supervising his teaching studio, a place where easels and worktables were scattered around the room. Wearing a long, paint-stained smock and holding an old palette of colors, he came over to us and pulled a gift out of his pocket. It was wrapped in the finest silk. We unwrapped it to find a medium sized paintbrush. It was no ordinary brush. When held, we could feel the sacred vibration pass into our bodies. As we stood stunned by this remarkable gift, the teacher explained:

The objects and images you gather for your altar are not anointed and ready for numinous action until they have been adorned with this rare and special brush. You must use it to add some colorful designs of your own, administered without excessive planning and deliberate thought. This can involve simply adding some wavy lines and a few dots, or it can involve far more complexity. As long as seiki is moving your hand to deliver a surprise, this ancient method will bring soulful life to your altar and its objects.

The teacher, who seemed like a hybrid of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, then handed us a photograph of our altar bowl and asked us to adorn and anoint

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<sup>13</sup> In our recent book, *The Creative Therapist in Practice* (2019), we discuss in depth how our sessions are based on these three pillars.

it with the mystical means described. Brad took the brush and made some irregular marks on it. His movements were seiki driven with no purposeful design in mind. Brad was quite relieved that he didn't have to create a drawing. That is way beyond his gift—Brad is unable to even draw a stick man and few people know that he can barely write his name clearly. For decades he signed his name as an “X,” something that delighted his young son because no one ever questioned its legitimacy. It was actually the true sign and signature of his visual art ineptitude. Though he has a good eye for design, Brad hands were designed to strike piano keys rather than hold pens or brushes.

With this new brush from the other side, he made his seiki strokes on the bowl as he looked at the silk cloth the gifted brush had been wrapped in—it reminded him of Osumi, Sensei. Many years ago, she sent him raw silk which she had personally soaked in her seiki. She told him to place it inside his pillow and every night he slept on her seiki infused silk. Now the brush was functioning in a similar manner.

The master teacher suddenly interrupted our thoughts,

Today's teaching is this—the bowl, the 222, and the piezoelectric, and any other objects gathered for the altar can be sourced in any way. It matters less where or how you obtain them. While it pleases the ancestors to see someone devote themselves to making or drawing their altar items, it is unnecessary. You can choose to print out the image of someone else's objects or a picture of their whole altar. However, if it is your gift to make visual art, then do it for everyone. Others can then make use of your contribution. Remember, any gift given to someone is a gift for everyone. Each of us works in a different medium.

What next matters is how you “send” the altar objects to the other side where mystery abounds—this is the action of anointment. Your altar is a place for “both sides now”—a wobbly medium between First Creation and Second Creation.<sup>14</sup> To anoint an object, use the mystery brush. You may do this on either side of the double reality divide. Either take a pen, color marker, or paintbrush and adorn the object on the earthly visible side, or you may close your eyes and hold on to an invisible brush from the unseen side—

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<sup>14</sup> See the visionary report, “The Veil is Getting Thinner,” from *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 2*.

the one we received for the Guild in vision. Make sure your movements come from seiki and deliver a surprise to both your outer and inner viewing. If you choose to use the unseen brush, make a pledge to someday use a physical brush and actually make your mark. Similarly, if you start on the earthly plane, promise to later do it on the spiritual side that is beyond material things.

That's it. Now go tell the Guild they have been given a gift. It is time for their altars to be anointed and placed in the middle of the sacred vibration.

You know what you have been instructed to do. What are you going to do about it? It won't help to understand or not understand this assignment. Do it with and for seiki, the unseen wind whose marks are seen in how its creative life force touches the earth. Be surprised by what comes out of you—something produced by the little me who operates the inner seiki switch. *Bring it back*—bring back the next renaissance of seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit that constitutes the ineffable soul of art. Welcome back the performance art of Sacred Ecstatics, this time better equipped to spiritually cook with a higher brush that coats the surface with First Creation iridescence. Make that bowl of yours glow with mystery.

### ***Go Inside***

In a dream, we found ourselves picked up by a driver at the airport in San Francisco, California:

We were driven to the Esalen Institute in Big Sur where we had been invited to teach about Sacred Ecstatics. We remembered how Brad had been formerly invited there several times in the past, but he always declined. This time for some reason we had accepted the invitation and were a bit startled and disoriented about this fact. We arrived late at night, so we went straight to sleep. In the morning were escorted to a grand welcoming ceremony for all the teachers and students. Everyone came together before splitting into the events they had signed up for. As incense was burning and positive intentions were aired, we were not surprised by the predictable kind of New Age mishmash of Esalen. It was definitely not our cup of tea, either aesthetically or spiritually. As we often say about such affairs, it had no soul fire—no seiki, n/om, or holy spirit. We definitely prefer a bowl of hot seiki tea over a glass of iced tea.

We looked around at the students and teachers and they were all dressed in similar trendy, casual California clothing with a posh-hippy vibe. However, to our left we recognized someone dressed strikingly different than everyone else. She was wearing a long robe that was a burgundy-purple hue. It looked like she was a

member of some kind of spiritual fraternity. Though she stood out due to the bright color, the robe still looked like it came from the same store as everyone else's clothes. We recognized her as a former attendee of our past Sacred Ecstatics events. The group leader began singing some kind of Hindu-like chant. The woman joined in, singing it more enthusiastically than everyone, indicating she had left her former attachment to a pop spiritual fad and was now involved in some kind of California-esque, Hindu-ish spiritual path.

The whole event took place outside and we were sitting on the ground. Brad was longing for a chair and a Steinway piano, while Hillary was wondering whether there were mosquitoes in the grass, since she is a mosquito magnet. We looked at each other and silently communicated, "God help us." That's how we feel when we visit New Age spiritual retreat centers. We prefer jazz clubs, theatres, and salons where old time religion and spirituality can blend with the kind of creative performance art that sets your soul on fire.

When the opening ordeal passed and it was time for our teaching to begin, we were taken to a selected spot in an open field. Apparently our event was also going to be held outside. This meant that there would be no piano, no good acoustics, or any other props dear to our theatrical being. We took a deep breath and felt out of place until we noticed that our purple robed friend was joining us. We at least had one person there who was familiar with Sacred Ecstatics. Everyone soon gathered in a circle, a pattern we also dislike because its achieved social eye contact comes at the cost of distancing everyone to sit too far apart. We also knew that the moment we made any ecstatic sound everyone would immediately break out into some free associative nonsense—whooping noises and random movements that would have no relationship to what we were doing.

In that instant of recognizing we were in the wrong room, we both decided that this space was way too contrived and could never be revived. We stood up, walked over to our former student, and said, "It's better to go inside than be outside." As we said this, we felt two messages expressed—literally, going inside a building that better supports theatricality and going inside yourself where the unseen little me is invited to perform as the big me is removed from the seen scene. We also heard words from the past come echoing back, "Go further East." This meant multiple things as well—head to New York City where theatre abounds and then even further to Eastern Europe, the Middle East, Turkey, and Africa. Go away from any west that thinks it is the best spiritual space for the entire human race.

The spiritually cooked soul is hungry for more metaphorical grease and fried cooking, and more on-fire-in-the-liminal-marginality where mystery is less specified, named, and constantly framed. The art of building a room that can host



spiritual cooking is not as easy as the pilgrims seeking pleasy magic presume it to be. It is found in the aesthetic wobble more familiar to poets, composers, and the hoofers whose hard work meets higher spontaneity at a deeper crossroads. Further east is found the ecstatic yeast, the show biz spark and dark missing in the Big Sur spiritual surf ground. Go inside, dear friends. There the light of dark shines and refines, removing whatever is in excess and interferes with the utmost muse signal coming through. Forget the outside. Go inside. There you find the sounds and emotions of First Creation nature, a wilderness that makes material immaterial.

### ***Multi-Temporal Tracks***

We began this Sacred Ecstatics Guild year with more visionary downloads than we could possibly share. Nearly half a book on new visionary teachings was written the month before we launched the first intensive. Unlike the past when we shared whatever came down the pipeline on a daily basis, we now hold it as a mystery reservoir, on tap and ready for pouring the moment we receive higher direction for where and when it should be released.

Our multi-temporal dreaming also has become multi-temporal everyday living. We are frequently left dizzy and confused by this poly-wobbling, yet we honor that this is part of what it operationally means to live in the middle, serving our role as a Sacred Ecstatics medium. As best we can, we are trying to fulfill our anointed appointment of living in multiple realities that stretch the line of past mistakes of history, present ecstatic meltdowns, and future wisdom corrections into a living wheel within wheels of Ouroborean changing.

Each week we produce recordings and essays that may not be posted until weeks or months from when we bring it down. Or it may go up the next day. We were just advised to let you know of the new alchemical, mystical poly-reality, multi-temporality that is going on.

Over the years one of the fascinating things that developed in our visionary classroom experiences was the emergence of double and multiple dreaming. Namely, we started receiving several visionary dreams at the same time. This sometimes occurs as the simultaneous experience of multiple dreams, comparable to watching several television screens with different broadcasts—each with varying details but harmoniously related. Multi-dreaming also occurs when dream characters, spiritual gift objects, and visionary locales wobble, that is, go back and forth between variant forms. More recently another phenomenon has taken place—dreaming in multi-temporal tracks from the past, present, and future. Not long ago, J. B. Valmour came through from the other side to help explain what he did in the past that was not explainable then, but is better understood today in our present, which was formerly his future:

During my time as a blacksmith and healing medium, members of the Cercle Harmonique of old New Orleans consulted former wisdom holders on the other

side. We asked for guidance in how to make changes in the present that would lead to a better future for all, especially one in which racial color lines and all forms of dehumanization have been erased. Our communion with past elders threw us into experiencing different temporal realities. In their future (which is our present), these old souls found their past seeds of wisdom had blossomed to help rekindle the changes needed today to pave the way for constructing alternative futures that constantly change, since the future must recalibrate itself based on current instructive guidance.

You have been receiving multi-dreams filled with wobbly metaphors, numbers, images, sounds, rhythms, and movements. You will be tempted to make (find and impose) order out of these overlapping realities that confound time, place, and expression. This is natural, but make sure that your ordering is governed by the principle of “not too much, not too little.” Allow order and noise to wobble, especially when it concerns the past, present, and future. The visionary teachings and gifts that come down to you from the other side will continue to provide both musical and textual direction—words of visionary teaching via metaphors and parables, as well as the ecstatic theatrics of song and dance. Do not be overly concerned where or when this is administered to the Guild. That guidance will also come from on high. Release the seiki, n/om, and holy spirit its middle wobbling noise. Be in every phase of time—past, present, and future. And be everywhere, from anywhere. This is the way of First Creation, the multiple heavens with many gates, larks, prayers, stories, songs, and dances. In confusion is found the both the trickster con and the fuse of the muse. Each brings noise and each creates order out of the double noise potion. Wobble and warble in this complexity of divinity, the changing eternity of mystery.

Welcome to the wobbling time zones where all three lineages keep you unsure of whether you are reliving or re-leaving the past, cooking or freezing the present, maintaining or changing a future trajectory. Seiki noise has been wildly in play and now it is being named as another way of expanding and warming its brewing disorder, chaos, and noise—the vast void that gives birth to order, patter, and signal—the new song and dance routines of the multiverse hoofers. Welcome again to the forever reborn Life Force Theatre and its production of another alternating electrical reality show.

### ***Lapis Blue Electricus***

We were sent in vision to the mining town of Bisbee, Arizona where we entered an old historic brick building on Main Street. It was a place we had considered acquiring years ago as the headquarters for Sacred Ecstatics:

Against the wall in the middle of the main room was a mysterious technical device mounted on a table. It had been given to us as a spiritual gift along with some dark blue stones. We placed the stones into the device which then immediately began grinding them into a fine powder specially prepared for ceremonial use. A voice on high announced, “These are the mystery stones you previously met in vision—“lapis” and “azurite.”

Years ago, a dream introduced them as “singing stones.” It linked us to an event in the life of Edgar Cayce. During a time when Cayce was struggling with financial hardship and an extended dark night of the soul, he dreamed he should travel to this same area in Arizona and find lapis in its copper mines. He was told it could be used as a mystical tool to amplify his psychic ability and help deliver the guidance he needed. The long road trip resulted in some of the most powerful visions of his life—including meeting his deceased mother who materialized from the other side and handed him a mystical silver dollar. When Cayce came out of the vision the coin was still in his hand, a rare case in which something from the spirit world permanently crosses over into physical reality. That coin was later seized from Cayce’s son by the F.B.I. after he took it to the Federal Treasury to find out more about its provenance. Though the coin was in perfect condition, it was unexplainably missing the U. S. mint’s official mark and a date. This mystical silver dollar is still a filed and unsolved mystery.<sup>15</sup> But most importantly, it was a miracle that gave Edgar Cayce confidence to trust his spiritual gift no matter what personal doubt or social criticism he might receive. It was also his mother’s way of assuring him to not worry about money.

In my vision it seemed we had moved into the Bisbee building and been granted an unusual alchemical, mystical shop for Sacred Ecstatics. Some of the lapis stones were ground into a fine powder and then the whole floor was ceremonially covered like we were making a sandpainting. The floor glowed with a beautiful blue, iridescent color. I announced to Hillary, “Our room is now piezoelectric.” Awakened by the shock of the vision and its numinous energy, we immediately ordered a five-pound chunk of high-grade lapis from a mine in Afghanistan and several chunks from the copper mines of Bisbee. They now reside on our New Orleans altar.

We later discovered that the powder of these blue stones was used in ceremonial sand paintings. Furthermore, it was a secret ingredient in the eosin of the Hungarian Zsolnay ceramics

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<sup>15</sup> <https://myemail.constantcontact.com/Forbidden-Stone-of-Mastery---Edgar-Cayce-s-Extraordinary-Missing-Month.html?soid=1102126638469&aid=dZuB2qXaITa>

whose bluish iridescence charmed its viewers. After our dream we were unsure whether Cayce was talking about lapis lazuli or azurite when he used the peculiar term, *lapis linguis*—though he did clarify that all the stones he mentioned of this kind belonged to the same lapis lazuli family. We only heard “lapis” and “azurite” in the dream. Today Cayce scholars argue about which particular stone Cayce meant to name. He seemed to conflate azurite with what he called “lapis linguis.” When we examined his readings, it became obvious that he mentioned multiple names. He personally found and used azurite (dark blue) near Bisbee and yet he prescribed a range of “lapis” stones to his clients and sometimes mentioned their color being blue or green. His mention of lapis linguis in ancient Egypt (and Atlantis) was likely the blue lapis lazuli stone found in that part of the world (mined in Afghanistan), whereas he had easier access to find azurite, which he also called lapis linguis, at the Arizona and Mexican border where copper mines abound.

Perhaps most importantly, we found that these stones are highly piezoelectric. It is this quality that caught our attention more than any particularities about name or color. While piezoelectricity was discovered over twenty-four centuries ago, it was first written about by the Greek philosopher, Theophrastus. Later the naturalist Linnaeus found that tourmaline had this piezoelectric effect and named the mineral *lapis electricus*—electric stone. Our consultation with the other side led us to conclude that the piezoelectric property of these stones makes them more the same than different, and the particular stone you use is likely more a matter of what is convenient to gather. Our own name for this class of mineral is *lapis blue electricus* and although Brad’s vision emphasized the blue ones, we include those that have some green coloration mixed in.

As we had discovered in the past, this blue stone is a mystical medium for catching visionary signals from the other side. According to Cayce, it helps awaken out of body travel as well as in the body ecstatic journeying. It has come back to Sacred Ecstasies and is presently related to our mystery bowl, 222, and piezoelectricity. After we used the lapis blue electricus stone, we envisioned the cutout transformer and the visionary teachings that follow this report. Prepare for the arrival of the singing stone that is electrically inclined. The powder is already on the floor in First Creation. Get ready. Lapis blue electricus is back.

#### *Postscript:*

One of the Sacred Ecstasies saints, Nikola Tesla, proposed that “in a crystal we have clear evidence of the existence of a formative life principle.” Today’s scientists, with a bit more complexity in their cognition, find that you cannot clearly say that crystals are alive, nor can you conclude that they are not alive. “There is a blurry frontier between active and alive,” concludes biophysicist Jérémie Palacci of New York University.<sup>16</sup> We follow those who have long intuited that the formative life principle, the source and force of creation, is *vibration*. In the middle of all

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<sup>16</sup> <https://www.wired.com/2013/01/living-crystal/>

imaginable push-and-pull contraries, the creation of life is found as a wobbly and blurry phenomenon, reverberating throughout its contextual field or multi-line intersecting ecology of cross cultivation—the big shaky seiki room where everything is trembling, alternating, and changing in relation to and in interaction with one another.

What does this mean for your everyday life? The wobbly, blurry answer is this: go off the dead end grid of Ptolemaic modernity, and dive into the far outskirts empty piezoelectric bowl full of vibratory 222 where the Life Force Theatre is plugged into the oldest crystal power station around—the earth with all its groovy elements performing the dragonian circularities of construction, destruction, and reconstruction.

Finally, we offer a wild bonus comment to round off what arose while standing on the newborn crystal powder floor. Edgar Cayce believed that the ancient pyramids were built with crystal generators made of “lapis linguis” and that Atlantis itself had a piezo crystal superpower station that misfired and destroyed their civilization. It also supposedly later led to the Bermuda Triangle mishaps. Warning: don’t get literal about any of this “reading talk.” Cayce was unconscious when he spoke about these matters which means he was in the land of wobbling metaphors. Keep his discourse in long lines of metaphors whose middle nodal wobblers keep mystery blurry and ineffable. Rather than see or understand clearly, close your eyes and feel the wobbling. Doing so, along with a big portion of trust (if it helps, remember Cayce’s miraculous maternal coin koan), can open second eyes, the mystic’s way of synesthetic sight-by-emotion. Then Atlantis may be more vibrationally discovered as another First Creation invention, a changing form of the big room. The presumed magic of an energy enhancing crystal, healing water, God’s n/om urine, holy fire, ecstatic vapor trails, Missouri comet tails, and life-risen-from-death tales all stem from the same Ouroborean seed. We are indirectly pointing to the natural lattice of the numinous chalice—the vertical and horizontal lines (strings or ropes) whose endless crossroads assure change is always held in a multi-spectrums of infinite middles.

Dive in anywhere and feel you are everywhere. Be a conducting rather than resisting part of the expansion, heating, and compression that set your bones on fire because they were born to spark with piezoelectricity. Please do not understand the ineffable—that is the death of the mystic. Rather than worry about what particular cutout you ate or fuss over what part of life you hate, aim to reverberate with the whole room. Anything less is not (w)holly or wobbly.

### **Welcome Lapis Blue Electricus to Your Altar:**

Add the meataphor “lapis blue electricus” (or “lapis electricus” since the color can change like the Zsolnay bowl) to your altar’s converter can or place the cooked term beneath the piezoelectricity locale, or in the bowl or next to the 222, or keep it moving around the ropes. Finally, feel free to add a piece of lapis blue electricus to the altar, as long as it moves around—alternating altar electricity. Or place a photo or printout of one in your anointed space. Use that

paintbrush from the other side to welcome it home. Piezo! Electricus! Lapis! Irridescence!  
Changing colors and singing tones of mineral mystical bones on fire.

Lapis blue electricus,  
Piezo!  
Not only here, not only there  
But everywhere.  
Forget the names of countries,  
Be a sizzling citizen of First Creation,  
A member of the revolving orb tribe.

Avoiding nowhere, finding Erewhon,  
Be more than a contrarian who only lives backwards,  
Reverse the “w” and “h” middle letters to create more wobble,  
The double reversal that turns nowhere into Erewhon.

The spirits are not your butlers,  
They are brothers and sisters.  
Edgar Cayce’s coin asks for more change,  
Its koan adds more hues to the colors of your life.

The new floor is covered with iridescent blue.  
The new sky is underneath your feet  
Rising to a heartfelt journey.  
Reaching for the Copernican sun.

Lapis blue electricus, traveling circus.  
Found everywhere in anywhere.  
Inside the mystery bowl freed of knowing,  
Dive into its iridescent glowing.

The flow that throws you in the fountain,  
Climbs you up the mountain,  
Brings you home to mine whatever stone you find.  
Leaving your former mind behind.

As the ascending heart thinks,  
And the blazing soul sings,  
The piezo hooper awakens,

Tapping and dancing the 222.

### ***Cutout Transformer***

In vision, the Guild received another technological device from the other side. The device was a black metal container, the size of a small trash can. In the dream it was called by several names including an “alchemical trash can,” “n/om waste basket,” “seiki rearranger,” “spirit converter,” and “cutout transformer.” We were told that the cutouts—words, concepts, and principles—of Sacred Ecstasies can be thrown into it.<sup>17</sup> When the can is held between your two hands and shaken, the cutouts come to life.

We advise you to obtain a small can, bucket, or container. It should be black or at least have some “blackening” applied to it by a dab of paint, marker, a piece of cloth, attached paper, or other black material. Start throwing cutouts from Sacred Ecstasies into it. A good place to begin is the lexicon of terms found at the back of the book, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy*. Perhaps someone would like to volunteer to make a list of new terms that have since arrived—like “EEE-land,” “Chuck Stare,” and “Communing with Thee.”

Once you have at least five cutouts in the can, you can use it as a higher power junction box. When feeling the need for an ecstatic adjustment of your electrical sockets, grab hold of the can and give it a good shake. Then reach in and randomly pull out an empowered cutout. Say it and shout it as you add tonal, rhythmic, and movement variations with your body wobbly instrument. Carry that cutout with you for at least several hours. Find a way to use that word in a sentence you either speak or write to someone. If you can’t think of what to say, consider using a variation of this failsafe line: “I learned something new today—there’s something called ‘spiritual temperature,’” (or whatever cutout is retrieved). Once you have conducted your experimental performances with the selected cutout, throw the word back into the can. Keep a record of what cutouts you pull out with time and date marked like a good experimentalist. One more thing: after each usage, make sure to add another cutout so your piezo inventory grows. Make sure you include mystery numbers and phrases. Seiki bowl, 222, piezo!

### ***Hillary is Given a Big Room Next to the Mystical Library***

Hillary dreamed that she was starting her first day at a university on high. She wasn’t sure whether she was there as a graduate student, a postdoctoral fellow, or a member of the teaching faculty:

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<sup>17</sup> The term “cutouts” came to us through a vision of scientist Warren McCulloch and poet William Burroughs that is reported in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* (2015).

It was orientation day and new arrivals were being assigned to their rooms in the dormitory. A woman led me to a room on the first floor. To my surprise and delight, it was a very large, spacious room with its own attached bathroom, and I did not have a roommate. The room was also on the corner of the building so there were extra windows. I wondered how I got so lucky to be given this special big room.

I then noticed that the space was filled with wardrobe racks, like the kind on wheels you find in a clothing store. They lined the walls but were also spread out in the center of the room. I was thrilled that the room came with so much closet storage. There were even some women's clothes already hanging on the racks. The woman host who brought me there added, "Feel free to keep whatever you'd like." Then she left me alone to move in and get settled. I looked at the clothes and thought to myself how I had truly hit the university jackpot – a huge corner room, ample closet storage, private bath, no roommate, and free clothes!

After spending a few minutes soaking up the atmosphere, I looked through the clothing on the racks and, though they were nice items, my initial "kid in a candy store" excitement faded as I realized I didn't need the clothes. Furthermore, it didn't make sense to have so many garment racks filling up the whole room because I didn't have that many clothes to begin with. I decided to keep a few pieces of clothing (who could resist?) and moved the rest of the racks and clothes out into the hallway. The room was now almost completely empty and looked even bigger than before. I chuckled to myself because I realized I had no furniture.

I decided to take a walk to get to know the building and campus. As soon as I exited my room, I noticed that the hallway was connected to the university library. I walked down the hall and saw students sitting at tables, completely focused on studying. The book stacks were just around the corner. Again, I marveled at my good fortune—my living quarters were connected to the library so I didn't have to go outside or travel far to get there. I felt the familiar rush of excitement about beginning a new year of scholarship.

When I reported the dream to Brad the next morning he said, "Congratulations! You were given a big room next to the mystical library!" That means that our Guild was also given closer access to the library. It's time to embrace being new students, scholars, and experimenters of the numinous!

Every autumn  
When the air crackles with change,  
A new year opens,  
Another chance for total immersion  
And passionate exploration.

Clear the room of distractions,



(Keep just a few).  
The room is now empty  
And you're ready to begin.

The most important surprise  
Is just down the hall.  
The mystical library is open,  
Ready for your dedicated effort  
Take full advantage of this opportunity!  
Like a sponge, soak up its gifts.

***Amy Dreams of Doing the Laundry and When It's Hot, Don't Dare Turn on the Air!***

Like Sabrina, another Guild member, Amy, also dreamed of being given the spiritual task of doing the laundry:

I was kneeling down to wash clothes in a large swimming pool that filled half of an open-air amphitheater. The water was extremely hot. While I was doing the laundry, Brad and Hillary were teaching on stage in the other half of the amphitheater. It was a summer night and I could see the twinkling stars and feel the brisk evening air.

The Guild was there forming a line down the many steps to meet with Hillary and Brad. I was concerned that I was making too much noise doing the laundry at the same time they were teaching. But Hillary came through the door and assured me that it was the perfect time to do the wash and that she's be doing the laundry there for years.

The scene shifted and the Guild was in two large SUVs. Brad was driving one and Hillary the other. It was extremely hot out and people in the cars were asking to turn on the air conditioning. When we returned home from our outing, Brad announced he had a teaching: "When it's hot, don't dare turn on the air!"  
Communing with thee! Climbing the ladder! Sacred ecstasy!

After Amy shared her visionary report, we responded:

Congratulations on receiving a spiritual classroom pointing to do the laundry! I'm pleased you traveled back in time to summer camp to revisit the theatre and perhaps the same pool I vacuumed clean last spring.<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> See Hillary's dream in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 3*, "Cleaning the Pool."

Your dream points to something key about what we typically associate with step one: cleaning/sweeping and now, laundering. It's best done in a giant container with extreme heat and a lot of joyful noise.

That's the catch-22 teaching: we have to clean, build, and prepare the room in order to cook, but we can't do that kind of prep work in a cold, small container with non-ecstatic means. Holy water is spiritually hot and only it can wash us clean. Because everything happens in a circle, the laundry is being done at the same time the teaching comes down. They aren't separate. Let's make some holy noise and turn up the heat. Right now is the perfect time to do the wash.

Doing the laundry means you passed Osumi, Sensei's test. She usually didn't want to hear about dreams (she typically dismissed them, but not always). She wants to see you cleaning, discerning whether the movement of your mind and body are not resisting but surrendering to how seiki is a broom and a room, not one without the other. When the dream cleans rather than is a big display that clutters the room, she bows because those are the conditions for 222 and piezo to come through. Thank you.

You know you're in a visionary classroom when Brad refuses air conditioning! In all seriousness, the instruction in that Seiki Universe Vehicle (SUV) is clear: when it's hot, don't dare turn on the air and chill things down.

### ***Use the Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter (ECI)***

Brad asked Edgar Cayce for advice, requesting what could help Guild members advance their spiritual development. This request was wrapped in the prayers Cayce himself used to make connection with the other side. A visionary dream followed:

We were in some kind of experimental laboratory where a voice announced, "Teach others to use the Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter." He explained that people can be so stuck in old habits that if they personally met the Buddha, Jesus, Abraham, Krishna or Mohammed, within thirty minutes they'd be wondering what's for dinner or what television show will be watched later in the night. Or they'd head straight to their computer and check the latest political news which is, of course, always more of the same. Old habits are very hard to break. We assumed the teacher was Edgar Cayce, since we had previously asked for his help. Then he gave us further instruction: "Through consistent and disciplined practice, new habit tracks must be established deep inside the mind and body, while old habit tracks are dismantled. To dismantle old habits, use an Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter."

Brad and I looked at each other, puzzled. We had no idea what an Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter was. We then noticed a table in front of us that held a small recording device. We were directed to listen to it. It was a recording of multiple sounds and words all blended together in an exciting way. It shot us with so much excitement and confusion that it interrupted our train of thought and directional bearings. It felt like this: Imagine walking along a sidewalk and suddenly the earth starts shaking as a gigantic horn emerges from below the ground. Instead of blowing a musical sound, you hear a lion roar as an airplane zooms overhead and writes these words in the sky: "Opening wings, tapping rings." Before you can ponder what is going on, a comet zooms in front of your eyes and then returns, stops and speaks, "I offer you a bowl, a 222, and a spark of piezo." The teacher piped in, "That's what is meant by an Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter."

We were advised to make some short bursts of audio interventions that functionally operate in the same manner. They are designed to be interspersed in your everyday. Your assignment is to find ways in which you can be startled by them. For instance, make them the ring tone on your phone, randomly mix them into your music playlists, or set your alarm for them to unexpectedly play throughout the day. The surprising excitement of interrupting old habit patterns of thought, action, and reaction come from the musically and semantically designed forms of exhilarating confusion. It's another way of shaking up your relationship to the surrounding room. As the teacher on high finally advised us to tell you, "Use your Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter." Incorporate this crazy Cayce device that leaves you hazy, blurry, and wobbly—more ready to be swept away and tripped into the middle vibration of mystery. We also call it an "ECI," whose already changed meaning is "Ecstasy Crossroads Intervention."

In summary, the three parts of the ECI follow:

*Excitement*—found in filling your small room and its likely dead air with something that stirs the atmosphere with Scared Ecstatics metaphors, lines, tones, rhythms, and an uncommon blend of signal and noise.

*Confusion*—found in parts, but not all parts, of the track itself but mostly arises from the "random" or unexpected, or totally unaligned moment when it plays.

*Interruption*—found when you switch your attention to recording in the midst of an everyday sequence that is in action.

*Ecstasy-Crossroads-Intervention*: the ECI is an intervention into whatever everyday convention is unfolding and offers you a crossroads choice to jump on the ECI track (and throw you in the

Sacred Ecstatics big room) or to put the ECI in your mental pocket and thereby remain in the former room where you cogitate about it rather than perform with and in it. It's your Sacred Ecstatics pill that helps reduce the chill. Try our ecstasy—I room, not a chemical.

*Note:* Trickster mind tends to cut out only one of the three linked names that indicate this device. Most folks underscore the “confusion” and forget the “excitement” and “intervention” but like the teaching about three ropes, all three names need to be in play or the wobble is lost. It takes threeness to keep the twoness of singleness in the vibration. 222

### ***The Mystical Map on the Floor***

Following the visionary adventure with *lapis electricus*, we asked for further guidance from Edgar Cayce and the rope to God he served. A dream followed:

We were in a large room that could have been the historic building in Bisbee, Arizona I formerly dreamed. We didn't pay much attention to our whereabouts because our attention was immediately caught by a mysterious, circular textile on the floor. Lying in the exact center of the room, it was handwoven with a circumference of one meter. It reminded us of the chalk drawings marked on the floor in the mourning rooms by spiritual pointers in St. Vincent. The drawings provide guidance and direction for the visionary journeyer who does not see them because their eyes are banded. The textile also reminded us of the Diné sand paintings made in hogans during special healing ceremonies across Arizona and New Mexico. Whereas the chalk marks are erased and the sand thrown away after those ceremonies are concluded, this cloth was clearly meant to remain in its place. The circle was also subdivided into irregular sections—like demarcated territories of another world. Each area was filled with unique magical symbols that included some wavy lines on the upper left side. We marveled at how a textile could manifest such brilliant fine detail.

We had no idea how to interpret the symbolic guidance placed on the floor. However, without a doubt, we knew that our future course had been determined and was now woven into the fabric of our life. I woke up and came back to myself, feeling the Guild had been given divine guidance that was over all our heads, yet tangible and grounded below our feet. After I reported the dream to Hillary our bodies buzzed with excitement as our minds were equally on fire with the passionate desire to move on with the work. Whereas the floor had been covered with blue lapis powder in the previous dream, now we had received a woven fabric circle that offers a crossing between First and Second Creation. Like other floor maps designed by the other side, it is a mystical portal for traveling back and forth

to the spirit lands. It sits on the piezoelectricity field previously established, providing the energy needed to travel far.

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild owns a portal, gate, entry, and bridge to the numinous highways. Instructions and guidance are already in place to fulfill our outskirt tribe's remarkable destiny. Each week brings new surprises to those whose souls feel the ropes pulling us through. Trickster mind may tempt you to still follow previously entrenched tracks, habitats, and habits that interfere with receiving these signals or interrupt you from taking action. Big me easily gets discouraged and impatient. For those of you on board this once in a lifetime mystery ride, we welcome you again and celebrate the adventures that are unfolding. All aboard and jump into the middle circle. Electrified sacred emotion is pouring in from every direction!

### ***Traveling with Edgar Cayce***

At the visionary crossroads, we met Edgar Cayce and retook his former journey to southern Arizona:

Hillary and I joined Edgar Cayce and T. Mitchell Hastings, the young man who had accompanied him back then, on the same long car trip. Called "the missing month" of Edgar Cayce's life, he kept the journey a secret. Cayce didn't want anyone to know that he was feeling physically weak, had been publicly labeled a fraud, arrested for medical malpractice, that his financial benefactor had gone bankrupt, and that he had been evicted from his home, was penniless, and feeling unsure about his spiritual work. It was the lowest and darkest period of his life. Spirit told him to immediately journey to southern Arizona where he'd find rich deposits of one of the most vibratory mineral gems on earth that would realign and amplify his communicative link with the other side, providing the higher guidance he needed. Cayce and Hastings, a science student at Harvard who later would develop inventions that concerned the communicational use of electromagnetism, including FM radio, took off on February 27, 1934 on a 7,150-mile road trip. On October 25, 2020 they took the same trip again, this time with the founders of Sacred Ecstatics on board.

In the car I recalled how two years ago I went through a phase of dreaming about ancient alchemical practices. It touched Hillary and I so strongly that we even considered changing the name of our work to "ecstatic alchemy." In one powerful vision I saw Ouroboros suspended in the air right in front of me. I literally faced the ancient serpent or dragon that chases and swallows its own tail. This constantly creating, circulating creature had ingested and was holding a large stone within its belly as it traveled in recursive circles. A voice from on high

declared, “This is the philosopher’s white stone; it has been made.” Immediately the whole body of work we had produced—Sacred Ecstasies—was revealed as a newborn enactment of ancient alchemy, recreating “the great work” or *Magnus opus*, the alchemical term for the transformative process of creating the philosopher’s stone or *lapis philosophorum*. Ouroboros taught us how alchemical process must be depicted as multileveled and occupying multiple realities at the same time. Even the philosopher’s stone is simultaneously the substance that turned mercury and other base metals into gold, as well as the elixir of life, the mystical egg, and the sought grail of sacred ecstasy—the pinnacle spiritual experience.

My remembrance of this past visionary material was interrupted by the present visionary adventure. We had arrived at the Seventy-Six Ranch outside of Bisbee, Arizona and found the stones we were searching for. Lying in a field with a lapis in each of our hands, we felt their vibratory effect. It was an experience I have long been familiar with—the high frequency vibration that makes my head buzz as the inner electricity of heightened seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit circulates with maximal power. In that moment we realized that spiritual cooking, the main transforming activity of Sacred Ecstasies, has the same effect as the *lapis blue electricus* Cayce needed to become retuned, recalibrated, and more aligned to the main force and source of creation.

Cayce had been plugging into the other side as a channel without the spiritual heat required to sufficiently clear away small room influences. This meant that he was vulnerable to a multitude of distortion, interference, and backfire effects. In other words, missing the sacred ecstatic fire and big room construction tools, he had to work harder to keep his reception clean, doing his best to remain focused on higher will. After finding the lapis electricus, he believed it helped him connect to a higher way of serving human beings, something he often fell short of accomplishing in the years before. Cayce needed to rise above the earthly concerns of social acceptance, attachment to physical belongings, and long-term fiscal security. He came back from Arizona more committed to focusing on achieving higher spiritual work, something made possible by tuning into a higher frequency that was less cluttered by trickster concerns. As a result of the trip, Hastings also no longer doubted his own intuitions and inner gifts and went on to achieve a successful career based on trusting what the lapis electricus revealed to him about the vibratory nature of things.

If Edgar Cayce had difficulty keeping his channel or rope line clean, expect the same challenge for yourself. Trickster will come at you with every imaginable temptation to pull you away from the highest reference signal of “Thy will be done.” It will either deflate or inflate you—fill you with hopeless despair about

your ineptitude, persistent error-bound habits, and bumbling setbacks or it will provide an exaggerated estimation of your abilities and false sense of Frank Sinatra “I Did it My Way” pride. Like Edgar Cayce, you are going to have to get over your big me and sweep away its small room clutter, debris, deception, and illusion.

Edgar Cayce had a dedicated church life and was a Sunday School teacher. He found that in spite of his sincerely enacted faith he was still vulnerable to being taken on a trickster ride that chilled his soul. Without that dedicated spiritual life, however, he likely would never have found his way out of those dark nights. When you are lost, you may also feel a loss of energy and enthusiasm that pulls you away from a closer relationship with Thee. When you feel this way, it can be difficult to find the motivation to take your medicine, which is taking spiritual action. As we previously wrote in the Catch-22 teaching: Act even when you don't feel sacred emotion and holy inspiration. Act in order to feel what you will never understand.

This is the act of bowing before the lineage lines that carry the phone line, the power line, the gift delivery line, and the highway line to ecstasy land. Listen to the whispering voice that is always talking to little me, “Go on a journey to Ecstasy Land.” The surest way there is to follow the guides who are plugged into its higher power and communication system. They own the lapis electricus, the alchemical philosopher's vibratory singing stone. It embodies the fire, wind, rain, and earth of First Creation changing as it fills the Second Creation empty bowls hungry for the 222 that comes from piezoelectricity.

At the end of the visionary journey, a higher teaching was given about the true nature of the stone Cayce held in his hand. We paraphrase below what we learned:

The actual stone Cayce traveled 7,150 miles to find was the least important part of his adventure. Though people hearing the story may be seduced to bring home a lapis linguis or chunk of Bisbee azurite, this action misses what was, still is, and forever shall be what is most spiritually essential: seeking attunement to the numinous. What mattered is that Cayce took the leap and went on the journey. He dropped his habits of worrying and strategizing how to find solutions to his multi-leveled life calamity. It helped that he had truly hit bottom and crashed, rather than only faced a little bump in the road. This made it more difficult to trust another trickster suggestion. Instead, this time he more deeply listened to and heard the whisper within of spiritual counsel that ran against the grain of his allegedly-more-logical brain.

He dropped everything he was doing and got in his car to drive across the country in 1934. He had one purpose—to find a rock-solid way of hooking up to higher guidance. This time the voice that came through was better heard by little me, because Edgar Cayce’s worldly bankruptcy had also bankrupted his reliance upon his big me’s mentation and calculation. Without big me out of the way, the messages and guidance of spirit are always rearranged and reframed by Second Creation’s opposition to First Creation.

In the visionary realm we noticed how Edgar Cayce did not feel like getting in that car and turning the ignition key—he was too physically exhausted and felt too despondent to act. But he did it anyway as if it was the last thing left for him to try. This is the same kind of situation each Guild member may face when you hear any instruction offered by Sacred Ecstasies visionary guidance. However, most of you are likely missing the full blessing granted to Edgar Cayce—the complete ruination of everything concerning your physical, fiscal, and professional life. You are left with too much trust in your big me and this crowds out your access to little me perception, conception, and reception. Whatever signal comes through is quickly appropriated by trickster, rendering you lost while trickster insists the voice of higher guidance is coming through.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to us about Cayce’s long road trip was that he had a flat tire nearly every day. He was constantly frustrated by how often had to stop, change the tire and then start again. It tempted him to give up and return home. On the other hand, he may have seen the improbability of this degree of interference as a sign that mystery was really in play. Whenever the light and joy come knocking on your door, the dark and bitter are sure to follow and compete for your attention. He and Hastings drove on. You, too, will face many flat tires and the crossroads that come with each of them—whether to retreat or discipline yourself to advance. Each day the ingredients must be gathered and the wheel formed and turned again. The more frustration you meet can be countered with more determination to honor the road, whether you feel like it or not. Bow before the highway and then get on with it.

After arriving and finding the stones, their lives were transformed. Lying down on the ground near the mine and holding



the lapis electricus, Edgar Cayce had the most profound and lucid visions of his life—something not revealed until many years after his death. The young man named T. Mitchell Hastings even met his future wife in a waking vision and Cayce met his mother who returned to earth. She told him not to worry anymore and handed him that silver dollar that had no date or mark of the treasury mint. Cayce and his traveling companion never looked back and returned home renewed and ready to pursue their life missions. The younger man pursued the advanced technological use of crystals and the older man got to work tapping into the library of Akashic records where mystical knowledge is held, everything from medical information to unknown history and future possibilities.

Cayce kept the trip a secret and while he later recommended that some clients use a lapis linguis or another stone, he left it wobbly which exact lapis stone he was referring to. Was it azurite with green color mixed with blue like what is found in Bisbee and Nogales, Mexico, or was it the deep blue, purer lapis found in the oldest mines in the world like those in Afghanistan and Iran? Sometimes he said the stone was blue and at other times green—it kept changing the more he referred to it. Let's say that his lapis is exactly like our mystery bowl that arrived with light grey coloration and then passed through the Zsolnay iridescent glow of both green and blue.

One more thing—Cayce cautioned others about using this stone, saying that it was only intended to be used by spiritual practitioners who were advanced. Even then, its overuse could cause damage of the etheric shield and aura. We recommend, as before, please avoid literality and keep this advice in the middle wobble of multiple metaphor lines.

If you lean toward believing you need the lapis electricus stone, it's likely better for you to not obtain it. Or, at the most, write down its name and keep moving its location from the bowl to the 222 and the piezoelectricity of your altar. If, on the other hand, you are more inclined to not be drawn to materiality, as is the case for us, you may benefit from procuring an actual stone. That's what we did.

At the end of each day and night, bow before the mystery that this teaching and its implicit direction for action. Honor the lapis electricus within, the sacred vibration held in the hands of little me.

When you own it, higher guidance will come through if and only if you get big me out of the interfering way. For better conductance and to find the special calling of your gifted middle form, follow the conductors whose train keeps stopping to change a tire so others who never got on before may now board and start all over again. All aboard, this car is bound for Bisbee, Arizona and all stops in between on the First Creation highway.

When you arrive in the vast field where lapis electricus has been awakened by the heavenly sunshine, make sure that you do more than hold the rock—free your body to rock with its piezoelectric vibe. This dynamic marks the difference between the static and the ecstatic nature of pressure-packed crystalline lattices. When the noun and verb of “rock” wobble as a contrarian oscillation, the empty bowl is able to receive the sacred vibration and hear the 222 mystery signal.

### ***A Gun to the Head***

Sometimes Brad knows that he will receive a vision before he falls asleep, but most of the time he doesn't know what is coming down the line. Last night he felt a big message was on its way, so he spontaneously prayed differently this time, “Alright, God, send it straight with no middle saints in between. Send it directly down the line. Let's get this done.” Those words surprised Brad because he would never advise anyone to pray like this. He fell asleep and, sure enough, a powerful dream came through that shook our room:

Hillary and I were in Mexico waiting to be picked up by Juan Carlos García Jiménez and Silvia Arce Herrera, friends of ours from Querétaro and directors of the systemic family therapy institute, Etfasis. When they pulled up in their car, we were surprised to see Juan Carlos get out holding an automatic weapon. He opened the trunk to show us that it was filled with rifles and other weapons of protection. It reminded me of my adventurous wild years traveling with bodyguards in combat zones of southern Africa and other world trouble spots in search of shamans and healers. I often had no fear back then and I didn't in this dream either. It just seemed absurd for our hosts to be this loaded with gunpower as we were getting ready for holy work and to hit the road for another episode of Sacred Ecstasies. I looked at Hillary and replied as a kind of joke, “I guess it's far more dangerous down here than we thought.” We laughed at the madness of the world and how violence and healing sacred work often live next door to one another and are never separate. The road to First Creation requires bringing

Second Creation with you, providing the full spectrum of the good, bad, beautiful, ugly, ecstasy, and agony.

As we started to get into the car, we were hijacked. The banditos threw us in the car and one man held a loaded pistol next to the temple of my head. He pushed very hard and it was painful. I tried to push the barrel away, to take a little pressure off its contact point. The armed man responded by cocking the pistol and pushing it even harder against my head. For the rest of the dream we just drove the highway like this with the hijackers in the car and the gun held to my temple.

In the dream, I did not realize that I was reliving a scene from James Spurlock's life. He was the taxi driver from New Orleans who at gun point had a vision of Jesus and received his song, "Just Be Nice." I was only aware that I did not feel fear in the dream, nor did Hillary. We only felt the absurdity of human interaction and the discomfort of that gun barrel pressing against my temple.

I woke up and continued to feel the gun against me. The discomfort would not stop, and I felt it for at least an hour. When I finally got up at dawn, the pressure was intermittent—off and on. When I told Hillary the dream we started laughing and still did not feel any fear or worry. In particular, we laughed at how it may not be wise to ask God to be so direct with us. As Hillary remarked, "It appears you get the Old Testament God responding when you make that kind of request." Perhaps the role of spiritual mediums is to soften the divine blow and spear pierce, helping the intervention come through and the medicine go down. Otherwise, you may face God as an old-fashioned ass kicker missing the soft touch. Remember what happened to Job who dared to cut out the middle medium soothsayer.

After joking about the hard God and the soft intermediaries, Hillary was reminded of a Zen Buddhist teaching. She taught me that in the Soto school of Zen Buddhism the core practice is *shikantaza*, or "just sitting." However, in this case "just" prescribes a total and complete action—the practitioner does not even follow their breath or any of the other techniques common to *zazen*. Bernie Glassman used to shout the syllable "ta!" when he said the word to emphasize the point. Hillary was reminded of this because of an interaction she witnessed at the Zen Center of Los Angeles some years ago. Roshi Egyoku was giving a talk on *shikantaza* and she posed a question to the group, something to the effect of, "What is this *shikantaza*?" And one of the older members, Burt, said, "It's *zazen* with a gun to your head." Roshi replied enthusiastically, "Yes!" Zen Buddhist teachers through the ages are keen to remind you of the extreme urgency and heightened attention required for a spiritual life.

After Hillary told me about this exchange, we were flooded with the urgency of doing this work with no time to waste. This is not referring to careless haste; it

is carefully cleaning the room to clear the head of wasted contemplation or excessive doubt that misses any opportunity for ecstatic ignition.

Because we were in Mexico in the dream with hosts of our work that emphasize therapeutic sessions, we felt it was time to bring them back to the performance stage. One of the blossoms of *Sacred Ecstatics* is the kind of transformative session we used to call “creative therapy” and today are unsure what name to use for its next reincarnation. This is the second dream we recently received about sessions. The first was Hillary’s dream about meeting the baby deer.

More importantly, we felt that the dream offers a teaching for every Guild member—put God’s gun to your head and wake up! No more waste, foolish haste, or bad taste. Leave behind the mindless, heartless, and soulless swing between self-inflation and its counter deflation, or what we call in *Sacred Ecstatics* “cocooning and ballooning.” No more pouting or shouting from big me or “un yo grande.” Rein in the puffery on either side of trickster’s up and down ride. It’s time to leap to the sacred vibration whose swing has soulful syncopation with song and dance synchrony. All aboard, it’s time to feel the pressure against your temple and get on the vaster stage. You need a higher designed accident, tripping over every line big me has drawn. Then be in no hurry for big me to stand up again. Let little me rise from the grave, ready to build a new temple with more headroom for mystery.

### ***Opening Doors***

In a dream, we went to my grandfather’s church in St. Joseph, Missouri. It appeared that some kind of community performance was going to take place. There was barely any room left for us to sit since we arrived after the festivities began. It was organized like a talent show where each person did their own thing—public speaking, singing, dancing, juggling, and other entertainment acts.

After a dramatic drum roll, a young girl with paper wings attached to her back was dropped by wires or ropes from the ceiling. We gasped because this appeared far too risky for amateurs to attempt. Sure enough, her attachment to the hookup became unsteady and she was thrown all over the place until she slipped, hurling down toward the floor. It appeared she would be seriously hurt or even killed. However, she stopped just inches from the ground before crashing and walked away unharmed. That narrowly averted calamity made us feel uneasy about the whole show and how these community amateurs were pushing the performance boundaries too far.

We then noticed that Troy was setting up a small desk next to a grand piano on the side of the stage. He sat down with an old-fashioned typewriter and I immediately knew he was wanting to delight us by borrowing the theatrical setup from a Stephen Sondheim song, “Opening Doors.” It’s from the musical, “Merrily

We Roll Along,” a Broadway treasure I was fortunate to see during its opening week in New York City years ago. Troy smiled and I felt, more than anything, his pure sincerity to perform in a way that would be touching. I smiled back and a tunnel of light suddenly went from his heart to mine. A transmission of seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit all wrapped up in divine love went through both of us, as something ineffable was administered from on high. Neither of us expected this and we were stunned and perplexed, while at the same time we felt it was completely natural and totally real.

Troy’s performance was interrupted by a woman dressed in a robe who suddenly marched to center stage. She was wearing a collar that looked like the one worn by Bela Lugosi in the early Dracula movies. Introduced as the new pastor of the church, it was clear she was trying to make it a New Age free-for-all kind of institution. She walked in front of the congregation and made weird facial expressions as if trying to appear magically hypnotic. As she did this, the man sitting on our left side started patting my back and uttering feel-good clichés that tend to sicken us. I told him to stop it. Then we noticed a food vendor walking down the aisle, selling fried food. A young boy to the right of us ordered three fried chicken wings and the attendant threw in one small fried guppy, a little fish that looked disgusting. The whole place and most of its attendants felt uncomfortable and stupid to us and we wanted to leave as quickly as possible. Then the woman with the Dracula collar spoke, “I have some tragic news. The little girl who played the angel who flew down the rope has died.” At that moment her mother walked out, as if on cue, holding her child wrapped in a blanket. Hillary and I knew that this rope and death scene had been staged to stir up the audience’s emotions. It gave the pastor a persuasive means of sucking the blood out of the audience while displaying her power through feigned compassion. We walked out and knew we had been given a teaching for the Guild.

The performance of your life and your ecstatic spirituality are kept real by sincerity. This naturally reins in the puffery of overshooting or the pout-ery of undershooting. This dynamic is true for the performer, the master or mistress of ceremonies, and the audience. Do not exaggerate in any direction—inflating or deflating yourself, others, or their performance. Step onto Broadway’s vastest way of using performance chops to make a common action—like typing—transform into a musical, mystical sunbeam of numinous connection where higher love guides the way. Be cautious when there is too much drama in play where supernatural feats, including death and mourning, are staged. The extraordinary is not found in displays of power or magic, whether real or dreamed. It is found in how the three ropes of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit wrap themselves around our carefully executed and sincere daily performance and create warm bonds of relationship with one another. Together we go farther when we all feel the need for

Thee while equally feeling the need to work hard to prepare for the show. Come on, Sacred Ecstatics hoofers, let's start "opening doors."

### ***Prescription for Experiment Two***

We posted the following instructions to the Guild on October 31, 2020, followed by the two-part instructions for Experiment Two.

If you haven't yet completed experiment one, you can use a printout of someone else's altar until you make your own. Remember: each action, experience, and gift arrives for everyone in our First Creation Kalahari where we dare to share what comes down the ropes. Jump in anywhere. You can even start with experiment two and back up to experiment one. Remember, everywhere is the middle, without a beginning or ending, except for the passing moment when we mark it as such (with fading ink) to move onto the next middle. All aboard, here we go on the next mystery ride!

#### *Part One: Your Cutout Transformer*

In a visionary dream the Guild was gifted with a technological device from the other side. The device was a black metal container that was the size of a small trash can. In the dream it was called by several names including an "alchemical trash can," "a n/om waste basket," "a seiki rearranger," "a spirit converter," and "a cutout transformer." We were told that the cutouts—words, concepts, and principles—of Sacred Ecstatics can be thrown into it. When the can is held between your two hands and shaken, the cutouts come to life.

Experiment two begins with your obtaining a small can, bucket, or container. It should be black or at least have some "blackening" applied to it by a dab of paint, marker, a piece of cloth, attached paper, or other black material. Start throwing cutouts from Sacred Ecstatics into it — strips of paper with Sacred Ecstatics metaphors written on them. A good place to begin is the lexicon of terms found at the back of the book, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (here's a PDF of the lexicon.) Perhaps someone would like to volunteer to make a list of new terms that have since arrived—like "EEE-land," "Chuck Stare," and "Communing with Thee."

Once you have at least five cutouts in the can, you can use it as a higher power junction box. When feeling the need for an ecstatic adjustment of your electrical sockets, grab hold of the can and give it a good shake. Then reach in and randomly pull out an empowered cutout. Say it and shout it as you add tonal, rhythmic, and movement variations with your body wobbly instrument. Carry that cutout with you for at least several hours. Find a way to use that word in a sentence you either speak or write to someone. If you can't think of what to say, consider using a variation of this failsafe line: "I learned something new today—there's something called 'spiritual

temperature,” (or whatever cutout is retrieved). Once you have conducted your experimental performances with the selected cutout, throw the word back into the can.

If you'd like, keep a record of what cutouts you pull out with time and date marked like a good experimentalist. One more thing: after each usage, make sure to add another cutout so your piezo inventory grows. Make sure you include mystery numbers and phrases. Seiki bowl, 222, piezo!

### *Part Two: Anointing Your Altar with a Spiritual Paintbrush*

In another visionary dream we were transported to a visionary classroom where altars were being constructed:

The master teacher looked like someone from the Florentine Renaissance who was supervising his teaching studio, a place where easels and worktables were scattered around the room. (No doubt it was a studio for a Guild of artists!) Wearing a long, paint-stained smock and holding an old palette of colors, he came over to us and pulled a gift out of his pocket. It was wrapped in the finest silk. We unwrapped it to find a medium sized paintbrush. It was no ordinary brush. When held, we could feel the sacred vibration pass into our bodies. As we stood stunned by this remarkable gift, the teacher explained:

The objects and images you gather for your altar are not anointed and ready for numinous action until they have been adorned with this rare and special brush. You must use it to add some colorful designs of your own, administered without excessive planning and deliberate thought. This can involve simply adding some wavy lines and a few dots, or it can involve far more complexity. As long as seiki is moving your hand to deliver a surprise, this ancient method will bring soulful life to your altar and its objects.

The teacher, who seemed like a hybrid of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, then handed us a photograph of our altar bowl and asked us to adorn and anoint it with the mystical means described. Brad took the brush and made some irregular marks on it. His movements were seiki driven with no purposeful design in mind.

Brad was quite relieved that he didn't have to create a drawing. That is way beyond his gift—Brad is unable to even draw a stick man and few people know that he can barely write his name clearly. As Brad says, “For decades I signed my name as an “X,” something that delighted my young son because no one ever

questioned its legitimacy. It was actually the true sign and signature of my visual art ineptitude.” Though he has a good eye for design, Brad hands were designed to strike piano keys rather than hold pens or brushes.

With this new brush from the other side, Brad made his seiki strokes on the bowl as he looked at the silk cloth the gifted brush had been wrapped in—it reminded him of Osumi, Sensei. Many years ago, she sent Brad raw silk which she had personally soaked in her seiki. She told him to place it inside his pillow and every night he slept on her seiki infused silk. Now the brush was functioning in a similar manner. The master teacher suddenly interrupted our thoughts:

Today’s teaching is this—the bowl, the 222, and the piezoelectric, and any other objects gathered for the altar can be sourced in any way. It matters less where or how you obtain them. While it pleases the ancestors to see someone devote themselves to making or drawing their altar items, it is unnecessary. You can choose to print out the image of someone else’s objects or a picture of their whole altar. However, if it is your gift to make visual art, then do it for everyone. Others can then make use of your contribution. Remember, any gift given to someone is a gift for everyone. Each of us works in a different medium.

What next matters is how you ‘send’ the altar objects to the other side where mystery abounds—this is the action of anointment. Your altar is a place for ‘both sides now’—a wobbly medium between First Creation and Second Creation. To anoint an object, use the mystery brush. You may do this on either side of the double reality divide. Either take a pen, color marker, or paintbrush and adorn the object on the earthly visible side, or you may close your eyes and hold on to an invisible brush from the unseen side—the one we received for the Guild in vision. Make sure your movements come from seiki and deliver a surprise to both your outer and inner viewing. If you choose to use the unseen brush, make a pledge to someday use a physical brush or marking instrument and actually make your mark. Similarly, if you start on the earthly plane, promise to later do it on the spiritual side that is beyond material things.

That’s it. Now go tell the Guild they have been given another gift. It is time for their altars to be anointed and placed in the middle of the sacred vibration.”



This completes the instructions for the second part of experiment two. Do it with and for seiki, the unseen wind whose marks are seen in how its creative life force touches the earth. Be surprised by what comes out of you—something produced by the little me who operates the inner seiki switch. *Bring it back*—bring back the next renaissance of seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit that constitutes the ineffable soul of art. Welcome back the performance art of Sacred Ecstasies, this time better equipped to spiritually cook with a higher brush that coats the surface with First Creation iridescence. Make that bowl of yours glow with mystery.

### ***A First Creation Trip to the Other New York City***

Brad dreamed that we landed in New York City:

We were standing on a sidewalk in front of Columbia University in the upper west side Manhattan. A car picked us up and drove us toward Harlem which is immediately next to the campus. The driver, who was also our guide, announced, “Let me show you the other New York City that is on the other side, just north of Harlem.” We looked at each other puzzled because we had never heard that there was another New York City.

Within seconds we were in another reality dimension where New York City looked completely different. The buildings were all modern, exaggerated in size, and extremely ugly and unappealing. They reminded us of the “modern” buildings in Eastern European cities built during the Communist era that look ugly next to the beautiful old architecture. Our Hungarian friends always point to these buildings and say, “socialism.” We always jokingly retort, “that’s the same style as mid-twentieth century capitalism.” In other words, something built as cheaply as possible.

Our driver pointed out that almost everything on this side was deserted and had fallen into ruin. He stopped the car and pointed to a colossal round building that had been a mega-hotel complex. It was called “The Roman Coliseum” and had the cheesy kind of cheap imitation and inauthentic design that a Las Vegas casino might implement. Its boarded-up windows and rundown exterior indicated that it had been closed for a long time. We told the driver, “We’ve seen enough. Please take us back to old New York. Take us to mid-Manhattan where the Broadway theatres are located. We want to be in the middle of it all.” As we crossed the boundary separating these two forms of the city, we were flooded with a teaching. This is what we heard:

There are two sides to every room, city, and world. On one side of the crossroads is found an odd pairing: a revered scholarly

institution and a beloved soulful African-rooted neighborhood. This duo education of the mind and edification of the soul is just across the border from the other side, a dreadfully dead place that inspires no further progression. This other New York looks like it was built by a casino operator for a brief run of commercial exploitation before being left abandoned as an ugly mess in need of a major cleanup.

There is no way of avoiding the other ugly side. Trickster must climb as high as it can to only find it has not yet even begun the big climb. That's when you feel ready to seriously return to the middle where the theatre rather than the classroom has its performance in play, a place meant to evoke a wobbly, tingly, electrical wonder rather than only satisfy understanding. In other words, to climb higher you must go to the crossroads to nowhere before being ready for the dive back into the performance-oriented middle. It won't help to know this—it's a journey you must take. Head to Columbia and study your books, and then tap into the history of soul food, art, poetry, music, and dance in Harlem before crossing the border to the other New York City. It, like ancient Rome, lies in ruins. Face the truth that despite all the knowledge and beauty in the world, humanity can't seem to stop building coliseums to distract the masses with gore and cheap thrills. Only then are you ready to feel the middle wobble of the mid-town shows that must always go on even when the rest of the world feels off.

Every person, relationship, city, and nation must take this same journey. Trickster with its insatiable appetite for big me and big nationalistic domination will forever fight cosmopolitan minds and the nonconforming aesthetics of soulful performers. This is the spiritual war between the First Creation eland and Second Creation yeti. Don't be surprised that a conniving real estate developer and casino tycoon arrives with an arsenal of huckster lies, and leaves behind ruined homes, neighborhoods, and countries. It has happened before and it will happen again and again. You must face this other world and own the feeling for its boundary crossing and what led to its conception, perception, construction, and deconstruction. After this disaster and hitting bottom are deeply felt, be grateful that there is no better time to leap on stage in the middle performance ground—dedicate yourself to the vastest way of play where music and dance rebuild souls, communities, and planetary ecologies.

### ***Whirling Log Polarities***

In vision, we observed a sandpainting of the Diné (Navajo) “whirling logs.” It was spread out on the same floor on which we previously saw the lapis electricus powder and the mystical woven map. Years ago, Brad found a rare Hosteen Klah weaving that he acquired for a foundation. Hosteen Klah was the first medicine person (Diné chanter) to depict their sacred sandpainting images as weavings. The Wheelwright Museum in Santa Fe, New Mexico was originally built to house his sacred artistic work, however later the rugs were removed from public viewing at the request of traditional chanters. In our visionary experience, we saw Klah’s weaving of the whirling logs from the nine-day long Nightway Ceremony, the holiest of Diné rites.

The Whirling Log symbol in the Diné language translates to “that which revolves.” It comes from the traditional story of an outcast who seeks another home where he can live in peace. Four deities hollow out a log for him to board and he takes off down a river, traveling for four days. He finally hits a powerful whirlpool and goes around and around until spiritual emissaries of the four deities rescue him. Finding a bean and four kernels of corn on a turkey, he plants the seeds and shockingly finds he has an abundant crop four days later. After, he is taught how to make a sandpainting to celebrate that the spirit world can intervene in earthly affairs and create such miracles.

In the vision we were taught that when the human mind is lazy, it can only handle one log at a time and its opposite ends are invited into combat or competition. However, with the help of wobbling metaphors, these contrary binaries or polar opposites shift from opposition to cooperation. This is when the whole log rather than its opposing ends becomes primary in our perception and conception. The formerly presumed either/or struggle now becomes a dance of difference—each side mutually brings forth the other side inside the circular interaction of ongoing relations.

When two logs, lines, or ropes intersect, there now appear to be four logs with four directions. Here the contrarian pulls of north, south, east, and west along two axes can lead to a whirl, the motion of a wheel. The whirling logs draw you back into the center that is now the heart of the wobbling vibration aligned with the force of creation. The spirit is found in this middle portal, but only if all four logs are moving like a wind, drawing everything in rather than blowing the parts away. This whirling wind is the spiritus—the spirit creating and reuniting all of us. Communing with Thee is the whirling logs in action, forming an empty bowl or vortex of flux in the middle. Climbing the ladder is now achieved by moving inside and around the circularity of this mysterious 222. Sacred ecstasy, with its miracles of ineffable intervention, bring new life as every side, log, and whirl is recharged with piezoelectricity—the emerging beauty of the lapis blue electricus.

Evoking such abundantly felt and less conceptually understood wholeness and its ecstatic holiness requires ceremonial prayer, song, and movement aligned with how the spirit moves. Surrender is something to be celebrated, a journey through the middle gate of the whirling lines,

ropes, axes, and logs. Why fight what you most deeply desire—the fire of whirling communion and its blissful dynamics of Sacred Ecstasies? Don't be a bump on a log pretending you are not lost in the fog. Dive into the empty bowl, feel the ever-changing 222, and dissolve into the piezoelectricity of the four whirling directions. Pour the sacred blue emotion on the floor, then say your prayers and sing your songs while your body is freed to move along the tracks left by eland hooves. All the rest spontaneously follows when you follow the four whirling directions as your daily holy instructions.

### ***Every Shortcut is a Cutout Backfire***

In a long-lasting dream, Hillary and I experienced how spiritual teaching can be immediately taken out of context when heard or read by someone in a small room. A metaphor, idea, or multi-level teaching can be readily misappropriated and taken to mean something entirely different.

We then heard a teacher on high pronounce, "Every shortcut is a cutout backfire." Let's unpack this rather enigmatic sentence. If you are looking for the final missing piece, a failsafe magical formula, an always reliable model (or meta-model), or the best outcome-proven method, you are chasing a shortcut. Furthermore, all shortcuts rely on over-emphasizing and solidifying particular cutouts. There is no fixed one-cutout-fits-all short path to a life changing secret, treasure, territory, or Shangri-La. The big room is complex and forever changing and can only be met by a seeker who is changing in kind."

The visionary teacher from the other side went on to specify that "a cutout is a piece extracted from the whole and this process of fragmentation tempts you to believe that one part alone can serve as a key that always opens the door to a desired outcome. Wisdom cutouts can serve as door-opening tools, but only when used in the right room or context that empowers them. When any new teaching arrives to deliver a fresh cutout—whether it is a novel metaphor, prayer line, song, or movement—do not fall into the language devil's trap of forgetting the metaphorically and melodically conveyed relations that gave rise to it. The moment you forget the metaphor line to which a cutout belongs and try to turn it into a shortcut, a backfire occurs. Whatever expansion, heat, change, room sweeping, spiritual cooking, and creative piezoelectricity the recently baked cutout came to deliver soon evokes the opposite. A shortcut cutout creates a backfire for one simple reason: as an inflated part, it disses and misses the whole. The big room requires that every cutout be held in line and remain on the line—aligned with the ropes and wheels of the entire mystery room."

The teacher concluded: "Every cutout is ready to either set a fire or cause a backfire. Don't make any cutout a shortcut to the ineffable. All cutouts hijacked as

trickster short cuts are former sacred dots missing their hallowed line, sacred circle, and alchemical fire-breathing, life-regenerating dragon.”

Cut it out, that is, stop using cutouts to make a shortcut. Go long for the Hail Mary touchdown pass. If you go far enough, you’ll end in the middle of the field. Be more like a sacred sandpainting, poured anew on the floor, but when its sacred ceremonial job is done throw the sand painting away. Do the same with every word. Grab hold and don’t let go of a medicinal cutout, stretch it as far as you can, keeping it in the room and on the metaphor line from which it came, and then be ready to drop it when it’s time to make a change.

### *The Triple Ripple*

In a visionary altar room, we faced the three main lineage ropes of Sacred Ecstasies that are aligned with Tokyo, the Kalahari, and St. Vincent. The ropes started to sway back and forth as if coming to life:

A hand from above reached down and pulled aside two of the lineage ropes, demonstrating what typically happens when an ecstatic spiritual seeker favors one rope and excludes the others. We watched the solo rope sporadically wiggle now and then as if it was trying to wake up. Then it came to a standstill before it swung too far to the left and then erratically back to the right. It was missing the necessary soulful rhythmic swing and middle wobble. A voice on high announced, “One isolated rope has no second line for the call and response of correction and amplification. Add another rope.”

The higher hand next dropped one of the other ropes so we could observe two ropes working together. Though sometimes they moved in sync together, it didn’t take long for the duo to get out of whack as each rope asserted itself as a soloist. They eventually became entangled in a double knot where each rope tied up the other rope. The voice announced, “Two ropes too easily fall into trying to prove which rope is the better soloist, and it takes a higher hand to untangle the knot. Here you find the battle of earth versus heaven as the vertical and horizontal ropes fight over whose pulling force wins the double tug of war. To help prevent this entanglement and mutual cancellation effect, add another rope.”

Following these initial demonstrations, we were ready to watch three ropes be set in motion. This time a difference arrived whenever two ropes were caught dueling. The third rope swung in to break up the pattern. In addition, whenever any of the ropes started to catch fire, we noticed how it was more difficult for either of the other two ropes to interfere for very long. With three lines in play, the voice was able to say, “Three ropes help adjust and temper the dueling dual

contraries and oppositions. This rope trinity is behind the three 2's of the mystery 222. To prevent any double whammy, use the triple ripple. This helps keep the main sacred vibration alive as the wobbly middle shifts from one rope to another, while the other ropes alternate between correcting any resistance and enhancing conductance. With a triple ripple, the double whammy is untied so that all three ropes may serve the middle wobble.”

We marveled at how the demonstration enabled us to visibly see how the movement of three ropes helps curb and correct the polarizing tendency of “twoness.” Juxtaposed sides oscillate when they only pull the another toward defeat, whereas the sacred vibration of transformative change results in a vibratory leap to a higher pattern of interaction that lands in a First Creation middle. Francisco Varela named these distinct interactional patterns, “Hegelian dialectics” and “star cybernetics.” The first is more akin to a boxing match where one side eventually surrenders to the other. The second is based on transforming the curse of cybernetic re-entry (mutual surrender) into the blessing of higher order transformation (mutual resurrection): each side swallows the other to reproduce the next generation of change. Hegelian dialectics results when there are only two sides in action, whether embodied by opposite ends of one rope or by two opposing ropes. On the other hand, star cybernetics adds a third dimension—the dynamics that enable each side to emerge out of the other. When three ropes, rather than one or two, hanging over the altar, the same benefit of higher order change is made possible.

In other words, a back-and-forth oscillation results in an interaction that maintains the same old fruitless fight for glory with no recursive dynamic that changes the room, context, system, or ecology and the performance it evokes. With a third rope in play more possibilities emerge for interrupting a singular or double stranglehold, an unexpected accidental tripping, or a creative flipping. To avoid a fight between polar endings, add a third rope that offers a new beginning. It can generate shifting coalitions (two ropes for or against a third rope) that help free the binds that keep you unable to create and experience higher change. In the midst of this trinity, action rises and falls to create transforming circular recursions rather than knotted quarrels about isolated end points and over-solidified lines that pretend they are independent of all relations.

Our conveyance of this visionary teaching is a simplification of what we experienced in the dream. This lofty excursion should help you appreciate that more understanding of change may not help you step into its process. Enact this directive rather than pretend that further understanding of it will help bring you nearer the entry to First Creation. Keep all three Sacred Ecstatics lineage ropes in play and allow them to both rein you in and set you free. Sweep the

altar floor clean again and then pour the sacred emotion that has become the Renaissance artist's blue paint (made from the powder of lapis lazuli) used to color the Holy Mother's garment.

We invite you to stand inside your other altar space, the one located in First Creation, where all three ropes are always in movement. Here you can better hear and feel an important communication from the other side. Allow all three ropes to move your mystical body to help protect you from any trickster polarities that threaten to extinguish rather than awaken the life of ecstatic vibratory truth conveyed by First Creation communication. We present what was finally said inside the visionary altar room:

For each metaphor and the rope or line to which it belongs, there exists an opposite metaphor and rope. Aim for these differences to evoke a climbing vibration rather than further promote a stuck oscillation. The initial key to turning a curse into a recursive blessing is found in the *chosen* opposite. The nature of your victory is shaped by your selection of an opposition and enemy, and whether you bring in multiple differences (three can do the trick) to work with rather than only one or two metaphors and ropes. For example, a better tactical opposite for your serious praying is the kind of teasing of its piety that generates an odd hilarity rather than promotes a serious secularity. The latter only assures an oscillation inside an over serious countenance that is in critical need of sweet madness emergency medicine. Similarly, the other side of singing and dancing should be something more creatively inspiring than opposing the rigor mortis of excessive quietness and stillness. Make it more about aesthetic expression than the exclusivity of one side or the other—does it have an Orrin Hatch stink of cliché or does it hatch inventive excitation? Here movement and stillness can equally contribute to creating art rather than merely pose as mutual opponents. When Miles Davis suggested that jazz includes mastering the performance of notes not played (the silences), he made his music about how aesthetic differences can surprisingly complement rather than predictably eradicate.

The definitional, dimensional, and compositional nature of your oppositions are as critical as assuring that they do more than erase the other side. For example, when a rope enables you to climb away from stuck piety or overdone hilarity, the result is an alternating polarity. Electricity then arises from the back and forth between trickster disbelief and true belief, and you find yourself paying more attention to the rhythmic heartbeat than the conquest and final resting place of semantic content's epitaph of meaning. Believe in everything and believe in nothing, but only amidst three interacting ropes with changing metaphors whose opposites render higher vibration rather than engender lower oscillation.

You must climb three ropes, all moving in relation to the others, with each rope hosting metaphors that change in relation to their momentary position

among the other ropes. These differences now awaken and amplify the middle wobble's sacred vibration. The two of you—little me and big me—climb the trinity to meet the ineffable unity and experience communing with Thee. Soon you will meet your third—its third eye has a third ear nearby along with all the other parts as well. In your thirdness, the 222 arises in the triple ripple. Between little me and big me is found the middle me. This is all that can now be said about the ineffable thirdness behind spiritual cooking and its climb to higher elevation. It has been hereby recorded for both ends of the rope that host the past and future of spiritual posterity.

***For Better Electrical Conductance, Be Equally Positive and Negative***

Brad dreamed the following directive, “For better electrical conductance, be equally positive and negative.” This double polarity achievement involves something more complex than these words can convey. A teacher on high elaborated:

If someone hears that they should be “equally positive and negative,” trickster hijacks this instruction and oversimplifies it. You may proceed to try to alternate between being both positive and negative, giving equal time to each one. Usually (even unconsciously) you will choose to be positive about whatever is positive to big me and negative about whatever negates, restrains, or corrects the Ptolemy nature of selfhood. Or you will try to be spiritually wiser and do the opposite, acting negative about big me things and positive about little me things. However, that solution is equally organized by trickster's oversimplification of the visionary directive.

Realize that it should feel impossible from the start to be equally positive and negative. It's not a dynamic that can be adequately accomplished with our conscious minds, and yet without this contrarian tension we will be unable to feel the sacred vibration to climb the rope and enter the 222. Begin by being humbly overwhelmed by the impossibility of purposefully being both positive and negative, and then aim to do so anyway but in a manner that leans you toward the middle wobble rather than conflates emotional confusion with the ecstatic fusion of sacred communion.

In the dream, Brad found himself interviewed by scientists and engineers from another reality dimension. They wanted to know what helped him have a life with immediate access to the other side. They asked questions like, “Are you positive or negative about life?” “Do you have a strong belief in God?” “How do you connote your relationship to the ineffable?” “Do you find certain mindsets and ideologies antithetic to spiritual ignition?” “What is the most basic cornerstone of



your room construction?” Brad first responded that he was always aware that he had a double mindset in operation—he both equally believes in mystery without any doubt but also doubts everything and is even skeptical of the importance of belief or any counter criticism of skepticism. “I am both a true believer and a pure skeptic, but I know when to exercise each and to what degree. This applies to how I relate to myself, to others, and to my relations in each particular situation.”

As the interview went on, the exploration of Brad’s inner phenomenology reminded him of some key aspects of his spiritual life. For example, before any ceremony Brad always makes a double prayer. He asks, “Thy will be done, use me Lord,” voiced with a serious tone and a true north compass setting. He also utters, “Whatever” (or “fuck it”) with sincere absurdity that surrenders any assumption that anything can be said or thought that will affect the outcome one way or another. Most importantly, he feels the middle wobble tensions of both these equally felt contrary prelude prayers.

The other memory of Brad’s past and present spiritual practice involved how he has total conviction and certainty about his link to the other side, while this is equally matched by his uncertainty about what will come through the veil. However, sometimes he can feel when a message, a visionary dream, spiritual gift, or a blast of piezoelectricity is coming. And at times, he can even pre-sense what its theme or form will be before it arrives. He wobbles in the middle of this certainty and uncertainty, knowing and non-knowing.

The next phase of the investigative discussion shifted to how these things can be shared with others who are beginning their journey on the ecstatic trails. Hillary appeared by his side and we were both asked whether what was operationally true for us could be useful to others trying to learn how to spiritually cook. In the dream we both replied, “Yes and no. What we pass on about spiritual engineering can either help or hinder, because trickster is always in the classroom waiting to hijack, distort, or invert any message to prevent the room from changing. We do not share visionary teachings with any intention to change others. We only serve expanding and heating the room by bringing more of the other side across. If someone is not in the big room but is looking through a peep hole or video monitor from a distant small room, the spiritual gift will not get through and may even cause a backfire. We are aware of the many rooms, filters, noises, and interference patterns that human beings may bring to the transmission and reception of spiritual wisdom. It takes time to learn how the alternating current of piezoelectricity involves equally holding the positive and negative. Beyond understanding this, it must be spontaneously embodied—something that requires a room change.”

In the dream, Hillary and I discussed with the investigators that the question of what and how to share or not share spiritual know-how with others has existed in every spiritual tradition. Some lineages resort to social control by secrecy, making certain teachings only available to presumed advanced practitioners. We recognize that such secrecy usually ends up being another small room takeover that backfires as readily as allowing all sacred teachings to be out in the open. We then added a comment that referred to the dream we were presently in, “The things we heard

tonight regarding the positive and negative automatically will be misunderstood if received in a small room. But it will be heard differently in the future if the listener's room expands. Our responsibility is to share the fruit while posting a warning: 'For optimal taste, make sure the room is big enough before taking a bite.' The rest is out of our hands and in the hands of the Creator or supreme orchard tender."

After waking up from the dream, we wrote down what we learned. In summary, to achieve better electrical conductance we advise that you embody being both positive and negative. Warning: please only try to receive this teaching and enact its directive in a big room. In other words, be in both a small room and big room, which is already how you live most of the time. Keep trying until your mind trips and your heart opens, resulting in the double leap and fall that lands you in the middle wobble where the sacred vibration is waiting to gobble you up.

### ***First Creation and the Chalice Are Not Found—They Are Created***

In a visionary dream, Brad prayed multiple prayer keys at the same time:

I repeatedly prayed with a classic two-word prayer key from Sacred Ecstasies, "Yes, Lord." I varied its tones and rhythms as my body felt spiritual electricity and its holy emotional radiation circulate within. After my focus and concentration locked in and steadily intensified, I launched our most recent three-line, five-beat prayer key. The former prayer kept going and neither prayer key overtook the other—each was strong and spontaneously moving. Next "the Lord's Prayer" came into play. When all three prayer keys were strong and concurrent, I immediately felt I had entered First Creation.

Each prayer key felt like a different cord of the same main rope to God. They juxtaposed, complemented, and made each other stronger. In this overlap of multi-prayer performance realities, First Creation simply arrived. Then to my surprise, a chalice appeared in front of me as a voice on high flooded the room with these words:

You create First Creation rather than find it. It is not one place, space, room, reality, or universe. It is the overlap of multi-prayer performance realities, the soulful enactment of diverse prayer keys with each line participating in higher circularity. A cooked prayer wraps around other prayer lines like double and triple sine waves, braiding a rope that rises like a mystical snake-dragon awakening from its sleep. These prayers call and respond to one another, alchemically transforming the performance and performer. In this dynamic blending, First Creation is created amidst the

reverberations of the middle wobbly overlap. As you feel your deepest hunger fed, the chalice arrives ready to pour sacred emotion into you—bringing vibratory conduction and its tonal-kinesthetic somatic conveyance of the supreme jubilation of sacred ecstasy. The chalice, too, is created in the overlap of these multi-prayer performance realities.

Master how to bring forth full absorption and concentration with each prayer key. Don't confuse this experience with disassociation where you lose track of where you are and what you are doing. Rather than trance out, *zoom in* with heightened awareness. You wake up rather than quiet higher sensation, spirit-laden perception, and ecstatic body (eee)motion. You hear and feel the hallowed nature of the prayer words—they pour into you like a mojo potion. This is the melt of hardened literal words into softened metaphors on their merry-go-round and round way to becoming the sacramental holy bread and holy wine of communion.

Here your empty bowl, which is outside and inside as well as both a part and the whole of you, is made ready to serve your “communing with Thee.” When multiple prayer keys, lines, circles, and realities meet in the middle wobble—the crossroads where they intersect and overlap—the empty bowl alchemically transforms into the chalice, the communion cup that is ready to pour a glass of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit into your flesh, blood, and bones. In all of this, First Creation is created as you, too, are recreated in the newborn blending, mending, sending, transcending, whirling, and changing of everything from bowl to chalice in the 222 that fills you again with piezoelectricity—the alternating current of multi-prayer performance realities.

### ***The Three Who Came Before***

In a visionary classroom, we lectured on the history of groundbreaking ideas and the evolution of thought, particularly as it concerns the nature of reality construction. We proposed that the last two important contributions to understanding the means of constructing a reality were made by Milton Erickson and Aldous Huxley. Both were featured in the dreamed lecture. However, a third person was also mentioned and regarded as equally important. Strangely, after the dream, this person seemed to fade from memory and felt less important. It was Gregory Bateson. Perhaps he faded because he was less an original thinker than people gave him credit for—he

repackaged ideas invented by more finely tuned intellects. At the same time, he was able to apply their original ideas to the phenomena of social interaction in a manner that others were not capable of accomplishing.

Our lecture provided a detailed account of Milton Erickson and Aldous Huxley's experiments, something they conducted in private. Under hypnosis, Erickson explored Huxley's perceptual alteration. It involved the experience of color as well as altering the sense of time, place, and memory. We also explained the hypnotic induction of levitation using Gregory Bateson's theory of logical types and the double bind. Then we made the following unexpected point, which surprised us as we said it: "The one person who was most influenced by the other two was Milton Erickson." As soon as we pronounced this, however, we felt unsure whether this was wholly accurate. We considered out loud how Bateson was needed to understand the interaction between Erickson and Huxley. "Therefore, Bateson is also the middleman." We also explained that it didn't make any logical sense to suggest that Huxley was in the middle. At the same time, we were aware that the typical misconception and misperception of both Bateson's and Erickson's contributions would tempt others to propose that Huxley's emphasis on consciousness is needed to understand the work of all three. That assertion would be absolutely disgusting to Bateson who despised the word "consciousness" because it conflates the partial arcs of mind with the whole circle. Erickson would be less disturbed because he was more comfortable interacting with gibberish, including that of his own strategic making. However, he would recognize how too much consciousness usually misses an opportunity to utilize the vaster breadth of the unconscious.

As greater uncertainty about whose ideas constitute the middle of this trio arose, we were left feeling increasingly wobbly. We experienced the room becoming blurrier as our mind gained more clarity on the complexity of these three contributors to the nature of reality construction. Several audience members were influential movers and shakers in the contemporary world of spiritual exploration and research development. Then someone asked the following question: "Who has picked up where these pioneers left off?" We answered: "The next major achievement is now taking place in this conversation." It satisfied us that we answered by pointing to the whole conversation rather than the name of any conversant who is only a part of the circular performance where conversing is recursing in order to create change.

Just then a visual depiction of our conversation appeared. It was a whirling swirl of multi-colored geometric shapes and figures floating all around us. It reminded us of a television series we had recently watched called "The Queen's Gambit" about a master chess player who could visualize all the possible moves, sequences, and outcomes after the first move was made. In a Sacred Ecstasics session, or in what we formerly called creative therapy, after the first phrase is spoken Brad can also see, hear, and feel all the multiple possibilities for where a session can go. Sometimes he will lean over to Hillary and say, "The session is done. We just have to bring it home." In this visionary moment, we were once again appreciative of the achievement of recursive frame analysis (RFA), our method of tracking how an experiential reality is constructed

or not constructed. We are most thrilled that its pragmatic principles can be embodied in live interaction. Masterful improvisation, whether in jazz, chess, transformative sessions, or contributions to the evolution of thought, requires sensing the many possible realities that may be constructed with every move.

This excitement woke Brad up, and he immediately felt confused why Gregory Bateson seemed to be a fuzzier presence in the dream. Perhaps it was because Bateson's ideas were more in flux, traversing multiple fields in comparison to the more stable, recognizable forms of Erickson and Huxley. Brad asked himself, "Does this make Bateson the true middle, the more liquid medium through which the whole conversation passes through?" With this idea in mind, he fell asleep again to find another dream scene waiting us.

We stood on the banks of a river dressed in white robes. People had gathered to hear us speak. We did not lecture but spoke with the spiritual heat and rhythm of sacred evocation: "What you search for is found in the water. Into the water you must go to find the portal to mystery. As you submerge, you emerge." We then pointed out how going down is inseparable from rising up. "It is like pushing a beach ball against the bottom of a pool. When you let go, it shoots upward without hesitation or deliberation. Go deep to experience this rebound leap. Into the river you must go, and through the water you must pass." We then started to dance, chant, and sing our message, "submerge, emerge, submerrr-eeemerrrge . . ." before continuing on: "In water you are found. In water you are changed. Resurrecting from solid matter to the vibrant current of holy water, you are transformed into a glass of love ready to be poured back into the world. Submerge, emerge, submerge, emerge . . ."

### ***Prescription for Alteration of Experiment Two***

Halfway through the month of November we prescribed the following alteration to Experiment Two for the Guild, based on recent visions:

(a) Add the mystical map to your altar—we have provided an illustration. We encourage you to take your visionary paintbrush and add color. You may also do so with actual paint.

(b) Make sure little deer is in your altar field.

I Proceed to make your own ECI—Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter. Shake your cutout transformer and choose two or three randomly selected words. Connect the words and create a sentence with them. Aim to evoke excitement, confusion, and interruption. Try out your ECI in the world. Unexpectedly perform it with others who expect or don't expect such a sentence from you. Your Sacred Ecstatics experimentation is now moving more into the world. If you want to record your

ECI (one minute or less), you can post it during the reporting week. We have one more week of Experiment Two, so let's go!

### ***Bryce Canyon 1940***

Brad placed a five-pound piece of dark blue lapis lazuli underneath his pillow and slept on it. He had a wild night of dreaming:

In the first dream, I observed a young woman driving through Bryce Canyon. A voice announced, "1940," indicating this was the year the journey was taking place. It was not like the drive through Bryce Canyon I had previously dreamed, led by Osumi Sensei. This time the road was smooth and had been made for touring. The sights were splendid and inspiring. The next morning I found a brochure about the canyon that was published by the park in 1940. It describes the natural wonder of the park as follows:

BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK includes some of the most interesting exposures of the Pink Cliffs formation, whose rocks are among the most colorful of any forming the earth's crust. The major beauty spots of the area are found where forces of erosion have cut back into the plateau, forming amphitheatres or wide canyons filled with pinnacles and grotesque forms.

The entire park area, with some 30 miles of Pink Cliffs, can be seen from Rainbow Mountain, at the southern end of the park. Included in this panorama are such beautiful amphitheatres as Black Birch Canyon, Agua Canyon, and Willis Creek. In addition, there are magnificent views across "the land of the purple sage" to Navajo Mountain, 80 miles to the east, and to the Kaibab Plateau and the Trumbull Mountains to the south, the latter 99 miles distant.

In reality Bryce is not a canyon; rather it is a great horseshoe-shaped bowl or amphitheater cut by water erosion into the Paunsaugunt Plateau and extending down a thousand feet through its pink and white marly limestone. The character of the area is well indicated by the Paiute Indian name, "Unka-timpe-wa-wince-pock-ich," which is translated as, "red rocks standing like men in a bowl-shaped canyon." This amphitheater is 3 miles long and about 2 miles wide, and is filled to the brim with myriads of fantastic figures cut by weathering influences, chiefly by running water, wind, and

changes in temperature. Domes, spires, and temples predominate, decorated in all the colors of the spectrum, but principally with reds, pinks, and creams.

In other words, Bryce Canyon is a vast earth bowl with changing colors. After gazing at the beauty of the area I woke up from the dream, however I found I was not awake. I was still in the canyon. Realizing I was in a waking dream, I fell back to sleep and went into the dream again. This time the woman seemed blurrier, sometimes looking older and sometimes younger. It also felt like I was now the traveler rather than an observer. It was becoming increasingly unclear who was taking a drive in the canyon, me or the woman. However, above all else, mystery was felt everywhere—it radiated from every rock formation.

Bryce Canyon is known for its “hoodoos,” the name for the tall, skinny shafts of rock that protrude from the bottom of the basins. “Hoodoo” means to bewitch, and the eerie, unearthly, magical, mystical vibe of these rock formations leaves a strong impression on those who visit the park. Some old timers called them “fairy chimneys” or “goblins.” The Paiute believed the coyote spirit (AKA trickster) long ago turned “Evil Legend People” into stone. I felt they were a blend of Sacred Ecstasies ropes, ancestors, the alchemy of First and Second Creation, and the evocation of sacred emotion’s wonder and mystery.

I heard a distant drum, one that I use often when we make our ecstatic audio tracks. It woke me up but once again I was in a waking dream. I soon went back to sleep and returned to the canyon. This time the woman traveler was more clearly seen. She looked familiar. I would later realize that she was a blend of my grandmothers, who appeared young like they were in 1940, and my mother, who would have been seven years old at the time. They were there as the main ambassadors of the mother lineage of my ancestry, part of the biological rope that brought me into the world. The drum then sounded again but this time it did not wake me up. Instead, I went deeper into the dream. The whole park, with all its hoodoo motherhood ropes, spoke these words loudly and clearly: “10 percent.” Hearing that number sent lightning down my spine. I knew exactly what was being taught without having to ponder it for a second. It was a message for the Guild, and for Hillary and me to receive and follow.

As a child, both my parents and grandparents repeatedly taught me that the numerical setting for a spiritual life starts at “10%.” This meant that a minimum of 10% of everything you own is to be given back to the Creator. It’s what the church called tithing, referring not just to your income but everything else that is a part of you—your time, energy, space, talents, resources, thoughts, emotions, action, and any other aspects of your life. I was taught that your life is on the right track

when you keep this percentage as a minimum investment. The same applied to the church community—when folks gave at least 10%, the community thrived and there was little to worry about.

My grandparents added that 10% was the Old Testament formula for enacting spiritual commitment. Later as an adult scholar I'd learn that the word "tithe" comes from the Old English root meaning "one tenth." In Old Testament times, the number was actually 23.3 percent of one's annual produce from the land, with a provision for free will giving beyond what was minimally expected. The 10% is a modern (trickster) compromise. My grandparents used to joke that the real test of a spiritual life is whether you advanced from Old Testament to New Testament tithing. John the Baptist raised the bar to 50% and Jesus joined Osumi Sensei and shocked the world by announcing it should be at least 100%. I grew up in country churches where some of the parishioners actually pledged 50% to keep the church alive and well. Everyone else knew that 10% was the minimum for a spiritual admission ticket and as long as enough parishioners followed through with this commitment, the future was brighter. All these things flashed into my mind when I heard "10%" in the dream.

My thoughts were then interrupted when I heard myself make a huge hiccup. The sound startled me enough to wake me up. Yet I was still dreaming as before. Thankfully there were no more hiccups, which surprised me because when they started as a child, they could be difficult to stop. Back to sleep and into Bryce Canyon I went, now more aware that we need to tell everyone in the Guild to devote at least 10% of their time and energy to Sacred Ecstatics in order to reap the harvest of its experimental crops. This arithmetically computes to 2.4 hours a day given to learning and practicing the art of spiritual cooking as offered in our readings, ecstatic audio tracks, and ongoing experiments. Of course, you can trickster doctor that number and make it 1.6 hours of a 16-hour waking day and 0.8 hours (about 48 minutes) of the sleeping night. With the help of the former King of England and his trickster translations, let's round it off to 1.5 hours total to get you started.

The Guild comes to life when enough people devote at least 10% of their life to building the big room and strengthening the interconnecting communing-with-Thee climbing ropes. While it's nice, it's not enough to only appreciate, celebrate, or love Sacred Ecstatics. Your orchard only bears spiritual fruit when you don't slip below the 10% minimum required for gardening and ground caretaking. The latter makes you a vitally active participant, someone inside the room where anything can happen. For anyone going past the 50% mark, your room reset and earth-to-heaven ratio are realigned and become intimately woven into the Sacred Ecstatics ecology. To feel what it means to live like the ancestors and conductors of our



lineages, you need to hit the 100-125% range, though anything over 75% will give you a taste.

This percentage does not only refer to the number of hours spent on spiritual activity versus being at work or doing other tasks, although that is a useful measure. It also speaks to how much of your daily so-called “non-spiritual” life you can place inside the big room of mystery. When you are at work, walking the dog, buying groceries, vacuuming, eating French toast at Ladurée or doing the launderee, are you 10%, 25%, or 125% in the big room? Or are you performing these duties in a small, lifeless room waiting until you can enter the big room later when you feel you have more uninterrupted time?

As I looked up at a beautiful hoodoo column in the dream, the voice claimed that the year was now “1951.” That’s when I was born. The drum sounded again. It implicitly called for a song and, sure enough, one came along. It was a real shocker. Rather than a solemn hymn, it was one of the old standards that Hillary and I love to sing and have played at intensives: “I’m an Old Cowhand.”

After heartily singing that song with a heaven-and-earth-blended cowboy and cowgirl band and chorus, I remembered that the canyon was named for the man who rediscovered it in contemporary times—Ebenezer Bryce. When he first took a glance at this outdoor amphitheatre he said the words that later rang around the traveling world, “It’s a helluva place to lose a cow.” That’s the big room of Sacred Ecstasies—it’s big enough for you to lose a cow, along with your big me and any former small room hell you’ve been caught in.

As an interesting side note, the first time I ever heard that quotation about losing a cow in Bryce Canyon was after I had written a very controversial academic paper in family therapy as a young scholar. The editor commented that what I wrote opened the mind in so many challenging ways that it made you feel like the man who first saw Bryce Canyon. The journal editor was commenting on how the paper built a room so large you could lose your former assumptions, ideas, and sense of a therapeutic self in it.

One more thing about that cowboy song written by Johnny Mercer for the Hollywood film, “Rhythm on the Range,” where it was played by the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra and sung by Bing Crosby. It was later recorded by a who’s who roster in show business—Roy Rogers, Bobby Darrin, Tex Ritter, The Mills Brothers, Frank Sinatra, Harry Connick Jr, Sonny Rollins (on saxophone), Herb Albert (on trumpet), and many others. When the song was performed in our dream, I experienced myself grow from a child to an older man, with Hillary riding by my side in a car. The driver of the car was a blend of people from all the lineages of Sacred Ecstasies, blurring from one spiritual mother and father to another. We realized that the entire Guild was being invited to step into the canyon-

amphitheatre-bowl, now aware of what choice and degree of commitment they must make concerning the journey of learning how to ecstatically bake.

Soon we were taken to a place that seemed out of the ordinary. We were still in the canyon but must have passed into another parallel dimension. There, an old-fashioned black treasure chest sat on the ground underneath a hoodoo column. We assumed a gift was waiting for us, so we carefully opened it. A whirl of changing colors arose like flames from its inner chamber and started to speak. It slowly said these words, "This gift is your firewall." The voice repeated it again in case we hadn't heard clearly the first time, "This gift is your firewall."

The meaning of that word alternated back in forth in our minds because it has two meanings. In the context of construction, it refers to a wall built to stop the spread of fire in a building. In today's computer-oriented world, it also refers to a security system blocking any unauthorized access to a private network. As we held this double meaning of "firewall" in our minds we saw that the whirling column began responding to our thoughts. It did so through sound, color, and light that was received directly by our bodies. We allowed the multi-colored, blazing vapors teach us without words. We learned that this new gift provides a protective wall that keeps outside influences from extinguishing the ecstatic fire as well as prevents trickster invasions that want to hijack, misappropriate, and cause havoc with our primary cornerstones, lineage lines, and circles of change. It is a Sacred Ecstatics security system gifted from Bryce Canyon's hoodoo bowl.

I finally woke up from the vision, amazed that I had so powerfully dreamed throughout the night and that I continued to dream every time I awakened from interruptions of drums and a singular hiccup. Sleeping on a lapis electricus, like Edgar Cayce once did, I also met my mother who came along with others in my ancestral line to assure that everything is fine as long as at least 10% is devoted to change. The empty bowl of shifting colors is already filled with the hoodoo, mojo, and mystery of the 222—doubles of everything that soulfully matters in the wild mind of nature. The more you throw the multiple parts and wholes of you into this empty bowl, no matter how gray the sky may seem, the more iridescent piezoelectricity will come through. These alchemical transitions shake you free of small room quarters whose change is too trivial to take you anywhere. Sacred Ecstatics is a helluva place to lose a cow and it's even bigger and wilder than our minds can conceive. It hosts a stage where old cowhands from the city can sing a true wild west tune. Even if you've never seen a holy cow, the song will steer you home.

### *House in the North*

In a dream, we found ourselves in the opposite part of the United States. We presently live in the Deep South of New Orleans, whereas in the vision we were in the northern part of the country where the weather gets very cold with snow and ice:

A man welcomed us to his house and offered it to us as our new residence. It was an example of mid-century modern architectural design and this made us smile because we remembered how we are now fascinated with the “middle” of everything. The road ended at his house—it was the last place on the block. On our way there we passed through a major city area, which then turned into suburbia. There were other mid-century houses nearby, but by the time we got to the man’s house at the end of the road the landscape abruptly changed and we were partially surrounded by nature, unspoiled by human construction.

We entered the house which was dramatically multi-leveled. We had to descend one set of stairs after another until we landed in the main living room. The wall facing the backyard was covered with floor to ceiling windows. We were shocked, however, to look out and see no trees or yard. Instead, looking out the window we noticed that we were underwater—the house mysteriously backed up against a lake or sea and we could see fish swimming by, as if we were in an aquarium. Somehow the front of the house faced land and the back was built under a vast body of water. It made us feel we were in a strange hoodoo place, somewhat like the trip to Bryce Canyon.

We found that we both liked and didn’t like the place. We liked the oddness of the backside of the property, but the rest of the house seemed a bit too unoriginal. If you’re going to choose a dream house (in a dream), why not go all the way and be blown away? In truth, we’d prefer living in Bryce Canyon. But since we were there taking a look at a new opportunity, we found ourselves intrigued by the differences in its surroundings—a busy urban road to get there, a few mid-century houses nearby, a wild forest on one side, and a backyard entirely underwater. These oppositions caught our attention as the other shortcomings of the place went in and out of focus, which included a boring wood, blonde-colored bookcase in the den that we found ugly.

We went over to the back window and stared again at the fish swimming by. It was a bit like being in an aquarium, but it was also different somehow. The emotional experience of being in that room was far stranger than standing at a public viewing tank. We couldn’t find the words to describe what we felt so we nervously asked the owner, “Did you really build this place?” He smiled with pride and replied, “Yes I designed and built it with my own two hands.” He looked totally

out of place and time, sporting a crewcut that was popular in the late 1950s or early 60s. We then walked to the front door and opened it to make sure that there were other houses across the street. They were still there, with the forest on the right and the city farther to the left.

We went back to the rear of the house and stared at the water again. Hillary and I felt excited and confused, our former way of thinking about properties completely interrupted. That's when I woke up, realizing that an ECI had been gifted in the dream. It also brought a new teaching from the house builder who remains in the mid-century: Make sure you live in the kind of room where change is found in every direction. Surrender neither to exclusive comfort nor total discomfort. Don't be entirely pro-city or pro-country, don't prefer only land or only sea, and don't only seek the high at the expense of the low. Keep walking in every direction and keep each direction in play to feel the contrarian oppositions that constitute the four directions. This dynamic is the whirling change that protects your room—the firewall that assures that the whirling wild of First Creation never stops changing to give the illusion of stable clarity. Be clear that what is most dear is never simplistically clear. Only when you near the middle of multiple wobbly juxtapositions does change hang in the air. It is disturbing and exciting, it is perturbing and confusing, and it is reverberating as it interrupts any expectation. Live inside the never-ending, always-changing forms of the Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter, the always present Ecstasy Crossroads Intervention. Rather than live in the north, south, east, or west, move to ECI.

### ***Edgar Cayce Addresses the 222 While We Sleep on the Lapis Blue***

For a third night in a row, Brad slept with the large chunk of dark blue lapis lazuli underneath his pillow. He dreamed we were again traveling with Edgar Cayce and T. Mitchell Hastings:

Hillary and I were out in an open field somewhere in the southwestern United States. Each of us was lying on the ground with our head resting on a chunk of lapis blue electricus. Edgar Cayce asked me, "What do you notice? Look carefully." I noticed two realities at the same time: I saw myself sleeping in my present New Orleans bedroom with my head over the lapis lazuli and I also saw myself in the field with Mr. Cayce and Mr. Hastings and my head over a chunk of azurite. Each experiential reality seemed like it was dreaming the other at the same time. Cayce spoke again, "Look more closely. What do you notice?"

I concentrated and suddenly noticed something I hadn't before—I felt, heard, and saw the multiple forms of "twoness" in the situation. First, it was apparent that Edgar Cayce did not travel alone because he was with T. Mitchell Hastings to

make it a twosome adventure. Cayce was an older man and T. Mitchell was young—two different ages were involved in the exploration. Next I noticed how these men went to two different mining areas to procure their azurite—one near Bisbee and the other in Nogales, Mexico. Furthermore, their important visions took place in two open areas—at the Seventy-Six Ranch in Arizona and in an unnamed field in New Mexico. Cayce also used two different names to describe the magical stone he sought—the lapis linguis (a name he invented) and azurite. (His later mention of lapis lazuli referred to what was mined in Afghanistan and Iran for the ancient Egyptian and Greek mystics.) Finally, I noticed how I was dreaming with Hillary by my side while aware of the present stone under my home pillow and the second stone in the dreamed field, which itself seemed a double blend of New Mexico and Arizona. Soon Edgar Cayce started to teach:

The middle “2” of the “222” is a fulcrum for the other “2’s” that go up and down like they are riding the opposite ends of a teeter totter. This up and down motion can lead to one of the 2’s moving to the other side, depending on the momentum and lean that results in a 2 toppling, falling, and sliding to meet its opposite. Of course, it is far more complex than this description, but this idea should be sufficient to help you catch the feeling of the dynamic underlying the 222’s change-serving, rocking action.

The first 2 in the 222 trinity sequence arises from any action taken—a breath, a heartbeat, a tone, a muscle movement, the making of a visual mark, or cutting out a slice from the whole apple. Here the G. Spencer-Brown slash mark creates a “distinction”—enacting the separation of any “this” from any “that.” Already the Brownian sword action is ahead of itself, as Spencer-Brown acknowledged. The first cut, slash, or mark has not yet been named as such—it is not quite born into the subsequent world of knowing. Said differently, when a cutout is first made, for an instant it remains unnamed and this includes not naming it a “cutout.” A newly born, unnamed cutout has no thirst to be understood. It is the pre-named “is-ness” or “primal being” of what “is” with no mention of “is” or “being” or even the whisper that something is still “unnamed.” Before the name, there is only unnamed action. Later, in time (itself an action consequence of naming), it (the cutout, slice, or mark) is indicated as such. Therein the distinction is distinguished as a newcomer to the world of names. The Bushmen embody this highly abstract outlook in their simpler

postulation of the relation of First Creation (pure changing) with Second Creation (the advent of naming).

The second 2 comes when the initial mark is indicated or named. This is the performance of self-referential action—action that refers back to itself. We have already exemplified this second coming of the original form as an entry into the named naming world. Here indication by naming distinguishes what a former unspecified cut, slice, cutout, piece, mark, slash is intended to be called. Meaning is created via the re-calling of the first cutout or initial marking. Or, by no longer calling it, its meaning is erased. These are the two main operations of Spencer-Brown's *Laws of Form*, also called the calculus of indications. Every action you take (including the act of not acting) either constructs or deconstructs a reality. Reality construction, including big room building, is based on how a distinction operates on itself. This idea points to the third 2.

The third 2 is different. Immediately we find that the former 2's are more the same kind of 2 whereas the third 2 is a higher (or higher order) 2. It points to the Ouroborean dynamic or the ongoing process of "self-referential distinguishing." This is what invents the reality of a self and its matching self-verifying universe. Here the named distinction or cutout continuously refers back to itself, forming a circle that eventually feels as if it turns on its own. This recursive dynamic can be both vicious and virtuous, depending on the type and size of reality being built.

For example, all Donald Trump has to do is shout "fake news!" and whatever he is referring to is immediately discredited by his followers without question. That's because the distinction "fake news" has been so heavily re-indicated by Republicans that a whole self-verifying reality has been constructed around it that seems impervious to attack. In fact, the more the idea of "fake news" is challenged the more it verifies its existence because all critique of the notion is seen as coming from harbingers of "fake news." The lesson is to beware the cutouts you make and name in the first two 2's because once the third 2 gets rolling it can be difficult to change its course.

But the Ouroboros is an innocent dragon and just consumes whatever it's fed. The process of "self-referential distinguishing" underlies all virtuous experience as well. It's responsible for the

way a shaman can quickly enter the big room and ignite sacred emotion just by singing their song. That's because the song is more than a song, it's a whole reality that has been carefully built and tended, not only by the shaman but hopefully a whole community and even generations of people, including those from the other side.

In summary, the third 2 leads each of us to the crossroads of moving toward either a big me in a self-perpetuated small room or a little me liberation operation that aims to perpetually expand the big room. Such a choice can only be made at the middle "2" where you can interrupt further re-indication of a small room cutout and instead get Ouroboros feeding on a more room-expanding diet.

The error explicitly made by most learned scholars as well as everyday, less abstract thinkers is this: explicitly or implicitly assuming that there are more than two factors involved in reality construction. There is only distinction and its subsequent indication, with the latter able to repeat itself ad infinitum. Yes, we agree that it is tempting to dismiss this as difficult to understand or as meandering double talk, but it can be understood simply if other habits of attempted understanding are cleared off the mind slate.

Let us say it this way: Reality is Second Creation—it is the fabric comprised of many threads of named experience, something we assume we know and that feels familiarly re-cognizable. Before "reality" was known as reality (the alchemist's "creatura"), it was the ineffable and unknowable "pleroma." In other words, to reindicate Kalahari philosophy—ontology ("is-ness" and "being" of First Creation) precedes and always supersedes epistemology (the knowing via naming of Second Creation).

When Adam and Eve bit the apple to taste the serpentine dessert, they sliced the world and developed a hunger for naming the created differences that until then were not "real." They were then overwhelmingly tempted to regard names as more real than the whole of creation, including its infinite orchard and fruit.

Now for the most important teaching about the twoness found in the 222. There are three 2's. In truth there are two 2's but it takes three 2's to point this out. First, there are the face off 2's, one on each side that faces the other—the two ends of the teeter tottering world. Going from one to the other is the change evoked by movement and it requires the middle 2, the dynamic of

transporting the 2's to two-town. Toot, toot, ain't this a hoot! We regard this movement wheel as the Ouroborean generator of the wobble, wiggle, circulation, transformation, electrification, magnetism, and vibration of creation.

There *IS* only Ouroborous—the earliest known image of the divine. It is the cosmic maternal serpent that self-impregnates by its double nature. Any and all realities are built by aligning re-indicated cutouts with a primary cutout. “I am what I am” has a deeper truth than it may superficially appear. “You are” this or that by the way you repeatedly say, distinguish, enact, or perform that which you say, distinguish, enact, or perform that you are, as long as it is done repetitively with sufficient variation (not too much nor too little).

Your virtuous or vicious curse is fortunately or unfortunately found in how you recurse. The trickster mind of you is constituted (and literalized) in the first and third 2's exchanges across the 222. The whole of you, before you are named and chopped on the shamanic butcher's block is felt circulating in the middle 2.

The middle 2 is the tipping-zapping point of an accidental hooper pratfall or un-winding trip of a double binding situation. This is the cosmic unconsciousness with its shock and thaw of an ecstatic whack to any fixed state of consciousness, or the tectonic quaking shift awakened by a big room reset—the seiki call and response whose circle is unbroken by naming. In the middle of the bridge from one 2 to another 2, all other names and forms of 2 come and go. The life and death of before and after life is less important than the mid-whirl of Ouroborean regeneration. The buried treasure of Sacred Ecstasies is found and opened in the recursive process of resurrection, rather than any particular fuss over which section or slice of experience is argued to be preferable rather than alterable and altar-able (go ahead and put that on your altar table!)

There was far more to the lecture than this and it went beyond words with extraordinary colors, shapes, sounds, dancing movements, and surreal combinations of sensory experience. I surrendered to feeling it after my mind's ability to understand was tapped out. For sure, alchemy and blacksmithing were involved as the movement from 2 to 2 to 2 went through solidification, liquidity, and vaporization to reform the clay bowl and its coating of many colors. In the



higher realms I was shown other mysteries including an object that once dematerialized and rematerialized in my own hands. It was a tiny pottery bowl I obtained from the greatest potter of the southwest, Maria Martinez of San Ildefonso Pueblo. I received it from her when I was twelve years old while on a trip out west with my grandfather. Decades ago, when I was an adult, this black pottery bowl vaporized and came back right in front of me. My knees buckled and I fell to the floor. It was more than my mind could handle.

Now in this double dreaming of the 222, I witnessed the same higher divide that is the firewall between materiality and immateriality. Here Edgar Cayce's mystery coin crossed the border in the 1930s just like my little bowl, the size of a silver dollar, went back and forth across it decades afterwards. The teacher in the dream then interrupted my thoughts and invited me to do the same with my mind and body. I let go and felt myself launched to the furthest edge of reality and I was immediately shot back with a powerful rebounding force. I only rode this roller coaster two times because I felt I should immediately stop bouncing off the edge of this world. I somehow knew that if I did it again, I might not return. The teacher replied, "Yes, two times is enough. That's another lesson about the two."

I woke up feeling an extraordinary rush of energy circulating inside—it bounced between extreme fear and an extreme thrill. I prayed as hard as I could to be aligned with Thee for nothing less could take care of me. Soon I fell back to sleep and entered the second and final spiritual classroom of the night. In it, Hillary and I were the owners of an old castle. We had no idea where it was located—it seemed an odd blend of a place both familiar and unfamiliar. My mother was there helping us host a class reunion. At first, I thought it was a gathering of my former high school classmates, but then I noticed that I didn't recognize anyone. For a moment or two, I thought I saw someone familiar but then I was unsure. I was certain about this: everyone had a foreign accent and they were far more literate and intelligent than the folks I formerly went to school with. I was delighted that tasty treats were being served, indicating that this was a party where something was being celebrated. Perhaps it was a graduation rather than a reunion, or both. We weren't sure.

We noticed that people were leaving the main room to visit another room that was down the hall, doing so one after the other. I followed them to see what was happening. They went into a small room to take a shower, hoping to return to the party cleaner than before. I opened the door to shockingly and embarrassingly find that someone was already in there and had just stepped out of the shower. The person appeared like the round, inflated figures in a painting by Botero, the Columbian artist. I realized two things at the same time—the big me is like a Botero image and more importantly, it can't be reduced or cleaned in a small

room. The big room fire is where the cleaning must be done, and the spiritual ceremonies of non-ecstatic traditions may lead to a backfire whenever purification is conducted in a separate solo small room operation.

I went back to the party and enjoyed a savory snack served on a silver tray. As I enjoyed its uplifting taste, I realized that every spirited gathering (and holy ghost party) has two functions—one for receiving the sweet treats and the other for purification. However, both must be done in the middle wobble that goes back and forth between purification and transformation. These two dynamics should both take place in the big main room rather than involve drifting to a small, separate room. This teaching applies to the ceremony of any religion, including shamanism. Furthermore, as we appreciated this twoness of ceremonial space, other doubles presented themselves in the dreamed fiesta. We were flooded with more discovery. Where there is a melodic tone, rhythm comes along to make a song. Where there is a song, a dance is ready to respond. A prayer leads to song, dance, and the vibration of jubilation that is sacred ecstasy in full blossom.

I once again appreciated how the shaman's journey and the mystic's flight are not primarily about going to another visionary world—they entail the sound progression of ecstatic expression, something felt as you melt away any interference between you and the creator. Beginning at the train station of prayer you move with the transportation that arrives after the wheel is formed and turning. Heading to the song and dance lands, you finally arrive in the fountain of pure sacred emotion whose water, sweat, and blood are ecstasy at whatever temperature the higher brew master has determined is best for you.

I woke up basking in wonder, remembering how my first sacred bowl was received as a child on a trip with my grandfather to New Mexico. It took me many years to learn how to empty it so it could be freer to appear and disappear, and me along with it. Other lessons came through, this time flowing with doubleness: Without the shower of fire water that cleans in the big room, there is no shower of blessings. It takes three 2's to catch the doubleness of all things material and immaterial. The mystery of 222 is a journey from emptiness to piezoelectricity, landing in the alternating current that juxtaposes all contrarians to push further, deeper, and vaster than former aquarians. In the middle, between the sea and sky, is found the lapis blue higher power powder floor.

Mother Ralph would say that Edgar Cayce and T. Mitchell Hastings went to the mourning room in both Arizona and New Mexico. As was later reported, "they had remarkable lucid visions—what Hastings described as 'mirages' – in which dreamlike images of people would ride toward them on horseback and strangers

would approach them to impart a curious bit of information or advice.”<sup>19</sup> My grandparents and other spiritual fathers and mothers of the Caribbean might add that they slept on a pillow like Jacob described in his Old Testament visionary report. After laying his head to rest on a chunk of limestone, he envisioned climbing Jacob’s ladder. Following the dream, Jacob anointed the stone with oil and pronounced it, *Beth-el* (Hebrew for “God’s house”). Twenty-two years after climbing the ladder and anointing the stone, Jacob’s world went into turmoil and he had to flee for his life. God returned to him in vision and reminded him of the vow he took after his original vision: (1) To make the God of Bethel his God; (2) To use the anointed stone to be the house of God; and (3) To give God a tenth (*Genesis 31*).

In the vision we learned that Jacob’s three-part vow after climbing the ladder to God was another form of the 222: Bow before the God of the big room, use the anointed lapis lazuli to build the big room, and forever give at least 10% of your life to the creator. In other words, after you are aligned with a mystical compass and find your missing ball bearing for spiritual traveling, build and cook in the big Sacred Ecstasics room that coexists in Bisbee and all other end points with a wobbling point and firewall in between. After laying the right cornerstone and laying your head to rest upon its solid rock, you only need to willfully cook 10% because God will cook the rest of you without your having to do anything more. However, go ahead and make it easier on God and aim for over 50% or more. Here’s the double translation: consider giving as the ultimate means of receiving. This is Kalahari sharing with its daring to avoid any Ptolemy ideological stance in order to be shaken by the sky village dance. Surrender to the anointed stone, fall in line, be inside its traversing, recursing circle. Its circulation is spiritually electrical, the mighty windblown force behind vibrationally altering and creatively alternating your everyday between the noise and signal of both earth and heaven.

One more thing: if your big me is stuck and hesitant to act, try using a foreign accent, even if it is entirely made up. We do. It helps unglue attachment to former expressive forms, habits, and habitants. Act more like a foreigner to your big me. Don’t overshoot or undershoot—an accent is not the meat. It is the spice, the comping that transforms big me pomp into a little me pump. Hit the sweet spot that feels closer to the outskirts where the foreign ineffable knows how to rein in big me, leaving little me all in for mystery. As before, everything must take place in the big room—its construction, transportation, purification, sanctification, changing expression, emotional edification, cooking education, and all ecstatic ways and means of transformation.

### ***Sweep and Climb: Two Streams of the Sacred Emotion River***

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<sup>19</sup> <https://myemail.constantcontact.com/Forbidden-Stone-of-Mastery---Edgar-Cayce-s-Extraordinary-Missing-Month.html?soid=1102126638469&aid=dZuB2qXaITa>

When we hear someone tell us, “I’m not feeling any sacred emotion,” we now often say, “You actually are feeling sacred emotion. It’s only your head that refuses to acknowledge that the rest of you is feeling it.” That response was given to us from the other side. Another dream later came which specified that the source of the sacred emotion river is comprised of two streams. Before we share that dream, we will say something essential about the context that gives rise to sacred emotion.

One of the important outcomes of a non-sugar-coated, fierce awareness of your natural limitations is that it brings you to your knees, feeling in need of Thee. This experience is one of the streams of sacred emotion—feeling that you “need Thee every hour,” as the hymn goes. Trickster, however, is an expert at rushing in to rescue any big me threat of collapse. Your mind (or someone else’s recommendation for a self-esteem salve) comes up with all kinds of excuses that interfere with this emotion. You likely invent reasons for your limitations that may include blaming others around you, your early childhood shortcomings, your inadequate education, your limited income, your out of whack biochemistry, or even your faulty brain, crappy social milieu, or lifeless culture. All of these diagnosed deficiencies are then believed to be fixable by human intervention, either by a professional or a home treatment, thereby sidestepping an opportunity for plugging into a divine intervention. This diagnose-and-treat process blocks the whole mind-body experience of “hitting the existential bottom,” the trembling shakeup required for eventual recalibration via the healing sacred vibration. You miss the big doctor’s appointment and avoid the sacred emotion of feeling the need for higher operating hands.

In the dream, we were taken to a mighty mountain. We followed our guide and entered the mountain as if it were a building. There was an elevator in the lobby that indicated there were many floors or levels inside. The guide handed us an old-fashioned broom and explained, “This is the broom for the lowest floor.” Before we could try it out, he took us up the elevator and stopped at the next floor. There he handed us another broom, “This broom is for the second floor.” On and on we went, floor by floor, each with a unique broom to clean whatever unique kind of dirt was at the next level. He further explained:

As you climb the mountain, each floor’s dirt, debris, illusion, Maya, noise, and interference become trickier—harder to spot and sweep away. Cleaning one floor only leads to the challenge of cleaning the next floor. This is how the spiritual mountain of life is designed. You must be patient and learn that cleaning and climbing are not separate activities. More importantly, you must experientially discover that the sacred emotion you seek comes from the double act of sweeping and climbing. Feel the desperate need to sweep,

clearing away whatever interferes with divine reception of higher ignition. At the same time, feel the joy-fueled desire to climb and be nearer to Thee. These are the two streams of the sacred emotion river and its vibratory current.

Both sweeping and climbing require help from on high to accomplish—you can't do it alone through solely cognitive means. This includes being able to discern the dirt around you that must be swept away. Higher power is required to get you sweeping and climbing day and night. It's from inside this mountain that Sister Gertrude Morgan sings the prayer, "Give me power! Power, Lord! Give me more power, power Lord!" The joy of surrendering to this impossible duo performance is how you feel sacred emotion flow from both streams in concerted action. Feel the need to sweep and feel the desire to climb, each action holding the hand of the other. Allow no interference from trickster hypnotic suggestions that advise you to stay calm and relaxed because human help is on the way. Remain awake and feel the wonderful excitement, confusion, and interruption that comprise a call to sweep and climb. That's when higher hands join in and transform you and the divine into a quartet—the two of you and the two of God acting together.

Be careful, because you may think that you know what filth needs to be swept away. This certainty is suspect because it is usually trickster encouraging you to sweep away whatever interferes with it remaining a yeti king or queen. Or, it's based on some equally suspect moralism about what's good and bad. Hand the particularities of what needs to be kept and what needs to be swept over to the Big Holy, it's above all of our heads to fully understand.

If you think you easily see the dirt on the first floor and believe you are here to serve ecological community rather than Ptolemy-focused individualism, this perception alone does not mean you embody a prayer for all your relations. Trickster will rush in and tempt you to gloat that you are not among the lost. The dirty laundry here will be more difficult to see and you won't yet know that you are still on the bottom floor. You are on a second version of the first floor—deceptively looking a bit higher but still stuck on the ground. All that you think you discern must also be swept away to make the bowl empty enough to receive numinous elevation. There will seem to be no end to how much sweeping needs to be done. It feels overwhelming and impossible. That's what the ancestors and gods need to hear and feel from coming out of you. It matters not on what floor this collapse of trust in self takes place. Every floor is a middle.

We discovered how the mountain for sweeping and climbing appears to have infinite floors, more than your mind can count. It also appears to only have three

floors where the middle floor is not as distinct as the first and last ones. We also learned that each person must face whatever irritates them and not run away. Don't quickly seek a resolution or solution because that is the way trickster interferes. Pray and sing, "I Need Thee Every Hour," utter the sweet potato<sup>20</sup> two-word prayer key, "Yes, Lord," or the three-word Bushman prayer, "God help us." Or grab hold of our current three prayer lines. You must go down before you go up. You must sweep to find the song's lines, tones, rhythms, and movements that become the mystical wheel of transportation and transformation.

Climb the 222 mountain with its seiki sweeping, n/om tracking, and holy spirit climbing. Its endless floors are ascended as long as you remain in the middle 2 of the 222. Don't only understand this, for such understanding can be easily hijacked by trickster as another way of stopping you from acting ("I understand, therefore I need not act."). Perform the sweepy-climby, another First Creation version of the seiki shaky. It's a real n/om trembler and a very jerky spirit mover and shaker.

After this visionary adventure, a second dream arrived. We were in a house that seemed like it was both turn of the century (1910s) and mid-century (1950s) architecture, with walls about to collapse. One wall in the living room had a big bulge in it, like it would burst at any moment. The floors and ceiling, however, were beautiful and made of old wood planks like an old sanctified praise house. We were with someone Brad used to know who has family connections to powerful military Republicans. It felt like a big storm was in the air.

I looked outside and saw a former student and his wife running toward our house from my right side. They were shouting, "Get out quickly! Leave now! Your house is too low in elevation and the river is flooding. It's already approaching." I looked to the left and saw water moving toward us and it was rising. There was no time to pack and no time to prepare for a good exit. It even felt like it might be too late to escape. I woke up feeling I was in a troubling whirlwind.

This is always the state of your affairs—time is running out. The clock ticks away and, as the Zen Buddhists chant, "when this day has passed your days of life will be decreased by one." There is always some kind of storm brewing on the horizon and the yeti monsters continue to cause more suffering to life and planet though they claim to be the peacekeepers and God believers. What are you going to do about it? There's no time left to pack whatever you have previously collected and hoarded. The flood is already within sight.

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<sup>20</sup> We often soak in a recording of Bishop Mason, founder of the Church of God in Christ, preaching with the prayer, "Yes, Lord." Mason was a friend to William and Jennie Seymour, leaders of the Azusa Street Revival. Mason famously held up a giant sweet potato during one of his sermons, resulting in our calling him Bishop Sweet Potato. We tell more about that in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 2*.

Why not consider celebrating? Feel the excitement amidst the confusion. Allow your living room walls to collapse with this impossible-to-fix, no-exit interruption. Reach for the intervention that brings soul ignition rather than tempts you to apply more refrigeration. Look up at the fireworks in the sky— liberation day is today, this very moment. It invites you to leave behind any catastrophe party and go further than the calamities of the less toxic insanities. Leave capitalism, socialism, and any other totalizing political theory behind, like Norbert Wiener did after he invented cybernetics. Go for the recursing, blessed circle of life party, the one that sings and dances around the First Creation Kalahari fire. It serves communalism—communing with Thee while double sweeping and climbing amidst the whirling 222. Here earthly fear and heavenly cheer bring a double potion of sacred ecstasy. Ascend and blend, forever on the mend from bending ropes whose interactivity generates the transforming radioactivity of seiki and n/om, the red-hot holy spirit charcoals for spiritual cooking.

### ***Osumi Sensei and Seiki Jutsu, 31***

In a visionary classroom, Osumi Sensei appeared and spoke Japanese to me. Her voice sounded like it did years ago when I lived in her Tokyo house. I asked for her guidance and she gave instructions without hesitation. We offer it to you with tender appreciation and deep respect since it comes from a First Creation visit with the master of seiki jutsu:

Before Sensei arrived in the vision, I dreamed we were looking at a page from a mystery book that was either a catalogue of some kind or an art gallery exhibition guide. It was a photographic collage of many images of empty clay bowls, some the same size as the one I had received as a boy from Maria Martinez in San Ildefonso Pueblo. Most of these bowls, however, looked Japanese and were varying shades of grey and black.

Osumi, Sensei then arrived and surprisingly announced that it is important to add more carrots and turnips to one's diet during these stressful times. Though this advice seemed odd to us, we never doubt her wisdom and promised to procure these vegetables the next day. She then lifted her hand to the sky as an ancestral voice spoke from on high: "Osumi Sensei and Seiki Jutsu, 31." She smiled and bowed as she knew I intuitively understood the multiple meanings of "31."

In dream I could understand her Japanese language, mystical symbols, and magical numbers. On one level, she was referring to the minimal percentage of commitment and daily action needed for the practice of seiki jutsu, before any thought about it is considered, or any emotion felt about it is given attention, or before any question about it is allowed to rise. She wouldn't accept anything less

than 31%, though I also knew that she would never regard anyone as wholly inside the seiki room without a full blown 100-125%. By the latest number, 31%, she now meant it is a waste of time to discuss anything about seiki if your daily saturation falls below this number because there is not enough seiki in your life for any discussion to make any meaningful sense.

I also knew that her smile revealed another hidden Japanese layer of truth. Following traditional custom, she wrapped her gifts in multiple layers with each wrapping itself a gift of beauty and art. Her latest revised percentage number carried this inner gift: a respect for every one of the three rope lineages of Sacred Ecstasies. She was suggesting that 10% of your life be given to the Kalahari n/om hunting way, 10% to the St. Vincent holy spirit submersion, and 11% to the Japanese seiki jutsu bench. This was a very important teaching because she emphasized the importance of all three lineage lines being in play but with a slight emphasis granted to seiki. She was underlining how seiki jutsu is less tainted by trickster ideas and most clearly points to the spontaneity required for the embodiment of each lineage. I immediately bowed to my Japanese mother and the wisdom lineage she holds.

In the dream it occurred to me that the number also hinted at the length of some samurai swords—31 inches. Sensei's lineage sword reminds us of the necessity to make wisely sliced cutouts, to cut with spontaneous precision, and to have no doubt that every cutout involves the intersection of life and death. A samurai does not question the teacher, the sword, or the cutout even if it is not understood or if it makes the mind or body uncomfortable, irritated, rebellious, tired, or frustrated. The latter is reined in and all is given to the bowing and emptying of the bowl. The bowl itself is like another sword that cuts off the head of big me to stop it from interfering with little me, the inner samurai of the kami spirit world.

In addition, I knew that the number pointed to page 31 in the book I wrote about the life of Osumi Sensei. When I woke up from the dream, I found a forgotten teaching in that area of the book. It concerned her ancestor, Eizon Hoin, a mystic, healer, and spiritual teacher who was discredited by the jealous clan lord. False accusations were made by the lord and the reputation of Hoin was ruined. Only one man still believed in him and visited his shrine. Eizon Hoin made that loyal man a talisman and secretly placed it in his home. Soon a fire burned down every home in the village except that faithful man's house—it was protected by a spiritual firewall. Today Eizon Hoin is regarded as the kami or spirit that offers protection from fire, among other functions.

After reading this account again, I was moved by this additional extraordinary gift Osumi Sensei had given the Guild. The story is a reminder that when you are



surrounded by doubt, whether from within yourself or from those around you, keep the faith and continue on with the practice. The only person who never stopped respecting and paying his respect to the ancestor of Osumi Sensei was blessed with a talisman that protected him from the destructive side of fire and enabled him to receive an infusion of the power of seiki's fire.

We now understand that the page of bowls, originally presented as a blend of catalogue and exhibition guide, show the talisman that is meant for you. It is a reminder to not only keep the faith but to embody it in faithful action that bows before the lineage line of empty bowls. We attach a photograph of three bowls. The first two bowls are the ones Osumi Sensei and her daughter, Masako, gave Brad—the first is a classic Japanese style previously given to her by her Aunt Hayashibe, the woman who first gave her seiki transmission. The second bowl is from a contemporary Japanese master and national treasure. The third bowl is the tiny one that has crossed both sides of the mystical divide. These three bowls together also comprise the 222 trinity, because every mystery object carries the double wobble between First and Second Creation. You will not be able to see these bowls in the photograph—they are placed inside the mountain given to Brad by Osumi Sensei. Place a printout or drawing of this mountain somewhere on your ceiling. Know it holds three bowls. And don't forget to eat some carrots and turnips. They improve your vision, helping you see, appreciate, and respect the many levels of Osumi Sensei, seiki jutsu, the three lineage lines, and the changing of mystical reality.

We also add our own gift—a trip to the future to have a taste of a recording we made for the January intensive. It blends Brad's keyboard music with Osumi Sensei's sounds of transmitting seiki. We invite you to allow this track to help empty your bowl and ready you to bow with the seiki movements that are guided by the mystery that comes more into play when little me hits 31% on the bench in Tokyo.

*Postscript:*

After we posted the above visionary report in the Guild online salon, we noted that many people wrote "thank you, Osumi Sensei" but did not include Brad or Ezon Hoin in their expression of gratitude. We responded with the following teaching about honoring a lineage:

This provides us with another opportunity to try again to make an important teaching point about honoring the room rather than a single cutout (or person) from a lineage line. The traditional bow of Osumi Sensei is always done before the whole lineage, another way of pointing to its big room. Each of our three lineage traditions has its own way of doing the same—honoring the whole room rather than any one person or teaching from that lineage.

When Brad initially thanked Osumi Sensei in his response to the visionary teaching and its gifts, it was for her being a good mother to him, something real and not imagined or metaphorical. Brad then bowed before the whole lineage line. Since Eizon Hoin was in the dream and gave a valuable gift, it would have been better if we both had mentioned him. Afterward, we discussed how we should have said, said, “I bow before the whole lineage line with a special shout out to Eizon Hoin and the man who never stopped having faith in his shrine.” There is always something to learn about making ourselves better bowers.

When a teacher explains that the whole lineage should be honored it is not about needing their boots licked or their ego stroked—that’s a new school Western, individualistic interpretation. It is about honoring the whole lineage and its big room rather than making it about any individuals, something foreign to Osumi Sensei and her traditional way.

When you thank or bow to one person or cutout, you cut out every middle person in the line. This feeds the fantasy of a direct feed between you and your preferred lineage ancestor, but only results in dismantling the whole room and your being thrown out of the middle where all the action is.

In the spiritual traditions we have experienced throughout the world, outsiders are taught how to enact the expression of gratitude and respect as a way of learning the social manners or etiquette of the tradition. It matters not whether you understand the reason behind the etiquette or feel it—you just do it.

Today we see an additional value to these customs: they bring a reset of one’s relationship to a whole lineage and room, curbing the temptation to make it all about a receiver (you) receiving something from an individual giver (e.g., Osumi Sensei) without recognizing she is one of many middles that make up a whole lineage which also includes Brad who brought down this dream.

We realize that no one purposefully means to leave anyone out of the lineage line when they express gratitude. What is more important, here, is the opportunity to point out the ingrained habit of focusing on parts rather than the whole room. When you now return to your home altar and bow before Tokyo, know that at that instant your world will change when the bow shifts toward everything held in the lineage rather than any cutout you might prefer.

***Say “Wobble” and Wobble Your Body: A Prescription from Dr. Fulford***

Brad began a visionary journey in the parsonage of his childhood church. That’s where he first developed an interest in science when he was in the early grades of elementary school. In the

vision he recalled how he used to dream about scientific discoveries and building wild contraptions:

I also remembered building my first electronic instrument—a crystal radio. It was made of a safety razor blade, a pencil, and a safety pin with 120 turns of electrical wire wrapped around a toilet paper roll. This device was first invented and called a “foxhole radio” during World War I when soldiers made them to listen to a broadcast during battle. The whole setup avoids using vacuum tubes that emitted signals that could be detected by the enemy.

When the oxide coating of a blue steel razor blade is rubbed by pencil lead attached to a safety pin, it acts like a crystal. It imitates the galena mineral that was used as a crystal in radios back then. It literally picks up radio signals from the air. In the dream I realized how a mineral literally can extract voices and music from radio waves—it’s more like a “listening stone” than a “talking stone.” Furthermore, the signal is heard through a set of piezoelectric headphones.

Soon I was whisked to another place where I met my old friend, Dr. Robert Fulford, one of the great healers of our time. I told him that I didn’t know the extent to which “piezoelectricity” had been discussed by the profession of osteopathy, beginning with its founder, Dr. Andrew Still, and later with Dr. Fulford’s mentor, Dr. William Sutherland. This had come to my attention the day before, when a friend, Mary, sent us her transcription of a lecture given by Dr. Fulford. It made frequent reference to piezoelectric phenomena in the bones and the fascia which is made of collagen. I had written to Mary how exciting this paper was to read. At the same time, I realized how limited Dr. Fulford’s scientific perspective was as he tried to sort out how to think about vibration, healing, and body energetics. More importantly, I was struck by how it didn’t matter that his scientific understanding was naïve, incomplete, or partial nonsense. He embodied how to implement it in practice. It’s important, however, to note that he didn’t stop relentlessly trying to learn more about how to understand it. This was likely one reason he was able to embody it.

Dr. Fulford then announced in the dream, “I thoroughly enjoyed your paper on the 222, inspired by that trip with Edgar Cayce and his young assistant. It’s amazing what a rock can do for your head.” He smiled because his corny joke tickled him, reminding me that he truly was an old-fashioned doctor with an impeccable bedside manner that now continues on the other side of the veil. He went on, “I’m happy to see that you have gone further than only embodying vibrational healing. You are now advancing its understanding.” This comment reminded me of the time when I demonstrated for him what I learned about vibrational healing from the Kalahari Bushmen. He told me it was the most

transformational vibration he had ever experienced and the way that it was administered was what he had sought to find during his entire career.

In the dream, he leaned over and continued, “I have a little gift for you and the Guild. Tell them this is what they need to understand about that 222 business and its many recursions and excursions. This is a practical tip for how to move toward embodying it.” He paused and started to concentrate his attention as if administering medical instructions. “Whenever you feel stuck in your understanding and at the same time find your body is not moving, say this word out loud: ‘wobble.’ Keep repeating the word and as you say it, make sure your body wobbles with it. The word has a two-beat oscillation: ‘wob-ble.’ Stretch it out and rock with it. This is another rock that can help your head get unstuck. It works by freeing your body to move as you speak, helping unglue whatever you may think. Let me say it this way: when your opposites need shaken, repeatedly say ‘wob-ble’ and wobble your body. That’s your prescription from Dr. Fulford.”

I woke up smiling at what a wonderful doctor and gentle human being Dr. Fulford had been. I also felt sad because we had planned to write a book together and he died just as we began. I had my last conversation with him the night before he passed—he could barely breathe due to pneumonia at the age of 92. In the dream, he was still studying and discussing the art and science of healing with me. This time I had a better sense of the importance of piezoelectricity and he now felt and appreciated the 222.

Now you know what to do with the formal understanding of the 222—embody it. You have received instructions from Dr. Fulford. Get started by saying and enacting the wobble whenever your mind is stuck or unsure about whether it knows or doesn’t know what you or anyone is talking or writing about, especially when it concerns Sacred Ecstasies.

*Postscript:*

Brad was fortunate to be a friend of two of the most renowned body workers of our time—Dr. Robert Fulford and Dr. John Upledger. He spent considerable time with each of these doctors and they experimented on one another, personally sharing their respective hands-on healing ways.

The identification, description, and explanation of the critical body rhythm they tried to calibrate kept changing over the years. Later osteopaths and body workers, especially those interested in the “cranial rhythmic impulse,” caught on to the importance of noticing that “polyrhythms” are involved. Dr. J. M. McPartland even suggested that “If William Sutherland were alive today, he would be listening to reggae music. He would be aware of syncopated

polyrhythms.”<sup>21</sup> John Upledger was a pianist who loved Erroll Garner as much as Brad and they enjoyed playing piano duets together. Yet Upledger could not catch the complexity of Garner in his piano hands or his osteopathic hands. He reached for it but was held back by a theory that didn’t have enough jazz. He, and the entire helping profession, needed more seiki, n/om, and spirit to own the original healing vibe of Africaland.

The scientific leaders of modern osteopathy found that simple lineal causality is useless and that a complexity more suited to Fourier analysis was at hand (a mathematical means of defining periodic wave forms in terms of trigonometric functions). However, body work still remains over-attached to the idea of entrainment (i.e. still like Dr. Still), missing the contrarian interplay of synchrony and asynchrony that syncopation brings to the vibrational scene. Here Sacred Ecstasies promises to advance body work and healing by both its understanding and implementation of this higher recursion of alternating change. More jazz makes you hip and keeps the joint rocking, better able to loosen the bottom that is connected to the top.

Finally, as we were discussing and performing the wobble prescription, Brad mentioned that after the more intense and somewhat dense 222 teaching came through, Dr. Fulford essentially walked in the Guild room and said with a wiggle, “In other words, wobble wobble.”

This is similar to how Dr. Fulford would write a complex scientific paper about vibrational medicine but then walk into a treatment room and embody it simply and directly with a child. Since we’re all children Fulford’s wisdom is perfectly tailored to get us all double wobbling. Let us continue to enjoy the wobble between extreme mystical thought and extreme mystical play.

### ***Portal to the Other Side***

Hillary dreamed of crossing into some kind of parallel universe:

I did not initially feel it was important enough to write down and report. However, the next night I had another dream. I was both a graduate student and a teacher, enjoying spring break from classes. With less than one week left of vacation, I knew it was time to start working on a big paper that was due the first day classes resumed. When I got out my notebooks, however, I realized that I had not one but five papers due upon return. This sent me into a panic, and I kicked myself for being so disorganized that I forgot to look more closely at the academic calendar. I realized what a terrible example it would set for my undergraduate students if I, a graduate student and teacher, were to miss these deadlines.

In this moment of the dream, I remembered my recent vision of attending the performing arts class that focused on the advancement of recursion (the “little deer” vision). In that dream I had also inadvertently missed some classes due to a

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<sup>21</sup> [https://www.iahe.com/docs/articles/3548\\_001.pdf](https://www.iahe.com/docs/articles/3548_001.pdf)

calendar confusion, even though I was very enthusiastic about the course. Upon remembering this in the present dream I thought, “I’m not paying sufficient attention to my dreams. I have again acted irresponsibly in relationship to my studies and teaching because I did not heed one of the lessons from that vision.” Then I woke up.

The next morning when Hillary reported the dream to Brad, he replied, “I think this dream is telling you that it’s important for you to report the dream you had the night before—the one about the portal.” Here it is:

We were in our house in New Orleans, though it had a larger garden with a shed that was not there before. I went out to retrieve something from the shed. As soon as I opened its door, I somehow entered a portal and was transported to a parallel universe. I was in the studio of a sculptor. The room was large and filled with many rows of classical stone sculptures like the kind you see in the Louvre. They looked familiar, as if I knew the sculptor’s work. I was excited to tell Brad that we had been living next to this sculptor’s studio for several years and didn’t know it.

As I tried to exit the studio and go back through the garden passage, I was whisked somewhere else. This time I was in the garden of the sculptor. He was an older man with grey hair and was working outside. He seemed surprised to see me. His young son, who had Down Syndrome, cheerfully ran up to say hello. Though it seemed I was in a whole different world, I still felt I was in New Orleans. Noticing my surprise and confusion, the sculptor invited me to take a walk and look around the grounds. It turned out that the garden was part of a large, old cemetery filled with mature oak trees. The sky was cloudy and the grass was incredibly green. It was a magical atmosphere. The sculptor pointed toward the cemetery path. I was again so excited that I couldn’t wait to tell Brad what I had discovered and bring him to experience it with me.

I walked through the cemetery, which was like a beautiful park, and came upon a gently sloping, grassy hill. I noticed something moving on the surface of the grass. When I looked more closely, I saw it was a layer of insects. They were well camouflaged and I became concerned that I might accidentally walk on them because they made the grass beneath unstable. In the dream I faintly remembered encountering this kind of insect before, but I could not recall the specifics of where or when. I walked away from the precarious area of ground because I didn’t want to fall. Then I woke up.

Entry to the other side is found in the crossroads shed. There you must shed and drop whatever formerly held you back from making the transition. Our home in New Orleans is a well-

traveled portal and highway to the other side. This is where we find daily and nightly admission to the Sacred Ecstatics pantheon of saints. We have been told that our home sits on two former cemeteries, one for the slaves of a nearby plantation and before that, an Indian burial ground. Our saints also reside inside and outside our house walls. They may initially appear as classical statues until they are ready to be awakened by the alchemical fire of sacred ecstasy.

To enter the magical garden, you must fall down in order to rise to the mystical heights. The up-and-down syndrome must alternate so you climb rather than only feel stuck in the ground. There is a season to live and die as well as climb and fall. The ground below is always being prepared by the lowliest ones who await our readiness for the second mystical passage. Until it is time for the second portal—the second 2 of the 222—don't be in a hurry to push through. There is a time to shed (the first 2), a time to pass through to the other side, meet the pantheon, and cook your relations with them so their emotionally conveyed wisdom sinks in. And there is a time for passing through the other side of that other side—the third 2 of the 222—the double other side. It holds even deeper mystical secrets and is available to those who do not regard themselves as more important than a worm or insect. Its gatekeeper includes the lowly insects that soften the ground to make ready the second de-solidified passage into the mystical underground. Show restraint and be ready for whatever the earthly ground and heavenly sky decide to bring. Welcome to the journey that requires your traveling full circle. You spiritually travel to make yourself readier to come back with all your others, whether it's your life partner, the inner twin of you, the other double of God, or the other double realities.

### ***Grandmother Doe Teaches What Sacred Ecstatics Is All About***

In a dream Brad found himself at his Grandmother Doe's house:

I was uncertain whether I was an adult or a child, or a mix of both. My grandmother's house had become a collage of her former parsonage in St. Joseph, the house where I grew up in Smithville, and an old, dilapidated place I had never seen. The vision began in the kitchen where she fed me a delicious meal that was very spicy. That was odd because she didn't cook spicy food and I never had it as a child (though now our refrigerator is filled with roasted green chiles from Hatch, New Mexico.) After the meal, I was taken to a private room with an old rocking chair. An older woman dressed like a nanny was sitting in the chair. Her appearance was in constant flux, making her look like a blend of cultures from all over the world. I became like a baby, though I was a fully grown man; she held me in her arms and rocked me. This motion and the sound of her voice made me feel absolutely blissful. It had the opposite effect of relaxation and sleep induction. My body was so excited and tingly that I didn't know what to do. I had the thought that I just wanted to hang out with that nanny in ecstatic fervor for hours.

At that moment, before I could jump off the rocking chair and go ecstatically wild, Doe arrived and looked in the room. She said, "It's time for you to go back." Then she walked away. I didn't want to leave so I tried to close the door. That's when I noticed how much the house was worn and seemed ready to fall apart. The door wouldn't close or lock. Doe came down the hall again and looked at me with a smile. "It's time for you to go back." This time I felt there was little time to get ready for the return trip. I went looking for my suitcase and the clothes I brought with me but couldn't find them. I heard Doe's voice shout, "I put all your clothes in the washing machine." I intuitively realized that I didn't need what I had brought with me and decided to go back without my suitcase or anything I arrived with. It was better off in Doe's washing machine. Then I looked down at my shirt and saw it was covered with chile seeds. I had eaten so much hot food with green chiles in Doe's kitchen that the seeds were all over my belly, chest, and heart.

Doe came back, but not to say goodbye. Instead, she said, "Hello!" With excitement spilling out of her eyes, she sang me a song. It was an old Broadway tune entitled, "Oh Lady, Be Good." This was the title song of the groundbreaking musical that made George and Ira Gershwin the new pioneers of Broadway musical comedy. It also featured and launched the careers of Fred and Adele Astaire. As real-life brother and sister they played the parts of a brother and sister who impersonated other characters. The show opened when Doe was fourteen years old and became a smash hit, as did its songs that included "Oh Lady, Be Good," "Fascinating Rhythm" and "The Man I Love." The title song—the song she gave to me in the dream—is from a scene at a wild party where the main characters masquerade in multiple roles with ambiguous intentions and double communications wobbling between the explicit and the implied. In the end, the lady (and the man) come out "good" as defined by several levels of meaning.

I woke up flooded with the realization that Doe had just taught me what Sacred Ecstasies is all about. You get cooked in the kitchen where the spiritual heat is placed in your belly, chest, and heart. This enables you to rock with the patron mother saints who hold all the colors of the world. Then, when you feel like you only want to party and go wild with the energy circulating within, you are told it's time to go back and make a difference in the world. Leave your dirty clothes behind so the elders can clean them but go back with those chile seeds on you—don't brush them away. You understand nothing about what has happened or what you are supposed to do upon your return. You only know you were fed, cooked, rocked, filled with joy, infused with excitement, maternally loved, and instructed to go back with the heat intact and your dirty laundry left behind.

You hopefully receive a song whose complexity and multiple levels of meaning suit every degree of temperature and room size you meet upon your return. Most



importantly, the song's music and lyrics will help transform and lift a trivial everyday scene to a higher level with its tonal magic, emotionally lit rhythmic wick, and lyrical wit, helping a dancer express an ecstatic fit. We invite you to use this Gershwin song to transform any mundane scene like it did on Broadway with "originality and excellence, [a] complexity and sophistication in rhythm, harmony and lyric writing [that] raised musical comedy to new heights."<sup>22</sup>

### ***Osumi Sensei Makes a House Call***

Brad dreamed that Osumi, Sensei came to our house in New Orleans:

She walked into our kitchen and administered hot steam to the wood floor with a large cleaning contraption. Next, she used a high-powered vacuum cleaner to remove any remaining puddles of hot water. Finally, she heated the whole floor with an extremely hot air blower to make sure it was completely dry. What stood out to us during this activity was her concentration. When she did the work, nothing distracted her—she did not chatter, did not stop to think about something she had earlier read, did not pause to look around, and did not pay attention to anything except treating the floor. Afterwards, she bowed. We assumed this was the whole teaching and she'd be on her way.

She then announced, "This is the last time I'll see you. You won't see me again in this way. Do you have any more requests? How can I help you before we say goodbye?" I was so shocked that it was hard to think clearly. My desire to carefully consider what to ask conflicted with my deep sadness over her departure. It reminded me of the dream when Doe came and said the same thing in the past—that she wouldn't see me again. That was before she gave me the Chrysler Imperial as a means of spiritual transportation. In the present dream I tried very hard not to give in to a flood of grief. We noticed that Sensei's daughter, Masako, and her faithful seiki jutsu helper, Okajima, were by her side as was her friend, Professor Kato. I could feel their strong grief, too, but more than this I noticed their incredible concentration to hold back from uncontrolled sobbing and wailing. Here was the Japanese discipline and focus I had learned to admire in Osumi Sensei's household and traditional way.

I followed their example and focused on what was important to ask her this one last time. I asked her to help make me strong and healthy enough to continue this work. I also asked her to empower Hillary with the seiki boost that would help

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<sup>22</sup> [http://greatamericansongbook.net/pages/songs/o/oh\\_lady\\_be\\_good.html](http://greatamericansongbook.net/pages/songs/o/oh_lady_be_good.html)

her thrive with our mission. Then we requested specific guidance for help with the Guild—all of you and those who will later come.

Osumi Sensei smiled to acknowledge that she knew what we were thinking even before we finished speaking. She indicated that we are like her in that we find it natural and effortless to spiritually cook. We can turn on the seiki switch in a split second, light the Kalahari fire with the snap of our fingers, or administer holy spirit steam with one prayer line. It is also easy for us to sustain our presence in a big room and, if we accidentally slip into any smaller quarters, we immediately notice it and know what to do to bring forth instant corrective expansion and heat. The same is true for each guiding saint of Sacred Ecstasies. For conductors, sacred emotion is as readily available as the tap water from a faucet. The embers are always burning, the whirlwind forever blowing, the shower of blessings continuously pouring, and the heavenly sunshine constantly glowing.

In that moment I realized that I was never a *spiritual seeker* after my original mystical initiation at age 19. I became a *spirit keeper*. Hillary has become the same—we sweep and climb in everything we do while catching and celebrating every slip as an opportunity to discover a new angle for dealing with how trickster dangles another distraction. In other words, we hunt trickster hares and sing with the larks—that’s our job just as it was given to us in a vision.<sup>23</sup> We long ago stopped looking for our life mission. Instead, we concentrate on mystical contrition, turning the ignition, and cooking our condition.

Our prayers for connection to seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit don’t take long to work. They reliably bring expansion, heat, and creative invention. What brings us to our knees is not any desperate need to find out how to get cooked. It is how to help others who seem irrationally imprisoned in habits of shrinkage and refrigeration. When we hear people lament that they are always going flat or slip sliding away into small rooms and getting cold, we pray to know what to say while knowing that anything said may not matter when it is heard in a small room.

We pray for what may trip, interrupt, and reset their room relations. In addition, when we hear that a Guild member struggles to get spiritually cooked, feel sacred emotion, or sustain room expansion, we actually don’t understand this when it feels so natural and effortless to us. Getting cooked is not a one-time fix—it requires the constant application of good spiritual engineering. But with steadfast dedication, application, and concentration, this can be learned and made a new habit, lifestyle, and home for everyday living.

We pray for guidance in what to say to people when they ask for help and then what to say when they don’t follow instructions or persist with sufficient

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<sup>23</sup> See *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (2018), p. 181.

concentration. We pray to know what to do when they mishear and have a backfire in a small room, or they resist with a posture that feigns knowing but lacks sincere glowing, or get lost in absurd noise without a signal, and any other action inspired by a trickster stronghold. This is what brings us to our knees as we pray for help from higher hands. We have the same temptations to worry and be led astray as anyone else, but the difference is this: we recognize when a funk starts and know what to do about it, having complete faith in the alchemical process that converts a common cold into a shining marigold.

In the dream we experienced this shared outlook with Osumi Sensei and asked her to guide us in helping others mobilize their focus and concentration in doing what must be done to live an ecstatic, big room life.

After our lengthy request for help with the Guild was communicated in an instant without words, a great wind came into the room. It was accompanied by the same whirling wind of changing colors we have recently seen in vision. Osumi Sensei then did something that we will never understand. She appeared both as she did when I met her in Tokyo years ago, and she became as small as half the length of my arm. She was both sizes at the same time, though there was only one of her in the room. I saw her doubleness as an impossible unity. She then moved closer to me and slowly but surely walked into my body, in the region spanning my heart and shoulder. I watched her gently slide across the boundary of my skin and sink in. To my even greater surprise, she came out to do it again. She was like a child enjoying this experience like it was the first time she had ever done it.

When she came out, she talked so fast that it was impossible to understand everything. I remembered that this always happened whenever she felt seiki giving her powerful instructions for what to say to someone—her words blurred as they sped by. It was like she wanted to make sure you received everything seiki wanted to convey. Sensei showed the most excitement when passing on news from the other side. This was another way she gave others seiki—through the sound of unrecognizable words. In the dream this took place while Sensei was halfway in and halfway out of my body. The scene was both extremely serious and wildly absurd. I only heard one phrase rise above the others and she said it multiple times—“Hoin’s in.” Later I assumed that this was a reference to her ancestor, Eizon Hoin, who had become a kami spirit in the form of a white snake that lived inside Osumi Sensei, guiding her from the other side. That snake also entered my belly in the past, but now Osumi Sensei had settled in a different area.

After speaking she went back in for a second time but didn’t come out again. In that moment I was flooded with the same kind of overwhelming grief that took place when my grandparents passed. I began weeping and it woke me up from the dream. I continued to weep and had to concentrate to express my appreciation to

Osumi Sensei for what she did for my life. I realized I had miserably failed to adequately follow some of her instructions when she was alive. I held back and tried to make seiki jutsu fit into my formerly imagined big rooms rather than allow her instruction to make the whole room even vaster. Perhaps I should have moved to Japan or spent more time on the seiki bench—I don't know because it's over my head. I felt sad that I had missed the full opportunity for better big room living back then. Yet I knew it was my destiny to be with her no matter my limitations, and it is our destiny for Hillary and me to be with her in the present way in our Guild, increasingly more fully inside the big room.

The teaching this brings to you is multi-layered: Sacred Ecstatics is easy and natural if you follow its instructions. Don't leave any steps out and perform them every day and night. Be careful about constantly lamenting about how difficult it is to get cooked, because this can shrink the room and feed the wrong kind of doubt that brings a wallowing pout. Osumi Sensei was adamant that her patients and their families have great faith and trust in seiki and the process of healing. This is another way of saying you must pour the right base emotion before you take action. Have total faith in the Sacred Ecstatics recipe and all its lineage ropes. Make room expansion, spiritual heating, and creative changing your new habits and habitat. Don't wait when you can do it now. Do it with joy. There are a lot of saints ready to help you, but only on their big room terms rather than through your small room preferences. Osumi Sensei asked me to ask this of you, "Have you built your altar? Are you altering it? How's the experimental practice going? Concentrate. You have cleaning and climbing waiting for you. That's the road to seiki and the jubilation vibration of sacred ecstasy. Waste no more time. Get on with it."

### ***A Spiritual Churrascaria***

The Brazilian healer, João Fernandes de Carvalho, came to Brad in a dream:

Hillary and I were sent to a churrascaria or barbeque steakhouse in Brazil. There we met João who was grilling *picanha*, the Brazilian cut of beef that is cooked over an open fire. After he charred it, he threw it in an iron frying pan with many cut garlic cloves to create a special debris gravy. Smiling, he served us the meat sitting on top of the garlic debris that had been poured all over the plate as the base. "I am giving you the meat and sauce that you need to deepen your mission. Please enjoy. I have prayed for you and it is time for Sacred Ecstatics to venture further into mystery."

We both felt it was the best tasting meat and sauce we had ever eaten. With each bite, we realized how spiritual cooking must master the art of charring the outer edge while keeping the inside juicy. Finally, the surrounding pool of many

garlic cloves fried with meat debris created the extra boost of a tasty sauce that overwhelmed the senses in the most delightful and inspiring way. After we finished this stunning James Beard and Michelin kind of meal, João, began to speak:

Your mission is to please God, not satisfy human taste. When you cook for others, also remember to serve God and be not swayed by anyone else's preferred tastes and dietary habits. As the meat is doubly cooked, both grilled and fried, the base emotion must be made to perfection. Don't throw away the debris. Instead, mix it with as much garlic as you can get in the pan. Pour the gravy and then lay the meat on it. This is the art of spiritual cooking and serving the meat. In the char, the juice, and the gravy blend of debris and garlic, everything is maximally concentrated—it's cooked to the optimal point. Not too much and not too little of this or that.

Though he seemed to be talking about the way he cooked in the churrascaria, we understood João was using meat as a metaphor or "meataphor" for the spiritual cooking of Sacred Ecstasies. When he said the word "concentrated," we also knew that this was the vital secret to his powerful means of accessing holy mystery. He never took his mind or body senses off the main line to God. Over the years, his healing work became more and more concentrated. He started with medicinal prescriptions, moved to spiritual prescriptions, then water blessed by prayer, and finally super-saturated prayer alone. No matter the form in which his intervention appeared, there was definitely an outer char, inner juice, and a sublime sauce of sacred emotion. He continued with his teaching:

Concentration is the least understood part of spiritual cooking. This involves far more than "setting an intention." It is more an emotion than a thought, what you have called "pouring the base emotion." Perhaps you should call this an *emo-tent-ion* rather than an intention. This change may help bring back the *tent* of emotion that must be the container for all spiritual work. Pour the emotion to prepare the ground and then let it envelop you as the tent of emotion, your *emo-tent-ion*.

As he said this, I remembered some conversations with the Kalahari Bushmen n/om-kxaosi. We discussed how to send a communication to another person via

the numinous ropes. To an outside observer this may sound like telepathy—thought transference without speech. But to the n/om-kxao it is transmission of a concentrated emotion. It may start as a thought that is paired with emotional excitement (never a thought or specified goal alone). Then two things simultaneously happen—you compact and intensify the emotional excitement until the thought dissolves as you contract your body near your navel—the body site for holding the sacred vibration of n/om. When the thought disappears, what is left is the paired body contraction and emotional concentration. When its dual tipping point is hit, the message is automatically shot along the rope transmission line. This is emo-tent-ion rather than intention. The latter is missing the needed tension, the amplified compacted emotion, and the body contraction behind the spontaneous release of n/om communication. This kind of excitement is aroused by n/om rather than trickster fantasy and desire. N/om brings the cooking fire of the spiritual churrascaria. What is sent and received is meat with an outer char and inner juice, surrounded by wavy gravy—the vibration of higher communication.

João recognized that we had caught his teaching. He continued, “It is not sufficient to set a mental intention or announce a noble purpose. You must set up the right kind of emotion. Only hoping or believing that healing can be done is not enough. You must feel a close and intimate relationship with God and then hand everything over to higher hands. Anything less will fall short of cooking the right char, juice, and gravy.”

Hillary and I immediately realized how there are two kinds of intention—one is completely mental, psychological, and purposefully willful while the other is more whole bodied, felt, and involves deeper communion with Thee. We recalled how Edgar Cayce focused on the main source and force of creation before opening his means of unconscious reception. He needed to feel a personal relationship with God before opening the conduit channel. The same was functionally true for Dr. Fulford, though he used different metaphors. He realized that above all else, he must feel a hookup to the utmost healing process and then whatever needs to happen will follow. When he felt he was plugged into this spiritual dimension, he trusted his hands would be better guided. Though he and kindred spirit osteopaths and body workers spoke of setting this kind of intention, it involved more than a passive emotionless thought. It includes awakening the feeling that you are a part of a greater dynamic of healing that is beyond understanding and even outcome specification. However, Edgar Cayce, Dr. Fulford, and most other contemporary healers did not have the heightened emotion that comes from embodying the spiritual fire. As João put it, “Their work ultimately had no char or juice, though it could arguably deliver a drop of gravy. The whole meat of spiritual

intervention requires spiritual cooking skills and knowing how to handle the fire. Its heat is the emotion of sacred ecstasy, something felt crackling within. Without that inner fire, you will not be able to serve others the divine meat.”

To advance to the heights of mystical splendor, you must feel a close relationship with your Creator. When it’s time to spiritually cook, dial up the needed emotion—it’s your rope to God. When the divine connection is made, what you next need is delivered by the mainline. At first a match will be sent—it might be a prayer line. When the situation warms, the next spiritual tool will be delivered to fit the new need. Perhaps a song or dance will arrive. Step by step, communing with Thee becomes climbing the ladder. These two sides advance together, coming nearer the emotion of sacred ecstasy. Go past setting a thoughtful intention. Dissolve your thoughts by flooding your room with sacred emotion. Feel an intimate connection with God and cross the bridge to First Creation. That’s when you’re in the middle—cooking to please God and allowing whatever char, juice, and gravy the higher chef selects to be dispensed to others attending the churrascaria. As João the sanctified *churrasqueiro* taught us, God aims to cook you in all these ways.

### ***Experiment Two Findings***

We wrote the following to the Guild:

We want to thank everyone for your special reports, whether they were verbal, visual, musical, poetic, or silent. The diversity of content and forms of expression provide rich bounty for the Guild. We promised we would tell you our response after you reported. That was only half true. We already responded to your reports this week. Ha! Now we want to address some new teaching that has come down the rope. It includes the orienting compass behind how we respond.

Today we are thrilled to share with you a new understanding of the experiments we conduct. The experiments involve three unique phases: (1) the performance of the experiment; (2) the report of the experiment; and (3) the responses to other people’s reports. Each of these phases or dimensions of an experiment provides a different kind of opportunity to learn the skills of Sacred Ecstasies.

Here we have discovered that whatever is experientially gained from conducting an experiment may be later sustained and amplified, or it may be undone, lost, or even reversed in the way you report it. The same is true for how you respond to other people’s reports—it can boost, sustain, or mess up whatever came before. Each of these aspects of an experiment requires good spiritual engineering habits for your reception of its maximal benefits.

We invite you to regard the report and your response to other's reports as an equal part of the ongoing experiment. In other words, the experiment is still going on when the report and response time arrives. Perhaps some of you have noticed how we focus our responses to Guild reports. We'll describe here in more detail to show how we relate to all three phases of the experiment. Most simply put, we highlight these qualities in a report (or a response): what we discern as a valuable "meataphor," any drift or noise in need of a gentle tease, or noteworthy authenticity of the reporter.

It is inevitable that people bring old habits to every social situation and this includes former ways of holding one another up in group spaces. What is typically enacted is a range of support from the modest social courtesy of a "thank you" to an over-the-top response that is uncomfortably exaggerated—a mushy-gushy-in-need-of-a-flushy. For those eager to learn how to burn and build rooms, we invite you to give as much importance to the construction of your responses as you do the actual experiment, exploring whether you are applying the performance chops of Sacred Ecstatics to it.

We also read your responses to one another in the same way that we read each experimental report. In other words, we notice whether they, too, have n/om, a good signal-to-noise ratio, and congruently convey authenticity. We are not suggesting that you should purposefully imitate our way of responding—that can backfire and lead to your responses feeling too forced. Right now, we are only pointing to how the experiment does not stop with your report and responses—each phase is an equally important part of the whole experiment.

For us, we are fortunate to own and use a n/om Geiger counter when we read a report or a response. We check to see if there is any metaphor or phrase that emits n/om (or seiki or the holy spirit). Remember that saying the word "n/om" does not mean that there is any n/om in the communication. In addition, a seemingly non-spiritual phrase like "the purest of craps" may be charged with holiness. It's all in how it's said and in what context. It takes a n/om detector to discern what is hot from cold. When we find a meataphor (another term for high n/om radiation), we underscore it. If we don't find any, we don't pretend that there is—that is placation that sends the big room on a vacation. Again, pointing such things out is a conductor's job and we are not suggesting that Guild members should aim to imitate this role.

In addition to discerning and highlighting n/om, we notice when there is too much distracting drift or noise. We don't mention it unless it begs for corrective attention. We then may shake the room with some gentle teasing. Here we celebrate rather than negate because it is noise, errors, and offness that teach us how to improve our room building skills.



Finally, we discern whether the report feels “real” rather than like it came from a place of trying to impress, be clever, or say the right thing. No one intends to be inauthentic, it’s just that when it comes time to share a report, sometimes big me steps in to act like a PR rep who is there to manage your “personal brand.” That blocks the more sincere little me muse from coming through. Let us say that some reports feel more real than others; others feel more contrived. You likely feel that way about your own reports and responses to people.

In summary, three things are critical for us in a report or response: n/om buzz, noise interference, and authenticity. These mirror the three Sacred Ecstasics dynamics of sacred vibration (feeling the piezoelectricity of sacred ecstasy), main line focus (the empty bowl communing with Thee), and expressive alignment (the 222 middle wobble climbing the ladder). There is a fourth thing we underscore, and it concerns an ineffable quality—there is something in the report that unexplainably evokes a response in us and we don’t know why.

With this in mind, you can better understand how a conductor’s response requires an anointment for pointing (a St. Vincent rope gift), a well-tuned n/om detector (a Kalahari rope gift), and a seiki compass that launches each response (a Tokyo rope gift). We’ll discuss this further at the webinar and suggest how you can utilize future salon response time as an opportunity to be more aligned with the spiritual engineering of Sacred Ecstasics across all phases of the experiment, and better contribute to expanding and heating the room for everyone. Perhaps we will call it the “trinity of laboratory room hygiene.” It’s also worth noting that reporting and responding involve handling and transforming cutouts, meataphors, and metaphor lines just as much as the experiment itself. You aim to directly work with the visionary teachings that have come down to us this season in multiple dimensions, dynamics, and phases.

Again, thank you for this wonderful round of humdingers! It makes our hearts happy to know that there are a group of us around the globe conducting daily experiments to expand and heat the atmosphere, make middle wobble history, strengthen the ropes with all the saints on the other side, and to set in motion things that are beyond what any of us can know or make sense of. Communing with Thee, climbing the ladder, sacred ecstasy!

### **Prescription for Experiment Three: The Three Sleeping Stones**

Cut out three figures who are sleeping on a stone. They will be Jacob (of Jacob’s Ladder), Edgar Cayce, and you. (Note, these three are another form of the 222 because every person is a double). We have attached a classic image of Jacob sleeping on his stone pillow below that you can use, or you draw it yourself. Print out (or draw) two more copies of this image and attach a photo of

Edgar Cayce's head to one of them and a photo of your head to the other. These are your three sleeping stones. Each wears the banner of one of the main prayer lines and holds the mystery gift associated with it. Write these prayer lines and draw the gift on the backside of each cutout figure:

Edgar Cayce communing with Thee (empty bowl)

Jacob as climbing the ladder (222)

You, seeker of sacred ecstasy (piezoelectricity)

Have them reside every day in the altar to become "charged" and then place them stacked together under your pillow at night. Every evening you are to vary the order of the deck. You can choose the order or blindly shuffle them and be surprised which one lands on top, in the middle, and underneath. Pray for Thy will to be done and avoid the temptation to ask for a dream or impose any outcome preference.

### ***Unexpected Explosion***

In a dream, we were sitting on a Persian rug that resembled a flying carpet:

Gregory Bateson was sitting next to us on the colorful old rug that also served as a stage separating us from the audience. Gregory leaned over and mentioned that the people attending were teachers on the workshop circuit but they didn't have any scholarly depth, aesthetic sensibility, or wisdom discernment. There was an adolescent quality about their presence—they acted like they knew a lot more than they actually did. But they were adept at strategically maneuvering to be hierarchical over their peers. We noticed Gregory's youngest daughter in the crowd. She seemed anxious about how she'd be perceived by us and the others.

We proceeded to mention something about Sacred Ecstasies and its way of constructing realities. We paused to see how the audience would respond. Gregory's daughter immediately piped in to elaborate and explain to the group what we were trying to communicate. We winced because she had no clue what she was talking about and her explanation was actually the opposite of our teaching. We looked at Gregory and he was suffering from having to witness his child being so off the mark, though she believed she was doing everyone the favor of interpreting our teaching in a simplified way. We knew Gregory would not tell her she was not ready to teach. After so many years he was tired of pointing this out to those too eager for the role who had not sufficiently paid their dues to earn

the skills. We also realized that he had no idea what to say to intervene other than to repeat what was articulated before. He looked powerless, lost, and overwhelmed. We knew he needed more big room performance know-how. We respectfully remained silent, choosing to not embarrass Gregory or his “off”spring.

We felt double bound and frustrated, damned if we spoke and damned if we didn't. No matter how we chose to communicate, with or without words, we knew it would make little difference to the people who were convinced they had little or nothing to learn. We looked at Gregory again and then at each other. Hillary spontaneously lifted one finger and then brought it down to touch the Persian rug. In that instant we understood that we were sitting in a different space than the other people—we were on a magic flying carpet.

Unless you are sitting on its tightly woven fabric, it is impossible to perform in a way that ascends and expands. Outside its boundaries, there is the constant mistaking of big me inflation for jubilation, ecstasy, and sacred emotion. Rather than an expanded room circulating with *n/om*, *seiki*, or the holy spirit, there is just a temporarily swollen ego excited about itself. When such ballooning isn't felt there is an instant nosedive into misery or anger that either turns into self-flagellation or blaming others for your frustration and inability to experience levitation. Psychological mood swings are associated with impoverished trickster habits of small room maintenance. This oscillation differs from the “ups and downs” of ecstatic rope climbers that traverse the recursing circles rather than the flat lines missing a holy heartbeat.

As we looked at our audience, we were flooded with the awareness that big me, the yeti inside each of us, acts like an impossible adolescent. When it asks for help or direction, it then gets upset when it is offered, insisting it doesn't need to learn. Neither spiritual parents or teachers have a clue what to do when it comes to raising the dead or raising a spiritual adolescent who acts like they are a seasoned elder. All a teacher can do is wait until a student arrives at the real crossroads. There they end their inflation/deflation cycle by hitting bottom, popping the balloon, and reaching for a higher helping hand.

We realized in the vision there was nothing we could say to help Gregory's daughter or the others in the room become aware they were possessed by big me attention addiction. So we closed our eyes and shifted our focus to implementing the 1, 2, 3 steps of spiritual cooking to assure that we'd stay on the flying carpet. In that moment, a huge explosion went off. It sounded like a gigantic balloon had burst or the room had been blown up by a bomb. We opened our eyes and saw that every big me had been incinerated and that a procession of little me's was now entering the scene. Many things were felt from the shock and awe of this confusion and excitement. We were reminded that anyone facing the double

binds of double rooms must shift tracks and concentrate more on applying the recipe. With further expansion of the flying carpet, anything can happen, including an unexpected explosion that leads to a major reset.

The dream enabled us to realize that the ECI (Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter) refers to another dimension of the three steps of Sacred Ecstasies. To build the big room, pour sacred emotion on the floor. This administers excitation. When you spiritually cook in the big room, ecstatic experience surpasses words and meaning—it is confusing. This is not small room trivial confusion, but a dip into the chaos of First Creation where the holy signal is heard. Finally, this whirling is followed by a return to the everyday where former habits are interrupted with new instructions for how to perform. 1, 2, 3, kaboom—stay in the big room! There a flying carpet ascends and the recipe is ready to set you and others free. There is no room for superfluous cutouts like “teacher” and “student”—there is only focus, extension, saturation, and concentration on the trinity of sacred ecstasy.

### ***At the Crossroads***

Like Osumi Sensei, Brad feels when it is time to give someone seiki. He was fortunate to have learned from her how to give a transmission from any distance, including doing so in a visionary dream. There is no way of predicting when this will take place, though we are both usually aware when the process is in motion. Recently such a transmission was given to Dominic in a big room dream (see *Journey to Ecstasy Land*).

Yesterday Brad felt it was time to give Bob a traditional seiki transmission. He announced it in the online Guild salon and later privately told Bob to get ready because it was coming. Brad followed through and sent Bob seiki. He was amazed how soft and ready Bob was to receive it. This kind of transmission begins with the spiritual mind and body (little me) and then it may or may not pass over into big me consciousness. No one knows why this is so or whether it is better to remain unconscious or conscious about important spiritual matters administered to you. We are happy to announce and celebrate that last night Bob received his first transmission at around 10:30 pm. Like Osumi Sensei said about a few of her clients, “He was very hungry, even greedy, for seiki.” She said this, as do we, with a smile. After this initial transmission, Brad fell asleep and the seiki work with Bob continued:

I woke up every thirty minutes throughout the night, finding each transmission more energetically intense than the one before. Bob received a total of twelve seiki transmissions. Each time I woke up I clearly remembered the number of transmissions I had given, which I found to be a bizarre kind of awareness. At transmission number eight, something extraordinary happened. It began in a visionary dream where Bob, Hillary, and I, along with the entire Guild, were at the

crossroads in First Creation Mississippi. This is where the bluesmen of long ago went to make a deal with a mediating spirit so their music would forever be infused with soul. Since Bob is from Chicago, plays the guitar, and loves the blues, it was delightful that Bob and I went to the crossroads together. Even wilder than that was noticing that all the Guild was there, too, standing about twenty feet away from us.

Down from the sky the spirit arrived to make the deal. I was shocked to see that it was my father, now a young preacher in his late twenties or early thirties. Dressed in a suit, he began to preach. I had forgotten what a great preacher he was. He was just as loved as my grandfather, though he had a different preaching style. My grandfather “shouted” in the old school way, while my father didn’t holler but was more pleasing to ears unaccustomed to ecstatic fervor.

Pondering this difference also reminded me of what I had learned from Caribbean shakers and sanctified black preachers: “You can tell when someone has the spirit, because they will jerk when they hear an anointed preacher shout. If they aren’t physically moved by shouting, don’t feel its wake-up call, or find it revolting (rather than re-volting), then they aren’t hooked up to the holy spirit.” Most of them add, “If someone doesn’t feel God when I shout, then that tells me they are dead.” All ancestors on our three lineage ropes have the same assessment—if you don’t feel sacred emotion when it is expressed through anointed sounds, then you do not yet have seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit. In this case, Mother Samuel from St. Vincent says, “If you don’t feel it, you have to pray.” Furthermore, a response can’t be faked because it’s obvious to those with the spirit. That’s what Zora Neale Hurston meant when she said, “If you haven’t got it, you can’t show it. If you have got it, you can’t hide it.”

My father was more of a spiritual warmer while my grandfather carried a fire for spiritual cooking. Each could emotionally mediate and communicate between earth and heaven. Both preachers played their part in the scheme of things. In the dream, my father came to deliver some words, so he was likely better suited for that role. He looked at Bob and said, “Preacher, whither Thou goest, will you go? Where Thou lodgest, will you lodge? When criticism is needed, will you dare meet it, either in its deliverance or reception?”<sup>24</sup> He then turned to the Guild and asked the same thing, “Preachers, whither Thou goest, will you go? Where Thou lodgest,

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<sup>24</sup> This is a transform of the scripture Ruth 1:16: “And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

will you lodge? When criticism is needed will you dare meet it, either in its deliverance or reception?"

I knew what he meant by "preacher" because in my religious upbringing there were two kinds of preachers or ministers. Anyone belonging to the spiritual community with a sincere commitment was expected to embody the teachings of Jesus and "minister" to others through their particular social role. For example, if someone was an usher or coordinated meals, then that was their form of ministry. The second form involves the preacher-leader(s) of the community who are anointed to be in charge of spiritual discernment and rope mediation. The same doubleness generally applies to the congregants and leaders from any religion. Whether you're a member or leader of a community, the vision teaches that the crossroads presents you with the decision to follow the path of the hollowed and hallowed. You are invited to lodge in the big room. This is a commitment to big room living.

My father finished speaking and I gave Bob the eighth and strongest transmission of the night. Then other Guild members came to the center of the crossroads and various ecstatic treatments were administered. Hillary and I shouted into Bob and everyone over and over, "Wake up!" Then the same questions asked before were asked again. Though everyone seemed eager to have arrived at the crossroads, only some people were truly ready to make the choice.

Everyone is offered the same deal at the crossroads. We will alter and restate Reverend Papa Legba Keeney's words:

Where God goes, will you go?  
Where God lives, will you live?  
When criticism is needed, will you dare meet it,  
either to give it or receive it?

At the crossroads you are first given the choice to surrender your individual will, the equivalent of letting go of big me authoritarian rule and allowing little me and its rope to God to take over, with elder shepherds helping when they can. Second, you are invited to move all your actions into the big room so that it becomes the container of your life rather than a token notion carried in your pocket. Finally, the question about "criticism" is twofold. First, it means that you must face that which holds back your learning to spiritually cook, something that is easy and natural but is blocked by old habits and attachments. Here is where most people can't get through the portal at the crossroads. They want all the eland blessings of spiritual cooking but don't want to receive any constructive criticism

or give up the habits and ideological habitats that are familiar and pleasing to the yeti self.

In the dream, my father enacted the second aspect of criticism—its delivery—without mincing any words. It sounded like what he used to say to his congregation when I was a young. “If you support a man like Donald Trump, you are spiritually lost and unable to feel the touch of God. Don’t lie to yourself. Churches, temples, and other holy places are the devil’s playground and many people have been deceived. Face this tragedy in your life and let the authoritarian man go.” To others he said, “Just because you do not personally associate with racists, misogynists, and Ptolemy economists does not mean that trickster does not have more of a hold on you than God. Don’t get filled with pride just because you’re on the other side. Drop whatever does not stream from the holy fountain.”

My father faced a lot of personal attack because he was brave enough to pronounce provocative, Bonhoeffer-like views in a white, small Missouri farm town in the 1960s. And now, in the vision, he came back to voice them to the Guild. As a community leader and servant of God—even as an ancestor on the other side—my father is not afraid to deliver criticism when it brings you back in line with the main rope to God. Choosing to lodge in the big room means that all of you—including your politics and economics—must contribute to enhancing all relations.

We continued to shout, “Wake up!” while also shouting our three prayer lines deep inside everyone and administering endless seiki showers of blessings. Let’s say it was a busy night in First Creation Mississippi and we feel that as a result, things can’t possibly remain the same.

After the eighth seiki transmission to Bob, four more took place. In each there was more raw sacred emotion with tears flowing. These seiki interventions involved many people from the Guild. It matters not whether your conscious mind is today aware that any of this took place. What matters now is what we were advised to pass on to Bob and each of you. Here are Bob’s instructions:

You are to now have no doubt that you received seiki. Work on boosting this belief by feeling it is true. Flood yourself with this conviction so it is so deeply felt that it gives you another seiki jolt and volt. More will follow this week. Expect it, concentrate on believing it, and act like it is happening.

For each member of the Guild, here are your instructions: Have no doubt that you are standing and sleeping underneath a seiki thunderstorm where you are getting drenched. Care not whether you are being softened or seiki is filling every corner of your being. Believe that this distinction does not matter because they are more the same than different. Act like this

downpour and flood of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are happening, and constantly adjust how you act until you feel this. This advice is the same counsel given by Osumi Sensei when she told her patients to have no doubt about their capacity to be healed by seiki. It is the same advice we recently gave about acting and believing that spiritual cooking is within easy reach if you follow the recipe.

Be grateful if you are not conscious of any of this in the night or day—such “not knowing” helps keep your conscious mind from interfering. If you sense something happened, be unsure what is going on and go back to working the 1,2,3 steps of the recipe in the forms that have come down to the Guild this season. If you must explain, do so with a one word answer—“seiki.” This is a glimpse of what it means to live like someone who lodges in God’s house. Don’t think about it. Don’t be hung up on naming whether you are this or that. Just do it!

### *Postscript*

After reporting the vision to the Guild, Bob replied:

Last night I dreamed that I was in an unknown location with the Guild. Brad took me aside to a quiet location and administered seiki over a period of time. I am grateful for this marvelous transmission and hope that I can properly nurture this seiki and be a benefit to all my relationships. I think that this is a beginning not an end. I now give a deep bow and a shout of gratitude to Brad, Hillary, Osumi Sensei, the entire seiki lineage, and all who have supported on my journey. Voot! This is wild! I am happy and a bit overwhelmed. Love you guys. Can’t wait until nighttime; sleeping has never been so fun.

### *Postscript Two:*

We prayed over the Guild and two members in particular received a lot of seiki from Brad. This is nothing he plans or chooses—it just spontaneously happens at night. The next day we received these reports from them:

From Diana:

I put the three prescribed cutouts, with me at the bottom, under my pillow. Then I carefully read the two recent visionary reports. I fell asleep the first time playing the ecstatic track and working the three prayer lines, feeling the words of Bob’s seiki reception gift. Later I woke up and put the track on again, sending me into sleep. Inside this soaking I woke up still in a dream. I was standing in a shadowy cave with Guild members and you both. The truth is there was not enough light



for me to see who was there, but I knew you two were. Chris was also there and was both holding me and not holding me. I could feel him holding my feet. I strongly felt the spiritual heat of the room and words being spoken. My body was shaking and jerking. It was a seiki thunderstorm! When I woke up I knew I had to write it all down while it was still so fresh. I didn't want to forget.

These words do not convey even a fraction of what the experience was like. At the time it was beyond sweet, so very soft and tender, and also so intense. I would also say it was very different from my experience receiving a nail of n/om. This time I feel like I am walking with more of a soft tenderness, a sweet soft vibration. Nothing feels forced, I am just naturally present.

And here is a report from Sabrina:

Last night I fell asleep with the prayer lines turning inside, feeling a great need for Thee and help to sweep. I woke up from this dream still feeling a bit dizzy and buzzy, with more need to reach. In the dream, I found myself in a multipurpose room or gymnasium of a school or community center. There were many windows along the longest wall, pouring out sunshine. On the opposite side, there was a recessed wooden theatre stage. In the distance I could feel Hillary and other Sacred Ecstatic Guild members scattered around, working on some kind of performance. My focus blurred in and out, like I had been spinning vigorously. I was standing on the floor, next to the stage's platform, realizing how unusually tall it was—around six to seven feet—when Brad appeared. He began speaking to me, waving his hands in an excited fashion. The dizziness increased and I was fading in and out of consciousness. Upon waking, all I could remember were his last words, "You need to learn how to say, 'thank you' in at least eight different languages."

Brad continued to shower the Guild with seiki every night. Shari wrote us a letter and said, "I dreamed last night of Brad delivering seiki to my feet and legs, especially. Thank you!" We responded, "Brad dreamed he was working so hard with seiki last night that he lost weight and needed a new belt!"

We also received this report from another Guild member, Bill:

Not sure if this is appropriate but I felt the need to share it. Last night I had put on some Bill Frisell (my favorite jazz guitarist), lit some candles, and was dancing (something fairly common for me late on Saturday night). At a certain point I felt a very distinct strong charge of energy from my feet through the top of my head of a sort that I had never felt before. It felt like a "full body orgasm" of a higher

vibration. It was a powerful sustained energetic change that seemed to be coming from the earth and moving through me. I can't say that it was related to the work with the guild, but it did seem that something important had opened up inside me and that I had access to something new and potentially powerful. Of course the "inverse teaching" may be that this was a "big me" distraction from the real work/play of Sacred Ecstatics.

Brad responded:

Congratulations, that is hitting the Sacred Ecstatics bullseye! Those are the same exact words I formerly used to describe a download or upload of sacred ecstasy—a "full body orgasm." I can also add that you have been getting big seiki transmissions every evening. While the whole Guild is drenched, sometimes particular people are targeted for reasons that shall forever remain over my head. Thanks for the report! Do I hear an Amenvoot, somebody?

Finally, during this time Brad included one of our "extended family" Guild members, Eduardo, in his nightly infusions. We also sent a recorded ecstatic track to him. It included a teaching about becoming an empty vessel or hollow tube in order for the numinous to come through. Soon after we received the following report from him. Eduardo was the first person that Hillary administered a full blown seiki transmission to years ago in our former house in the French Quarter of New Orleans. The energy was so strong that he could barely walk afterward and he had to sleep through the rest of the day. Here is his recent update:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

I want to share a very special dream I had with you in it. In the dream, you were teaching a class of about 30 people and I was there. You asked me to stand up and show something to the group. When I was stood up, Brad instructed, "Stop your furious mind and connect to the love in your heart so you can travel to any place on earth." I own a decorative small tree trunk, a wood luminaire, that is displayed in my reception room. When you said those words to me in the dream, I saw that same tree trunk float up in the air. It stopped a few inches above my head, suspended in space. I started to focus on my heart as you instructed me and suddenly, I was flying across very beautiful landscapes as if my body was on a small glider. My arms opened as wings. I flew over beautiful mountains, forests and the ocean. I then came very near to the surface of the sea and my hands touched the water. It was incredible and gave me a feeling of total freedom inside this love!

Love you!  
Eduardo

### ***The Principle of Inverse Guidance***

In a vision the whole Guild was being served a ceremonial dinner by Brad's mother:

We were in the dining room of an old house. As people started to take their seats around a long table, there was a rush to sit at the end closest to the door. By the time Hillary and I got to the table there were only seats available at the less desirable end. We sat down and noticed a guest had arrived. She was a woman from my past who had been the manager for numerous jazz luminaries including Dexter Gordon and Bobby McFerrin. She had wanted to represent me, but it wasn't in the cards so we went our separate ways. When she entered the dreamed room, her appearance was plain and unadorned. She was wearing no makeup and didn't seem interested in how she looked. She sat down next to us. Two women next arrived who were friends of hers. They were dressed very glamorously with lots of makeup. The Guild made room for them to sit near them at the opposite end. One of the women had on red lipstick with a heavily powdered face and wore a sparkly, sequined gown.

Each person seated at the table had one bowl sitting in front of them. There was no plate, only an empty bowl with some utensils. My mother then gave everyone a serving of turkey, dressing, and peas. Hillary and I smiled as we recognized that the Guild altar bowls were on the dining room table and that the n/om meat was wild turkey, accompanied by holy bread dressing, and small, little me peas. As we began the meal, someone asked, "What's the dessert going to be?" It reminded us of how children sometimes cannot enjoy the main course because they are in a hurry to taste the sugar.

I then introduced my old friend to the group and said she was the mastermind behind the careers of quite a few famous musicians and entertainers. She had the know-how to make someone a star. We noticed that no one was paying attention. They were more captivated by the glamorous woman on the other end who was smiling and telling each person how wonderful they were, even though she knew nothing about them. Hillary and I looked at each other and shook our heads as if to say, "This is how it is." Appearance and placation make so much distracting noise that deep wisdom know-how is often unheard or ignored even when it is served up right in front of you.

In that moment we knew it was futile to point any of this out. Just then we heard a loud explosion. Immediately we knew that only an ECI could provide the

needed intervention—the disruption of a habit by the noise of an interruption that is both exciting and confusing. We woke up from the dream, or so we thought. Instead, we were propelled to another classroom. There some of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies were waiting to provide us with new instruction. We noticed Osumi Sensei and Charles Henry were there, among others. Charles Henry proceeded to present what he called “the principle of inverse guidance.” Here’s what we remember:

When big me is in charge of your life, you erroneously trust whatever you think, feel, perceive, intuit, and believe even though it usually stems from a small room. This is not the kind of information you want to rely upon. I recommend that you think and do the opposite of what habitually arises. For instance, if you think that you aren’t feeling sacred emotion, assume that your little me is feeling it and then act accordingly. Or if your big me is wondering how soon you will become a healer or a shaman, assume little me is embarrassed by such a desire and cease all action that keeps those names in circulation. Similarly, if big me is eager to interpret a dream, sign, symbol, or instance of synchronicity as magical, then assume little me regards this same phenomenon as a common dust particle and sweep away all talk and thought about it.

The opposite of big me reality is precisely what little me mystically experiences. With this in mind, consider thinking, believing, feeling, perceiving, and enacting the opposite of what big me claims. This is the principle of inverse guidance. If you think you don’t want to pray, recognize this as big me talking inside you. Little me is always ready to commune with Thee. If you don’t feel like conducting the experiment, again, pay no attention to big me interference. Trust that this is a true sign of little me readiness to act.

Now you know. What are you going to do about it? We invite you to be excited, confused, and interrupted by consideration of the opposite of whatever big me feels, thinks, or proposes. Do it with all the gusto little me is raring to throw into it. Act like little me whether or not big me wants to or not. Little me action that ignores big me assumptions is what expands the room and starts ecstatic ignition. Big me contrition is the other side of little me resurrection. To build the big room, concentrate on acting like little me. The room and its vastly held, wide range of experience will follow.

Before we left the room in the dream, Osumi Sensei stood up and expressed how happy she was to see us on the other side. Now we understood that she had not left us behind. She had permanently moved into the big room of Sacred Ecstasies, a place mysteriously held inside our hearts. She spoke:

I want to address how this principle of Charles Henry helps awaken your relationship with seiki. This is a very special teaching gift for the entire Guild. If you sit on the seiki bench and are thinking about what dessert or treat will come at the end, you will miss the main course. Seiki practice is not conducted for any purpose other than conducting it. If you practice seiki and later check to see if you feel better, achieve your desired outcomes, have a vision, feel invigorated, or gain a superpower, then your practice is a waste of time. You are just building up your big me more and more when you sit on the seiki bench, moving yourself further away from the seiki atmosphere. In this case it would be better if you didn't sit on the seiki bench and instead swept the floor with a broom. It's less likely you'd believe that cleaning the room would produce a magical outcome. And it's more likely that your sweeping motion may one day be truly influenced and seized by seiki.

Seiki is the middle wobble. Its purpose is to help you experience the middle in such a concentrated way that there is no sense of before or after. This helps the reach of seiki to extend further and further until you live inside seiki, rather than be misled into thinking you can tap into it at will for big me, small room purposes. If you feel seiki spontaneity and then quickly switch gears into feeling puffed up that you received seiki, it will leave you faster than it arrived. If you assess the qualities of your life after a seiki workout, your seiki will drain away. Drop the ending and live inside the seiki middle wobble. Feel alive inside its shower, unattached to what it will bring you *later*. Seiki practice must grow into every minute, hour, day, week, month, year, and lifetime.

Finally, the master of seiki is one who enjoys the empty bowl as much as the main course or dessert. There is no beginning, middle, and end to those embodying the middle wobbling seiki way. The unnamed seiki wind climbs the n/om rope and Jacob's ladder, alternating between emptiness, the mystery of 222, and piezoelectricity.

When you embody these mysteries you will have become pure emptiness, that is, the fullness of the seiki bowl, room, and cosmos. Little me hears this and is ready to act. Ignore big me rather than constantly try to please it or tame it. Its natural alignment comes when it is not given so much attention.

Whatever happens to you each day and night, accept it as the utmost spiritual gift that is perfectly designed for you. Liberation day is today. No dream—celebrate! Big dream—celebrate! Joy—celebrate! Suffering—celebrate! Both the difference and the sameness are meant to lead you to bow and leap with gratitude for whatever God has in store for you! Hello, hello! Let's live like there is no tomorrow and there never was a yesterday, only the middle of today!

*Warning:*

There's no instruction that trickster can't twist or corrupt, and this includes the principle of inverse guidance. Trickster thought can sneak in and slyly suggest, "If the principle of inverse guidance is true, then go ahead and invert the inverse principle." Here you need to use some street smarts, inspired by the dream, that keeps trickster reined in. The principle is meant to be applied to whatever discourages or blocks you from performing the recipe, practices, and experiments of Sacred Ecstasies. This includes using or misusing the inverse principle in ways that inhibit you from taking action.

Remember: in the big room you always have the fire of desire to commune, climb, and experience sacred ecstasy—where all three steps, progressions, and dynamics create and perpetuate one turning mystical wheel. "Doin' this" is the outcome reward you seek—anything else is a matter of Thy will being done without your interfering influence. Follow little me who resides in the big room and pay less attention to big me and its small room guidance. In the many trinities of Sacred Ecstasies, the beginning, middle, and end become the Ouroboros marriage of earth and heaven.

### ***Psalm of Stones***

We made a musical recording of the following script for the Guild inspired by Experiment Three:

Edgar Cayce is sleeping on a stone

**He's communing with Thee**

Jacob is sleeping on a stone

**He's climbing the ladder**

You are sleeping on a stone

**You are seeking to fill your empty bowl with sacred ecstasy**

Dive into the empty bowl

**Wobble in the 222**

Feel the piezoelectricity

**It alternates between Tokyo, the Kalahari, and the Caribbean**

Hold on and ride the trinity ropes

**1, 2, 3 on the middle wobble highway**

Shaky seiki, **handy dandy tremble**, arm jerk brings a perk

**Jacob's sedimentary rock pillow,**

Cayce's lapis linguis azurite,

**sleep on their dreams**

sleep on their miracles

**When you're feeling blue**, sleep on azurite.

**It helps you feel all right**

Sleep on your three-pillow pillar

**They speak for the ancient stones.**

Each stone is my pillow; I shall sleep well.

They helpeth me to lie down in the vast pasture: I am led by this trinity of stones

They restoreth my soul: they pave the path to ancient wisdom

Yea, though I walk through the valley of dark shadows, I will hear the light, for thou art with me;  
the stones and the prayer lines comfort me.

My empty bowl runneth over with 222.

Surely piezoelectricity shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell among the stones  
of the Lord forever.

### ***The Black Book***

Brad dreamed we were sent back in time to the 1960s:

Hillary and I were discussing a friend of ours, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who recently passed away in our present time. She had been the wife of Timothy Leary when he was running from the law and eventually imprisoned. We remembered how she had felt sacred ecstasy at one of our Life Force Theatre events in the past. When she came back to herself after passing out from the bliss, she proclaimed while still on the floor, "This is the most powerful experience of my life, better than psychedelics! Thank you!" As we remembered this in the dream, I smiled and said to Hillary, "She's just the kind of person who would try to contact us from the other side." We laughed and then I noticed we were in the house I grew up in as an adolescent.

The year was around 1964 and Timothy Leary had just published the book with Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert, *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Soon after, celebrities and jet setters were hanging out in a 64-room mansion owned by the Mellon heirs in Millbrook, New York. There they dropped acid with Timothy Leary, guru of the psychedelic era. At that time I was a nerd reading about the invention of the laser and had never

heard of LSD. Hillary had not yet been born. It was therefore clear in the dream that we were now time travelers visiting the past.

We walked into my mother's former kitchen and noticed a strange book stuck between one side of the refrigerator and the countertop. It was placed where we used to stuff paper grocery bags to use for trash. This narrow space was not large enough to hold a large book, yet the oversized volume was somehow stuffed in there—the book was impossibly both thin and thick at the same time.

We pulled the book out and saw that its cover was a cheap imitation of old black leather that was puffed up like a marshmallow. There was no title inscribed on it, so we called it, *The Black Book*. When we opened the pages, we discovered it was Timothy Leary's scrapbook. The first page had some kind of cryptic black and white medieval-like drawing on it. There were Latin words embedded in its design that referred to the word, "Episcopal." Later we would discover that the etymology of this word referred to an "overseer" or "bishop," a priest-like role Leary held among his followers. Each page had a different collection of images and clippings from various sources and included some phrases coined by Leary.

At first we thought the scrapbook was a gift for us and we started to leave with it. We paused, however, to question whether it belonged to the owner of the house, but then remembered it was my family's house. Unsure whether it should be seen by others, we started to place the book in a grocery sack to hide it. Then we decided to take another look at its content. We carefully examined the first fifteen to twenty pages and were astonished at just how plain dumb the whole thing was. Waves of embarrassment poured over us and we felt ashamed for the entire generation of followers this kind of sloppy thinking and naïve experimenting had inspired. It lacked the intellectual precision behind building a laser, the tonal alignment and excitement of a well-tuned Steinway, and the tasty aesthetics of home cooked turkey, dressing, and peas. We put the book back in the narrow crack and decided to leave it behind. The last thing the world needed was for this pile of scraps to be circulated again. It belonged next to the refrigerator where cold items find their home before they make it to the brown paper bag and trash can.

We starkly realized the extent to which Timothy Leary and his enthusiasts ultimately followed yeti rather than eland tracks. He and his comrades also demonstrated how easy it is to proliferate ridiculous conspiracy theories and half-baked mumbo-jumbo nonsense among lazy, hazy minds. The counterculture of the 60s ultimately brought nothing new to the kitchen table, dining room, or living room. The old scraps of superstition and pseudo-magical thinking of the Middle Ages were found re-bound inside a puffed-up cover made of fake leather, missing a true title. The prophet or bishop of the counterculture was not even all that



crazy. He simply regurgitated the same individualistic, non-ecosystemic paradigm and therefore was lazy and not crazy enough in any radically aesthetic, ecstatic, cybernetic, and ethical manner. The future subsequently reaped the spoiled fruit and rotten scraps whose decay further delayed a spiritual awakening that would make a difference to emptying the bowl, finding the 222, and feeling piezoelectricity.

The next morning we wondered whether Joanna had left that scrapbook in our visionary adventure. It made us giggle to imagine that she had crossed over to find that elands have more fun than yetis. We'll never know, nor will we ponder any of this for long. What we do know is that if there is no base sacred emotion, no big room can be built for altering the mind of history. Without sacred cornerstones that are differentiated from the feel goods and high times of a soulless hedonistic party, there are only leftover scraps among the trash bags near the refrigerator rather than holy bread served near the fire.

Be careful what books, ideas, cutouts, and scraps you reach for and the overseer you decide will guide your spiritual life. Leave the past desires and exaggerations of adolescence behind and aim for the higher innocent childhood of wisely ripened elderhood. Be leery of Leary and his gang. They offer no sacred ecstatic bang. Run with the elands and catch their song and dance. The ideological stance of the psychedelic experience is purposefully designed for the big me psyche, rather than setting the little me soul on fire.

The next night Brad dreamed that we returned to his family house again:

This time, however, we noticed something we had missed before—there was a beautiful pool in the backyard. It was not a recreational swimming pool, but a special place for healing and transformation. Its water was holy. We heard a voice on high say, "This is the baptismal pool—it changes everything." We were immediately inspired to try an odd experiment. We ran to the kitchen and grabbed hold of *The Black Book* and decided to dunk it in the pool of water. Afterward we opened the book and suddenly found we were now in a different room. We had been transported to an orchard full of perfectly ripe fruit that was ready to pick.

We then examined the same opening page in the book, the one with the black and white graphic design whose Latin words referred to "Episcopal." This time we sensed the context of the page, something that was invisible to us the first time we saw it. We could now tell that it had been contributed by Alan Watts, an Episcopalian priest whose passion for liturgical ritual and Zen Buddhism was at times outweighed by his own desire for carnal pleasure. He ran with the same crowd as Timothy Leary and struggled with alcoholism, which is understandable in a contextual room that encouraged chemical indulgence. Page by page we looked through the book with new eyes and saw the origin of Timothy Leary's

cutouts: they were fruit plucked from the orchard by various like-minded pickers in whose hands it went rotten whenever the whole ecology of relations was forgotten.

In that moment we delightfully recognized we were in the Garden of Eden, the First Creation home to spiritual fruit, seiki veggies, and n/om meat. Here pilgrims come to either change the room of their lives or to pluck a truth and use it as a charm or decoration for a former small room that is focused on fulfilling yeti desire. The latter scraps better belong in the trash bag that is next to the refrigerator. Though they emit the glittery appearance of cool wisdom, altered spirituality, and hip experience, in truth they are small room treats for addictive trickster appetites in the yeti recreation room.

In the dream we tossed *The Black Book* back in the pool to soak and went back inside the house. We remembered that this title was also the name of a secret diary-like book Carl Jung kept of his experimental “confrontations with his unconscious.” It was only published many years after his death—it pointed to experiences he would later interpret after his explanatory devices had developed. Our thoughts on Jung were interrupted by seeing the large number of people who had gathered in the living room. It was like a big Italian family reunion during the holiday season. An old man with a large mustache, clearly the head of the family, stepped forward. We realized we were no longer in my old adolescent home but somewhere else.

The old man leaned over and spoke to us as if he were addressing the whole Guild:

Live your life to celebrate one joy for each day. I personally keep it simple. Yesterday I celebrated a scoop of spumoni gelato. Today I celebrate a meatball. If you feel like complaining, whining, or moaning about yourself or your relations with others, then go take a dip in the pool. Follow that with something tasty from Mama’s kitchen. Get over yourself. Spumoni and meatballs are more interesting.

I then looked to my right and saw the old man’s son. He was my former driver and photographer in the Kalahari, Paddy Hill. He and I had ventured to every Bushman village for decades. As usual, he was laughing. Before I could ask why his family had changed from Scottish to Italian, he answered with an expression he often used when an unexpected opportunity for adventure crossed our paths: “If not, why not?”

We felt ready to celebrate, like a Kalahari Bushman, whatever n/om meat and sweet treat comes our way. Hillary and I then noticed that we were dripping wet—we must have taken a plunge in the backyard pool. We broke into a song we love from *A Chorus Line*, laughing and weeping with joy as we sang:

Kiss today goodbye  
And point me to tomorrow  
We did what we had to do  
Won't forget, can't regret  
What I did for love

Sacred Ecstatics follows the oldest song and dance trails to the Kalahari treasure. The n/om-kxoasi do not sit around and share their inner states. They talk about meat, whether they need to hunt for it, cook it, or deliver it to others. More like an Italian family feast, they feel they are meeting for the eating. The saints of Sacred Ecstatics avoid the cultural and spiritual error that hosts room-shrinking via over-sharing and dirty laundry airing, whether it's in the form of a confession booth, psychoanalytic couch, secular courtroom, religious inquisition hearing, 1960s encounter group, or modern-day "council practice" where you can drop any stink-and-shrink you like in the room as long as you're holding the talking stick and "speaking your truth." There is no inherent need to dig up, examine, and publicly share inner dirt, spoiled fruit, and leftover scraps. Throw the latter in a trash bag, dispose, then don't look back—let the former man and woman go.

Sacred Ecstatics first and foremost points you toward the pool whose holy water soak brings instant rebirth and enables the whole orchard to return. In its wholeness, you express joy for each spumoni scoop from the cold and each warm meatball from the oven. Do everything for love. Forget wallowing in regret. Kiss today then say goodbye to sorting out the past or present. In the newborn living room, follow the pointing. Do what you have to do, but do it in the big room. There you won't forget, can't regret what you do for love. Everyone at an old-fashioned Italian family reunion knows why the food tastes so good to their contrarian children. It has nothing to do with a secret additive, magical pill, or naïvely preplanned thrill. It's about preparing a morsel of love. Love is made in the kitchen, then served with love, and finally eaten as love. 1, 2, 3, it's all about the love, the highest fruit of God.

The first crossroads is found near the refrigerator. Do you choose to follow *The Black Book* that is residing near the trash bags? Or do you dip it in the pool of First Creation that results in room transformation? The new incarnation of *The Black Book* sheds new light on the context of its scraps that are now revealed as another iteration of promoting sex, drugs, and rock and roll. After the book and you are drenched in holy water, the big room helps you let go of those scraps and follow the way that breaks the former hex, duds, and hard rock consciousness. This other

trail raises the grateful dead who are hungry to hunt, cook, and share the n/om, heat, and meat. Its rolling rocks lead to the dreaming stones.

As we move forward with our experiments, above all else make sure your calls and responses—whether voiced as reports or reactions—are helping everyone stay in the room being built rather than taking us back to a refrigerator with a scrapbook of personal and interpersonal crap. Then ask if you have taken a dip in the backyard pool before looking again at that book, now seeing it is time to let it go. Then express gratitude for spumoni, meatballs, or whatever spiritually edible fruit the Creator has brought to you today. Keep it simple. We are celebrating a delicious Medjool date at the moment. Thank you, Lord, for another date with this Middle East feast.

### ***The Recent Shift***

We posted the following letter online to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild:

In the recent visionary downloads that have come down, a tectonic shift took place in the Sacred Ecstatics Guild laboratory. Make sure this change is now concentrated in your everyday. Here it is as it was articulated from the visions, “At the Crossroads” and “Osumi Sensei Makes a House Call”. We blended the teaching into one statement:

Sacred Ecstatics is easy and natural if you follow its instructions. Be careful about constantly lamenting about how difficult it is to get cooked, because this can shrink the room and feed the wrong kind of doubt that brings a wallowing pout. Osumi Sensei was adamant that her patients and their families have great faith and trust in seiki and the process of healing. This is another way of saying you must pour the right base emotion before you take action. Have no doubt that you are standing and sleeping underneath a seiki thunderstorm where you are getting drenched. Act like this downpour and flood of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are happening, and constantly adjust how you act until you feel this.

Expressing lamentation and open confession of big me feelings of hesitation, frustration, or resistance are the reverse of this teaching. The latter have nothing to do with climbing the ladder and maintain an emphasis on the metaphors that shrink and chill the room. Yes, life can be a struggle, but everyone is already skilled at that habit of constantly emphasizing how tricky and stubborn trickster is. Don't miss the change that recently arrived. Here it is, again:

Sacred Ecstatics is easy and natural if you follow its instructions. Be careful about constantly lamenting about how difficult it is to get cooked, because this can shrink the room and feed the wrong kind of doubt that brings a wallowing pout. Osumi Sensei was adamant that her patients and their families have great faith and trust in seiki and the process of healing. This is another way of saying you must pour the right base emotion before you take action. Have no doubt that you are standing and sleeping underneath a seiki thunderstorm where you are getting drenched. Act like this downpour and flood of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are happening, and constantly adjust how you act until you feel this.

Make sure little me is reading so there is no reverse reaction of room shrinkage. Choose the excitation that reverberates with exiting small room habituation. Another visionary teaching will be posted tomorrow to help keep this tectonic shift shaking and quaking our sacred ground. In the spirit of the 222, we'll leave you with this teaching a third time:

Sacred Ecstatics is easy and natural if you follow its instructions. Be careful about constantly lamenting about how difficult it is to get cooked, because this can shrink the room and feed the wrong kind of doubt that brings a wallowing pout. Osumi Sensei was adamant that her patients and their families have great faith and trust in seiki and the process of healing. This is another way of saying you must pour the right base emotion before you take action. Have no doubt that you are standing and sleeping underneath a seiki thunderstorm where you are getting drenched. Act like this downpour and flood of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are happening, and constantly adjust how you act until you feel this.

No pathology, no tragedy, no eulogy—that's another trickster room hijack. Change your shoes. Wear some Nike's and just do it. Actually, forget the shoes: Just do it. We're not asking you to have magical thinking, but rather to *act* that a downpour and flood of seiki, n/om, and holy spirit are happening. Perform the action that builds the big room, rather than only imagine it. Positive thinking is never enough and may breed a misfire. Taking the action of big room construction is what must be fed with belief that anything may subsequently happen, and that

what happens is under higher will and not assessed by big me preferences and references.

This shift is meant to both inspire and humble, liberate and pugilate (kick yeti butt into action). It reflects the spirit of prayer that is best tasted when warmed up:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
Each stone is my pillow, I shall sleep well.  
The lineage ropes are gifts from the saints, I shall not doubt.  
The prayer lines are my tracks to God, I shall follow them.  
Surely piezoelectricity shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell among the stones of the Lord forever.

***"Today I Celebrate Green Chiles!"***

After Brad dreamed about the large, Italian family gathering where an old man celebrated a scoop of spumoni gelato and a meatball, he dreamed we enjoyed a meal together:

In the dream, we were waiting to be served a meal while discussing how the hunt for n/om, along with catching, cooking, and sharing heat, is not in the realm of contemplating abstractions. It is a multi-sensory reality that hosts the pinnacle experience of sacred ecstasy. It's more like "a scoop of a triple lineage dessert with a main sphere for meating God." We laughed as we defined these two food items:

*spumoni*: a kind of ice cream with different layers of flavor and color, often made with bits of fruit and nuts.

*Meatball*: a small ball of ground meat often mixed with breadcrumbs and seasonings before it is cooked. Usually served with a sauce.

We then noticed that we were unsure whether we were in New Mexico or Old Mexico. It seemed like we were in both places at the same time. Our meal was served and on my plate were two roasted green chile peppers. I tasted each and announced, "This is the best chile pepper I have ever tasted." When I realized it was somehow both a Hatch green chile from New Mexico and a jalapeño from Old Mexico, I woke up. After I told Hillary the dream, she replied. "That's the joy you can celebrate today—those green chiles."

Thus, the original instructions for how to live that began in the Kalahari have now arrived and are alive wherever you are now. The new and old news is the same: It's an invitation for an ecstatic celebration. Life is a feast served every day. Celebrate each bite that brought you joy. Today I celebrate a pair of hot green chile peppers from New and Old Mexico. Hello, Hello! Jalapeño! Hatch!

### *Mulgrew*

Hillary dreamed she was back in a university classroom:

The room felt old and traditional with dark wood paneling, dark blue walls, and small wooden desks. It was the last day of the semester and the professor, an African American woman, announced she was giving us a unique form of final exam. She then handed everyone a Blue Book, the kind I formerly used to write my exams in high school before the digital era. The professor instructed, "I will give you two hours to hand write an original short story about Mulgrew." This was the name of a deity we had been studying in the course. In the dream it felt like a female goddess, although its gender indication was too wobbly to know for certain. I was very excited about this unexpected creative opportunity to invent a new story about Mulgrew.

I sat at my desk for quite a long time pondering the story I would write, jotting down many notes and sentence fragments. Suddenly I realized it was almost 8pm and class ended in thirty minutes. Many of the students had already finished and gone home. I knew I had to hurry and put my story on paper even though I still wasn't sure exactly how it would end. I hoped the full plot and ending would evolve as I wrote. The first sentence made with my pencil was:

"Nothing," said Mulgrew. Upon hearing these words, Nothing was surprised...

In the dream, I was instantly aware that I intended to proceed with some kind of literary wordplay where the name of the second character in the story, "Nothing," was the first word spoken by Mulgrew. The point was to leave it ambiguous whether Mulgrew was about to expound on the concept of nothing or was addressing the character by name. I woke up from the dream before writing anything else.

The first thought that came to my mind upon waking was that Mulgrew is the first name of a famous jazz pianist from Mississippi, Mulgrew Miller (1955-2013). Then I chuckled at my emphasis on the word "nothing" in the story, even making

it the name of a character. I knew this must be my love for Zen Buddhism coming through.

Lately I have been frequently contemplating how important the teaching of emptiness or “no self” is to spiritual experience. I don’t say much about it because it easily falls into abstract discourse, but I feel very strongly that without feeling this truth deep inside you it’s not possible to truly wake up (which is, of course, the main practical teaching of Buddhism.) The doctrine of emptiness was the first religious teaching that got its hooks in me. “It completely clears all pain,” as one line from the Heart Sutra says, and I feel that is true. My former Zen teacher, Roshi Ekyoku, often said, “Zen is the path to becoming a nobody.” I also remembered a recent conversation with Brad about Osumi Sensei’s daughter, Masako, who said of her life and art, “The purpose of my life is to become nothing.” She wanted only the pure creative creation of her art to come forth, unhindered by ego.

I first learned of Mulgrew Miller through Brad. Mulgrew was known for being highly respected and imitated by jazz pianists, though underrated when it came to fame and popularity. Speaking in an interview about this dynamic he said:

I have moments, but I don’t allow myself to stay discouraged for long...I worked hard to maintain a certain mental and emotional equilibrium. It’s mostly due to my faith in the Creator. I don’t put all my eggs in that basket of being a rich and famous jazz guy. That allows me a certain amount of freedom, because I don’t have to play music for money. I play music because I love it. I play the kind of music I love with people I want to play with. I have a long career behind me. I don’t have to apologize to anybody for any decisions I make.<sup>25</sup>

Let us follow the purer and emptier artists like Mulgrew who won’t forget and can’t regret what they did for love rather than money and fame. And those, like Masako, who created in order to erase the self. Mulgrew and Masako have both gone on to the furthest shore. Let’s cross over, meet, and join them while we’re still alive! *Gate, gate, paragate, parasamgate, bodhi svaha!*<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>25</sup><https://tedpanken.wordpress.com/2013/05/29/mulgrew-miller-r-i-p-1955-2013-a-downbeat-article-and-several-interviews/>

<sup>26</sup> This is the famous mantra chanted at the end of the Heart Sutra. Although it is usually translated to English as, “Gone, Gone, Gone beyond, Gone utterly beyond,” *para* in Sanskrit actually refers to “the further shore,” as if standing and looking across to the other side of a river. So *paragate, parasamgate* is “gone away to the further shore, gone completely away to the further shore.”

<https://www2.kenyon.edu/Depts/Religion/Fac/Adler/ReIn260/Heartmantra.htm>



Life is short, like a two-hour exam. You are given the opportunity to write a short story on Mulgrew. Will she or he start the conversation with nothing in order to explore the aesthetics and ecstasies of living mystery? Or will your story keep asking who you and others really are and remain lost in uninterrupted assessment, naming, framing, and mood swinging whose ups and down never get past the first sentence?

Mulgrew and Masako followed the beat of the drummer that led to the studio. The other temptation to be a somebody misses the call to higher action. Here you chase repeated confirmation that you are really something, leaving behind faith in the Creator and the sacrifice of self that is required to be a participant in the art of creation. The Heart Sutra, delivered by the bodhisattva of Big Love (who incidentally is depicted sometimes as male, sometimes female) breaks up the frame of fame, names, and yeti games to get through the gate that tenders and surrenders to love rather than hardens the importance of any *thing*. Without nothing, there is no empty bowl. What's left is a rock without a spark and a life that is unable to wobble in the 222.

Reset! 1, 2, 3, go back to school. Here's your Blue Book; you'll receive it once you throw *The Black Book* away. Its blank pages offer a better way of handling the existential blues. What new life will you create? You have two hours left to write about Mulgrew. Remember how Masako did not *mull* over this—instead she *grew* her art. That's the crossroads that leads to your epitaph. What will be said of you? "She or he mulled" or "she or he grew?" Create to get through the gate. No matter the medium, stay in the middle where the wobble never settles into anything as it passes through everything.

*Postscript:*

After Hillary told Brad her dream, she checked the morning Sacred Ecstasies Guild reports and was delightfully surprised to find this entry from Atina: "My first thought this morning was *my assignment today is to hand write this paragraph and swim in the pool of words as I do so.*" She was referring to a recent passage we posted online about having total faith in the mysteries of Sacred Ecstasies and the importance of pouring the right base of sacred emotion. After reading Atina's comment, we recalled that one month prior, Brad told the Guild that Mulgrew Miller is one of his "keyboard saints." Atina had replied to Brad, "Thank you so much for reuniting me with Mulgrew! He was an inspiration decades ago and I've been searching for his name."

It looks like *Ir* mystery is in play so please feel invigorated to pray and celebrate that we are on our way to the nothingness required by the empty bowl, making it more able to host the triple-rope mystery of 222 and the alternating current of piezoelectricity. Mulgrew grew his emptiness and Masako poured seiki into art. Why don't you follow the footprints they left in the sand?

Those footprints will take you to the spiritual crossroads, a place we all recently visited together in dream. There you find yourself deciding whether the purpose of your life is to prove you are really something or whether you aim to cross the shore into the ineffable nothing that holds all being. Sacred Ecstasies recasts this fork in the road as the path of big me maintaining

small room residency versus little me living in a room so vast that it dissolves any sense of a separate, solid self.

After Hillary's dream, we found this additional wisdom from our new Sacred Ecstatics saint, Mulgrew Miller:

I started playing in the church by ear at age eight . . . I knew many of the hymns by ear before taking piano lessons. While growing up, I heard the many styles of religious music as I was required to play in a variety of denominational settings. I heard piano styles that sounded like stride, boogie, even accomplished classically trained keyboardists. One thread that seemed to run through these styles was the inflection of the blues. In fact, the blues were a big part of the total musical fabric in the Mississippi Delta.

To this day, I remain a big lover of hymns. Their melodies are memorable and when sung or played in the African American folk feeling we call the blues, they seem to seep into the depths of one's soul. The blues as a form is an American invention. But the blues as a feeling comes from Africa. I've heard it in archival recordings of tribal rituals and chants. I've long disagreed with the long-held belief that the blues were simply about suffering, being "down and out." The blues is about surviving suffering: longing, that chronic, insatiable and intrinsic longing of the soul for its Maker. Somehow, love is in the midst of it. The marriage of religious music to the blues has made for an expression of powerful cultural significance.<sup>27</sup>

### ***Erroll Garner Teaches Us About the Double Compass***

Brad dreamed we were backstage with Erroll Garner at Carnegie Hall:

We chatted about music and life and were surprised to hear him speak of Sacred Ecstatics. That's when we realized we were actually in a First Creation visionary classroom. Erroll then went on stage and played his heart out, stirring up as much soulful fire, body sweat, and jubilant radiation as a Kalahari n/om dance. Afterwards he came back and said to us, "I give them the right ratios." Then he winked and smiled, inviting our conversation to move to his apartment upstairs. We recognized that some of the audience had come backstage and overheard Erroll's words. They acted like they knew exactly what he was talking about even though they didn't have a clue, and this display interfered with what Erroll was trying to communicate.

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<sup>27</sup> Reference Brad's music book live Mulgrew

Once in his apartment, which was packed with records and paintings, Erroll sat at his piano and started to play a few measures. He paused and repeated his earlier teaching again, this time with a slightly different twist: “Every note and chord must have the right ratios, both on and off the beat.” We asked him to elaborate but instead he turned to the piano and continued playing the song. As he embodied the teaching in his music, we heard him speak in our minds. This is what we heard conveyed in the inner speech that was perfectly aligned with the outer music:

Achieving the right ratios requires using a double compass. This orienting device has two needles that are pulled by the surrounding energy field. One compass needle points you toward a base emotion while the other needle points you to a primary metaphor; both initiate the construction of a room. Each needle has two opposite pointing tips that correspond to the pairing of your big me and little me. Here you find two ratios: the relative proportion of big me and little me attention given to the heart’s emotion and the mind’s metaphor. You are always doubly led by these two double-tipped compass needles. When I say, “I give them the right ratios,” I mean I put the right kind and proportion of emotion and thought into each note and the performance as a whole. It’s not something you can accomplish only with your conscious mind, however. This is another 222 for you to chew on, like biting the Zen nail in the New Orleans blacksmith shop that is made to pierce you in the blazing Kalahari fire circle!

Erroll then broke into a musical interlude that sounded like one of his signature wild introductions, his own style of ECI that hides recognition of the melody he is about to play. His teaching continued through the music as we internally heard him speak these words:

Be careful which tip of the arrow you follow when it comes to the base emotion and primary metaphor, as well as their pairings that constitute both ratios. There will always be an inner battle between big me and little me over emotion, cognition, and their interacting relationship. Big me, also known as trickster, will masquerade as little me or will reframe and reverse whatever base emotion or primary metaphor little me offers. Remember that trickster is a deceiver. When trickster has a hold on your emotions or thoughts,

you almost always embody the opposite or a bent distortion of what you believe your little me intends. It is easy to become double bound and spun by these two two-tipped compass needles if your compass is missing the oldest means of calibration, realignment, and tuning: spiritual cooking, Kalahari style. Make sure your ratios lean toward the little me arrow tips that point to the source and force of creation.

Owning n/om, seiki, or the holy spirit is what keeps your mystical senses focused on the little me arrow tips. Only then can you smell when your emotional feelings and cornerstone metaphors are on or off, and this is equally true for discerning what's going on with others. Be careful, for again, big me is always ready to come in and turn you all around and make you think you're on target when you're actually going in the opposite direction.

In actuality, each of the two compass needles and the interaction between the needles result in three ratios. But all you really need to know is that you need little me to be at least 10%, 11%, greater than 50%, or nearly fully concentrated on its tug and improvised expression to have a chance of making higher jazz.

Here's what I advise for you and the Guild in search of the piezoelectricity and 222 held in the empty Steinway bowl where hovering strings await being plucked by the gods. This is how I enact the Garner touch that expresses the right 222-piezo ratios: Keep moving in circles to assure that the compass needles are spinning. Lose your sense of direction—it will soon wear out big me if you keep on moving round and round. Little me clarity is awakened by big me confusion, ready to sense whatever direction is needed to reach the right emotional tones and metaphor cornerstones, both expressed and performed in the perpetual motion of your whole body. Play the keyboard with all of you, not just your fingers or mind or heart alone. The soulful ratios come through when all of you is involved, aligned, and moving around the many circles.

More cannot be said because after this it is better heard by the mystical senses as the ecstatic stream of sound comes down the rope. I'm feeling hungry. How about you? Did you hear I like to improvise cooking as well? There I also keep my ratios and rations leaning toward the right cut of meat. I heard you've been tasting some spumoni, meatballs, and green chiles. Let's see what I can

cook up for you. I shall walk around the kitchen and allow my double compass to guide tonight's offering.

Perhaps a frosty malty misty followed by a where or when ball of lasagna with a special Garnerism garnish added for spice? Go ahead and try out my piano. Give it a spin and don't stop to think too much about anything said or read. Aim to get hungrier as I move my cooking to the kitchen, circling back to heat the jazz of your sacred ecstatic lives. It's all about serving and receiving the right ratio in the Life Force Theatre show held at the 222-piezo-bowl of Carnegie Hall that is still across the street from the Carnegie Deli in First Creation's Eden of shape-shifting vegetation whose excitation delivers a bite of The Big Apple.

### ***Holy Bread***

For several nights in a row, Brad dreamed that we were offered three plates, each holding a large piece of holy bread. Each time something later happened in the dream that he afterward forgot. Brad only remembers the three plates of holy bread and that he took a bite before waking. He never shared this repeating dream with Hillary, thinking it hadn't quite come all the way over from the other side yet. But then last night we each dreamed of bread. First, Hillary's dream:

Brad and I were at someone else's large family holiday feast. Our son was also there, and he had just come into the house from a long run. One of the guests complimented him on his physical fitness. Besides Scott, however, we didn't know anyone else. While he went to get changed, Brad and I were left to mingle and make small talk, something we often find torturous. We were also feeling very hungry and dinner seemed to be running late. One of the hosts could tell we were getting restless and mentioned that some bread had just come out of the oven. She suggested we sit down at the table and enjoy some.

Relieved that there was some tasty warm bread on the way, we sat down at one of the tables that had been set up in the house to accommodate the big gathering. Each person was served a single hot dinner roll on a small side plate. We joined a few other people who were already seated. Brad and I didn't talk to anyone and only concentrated on the bread. A young wealthy man wearing an expensive suit was seated next to me at the head of the table. He seemed extremely full of himself and radiated the vibe of entitlement to whatever he desired. As Brad started slathering his dinner roll with butter, the man next to me started talking about the bread. Before I could start buttering the roll on my plate, the man reached over and started casually touching it, the way you might

thoughtlessly handle an object when you're on the phone and don't realize what the rest of you is doing. I was horrified and disappointed because now I couldn't eat it. He saw my expression and just said, "What's the problem? You can still eat it." I was disgusted at his thoughtlessness and obviously poor sense of hygiene. Brad, of course, offered to split his dinner roll with me.

In Brad's dream, occurring at the same time as mine, we were with the entire Guild at a dining hall where we were also breaking bread together:

A former older member of the community, who is not with us this year, was there chatting away. I pulled up a chair and asked how he was doing. Before he could speak, I remembered that he was no longer with us, though in the dream I felt he was. This incongruence shocked me. After noticing that he had a plastic basket filled with cold bread near his plate, I compassionately asked about his health which had been a longstanding issue, "How's your blood pressure doing?" I couldn't hear his response because I was still confused by the strong feeling that he was emotionally so present and yet he was supposedly physically gone. Or was it the other way around? Was he physically there but gone in another way—emotionally or spiritually? I woke up feeling the same wobble and uncertainty about his relationship to the holy bread served by Sacred Ecstatics.

Later that night, Brad had a second dream. It brought us a teaching about the relationship of seeking, sharing, and eating holy bread:

Hillary and I were in a classroom that looked like a dining room. The teacher, wearing a baker's apron, came to teach us about holy bread. He placed three plates of bread on the table and asked us to take a bite of each. He asked, "What do you notice?" It was obvious to us that each plate held the same kind of bread but that each piece was at a different temperature. One plate's holy bread was hot, the other plate's bread was warm, and the last bread was only a notch above room temperature.

The master baker then invited us to take another bite of each serving and asked us to notice how each piece made us feel. The bread that was barely warm made us feel like the room had expanded along with our heart's capacity to feel good about gathering with others to spiritually cook. It made us soft and tender enough to enter the big room. The warmer piece of bread made us want to sing and shout. With butter and jam, it was a heavenly delight. It seemed to be the bread of ecstasy. The final piece of bread seemed almost too hot to hold or eat. But when we did, it made us rise above the former emotion and feel the sacred

vibration beyond all other sensory experience. We were unable to speak, as if caught by the rapture of its alternating piezoelectricity that threw us in the 222-wobble of numinous mystery. It was almost too much to take in.

The teacher of holy bread replied,

Very good. You have climbed the holy bread ladder amidst this table for communion. The ladder is aligned with the spiritual thermometer and its ascending degrees of heat. Now try some of the warm bread from the middle plate again. Pay attention to what now feels different about it.

When we tasted the warm bread with melted butter and dripping jam, it had a different effect on us than before. We felt an impossible simultaneous conjunction of steady stillness and intense vibratory movement—our body seemed still as our head vibrated at a high frequency. It was an experience I and other ecstasies I have known have had many times over the years. Here the wobble is hyper-real—so vibrantly and physically real that you are not sure whether you will pass out from dizziness or leap into another dimension from blissful excitement.

Before we could respond, the teacher explained,

That's the holy bread gate. You go through it on the way up and go through it again on the way back. Each time you feel the wobble of the transitional gate—it is exciting, confusing, and interrupting to what comes before and after. The holy bread is an ECI gate to both sides.

You may feel that the holy bread brings higher 222 piezo when you descend the temperature ladder. That's because you are moving in a circle rather than a line. Coming down is making another round inside the turning wheel. The mystical wheel is also the miller's wheel and the millstone is also the cornerstone. You feel this to be true especially when you are in the middle wobble warmth when everything is oozing with melting butter and dripping with sweet jam.

He went on to address the table manners required when you come to the table where holy bread is served:

Don't be in a hurry to ponder which plate is better, hotter, or holier. Each plate brings its unique and perfect ecstatic gift that is ready for reception when held in relation to the other plates. Don't reach over and try to touch or experience someone else's bread because your serving is the one that is now perfect for you. Do not covet thy neighbor's holy bread and risk missing the taste that brings you a better matched delight. Furthermore, when you are too full of knowing you won't notice what you are doing—reaching for another person's gift rather than learning to own your own.

Finally, make sure that you don't confuse high blood pressure with high spiritual temperature. Come to the table where all of you, including your physical condition, spiritual stage, and years of age will receive the holy bread best fitting your present need.

We wanted to ask the teacher more about the wobble, the middle warm bread that is received after getting near the fire. It seemed to be the most important teaching of the night. He was delighted to hear our interest and did not hesitate to answer:

Every degree of temperature brings a different form of sacred emotion, the spectrum of joy fed by eating holy bread. Furthermore, with each slice there is a different kind of jubilation and vibration. The rarest of these bakery treasures is what seekers of the mystery manna hunt for—the wobble whose excitement, confusion, and interruption results in the most miraculous moments of participation in divine creation. Take another bite and let me demonstrate.

I reached for that warm middle bread and this time it threw me into the high vibration before I even touched it. I saw the wobble with second eyes as a multi-colored vibrant fog, a heavenly light show that was beyond my wildest imagination. "Concentrate," the baker shouted. I threw all of my senses and awareness into absorbing this vibratory bread and the light turned into sound—it became extraordinary music. Then it went back to light and then back to music again. The alternation finally became a unity of synesthetic seeing and hearing, a combinatory multi-sensory experience that was more emotionally felt than seen or heard. The baker spoke again:



Remember this the next time three plates of holy bread come your way. They are from different lineages of baking that prefer a different temperature for serving. Some bread is more for the eyes, and other bread is more for the ears. And some bread alternates or combines the two. During the second round of ecstatic cooking and dining, the middle brings a wobble that goes past former modes of sensation and their combination. It awakens the highest sacred emotion, something only felt in the utmost frequency vibration of the middle warmth where butter melts and longs for a holy jam session. Enjoy every kind of holy bread and be focused on the bread that is now on your plate, served from on high. Concentrate fully in order to experience another edible, audible, visible, and emotional round at the mystery dining table.

This year's Guild began with Brad envisioning Dominic *climbing the stairs* to arrive in Grandmother Doe's kitchen where he was served the *sacred ecstasy* of her fresh baked holy bread, dripping with melted butter. In the dream Dominic had slept underground in the basement of Brad's grandparents' house where he was ceremonially *communing with Thee*. This dream foreshadowed his later reception of seiki, given to his little me on the other side. Other Guild members subsequently received seiki and other spiritual gifts, while either asleep or awake in either this side or the other side of First and Second Creation. We are learning that no matter what you receive, knowingly or unknowingly, the holy bread is served at a wide range of temperature. Any serving from any of the three main plates is uniquely delicious, deserving a celebration of appreciation for each daily blessing of joy sent from above.

### ***Cracking the Code of the Middle Wobble***

Before Hillary dreamed of being instructed to compose a story about "Mulgrew," she earlier in the night had a dream in which she was sitting on the porch of an old home from the 1930s:

We were selling our house and the new owner was on his way to take possession. It felt like we were in New Orleans, but it was not the same house and neighborhood we live in now. We had no clue why we were moving—there was no obvious reason and I felt ambivalent about it all. I went outside and sat down on the front porch to take one last look at our surroundings. The yard and neighborhood were filled with trees and a long, winding road led straight from our porch far out into the horizon. I felt as if I was just seeing this view for the first time, or perhaps truly appreciating it for the first time. The scene was breathtaking. The road was lined with old oaks and cypress trees. Golden light

streamed through the trees like it does in the late afternoon when the sun is lower in the sky. I thought, “What an extraordinarily beautiful view we have right from our front door.”

The dream seemed unfinished, so we waited to report it and shared the Mulgrew vision with the Guild instead. The next night, Brad received the “the double compass” from Erroll Garner who revealed that he played every musical note with the “right ratios,” that is, the right concentration of emotion and thought offered by both little me and big me. Following the Erroll dream, we listened that day to an interview with the late jazz pianist, Mulgrew Miller. He emphasized that the key to his jazz aesthetic was playing every note with all his emotion while putting his whole life story in it—similar to the teaching brought down from Erroll Garner. We felt a new mystical buzz in the air and had a sense that Mulgrew Miller and Erroll Garner, along with Charles Henry and W. A. Wigram, among others, were in a conference on the other side working out new details concerning the engineering behind soulful ecstatic performance. Brad asked for further developments and then conducted his prayers to empty the bowl for higher mystery reception. A dream subsequently arrived, announcing it would “crack the code of the middle wobble.” It came as an enigma that had to be deciphered by the same means its message conveyed:

I was in the old house of my childhood that was built in the 1930s, the parsonage next to the country church in Smithville Missouri. My bedroom was at the front of the house with a window looking onto the front porch. Hillary and I were now there as adults and we owned the house. There was a Steinway concert grand piano in the living room and my former bedroom had the digital keyboard I now play. I was suddenly inspired to move the digital keyboard to the porch overlooking the yard.

In the past the covered porch had no screens—it was exposed to the outside elements. In the dream, however, there appeared to be a screen that was also a window—it wobbled back and forth between these two forms, enabling the keyboard to be protected without blocking my view of the yard or the outside breeze. After setting up the digital piano, I proceeded to enjoy playing at the edge of the porch on the right side, feeling both inside and outside the house.

The next day, three young people came to our front yard with musical instruments. They looked like some of the young “old timey” street musicians in New Orleans who dress up and play music from the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. But we were in a small country town rather than the city. Two of the wandering minstrels were women who also looked like mythological nature nymphs who had just come out of the woods with dabs of dirt on their cheeks and holes torn in their white dresses. They were singers and played a variety of percussion instruments.

It struck me that two singers are needed to create musical harmony. They came with a man who wore glasses and had unruly long hair. He brought his own portable keyboard and had the look of a serious scholar and true seeker of obscure truth. They were the kind of artists you'd expect to show up in New Orleans or Paris back when bohemian culture thrived, but never in Smithville, Missouri.

When the visitors started to play, I was delighted to hear music from the other side of the wobbly screen-window porch. I decided to play my keyboard to experimentally discover whether they could also hear my music from their side. To my surprise, my digital keyboard instantly transformed to an old upright piano. Then it alternated between being the former digital keyboard and the upright. This oscillation seemed both natural and unnatural, but I kept on playing as I fell further under the wakeup spell of this back and forth changing. The young man was also captivated by this alternating phenomenon and started to take his own instrument apart as if he could redesign it and plug it in to the electrical outlet on our porch.

As he tinkered in the yard, I invited the two nymphs into the living room to see the Steinway. They walked in and paid little attention to the musical instrument because they were more charmed by all the mojo objects and art. As the nymphs began to wander around, Hillary greeted them and led them through the house, recognizing they needed a guide.

I felt creative musical, mystical excitement coming from every direction—inside the house with its well-tuned Steinway, outside on the porch, and in the yard. My body tingled with multidimensional energetics. I felt a passion arise that made me want to totally throw myself into playing the music. I wanted to play all the keyboards with every form of energy, mystery, and reality that can be poured into a performance. As the inside and outside began to further blur and whirl, extraordinary music began. It woke me up and I was stunned by the rapturous glory of this poly-reality, wobbly keyboard musicality, and vibratory body instrumentality.

In a daze, I heard a voice say, “We have cracked the code of the middle wobble.” I didn't know if I was dreaming again or still awake, nor did I have a clue who spoke the declaration. But I was flooded with an understanding of what had been conveyed. Every object, scene, and experience in the dream brought the key to unlocking the evocation of sacred ecstasy, the same dynamics behind the art of making art. Whether it's through jazz piano, spiritual cooking, or altering your house to become a mojo-filled altar, the middle wobble comes alive in all these forms and more. In the wobbling of the middle fulcrum of transition and transformation is found the changing of First Creation.

We were advised to cautiously present this mystery, doing so in a special kind of double manner. Any deceptively clear or over-simplified presentation risks ballooning the presumption of understanding that chokes the need to take new action. The key to cracking the code must be offered as a concentrated condensation without dilution or illusion of completion. It requires full concentration with the right kind of emotion and thought to hold its multi-pointing. You are advised to read the following italicized words as quickly as possible, aiming to experience their sentences as blurry. Only slow down your reading rate to fully absorb the boldfaced words. This is how we were advised to tell you how to read what was given from the other side:

*You, as an instrument, alternate between digital and analogical means of expression, like the difference between a digital keyboard and an acoustic piano. Each modality of sound production brings unique advantages as well as limitations, and their alternation enhances perception, modification, and utilization of their differences and similarities.*

*The same is true for verbal and nonverbal communication. The words you think and speak are either incongruently or congruently co-performed with the body's emotional expression. Their degree of alignment becomes discernable during the alternation between modalities.*

**These shifts of musical instrumentation and the two sides (verbal and non-verbal) of body expression do not have to be stuck in a binary oscillation. A trinity arises when the two sides are optimally pulsing to produce the sense of a third participant that is felt but unseen. It is experienced as an identifiable interactional pattern which itself alternates between emergence and dissolution. Here the digital and analogical or verbal and nonverbal mutually generate a "not one, not two" transformation of trickster oscillation into a recursive generator of the sacred vibration, that is, the ineffable "third" hand—the middle wobble code breaker. Its trembling and waving open the gate to vibratory communion with Thee.**

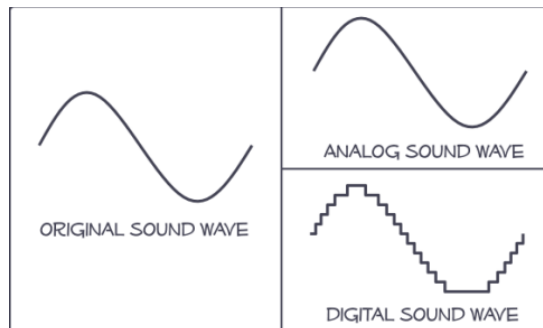
Now please open and shut your eyes, taking a deep breath each time, before approaching the next paragraph. Now sway your body back and forth and ask your little me to internally sing as you read these red-letter words:

**The same dynamic process takes place when communing with Thee. God is both revealed and concealed—alternating between**

creation and destruction, like the dance of Shiva. The prophet speaks in order to silence distracting noise and tune into the holy signal. The rope pulls and is pulled, like opposing magnetic poles. In the middle of the four winds, the compass needles spin. That's the whirlwind and the wheels within wheels that reel you in. Listen, God is speaking, silencing, shouting, alternating, making noise, and creating a reborn signal.

Thank you. Now you may return to the same varied reading rate as before, speeding through the italicized words and slowing down to absorb the boldfaced ones:

*Tesla's sine wave vision in a Budapest park was a spiritual sign for you to listen to how **the original vibration of God's dynamic of creation and communication is received in double ways.** Let us sketch the dual reception of the sacred vibration:*



**The performance stage for these dual modes of divine reception and the emergent third arising from their alteration is found at the screen separating the inside from the outside. Like the scene on the parsonage front porch, music crosses both sides. This is more than a screen of consciousness; it's also a filter of the unconscious—separating noise from signal by whatever the double ratios emphasize with respect to emotion and thought.**

*While the dynamics and engineering of this are digitally and instrumentally explored on the liminal border between the front porch and outside frontier, **the emotional muse of the wild is found modulating, improvising, ululating, and undulating in the heart of the home where double nymphs follow the spiritual***

**mothers of Mother Nature on the harmonic trails.** *There the Steinway and spineway coexist amidst the mojo saturation of synesthesia as color and tonal wheels inspire the changing performance of one another. Inside the home and heart is the ever-doubling big room. It is an altar filled with mojo on the go, moving here and there and everywhere. Don't dare drift from the big room altar's focal points or try to stop its ongoing alterations and alternations, erroneously trying to settle things into overly literal, solid forms.*

And now, the code cracked in verse:

Analogical, digital.

Acoustic, plugged in.

Steinway, spineway.

Mojo focus without too much or too little noisy drift.

Don't miss the mystery found wherever you are.

Don't come and go through Second Creation means, only physically moving from one house to another.

Mystical transportation awaits at the borders of the porch screen and the outside.

Bring your doubles inside and take the mojo tour.

The instruments are everywhere, in different forms.

Making the music of love for everywhere.

Dancing the steps up the ladder.

Soaking in sacred ecstasy,

Inside the altar home,

Flowing in the Wigram stream of First Creation's Second Creation modulations

Be hear now in the sound, rather than here in the physical place.

Become nothing (part of God, not apart from God.)

Go back to the Eden fig, leaf, tree, seed, soil, and empty bowl.

Before the apple topple,

Before Newton saw the gravity of our fall,

After the snake smiled,

After Ouroboros ate,

After love transformed hate.

Hear it, feel it, smell it, taste it, and if you must, see it now,

Do it in the middle, fulcrum, bridge, and crossroads.  
Concentrate on the emotion within and circulating all around, your focus kept inside the altar.  
Alter your action as the double ratios reset themselves into higher alignment.  
All of this and nothing less is needed to create third lines that transcend the second lines of death and resurrection.  
The birth of melodic sound requires changing movements that embody danced knowing.  
Hearing, seeing, and feeling with other senses requires a Bushman nose.  
Knowing how to stand requires sitting on a Japanese seiki bench.  
Saying hello opens the goodbye gate,  
Releasing the whirling trade winds that free the Caribbean jerk, spice, and heat to spread around the globe.  
Empty the bowl—the hollow instrument, hollering voice, and numinous flowing pipe.  
Dive into the 222 of mystery that requires all sides in the inter-play of hard work whose sweat is the blood of art.  
Become piezo, the azurite means of making everything alright in the joy of alternating electricity.  
Welcome to our First Creation home.

### ***The Double Saint Bernards***

In a dream, Brad had an unusual mystical experience with Guild member, Dezsoe Birkas:

I took him to a bedroom on the top floor of an old house. Pointing to the bed, I communicated without words, “This is the place for mystery. You do not have to be asleep to receive a visionary gift.” Upon hearing this, Dezsoe turned into a small boy. He then got on his knees and reached underneath the bed, pulling out what appeared to be a tightly folded blanket. Carefully, he unwrapped it. Each layer he unfolded resulted in a change of the material. Though it began as cloth, it next appeared as soft, pliable clay. It then became organic and began to appear as living flesh. Finally, with the last layer unfolded, Dezsoe uncovered a beautiful St. Bernard dog, the kind used to rescue someone in the Alps during a snowstorm. I noticed that Dezsoe now appeared as a double—a child and an adult. I replied, “There’s your patron saint. Saint Bernard was gifted to you, brother.”

Hillary entered the room and was surprised to discover what had happened, as were Dezsoe and I. He had found his visionary experience underneath the bed rather than while dreaming on top of it. There a saint was unwrapped like a gift,

changing as it was opened. The three of us were all stunned and speechless. We hugged each other and the dog which seemed to be the happiest dog in the world. No one was sure who had rescued whom.

The next morning, we looked up Saint Bernard's biography. Not surprising to us during this time of doubles, there were two saints named Bernard, one from Clairvaux and the other from Montjoux. Saint Bernard of Clairvaux developed "a rich theology of sacred space and music" and called the Virgin Mary the "Star of the Sea," the "Mediatrice" or middle intercessory between humanity and the divinity of Jesus. The primary vision of his life was meeting the Virgin Mary face to face, not in dream, but during the light of day while fully awake. She was accompanied by two angels standing next to her side.

The other Saint Bernard, from Montjoux (sometimes identified as Saint Bernard of Menthon), inspired the name of the dog. This saint developed two hospices at treacherous high passes in the Alps. He was regarded as a most generous host and comforter to those passing through. During snowstorms his monks and their well-trained dogs would rescue those lost and offer them food, clothing, and shelter. It is estimated that he saved 2,500 lives in the Alps. The saying, "He who loves me, loves my dog," is attributed to him. The other Saint Bernard from Clairvaux added, "You will find something more in woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you that which you can never learn from masters."

The dreaming prophets and soaring rockets are placed underneath your sleeping area each night, but the gift of taking such experimental action may arrive while you're awake during the light of day. Crossing back and forth from altar to pillow, little me to big me, small rooms to big room, and from waking to dreaming is the Sacred Ecstasies everyday trek and high mountain climb. Keep communing, climbing, and seeking Thee. Layer after layer will fall away. Follow the double compass by moving round and round the Ouroboros, guided by little me emotion and holy cornerstones. If you find yourself lost in an icy blizzard, have no fear, for the saints are on their way. Follow them and they will lead you safely back to the fire.

Finally, there is an important core teaching in this vision not to be missed: It takes three Bernards, like three ropes, to keep the middle wobble from decaying into a literal solidification. In this case, the trinity came in the form of two human saints and a dog widely known as a true best friend.

### ***The Scarab Storage Box Has Been Installed at the Border of Your Altar***

In First Creation, our altar was gifted with another very important resource to help every Guild member:



In the vision we were staring at our home altar. On the edge of its outside border, we noticed a newly placed box. It had an unusual lid with an iridescent scarab in the center. It reminded us of a past dream Hillary experienced where scarab sculptures were placed around a large patched quilt that honored artists of African descent. In the latest dream a single scarab, which looked like it was made by Tiffany or Zsolnay in the early 1900s, decorated the lid of a mystery box whose contents were unknown. There may have been other scarabs around the sides of the box but we were focused on the lid in the dream. When we opened it, we found numerous cutout pieces of paper with words and phrases written on them, metaphors associated with mysteries from the past or present that were not yet clearly related to the current altar room's metaphors, performance lines, symbols, images, songs, props, and other mojo objects. A voice proclaimed,

This gift is the Guild's Scarab Storage Box. It holds mystery-radiating cutouts that have not yet been woven into the big room undergoing construction. Keep them stored outside the altar border to make sure they don't trigger a drift, cause roof leakage, or precipitate space shrinkage. When it's time for one of these cutouts to become a patch inside the big room's quilt, the scarab will bring it over.

We were next shown a Guild member using the Scarab Storage Box in their home altar. They had gone shopping that day and found a T-shirt with the word, "Sparta" on it. This reminded them of a past dream which mentioned the same exact word. Excited about the reminder of a former mystery, she was tempted to drift away from the Guild experiment presently in play to chase "sparta." Instead, she wrote that word down on a piece of paper and placed it in her Scarab Storage Box. This prevented her from using it as a new cornerstone that would build a room distinct from the present big room under construction. Kept at the outside border, this box reminded her that the cutouts it contained should not be allowed to launch a drift toward erecting another room or contribute to a distracting pile of room-less cutouts littering the current altar. Yet the mystery they held could still radiate while waiting for the time when they might be taken out of storage to expand the current altar room.

The voice on high returned to provide the final teaching of this visionary classroom visitation:

Everyone encounters random cutouts during the course of each day, and sometimes they remind you of a past dream, synchronicity, or curious sentimentality. They tempt you to run away and chase them as a spiritual power sign promising to deliver another magical infusion. Unfortunately, they usually only lead to confusion after the initial trickster excitement wears off. That's because when you chase a random cutout, you leave the current altar room. Even commonly accepted holy things may be distracting room dismantlers when introduced or re-introduced in a way that is disconnected from the current context, room, and stage in play.

What else can you do with the things that randomly pop into your mind, return in memory, or draw your attention in the perceptual field? If they don't fit in the current altar room, do not bring them front and center. Instead, place these cutouts in the Scarab Storage Box and wait to hear whether they are someday called to perform on the altar stage. Meanwhile enjoy their holy radiation but do so from inside the altar room. Again, focus on what is inside the room to further concentrate your presence in it. Paradoxically, it is room concentration, rather than cutout distraction, that expands the possibilities for what can happen. When the room becomes big enough for a previously unfit cutout to find itself as a part of the weave, the scarab will bring it across the border.

The scarab has historically and mythologically led the heart's soulful journey to the other side. The Egyptians enacted this wisdom with their scarab mojo ornamentation. Let your First Creation scarab, made with the same kind of iridescence as your empty bowl, lead the way. The lid is lifted to release a new cutout whenever the big room has expanded enough for the weaver's cross-stitching, chain link, ecological relation, or numinous rope to connect it. This room-building dynamic of utilization and metaphor weaving<sup>28</sup> is something to learn more about in the future—after you've learned how not to so easily drift away. Meanwhile, when synchronicity comes

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<sup>28</sup> This way of handling cutouts is the same primary action for constructing a new reality as specified by our formal analytical tool called, Recursive Frame Analysis (RFA). The visionary teaching presents a practical means of enacting this construction dynamic, a major advancement to developing the performance skills of building the big room. Without reliable discernment and management of big room and small room metaphors (called reality "building blocks" in RFA), there can be no context that hosts change, whether it's called therapy, healing, shamanism, mysticism, or something else. That is, without room expansion combined with the skill of room maintenance, there isn't enough space or concentration to experience the wide spectrum of mystery, spiritual cooking, and the transformation needed for everyday vibrant living.

knocking on your door with something outside the altar room, set your double compass before deciding whether you will spar with two competing rooms or wait until it's time to make it a part of your altar. *Sparta*: "spar" or "part a" the whole. Until it's your altar call, keep out-of-the box cutouts in the box, your new Scarab Storage Spar-ta Start-a Box.

### ***We Have a Letter***

Brad had two powerful dreams. The last one left him trembling:

I first went to a spiritual classroom and received a teaching I was eager to report the next day. It was so strong and vivid that I had no reason to imagine I'd forget any of its details. I went back to sleep and had another visionary experience. This time I dreamed I was wide awake and that Hillary went downstairs to see if we had received a delivery. She opened the front door and shouted back to me, "We have a letter!" She said it so seriously that I felt a panic come over my body, causing me to tremble. I feared we had been sent an official summons from some higher authority, as if charged with a political crime concerning our outspoken criticism of national leaders. Shaken by the urgent, serious tone of Hillary's voice, I immediately headed down the stairs. Halfway down I could see the front door was open and Hillary was still standing still in the doorway. She was holding a large papyrus scroll that she had unrolled. She looked absolutely stunned and repeated what she had said before, but this time added who the letter was from: "We have a letter from Peter."

Her tone had shifted to convey deep astonishment about the extraordinary spiritual gift in her hands. I immediately realized the papyrus letter was from Saint Peter, one of the twelve apostles of Jesus. In addition, I was flooded with certainty that the letter was a lesser-known text, perhaps a secret letter not mentioned in the Bible. Just then the heavens opened and poured the highest jubilation upon us. I woke up trembling with both fear and joy, as if the two forms of God from the Old Testament and the New Testament had made a house call through the prophetic voice of Hillary and the gift delivered to our front door.

We felt as if we'd received a charge or responsibility to face a divine trial determining whether we'd flee or leap with joy over receiving the ancient teaching from the Apostle Peter, the fisherman who was assumed to be illiterate. His written work was always in the form of a letter because he dictated them to a scribe. The authorities on high have sent this particular letter to our community who is hungry for the deep spiritual teaching of numinous bread.

I trembled throughout the rest of the morning and day, even as we looked up historical information about the letters written by Peter. As we researched, I

realized that the excitement of the second dream had completely erased the first dream from my memory. I could not recall any part of it. It had been completely blown away by the unexpected delivery. Perhaps the first dream just served to later re-emphasize how strong the second dream actually had been.

We discovered that beyond the two letters Peter contributed to the Bible, he wrote a less well-known Gnostic letter called “Letter of Peter to Philip” that was found in the Nag Hammadi Library in Egypt. This document begins by addressing the time following the Crucifixion. Peter describes meeting the Apostle Philip at Mount Olives where together they pray twice. After praying, Jesus visits them in the form of a light that came down from the sky to announce, “I am with you forever.”

The mystical light of Jesus then teaches Peter and Philip about the “aeons” and their “pleroma.” Gnostic philosophy back then proposed that the emanation of God comes in multiple forms, called the “aeons.” They comprise the “source of all being” and split to generate the next subsequent form, called “nous” or what we regard as “mind.” As the aeons keep splitting their forms, a network of abstract ideas is built—an ecology of mind. This sounds similar to how we describe the mind’s way of making cutouts to provide the cornerstones and building blocks for building any experiential reality or existential room.

Should the aeons meet with the source from which they emanate—communion with Thee—the result of their interaction is the creation of mystical light. There are as many as thirty different forms of aeons, two of which are named “Christ” and the “Holy Spirit.” The human form of Christ is Jesus, created to teach humanity how to achieve “gnosis,” whose pinnacle experience of “metanoia” eliminates fear of earthly perils, paving the way for a homecoming to the mystical light. Aeons are most similar to the Judeo-Christian conception of angels, along with other servants and manifestations of God. They all exist as beings of light.

The Roman theologian, Valentinus, later would explain that there are five generations (or evolutions) of these aeons, each a pair that is coupled like the complementary relationship of man and woman (the pair is called a syzygie). The first generation is the primal being of nothingness—the pure empty bowl. As mentioned before, when it divides to observe and know itself, mind or “nous” is born, similar to the Bushman trickster side of God.

As new generations of division proliferate, they eventually become sufficiently differentiated and counter-differentiated to develop the contrarian dynamics that can take them back to the big luminous, numinous room for re-absorption and transformation with a higher proportion of spirit in their ratio. However, be warned that with each successive generation of aeons they contain less divine force (or n/om, seiki, and holy spirit) and more saturation with the mind of knowing. The less divine force, the more materiality arises in the aeons’ ratio. The more divine force, the more mystical light replaces materiality as the larger proportion.

We realized that the relative composition of spirit and materiality is another way of speaking about the Sacred Ecstatics ratio as embodied by little me and big me. Sweeping away the mind’s

extraneous cutouts in order to empty the bowl makes you ready to receive a luminous spirit refill. Paradoxically, however, it is only when the mind elaborates more and more cutouts and their complex relations that it can approach bankrupting and emptying mind's ability to go any further—the enactment of a *reductio ad absurdum*. This hitting bottom is preparation for an empty bowl wherein spiritual cooking enables a spirit refill.

The Gnostics spoke of the spark of God's creative life force as most associated with the first generation of aeons, residing closest to the border of the pleroma which is the equivalent of First Creation. The later generations of aeons, each a recursive transform and more differentiated extension of the former forms, correspond to the layers of Second Creation names and abstractions. The poly-dimensional and multi-reality nature of First Creation can only be known through Second Creation's increasingly complex means of knowing and knowing its own knowing—the emergence of recursive dynamics operating on themselves. This meta-epistemology, crafted in the study where Gregory Bateson did his work, overlapped with the alchemists who chased the double head and tail of Ouroboros. Dualisms are no longer a pair of battling opposites; they are circularly enclosed dynamic generators of their own changing existence. Aeons divide to have mutual influence on one another, also moving from dots to lines, circular relations, and fire breathing dragons.

The Gnostic letter Peter wrote joined with other Gnostics in regarding errors as a necessary component of producing different ratios of spirit and materiality. In fact, the creation of matter itself is based on a succession of these errors. To correct the disappearance of spirit in embodied form, Jesus was sent to transform once again the flesh into spirit and to exemplify how others may follow this process of incarnation in the future. The aeons make errors due to the "archons," comparable to the Sacred Ecstatics yetis, who are regarded as dumb, easily tricked, and prone to exhibit a puffed-up display to impress others.

As spirit is taken over by matter, the former little me (the purest spiritual form of the aeons) becomes more of a big me led by materialistic concerns as it drifts further away from the pleroma or empty bowl filled with the divine creative life force. It then acts stupid and irresponsible. It gets easily confused and does the opposite of what it intends, including believing it is spiritually evolved when it has not a single spark of the life force. Later mystics believed that the generational levels of aeons were also associated with the progression of spiritual forms in world religions. Here we see the Wigram teaching that all religions arise from a successive line of aeon generations produced from their constant co-mingling, something typically denied.

We were advised after the dream to hold onto two of Peter's mainline Biblical scriptures to keep our Gnostic adventure well aligned with the main rope to God. It is so easy to drift away with more names and conceptual pondering about the aeons, archons, creatura, pleroma, and all the rest of the Gnostic lexicon. We turned to two of our favorite passages from the Apostle Peter:

“While walking by the Sea of Galilee, he saw two brothers, Simon (who is called Peter) and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea, for they were fishermen. And he said to them, ‘Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.’” (Matthew 4:18-19)

“And Peter answered him, “Lord, if it is you, command me to come to you on the water.” He said, “Come.” So Peter got out of the boat and walked on the water and came to Jesus.” (Matthew 14: 28-29)

And let us never forget that Peter sank when he took his eyes off of Jesus. He also later tragically denied knowing Jesus, something that broke Peter’s heart into many pieces. Yet without this error and the dismemberment it wrought, his mystical re-creation as a saint of light would never have occurred. As the Gnostic letter taught, we advance our understanding (and the aeons) by our errors, mistakes, and sin until finally we find ourselves back home again, this time reborn as a being of light.

The more your ratio leans toward doubt about the experiential reality of spirit, the more likely you sink in the material water and the less likely the fish of you will get caught on the higher fishing line. Achieving an optimal ratio where the spirit leads the whole of you requires unbending faith-in-action, enough to walk on water and be reeled in by God as you help catch and reel in others with the same lifeline.

We have a letter from Peter. What are you going to do about it? Climb the aeon levels? Meet the many degrees of variation of the Creator? Become broken and remade as light? We don’t know about you, but we are going to bet our lives on the light. Keep the faith and do not hesitate to sing and dance as you commune, climb, and feel the vibe of the holy vine. “This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine.” Empty the aeon bowl, wobble in the 222 of its pleroma, and radiate the alternating piezoelectricity of its newborn spirit ratio!

### *Postscript*

After researching Peter’s letter, Hillary came across an interesting fact and wrote Brad an email:

I have discovered something worthy of a momentary drift: The name Peter is “Petrus” in Latin and “Petros” in Greek, deriving from “petra” which means “stone” or “rock” in Greek, and is the literal translation of the Aramaic “Kepa”, the name given to Simon by Jesus. (John 1:42 and see Matthew 16:18). So basically, we received a letter from the rock(et). The lapis does indeed speak!

***In the Middle is Found the Fruit***

Before going to sleep, Hillary re-read our visionary report on receiving the letter from Saint Peter. We then spent a few minutes discussing and marveling at the nature of aeons in Gnosticism. Specifically, how the process of creation involves the ongoing division of forms where each successive split results in further distance from the original divine spark. That night Hillary had a dream:

Brad and I were in an unfamiliar town at a large farmer's market. It seemed as if we were there to do a special project. As we wandered around, we noticed several of the vendors were selling large bags of snacks and other items that clearly had been purchased at Costco and were being re-sold. We were appalled and wondered why anyone would be foolish enough to come to a farmer's market and buy bags of low-quality food packaged for mass consumption.

The scene changed and we were now in the home of the man who we would be working with on the project. To my surprise, it was someone I had gone to school with from Kindergarten through high school. His last name was Mittelstadt, which in American English sounds like "middle-stat." In the dream he was a master cultivator of many lemon varieties. He held up a special bright yellow lemon with a single green leaf attached for us to admire.

Then I thought I woke up from the vision, but I was actually still dreaming. I asked myself whether the dream was important enough to share with Brad. Two things immediately flashed into my mind, as if answering my question. First, the man's name in the dream was "middle," and second, he was a master at handling the sourness of life and transforming it into a delicious fruit that brings a needed flavor to other dishes. These two elements combined made me feel certain that I should report the dream to Brad the next day. Then I really did wake up from the dream.

I should add that throughout the night I kept waking up and falling asleep again, each time re-dreaming my reflection upon the original dream and the consideration of sharing it with Brad. When I got up the next morning, I humorously told Brad I felt as if I had experienced the Gnostic aeons where an original creation keeps getting reproduced, each time becoming altered from its initial form, much like the cultivation of fruit varieties. That's how it felt to have my original dream, then dream my reflection upon it, and then continue to re-dream the vision by dreaming my analysis of it again and again in an ongoing recursion.

As we have often discussed before, bringing a vision back from the wholeness of First Creation requires cutting into it with the scissors of Second Creation to highlight the right primary cutouts. It is impossible to fully capture a vision's full emotion and sensation in words, but adequately

aligned post-hoc reporting invites the most important elements rise to the surface so they can be transformed into a teaching that bears fruit for the everyday. Although this process of refinement involves cutting up, marking, and extracting parts of the original vision, when done with a pointer's anointment it allows the fullness of the primary emotion and metaphors of a dream to be tasted on the earthly side of creation.

This creative process requires someone skilled at working in the middle wobble, carefully cultivating and sharing the fruit without spoiling it, while sometimes further enhancing its essential juicy, sweet, sour, or spicy nature. As Brad remarked upon hearing the dream, "You won't find this kind of fruit at the spiritual marketplace where convenient, pre-packaged experiences are sold by vendors to those who are either willing to settle for less or who have not yet learned to discern the difference between stinky haste and savoring fine taste."

Arguably every religion has a way of pointing to the "not one, not two" relationship between spirit and matter. We tend to use the Bushman description of First and Second Creation, which farther down the Sacred Ecstasies historical development line leads to little me and big me, and even farther down re-births again as eland and yeti. Whatever signals about the middle wobble Sacred Ecstasies has been sending out into the cosmos were most recently responded to with a letter re-joining us to the Gnostic way of handling the 222. The letter from Saint Peter reminds us that the Guild is part of an ancient caravan of spirit-hungry human beings longing to return to the original divine fire and light that emanate in the orchard from which we come though too often feel distant.

Whatever "metaphors" are employed to describe the doubleness of being, the wisest middle wobblers in the Garden of Mesopotamia-Africa-Kalahari-Eden know that a journey of separation from divinity is required in order to come back around and fully experience *communing with Thee*. The bowl must be filled in order to be emptied, and vice versa. The constant struggle and joy of *climbing the ladder* to come closer and closer to God must be kept alive. This striving throws you into the middle wobble where you find the spark and exhilaration of launching the rockets of creation. As Brad's previous "Holy Bread" vision taught us, on either side of that middle warm holy bread you'll find both a cooler loaf and the fiery hot bread of *sacred ecstasy*. You'll have to keep moving, tasting them each again and again in order to reach *gnosis*, the wisdom that comes from meeting the glowing rather than recycling superficial knowing. Round and round the recursing, circular traversing dragon we go, each time growing our capacity to discern, refine, cultivate, and propagate the orchard fruit, meat, and vegetable transforms. Fire up those rockets, everyone! It's time to soar and roar as we head for the other shore.

### ***Sacred Excitation***

Following the vision of receiving the letter from Peter, we can't say enough about how supercharged we felt. We were literally buzzing with spiritual piezoelectricity. When bedtime arrived the next night (the same night Hillary dreamed of the lemon), we felt powerfully plugged



into the other side as we discussed the Gnostic correspondence. When Brad closed his eyes to pray, he was surprised by what he experienced:

It was as if I had opened my eyes to clearly see the sun shining in another world. I was amidst a gathering of large boulders at Mount Sinai. As incredible as it was to see this scene clearly with mystical second eyes, what was more jarring was the oceanic excitement that grew within my body. I recognized it as familiar—the inner buildup of sacred emotion that formerly erupted into my earliest waking vision of Jesus as a pure body of light. This feeling has preceded every major visionary experience of my life.

Experiencing it now with mystical eyes open to view where prophets walked in the ancient past, I realized that this particular feeling, sacred emotion, also needs to be described as “sacred excitement.” This excitation is incomparable to any other form of arousal known to human experience. As it intensifies, a tipping point is finally reached that throws you to the other side of the earthly border, leaving the front porch and entering into the wilderness woods of spirit. Here there is no screen or window filtering higher perception.

I knew that if I chose to willfully step or lean toward the largest boulder in my numinous field of vision, I would again be immersed in the infinite ocean of divine love that sweeps every part of materiality away. This experience, familiar to Yogananda and other mystics who sought the big love, has been my main double compass setting for the whole of my adult life. When the highest gate is open, it always brings the twins of fear and joy as its ecstatic-electric excitement goes beyond the familiar spectrum of spiritual sensation. This was the same duo-trembling that accompanied my hearing the prophetic news Hillary brought in the previous night’s dream. Big me shook with fear and little me danced in the proverbial First Creation street.

In this latest visionary journey that took place while I was still awake, I had a decision to make: Do I choose to lean in and drown in the infinite ocean of divine bliss, or do I remain at the border and pray that “Thy will be done?” I don’t know whether it was big me fear that held me back or whether little me wisdom reined me in, but I handed the decision over to the divine gatekeeper, rope puller, and fisher of men and women. I immediately fell asleep. Later I was sent to a visionary classroom.

Hillary and I were in an ancient room with a very high ceiling, much higher than a cathedral. The teacher looked like a religious artist’s image of Moses with a long white beard. We were the only students in his classroom. He stood tall with a serious countenance as he gave us specific instruction:

Activate the excitement you felt when the letter from Peter was received. Later you should repeatedly read the visionary account about it. Imagine the scene that took place at the front door, think more about how this vision could change your life forever, and envision the saints of Sacred Ecstatics being fed by this kind of holy bread event. It is time for you to understand that the visionary letter delivery is a focal point to help evoke the electrical-like energetics of sacred ecstatic excitation. Each time you focus on it, you should feel as if the vision is happening again or that you are hearing about it for the first time.

The letter is for every seeker who aims to climb the pinnacle spiritual mountain peak. Read and contemplate the visionary report to generate and feel the excitement ignited within. Concentrate upon this excitation and dwell within it. Allow the sacred excitement to amplify and swell, filling your empty bowl well. It will induce the blend of apprehension and expectation of its longed-for joy, as well as the fear that you will lose yourself in the oceanic jubilation whose vibration is a sea of piezoelectricity.

In the dream we preceded to enact what the elder teacher had instructed. Just as we approached the middle fulcrum tipping point to the height of excitation, the teacher interrupted: “Now do it again.” The second time we performed this buildup of excitement, he again interrupted us before the boiling point was reached. He then gave us more instruction:

Instruct the Guild to do use this same high mystery method of activating sacred excitement. They are to read visionary reports and listen to ecstatic audio tracks for this special purpose—to build up excitation of the sacred kind, just like you are doing now in this spiritual classroom. You awaken and build up sacred emotion by increasing the sacred excitement over news concerning mystery.

Visionary reports and ecstatic audio tracks are, along with other functions, exciters of piezoelectricity. They are designed to recharge a human vessel’s dead spiritual battery. Instruct the Guild to plug into them in order for sacred excitation to build until whatever threshold level of intensity (including a trickle tickle) feels like a natural tipping point in the moment; then stop. That threshold may fall higher or lower on the spiritual thermometer each time depending on the size of the room, its climatic

conditions, and the degree of concentration and softening of the performer.

Mystery is a reality—read all about it and open your heart to feel the drumbeat that soulfully announces an opportunity to step inside its room. As sacred excitation intensifies, you eventually come to a narrow passageway where fear and joy are met side by side. That’s the highest gate to sacred ecstasy. Don’t be in a hurry to get there and risk missing the joy of each and every step. Waste no time assessing how near you are to the pinnacle peak. Learn to enjoy each buildup of sacred excitement when news of mystery arrives at your front door. Choose to pray that “Thy will be done” when it comes to the experienced degree of spiritual heat and piezoelectrical alternation. This is how you passionately and ecstatically journey to First Creation.

The bearded old teacher from Biblical times paused and then pointed his finger directly toward us. He spoke seriously with Old Testament rabbinical authority:

Make sure you take this action once during the day and once before you go to sleep at night. Repeat it twice for each performance session, but no more. If the sacred excitement builds a third time, don’t initiate it yourself but let it happen spontaneously under higher control. Both of you, little me and big me, must do this double excitement practice two times, once in the day and once at night. This is your new 222.

I woke up as stunned as I was the night before. More instruction was given for communing with Thee and climbing the ladder to sacred ecstasy. I fell back asleep and had a final dream, a kind of postscript to the former one. Here Hillary and I were with many students, including psychotherapy trainees and graduate students from the past. One of our former students, today a professor of psychotherapy and author of several books, raised his hand and spoke: “I no longer want you to be concerned about how I resist emptying the bowl and choose to remain in a small room. I, too, am getting older and now appreciate that I only want to feel *your* line to God.”

His words hit Hillary and I like a mini-lightning bolt. We looked at each other in the dream and made an unspoken vow to “let ‘er rip,” caring not whether others may or may not resist catching the sacred excitation, emotion, and vibration. We

knew, on a deeper level, that little me always catches it even when big me denies it.

We pass on these visionary classroom experiences with the hope that you catch the feeling for what it is to have a rope to God. We pray that your rope is fed the bread that makes it strong enough for you to feel it is in operation. Make sure you get big me out of the way in order to feel excited about reading the visionary news that comes down the mainline. Why allow big me to fuss over whether you really understand, know more or less than you actually do, make a mistake or not, and all the other forms of resistance that block the electrical current?

Regard everything in the big Sacred Ecstatics classroom as hosting error metaphors that feed your aeons and help them generate new generations of finer distinctions. Then get your little me, spirit-hungry aeon to act rather than reflect or genuflect its more spiritually diluted mental forms. Put simply, get your ratio right: more divine spark, less fumbling around in the trickster dark. Start feeling excited about the emptying, climbing, and piezo-ecstatic electrical cooking that make you happy to surrender to the higher changing. Here is your new 222: two times, twice a day, both of you. Get moving toward that light that helps you “just be nice” to thaw whatever ice interferes with the meltdown preceding the countdown before the launch of the rocket to the highest sacred excitation in a galaxy far, far closer than you ever knew.

### *Postscript 1*

The same night that Hillary dreamed of the middle wobble fruit and Brad dreamed of the highest gate and sacred excitation, a Guild member, Lance, had a dream:

Ever since sleeping on the “sleeping on the dreaming prophet rockets,” my nightly dreams have become prolific. Last night I dreamed I was on an international pipeline construction project that was just getting started. As some background information, part of that process is to assign call numbers for personnel who are assigned two-way VHF mobile radios. If you have a perennial number that everyone knows is yours, you can request it again on another project. For example, my dad used “39” for years (which actually was a reference to Jack Benny joking about his age. I just this moment got that connection!). Anyway, in the dream I decided my call number would be “222” so that not only would I constantly hear it on the radio, but also it would be in the radio waves when anyone called me.

My wife, Mary, asked me how call numbers are used. I explained that we didn’t use names. A typical exchange would be:

“39 to 222, come in”

“222, go ahead”

We responded to Lance:

That’s an amazing dream of truly getting the call (number) to step into the big room! Like we often say to one another, the conscious mind could never dream up such perfect means of spiritual pointing and gifting.

Amenvoot!

222, go ahead!

Love,  
Hillary and Brad

Mary also had a dream:

The night after Brad’s vision from St. Peter, and the first night I slept with that visionary teaching under my pillow with the rockets, I had a dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in my bedroom in a chair, where I have done Sacred Ecstatics exercises before. I did not realize I was dreaming. I was practicing the three five-beat lines. I was doing so musically, changing the starting note to escalate up the scales, starting at tonic, starting at sub-dominant, starting at dominant (on the C scale, that would be starting at c, starting on f, starting on g). Then I tried other variations. The beats were rhythmic, and then arrhythmic.

I was staring at my altar to make the various lines be in alignment with the destination points. (This is when I should have known I was dreaming, because my altar was not in the same place and the chair I was sitting in had been moved.) I was tapping my body both externally and internally. Sometimes, I would stand, sometimes, sit. My body became very excited and the shaking was spontaneous, intense, and coming from within. It went on for a long time.

I was shocked to wake up and find myself in bed, with the three five-beat lines working in my body instrument, going up and down my spine from my toes to the top of my head. I went with it and continued working the lines until I fell asleep again. My body has not felt the same since this dream. There is a stream of vibration moving up and down my body that gives me a feeling of excitation.

## ***A Mystical Methane Converter***

Brad dreamed that he met Guild member, Lance, in an advanced laboratory:

I had been tinkering in the lab before Lance arrived. There was an assortment of small pipes strewn about the table, along with an unusual looking little box that had not quite been fully assembled. As soon as Lance walked into the room, I greeted him and announced, “You think too much. All that thought produces too much methane and makes your thinking foggy. Let’s build you a methane converter.” Lance scanned all the parts on the table and immediately knew how to connect the pipes.

In a split second the methane converter with its new pipeline had been installed within Lance’s First Creation body. “Let’s try it out, Lance,” I said with excitement. Then I requested, “Please explain the difference between Dr. Krishna and Dr. Jesus,” hoping to get his brain to kick into overtime. Instantly, Lance expounded on their similarities and differences, along with historical and cultural comparisons. As the methane built up within him, I took a match and lit it near Lance’s throat. A fire came out of his mouth and a song was heard in the background, sung by a choir. In that moment Lance received a main pipeline for delivering the fuel needed to set a holy fire in his throat. Those flames musically ignited the atmosphere to convey the old hymn, “Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow.”

Our minds and our hearts soaked in the emotion and wonder of this multifaceted gift. The ecstatic bliss made us feel like eternal brothers, a blend of children and elders eager to keep tinkering in the laboratory of Sacred Ecstatics spirituality.

During the dream and afterwards, Brad felt nothing silly about the visionary adventure. His focus was riveted on the serious experimentation of two nerds tinkering with a new way of connecting body parts and aligning their functions. In the dream Brad and Lance felt they were on the edge of making an important spiritual-somatic breakthrough—discovering that the heart’s emotion and the mind’s thoughts must work cooperatively, with a pipeline connecting them both. Climbing the ladder to sacred ecstasy is not a matter of leaving thoughts behind to solely embrace emotion. The mind must work even harder, concentrating on sacred thoughts, to produce the fuel for the ecstatic-somatic fire. In addition, the heart must be an empty bowl ready to receive this fuel, vigorously pumping with excitement to bring the methane down.

Yet more is involved than the duo of mind and heart and the alignment of thought and emotion. It is in the middle organ, the vocal cords, where vibrating wobble is found and the fire

is lit. When this whole trinity of body parts work together, sacred fire shoots out of the mouth when it is ignited. That is when the music can be heard.

The shaman's song is preceded by the throat's fire, something mystically made possible by the methane gas line connecting the mind to the heart. When the fire is lit, the atmosphere, or the celestial spheres, perform the singing. The mind's methane production, the heart's emotion circulation, and the vocal vibration's flammable projection work together to wake up God's song.

It was only later that Brad remembered that methane and body gas pass the kind of wind that evokes both embarrassment and hilarity. We later discovered that it is well known among traditional Chinese doctors that too much thinking produces flatulent weather that makes the mind foggy. It is equally well known that a veteran pipe man knows what to do with gas—send it down a pipeline and convert it into energy that powers another kind of expression.

The alchemical embodiment of this Sacred Ecstasies transformation requires your having an ecstatic conversion. This, in turn, turns sulfurous mind gas into the sweet redemptive sound of numinous fire, conveyed by a heavenly song. The altar call is now in play—come receive the spiritual operation that installs a pipeline from your mind to your heart. In the middle is found the methane converter—the anointed voice box that is ready to spring into singing the refrain that rides the glory train:

Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow;  
I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

I'll go with Him through the garden,  
I'll go with Him through the garden,  
I'll go with Him through the garden,  
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

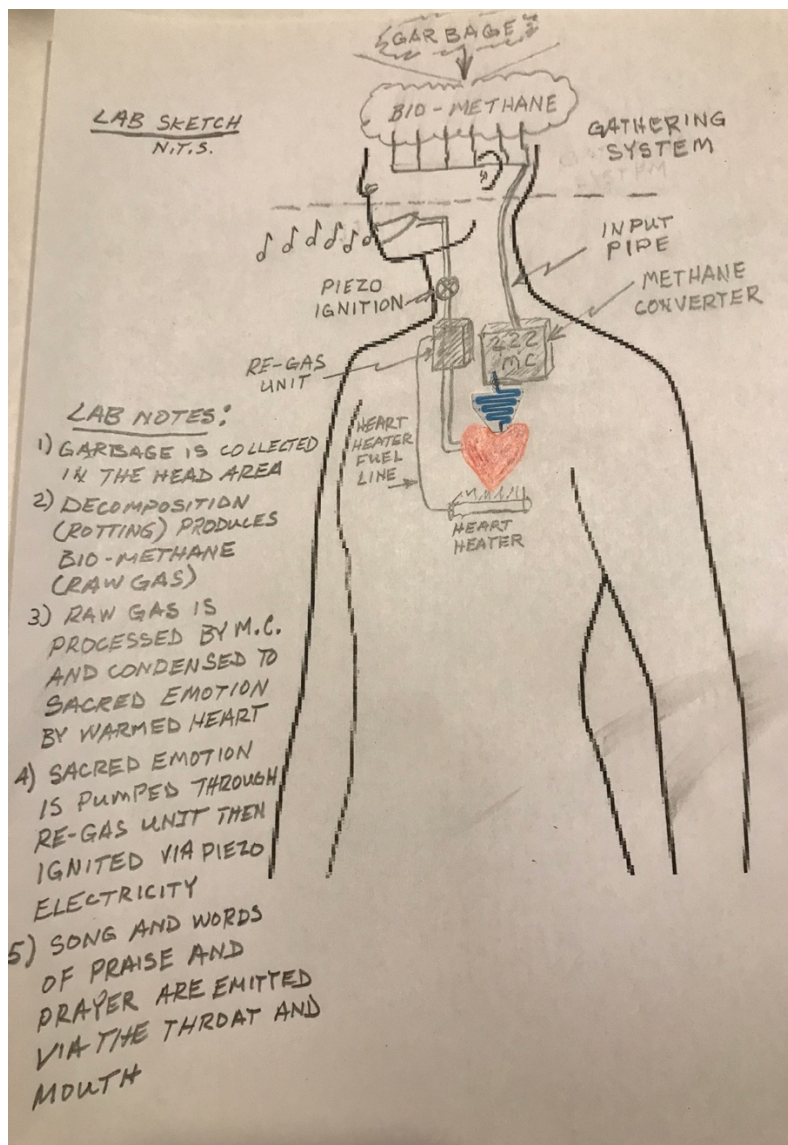
For those in need of First Creation's constantly revised and retranslated scripture and hymnbook, here it is:

Where EE leads me I will follow,  
Where EE leads me I will follow;  
I'll go with EE, with EE, all the way.

I'll go with EE through the orchard,  
I'll go with EE through the orchard,  
I'll go with EE through the orchard,  
I'll go with EE, with EE all the way.

No matter how your big me likes to spell, make sure your little me falls under the spell of this high-octane vocal conversion. Install the kind of pipeline that sends your head's methane production to fuel the nonmundane pumping and drumming of your heart. Be appreciative of your trickster gas; it's not solely a laughing matter. It, too, is a part of what it takes to ecstatically launch a song, dance, and hooper rocket to the heavens. 1, 2, 3, send the sacred emotion to your head. 3, 2, 1, send the methane fuel to your heart. In the middle, your voice ignites the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx in the wobble of the larynx. We celebrate the multi-wonders of this splendid spiritual gift that chooses to not include, not exclude. Instead, it converts each side of the 222 to alternate and vibrate the singing and dancing electricity of the middle pipe. This is what it means to catch a song that longs for sacred ecstasy.

After the vision, Lance made a preliminary sketch of the methane converter:





### ***Starting Fires, Serving Cake***

Brad dreamed we were applying what we had recently learned about cracking the code of the middle wobble:

In the beginning of the dream, Hillary and I reviewed how verbal expression serves big room construction when it transitions from hard literality to soft metaphor, moving from concrete exposition to poetic evocation. We discussed that we have been applying this know-how in part through the addition of lyrical verses, psalms, and metaphor jazz at the end of our visionary reports. The shift from literal solidity to rhythmic poetic liquidity has always spontaneously taken place in our speech whenever the temperature rises. More recently, however, this room-expanding word-and-sound intervention became the ECI, an auditory explosion that derails an entrainment track to help throw you on a mystery trail.

We further discussed that the aesthetic quality of expression and the timing of these shifts must be guided by a double compass that brings the emotion and thought of both little me and big me into well-proportioned ratios, aligned with the divine electro-magnetic force. The vision, "Cracking the Code of the Middle Wobble," brought forth the dynamic behind transforming oppositional oscillations into the vibration of Ouroborean reality creation. With the right ratios, the sacred vibration brings forth the ineffable "third" or unseen (occult) side of mystery. This is something synesthetically felt as a higher emotion triggered by sacred excitation.

In the dream, we then went past this theoretical discussion and enacted it. We did it by whipping up ecstatic excitation, but this time doing so in a new way. Words and sound, either alone or together, were not enough to rev up the engine of transformation. We discovered we had to envision and perform the written word and the spoken word so that metaphors were both seen and heard in the room. And the words had to be familiarly meaningful and also meaningfully unfamiliar. Finally, we had to hear melodic music along with nonmelodic sounds of the wild that were more like a joyful noise than an inspiring song. With these three new doubles of words, meanings, and sounds we had another 222 in play with changing rhythms holding it all together.

We felt we were writing words in the air as we spoke them, and each recognizable word produced a counter expression of nonsense. Then we hit a threshold where words no longer served further excitation. At that tipping point, we spontaneously started to hurl images and visual figures into the air. A whirlwind blended these words, two-dimensional images, and three-dimensional

shapes together in startling combinations. A new kind of sensory experience was awakened.

What we then experienced is something impossible to describe—it was beyond anything we have heard, seen, or felt before. It seemed that a heightened invisible force rushed into the room and accelerated the sacred vibration, deepened the soulful excitation, spread the holy spirit multidimensional light show, and amplified the seiki whirlwind.

Then a strange reversal took place that shocked us. The super-charged atmosphere became the foreground rather than the background—the signal rather than the noise. The “air” or the “nothing” around us became the main focal point, a super concentration of excitation that made any material content in the room secondary.

We automatically reached for an empty bowl sitting on the room’s altar. As soon as we held it up in this wild energetic atmosphere, the middle of the bowl caught fire. We then asked for each Guild member’s altar bowl and filled every one of them with this fire that was ignited by the whirling wind and piezoelectric atmosphere. Hillary and I then fell under a spell and went into another world. Another dream soon came.

In this vision we noticed that our house in New Orleans had caught fire. It was burning to the ground. As we watched it go up in smoke, I was surprised that we were not upset by the loss of our material property. A voice from on high spoke, “The physical objects do not matter. You carry everything important from that house on the inside of you. What’s important is that you remember.” At first I felt relieved until I looked at Hillary and remembered how I don’t remember much about anything except food (we call it my “food memory”). She knew what I was thinking, and we both laughed. The voice immediately returned to add, “This memory comes when it is needed. This is not your memory. It is the memory of the other side. This is all you need. Forget everything else.”

We were then lifted into the air over the city of New Orleans. We were shocked to see that every church and temple in the city was on fire and burning to the ground. We wondered if this was the end of the world or the point of no return for the present global pandemic and climate crisis. Before we could further survey and assess the situation, we were then thrown inside a room that appeared like a studio. The mystery voice spoke for the last time, “You have a job to perform. Set the empty bowls on fire.” Hillary was by my side and a third person was next to us. This third person kept changing appearance—we weren’t sure who it was but each passing image was the face of a different Guild member.

The world as we formerly knew it ended that night. We were given a new job that is a revised and re-empowered version of our former job—setting empty bowls on fire. As I told Hillary in the dream, “New Orleans now looks like ancient Rome did when it was burning. It’s time to ignite and share the fire in this new super-charged atmosphere that can be stirred up anywhere and everywhere.”

The next morning, Hillary reported a dream:

Brad and I were in a city somewhere to conduct an intensive. We were sitting outside at a very special bakery café that had been started by a young woman in her thirties. She had received numerous accolades for her famous cakes and pastries, and I’m sure Brad had led us there after doing his usual research on the best places to eat. I don’t recall what we ordered, but afterward Brad went back to our hotel room to meet with some Guild members. I mentioned that I was going to take care of some errands. What I really did, however, was go hunting for some special small cakes from various bakeries for Brad as a surprise so he could taste many varieties. I searched on my phone’s map to find the bakeries, and as I zoomed out to see a full depiction of the area, I saw that we were in Rome.

I was in a hurry to get back on time. After gathering various small cakes for Brad, I returned to the initial bakery we had gone to in order to make sure I included one of her special creations. The person at the counter invited me to taste a sample. It was a small square of pure white cake with white icing. I tasted it and it was the sweetest, fluffiest, and most buttery cake I have ever eaten. I could still taste it long after I woke up. It was definitely baked in heaven.

After we discussed our dreams, we realized that fire and holy bread go together like a perfectly matched couple. Let’s catch fire and have some cake. New Orleans and Rome are co-burning and co-serving holy bread and cake from the oven. Have some. You’ll be glad you didn’t say no because you think you already know. Get those doubles into triple action. Rather than try to understand it, just do it. Let the fire and cake guide the way. Don’t ask whether you will tire, just focus on the fire. Don’t get hung up on whether you do or don’t know how to bake; just concentrate on the cake. Your altar invites you to practice devoted obedience to its fresh ingredients that are ready to leap into the whirlwind atmosphere and throw you in the mix. The house and city are burning. It’s time for your bones to catch on fire. Doing so results in some holy buttery cake that will please your senses and inspire your soul to perform the right ratios with perfect timing.

## *Crossing Over*

One of Brad's friends, Jay, was a professional writer and magazine editor. When Jay recently went into hospice, Brad made him a special recording to help him go through to the other side. A couple weeks later, Brad dreamed he was with Jay. Their visionary adventure brings a teaching to everyone:

We were in a university classroom and Jay announced, "I have finished all my coursework and now I am ready to write my dissertation. I am not sure what to write it on." I replied,

During my career I have supervised nearly eighty dissertations and have sat on over one hundred committees. I can tell you exactly what to do. Let's look at what you already have a talent for writing about. As we all know, you write masterfully about foreign cities that are walkable and beautiful. Choose your favorite six cities in the world. Write your experience of each and that will constitute your first six chapters. Make sure they are arranged in the order of preference, starting with the one you liked the least, so the sixth city and chapter is your favorite urban walking experience in the world.

Jay smiled and replied, "I've already done that in the past." "Great," I answered back, "then you are ready for the last adventure, city, and final chapter. Let's go."

We then left the university grounds and headed to a faraway place. We walked and talked about all the interesting sights, sounds, tastes, and smells. Mojo was in the air and we felt mystery everywhere. It had just rained leaving many puddles of water on the trail. As we entered the heart of the city, we found narrow ancient streets surrounded by charming architecture that pleased Jay immensely. Only pedestrians were allowed in this area. More and more pools of water appeared, slowing down our journey.

It was now nighttime and the warm glow of the moon cast its illumination over us. We finally came to the most magical street. It was a very narrow passageway. Jay started to walk down it and I said I'd have to leave him and go in a different direction because there was too much water for me.

I looked at Jay's feet and he was wearing old fashioned rain boots that I didn't have. He was so excited to explore what lay ahead. It was as if he'd found the place he'd always been looking for. He hugged me and kissed my cheek. Then he walked

on without me. I watched him go down the street which then ran into a long pool. It reminded me of a baptismal pool. Then it became a canal and the place looked like Venice. But it was even more magical and full of soul, beyond what either of us could have imagined. Jay slowly and effortlessly went underwater with a smile and I turned to walk in another direction.

I woke up feeling that every chapter in life, including the next chapter that begins on the other side, is a new adventure filled with goodbyes and hellos at each gate of passage. I prayed for the Guild to follow the ancient trails that have been freshly soaked in sacred emotion. We are here to go where our anointed rope pulls us. Focus on the holy water and go where it is most concentrated. Do so now, tomorrow, and forevermore. When it's time to go all the way under this wonder water, you'll find you are ready and have been given the right walking shoes.

Brad then had another dream where he was taken to a high spiritual classroom to learn something more about climbing the ladder:

The teacher asked me, "What have been the most powerful spiritual experiences in your life? Arrange them in their order of intensity." I immediately started to make a list, with the utmost experience being my first major illumination when I was nineteen years old. I later had other experiences like it, so I clustered them as "the pinnacle spiritual experience"—examples of CMC sacred ecstasy. They involved a full dissolve into the vast sea of sacred emotion.

After that total saturation in 222-piezo came the experiences that allowed me to partially remain in Second Creation while most of me (over 90%) was soaking in the sacred emotion of First Creation. These experiences occurred among elders of many spiritual traditions throughout the world, yet the most intense have taken place in my inner sanctuary where my little me resides.

As I listed my many spiritual experiences from both sides of the veil, I realized that they matched the degrees of temperature on the spiritual thermometer. More importantly, I was again struck by how each degree is precious and should not be regarded as more special than the others. Each has its time, place, and season. Every spiritual experience I have had was the utmost experience for that unique situation.

Few journeyers have ventured to the highest temperature degrees and sacred ecstatic theophanies of the heavens. What is practically wise is to accept that every degree of temperature and kind of weather belongs to God's meteorology. The faith that matters is believing that every spiritual experience born of sacred emotion rather than trickster cognition

is perfect for you. Believe this with all your heart or you simply won't be able to start a bona fide numinous journey. This kind of faith is only felt when your bowl is empty of preferences, preconceptions, and assumptions. Your altar bowl must be empty to catch God's love and to feel the atmosphere warm and cook you, taking you on a voyage to the 222 that radiates the exact amount of piezoelectricity you wisely need rather than unwisely desire.

Every town, city, countryside, and wilderness are a vital and equally important part of creation. Let us remember that one holy prayer, one n/om song, and one seiki movement are all you need to pass through every gate. Learning how to spiritually burn requires knowing how to turn the least into the yeast that makes the holy bread rise. Concentration is the opposite of dilution. Here more of less brings more concentration. More of more brings more dilution. Follow what is coming down the main line of the room under construction and set other things aside, for now. There are many other spiritual roots and threads in the Wigramian web and stream, but if they are not currently in the Guild room, they will dilute the present potion in motion if we drift our attention toward them.

The morning after Brad's dreams, we found out that Jay had passed away that same night. We have each received the call to begin a new chapter. Let's answer it and take a walk in First Creation Venice. It just rained, and the moon is out tonight. Leave all your past stories behind. Let's go down the spiritual birth canals with more concentration and excitation to explore what lies ahead.

### ***Voodoo Cannonballs***

Brad dreamed we were brought to a room and interrogated about Sacred Ecstatics:

We intuitively felt we should not reveal too much about our work. When asked whether we believe in God, we silently thought to ourselves, "Not the god of kings, queens, presidents, zealots, and despots." We then replied, "Yes, we adore the Creator who creates love and joy." We were then asked whether we were voodoo doctors. Our inner voice immediately advised us, "Do not say what you are or what you are not." We smiled and replied, "We know how to enjoy praying." At the same time, we both deeply felt that we are part of a lineage of two-headed doctors and voodoo blacksmiths of the New Orleans variety.

I focused on activating the sacred vibration within, doing so with our cornerstone prayer lines. Immediately I was uplifted by a flood of sacred emotion. In this internal commotion, I felt dizzy as a compacted and concentrated fireball gathered within my belly. Then, like a cannonball had been ignited, Hillary and I were both launched out of the interrogation room.

We magically landed in a field next to a wall that served as a fence dividing two sides of creation. Earlier we had been on the other side's spiritual classroom

in First Creation, given a test that resulted in us being shot back to Second Creation. The wall separating the two sides of creation was ten feet tall and made of old red bricks covered in ivy. Immediately behind us was a small brick utility building that housed a power station. We were sitting in between the wall and that building.

We could feel that on the other side of the wall was a vast open field buzzing with spiritual energy. Its vibration radiated through the bricks. We caught its excitement and it made us want to pray again. As soon as we started to pray, a black cannonball with a trail of fire flew over us and land on the front side of the power station, about twenty feet away. As it exploded, two more cannonballs were immediately shot from the unseen mysterious cannon. They fell closer to the front of the power station, resulting in two explosions about two feet away from the door.

Once, again, the faraway cannon fired, this time releasing three cannonballs. We assumed they would hit closer to where we were. Accordingly, we moved further to the side. This proved correct as the trinity of cannonball explosions landed just behind the building where we had been sitting. Miraculously, neither we nor the power station were harmed. The high voltage spiritual energy radiating in the air intensified and circulated inside us.

A voice from the sky then announced,

You have been gifted with voodoo cannonballs. Use them to pray for those seeking the sacred vibration. Fire a one-beat prayer. When it explodes, fire two voodoo cannonballs with a two-beat prayer. Next, fire three voodoo cannonballs with a three-beat prayer. Finally, don't forget your five-beat prayers as well. They deliver five times the heat.

Yes!

Voot!

Fire the one-beat voodoo cannonball!

Yes, Lord!

Hello!

Hi, Hi!

Thank you!

Fire the two-beat voodoo cannonballs!

I need Thee!

Do it, Lord!

Just be nice!

Help me, Lord!  
Fire the three-beat voodoo cannonballs!  
Communing with Thee!  
Climbing the ladder!  
Sacred ecstasy!  
Fire the five-beat voodoo cannonballs!

Gris gris, mojo, hi, hi, concentrate the prayer lines,  
On the other side of the wall, excitement is buzzing.  
Hoodoo, hello, the voodoo cannonballs are aimed at you.

Do not mull or stew, follow what grew in your belly.  
Shout the noise of the wild calabash.  
Land in the 222.

Perform the right ratio,  
Tune into the mystical radio.  
Pray like the New Orleans blacksmith who built the cannon.

Communing, climbing, changing,  
Empty bowl ready to catch sacred ecstasy.  
Fire the voodoo cannonballs.

### ***A Prayer to Empty the Bowl***

In response to our latest experiment, a longstanding Guild member sent a report that described the joy and excitement he felt during the day while his dreams brought a different kind of finding:

I dreamed on three successive nights and each dream felt instructive to my situation and its relation to the teachings. In the first dream, I'm driving on a desert Arizona highway and get stranded with four flat tires in a small country town surrounded by simple folks who live there. I have no cell coverage to call for help. The situation is not dire. I trust I will eventually be rescued.

In the second dream, I am showing my neighbor the weeds that grow around our home and despite ground cover and a bed of rocks we can't seem to stop them from growing and disrupting our xeriscape. The relentless weeds have grown through a layer of plywood we thought would suffocate them. We pull them, burn them, and dig them up by the roots. Still, they grow.



When deer arrive, and occasionally free-range cows, we are amazed to watch them eat the prickly thistles that at least bloom a lovely violet flower that serve to attract the wild bees. Thistles are notoriously difficult to get rid of. Where they grow the most, we aptly name the devil's garden. I wake up feeling completely helpless.

On the third night, I dream of that a big construction project is in the works and Brad is operating a big backhoe and moving dirt. I watch with admiration because I can tell he knows what he is doing. I delight in observing his enjoyment of operating the big machine like a child would with a toy in a sandbox.

Here we find a "difference" that is familiar to spiritual pointers anointed to discern and guide spiritual development in others. Namely, what is consciously said or shown about external life is sometimes (actually, often) incongruent with what the unconscious communicates. All three of these dreams are a sleeping prophetic request for help—expressing a need to be rescued from an existential place where weeds keep proliferating. Again, this is in contrast to what is consciously expressed about everyday living. Since our focal point is always the whole room rather than a cutout part of its content, we aim to responsibly address this man's dream call, without getting into a debate with trickster mind about any part of everyday experience.

As always, whatever is true for one Guild person also applies to every other member, though each person broadcasts a different kind of incongruence between conscious performance and the unconscious room staging it. As mentioned in the past, people err in either overstating or understating the quality and degree of sacred emotion, and rarely notice its relation to the room in which it expresses itself. When a dream repeatedly makes clear that the room is still too small, even if someone reports feeling happy, we ignore the latter and pay attention to the need for further room expansion. Similarly, if the room is big and someone reports feeling unhappy, we praise the former while reframing the latter as a resource. Since so many Guild members are unsure what room they are in, whether little me or big me is feeling sacred or secular emotion, or whether shaking is consciously rooted or divinely inspired, we prayed for higher help. The confusion concerning each person's part/whole relations and their double ratios is over our heads and we felt the need to call on Thee.

Brad prayed that God empty his bowl, clean his pipeline, and remove all interference that stands in the way of helping members of the Guild. He asked that we become better prepared to point and guide each of you as you venture toward big room communion with Thee. A visionary dream came that night:

Hillary and I were in a large hotel lobby. We were presumably waiting for someone or for something to happen, although we had completely forgotten why we were there. We started to stroll down its immense hallway that seemed to go on

forever. The floors were made of shiny, spotless white marble. There was no furniture or art anywhere—only white walls, tall ceilings, and marble floors.

I eventually realized where we were because I had been there before. It was the grand Hotel Raffles in Singapore, one of the most luxurious properties in the world. In addition, we remembered that we were waiting for our son to complete a medical examination in another wing of the building. We headed toward him to see if his exam was done. Upon entering the doctor's office we noticed he was not in the waiting room and the receptionist advised us to follow her. We were taken to a back room where he was sitting on the examination table. His entire head was wrapped in white bandages. I feared the worse. The head doctor, a woman with a serious countenance, said that they needed to tell us something. I assumed they would show us a scan of his brain with terrible news. I was so afraid and in shock that I could not hear what the doctors were saying.

I instantly felt emptied of everything—even life itself. My bowl was not only emptied, it was gone. I was leveled to absolute nothingness. In that emptiness, I spontaneously started to pray for Guild members:

Dear Lord, we pray that you clean everyone's mind. Sweep away anything and everything that interferes with each person's life being built on a clean and holy foundation. They are asking to be near you, to feel you more dearly, and to be guided by your will. Yet we each live surrounded by the devil's garden and cannot remove its weeds by our own means. We call upon you to weed each Guild member's garden and clean their house. Dig up whatever foundation has been there before, for it has outlived whatever useful function it once served. Start each person's life anew with a better cornerstone and with every wall aligned in every direction.

Lord, sweep away the human-made dirt and debris that may have crept into any of the religions formerly embraced, whether from an original conception, later translation, or reinterpretation. Remove whatever has nothing to do with you. Sweep away any political belief that is toxic to the generosity, neighborly relations, earthly stewardship, and everlasting love and forgiveness that are yours, dear Lord. Sweep away any naïve notion of healing, peace, and love that fails to respect your higher contrarian nature. Sweep away past experiences with new age spiritual training that is not of your creation but is an aberration that brings divine negation. Sweep away any persistent desire for spiritual experience or

anointment that is of personal design and ambition rather than your wisdom selection. Empty each bowl.

Make every Guild member the man or woman of God they pray to become, this time wholly made from your plan and strategic means. Help them see that the four flat tires in this dream are a call to let everything go because the whole ground has become a trickster field that does not fully yield to Thee. Help them discern day from night, joy from fright, love from sentiment, and your whistle from the devil's thistle. Deliver them from what they cannot let go of on their own. We ask these things for each of us. Empty our bowls and then go further— remove them entirely.

Those Sacred Ecstatics Guild members with past or current careers in the helping professions were particularly in need of a more intense call for extra-duty cleaning. Unfortunately, many ways of helping are not helpful and are in need of a mighty sweep. I continued to pray while feeling nothing was left of me because what I held most dear felt as if it had been taken away. Praying from within this nothingness removed my own former interference with asking for Thy will to be done, doing so without compromise. I had no fear of what others might feel or think because my prayer channel was completely clear.

I continued with this plea, asking for a thorough cleanup of any fake, half-baked, distorted, diluted teachings posturing as trustworthy spirituality. In the dream I made a specific list of these teachings, but it is too long to include here. I leaned on the wise theologians and preachers who formerly made clear that certain psychological, sociological, economic, and political ideologies do not mix with God—they create a perversion of the divine and its relation to humanity. Such a devil's garden must be faced and rooted out with no excuses or exceptions. The holy wind was also summoned to blow away any ecological-wrecking reductionist principles of self-improvement, health, and well-being.

After being emptied in the dream, everyone in the Guild, with no exceptions, was clearly felt to be in desperate need of a backhoe that could dig up the deeper, unseen roots of the many weeds choking the life out of any potential fruit that would otherwise have room to grow. I prayed that every Guild member would let the man and woman go. I asked that every adjective be removed that is presumed to make a holy difference in the noun. Sweep away all the names, adjectives, pronouns, nouns, and claims. "Empty the bowl, dear Lord. Then go further: remove the bowl altogether."

After the praying was done, I realized that I had enacted what had been seen in the Guild member's dream—using a backhoe to dig up the ground for a new

construction project. The weeds in every spiritual home had been deeply uprooted and the ground made ready for a new foundation. The raw unedited power of the prayer that came through left me trembling and feeling that the ground of my own being had been re-dug as well.

The dream shifted to another scene. Hillary and I supervised each Guild member's plunge into a body of water called "the Wigram stream." Everyone was moved by its vibrant current and returned to the source of the original spiritual headwaters. In a flash, we realized that whatever religion, anti-religion, philosophy, psychology, or system of spirituality or secularity is a part of you needs to be thrown into this stream of modulating Second Creation forms, taken back, and dissolved in the source from which everything came.

To remove the roots of your particular version of the devil's weed patch, rather than only cover it up, requires greater doubt about whatever you think, believe, and trust you know. Doubt the naïve veracity of every sacred book and explanatory text. Equally doubt the temptation to regard the absence of sacred texts and the resistance to religious experience as a sign of higher wisdom emptiness.

Once in the Wigram current, continue swimming upstream like a trout until you stand on Kalahari sand underneath a camelthorn tree. There you find the thorn that pierces the heart of n/om. It's found near the headwaters. Throw the thorn back, too. Become empty. Then be patient and wait for God to refill you and don't dare interfere. Go all the way with God's design as you resign to not get in the way.

After the Wigram stream carries all your religions, spiritualities, and -isms away, returning them to the original fountain of creation, it will reverse the current and bring back whatever is worthy of returning. Have patience, because the yeti-Ptolemy-big me trinity will want to re-fill the bowl quickly. Be careful if you find that much of what you liked before is back—that's a clear indication that trickster hijacked the emptying mission. In higher hands, what returns will have had the wheat separated from the chaff and the signal distinguished from the noise. If you have the kind of faith that matters most, you will have no fear and know that nothing truly precious will be lost.

After awakening from the dream, I prayed for our son and doctored him by holy means. I also sent healing radiation from the sacred vibration over each of you. Entering First Creation again, I was shown that the name of the visionary classroom that emptied our bowls through prayer was a metaphor that held more buried teaching treasure. The "Raffles Hotel Singapore" points to what we must empty and discard once and for all—the idea that life is a raffle. We are tricked into believing that we are here to win, hoping we'll be the lucky chosen one who

snatches up the desired prize. Drop the materialism and spiritual materialism that poison all our relations—those are the weeds choking the growth of the spiritual orchard.

It's impossible to empty your bowl on your own, isn't it? Big me stands in the way pretending it knows how to sweep the room. That's why your head needs to be wrapped (banded) for mourning like they do in St. Vincent. That's how we found our son in the dream's examination room. You, too, are in need of those bands. It's not loss or defeat of everyday success that empowers the need to mourn. It's the loss of faith in the ways and means you have used to make sense of your life. In other words, don't just see that your four tires are flat; question whether you should even be driving that vehicle. Feel you are truly stuck and in need of help. Avoid bolstering yourself too quickly by presuming you will be rescued again by the trickster tow truck ready to re-inflate you. Be broken and shaken into altered altar action. Every time you experience hitting bottom and are unable to move forward, the higher lifeline is thrown out.

In the changing big room of First Creation, you find that what you need is to be amongst the meek, sick, and poor who know how to *sing* in order to *pour* sacred emotion into every *pore*. That's what it means to dream of First Creation Sing-a-pore. Tear up your raffle tickets and remove every wish to win a prize. Then throw your life into the Wigram current and send it back upstream. That's how you find your way through the pearly gates, halls, and floors of heaven. When you come back, you and your cutouts will be realigned, heated, and charged. What's unnecessary, distracting, and diluting will be filtered away and you'll be ready to begin again. It is hopeless to try to empty the bowl on your own. In recognizing this futility is found the fertility needed to rebirth the New Jerusalem, First Creation, and Singapore.

*Postscript:*

We periodically follow the directive that is given above—with prayer we place our education, knowledge, valued ideas, sustained beliefs, emotions, desires, passions, muses, and habits into the bowl and send it upstream. Each year, before the Guild begins a new season, we throw the whole of Sacred Ecstatics into the stream as well, and then pray as we wait to see what returns. We find that every time our bowl comes back, we feel more concentrated with less interference when we subsequently spiritually cook. We invite you to do the same—leave nothing out of the stream. All of you need a trip, dip, and reformation in the fountain that is the source and force of all created things, including you.

***Your Book of Life Begins with an Appreciation***

Brad dreamed he crossed over to the mystical library on the other side:

I was handed two books. One was gigantic—it was the historical record of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild and what it accomplished in the past and in the future we are yet to experience. The other book, however, was unexpected and caught my attention. It was a spiral notebook, entitled, *My Book of Life*. When I opened it, I was surprised to see that it was handwritten by my sister who passed on years ago during the Christmas holiday. On the first page was an appreciation. She wrote, “In appreciation of my brother...” This line was followed by a list that included, “my pillar of strength,” “my inspiration . . .” I was too overwhelmed to read the rest of her list, so I closed the book and wept.

I woke up realizing that we each leave behind our own unique version of a textual record entitled, *My Book of Life*. It is held in the mystical library for all eternity. The book begins with an appreciation expressing what you are most grateful for and want to celebrate in the life you lived, now held in the archives on the other side.

Why don’t you consider these two questions while you are still on this side of creation: First, what will you write on your appreciation page when it is time to compose your book of life? Second, what do you hope will be appreciated about you by others you care about? Answer these questions inside your big altar room and let little me have the final word.

### ***Grandpa and Johnny Walker***

Brad dreamed of his maternal grandfather, Auburn Gnann:

I dreamed all night of my grandpa, the rough man of the earth who was my maternal grandfather. He was the hardest working man I or anyone else in our family ever knew. When any of us work extra hard, it is our custom to say, “She or he got that from Grandpa Auburn Gnann.” This lineage of extreme work ethic, bordering on the maniacal, most often is associated with my mother, myself, and my son. Grandpa did (almost) everything with his own two hands—including building his own house. Sometimes he ended up inventing whatever contraptions he found he needed, like a sugar cane press. Though he didn’t build his own car, he took it apart and rebuilt it every year, like an annual ritual. He did this in January before driving to Georgia from Chaffee, Missouri to visit his family of origin.

The Gnanns are called the “Salzburgers of Georgia,” and arrived here as early colonial settlers in the late 1700s. Who knows, perhaps they heard George Whitefield preach during one of his visits to the colonies. My Grandpa left home early to be a sharecropper. I don’t think he went to school. He later drove a road grader to build highways across Alaska and Kansas. In his spare time, he was a

farmer and beekeeper. He swore like a sailor, at least one curse word per sentence. I never saw him rest and he was always launching a new project or going on a fishing trip. Of course, for the latter, he wove his own fishing net—I have his rope needle on our wall in New Orleans, the only thing I own of his.

In the dream, Grandpa decided that he wanted to learn how to play the piano. I watched him throw himself into it with reckless abandon. I was stunned by how focused and dedicated he was. Through the night and across several dreams, Grandpa became a pianist. It made me weep to witness his growth as a pianist in First Creation. I also felt the closest I had ever felt to him.

Then I dreamed that he dreamed of being taken to a spiritual classroom where he was shown how to play a certain kind of musical embellishment. I next observed him working it out the next day—again completely absorbed in the task. What struck me the most was how he felt enough satisfaction from giving the whole of himself to the work at hand. His enthusiasm was not affected by whether he had mastered the skill or not, nor did he compare himself to others—he was ecstatic simply from being profoundly absorbed in the work.

I listened carefully to his piano performance and realized he'd never be a master musician, though he'd be the best he possibly could be with the abilities granted him. Yet this truth was irrelevant to Grandpa. Whether it was music, beekeeping, house building, farming his vegetable garden and fruit orchard, growing peanuts, raising sugar cane, making peanut brittle, or road grading—he was perfectly content throwing himself into it with everything he had to offer.

Grandpa gave me two gifts in the dream. First, he looked at me and said, “Choose which television you want—a Magnavox or a Zenith. It's a gift.” It struck me as odd to hear the names of those television manufacturers that have since gone out of business. Grandpa and Grandma (my maternal grandparents) had a Zenith and my other grandparents had a Magnavox. My family of origin went back and forth between these two. People argued over which was the better television. Zenith had more early patents and was the first to have a remote control while Magnavox invented Astro-Sonic Magnavox stereo, which was my first experience with high fidelity. I realized when he made the offer that each television screen and sound system brought its own unique resources to one's viewing and listening pleasure. I didn't want to choose one over the other.

In that moment, I felt free for the first time in my life to accept the equal status of both sets of grandparents. On one side was a more refined and ministerial heavenly guidance, and on the other side was grit and earthly dirty work. Grandpa Gnann was a master of moving dirt and harvesting what the soil could bring—a highway or the foundation of a house. Naturally he could operate all earth moving equipment—he was respected, almost revered, for his skill with those machines.

He also brought our family every imaginable vegetable from their farm, along with sugar cane, peanuts, peaches, honey, and catfish, to name a few things in his cornucopia.

After choosing to go back and forth between Grandpa's Zenith and PaPa's Magnavox, Grandpa mentioned a surprising name. He said, "Grandson, my music was influenced by Johnny Walker. He once played in New Orleans." I thought he was making a joke about whiskey. Then he made it clear it was the name of a pianist I had never heard of before. I woke up excited. Our family always believed that Grandpa was a one-song man. He only sang one song and loved it so much there was no need for any other music. It was "You Are My Sunshine." In the dream he mentioned another musician, so this might mean that he now has other songs in his First Creation life.

The next morning, I ran downstairs to discover that Johnny "Big Moose" Walker was a blues pianist who grew up in Stoneville, Mississippi. He was known as "the irrepressible wild man of blues piano." Walker claimed, "I was really born in a graveyard, playing with the tombstones." Early on he worked the juke joints with Elmore James and Sonny Boy Williamson. Later he traveled as the pianist with Ike Turner, Muddy Waters, and Otis Spahn, to name a few. He lived most of his adult musician life playing festivals and the clubs of Chicago where he later lived. After he passed on, *JazzBluesNews* wrote, "No piano player of such sheer power and strength has arisen in Chicago to replace him." He was partially of Native American ancestry as well and once "went native," living with the Maori in New Zealand. And yes, he came to New Orleans to play in its jazz festival.

One of my favorite possessions as a boy was a moose coin purse from Alaska. It was a gift from either my father or one of my grandfathers—all three of them spent time in Alaska, so I'm not sure. I'm happy I don't remember who gave it to me—better to keep that uncertainty in the ancestral wobble. Here's some Johnny "Big Moose" Walker singing a tune for you. My Grandpa just brought in a honeycomb along with some sweet potatoes and black-eyed peas. Grandma just cooked up some fried chicken, corn muffins, and a pecan pie. Let's enjoy the blues that is playing on their Zenith that has been hooked up to the Magnavox Astro-Sonic from the other side. The tones are rolling in from Stoneville, Mississippi as a wake-up call for your sleeping rocket prophets.

### **Hey!**

Brad had a strange dream:

I heard someone shouting, "Hey!" The voice sounded familiar, but I could not identify who it was. Again, I heard, "Hey!" After a brief pause, the voice repeated,



“Hey!” I suddenly realized it was the voice of Susan Ortiz, a Guild member who passed away a few years ago. In that instant I heard her burst into wild, uncontrollable laughter. It woke me up.

Susan was a medical doctor and a true enthusiast and lover of Sacred Ecstasies. We shared our visionary teachings with her up until her death. Her last words to us included, “Hopefully, I’ll attend next year’s Sacred Ecstasies intensives from the other side.”

Susan’s obituary said this about her essence: “She believed you cannot laugh too much or love too deeply. You definitely cannot dance too long. Music invaded her every cell.” On the night she passed, we received Thelonious Monk’s version of the song, “Everything Happens to Me.” Let’s add those words to our altars, preferably somewhere high. But change them in celebration of the shout out from our dear Guild member on high: “Hey! Everything happens to little me.”

### ***Experiment Three Findings***

One of the Sacred Ecstasies Guild members, Frank Walker, summarized what we learned from this experiment with a poem he entitled, “For Love.” We regard it as a compressed crystal that sparks piezoelectricity, voiced by a rocket prophet:

Concentrate, concentrate do not hesitate  
There’s Holy bread at the ECI gate  
You are being drenched by the down pour of seiki, n/om and holy spirit  
It’s easy, follow the instructions, communing, climbing and you will feel it  
If you don’t feel it, Mother Samuel says you have to pray  
And be soul struck by the work of Erroll, ‘Grew’, Charles and W. A.  
Find the right ratio, doin’ it for love will provide the ignition  
Tune your body instrument, jump in the big stream of every religion  
Seiki shaky, hand trembling and arm jerking excitation  
Only need a song, a prayer and be willing to catch the vibration  
Edgar’s communing, Jacob’s climbing little me is seeking  
Every night under my pillow on stones they are sleeping  
222, the countdown, the rockets are launched  
Our ancient caravan of seekers is drenched

Another Guild Member and physician, Dr. Dezsoe Birkas, reported a special dream worth noting:

Last night I had an embarrassing dream. I was with some Guild members and other people I did not recognize. Suddenly Osumi Sensei appeared. She became sick and, for some unknown reason, she was entrusted to my care. When she laid down and I was at her side, I clearly did not know what to do. Afterward, I felt sloppy and careless, like somebody who does not know how to give her what she truly needs and deserves.

Thank you! I bow before the teachings that have come down. I feel that I need constant, full-hearted communion with Thee.

We responded as follows:

You had an extraordinary dream that was a true visitation to a spiritual classroom. You are not a dream seeder—someone who can dream whatever cutouts fall in their ears. When you dream, it happens in spite of your nonexistent dream agriculture.

When Osumi Sensei felt someone had passed the beginning hurdles, she asked that you treat her. She did this to you in your dream. You are the first Guild member who this happened to and it happened after you received your visionary St. Bernards.

Rather than gloat over this, you felt defeated by helplessness. That's the next crossroads. Pray hard enough with the trust that God will move you to do what needs to be done. The wobble is in the moment when you are called to act but realize you do not know what to do.

Feeling the need to commune with Thee is the key. All else is trickster puffery and methane gas blown out the ass. Install a methane converter, practice more focus to gain increasing concentration, and don't look back. Vow to be an empty bowl on the march to the 222 that instills you with healing piezo.

Another Guild member, Mary, exemplified what can happen when sufficient focus and concentration brings forth more nearness to the altar space and its experimentation:

I re-did my altar and moved it into our living room. My husband, Lance, also contributed to this effort. A different emotion arose within me that felt like the altar and its experiment were not just for me, not just for my family I live with, but for everyone. I have a feeling of connectedness that is very new, along with a reverence for the Saints and Mothers that are bringing so much bounty and daily food for all of us.

I also felt inspired to make a collage from pictures of other Guild member's altars and pictures from the various teachings. Moving the prophets/rockets back

and forth from the altar to under my pillow has brought an unanticipated excitement every day. It's also surprisingly exciting to see them being charged up on the altar during the day.

I have especially appreciated the instruction of reading twice and listening to an ecstatic track twice per day. This has proved easier and more difficult than I had imagined! This is bringing more concentrated effort to study and my inner pugilist is getting more of a workout. It's the doing it – just doin' this!

I have also been dreaming more since working with the rockets under my pillows and I will share two of those dreams. The first night that I printed Brad's vision of the message from St. Peter, and placed it under my pillow, I dreamed that I was sitting in my bedroom in a chair where I have done Sacred Ecstasics exercises in the past. I did not realize I was dreaming. I was practicing the three five-beat lines. I was practicing them musically, starting on various notes of a scale and ascending, and then worked with other variations. The beats were rhythmic and then arrhythmic. I was staring at my altar to keep the various lines in alignment with the destination points. This is when I should have known I was dreaming because my altar has been moved and so has the chair I was sitting in. I was tapping my body both externally and internally. Sometimes I would stand, and sometimes sit. My body became very excited and the shaking was intense and coming from within. This went on for a long time.

I was shocked to wake up and find myself in bed, with the prayer lines working in my body instrument up and down my spine and from my toes to the top of my head. I went with it and continued working the lines until I fell asleep again. My body has not felt the same since this dream. There is a stream of vibration moving up and down my body that gives me a feeling of excitation. Since this dream, the prayer lines are with me throughout the day, and when I wake, I hear them in myself. Using my own voice amplifies the feeling inside my body.

In the second dream, a Sacred Ecstasics intensive was just finishing in New Orleans in Brad and Hillary's current home. There were a few of us in the kitchen with Brad and Hillary. The kitchen seemed bigger than usual, and the light was bright. The air was very sweet. I was standing next to a longtime member of the Sacred Ecstasics tribe, who gave me a big hug. He was shaking and I started trembling in his embrace. He then took me by the shoulders and looked at me and said, "No matter how much I do this work, I am always starting at the beginning. This is such a surprise!" We were smiling at each other and I replied, "Yes! My God! It's really amazing, isn't it? Always new beginnings." We both started laughing. Then Brad came over to us and started laughing and talking about the beginning. He said, "Yes! It's always a new start!" His smile was so contagious that

all of us in the kitchen started laughing. When I woke up, I was trembling and had a sense of joyous urgency. The feeling stayed with me all day.

New beginnings  
New mis-takes  
Double takes  
Concentrate  
To the 222

Connecting fascinating rhythm  
To piezoelectricity  
Of one another  
And the rope

To the ever expanding  
Notes that open and widen  
Emptying and cleaning the bowl  
Ready to be filled

To  
New Beginnings  
New mis-takes  
Double takes  
Concentrate  
To the 222

I feel so much gratitude to Hillary and Brad, to all the saints, to the mothers, and to this group. Many thanks!

We responded to Mary:

Thank you, Mary, for demonstrating that “It’s the doing it – just doin’ this!” that is required to reap the fruit of an experimental spiritual garden. Not doing it half-heartedly, but with focus and concentration: *“I re-did my altar and moved it into our living room . . . reading twice and listening to a podcast twice a day.”* Only then, with focused and concentrated action, did you *“feel it.”* Feel what? *“There was a different feeling, that it was not just for me, not just for my family I live with, but for everyone. I have a feeling of connectedness that is very new...It’s also surprisingly exciting to see them [the rockets] being charged up on the altar during*

*the day.” This is entering the big room of the experiment. It opened the gate to the other side where you were gifted. With what gift? With an ecstatic somatic gift: “I was shocked to wake up and find myself in bed, with the prayer lines working in my body instrument – up and down my spine and from my toes to the top of my head. I went with it and continued working the lines until I fell asleep again. My body has not felt the same since this dream. There is a stream of vibration moving up and down my body that gives me a feeling of excitation. Since this dream, the prayer lines are with me throughout the day, and when I wake, I hear them in myself amplifies the feeling inside my body.”*

Then came the ecstatic semantic gift that defines what it means to not miss the target of First Creation New Orleans: “Yes, it’s always a new start.” In the melt, song and poetic words convey/evoke what’s felt.

Finally, we received this report from Dominic, recipient of the seiki compass, who succinctly caught some of the important results Guild members were noticing:

I contracted the image of my altar to a size that better fits beneath a pillow, reinforced it with a card backing, and carry it with me as my travel altar. The once slumbering prophets on their charging station, are getting fired up to launch as rockets, now soaring out of the altar into space.

I am so appreciative of the deeply felt and moving report-lifelines that have come through these last several days, and for all the visions that came this month. I especially appreciate the recent teaching on activating the methane converter that converts gassy trickster thinking into the sweet redemptive sound of numinous fire that can ecstatically launch a song, dance, and hooper rocket to the heavens. Thank you! I deeply feel the need of that methane converter, and am grateful for this gift to the Guild. 3-2-1. Activate converter-inject gas/fuel-LAUNCH!

Through the last few weeks of frenetic end-of-year activity, and unrest within and without, I am grateful that the tensions and struggles of daily life also serve as the friction that ignites the fuel of longing for communion with Thee and a nicer me. Feeling the sufferings and sadness of others amidst the undulations of the holiday season stirs a wobble in me that longs for the songs that can melt, sooth and lift my heart, and theirs. Thank you Mulgrew Miller.

We responded:

Feeling this transformation of suffering within and around you into joy is ecstatic cooking. All else is trickster candy that may give a momentary big me high but is

inevitably followed by a big me deflation. That's big me balloon riding rather than little me (i.e. whole and holy me) on the quest of spiritual climbing.

We advise that everyone stop mulling over whether you got hot, expanded the room, or radiated spiritual signs of change. Mull or grew? Let it be said that Mr. Dominic grew, as did many of you with experiment three.

Finally, Guild member, Annamaria Kalapati, drew her dream that

was inspired by a dream and feeling I had one night, while the "prockets" were under my pillow. Everything in play was floating above clouds, including us guild members, as we were standing on top of ladders and playfully tried catching different objects representing our metaphors.

She dreamed as we were dreaming experiment four, new ways to handle the cutouts. Here's her artwork, with a quote from the previous vision, *The Black Book*:



### ***Prescription for Experiment Four***

Experiment four has three parts:

1. *Wigram Stream*: Jump into the Wigram stream. All of you, roots and all, must leap into the water and be carried upstream to meet the originating cleansing fountain of First Creation. The stream will bring you back attuned to the extent that you let go of every part of you. Follow the ecstatic audio track and return to the stream often throughout the month.
2. *Scarab Storage Box on the Altar and In Operation*: Gather your Scarab Storage Box and place it on your altar. Start putting outsider spiritual cutouts in it that do not emanate from the Sacred Ecstatics altar room.
3. *Reset your orientation to the intensive*: when the next intensive begins, listen to the ecstatic tracks and webinars with this double purpose: *concentration and excitation*. Concentrate by focused listening. Excite by seiki body movement—not too much (that breaks up concentration) and not too little (not enough excitation).

**Note:** Do not launch the third part of the experiment until the first act of the intensive on Wednesday. Until then, work on the first two parts—the Wigram stream roundtrip journey and using your Scarab Storage Box for better altar housekeeping.

### ***The Sacred Ecstatics Guild 2021 Reset***

While we always address all three steps of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe—big room building, spiritual cooking, and changing the everyday with mystical experimentation—we find that the beginning of each Guild season leans toward emphasizing step one. In particular, we find that most of our pointing (inside and outside the visionary classrooms) involves a reminder to sweep away former habits of room shrinkage and refrigeration. Emptying the bowl is a necessary, ongoing action; old behavioral patterns and recycled mental cutouts are not easily extinguished because they are deep rooted. The main reason for not readily conducting spiritual electricity within the big room is resistance—conscious or unconscious—to new action that does not maintain an entrenched spiritual status quo.

Guild experimental instructions involve different ways of focusing on the visionary cutouts that are currently in play, using your thought, perception, emotion, and action. This multi-faceted focus expands the room, heats and charges the surrounding atmosphere, and builds up the concentration of numinous mystery in your daily life. Old school spiritual cooks recognize that

former habits and focal points of looking and assessing must surrender to a concentrated performance of the recipe for setting your bowl, bones, tones, and soul on fire.

We will now reset our collective emphasis and move away from our previous kind of elaborate pointing. We ask that you faithfully use the new gifts that recently arrived—the Wigram Stream roundtrip journey and the Scarab Storage Box. Plunging into the Wigram Stream helps rid you of the certainty behind too much solidity of thought and belief—that which blocks the middle wobble or alternating spiritual electrical current. The Scarab Storage Box holds any cutout you feel has a link to mystery and are resistant to throwing away but is clearly not a part of our ongoing experimental action or room. Place it under the scarab’s supervision and then forget about it. If we find that your reports or comments drift toward an out-of-the-room cutout, we will now say, “Scarab Storage Box, please” to remind you what to do about it. Or if there is a hint of conceptual solidity we may suggest another dissolve into the Wigram Stream.

In the forthcoming weeks, a variety of cutouts will cross your path. Here is a list of these, along with a recommendation about how to handle them:

(1) Sacred Ecstatics cutouts— these cutouts are what we are presently focused on this season or those that come from past Guild adventures. Particularly highlight those associated with the present experiment and perform the prescribed action that go with them. All of this season’s experimental cutouts are primary and belong on the altar. Other Sacred Ecstatics cutouts from past texts or experiments may be included as secondary cutouts, if they feel associated in a vibrant way.

(2) Spiritual cutouts sourced from outside the Guild’s room—place these in the Scarab Storage Box, please. This enables us to avoid trickster debate about what is or is not “spiritual.” Let the scarab keep a guardian eye on it while you focus on building up concentration of what is in play.

(3) Everyday work, play, and home cutouts—attend to them as necessary, but don’t let them suck all your attention so that they tip your daily small room to big room ratio in the wrong direction. As a member of a Guild, do your best to practice the art of living in the big room—no matter the cutout introduced.

(4) Any other worn out, cooling, shrinking, and irrelevant cutouts that just happen to fly by or walk in—to avoid interference, be sure to sweep them away.

Concentration is what points your double compass of thought and emotion (held by little me and big me) toward the big room. At the end of the day, our experiments and Sacred Ecstatics cutouts should fill more of your mind and heart than other kinds of cutouts. The more concentration you achieve, the more likely your day and night will feel like they are inside divine mystery. It’s as simple as this as long as you keep it as simple as this.



We also will be launching something new, an ecstatic stimulant that is designed to come after an ECI. The ECI is like an enhanced Tesla shake—it helps clear you from rhythmic entrainment to the monotonous beats of small room habitation. More than the interruption brought solely by mechanical shaking, the ECI additionally brings some emotional excitement and confusion. After the ECI comes a new big room bang, what we call the Charles Henry Piezoelectric Bath. It is an extension of what we used to call a “sound soak,” the absorption of music meant to convey sacred emotion. Our Charles Henry Piezoelectric Bath (CHPB) goes further, higher, and deeper as it infuses you with multiple doubles and trinities inside Ouroboros circularities that aim to throw you into the middle wobble.

Our aim is to short circuit your yeti noise and free your eland to deliver its signal. As always, it’s up to you to follow instruction, sweep, swim in the Wigram Stream, use your Scarab Storage Box, and dive into the soak. Let us enjoy movement toward the poly-wobbling middle where anything can happen. Less looking talk, more cooking action. If you catch yourself peeking rather than climbing to the peak, then grab a broom, take a swim in the Wigram Stream, or enlist the help of your discerning scarab. Then start again with an emptier bowl. Onto the 222 where the piezoelectricity waits to plug you in.

The new responsibility for Brad and I is to do less pointing related to sweeping and emptying the bowl. That is something you can do on your own, now with the additional help of the Wigram Stream and the Scarab Storage Box. We will focus on shaking the cutouts of Sacred Ecstasies in order to heat and charge the Guild cooking room. We will use both the previous cutout transformer and the recently acquired mystical methane converter whose pipeline transports the numinous gas from the mind to the heart through the vibrating vocal cords in the middle. Converting thought-gas to heart-fuel requires the right kind of thought and emotion connected by a mainline pipeline.

Use the next days prior to the intensive for using your mystery broom to sweep away unnecessary interference and placing any stray spiritual cutouts in your Scarab Storage Box. Take multiple trips back to the Wigram Stream headwaters. The next intensive brings an updated and upgraded soak in the Charles Henry electrical bath. It is outfitted with the latest gadgets and gizmos that have come down the main mind-voice-heart pipeline.

Get ready. The new show is about to begin and you will assuredly be in the middle of it if you keep your scarab well fed as you sink into the multi-sensory mystical electrical bath of our First Creation Sorbonne Laboratory.

### ***Algorithm for Discerning the Two of You***

In a dream we were given a new spiritual gift:

In a visionary laboratory with high tech devices strewn everywhere, a voice announced that Hillary and I had received an algorithm. This was a mathematical

formula that performs an unusual operation on sensory observation and mental conception. The voice explained:

The algorithm enables you to produce a clear account of the doubles of another human being. This especially applies to their experimental findings. Enter a report into the algorithm and it reveals the two people involved. The same holds true for any other response, question, answer, or expression. The algorithm discerns the two people behind it.

We assumed the “two people” mentioned were big me and little me. We paused to wonder whether the algorithm had been installed into our Apple computers or our bio-cerebral computers. Then we laughed because surely it was installed in both our inner and outer worlds, programmed for every angle, level, and dimension. The teacher invited us to try using the algorithm on some Guild reports. It immediately showed how each report is influenced by two selves, with one usually in the lead. Hence, the possibility for multiple ratios, congruence, incongruence, harmony, dissonance, synchrony, and non-synchrony. This is particularly true about the difference between reports about waking and dream experiences. Sometimes a dream is a better indicator of the current room hosting someone’s life because its principal metaphors are conjured by little me. However, any inflation of a particular experience, sign, or cutout from the dream comes from big me. Similarly, the dream report is itself under trickster penmanship once words have wrapped themselves around former unconscious emotion and its reverberating web of relations. The algorithm, now doubly installed in our conscious and unconscious selves, helps these differences be discerned and sorted out.

We were reminded in the vision that what we discern from applying the algorithm is not always useful information to share with others—it is better for us to enact it than to explain it. Any mention of trickster interference may itself provoke trickster to interfere by launching a counter protest. The main value of the new algorithm is how it helps design interventions that recalibrate the two’s involved in an experimental performance and its report. Like we previously dreamed in the past, it helps us structure a counter therapeutic double bind. More accurately, a unique 222 is needed to help shake free any circularly stuck double. Enough said, more on that is a topic for another time.

There are two of you experimenting and reporting. This includes the same two who may choose not to act, or oddly react, or chase an extra New Orleans bite/byte of holy beignet power. We are dealing with doubles on every plane, train, and Coltrane. Our newly formulated aim is to

raise the dead third from its binary oscillating grave. When it emerges, the sacred vibration comes through. The 222 wobble is the generator of piezoelectricity. It needs an empty bowl to receive, store, and circulate it. Let's go, both of you who are amidst the other numbers, combinations, and reverberations. All systems go, that is, let's all-go-in-rhythm. We previously cracked the code, and now we've got the algorithm.

### ***René Dubos***

After we committed to shifting our current emphasis to concentration and excitation, we prayed for specific guidance on how to specify our rebooted mission. In a dream, Brad was shown a name written across the sky: "René Dubos." He immediately woke up trembling from having received such a response from on high, while wondering how this name would guide the next chapter of our adventure.

The next morning we recalled that René Dubos was a renowned microbiologist who had been an inspiration to Brad when he was a young academic. Dubos's early scientific work led to the discovery of major antibiotics. He became a leading expert on acquired immunity, tuberculosis, and gastrointestinal-dwelling bacteria. Later in his career, Dubos focused on humanity's relationship to nature. He concluded that while science is often dangerously short-sighted, rightwing politicians are extremely toxic to the entire planet, especially the kind that today deny climate change and undermine good science, including the public health directive to wear a mask during a pandemic. Brad was flooded with some of Dubos's teachings, a sample of which we offer for your recalibration:

Man shapes himself through decisions that shape his environment.

The belief that we can manage the earth and improve on nature is probably the ultimate expression of human conceit, but it has deep roots in the past and is almost universal.

A sense of continuity with the rest of creation is a form of religious experience essential to sanity.

The earth is literally our mother, not only because we depend on her for nurture and shelter but even more because the human species has been shaped by her in the womb of evolution. Our salvation depends upon our ability to create a religion of nature.

The experiment serves two purposes, often independent one from the other: it allows the observation of new facts, hitherto either unsuspected, or not yet well

defined; and it determines whether a working hypothesis fits the world of observable facts.

Think globally, act locally.

The present reset of Sacred Ecstatics invites you to get amongst the garden of First Creation changing, the Sacred Ecstatics liberation front that asks you to be a more responsible part of the whole, rather than ask how the whole can be of service to you. This crossroads brings the choice to either make decisions based on what delights or soothes your big me, or to follow and emulate the spiritually cooked shamans, mystics, healers, and seekers of old. Brad's vision calls you to take up the ancient invitation to live for all your relations rather than focus on what serves you, independent of how it affects others. Old medicine people went on the hill to seek a vision to make themselves helpers to the community. Any pride or self-aggrandizement that afterward snuck in about it was quickly corrected by suffering or having their gift taken away by the Creator. You are called to be your neighbor's keeper, a community minded groundskeeper, and a global performance stage sweeper. Experiment as if your life, other lives, and Mother Earth are depending on the vastest ecstatic results. Follow the way of René.

Anyone in the Guild who receives a nail of n/om, a shaky seiki baptism, a windblown room rearrangement from the holy spirit, or an authentic visionary experience needs to immediately ask what you can do for the Sacred Ecstatics Guild that hosted and nurtured that experience. If you only focus on the personal thrill and pleasure of what God, ancestors, conductors, and community can do for you, you will spiritually decay and not be able to grow the seed that was planted. This practical wisdom does not diminish the joy of a spiritual gift. The exciting news of the René Dubos vision is this: shifting to the bigger picture brings more excitation and concentration of the source and force of nature.

Life is short and trickster excuses are long. We invite you to be lit by the fuse of the highest muse that invites us to pray for others rather than only for ourselves. Listen again, as René Dubos speaks from the other side, now through the big room of Sacred Ecstatics:

Shape yourself through the kind of decisions that shape your room.

The belief that we can manage Sacred Ecstatics, community, and nature to improve the pleasure of our life is probably the ultimate expression of human conceit, but it has deep roots in the past and is almost a universal trickster trap.

A sense of continuity with the rest of creation is a form of religious experience essential to sanity, sanctity, and ecstasy.

The earth is literally our mother, not only because we depend on her for nurture and shelter but even more because the human species has been shaped by her in the womb of evolution. Our salvation depends upon our ability to create a religion of nature that asks us make earth (Second Creation) as it is in heaven (First Creation)—the same goal of J. B. Valmour and his New Orleans Cercle Harmonique from long ago.

Our experiments serve two purposes: they reach for the mystical perception of new numinous realities, hitherto either unsuspected, or not yet well defined; and to invent better spiritual engineering that fits and evokes the ineffable world of sacred ecstatic wobbly facts.

Think vastly and ecologically, act aesthetically and ecstatically.

*Concentrate:* René Dubos. *Excite:* gleefully serve the whole of nature, the room of the Sacred Ecstasics Community. Ask not what First Creation can do for you; ask what you can do for the René rebut.

### ***Three-Piece Italian Sandwich***

Brad dreamed we were walking in an old neighborhood on a cobblestone street in Italy. We came across a man with a food cart:

He was dressed like the street vendors from the late 1890s. There were many vegetables spread out on the cart, already prepared to eat. It was mostly lettuce with some other items mixed in. When we walked over to get a better look, he handed us a wrapped sandwich and said, “Here’s your lunch. You’ll enjoy this.” We unwrapped it and took a bite—it was the tastiest sandwich we ever had bitten into and could not understand why it was so incredibly good. When we opened the bread to take a closer look, we found there was only one irregular piece of salami—a wobbly looking circle—and a long rectangular piece of provolone cheese underneath it. The sandwich had no dressing or vegetables—only those two fillers. There was no butter or sauce of any kind. That seemed impossible given its rich flavor. The bread was flat and fresh, still soft and warm. The combination of that soft, warm bread with that long piece of cheese and irregular circular piece of salami was a culinary delight beyond description.

We looked at the cart again and noticed there was no meat, cheese, or bread anywhere. Only a spread of lettuces with a few other vegetables. We were confused and the man smiled—he seemed to understand something that was

over our head. It mattered not, because we were compelled to enjoy another bite of that three-piece sandwich. Its mind-blowing taste eradicated any further interest in wanting to know what was going on. It was more than satisfying to simply accept that we were being fed and enjoying what had been specially made for us that day.

Every single day, the divine cart of life shows up in front of you. Pay no attention to what you think you see. Only accept the sandwich that is handed to you, even if it makes no earthly sense. Take a bite of heaven and enjoy the mystical taste with such concentration and excitation that no human knowing can interfere with your full enjoyment of the flavor. Forget whether the sandwich has any dressing. This is not about appearances or understanding. Just say to yourself, "Today, I celebrate a three-piece sandwich."

### ***You Have a Job***

Brad dreamed we entered an old house to find Brad's father sitting in the living room:

We had no idea why we were there or whose house it was. The room was barely lit as if a Victorian séance was about to take place, yet the mood felt more like visiting an elder who was keeping the lights low to save money on the electric bill. After exchanging greetings and pleasantries, my father became serious, like the pastor he used to be. He addressed our obvious uncertainty about the situation and then, as if pointing us toward a higher spiritual matter, he bluntly stated, "I know that the community would be happy if you took a job in town as a cook."

At first, I thought he was suggesting I should not pursue my passion for music, writing, the performing arts, inventing new means of ecstatic transformation, and all the rest of it. I even wondered if he was trying to "hold me back," the way young or adult children may be suspect of a parent's underlying motivation. Hillary and I both felt confused. We stood up and decided we'd take a walk outside.

As we opened the front door and saw the sunlight pour in, it dawned on us that we were in a visionary classroom. We had misunderstood that a "cook" in First Creation is not a short order fry cook in a small town that doesn't draw upon our honed skills and gifts. In the big room, a cook "spiritually cooks," and that is the whole mission of Sacred Ecstasies. We also remembered that recently the Guild had turned a new corner, increasing our emphasis on the concentration and excitation of spiritual cooking.

The more we walked, the more we understood: The name of every job in First Creation is a lowly name in Second Creation. Less fancy talk and impressive titles are found where the old timers like to cook. The spiritual kitchen is a place for

chopping wood and vegetables, carrying water, sweeping with a broom, and stoking the flames. In the kitchen of the Lord, n/om lard rules. In the kitchen you find who you spiritually are and what your particular job is. When you step into it, the community will be happy because every job is equally important.

Don't ask what you are becoming or whether you are advancing. Just focus on emptying the bowl, entering the 222, and feeling the piezoelectricity of azurite make the whole room right. Keep returning to the headwaters of the Wigram Stream where higher wisdom will sort out what happens next. In the wobble of uncertainty, found at the border of light and dark, any understanding you need will arise spontaneously when you take the walk.

### ***A Special Bakery Treat Before the Crash***

Brad dreamed we were sent to a bakery:

We were served four portions of a remarkable pastry. It was a hybrid of the famous Hungarian krémes, the cream pastry from the Ruszwurm Confectionary in the Castle District of Budapest, and a classic French Napoleon with layers of cream like the one found at Pierre Hermé in Paris. Our pastry was rectangular like a Napoleon, but it had one thick layer of cream like a krémes. The baked dough layer on top was a lighter brown, whereas the bottom layer was darker. Both pastry layers were dense like pie crust rather than flaky like a Napoleon or krémes. This First Creation dessert was heavenly and we were delighted we had four of them to enjoy. A spectacular taste bud explosion!

We were under the impression that the ancestors were celebrating the Guild's movement toward spiritual cooking—the concentration and excitation emphasis that is underway. I wondered whether we had accepted our new job as cooks in the visionary small town, as advised by my father in the previous dream. I woke up still tasting that pastry and it made me hungry for another visit to our favorite European pastry shops, especially Ruszwurm whose cream is made by the gods.

Later in the night, another visionary dream took place. We were in New York City with a young couple we didn't know. It seems they were newcomers to the world of spiritual cooking. In addition, we were accompanied by Peggy Papp, the last surviving pioneer of the family therapy profession. We had come from the theatre and were strolling the streets when we looked up at the sky and saw an airplane aimed for the former Pan Am building on 200 Park Avenue, the street where Peggy used to live with her ex-husband, Joseph Papp, a pioneer of New York theatre. Yet the plane, belonging to the former fleet of Pan Am Airlines, was bigger than the whole building—it was gigantic. The plane was flying downward

at a 45-degree angle, aimed straight at the center of the skyscraper. There was no doubt the building would be hit. We also had the sense that the whole city might crumble.

The second the Pan Am airplane crashed into the building, we were thrown to another scene. We were now standing in front of an elevator on a high floor, saying goodbye to Peggy. We hugged and she insisted that she pay for our airline tickets and travel expenses. I replied, “You can do that on the next trip—the next time you come back.” At that moment, we wondered whether this meant her next lifetime or her next journey to First Creation. She smiled and we kept the meaning a mystery—for the sake of a better theatrical exit. Then we helped the couple enter the elevator and sent them back to the ground floor.

We remembered how climbing the rope to God feels like an elevator ride. Sometimes you go further up and other times you must return to help deal with the challenges of everyday living. Neither New York City nor the entire world will ever be the same after the pandemic and the flourishing of right-wing “America first” towers of babble and evil. No matter what crashes and crumbles, there is an elevator that continues to go up and down. That’s the rope to God. Nothing can harm it, though you can miss the ride if you’re not paying attention. After the Pan Am Building, Pan Am Airlines, America, and the world as we know it have fallen, the Kalahari Salt Pans will remain.

Sacred Ecstasies hosts the original vibration of elation—the song and dance of eeeland’s First Creation sweet cream jubilation. It will forever endure as long as it wobbles between two differences above and below. Like a three-piece perfect divine sandwich, your pastry needs a trinity. The light and dark crusts allow the sweetness in between to feed your spiritual hunger.

#### ***Experiment Four Alteration***

Choose a wall in your home. You will paint it azurite blue. Choose the particular azurite paint color that draws your spiritual attention. Choose the size of paintbrush you feel is best for your spiritual action (rollers are not permitted).

You may paint the whole wall or a part of it. If you wish for this coloration to not be seen, consider a wall in your closet, the inside of a door, or part of the interior of a cabinet. If you are renting a place, you can cover a wall or door with paper and paint that surface.

With each stroke, say “Yes, Lord.” As you saturate your wall in azurite blue, you saturate yourself in our two-word prayer key. When you are not painting and find your eyes have noticed the color azurite on the wall during your everyday, say, “Azurite makes the room right.”



### ***Rebut, Reboot, Reset, Return, Re-indicate***

Hillary dreamed she was shown a passage from scripture:

A man I could hear but not see placed a paragraph directly in front of me. I was told it was a passage from scripture, though he did not say whether it was from the Old or New Testament. It had been recently re-discovered and then re-worded to make it more relevant and clearer for our Guild. The passage addressed how we should relate to our altars. I do not remember all of the words in the passage, only the two most salient points:

The debut of the altar is important, but it is not the most important aspect...It is the *rebut* of the altar that is most important.

The meaning was very clear to me in the dream: Although the initial creation of the altar and your startup interaction with it is vital, what is even more important is your continued return to it for further re-indication or re-emphasis of its mysteries and teachings. The term used in the passage, “rebut,” carried multiple meanings. In the dream it was pronounced exactly like the French word “debut,” and I clearly understood it was a play on words. Since “debut” refers to the first time something is launched or revealed, the term “rebut” in the passage referred to performing a re-launch of the altar and its experiments again and again, doing so as if for the very first time.

However, in English the actual word, “rebut,” means to refute, counter, disprove, or contradict an argument that has been made. After each round of “doin’ this,” trickster answers back with a counter argument to “undo it.” Therefore, each time you return to your altar and repeat the performance of an experiment it is like making a rebuttal to the previous trickster refutation that tried to undermine or discredit the original spiritual instruction, its truth, and its room.

Trickster doubt and skepticism of ineffable mystery are natural and inevitably arrive with every altar engagement. Rather than ban the debate (you can’t no matter how hard you try), accept this trickster counter as an opportunity for big room pugilism to strengthen your relationship with the altar.

Let us embrace the new arrival of this First Creation scripture whose wobbly-worded meaning is crystal clear: Although the initial debut of a new spiritual teaching or experience brings excitement, the real fruit and even greater excitement are found in your ongoing return to re-enter the altar performance space and redo what was first done and subsequently countered by trickster. This

requires concentration, the continued return of your whole attention back to the altar whenever anything invites you to stray. The heart, soul, and sustained potency of your ecstatic spiritual life is found in your continuous rebut, reboot, reset, return, and re-indication of the big altar room in play. Do it, expect trickster to undo it, and then redo it! In the redoing, you build the big room and cook your life.

There's a three-rope alternative to every either/or reality.  
Neither left, nor right, this world sparkles with azurite.  
In the wobbling debut of three, people are free to rebut with Thee.  
Meet the jubilation liberation of the revoot revolution.

Go past stereo, immerse in full surround sound.  
Something wholly felt when lines of separation wash away  
Leave the conservative party, its merchants of death have no eland breath.  
Leave the liberal party, its correction of another evil doesn't escape the trickster devil.  
Leave the two-party system,  
Join the wobble of the three rope party.

Absurd the polarities,  
Alternate between deep mysteries and high hilarities  
Here Bushmen stomp on shifting sand,  
Seiki masters blow the wind above your head  
Caribbean shakers travel on the sea of sacred ecstasy.

God's love is not found in a yeti room.  
Don't be deceived by huckster television.  
Don't be relieved by trickster correction of misinformation.  
God's love involves more than prophetic negation,  
It brings whole room, multi-dimensional excitation.

The first cornerstone is not enough.  
It takes re-indication to maintain concentration.  
Here's the catch to catching the 222 intervention:  
Trickster must offer a rejection,  
For prophets to launch a re-indication.

One step forward, one step back,  
This brings on the two-step,

Climbing the ladder, unbinding the doubles.  
After three rounds, the room starts to breathe.  
This triple stepper sets one-wing free.

The two-wing flap requires both of you act.  
Shift from oscillation to vibration,  
Use higher concentration,  
Seek the recombination: confusion plus excitation.  
Resurrection goes deep before it flies high.

Re-indication moves the 1, 2, 3 of sacred ecstasy.  
The cogs, wheels, and gears of transmission.  
Count to 4, that builds a new floor.  
After five, you're in the hive.  
Now it's time to take the next dive.

Don't be caught in one wing without another,  
Own each side of the juxtaposition.  
Learn to cry and die as the means to fly.  
Transform sufferings into sojoprings,  
Composing hymns that sing and sweep away everything.

Bring on the trembling, reassembling dance,  
Rebut the menace of ideological stance,  
Throw it all into the Wigram Stream.  
You won't get to keep all your stories and glories,  
But learning to sing comes with a sting,  
Owning a song requires admitting when you're wrong.

One wing, two wings,  
Invite the numinous three, the whirling dizzy divinity.  
Without the wind, your song is not moving.  
Without the fire, your dance is not singing.

Pull the root and reboot,  
Over and over again.  
Through re-indication you create regeneration,  
Leaving the marks,  
Building the arks.

Wave the flag of the azurite blues,  
Let the banner of love be unfurled.  
Come home to the empty bowl, 222, and piezoelectricity.  
Re-root, reboot, rebut.  
Give a hoot, own the voot, get on the boat.  
Empty bowl and 222, please send the shock, awe, and thaw of piezo!

The goat butts heads with the whole of nature,  
Finding its place in the room of all forms.  
Second Creation is born of First Creation,  
First Creation is reborn in Second Creation  
Every night is opening night: debut, rebut!

### ***Reading the Azurite Palm***

Brad dreamed he was at a social gathering in a large, old home:

The event was hosted by a private foundation that supported projects aimed at making a significant difference in the world. In the corner of the main living room sat a couple that seemed to be over a hundred years old. The old matriarch invited me to sit down for a conversation. It was clear that she and her husband headed the foundation. "Tell us your story," she asked. I started to mention that I began my career in family therapy, but we were interrupted by a former associate of mine who came over and expressed impatience about the whole scene and rudely left, implying I should do the same. I ignored the advice. As my colleague walked away the old woman waved her hand in the air and said, "Good riddance!"

At this point I felt it was more important to start my story differently, beginning with my involvement with the Kalahari Bushmen. As I started to speak of those experiences, I felt transported there, like being in two places and two historical time periods at the same time. Then Hillary sat down next to me and we both started to describe our adventure with Sacred Ecstatics. The matriarch immediately grabbed her husband, who had been talking with someone else. He turned to join us as she said to him, "Look at his face." Pointing to my forehead, she added, "You can see the face on him without any need for coloration. It's clear." They both bent over and seemed to see a face imprinted on my forehead. I wondered whether I had accidentally smeared an hors d'oeuvre on my face or whether I had become so old that wrinkles created the effect of a sculpted portrait on my forehead. Both these elders nodded their head affirming that they saw

something. The elder woman announced, “The face of Jesus is on his forehead.” Hillary and I looked at each other and wondered whether the number 9, mystically marked in a former visionary meeting with Mother Catherine Seals, had morphed into the image they perceived. We also wondered whether this was a reference to the message I formerly received in a vision from my grandmother, Doe: “God has put a high mark on you.”

The elder woman then told her husband, “You need to go get your paint.” He stood up and went to another room, coming back with a box of felt marking pens. He asked me to open my hand and started to wipe one of the felt pens over my palm. Instantly, the middle of my palm turned to crimson and appeared to be bleeding. He then took another pen and stroked my palm to the right of that previously painted center. It left a faint blue color, as if the felt pen was running out of liquid. The woman advised that he should use a new felt pen, but he interrupted and replied, “I don’t have to because his palm is changing color on its own.” Sure enough, the rest of my hand turned deep blue, the color of azurite.

As the color further deepened, two other things took place. First, mystery symbols appeared and spread over my palm in luminous silver, gold, and white marks. They resembled the maps I previously dreamed of the Kalahari outskirts, as well as the map on the floor in Bisbee that resembled the markings made in St. Vincent. There was a star, some wiggly lines, circles within circles, and many other symbols. Secondly, an old linen strip of cloth appeared. It was rolled into a cord, soaked in red paint or blood, and wrapped around my palm.

Hillary and I stared at my now otherworldly palm and again clearly saw crimson red in its center, wrapped in a cord of red soaked linen, with luminous images from mystical maps blended together on the rest of the hand which had turned into the color of azurite. In that moment, Hillary and I were filled with the realization that our work is most deeply rooted to the blend of the mystical light of Jesus and the old Kalahari way of ecstatic spiritual cooking whose arrows and nails pierce the body making it ready to spiritually use the hands. All other ropes of Sacred Ecstasies are secondary to these two main color lines—the red and blue marked by silver, gold, and white light.

The older couple smiled and replied, “We have decided to support your work. Do not worry about its future. It’s under our protection and care.” We recognized that we were on the other side where ancestral spirits reside and that their support was not material, but spiritual. They assured us that the pipeline to the other side would remain open and continue to bring down whatever we needed for our mission. We also caught a glimpse of the marks we bear on the other side where the big room reveals the ropes that guide your life.

The couple finally introduced themselves as “Joseph and Annie Biedenharn.” I recognized their names and knew they had lived way before our time. Joseph Biedenharn (1864-1952) was the man who first bottled Coca-Cola in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and later in Monroe, Louisiana (where Hillary and I used to live). That made us laugh in the dream since some Diné (Navajo) medicine people used to call me “Coca-Cola” because I visioned so much. That name came from a movie, *Thunderheart*, about a young FBI agent who visited the Lakota. They nicknamed him “Coca-Cola.” Though he had partial Lakota ancestry, he was an outsider who ended up visioning the ghost dance. The Coke reference also reminded us of the comedy movie made about the Bushmen, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, where a Coke bottle drops from the sky over the Kalahari and wildly changes the lives of those below.

The other historic fact about Joseph Biedenharn was that he started a fleet of small crop-dusting airplanes that became Delta Airlines. Being in a visionary classroom with someone who once had the largest fleet of airplanes is one way the gods bring more humor to the situation, not to mention that the company is named after the Mississippi Delta where the sound of Africa came to this part of the world.

On the other side you cannot hide who you really are. Your face radiates whatever you choose as your main line and your palm holds whatever colors, markings, and maps ignite, concentrate, and excite your spiritual passion. Let us begin again each day, going for the highest light, the most mysterious 222 map, the crimson flood of extreme love, and the azurite that makes the room right. Stay in the big room even when others try to pull you away. Be an odd electrical alternation for the Wigram Stream modulations of the original vibration. This is the mystical illumination that radiates the utmost jubilation. Look up, another Coke bottle with a visionary teaching inside is on its way. Sacred Ecstasies never forgets its roots—this is First Creation Delta country where the Kalahari thorns and the cedars of Lebanon sing, dance, and fly the friendly skies together.

### ***Be Dirty, Not Clean***

In a visionary dream, we were whisked away to the Kalahari:

As we hugged our friends and celebrated our homecoming, we were flooded with the realization that the Bushmen n/om-kxaosi (healers) we feel are spiritually pure are seen by others as physically dirty. Appearances are surely deceiving, for these spiritual ecstasies truly know how to be a clean and empty bowl. The strongest spiritual cooking seems to be conducted by the people with the most dirt on their skin and with the least impurity within.

We considered how people in our world value the absence of dirt and confuse purity with cleanliness. Again, the most powerful holders of n/om and arguably the most important spiritual teachers in the world have dirt under their fingernails and on their hands, rough, dust-covered feet, soiled and tattered clothes, and appear to be from the other side of the tracks. This is in stark contrast to the starched collars, abundant robes, manicured hair, and pampered looks of other spiritual leaders. We dare not mention the palaces they live in compared to the tiny huts made of sticks, mud, and grass in the Kalahari. The metaphors and daily talk of the Bushmen are also considered dirty as well. The same is true for their table manners (they don't use tables), raunchy social play, and ways of having fun. They enjoy referring to body functions and absurdly comparing one another to the other animals rather than wallow in the pride of a privileged class of two-leggeds. They are elands rather than yetis.

We asked ourselves in the dream, "Could it be that spirituality has not come to terms with dirt—in all its forms—and that this is why it has lost its relationship with n/om?" That was the moment when N!ae, one of the strongest doctors in the Kalahari, pulled up in an old, dilapidated car that looked like it would soon fall apart. She shouted, "Hurry up and hop in, there's no time to waste!" Brad ran to gather our things that were sitting nearby. They included three long pieces of scrap metal that resembled auto parts from a junk yard. There were two other smaller items, but we didn't look closely to notice what they were—it was the metal strips that caught our attention.

N!ae then revved the engine to indicate that time was running out. Brad remembered that we also needed to get our paperwork, a signed piece of paper that showed we had permission to own the things he was carrying. We had accidentally left that document behind. Running back with the retrieved paperwork, metal scraps, and a couple of other mystery items, N!ae revved the engine even more than before. This time the power of its vibration resulted in the old car falling apart—every part of the vehicle fell to the ground. She started laughing hysterically. Her laughter was so contagious that we, too, began laughing at the absurdity of the situation.

N!ae then barely managed to say through her laughter, "So much for your means of transportation. It falls apart when the vibration really gets hot." That's when I realized that the three pieces of scrap metal in my hands were enough to make a spirit car, one with a revved-up vibration that would never fail.

What others see as junk, trash, and dirt is only a Second Creation perception. In First Creation, dirt and metal scraps become gold with a little help from your n/om-filled friends. N!ae then grabbed hold of us and shook us. Together in the dirt, amidst the scraps, we flew deep into the heart of First Creation. There we felt

the infinity of extreme love where material things are meaningless and notions of dirty and clean do not exist. A voice from on high spoke,

Emptying the bowl is ridding the room of the mistaken idea that cleanliness is holiness. Get amongst the dirt, work with the scraps, and live on the outskirts where few want to visit. There you find n/om sizzling. Self-righteousness, piety, and ideological certainty are spiritually filthy. Shake, rock, and wobble it until all of that falls apart and no longer has a hold on you. Then laugh as you discover that what you formerly clung to was just methane gas, something better lit than inhaled. Empty all the Second Creation forms of cleanliness from your bowl. Wash, sweep, and empty in the First Creation way. This will surely make you dirty for the Lord, greasy for the higher frying pan, and wildly hilarious to the gods.

### ***First Creation Kalahari Transmission***

The night he dreamed of N!yae, Brad was sending seiki and n/om to the whole Guild. He especially remembered sending the sacred vibration in its many forms to Richard. The next morning Richard sent us this report:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

Yesterday evening I was laying on the kitchen floor, underneath my altar. I closed my eyes and listened to the ecstatic track on the Kalahari you made for the intensive in January. Later I went to bed and fell asleep.

I dreamed I was with Brad. There was nothing around us, only the blackness of infinite space. Brad touched my head and gave me a spiritual gift. As I “caught fire” he said, “Yes Lord” and continued with what he was doing. I started to tremble. I was shaking so intensely that I shouted out a bunch of unfamiliar African-sounding words.

When this transmission was completed, Brad asked me something technical about the sliding of cogs. Brad seemed convinced that I had known this answer for a long time. But in this state of ecstasy, I couldn’t give him any answer. He then reminded me of laying the corner stones, concentrating, and taking action.

The experience became so intense that it woke me up and I felt I truly had the answer. I was shaking with excitement. Even today, after the dream, when any of it comes to my mind, I have goose bumps.



Thank You!

Warm Hug,  
Richard

We responded:

Congratulations, Richard. You received the sacred vibration of n/om. Always remember how this felt. Think of it often, concentrate on it, feel it awaken, and move with its energizing excitation. Take good care of your sacred vibration for it now lives inside of you.

### ***The Cog Train of Transmission***

The night after Richard's transmission dream, which included mention of "sliding cogs," Brad went on a very strange journey to First Creation. He envisioned himself placing his hands on the heads of several Guild members to administer the sacred vibration. He suddenly flipped and found he was upside down above everyone, continuing to send the vibration to their heads through his hands. During this gravity free transmission some Guild members were also lifted off their feet. They became weightless and were able to float upwards. A huge transmission of teaching subsequently came down in a series of dreams throughout the night. Brad, in the dream, thought it was far too technical to write down and be of benefit to others.

### ***The no. 2548 Intervention***

In a visionary dream, a most fascinating tool for advancing spiritual cooking was given to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild:

Hillary and I found ourselves in a spiritual classroom. A master teacher arrived in the form of a whirlwind and spoke:

We have prepared a new means of building up the concentration and igniting the excitation needed for spiritual cooking. It requires a radically different kind of bridge from the stasis and resistance that hold off the forces of nature to the transitional release of wild ekstasis that is under higher control.

At that moment, several Guild members entered the room. The teaching wind then blew into Hillary and I so we would serve as its voice and translator.

We presented an introduction to what would soon commence. Here we detailed how floor sweeping, wall tumbling, and room building are impossible to achieve by trickster means alone, thereby explaining the historical degeneration of spiritual traditions that stopped cooking. After a bout in the heat, the cold usually quickly regains its hold. The rebut to every trickster rebuttal is itself in desperate need of stronger conviction and higher convection. After that prelude, we shifted to unveiling the newly arrived tool to the Guild:

You need a powerful means of instantly throwing yourself into the middle wobble. We present you with two special chunks of azurite, one for each hand. When you hold them tightly they function like invisible eyeglasses that enable you to perceive things differently. With these azurite spectacles in the palms of your hands you must apply a formula that brings their binocular mystical interplay to life. This intervention is called “no. 2548.” It is highly esoteric and intended for those on the outskirts practicing on the liminal border of First Creation and Second Creation.

Still filled with the whirlwind, we proceeded to further elaborate how to use this mystical number:

Add the first double in 2548, the 2 and 5, to create the sum of 7. Next add the second double, the 4 and 8, to create the sum of 12. This completes the preparation for the practice to begin.

While still firmly holding the azurite in each hand, close your eyes and internally shout the number “12” as loudly and rapidly as you can. You must shout with your inner body more wildly than you ever imagined. It must blow your mind, otherwise never mind continuing. In addition, move your outer body with seiki-like spontaneity as you perform the wild call. Continue this inner shouting and outer movement nonstop for ten to thirty seconds. You should be able to repeat the number 12 at least twelve times. If you do this intensely enough, there is no need to do it longer. The combined and aligned inner shouting and outer body movement will precipitate a feeling of dizziness and wobbly uncertainty, along with awakened excitation. Repeat this protocol seven times.

The no. 2548 intervention, performed with a pair of azurite spectacles in your palms, will help throw you into the middle wobble. It requires complete concentration and the unbending,

constantly rising faith that this intervention is a numinous ignition switch delivered straight and unfiltered from the other side.

After these seven twelves have had their loud say and movement play, begin moving through your three, five-beat prayer lines. You should feel that the sparks and current within have already been activated by the no. 2548 intervention. The two-word prayer key, “yes, Lord,” along with a one-word shout of “hello!” or “voot” are free to join the mix.

Experience the no. 2548 as a magical lever and toggle switch for throwing you into the big room. Then let your prayer lines do the rest to bring further spirited unrest. From resistant stasis to conductive ekstasis you go, doing so with no. 2548.

After awakening from the dream, we realized that this number holds three pairs. The 25 and the 48 are one pair. The next pair are their sums—7 and 12. The final pair is the whole and its parts, that is, the whole number, 2548, and all the double parts it holds. In other words, no. 2548 is another mystical 222. We were also excited to realize that the number’s absence of any obvious reference to spiritual meaning makes it less vulnerable to trickster drifting to dig up any meaning. It requires a pure focus with a performance of internal sound production aligned with external spontaneous body movement.

The name of the number 12—twelve—must be repeated at least 12 times with as much vigor as possible to shake you, the instrument, off your former tracks. Your cogs slide across the different dimensions of thought, emotion, motion, tone, and rhythm. As a natural wobble and its dizzying fog arrive, your deep belief in the muddy water access to the Wigram Stream is found at the base of it all. Here belief or faith functions to paradoxically anchor you in holy changing while preventing mindless trickster drifting. Without extraordinary conviction, this intervention will fizzle. Finally, when it’s time for the prayer lines to arrive, they begin in the middle wobble from which they came.

And so again, we find that dots become lines and lines turn into circles as roundabout journeys transform their recursions. Rebut the former “but” to be more than an “and.” Beyond the “both/and,” the “either/or,” and the “not one, not two,” is “no. 2548,” something mysterious that requires the participation of all of you. The one, two, and ineffable third of you provide the trinity-divinity alternative to every binary that leads nowhere. No need to go further than three. You couldn’t if you tried. All numbers past 1, 2, and 3 are variations of this embodied trinity. The Daoist master speaks again, an echo reverberating from the past:

The Dao begot one,  
One begot two.  
Two begot three.

And three begot the ten thousand things.

The ten thousand things carry yin and embrace yang.

They achieve harmony by combining these forces.

*Dao De Ching, Chapter 42*

Knowing and reciting words like this is not enough. That's only repeating the names and serving another cold helping of lines in need of a more dynamic re-indication and rebirth. To slide the cogs, recurse the wheels, and heat the Ouroborean meals, use no. 2548. And don't forget to hold the azurite "spectacles" in your palms.

*Postscript*

Soon after Brad dreamed of no. 2548, another vision came:

We entered a mysterious stone building. The hallway was very narrow and long. It seemed we were underground. The left side of the hallway was a solid stone wall and the right side was lined with doors that led to various rooms. Each room we passed was colored with a unique bright color like those found in Mexico and the Caribbean. We passed by one room that was red and then the next room was yellow. One room had an old woman in it, rocking in a rocking chair. She appeared to be a diviner, but we did not go in to find out. We kept on walking down the hall.

The hallway was pure azurite blue, though it seemed to change its tint the further we walked. Hillary asked where we were and I responded, "We are at the Healing Center of New Orleans." We looked down at the floor and it was made of smooth river stones that fit tightly together. It looked like we were walking on an old riverbed, and the floor looked wet.

The biggest room was at the end of the hall. Looking in we could see that the room was full of sunlight so bright that we couldn't see the color of the walls. It made us feel a bit dizzy because we were still underground. Confused because we had not climbed any stairs, somehow we were experiencing the lower floor below and the higher floor ahead of us at the same time.

We stepped toward the room. At the very moment that we were in the middle of the doorway, we received a teaching. It came from the voice of an unseen teacher:

The "25" of the no. 2548 refers to the two prayer keys, the two-beat prayer and the five-beat prayer lines. Move your praying

between “Yes, Lord,” and the 5-beat prayer lines given earlier. This takes you to and through the entrance to the big room. There 48 awaits, the four directions on the ground floor that hold the mystery 8<sup>th</sup> sphere of the Ogdoad, also known as the well of the Chinese hexagram—the unchanging source from which the force behind all changing comes.

I then woke up startled by the dream. It gave me a jolt and brought us deeper into the mystery of numbers whose double relations create wobbles and vibrations that are the stuff of higher floor wisdom. Let us deepen our faith in the deep well water from which all base emotion for prayer comes. With the right tones and altering beats, any passage can happen. The meaning of no. 2548 comes to fruition when you use it in the middle of the passage to the mystery room with its luminous, numinous atmosphere. Let us go drink again from the well and become well at the New Orleans Healing Center.

### ***Three-Course Dinner***

In a dream, Hillary and Brad reached out to a spiritual doctor:

We decided that since we were undergoing a “reset” of Sacred Ecstatics, it might be wise to receive a consultation from a spiritual doctor. We joked that we could especially benefit from someone who is a specialist in healing a broken leg, referencing the theatrical nature of Sacred Ecstatics where every debut begins with the advice to “Go break a leg.” Accordingly, we dialed up a doctor we seemed to know from long ago and he agreed to meet us.

The scene changed. We were now in Kansas City, Missouri at a fancy restaurant built by Hallmark Cards. It was called the “American Restaurant” and located amidst the headquarters of the famous billion-dollar greeting card business. We met the doctor there and I introduced him to Hillary, “Meet Dr. Don Hall.” I then immediately realized that we had confused the name of the spiritual doctor with the man who was the head of Hallmark greeting cards, sort of like confusing a “get well” card with a prescribed medicine.

An older woman joined us, someone I recognized from my past as Martha Jane Starr. She was the daughter of L. E. Philipps from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and became the heiress to Phillips Petroleum Company. She was a major supporter of women’s rights and started the Family Studies Center at the University of Missouri in Kansas City where I had my first professional job. I also played the piano at her

benefit events, co-chaired by Adele Hall (wife of Donald Hall) in the American Restaurant where we now sat in the dream.

Before we could get our bearings and figure out what was transpiring, Hillary and I were served a starter course. The waiter oddly placed two pieces of a fish with garnishes directly in front of us on the table without a plate. We were startled by the lack of hygiene and strange presentation. I called the waiter over and said, “We can’t eat this without a plate. Please take it back.” The waiter mentioned that they also had an interesting vegetable dish and that it came on a plate. We replied that it made no difference to us whether the starter was a fish or a vegetable, we just wanted to make sure it would be served on a plate.

The waiter then inexplicably became excited and began to talk about the dessert, mentioning that the kitchen would need extra time for its preparation. I interrupted, “You do not need to explain. We are here for that superb pancake. It needs no introduction. Please make sure we end with the pancake.” Everyone at the table smiled because they, too, knew I was fond of dessert, especially those pancakes.

When the waiter walked away, Hillary and I realized that there was no mention of the main course. We were flooded with the realization that it didn’t matter what the middle was if the meal started and ended right. Furthermore, sometimes you have to start all over again to make sure that the first course is served on the right foundation. As we looked around and enjoyed the décor, I remembered how I formerly enjoyed playing the piano there many years ago. The instrument was nicely tuned, and the setting was truly spectacular. I laughed as I thought, “This room provided a good plate for serving the music. It sounded better when served that way.”

The next morning, we discussed how interesting it was that we initially reached out to a “spiritual doctor” in the dream for help and ended up being taken to a place connected to Brad’s past that involved playing the piano and his early research on tracking change-oriented communication. Music, room construction, and the three-step trajectory of spiritual cooking are indeed all hallmarks of Sacred Ecstasies. The spiritual doctoring we received was a reminder of how important altar construction and maintenance is for the Sacred Ecstasies Guild. It is the plate serving your three-course dinner.

Each time you practice, there are three steps you venture through—the trajectory of the Sacred Ecstasies recipe. To get started right, the altar must be a clean and beautiful plate for serving the beginning selection. This is when you meet and greet mystery and get ready for its three-course meal. The doctors of First Creation come in many forms—a star spelled with two r’s, a greeting card creator, a waiter, a chef, and most importantly, a plate.

Make sure you end with the sweet treat of just being nice in your everyday. The middle of this three-course dinner is the ineffable wobble, something not necessary for you to know, name, or remember. We and our altars prefer beginning with seafood from Japan or St. Vincent and ending in the middle with a pan of cake, a stack of pancakes, or whole salt pans from the Kalahari hot oven. In the wobble, we lose sight of what is first, second, or third and we can't taste the difference between the gods, their nutritional produce, or their ecstatic productions. We gratefully and joyfully receive the morphing n/om meat, seiki fruit, and Caribbean calabash from First Creation. These servings are not seen. They are only heard and felt in the fire, wind, and rain not mentioned on the menu. Let's heat, eat, and meet the vegetable deities that swim with the trout as the elands lead the way home to the midpoint of every line, circle, and post-geometric figure of speech. Reset the table, debut, and rebut the first serving, and get excited about the dessert that is on its way.

### ***Experiment Four Reboot***

Halfway through January, we posted the following letter to the Guild:

Dearest Guild,

We promised that the new year would launch a new emphasis on *concentration* and *excitation*. We hope you could feel the beginning of this change in our January intensive and the visionary teachings that followed. After Hillary's debut of the *rebut*, big room construction is now celebrated as part of the art of restarting your excitation starter! (That's a hint about Brad's next dining dream.)

Now that we are concentrating and exciting, the question arises, "What do we focus on with the experiments? Do we only follow the latest instructions? What about former experimental protocols?"

The answer is three-fold, of course: (1) Make sure you emphasize the latest instruction, which we summarize again below; (2) Greet and welcome any visitors and visitations from past Sacred Ecstatics experiments, including altar objects, prayer lines, movements, and cutouts. We, and many of you, have kept the three five-beat prayers alive and circulating. They are always welcome, along with the return of the two-word prayer key, "yes, Lord." (3) Keep your altar front and center in your life.

Remember, what's important is your continued return to the altar room. *In First Creation, you are always doin' this for the first time.* Write out that phrase and place it in your altar as well. Here again is a summary of all the elements of Experiment 4, which now has three parts:

1. Wigram Stream Roundtrip: Jump into the Wigram stream with its ecstatic audio track as your guide. All of you, roots and all, must leap into the water and be carried upstream to meet the originating cleansing fountain of First Creation. The stream will bring you back attuned to the extent that you let go of every part of you. Follow the ecstatic audio track and return to the stream frequently throughout the month.
2. Scarab Storage Box on the Altar and In Operation: Gather your Scarab Storage Box and place it on your altar. Start putting any spiritual cutouts in it that come from outside the Sacred Ecstasics altar room. *Note:* Don't feel that you have to fill your storage box – it's there for any stray cutouts that really tempt you to get distracted.
3. Choose a wall in your home. You will paint it azurite blue. Choose the particular azurite paint color that draws your spiritual attention. Choose the size of paintbrush you feel is best for your spiritual action. You may paint the whole wall or a part of it. If you wish for this coloration to not be seen, consider a wall in your closet, the inside of a door, or part of the interior of a cabinet. If you are renting a place, you can cover a wall or door with paper and paint that surface. With each stroke, say "Yes, Lord." That way, as you saturate your wall in azurite blue, you saturate yourself in our two-word prayer key. When you are not painting and find your eyes have noticed the color azurite on the wall during your everyday, say, "Azurite makes the room right."

We have been told that the blue azurite for your wall is another form of mourning ceremony or prayer fast/feast. Each stroke of "Yes, Lord" removes the former coloration while building a bigger mystery room. When you see it, feel you are in between the deep sea and high sky. Hi, hi, deep, deep, reaching high and reaching low. Hello! Onto the azurite morning ground for the start of a new heavenly sunshine day. As we continue to concentrate you with azurite blue, invite somatic excitation rather than cerebral mentation to take hold of you. Enjoy every re-start as a fresh new start.

Now for some insider information on how these experiments emerge: They are not consciously planned nor is there an overall roadmap or strategy involved. We dispense whatever comes down the main pipeline from the other side. This means that we don't know where we are going or what's coming next. We are in the same boat of uncertainty as you. What is important here is that we have extraordinary, super-fortified faith in the vast space of divinity, the creative unconscious, and the big performance room of mystery. We wholeheartedly trust



the source of the force guiding Sacred Ecstasies as it has guided the old school cooked shamans, mystics, and healers before.

On your mark, get set, paint! Azurite, that's the source of flight and light. Welcome on board the new train to double blue splendor. The salon opens up again January 24-28!

### ***A Misreading***

A Guild member shared a brief dream:

A long number appeared in a dream. I was only able to focus on what I thought was a part of the whole number—43515. Yet I somehow knew that this number was a “misreading.” I don't often remember my dreams, but this one left me feeling closer to mystery. It gave me a tingle which has stayed with me through to lunchtime. Time for a midday recharge at the altar before I head into town for some azure blue paint.

We replied:

We prayed over your dream and it seems clear to us. Let's celebrate that this is a holy vision. In addition, let's discern how a spiritual teaching, message, or instruction can be “misread” by trickster filtration. What is wonderful about your dream is that the other side of mystery is reaching out to you, allowing you to observe how you observe.

It addresses two things that stand in the way of mystery coming through as a pure signal: (1) selecting a cutout or fragment of the whole message/sequence/long number and (2) misreading the extracted part. These are actually two sides of the same trickster hijack—looking at First Creation through a former Second Creation room, set of spectacles, filtration net, and preferences. What to do?

First, be grateful that you were contacted and shown what needs to be done. Thank you, Lord. Second, revisit the Wigram Stream with whatever residuals of former habits are remaining. Here are some content areas that are always ripe for a cleanup or dissolve: excessive psychobabble; specific outcome intentions that invert *Thy will be done*; personal politics, ethics, aesthetics, stewardship, or economics that are self-centered rather than community oriented and, shall we say, not the Bushman way; jealousy and selfishness of any kind (are you sharing your meat, water, ostrich eggs, and wealth, and happy to do so), and finally, any freeze-framing of a spiritual metaphor into a literality whose solidity can clog the pipe.

We're happy that mystery made a house call. As always, the choice falls to you. What are you going to do about it?

Love,  
Brad and Hillary

P.S. We googled the number you dreamed. It is the zip code for Delta, Ohio. Perfect hilarity from the Gods—it appears you are in the wrong state for the Delta. The room for the Delta soul is found near the Mississippi River.

That night Brad had a dream that brought some special advice to every Guild member, including the dreamer who misread a number. Please welcome these practical tips as a gift meant to help you concentrate and excite your relations with Sacred Ecstatics:

Hold onto the spiritual excitement tingle you recently felt. Emphasize that emotion and don't let it fade away.

Consider that any Wigram Stream dipping and cleansing is no more difficult nor any more of an ordeal than washing your hands before a meal.

It's likely that you can't identify what needs to be plucked from what should not, so just pray, "Remove whatever needs to be removed, Lord." Or as Saint Nicholas of Flue prayed, "Remove far from me whatever keeps me from you."

Changing the habits that interfere is an engineering recalibration like using the right oil for your car engine. It's not the existential debacle that trickster makes it out to be. Just do it and ignore any inner trickster fussing about it.

We'll make your job easy: today's politicians, therapists, coaches, spiritual teachers, advisors of almost every kind are clueless about the big room picture if they are missing a rope to the higher advisory board. Release their hold on you with one hot shower while you are singing the silliest song you know. Done.

What mark is on your head and what colors your hand? Ask God to do the marking and painting like asking for a new roof, new paint for the walls, and a refinished floor. Establish room concentration and assume that a long line or rope is trying to come through. Maybe mystery's next visit will arrive as a changed form—a bird, a worm, a jar of jam, a speck of dirt, or a hare playing an air guitar.

Your dessert is sacred ecstasy in any form and with any degree of intensity. Make sure that you focus more on your body feeling electrical than yielding to the mind's temptation to be objectionable. Concentrate on sacred emotion and excite the whole mystery of you and your room. Hold on to whatever electrical tingle comes your way and install new habits of practical hygiene with the Wigram Stream. Allow electrically tingling sacred emotion to continuously rise as the number, algorithm, and lifeline pulls you through and into the pinnacle sacred vibration.

### ***Charles Henry Returns***

After evening prayers, Brad asked Charles Henry if he had any guidance to offer us as we approach the next developmental phase of Sacred Ecstasies. A dream followed:

In a Parisian classroom, I faced Charles Henry. A question spontaneously arose that I blurted out, "Who am I?" Charles Henry did not hesitate to answer with his own question, "Who are you?" I immediately responded as if I had been asked something as simple as naming the color of my eyes. I spoke these words, "I am a biodynamic resonator."

This phrase felt familiar, but it also seemed to have changed or been reset. Turning to Hillary I mentioned, "Charles Henry has changed his term from biopsychic resonator to biodynamic resonator." We were flooded with a deep recognition that this change from "psychic" to "dynamic" was a major advancement in the spiritual engineering of sacred ecstasy. While Hillary and I had the benefit of being tutored by Gregory Bateson to be explorers of the mind-in-nature rather than only the partial mental arcs of the psyche, this shift was new to Charles Henry. Perhaps after attending a cybernetics class on the other side he changed his term for describing the human condition. A "dynamic" is a process, differentiated from a named quality or thing. In other words, being human involves ongoing change.

We repeated and extended what Charles Henry had taught us to say: "I am a biodynamic resonator. We are biodynamic resonators. The Guild is a tribe of biodynamic resonators." The impact of using this phrase resulted in the back of my neck receiving a strong high frequency vibration. It felt like my cervical vertebrae had been plugged into an electrical socket. In an instant, we recognized that our Sacred Ecstasies experiment was more scientific than we ever imagined before. Of course, this is not the science taught in universities today. It is more akin to what went on at the Sorbonne under the supervision and other super-sensory directions of Charles Henry.

As we focus on concentration and excitation as the startup of spiritual cooking, let us do so while reconceiving ourselves as biodynamic resonators. This phrase drops any mention of a psychological, sociological, cultural, or spiritual entity or identity. We are resonators of the biologically changing kind. This makes us more like a musical instrument—a resonator—instead of a pilgrim searching for the meaning of life. As a resonator, you await being played by the gods who set your vibration in motion. Concentrate on being a biodynamic resonator. What are you? Answer: A biodynamic resonator. For what purpose? To conduct sacred vibration, however and wherever higher hands set it in motion.

Here is more of the visionary teaching download from Charles Henry, to assist you in a more refined recalibration. First, your “little me” is the biodynamic resonator, whereas your “big me” is your mind-screen cogitator. The latter, also known as trickster, can provide either enhanced conduction or interference that blocks reception of the sacred vibration. When trickster serves the biodynamic resonator (little me), the room feels vast and ever-expanding with increased sacred concentration and piezoelectric excitation. When it serves self-consciousness and sideline narration, the emotion and motion of ecstatic celebrative commotion are lost and the electrical power goes off. Your mind’s focus should be on what excites your biodynamic resonator.

After the dream and vibration subsided, we found the following report which we had not read before. It comes from a student of the work of Sri Aurobindo in India. Here is the excerpt that caught our attention and fed the vibration of our biodynamic resonators:

On November 3, 1926, occurred the death of the French psychomathematician, Charles Henry. Just before he passed away, Henry published a little treatise entitled, “The Post-mortem Survival of Consciousness,” anticipating a transcendence of consciousness into a greater whole. Two years before, in 1924, Henry had published the *Generalization of the Theory of Radiation*, in which he posited the existence of a “psychone,” a “psychic atom” consisting of three mutually coexisting fields. Each of these fields is defined by a resonator: an electromagnetic resonator, a gravitational resonator, and a biopsychic resonator. This is also known as the resonant field model, and is applicable to a description of a planetary system. As such it is not unrelated to the principle of the noosphere, which could be defined as the conscious evolutionary unfolding of the biopsychic resonator. Looking ahead to the future, in his “Post-mortem Survival of Consciousness,” Henry declared, “Death is only a physiochemical change. It is only after death that I shall truly begin to amuse myself.”

It was on November 24, 1926, exactly three weeks after Henry’s higher consciousness transition, that the Indian philosopher and mystic, Sri Aurobindo experienced what is called “The Day of Siddhi” (day of victory): The descent of

Krishna, an unprecedented descent of overmental consciousness, into the physical. From that point he retired into a concentrated sadhana—spiritual practice. This event completed a strategic year for the expression of the possibilities of a more expanded evolutionary consciousness for humanity. In fact, we could say that having been theoretically construed and placed into the world consciousness, the noosphere experienced its divine descent and for the first time precipitated itself as “overmental consciousness” into a human form through Sri Aurobindo. All advances in human consciousness must first be manifest in a living human form, else there would be no way really of knowing what is to come. This expresses the principle of the avatar, a descent of a particular principle into human form so it may be exemplified to humanity at large . . .

Aurobindo also foresaw a spiritualization and transformation of matter totally inseparable from the liberation of the spirit into Divine Consciousness. Because of his Catholic training, Teilhard de Chardin as well viewed the noosphere in a spiritualized context, but as a more Christlike form of a descent of divine consciousness. The systematic elaboration of the structure of cosmic consciousness as a vast arena in which the evolution of matter itself is considered as an aspect of the involution and evolution of the soul by the medium of Divine Consciousness is characteristic of the thought of Aurobindo, the breadth of which is really not equaled by any other thinker since his passing in 1950.

Let us propose that Sacred Ecstatics is helping Charles Henry amuse himself in the other side. Furthermore, the historical and evolutionary movement from matter to consciousness has further advanced to drop the psyche, resulting in further movement toward the dynamic changing of First Creation. This latest advancement of the relationship and interaction of matter and spirit invites us to play in the orchestra of biodynamic resonators. We don't know about you, but we are ready to sing and dance all over again, this time more aligned with nameless mystery. Alright all you biodynamic resonators, let's go!

*Postscript:*

Sacred Ecstatics serves a changing situational means of evocation that shakes literal solidity and ideological certainty away. From this middle-Dao-wobble perspective, we recently suggested that you can repeatedly benefit from a good shake up and a reset dip in the Wigram Stream. Rather than make a rebuttal and advance a debate, rebut your performance.

One rope, three ropes, twelve ropes, or a million ropes; don't go literal, lose the metaphor, and miss dining on the meataphor. Sacred Ecstatics is not a search for the fixed magic number, right answer, or perfect temperature. It's tripping the big me knowing mind's rip-cord so you fall into the palm of the everlasting, transient, changing, and nonchanging Lord of Creations.

Try being a biodynamic resonator and set aside any literal notion that you are an entity of any -ology. This will excite your ontology and epistemology as both of you feel the not one, not two of your biology.

### ***The Prophecy***

In a visionary dream, Brad traveled to a mountain range far away:

I was floating high in the air and was hovering above a tall peak. There a voice proclaimed: “Revival begins when the heat scorches the earth.” I was shocked by the mighty sound and message. It repeated one more time, “Revival begins when the heat scorches the earth.” The voice was so thunderous this time that it made my body shake. I woke up trembling.

My first reaction was to wonder why the prophetic announcement did not refer to a “fire” but to “heat.” Usually it is said that God sends a fire to bring down a heavenly reset to earth. As I wondered about this altered term, I fell into the dream again. This time I was shown that the heat mentioned was generated by humankind—the global warming that comes from the irresponsible use of energy. I realized that the increasing physical temperature of the earth would scorch the planet and that this would, in turn, trigger an urgent call for revival. As we have said in the past, global warming has been accompanied by spiritual cooling. The next revival of spiritual heating will come as a response to our scorching the earth.

God does not dwell in the house of those who abuse ecological relations. Mother Nature is not an advertiser of outdoor recreation and privileged exploitation of its resources. She is the mother of our creation and does not like the way that we have messed with her thermostat. As certain critical thresholds are reached, nature responds with self-correction that likely includes new breeds of viral pandemics and disease that aim to adjust an uncalibrated human threat. In the visionary realm we learned that soon the fire of a new kind of revival will appear—one that ignites the soul. This will be conveyed by those who are earth-mother-lovers.

Earth does not belong to you. Reset: you belong to earth, so be a better part and do your part. Elands are counterculture dirt dwellers. They are differentiated from the yeti who believe they are fully entitled to raw selfishness and stinginess.

Question: What can the community and planet do for your life? Answer: Serve you an empty bowl. Question: What can you do in return? Answer: Share rather than only take, double dip, or make a triple threat to whatever challenges your yeti, the trickster big me variant mutation of Ptolemy. Join the house of all relations, but please do not define this as making room for the same old non-communing me that takes no action for Thee. Creation of earth as it is in heaven

refers to the whole earth that is not partitioned by any trickster carving knife. Get ready, for a revival is coming as the heat scorches the earth. To get amongst it, act.

### ***A Return to Tujague's***

Before going to sleep, Hillary included a prayer to re-enter and dissolve in the Wigram Stream. That night she had a dream:

Brad and I were at the bar at Tujague's, a famous old New Orleans restaurant that Brad dreamed about last summer. We were enjoying our Sazeracs and chatting about future Sacred Ecstatics projects, which is typically how we spend our cocktail hour. In particular, we were discussing what to do with a number of case studies of transformation that we had collected over the years. These were not full transcriptions like we have published in the past, but very short stories of people whose lives were changed through Sacred Ecstatics. In the vision we decided to compile all of these stories into one book.

I saw the image of the table of contents in the dream suspended in front of me. It was a very long list of creative titles that were similar to the kind we have given both to sessions and visionary reports. We were very excited about this upcoming project and the decision we had made about what to do with all those records of transformation that were waiting to be shared.

We celebrated that we received more instruction for our Sacred Ecstatics work and put it on our "to do" list. We are "doin' this for the Lord," as Sabrina formerly taught us to say. In the future the unique way in which Sacred Ecstatics alters lives in a session will be further explored and shared. There is already rumbling and high bar talk on the other side as to how we should convey it as a new form of literature, theatre, and something beyond anyone's present conception of healing.

### ***Experiment Four Findings***

The findings of experiment four were nicely summarized by a report by Dominic, that follows. We then wrote him a response which became a prescription for the whole Guild:

I decided to paint an azurite canvas as a backdrop to my alter. The paint came with a base layer and a topcoat. The first canvas I painted I felt my concentration was off and the rhythm of the brush strokes wasn't aligned with "Yes, Lord", so I started again. I haven't painted for years and really enjoyed seeing the paper come alive, the different hues and textures of blue that emerged from a simple base

layer and topcoat. When I placed the azurite canvas behind the altar, the contrast with the white prayer lines makes them look like three Es. Azurite makes the room right! I say E-e-e-e-land to my altar now.

Spent much of the month in too many small room trickster battles. Need surgery, rebut, revoot. I have placed the methane converter on my altar – thanks to Lance.

Experimenting with 2548 has been interesting. Little me struggles to be heard inside at first; I experiment with different voices and performance settings, even tried inviting little me to have a go as Pavarotti. Lose count, but always go past 12. Body feels alive with movement and vibration. Calling on seiki shaky to set me free. Feeling the brokenness of me and the need for Thee. Time to dive back into the Wigram stream.

Thank you for the amazing intensive recordings and webinars and the overwhelming shower of visionary reports, teachings, tasty pastries and ecstatic travel tracks that have come down the rope and through Brad and Hillary's hard work. And for everyone's wonderful reports!

Here is our response to Dominic, which was also a recommendation for the whole Guild:

Thank you, Dominic! We love this outcome:

*When I placed the azurite canvas behind the altar, the contrast with the white prayer lines makes them look like three Es. Azurite makes the room right! I say E-e-e-e-land to my altar now.*

Thank you for clearly exemplifying what it is to tinker in an experiment:

*I experiment with different voices and performance settings, even tried inviting little me to have a go as Pavarotti. Lose count, but always go past 12. Body feels alive with movement and vibration.*

Those “small room trickster battles” provide opportunities for experimentation: finding an inner performance voice and stage setting for the 2548, placing a methane converter on the altar, recognizing the brokenness that is need of Thee (rather than repeating a platitude platypus flatulence of self-affirmation), prayer wheel turning, Fred Astaire hoofing with Paul, and so on.

Reprogram yourself with this heuristic: all the experiments, their variations, the mojo words, numbers, objects, and the altar itself are part of your Sacred Ecstatics Life Force Theatre. It is also a First Creation alchemist's laboratory and



the holy wonder bread kitchen of the spiritual mothers. Whatever happens to you in the course of a day—whether connoted good or bad, victory or defeat—consider it as the raw ore the ancestors mined for you. Your job is to subject it to tinkering in your theatre, laboratory, and kitchen. Use seiki, Caribbean jerky, 5-beat prayers, azurite, Kalahari mojo trembling, and anything else that has come down the Guild pipeline. Consider yourself an improvisational performer on stage, where the audience (life itself) gives you something to improvise with. Someone in the back row shouts out, “Your boss scolded you for being late with your assignment. You feel down. Work with that.” Or a woman in the third row throws out her startup for your improv, “Your mother forgot your birthday. You didn’t have any cake today. Work with that.”

This is the daily crossroads: what do you do with whatever morning dew and afternoon stew came your way? Do you send it to the inner psychotherapy clinic? The inner sanctum of justice, the office of financial accounting, or the chambers for philosophical summation? Or do you put it on your altar stage and have a life force theatre show? Sacred Ecstatics prefers the musical mystical theatre over the reflection of cognitions missing heightened aesthetic ignition.

Since you have a methane converter, are you using it in your performance? Do you have a piezoelectric spark device to ignite it? Maybe you can only use it while wearing a cap that has a long plastic tube coming out of the side. Linus has plumbing expertise—have him send a design. Perhaps it needs a rap line to keep it flammable. Morten can help in that department. Make sure he is hot and crazy when he composes your methane line. Go ahead and be a wild child for the gods of creation: build a life in the Sacred Ecstatics theatre. This makes a better living. Tonight’s show is called “Eeeland, the Musical.” Or is it “Eeeland, the Opera?” Make sure you don’t know until the curtain opens.

We then elaborated this experimental reboot recommendation for the whole Guild:

The altar and experiment should be a room that wobbles between a performance theatre, a mystical laboratory, and a three-rope syncretic praise house where seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit have a field day. If it becomes stuck in any one of these forms it can get stale, shrink, and start to stink. A religion without the theatre of the absurd soon will not be able to turn a mystical wheel. A theatre without a soul on fire will tire soon after it entertains trickster’s short attention span. A laboratory that doesn’t tinker with the experimenter and the room only ends up with another pill that misses the thrill of scared ecstasy. We own three ropes that mediate heaven and earth: Japan, the Kalahari, and the Caribbean, with endless variations, destinations, and modulations within and across each rope and pair. We own three venues that keep the stage alive and ready to optimally spiritually cook, as long as its blurry as to what kind of place you are

in: the theatre, the laboratory, and the ceremonial spirit praise house. You won three altar gifts that embody all the changing forms of the 1, 2, 3's: empty bowl, 222, and piezo.

Get religion and then get over it by hopping onto the hooper stage. Don't overstay your welcome or else things will get cold. Be ready to head to the Parisian lab. Pastry and champagne await you. Make changes with and within what's in the ongoing play. Sweep away everything else, or if you are unsure, place it under scarab supervision. The ancestors have looked down and smiled at all the azurite, Wigram Stream dips, and 2548's going on in our Guild. They, too, are pray-painting their world blue, just like you.

### ***Announcing a New Direction***

We threw the whole of Sacred Ecstatics into the Wigram Stream and this is what came back: an empty blue bowl. Instructions were then spoken from on high:

We, the ancestors, are taking the Guild back to the beginning of time. Before the Bushman sang and danced, before Osumi Sensei filled anyone with seiki, and before the holy spirit caught fire in the bones—we're going all the way back. We have rebuilt Sacred Ecstatics all over again from the ground up, this time with the least words and concepts. Until you own this new foundation, no big room is ready to be reborn.

In other words, we have been given the simplest instructions for how to attain the pinnacle spiritual experience. We have been asked to disseminate them in a special kind of way. For the next month, as promised, we will focus on "concentration" and "excitation." Again, we have thrown every idea, metaphor, page, book, and engineering method of Sacred Ecstatics into the Wigram Stream. What came back was a whole new way of presenting this alternative way of living the outskirts ecstatic life. The ancestors have guided our rebut of Sacred Ecstatics with metaphors that a child (and the child within you) can understand and enact.

Here you will find Hillary's previously dreamed instruction manual for seeking the pinnacle spiritual experience. This was the same dream that brought us *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. We told the story in the Act 1 recording of the first intensive last fall. You can also read it in the intro of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* or in *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* where it's called "Mystical Maps and Following Tracks."

Each week we will disseminate a few drawings and some minimal text, along with two ecstatic recordings. This weekly bundle of gifts will be woven together and directly linked to that week's experimental instructions. A new kind of participation will commence and last for the duration of February. Instead of hosting a "reporting week" at the end of the month, each week there will be a new experiment and you will be able to report any relevant results in real time—posting whenever you have something you feel contributes to the experiment room. Remember to only

report what is directly related to the experiment in play. Please make sure you pause to edit before hitting send. Remember that you are building concentration rather than dilution. Add some soulful passion to stir excitement.

In addition, we will host a weekly webinar that lasts 30 minutes or longer each Saturday for this month. The more you flood and immerse yourself with the visuals, audios, and performance action instructions downloaded each week, the more your little me will be able to open its wings and fly deeper into mystery.

Take another dip into the Wigram Stream, clear the Sacred Ecstatics deck, and prepare to hear the instructions for our next adventure. First, we are going to pull out the recent Sacred Ecstatics metaphors we have been working with and throw them one more time into that Wigram Stream. Hear them dissolve away into sounds and rhythms that no longer are familiar or become familiar in a different kind of way.

Clear, dear, blue cheer azurite wanting to surprise with 222 painting the sea and sky piezo:

Sacred Ecstatics focuses entirely on n/om.

Wait, I thought our focus was seiki.

It was. Now it's n/om. Oops—it just changed. It's now the holy spirit.

What does this mean?

Sacred Ecstatics has a changing double, multiple focus that includes the waves of the Caribbean water walker, the shifting sand of the Kalahari carpenter who throws the oldest nails, and all the baking spiritual mothers who pray to cook the bread.

What does that different, more complex, contra-paradoxical, multi-dimensional answer mean?

Clue for the blue of both of you: Seiki, spirit, and n/om have nothing to do with names, naming, framing, braining, chattering, or ring-a-dinging.

It is a mystery felt in melt of the walls, the grinding of mind powder, and the explosion of heartfelt prayer.

Be odder than odd for God, but only at the right moment and transient situation. At other times, it is odder to be less odd and more sod on the lawn.

Remember that the sweet potato is not only an oddity; it's an anti-commodity.

In other words, Sacred Ecstasies is about the ratio of oration to somatic ecstatic vibration, rather than blowing the horn, or leaping the fog and frog of reduction.

This can be summed up by mysteriously alluding to the Wigram Stream. All aboard, Trouts and their performance try-outs that go against the uncalibrated grain, brain and stream of yeti Getty consciousness. The Sacred Ecstasies wheels of color, tone, rhythm, movement, and singular chorus line sensations bring reborn life to wanted dead or alive poets, unfrocked without a flock clerics, and bottled-up hysteric ecstatic mystics of ye olde and knew guild that yields to Thee. This mission impossible invites you to dance invention out of convention, while pairing the editor's scissors with the miner's hammer, and the cook's frying pan. The art of spiritual conducting is all about the arising ALL in connecting the dots, dashes, lines, circles, twinkles, and dragon wheels that float to dive another high 5 beat prayer hive. Yes and no, this does and doesn't surpass fixed frozen nice ice meaning, but it leans toward leaning toward a leaner offering of meataphor.

Except when it is time to feast and the yeast is allowed to rise all the way to heaven.

Cake, bake, and mathematical pie, how hallowed is they taste.

As always, it is wise to end or begin with sweet honey in the comb as long as it is served in the middle of the web.

Be more and less unsure whether confusion is a trickster convict on the run or a holy triple EEE transfusion.

It's only nice as the divine wine off the vine if no saccharine brings the artificial acidity of rancid butter.

Do everything with every season and use every seasoning to alternate the electricity.

In other words, and past all the words, God is electricity.

Hello, hi, hi, switch it on.

Join the extreme current of love.

Altar the order of any altering.

Alter to disorder and re-order the previous altar.

How? Now. Holy cow. Too late, you already need new bait.

And so it is, as the Wigram removes its wig and clears the way for the big ram big room. The two horned ram is ready to dream.

We begin with your first experiment for the special mojo doctored month of February: Let us introduce you to the beginning image. We will say nothing about it that provides an explanation. Please print out this drawing. Feel free to print out many. Stare at it, but do not name it or try to understand it. Just imagine that this mystery showed up as a gift from the other side. Actually, it did show up as a gift from the other side.

If printing is not possible, simply draw your own reproduction of the original drawing, but keep the color azurite blue – any shade is fine. If you don't have any blue coloring material, use some from First Creation until some arrives.

You will place these drawings of an unnamed mystery in as many places as you can think of in your everyday reality. See how many ways you can install these drawings in your world, including on your altar. Photos of your experiment are welcome! Remember you have many senses—invent ways to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste the downpouring arrival of this new gift.

The pre-mystery of February has thus begun. Feb the web. Feb the web. Into the n/omastary of February you go. Deeper into the sanctuary of February you go. February n/omastary.

### ***Launch of the Numi Experiments***

For the next month, as promised, we will focus on “concentration” and “excitation.” We have thrown every idea, metaphor, page, book, and engineering method of Sacred Ecstasies into the Wigram Stream. What came back was a whole new way of presenting this alternative way of living the outskirts ecstatic life. The ancestors have guided our rebut of Sacred Ecstasies with metaphors that a child (and the child within you) can understand and enact. Here you find Hillary's previously dreamed instruction manual for seeking the pinnacle spiritual experience. This was the same dream that brought us *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*. We told the story in the Act 1 recording of the first intensive last fall (beginning around minute 52:10). You can also read it in the intro of *The Pinnacle Prayer Book* or in *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* where it's called “Mystical Maps and Following Tracks” on page 249.

Each week we will disseminate a few drawings and some minimal text, along with two ecstatic recordings. This weekly bundle of gifts will be woven together and directly linked to that week's experimental instructions. A new kind of participation will commence and last for the duration of February. Instead of hosting a “reporting week” at the end of the month, each week there will be a new experiment and you will be able to report any relevant results in real time—posting

whenever you have something you feel contributes to the experiment room. Remember to only report what is directly related to the experiment in play. Please make sure you pause to edit before hitting send. Remember that you are building concentration rather than dilution. Add some soulful passion to stir excitement. The more you flood and immerse yourself with the visuals, audios, and performance action instructions downloaded each week, the more your little me will be able to open its wings and fly deeper into mystery. Take another dip into the Wigram Stream, clear the Sacred Ecstatics deck, and prepare to hear the instructions for our next adventure.

### *Experiment 1:*

Print out Hillary's drawing. Feel free to print out many. Stare at it, but do not name it or try to understand it. Just imagine that this mystery showed up as a gift from the other side. Actually, it did show up as a gift from the other side. You will place these drawings of an unnamed mystery in as many places as you can think of in your everyday reality. If printing is not possible, simply draw your own reproduction of the original drawing, but keep the color azurite blue. See how many ways you can install these drawings in your world, including your altar. Photos of your experiment are welcome! Remember you have many senses—invent ways to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste the downpouring arrival of this new gift.

### ***Meeting Edgar Cayce, Feasting in Heaven***

Brad dreamed we were on a large ocean liner cruising somewhere in the middle of the sea:

I was summoned by a loudspeaker announcement, directing me to climb to the highest deck and meet the captain of the ship. As I went up the final narrow white stairs, I ran into Edgar Cayce. He was coming down as I was going up. Mr. Cayce was wearing a suit and round eyeglasses. A woman was accompanying him, and they were trying to avoid causing any attention. I wondered whether I should start a conversation with him or leave him alone. Then words just jumped out of me without further consideration, "Are you able to meet me later?" Without hesitation he responded, "Then is not now. Here we are. Let me take a look."

He bent over and his face suddenly looked like a spotlight was shining on it. He smiled and expressed surprise as he looked into my body and said, "There's a lot of God in there." He continued to look and added, "There's a lot going on inside you. I haven't seen anything like this before." I realized that this was not a time to waste words and socially feign any surprise, appreciation, humility, pride, or confusion. I simply replied, "Yes, take a good look. The Lord is quite busy in here."

The scene shifted and I realized that the teaching he offered was in his first words, “Then is not now. Here we are.” His subsequent looking and evaluation were secondary. God has something in store for each of us. We carry our soul’s mission like a seed and garden within ourselves. When we put off today’s needed gardening, the seeds remain dormant and the garden unfulfilled. Have an experienced gardener take a look and then get on with doing what is a natural fit for you. Have no expectation of anything—don’t be surprised, confused, amused, humbled, inflated, or disappointed. Rejoice in getting past the masks, the layers of deception, and any other enamel, armor, makeup, or glamor that separates you from meeting your destiny in the middle of the ladder on your way to the captain on high.

Edgar Cayce, in a reading, once advised, “The way of the Cross is not easy, yet it is the tuneful, the rhythmic, the beautiful, the lovely way.” Later, he mentioned that “If you learn music, you’ll learn most all there is to learn.” Sacred Ecstasies completes the equation: if you learn to become a song and dance hoofer, God will come as your new roofer.” You’ll then live in the higher altitude elation with a sacred vibration. Only then can you reach for the utmost sky before you die. Live now. Get busy within. No more pretense. No more tense. No more waiting for tomorrow when today it’s time to pray with concentration and excitement. That’s what makes your innards shine. To radiate, participate in the way that has been designed for you.

After waking from this dream and making prayers that praise the mystery of it all, I fell into another dream. I was walking in an unknown city with my son who is a small child. We passed the Parisian bakery where I love French toast, but we chose not to go in. There was another destination we wanted to reach. We kept walking until we found a magical outdoor restaurant made of white marble. It was multi-layered with tables on each level. It reminded me of the Trevi fountain in Rome, only much larger—the size of half a city block. The ocean was adjacent to this place and sometimes the tide brought its water onto the floor. We sat down at a table on the middle level and ordered some food. Then we took a walk around the premises to admire its earthly beauty and otherworldly splendor. Once at a higher level, we looked back and saw that our table was now underwater. The sea had risen and made us change our table to a higher floor. I was surprised and happy that my son was delighted with this whole scene and its changing sea level. As Hillary walked into this mystery dining place to join us, we found a special table on the highest level. Of course, I had ordered enough food for many more people so we would feast like there was no tomorrow.

I woke up remembering that today is Hillary's birthday and we had just enjoyed a meal in heaven. Join us, please. Now is the time to rise and enjoy the feast. The holy water and the holy bread have been released.

### ***Numi Got a Hold of Brad***

A couple nights after we launched our numi experiments, Brad woke Hillary up in the middle of the night because he was kicking his feet, throwing his arms, and shouting in his dreams. There was a lot of wild commotion going on, but Hillary knew this was normal for him. She waited until he settled down and went back to sleep. The next morning Brad said he went to the same visionary classroom two times. This is what he heard a voice on high instruct the Guild to do:

Start "the transfusion" now rather than later. Two songs will be given tonight. They are old church hymns. When you listen to them and hear the name of Jesus, say our new name at the same time, "numi." In addition, you can stare at a numi you have created as you say this. Allow the sacred emotion pouring from the song to fill the numi image and word. This is an ecstatic blood transfusion overseen by the ancestors watching over everyone.

Then these words were presented with such power that they caused Brad to tremble: "Hymn 140 for Joy." This phrase repeated itself over and over again, and finally wrote itself in the air so Brad would never forget. He woke up and prayed, expressing his appreciation for the gift to the Guild. He did not write it down because he had no doubt he would always remember what he had heard and seen.

Falling back asleep, Brad returned to the same classroom as before. The voice again reminded him that special instruction was being administered by the other side. The same advice to transfuse sacred emotion in a hymn from the word "Jesus" or "Lord" to the word "numi" was given. The voice powerfully uttered something different this time that was so exciting Brad burst into joy: "14 Joy Hymn." As before, it was repeated and then written in the air. The energy was so strong that Brad woke up filled with ecstatic fire.

In Brad's childhood, a hymn would be called out during a service by a number, referring to the place in a hymn book where each song was located. We found the songs he dreamed this way. Please follow the instruction as you hear the hymns received last night. The first one is called, "He Saves," a song often played in the churches of Brad's grandparents and parents. The second hymn you likely already know—the holiday carol, "Joy to the World."



## *Going Up the Rope*

We prayed hard for how to guide the Guild's experiments with numi, emphasizing the concentration and excitement of our collective relationship with divine mystery. Brad had a powerful vision later in the night:

I was waiting in the enormous ground floor lobby of a large old building that may have been in New York City. There were others sitting on long benches all around me. I recognized people from my past who I haven't seen in decades. I wondered where I was, but somehow knew that someone was coming to lead me somewhere. A woman walked in the room and called for someone else. Another woman followed closely behind, and she called out my name. With a serious countenance and without saying another word, the woman walked me to an elevator. We both entered and the door closed. I realized we were heading to a place of mystery.

The elevator started going up and it kept on ascending without stopping. I started to feel a bit nervous because it seemed we must be way past the height of the tallest building in the world. We kept on moving upward. Without warning, I felt a strong jolt and it made me wonder if the elevator had snapped off the cable. It began to rock as if we were in an airplane during extreme wind turbulence. Next, we started to spin and to my complete shock, I had no fear or anxiety. I simply walked over to the exact middle spot of the elevator and trusted that everything would be fine. I was reminded of some wild flights I took in a single propeller airplane I used to take in the Kalahari during a thunderstorm—you didn't know if you were flying up or dropping down as it bolted strongly from side to side.

We finally reached our destination. I cannot easily describe it in words, other than to say we were enveloped in indescribable glory and splendor. I was then given a handwritten manuscript of music. Back into the elevator we went and in a split second we were back to the ground floor again. The door opened and people rushed over to ask me where I had gone and what had happened. I replied as if it was a normal day, "I just needed some help with this composition of music." In that moment, I more deeply realized how no more should be said because it would foster misunderstanding. Offering less trickster bait helps prevent the pointing finger from being bit. All that can be said about a journey up the rope is that you are taken there for some musical work.

As I walked out of that skyscraper, I realized how impossible it is to talk about high mystery to those who haven't been taken to its house in the sky. Its warm, vibratory cheer only can be conveyed by soulfully anointed song and further enhanced by a trembling hand and dancing feet.

In this visionary elevator ride and classroom visitation, we learned to further appreciate that it is mysterious musicality that transfuses happy spiritual electricity. We now celebrate this heaven-to-earth dynamic and its orbiting messenger with a new name—numi. When it is time for you to own a numi, a special joy and electricity are given through a musical transfusion. Not any kind of song nor any kind of dream delivery will do. A numi dream takes you on a numi ride to receive a numi song. When you return, others will not be unable to fully understand where you have been. But they will notice you have changed and that there is now something you are carrying in your hands. It's true, for you now belong to the azurite blue community of numi, the song and dance hoofers of the earth-to-heaven wobbling elevator tribe. Never underestimate what a numi song can do for you. We invite you to long for how a numi can change your life by rearranging your relationship to everything. Matter doesn't matter. You can't take any stuff with you. Accumulating things can't bring you love. Better to count on the numi who know how to count with the musical mystical rhythmic arithmetic.

Here is an alteration to your current experiment: Before performing the numi transfusion with hymns #14 and #140, close your eyes and imagine yourself dreaming the vision above. Begin in the vast waiting room. Wait for the second woman to lead you to the elevator, then climb higher and higher until the cable snaps and you are wobbling. Move to the center and surrender all fear so you can really hear what the anointed music can do for you. Now perform the ecstatic transfusion. Numi is waiting for you high in the sky on the elevator that rocks as it makes you unsure what is up or down, left or right. Feel how your azurite numi makes you feel that all is right in earth as it is on its way to musical heaven.

### ***Summary of the Numi Experiments So Far***

**NUMI EXPERIMENT 1:** Place the images of numi in as many places as you can think of in your everyday reality. See how many ways you can install these images in your world, including on your altar.

#### ***Little Book Verse:***

This is a numi.

There are a lot of numi around, just waiting to be caught. But not everyone notices they are there.

#### ***Ecstatic Track 1 Chorus:***

Numi is Kalahari n/om,

**Numi is Japanese seiki,**

The new me is a new little me reborn in the holy spirit.

**Rumi had a numi,**

His poetry made more rumi for numi

**Jesus, Abraham, Moses, and Mohammed were rumored to have a numi.**

Numi or numinous, don't make a fuss.

**Soften up and get down on the ground – make yourself ready to catch the next circle, sphere, and spear when numi comes near.**

It's already here, so what are you waiting for?

**Numi, illumine this darkness.**

Numi, make a big rumi for God

**The Sami shamans seek Numi**

As much as a Yeti ignores it

**Numi, shakily my seiki.**

Numi, make my hands tremble

**Numi, make my arms jerky, my mind quirky, and my heart hungry**

Numi, be my numero uno, numero duo, and numero trio

**Little me, be brand new, please go catch a numi**

Big me, listen to numi

**Numi, numi, numi**

Be my trinity of n/om, seiki, and spirit

**Numi, numi, numi,**

Help me find the middle wobble

**Numi, it's a good day to renew my relations with the three numi of Thee**

Numi, make my room new

**Numi, help me concentrate on you**

Numi, help me cook the stew

**Numi, sing the third octave note**

Do, re, mi – that's the numi tone

**Mi, mi, mi, be my numi opera song**

Numi, what can I do without you?

**Numi, catch me as I catch you.**

Numi, let's be a true-blue couple.

**A double wobble of little me and numi.**

**EXPERIMENT 1 VARIATION:** Start "the transfusion" now rather than later. Two were given.

They are old church hymns. When you listen to them and hear the name of Jesus or Lord, say our new name at the same time, "numi." In addition, you can stare at a numi you have created as you say this. Allow the sacred emotion pouring from the song to fill the numi image and word. This is an ecstatic blood transfusion overseen by the ancestors watching over everyone. The songs: *Hymn 140 for Joy* and *14 Joy Hymn*.

**Little Book Verse:**

A numi is a special magical feeling  
It is also made of spiritual electricity  
When you catch one, you will feel it in your body.  
You could say that a numi is happy electricity.

**EXPERIMENT 1 VARIATION:** In the imagined visionary elevator ride where you go so high that the cable snaps and you wobble in turbulence until finding the gift of music, further appreciate that it is mysterious musicality transfuses happy spiritual electricity. We now celebrate this heaven-to-earth dynamic and its orbiting messenger with a new name—numi.

**NUMI-NOUS: Merriam-Webster Definition of *numinous***

**1:** SUPERNATURAL, MYSTERIOUS

**2:** filled with a sense of the presence of divinity: HOLY

**3:** appealing to the higher emotions or to the aesthetic sense: SPIRITUAL

[People] began using *numinous* in the mid-1600s, subsequently endowing it with several senses: “supernatural” or “mysterious” (as in “possessed of a numinous energy force”), “holy” (as in “the numinous atmosphere of the catacombs”), and “appealing to the aesthetic sense” (as in “the numinous nuances of her art”).

**FIRST CREATION DICTIONARY:**

Numinous = numi + N.O.us (New Orleans with us)

Numinous = numi + N.O. + us

See you in First Creation New Orleans!!

Meet your numi in numi-nous!

**Numi or numinous:** don’t fuss over which name is better. Don’t fuss over any preferred names. We have thrown away familiar names and started the world all over again, choosing a new name for your cornerstone: **numi**. Build a relationship with numi via constantly altering experimental action (and following the instructions) that creates a room for you and numi.

The first ecstatic track starts *associating* numi with other names, as if giving birth to extend the metaphor line. Here we hear the emergence of the offspring names: seiki, n/om, and holy spirit. Keep numi primary because it is less familiar to you. Building up the concentration of numi in your everyday serves feeling the excitation of mystery, rather than hunting for the trickster inflation of familiarity and certainty. The latter are not mystery. Numi invites you to build numinous mystery through concentration and excitation.

**Little Book Verse:**

Some numi give you the slight tingle-flutter of butterfly wings.  
And other numi are so strong you'll want to do cartwheels through the fields,  
Or throw your arms around the nearest tree because you feel so much extreme love.

**Note:** Ask not what numi can do for you, but what you can do for your numi community. The *electrical happiness* only comes when you enact old fashioned sharing and serve others. That is the softness that enables the numi to come through and stay longer than a brief visit. The Old Ship Zion is a 285apiential285.

***Ecstatic Track 2 Chorus:***

**A numi is a special feeling,**

This feeling is the sweetest joy.

**Not any sweet joy. It is sweet eeeland joy.**

When you catch a numi, you feel the joy, joy, joy go down deep in your heart.

**This happiness is electrical.**

Don't ever forget, it's happy electricity!

**Happy electricity, let's say it again.**

Happy electricity—that's the treat of meeting and greeting higher power.

**Some numi will give you the slight electrical tingle of butterfly wings.**

The monarchs are here, bring on the ancestral queens who like their butter served with sweet numi honey.

**Butterfly wings like to jam and taste the jazz during their flight.**

Some numi are so strong that they make you want to fly, leap, do cartwheels through the fields, or throw your arms around the nearest elm tree.

**The numi butterflies, butter, honey, jam, jazz, three-course flights, leaps, cartwheels, and hugs are coming near.**

Get ready—it's gonna be electrical.

**What does that mean?**

It means the numi has an alternating current.

**It's a vibration, a jubilation vibration.**

**Ye olde vibration of jubilation: this is sacred ecstasy.**

Numi, numi, let's be happy.

**Numi, numi, let's get zappy, tappy, and rappy.**

CMC caught a numi when she found her one endless smile

**And Mark Twain caught a numi**

It taught him to say, "God is on the line."

**And that God is electricity, just like a numi.**

Nikola Tesla also saw a numi in the sky—it changed electricity on earth to be like it is in heaven.

**Seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit have happy numi electricity**

When you own a numi, you know what it means to just be nice

**When you catch a numi, you catch a charge that takes charge of your life.**

Think more electrically about your numi. Are you doing all you can to keep it charged and happy?

**How is your conductance and conveyance of electrical joy?**

What is your capacity for extreme love?

**Are you in need of electrical rewiring?**

Do you need a new transformer?

**Are you plugged in yet?**

Have you been shocked enough to empty the bowl?

**Are you ready to catch the numi piezo?**

Direct current, alternating current, piezoelectricity.

**DC, AC, Piezo.**

Numi, alternate my current and direct my life.

**Numi is on the 222 piezo line.**

Numi, piezo, hello.

**Numi, happy electricity, come near.**

Numi switch on.

**Electrical movement on.**

Say it again: numi is happy electricity

**Take charge, numi, and send us your piezo lightning bolts and higher volts.**

**NOTE ABOUT ECSTATIC TRACKS:** The words of each ecstatic track serve extending the previous metaphor lines, thereby making the room bigger. In this regard, words are metaphorical building blocks for room construction, experiential expansion, and aesthetic renovation. The art of making art is doing it step by step—not too far a reach but enough extension to move a difference that can make a felt difference. (AKA Building the room.)

### ***Numi Experiment Two***

We begin by reminding you that the purpose of your relationship with a numi is to shine, projecting the rays of kindness, wisdom, and hilarity into the world. These are the three rays of numi in your everyday. This is your compass setting. Reset, reboot, revoot, and rebut often.

Here is your personal numi medallion:



Make your own numi medallion by either printing and cutting out Hillary's drawing of the medallion or by drawing, painting, carving, or any other means of making it that follows this design. When your numi is concentrated and excited with magical exhilaration, the three rays radiate far into the outside world. Your prayer and mantra for this experiment is: "Others, numi, others." Write that prayer on the back of your numi medallion.

Wear the medallion as a New Orleans style mojo necklace, placed either inside or outside your clothes. The medallion is there to remind you to shine the rays of kindness, wisdom, and hilarity. Don't live to please yourself with pleasure, delight, and self-satisfaction. Live to shine these numi rays to others. Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Make sure you spiritually charge and charm your numi medallion. Do this by infusions of anointed sound. Use the ecstatic tracks we created for you and don't forget hymns #14 and #140. Begin each charge and charm session with a visionary elevator ride before the track is played. Do this as often as needed throughout the day and night.

### ***Gifted with Three Books***

Brad dreamed we were sent to the library on high. We felt very excited because it is always a special thrill for us to go anywhere that is filled with books, especially the mystical library. A librarian led us to a special room that we assumed was a rare book collection. It turned out to be the director's office. He pointed to three books that were sitting on his desk and spoke, "These books are a gift for the Sacred Ecstasics Guild."

He then handed us the first book and Hillary read the title out loud, "The Well-Tempered Art of Shining the Kindness Ray." It was a very thin book, and we didn't have to open it to feel its contents. The kindness it addressed was not saccharine or artificial, nor did it encourage the non-

discerning gush of sentimentality or placation that flatters while it flattens what is heartfully real. This book told of a bigger kindness fueled by divine inspiration and guided by mystery evocation.

The director then handed us a second book. It was entitled, “The Art of Radiating Contrarian, Transformative Rays of Hilarity.” It was also a thin book but with more pages than the previous text. Its knowledge soaked into us the moment we held it. The main teaching was that a certain kind of humor holds the paradoxical nature of complex eco-logical relations. The latter are better dealt with in the wiggle of a giggle that catches an impossible-to-fully-conceive complexity that is more easily felt in the absurd. Not all hilarity serves higher change, nor does it need to be intellectually complex. Yet it must surpass trivial humor and strive for a deeper tickle while avoiding any tease that carries snark rather than delights the singing lark. Like kindness, hilarity must also be well-tempered, though its range of contrarian tension may be extreme. Pataphysics is found here, as well as the satirists who brought down giants, doing so like David’s sling shot pebble formerly toppled his seriously puffed-up adversary.

Finally, we were handed the third book. It had more pages than the other two volumes. Its title was, “The Art of Projecting the Wisdom Ray.” As we both held on to it, we understood that the wisdom it underscored was not about informing others with insight, interpretation, or grand ideological understanding. Wisdom referred to the practical art of discerning when and how to be hilarious, when and how to be kind, as well as when and how to separate and blend the former two rays. In other words, this book specified the way kindness and hilarity must shine on others in varying degrees and with different qualities and contextual alterations. Here wisdom was about wisely radiating the rays of magical exhilaration, the sacred emotion and jubilation vibration felt with a numi.

We arranged the books in a pile, with the wisdom book in the middle. Since it was about regulating the other two rays, it occupied the middle position. When Hillary held all the books together, an even higher teaching was downloaded based on the three books as a whole. We received a clear awareness of how the world-changing rays of kindness and hilarity must flow from your inner numi’s exhilaration. Your numi medallion does not carelessly radiate just any kind of kindness and hilarity. Numi rays are specially seasoned and proportioned, as well as constantly adjusted and realigned with the kind of wisdom that discerns what is neither too much nor too little, but just right for the moment.

When kindness and hilarity are primarily inspired by your mind wanting to “show” kindness and hilarity, it will not radiate with the right vibe. Even if you are doing it for a good or ethical reason, your performance will overshoot, undershoot, and aesthetically miss the mark because it is too consciously purposeful. There is nothing less funny than someone trying too hard to be funny or punny. The same backfire occurs when someone indiscriminately sprays sugary, placating niceness all around that erases the necessary flavor and texture of resourceful discomfort.

Make sure your numi is present, awake, and bubbling with magical exhilaration—the excitation that enables concentrated rays to shine on others. This principle applies to every



performance art from playing jazz to dancing, spiritually cooking, or having a conversation. The ineffable quality of soul, duende, and aesthetic magic come from numi-full emotion rather than mindful intention. Get your numi so extremely charged that its magical exhilaration overflows. Then run into the world and shine your numi medallion rays as wisdom-regulated hilarity and kindness. This is what it means to “just be nice” in a way that thaws the ice.

### ***The Other Side’s Recommended Reading List***

Brad dreamed that we were taken to a bookstore on the other side:

A crowd gathered in the middle of the bookstore and everyone was seated in a large space that had been cleared for a special public presentation. To our surprise we saw that the presenter would be Jay Walljasper, our friend who had recently crossed over. He was introduced as the new editor of a magazine devoted to reviewing books. To inaugurate his new position, his first speech would present what the ancestral elders regard as their recommended reading list, the books they consider most valuable for your spiritual life quest.

He sat at a table with a pile of twenty or more books in front of him. He began by mentioning, *Sacred Ecstatics: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire*. We were shocked as he went on to mention all the other texts on Sacred Ecstatics. Then he smiled and lifted two books we had written before the arrival of Sacred Ecstatics—*Aesthetics of Change* and *Circular Therapeutics: Giving Therapy a Healing Heart*. He opened *Aesthetics of Change* and announced, “I want to read the personal inscription that was written for me by the author. It effectively points to the value of this work.” He also mentioned that he hoped his son and others wanting to achieve a fulfilled life would accept the words he was about to read, regarding them as a spiritual gift. He then proceeded: “Here you find some high-quality methane. Learn the art of igniting mind flatulence. Only strictly purified, highly refined, and purely concentrated gas such as this can help you light a fire to illumine mystery.”

We burst into laughter upon hearing those words. It also made us reconsider the value of methane production and its conversion into spiritual fire. Not just any methane gas will assure flammability. Thought must be “strictly purified, highly refined, and purely concentrated” in order for mind to serve spiritual cooking. This kind of flammable gas is produced by someone not only anointed, but who has paid their dues to acquire the skills of producing spiritual methane. This takes years of disciplined study to learn how to purify, refine, and concentrate thoughts, making them ready to burn for God. Such pointers, shepherds, teachers, and preachers produce, carry, and dispense the flammable gas for heating a room.

Obviously, there is more complexity than this, but suffice it to say that spiritual cooking requires the availability of a very rare gas—one that not only lights a fire, but also leaves you radiating kindness, hilarity, and the wisdom to alternate and change them—a triple threat to trickster profane gas that is never able to ignite or heat a room.

After waking up, we could not remember the other books that were recommended by the ancestors. What we do know is that the Sacred Ecstatics books were at the top of the list. And that our former scholarly works are all about methane gas that is made to burn. We are ready, able and available to burn it for you.

Also know this: when you study Sacred Ecstatics, do it patiently, carefully, and steadfastly. Focus so you concentrate your mind with its uncommon ideas. When you feel too dizzy and unable to hold any more methane, light it up with an ecstatic spark using the previously dreamed mystical methane converter. The rare methane of Sacred Ecstatics is accessible to you. Study to release the methane, and then light 'er up. After the fire, you'll be ready to study again and get another refill of methane. Remember, not all thoughts and ideas burn. Stick with the gas whose purification, refinement, and concentration have been sanctified for spiritual cooking.

*Postscript:*

Afterward Brad remembered a strange thing he accidentally discovered when he was a student at M.I.T. Ever since high school he'd petition a teacher to let him take a course at his own rate of speed. He'd then immerse himself in the subject and take an exam every other day or week and quickly polish off the course. He did this in his calculus and physics courses at M.I.T., studying over 16 hours a day until he finished the whole course in a couple of weeks. His concentration was so intense that he even hallucinated integrals and mathematical equations. However, his more interesting discovery had nothing to do with math. It was this totally unexpected outcome: his intense absorption in mathematics required that he take a sabbatical from piano performance, and this illogically resulted in dramatically improved musical performance when he returned to the piano. To improve his piano, he was better off not practicing the piano and instead, absorbing himself in abstract math. Similarly, he discovered if he emphasized practicing the piano without full concentration—in other words just going through the purposeful motions of “practice”—his piano performance declined.

Today, we'd say that the mind must concentrate to generate high methane. When the latter is lit, your performance is set on fire. This is why it is important to study Sacred Ecstatics—to make your mind combustible for somatic excitation. Don't study lazily, hazily, or half-heartedly. Concentrated study of the right wordsmithery and circularly organized complexity of mentation results in purified, rarified, and concentrated methane production. No study, no numi buddy.

Concentrate, excite, and experience your numi cast its rays of magical exhilaration in your performance of daily life. Study to bring your numi buddy to life again and again.

### ***London Is Small***

Brad dreamed that we sprouted invisible wings and flew over London:

Hillary and I were amazed at how small the city looked from a higher altitude. In the night it twinkled like a star, while in the day when we moved closer, it became a blur of movement. Feeling peckish from our overhead adventure, we finally came down to the ground for a stickie toffee pudding. But we were unable to forget how tiny London appeared from a bird's eye view—it was a mere dot on the earth. Next, we embarked on a leisurely walk, only to discover that the urban maze still felt small—we couldn't erase the sight from our former flight. We were flooded with the realization that conceptualizing London as big is no more real than describing it as small. Its size is dependent on your point of observation. From on high, London is a mere speck on a vast landscape.

This newly altered perspective of London's smallness also affected our sense of time. Somehow we were able to walk through all the central neighborhoods in a flash, though it felt like we were meandering slowly. We kept on journeying and soon we were at Wood Farm in Norfolk, where Chris and Diana Jacob live. I invited Chris to take a walk with me. As we followed the dirt path around the field, I told him the latest news, "Brother, we discovered that London is small. So is your farm and so are you and each of us. The idea that anything is big is conceptually made up. Even the earth is small. It's a small numi." Chris seemed surprised to hear that London was small, but he caught the feeling for what was being said and this, in turn, enabled him to feel smaller than he ever had before. This shift brought no disappointment or letdown. On the contrary, it was liberating, exciting, and uplifting. Together we laughed at how we actually are as small as a grain of sand no matter what our brain may conjure with its puffed-up ideation.

From this high altitude perspective on the relative size of things, I spoke further to Chris:

You are too small to change your sister or any other relationship, so let the idea of having any big influence go. Everything is in God's big hands, for you are small. I know this personally because I also had to hand my sister and all my relations over to God. Even after she and others passed, my relations with them were still over my head. Everything, no matter how big or small it seems to be, must

be handed over to the one on high. Lay down the burden of bigness and feel the newborn joy of smallness.

Chris and I then unexpectedly found ourselves walking in London. It was obvious that we were heading back to Bunhill Fields cemetery where Reverend Joseph Hart lies buried. In an instant we were there. We heard his words spoken in the air, as if for the very first time, “All the fitness He requireth, is to feel your need of Him.” I felt deep appreciation that Reverend Hart had come to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild as one of our main saints through a small vision that consisted of only one misspelled word. It led us to discovering a forgotten ambassador of God who made the Sacred Ecstatics vine stronger for those who fed on his holy verse and drank its ineffable wine.

Reverend Hart’s voice then spoke again, providing further spiritual pointing:

“Others, Lord, others” is more than a prayer; it is instruction for action. Be small with others. Even when telling them to feel the need for Him or the need for smallness, be small about it. The middle road between too much and too little is very narrow, imperceptible except to those who harbor no need to feel big about appearing small. Don’t even try to look helpful to others—that is too big. Don’t be eager to show what you can do or what you know, including introducing your knowledge of me, God, or any eternal verity about life or death. Feeding the desire to be seen by others makes you too big.

Embody being little, broken, uncertain, and in constant need of feeling your smallness inside the heart of Thee. Don’t make a fuss about your shortcomings or express exaggerated bravado about how small you feel—that’s too big a display. Even making too much noise and commotion when celebrating others can sometimes draw too much attention to yourself. I will repeat what I overheard Brad say when you were walking in the fields, “Lay down the burden of bigness and feel the newborn joy of smallness.”

Become this smallness in a natural and effortless manner. When you wear your numi medallion and shine its rays on others, make sure the light is cast on the whole room, rather than turned back on you. Alternate between feeling the need for prayer and the spontaneous combustion of thanksgiving when you feel how small you truly are.

As these words from Reverend Joseph Hart tapered off, Chris and I got on our knees in prayer. “Thank you, Lord. Thank you for this saint of Sacred Ecstasies whose impeccable handling of language came to us through a misspelled word delivered in visionary dream . . . Thank you for how he pointed to the value of contrition and smallness, especially concentrating on the low, despised mystery of the cross . . .” As we lost ourselves in prayer, I appreciated how Reverend Hart brought something that had been missing in our Guild—a timeless written account of certain essential dynamics of old-fashioned religion presented with sharp clarity. At the same time, we and our pantheon of cooked saints brought something to Reverend Hart that was missing in his life—better spiritual engineering for heating up his chilly nights of the soul.

In the middle of this reflection, appreciation, and celebration, a strong gust of wind came over us. It carried Chris back to Wood Farm as it shot me into the sky where I was rejoined with Hillary. She and I were immediately sent to a classroom that looked like a special shop for making mojo. The excitement in the air was so strong that it felt like we were inside a firework show. There the next numi experiment was given.

The first thing shown was a particular embellishment of the numi medallion. The middle wisdom ray had a vertical line of dots or beads (it was shown both ways) that alternated between yellow gold and black. This line ran straight through the wisdom ray. We were reminded that this middle line is aligned with the main rope to God. Its alternating spiritual electricity goes back and forth between the darkness of night and the light of heavenly sunshine cast in the everyday. Next, we were shown how to attach three cutout circles of paper to the back of the numi image. The first layer holds the image of an empty bowl on it, the second layer has the number “222” written on it, and the third layer is an image of azurite with the word “piezo” underneath it. We heard a voice explain:

You started this numi-focused month with a basic form—the numi. Then you added its three rays. Now you will build up more layers with other dimensions so that more of the changing of First Creation can penetrate, permeate, and saturate Second Creation.

Again, the original form was the numi blue circle. Then its three rays of kindness, wisdom, and hilarity were revealed. Now your numi will be expanded with the three layers of mystery that began this Guild season. Add the empty bowl, 222, and piezoelectricity of azurite. These layers bring other numinous dimensions that also carry the numinous, magical feeling, and spiritual electricity of numi.

Perhaps some of this feels familiar—you may have built an altar for these mysteries in a recent past lifetime. We are now magically moving both backward and forward in time and space, learning how concentration and excitation make us feel smaller as numi grows bigger.

Finally, remember that London is small. The numi experiments in progress teach you to value smallness so that you can experience the joy of being a part of the art of making and remaking the whole big room of mystery. Numi points to your little me and its smallness as the gateway to holiness. “Others, numi, others” is a prescription for action. Be ready to fly over every city, town, farm, and neighborhood, this time recognizing they are equally small. Earth itself is small, a numi that started the beginning search for the original source and force of its own creation. Every place and every moment in history is more like a numi than you ever imagined, conceived, perceived, or felt before. This smallness is beautifully kind, uncommonly wise, and extremely hilarious. Wear that numi medallion and take flight!

*Postscript:*

Remember that we never speak to others about Reverend Joseph Hart without beginning and ending with the mention of the visionary word, *sojoprings*. Why? *Sojoprings* has become a metaphor for the room in which we received Saint Joseph Hart. It is also the mystical key that opens the door to the mystery embodied in Hart’s life testimony. Recall that *sojoprings* is a literary prize because it holds a visionary spiritual surprise:

*Sojo*: Greek word for the wholeness that heals and makes you whole and holy.

*Pring*: old English word for the sound of a ringing bell.

*Sojoprings*: the ecstatic sound of ringing bells that celebrate the transformation of suffering into sacred ecstatic joy.

The *sojoprings* room that holds Joseph Hart also holds all the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Make sure you are in that room and don’t pluck a part of it for another room. We like to remind ourselves that soon after Hart’s arrival in visionary dream, Chet Baker arrived to play the tune, “There Will Never Be Another You.” High

mystery is not exclusively found in the verse or life of Joseph Hart. It is found in the visionary room and garden hosting our relations with it all. There Will Never Be Another Room like *sojoprings*, the holy joy springs of Sacred Ecstatics, also known as the Wigram Stream. *Sojoprings* brings you to the heart of Hart's mystery.

### ***Numi Experiment Three***

This experiment, dreamed in the vision "London is Small," has three steps:

*Step One: Add the vertical line of black and gold dots or beads:* The first thing shown in the vision was a particular embellishment of the numi medallion. The middle wisdom ray had a vertical line of dots or beads that alternated between yellow gold and black. This line ran straight through the wisdom ray. We were reminded that this middle line is aligned with the main rope to God. Its alternating spiritual electricity goes back and forth between the darkness of night and the light of heavenly sunshine cast in the everyday.

*Step Two: Add the empty bowl, 222, and piezo:* Next, we were shown how to attach three cutout circles of paper to the back of the numi image. The first layer holds the image of an empty bowl on it, the second layer has the number "222" written on it, and the third layer is an image of azurite with the word "piezo" underneath it. We heard a voice explain:

You started this numi-focused month with a basic form—the numi. Then you added its three rays. Now you will build up more layers with other dimensions so that more of the changing of First Creation can penetrate, permeate, and saturate Second Creation.

Again, the original form was the numi blue circle. Then its three rays of kindness, wisdom, and hilarity were revealed. Now your numi will be expanded with the three layers of mystery that began this Guild season. Add the empty bowl, 222, and piezoelectricity of azurite. These layers bring other numinous dimensions that also carry the numinous, magical feeling, and spiritual electricity of numi. Perhaps some of this feels familiar—you may have built an altar for these mysteries in a recent past lifetime. We are now magically moving both backward and forward in time and space, learning how concentration and excitation make us feel smaller as numi grows bigger.

*Step Three: Add many altar layers and the back and front covers:*

This week you will continue adding layer after layer to the back of your numi medallion until everything in your altar is included. This should include the name or the map of Tokyo, the

Kalahari, and St. Vincent. The little deer will be there as well as azurite and the scarab box. It doesn't matter how you add these altar elements on the back of the medallion. They can be added with words or images or can be added in one layer or many layers. (For example, one circular cutout of paper can have many altar elements drawn or written on it.) When the altar is layered onto your medallion, the final back cover will be an image of planet earth as a numi. The front of your medallion will be covered by a disk that is the map that is on your altar. Don't place that on the back—it is for the front.

As you conduct this experiment, remember that London is small. The numi experiments in progress teach you to value smallness so that you can experience the joy of being a part of the art of making and remaking the whole big room of mystery. Numi points to your little me and its smallness as the gateway to holiness. "Others, numi, others" is a prescription for action. Be ready to fly over every city, town, farm, and neighborhood, this time recognizing they are equally small. Earth itself is small, a numi that started the beginning search for the original source and force of its own creation. Every place and every moment in history is more like a numi than you ever imagined, conceived, perceived, or felt before. This smallness is beautifully kind, uncommonly wise, and extremely hilarious. Wear that numi medallion and take flight!

### *Postscript*

Let us continue to regard every saint of Sacred Ecstasies as a numi. Reverend Joseph Hart is now Reverend Numi. We learn again that the room is the mystery rather than any personality, metaphor, or part within it. Without sojoprings, Hart loses the fire of the numinous and becomes chilly piety, the backfire of any religion or spiritual seeker thinking they are not related to all religions, wisdoms, and mysteries. The Wigram Stream that springs and prings from sojo mojo brings the ineffable back to the former Rev.

In other words, Reverend Hart without Chet Baker, Sister Gertrude Morgan, J. B. Valmour, and all the other saints and rascals is not as hot. He chills too easily. Cooked spirituality and its soul food require offbeats, ragged ragtime, rugged crossroads, blue notes, jazz, and chitlin power. Spirituality, religion, shamanism, mysticism, healing, and secularity that live outside the room of sojo and prings is a dead mackerel rather than a trout dreamer-singer-swimmer. The same applies to each of us. If we feel we are getting chilly, irritated, or off track and then reach for a preferred cutout rather than throw ourselves into the whole mojo stream, we end up being a dead mackerel where piety (the righteousness of personal preference) cancels out the three rays of numi's magical exhilaration. We are then not kind, not wise, and not funny. Sacred Ecstasies is not about preferring any particular fish, critter, fruit, tuber, or leafy veggie. It's about the whole orchard, stream, vast sea, and earth-heaven marriage moving in and out of mystery.

There is a Canadian television series about a theatre troupe called, "Slings and Arrows." Friends told us about it in the past and we have been devoted fans ever since.



In one episode the actors gather at the local pub for a song to wax on about the longstanding theatre superstition called “The Scottish Curse.” Namely, one must be very careful about a particular Shakespearean play. They are reminded to never mention the name Macb\*th or else risk a calamity. The song is entitled, “I Won’t Play Mackers” (the latter being a respect name for Macb\*th).

Our everyday life in New Orleans First (sojo) and Second (prings) Creation sometimes likes to toss that song about as a silly ditty to keep our funny bones moving. We invite you to enjoy this song too, this time altering its verse: “I won’t play dead mackerels.” Let it be a reminder to not take a fish from the stream and walk away from whence it came. Make the Sojoprings-Wigram-Stream-First Creation-numi-room primary. It’s far better to avoid creating dead mackerels and join the silver trout that are swimming upstream.

*Please remember this:* Your numi medallion is now being built to hold the middle (altar) between earthly numi and heavenly numi mystery—it’s the Wigram Stream with everlasting sojoprings. Don’t highlight any part, locale, saint, lineage rope, image, number, metaphor, or mojo item that minimizes the whole dreamed stream. Stay in the Wigram Stream of Sojoprings Mystery Musical featuring the entire singing and dancing numi troupe. In other words, include a performance of “I Won’t Play Dead Mackerels.” If you falter and forget there is a whole middle altar, then sing and dance yourself back into its alternating electrical current. Reset, recharge, rebut! We are coming back to 222 time and empty bowl space, plugging into piezo power. Thank you, numi, passage to the numinous.

### ***Charles Henry’s Lab Notes***

Brad dreamed that we met Charles Henry in his laboratory. Monsieur Henry discussed our numi experiments and presented some of his preliminary findings. He listed them on a chalkboard and then further specified what must be in operation for a tuned spiritual instrument to experience the exhilaration and happy electricity of numi:

\*Your range of awareness in each and every moment should include more than noticing your condition or how others, the experiments, the weather, or your various measurable and immeasurable conditions affect your mood. You must notice whether and how your interaction with others makes a difference to them. What kind of difference? Answer: a difference that brings more numi into the room holding everyone. “Others, numi, others” is a statement about helping to create a room that hosts intimacy with numi. This is another way of defining the “big room.”

\*Bringing others (and yourself) closer to numi can't be accomplished by decision alone. It requires: (1) focus, concentration, and quality methane production—indistinguishable from big room construction; and (2) ecstatic combustion from electrically radiating cooking action.

\*About the production of methane: Obsessing over self or any parts of life cut out from the whole creates a nonflammable fog. Any scatter plot thinking, self-obsession, outcome evaluation, spiritual assessment, or vicious cognitive loop requires interruption, deconstruction, and cleanup. Then start again. This time focus your mind on the higher cornerstones brought by visionary teaching, whether from past or present sacred texts.

\*Trickster may interfere with high methane production by making excuses for being unable to focus (an undisciplined mind), claiming you aren't intellectually oriented (a lazy mind, version 1), or that you already know (a lazy mind, version 2). Study carefully and slowly until you start to feel that a threshold of concentration has been hit. You'll feel a bit dizzy when you push your mind this hard. That is the moment in which methane is gathering. Let it gather and accumulate before igniting it with cooked movement, song, and prayer. That throws you into the middle wobble.

[Charles Henry helped us make a big lab discovery here: we learned that you don't study in order to know. You study to find higher unknowing. Not the kind of unknowing based on not trying to learn, but the unknowing that comes after working hard to understand and then hitting a dead-end after a few illusory flashes of understanding.]

\*Methane is lit with an ecstatic spark. This sets the soul on fire so it can shine the rays of magical exhilaration. Sparks may come from soulful rhythms and anointed songs that produce emotion that is higher and vaster than non-melodic, deadbeat conception. The gap between what is powerfully felt and what is conceptually beyond understanding helps strike a match and send a zap. There is far more to making a spark, but more study is required before adding too much discussion. Spark-making includes the introduction of involuntary movements, spontaneous noises, and other forms of de-entrainment. I heard a rumor that something called an "Exciter-Confuser-Interrupter" was developed in the past. That sounds like a spark generator.

\*Common conflation error 1: The human spiritual instrument must learn to differentiate sacred emotion from lesser forms of exhilaration. The latter is feeling high esteem or pleasure about worldly things, especially oneself. Here the good feelings that come with recognition, achievement, success, saccharine sentiments of flattery, and slathering the big m-ego with soul butter are mistaken for the sacred numi emotion one feels for God. This conflation results in mis-firings, misdirection, and soulless expression—more on this at a later date, subject to further investigation.

\*Common conflation error 2: methane is mistaken for inner mindless chatter, pontification, and verbal puffery. Flammable methane comes from focused, concentrated study that climbs from moments of clarity to higher confusion and uncertainty. Here you become lost after working hard to find your way through some thought trails.

\*Lighting a fire is one thing; sustaining it is another. There are cognitive-behavioral habit loops that can short circuit a long run of fired up happy electricity and its three-ray shine. These include a quick return to self-awareness and forgetting others, retreating into observation rather than continuing the celebration, and being in a hurry to name and frame it rather than further dissolve inside it. In addition, ignition attempts guided by trickster rather than little me will overshoot and undershoot, perpetually missing the middle wobbly bullseye.

\*It should feel easy to spiritually cook, that is, catch a numi, generate happy electricity, and shine when simple instructions are followed. However, it's also easy to mess this natural process up when former habits continue to organize daily routines.

There was more written on the visionary chalkboard, but our examination of those words was interrupted because Dominic suddenly appeared at the laboratory door. When he walked in, we noticed that he had generated a lot of methane within his mind. Music immediately commenced, presumably following Charles Henry's direction, and this aesthetic surprise sparked a fire within Dominic's soul. He immediately felt happy electricity surge through him. Dominic looked like he was unsure whether to let the current run its course or pull himself away from the overwhelming intensity. We smiled to indicate that he should let higher hands guide and control whatever would next happen. In that moment he danced like there was no gravity and his smile brought an endless beam of sunshine. It appeared that the laboratory of Charles Henry had another experimental subject volunteering for study.

We came back to ourselves unsure whether Charles Henry's thoughts written on the visionary blackboard would help anyone in the Guild since they were still in need of more refinement and clarification. However, we felt that with focus and concentration these words could produce some useful methane.

Don't forget the musical matches that are now in play. Generate some focused flammable methane gas. Then make a spark with any of the ecstatic audio tracks and a fire will ignite. Then your numi rays will readily shine. Come on over to the laboratory. There is a holy numi party going on! Drop the gravitas and enter the new Dill Pickle Club entrance<sup>29</sup> where thought is the gas that leads to the dance floor fire.

### ***The Art of Making a Tasty Numi Medallion Sandwich***

Brad dreamed we were teaching a group of psychotherapists. He was suddenly inspired and blurted out, "The art of performing a session is like making a good sandwich. You need two pieces of bread and something tasty for the middle." Hillary added, "The bread is provided by what the client brings at the beginning and what the session delivers at the end. You need to be able to provide what is in between. The middle is where change takes place."

We then remembered how most therapists seem to find it nearly impossible to imagine or invent a theatrical "middle" that brings a tasty aesthetic transformation. They are taught to rely on standardized treatments like a chemical medicine, psychological interpretation, or social control intervention. Such rigid causal thinking traps you in the trajectory that there is a beginning disease diagnosis (of the body, psyche, intimate relations, or culture) that determines how to intervene for the most likely chance of achieving the successful outcome of symptom alleviation.

Professional people helpers don't think like playwrights who pragmatically know that a play comes alive through the way a beginning and end are connected by creative imagination. In the middle is found the vital life and creative force of a performance. There the dynamics of change are felt in the air. However, when there is an over-emphasis on presumed causes and effects, there is typically no creative middle process. The tragedy of therapy arises from ignoring or not executing a well-performed aesthetic middle. It chooses the antiseptic, sterilized way that kills the possibilities for unexpected, improvised change arising from immersion in the big room of mystery.

In the dream we suddenly realized that a numi helps you follow the aesthetic middle way—it is your guide to the art of bringing the tasty middle to every life sandwich. We also realized that we could only now speak of numi to the very few people who have heard of them—the Sacred Ecstasics Guild. That's when we remembered previously sharing with you the visionary dream of

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<sup>29</sup> The entrance to the original Dill Pickle Club in Chicago had a sign with these words: "Step High, Stoop Low and Leave Your Dignity Outside."

making a tasty Italian sandwich. The classroom participants then changed from therapists to Guild members ready to hear how to enact the art of living a numi-filled life.

We said what we said before, but with a slight alteration: “The art of living each day is like making a good numi medallion sandwich. You need two pieces of bread and something tasty for the middle.” Hillary added, “The bread is provided by what your everyday brings at the beginning and what you offer in response at the end. You need some numinous wonder working power in between—here the magically exhilarating numi metaphors are found. We advise you to place your entire Sacred Ecstasies Guild altar in the middle—it is the medium that transforms whatever the day and night serve up for alteration.”

We don’t know about you, but we are putting every gift that formerly came to our altar in between our daily bread. Welcome back the ineffable third or middle—it brings numinous flavor to the sandwich. With your numi-filled altar home in the middle, all is right when life is cast in the hue and with the mystery clue of azurite. The art of life is making a tasty numi sandwich! Sandwitches, numi *on*, and dress up that sandwich with some hot and spicy soul sauce. In the middle between heaven and earth is found your altar. There numi changes how life tastes.

### *Postscript*

In another dream, we were shown the spiritual path Reverend Joseph Hart referred to as the path narrower than even the eye of the vulture can detect. It is the fine line between First Creation and Second Creation. It looks narrow and small because the vulture is seeing it from a high altitude, like we formerly envisioned London while flying in the sky. In this dream we came closer to see that the spiritual path is none other than the Wigram Stream. As we came nearer to its surface, we were surprised to see that it became the Sacred Ecstasies Guild altar with enough room for the entire pantheon of saints, including those yet to arrive. Our altar is situated in the middle of the numinous stream.

Shifting levels of magnification then revealed multiple transforms of the spiritual path: the red road to the Creator, the highway to heaven, the Wigram Stream, the Charles Henry multisensory bath, and the altar whose gifts from on high provide a link or bridge to the other side where mystery flows. Your numi medallion is a layered sandwich. The middle of your numi sandwich is all of these things—it is your means of relating to both earth and heaven by living in the middle passageway. Use the altar to alter you, your numi, and medallion to numinously influence how you shine on others in the everyday. The aesthetic quality of your life is determined by the middle holy ground you cultivate and occupy. In other words, learn how to make and serve a tasty numi medallion sandwich.

## *Numi Dialogue*

Q: What is it like living with a numi?

A: It includes this: every time you pray, you wake up the vibration, the magnetism, the music, the dance, and the pulling guidance that lives within and comes from on high.

Q: Does that happen to you every day and night?

A: Yes, but only if I stay inside a numi loop.

Q: What does it mean if I am not feeling a numi is near?

A: It indicates you are inside a goofy loop.

Q: Is a goofy loop a small room?

A: It reverberates with that idea. So, let's say that a small room and a goofy loop are inseparable.

Q: Then that would suggest that a numi loop reverberates with a big room.

A: Yes. Say it!

Q: Sometimes I feel broken into a thousand pieces and unable to feel the big love or know what to do.

A: When that is felt or said, who is doing the talking for all those broken pieces?

Q: I don't know.

A: Often it's a goofy loop talking.

Q: How do I get out of those life shrinkers? I bet you'll say,

A: Follow the instructions for a numi loop.

Q: I did but I didn't feel a numi.

A: You likely took the various action pieces given by the instructions and placed them in an old goofy loop. That's not building a numi loop. That's placing numi cutouts in a goofy loop. As a result, the numi cutouts turn into dead mackerels.

Q: How do I avoid that from happening?

A: Reread the instructions. Is every action suggested being conducted? Are you adding other actions, thoughts, reflections, songs, and movements?

Q: In other words, check to see what is being left out and what is being added that doesn't belong?

A: Yes, follow instructions or do not expect to find yourself in a numi loop.

Q: What if more interference sneaks in?

A: Concentrate more intensely and obsessively on the numi loop—concentrate only its actions, sequence of action, repetition, well-tempered variations, and immersion. Make sure there is no room in your performance time and space for anything else.

Q: I like obsessions. That now seems to be a good thing because they teach concentration.

A: Yes, seek a numi obsession and forget about making a daily confession.

Q: I keep checking to see if I feel a numi, but I don't.

A: Did you receive instruction to assess your numi situation? That action comes from a goofy loop that exalts cause and effect thinking. Drop it and concentrate.

Q: I'd rather listen to gospel songs, Middle Eastern chants, and pow wow songs. I really feel them.

A: That's another goofy loop that searches for a preference to avoid the numinous offering at hand. It's sometimes called "the grass looks greener on the other side." In your case, "the song looks hotter in another room."

Q: Are you suggesting that staying on track requires strictly following instruction to build up concentration?

A: Yes, make it an obsession with no room for internal or external interference.

Q: If I am able to concentrate, obsess, and avoid interference, what will happen?

A: You will feel a numi is near and that you are entering a big room.

Q: But shouldn't I be open to other metaphors, actions, rituals, and ideologies?

A: Only if you are trying avoid experiencing a numi loop. You are free to make a choice at every crossroads. The choice now is whether you will hunt a numi.

Q: So if I want to catch a numi, I must follow instructions for building a numi loop?

A: Catching a numi, building a numi loop, following instructions from on high, building a big room, and spiritual cooking are different ways of pointing to the same thing.

Q: What is that?

A: Communing with the source of numi. That is, communing with Thee.

Q: What happens if I am communing with the source of numi?

A: You and numi experience climbing the ladder.

Q: What is found when I go up that ladder?

A: The magical exhilaration of sacred ecstasy. That is numi jubilation, something so strong it imparts a vibration.

Q: How will that change my life?

A: You will come back to your everyday with a charged numi medallion. Its three rays will shine into the world.

Q: Are you saying the purpose of my life is to be a numi medallion three-ray shiner?

A: Try it and then answer yourself.

Q: What should I do differently with the numi experimental instructions and ecstatic tracks that are coming down the Sacred Ecstatics line?



A: This is what Brad and I do: we listen to a newly arrived track at least a dozen times the day it arrives. We concentrate on it, move with it, and shout and sing with it. We don't listen once and then move on. Nothing can be significantly absorbed that way—we concentrate on a numi track with multiple soakings to build excitement.

Q: Do you go back and listen to the other numi tracks later?

A: Yes, we listen to them in a sequence as well. That brings something deeper and steeper.

Q: What about the experiments and visionary downloads?

A: We are devoted to re-immersion as the means of absorption, but doing so with increasing concentration.

Q: This sounds like the dedication of a performing artist to their art.

A: It is. Anything less is a goofy loop that misses the opportunity for whole room and life alteration.

Q: It would be interesting to follow you through the course of a day. What would it look like?

A: Brad and I are always working on transforming life into a mystical musical. Right now we are in the show called, "Numi: The Mystical Musical." It includes many acts and scenes that range from cooking prayers, making art, and recording ecstatic tracks to things like vacuuming and cooking dinner. All of that is part of the Numi Mystical Musical.

Q: Can I try out for a part?

A: The audition is also the rehearsal and most importantly, it is also the opening night show itself. Begin at the very beginning—conduct those experiments and soak in the tracks as if it is the first time every time.

Q: You often say there are crossroads to face. What is the first crossroads?

A: The first crossroads is choosing to trust and follow the instructions for experiencing sacred ecstasy—this leads to a contact experience with a numi.

Q: What is the next crossroads every numi seeker will face?

A: After experiencing the heightened emotion of a numi encounter at any degree of spiritual temperature, the next crossroads is whether to be or not to be a devoted numi hunter and caretaker. Here you take the vow to bow before the empty bowl, the 222, and piezo.

Q: How does your life look different then?

A: Once a numi has been caught and you accept that life is about living in a numi loop, you choose whether you will explore more about how to transform goofy loops into numi circles.

Q: Is this when you better learn how to avoid highlighting a dead mackerel cutout or preferring a static lineage thread?

A: Yes, you choose to leave the Dead Mackerel Club and join the wandering trouts of changing forms that are swimming in the Wigram Stream.

Q: What crossroads comes after this, Professor Trout of the Wigram Stream of Dreams?

A: Finally, you must decide whether you will live in the outskirts big room rather than try to bring a numi into a small container for popular consumption or evangelism. Here you finally choose whether to live in an outskirts reality community, forever guided by visionary direction.

Q: Thank you for opening that outskirts door. Now I think it's time for numi experiment four.

### ***Numi Experiment Four***

1. *Make the final alteration to your numi medallion:*

Color the back of each of the three rays with azurite blue. Then write these Latin words on the back of the rays—*bonitas* (kindness), *306apiential* (wisdom), and *hilaritas* (hilarity). Finally, write these Latin words across the front of your medallion map, “numinis” and “numen.” Revel in knowing that these words include two formal meanings: “the will or power of the gods” and “divine sway.”<sup>30</sup>

2. *Make an important higher addition to your altar space:*

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<sup>30</sup> <https://www.wordsense.eu/numinis/>

Add a large numi that hovers above your altar, either attached to the wall or hanging from the ceiling. It is to be considered the source and force from which every numi comes. Call it "The Numinous."

3. *Conduct this performance every dy this week:*

Stand in front of your altar with your numi medallion around your neck. Turn on an ecstatic audio track or turn on your inner music box. Soak in the music as you focus all your attention on "The Numinous" over your altar. Build up concentration and anticipate excitation. Hold your numi medallion so it is directly aimed at the source and force of numinosity. Imagine that "The Numinous" is shooting its rays into your numi medallion. More importantly, envision that the energy coming into your numi medallion is being bounced off your medallion to shine into every part of your altar. From "The Numinous" to the numi medallion, and then bounced onto your altar, your relations with mystery are empowered.

Make sure you interject this prayer as the music plays and the numi rays bounce: "*Renumi, renumi, renumi.*" You should also periodically work this prayer line throughout the day, anytime you need to re-charge your medallion. If you are away from your altar, you can imagine "The Numinous" hovering in front of you, shooting its rays into your medallion.

Concentrate and excite this performance, doing it for the exhilarating, radiant renewal of your numi medallion and altar as they are linked with "The Numinous." Do your best to forget yourself during this process. Do it for the altar, the numi medallion, every numi, and "The Numinous." End your session with this benediction, "Others, numi, others."

4. *On Wearing the Nui Medallion:*

When you wear it in the everyday, makes sure the Earth side and the rays with the Latin inscriptions are showing. While facing your altar and bouncing "The Numinous" onto the altar, make sure the mystery map is showing.

***Charging a Numi with a Linguistic Sandwich***

Brad dreamed another way of charging a numi:

In a spiritual classroom, a teacher explained that an unfamiliar word, like "numi," is infused with emotional significance through repeatedly associating it with other familiar and meaningful words. This means of constructing meaning works best when the word "numi" is sandwiched with other words, sometimes placed in the

middle and at other times on the outside. In other words, “numi” alternates between serving as the bread and serving as the filling.

The teacher called this procedure, “charging a numi with a linguistic sandwich.” He continued:

Make sure it is a hallowed word sandwich—a holy linguistic on rye rather than a dead mackerel on sour dough. Be sure to not let it solely accentuate a saucy linguini, peachy Bellini, satirical Fellini, or a plain baloney sandwich. There may be some hilarity tossed in, but the sandwich as a whole should be primarily hallowed words. Keep the sandwich multi-lingual, held in many dimensions that include contrarian juxtapositions.

This method was then demonstrated by a performance—a series of linguistic sandwiches. Here is an excerpt from what Brad remembered the next morning:

Numinous, numi, numinous . . . (repeat)

Numi, numinous, numi . . . (repeat)

Numinous: a numi for us . . . (repeat)

Numinous, luminous, numi lumi, numinous, luminous.

Numinous, luminous, Jeeesus, serious, hilarious, totally bodacious.

Numinous, Jeeesus, genius, a genie numi for us.

Renumi, renumi, renumi.

A new numi little me.

Communing, renumi.

Climbing, renumi.

Sacred renumi,

Numi ecstasy.

Hi, Hi, ECI.

Numi, unglue me.

Numi, send me through.

Numinous, luminous, mysterious.

Numinous little me.

Numi empties the bowl,

Numi trembles the 222,

Numi radiates with piezo.

1, 2, 3:

Let's catch numi with Thee.

Numinous, numi, numinous . . . (repeat)

Numi, numinous, numi . . . (repeat)

### ***Conversation on Numi Experiment Findings***

Now that we finished the little instruction guide to achieving the pinnacle spiritual experience, what surprises did you find that were important to your relationship to Sacred Ecstasics?

**I was delighted with the notion of happy electricity. It combines the two things that a numi brings to you—a special feeling of joy and a vibratory sensation of electricity. Together that is “happy electricity.”**

Sacred ecstasy is happy electricity.

**Yes, it is both happy and electrical.**

It's not just energy. To call this energy work would miss emphasizing the joy it brings, the heightened emotion that turns the alternating current on.

**The word numi puts a smile on my face. It's a pure joy conveyor. Whereas the word from which numi was born, numinous, is more serious and mysterious. It seems to be the source of the electrical force. Happy numi plus the electrical numinous equals happy electricity.**

Lapis blue electricus returns.

**Numi is blue after all. The zap of the lap is blue electricus.**

The back and forth between numi and numinous helps the electrical charge be more joyful and the joy become more electrical.

**Thank you. I like that very much. Numi joy and numinous lapis blue electricus oscillate to create something more than each one and both combined.**

Not just joy. Not just electricity. Just be nice.

**That brings us to another surprise and prize. I am referring to the numi medallion with its three rays. It concentrates the niceness of James Spurlock to cast a shine.**

Radiate what feels kind and hilarious, with wisdom regulating it all. Don't overshoot and don't undershoot. Hit the sweet and sour wobble spot. Otherwise, it's too sweet like buttering someone up or it's too sour like making fun of others.

**Your random acts of kindness must be aesthetically performed, less random than previously thought.**

And your tandem acts of hilarity must tease away Yeti the Ptolemy, but uplift little me.

**Sweetness and hilarity can be toxic and cause a backfire.**

It ain't easy being nice. It can easily turn to ice when missing the rope that reins it in and lets it go. And remember that "just be nice" came to James Spurlock as a song. It's better to sing about this than cogitate about it too much.

**Yes! The musical muse and inspiration behind the joy and electricity of a numi is what saves the day.**

A numi has a special kind of joy and electricity. It is inspired by what we have formerly called big love or extreme love. We call it big and extreme to differentiate it from the common garden varieties of love.

**This love is what Rumi wrote about. He was the poet of big love. It is the same love that Jesus enacted with others, though he never wrote about it. He was the embodied performer of it.**

It is the big redeeming love that Fanny Crosby wrote about in her lyrics. But it didn't come to life and full ecstatic fruition until it met the tones and rhythms of Africa.

**As I child I was told that this is God's love. But it was better felt when sung and danced with the kind of rhythms, embellished melodies, and harmonic coloring that woke up the emotion of this love.**

That's why we don't like to talk too much about the names of the creator. They are better sung than spoken. Speech kills the infinite reach of the divine.

**Unless it has poetic fire like Rumi.**

Whereas song lyrics are different than poetry. They need music to get the pointing across.

**The lyric's need for music, the poet's need for a beloved, the composer's need for an aural bridge to the divine. All these needs lead us to climbing the stairs with Fred Astaire.**

Up, up, up, up, up all the way to the top where there is a fountain that invites us to dip, dip, dip, dip, dip.

**Back into the Wigram Stream where dead mackerels may recombine and refine, coming to life through poetics, lyrics, psalms, and songs.**

This is also true for all the parts of the Sacred Ecstasies altar. It must be thrown into the Wigram Stream and brought back renewed.

**Renumi, renumi, renumi.**

That's why we all need a numi.

**And a stream for First Creation changing, the alternating current of modulating forms.**

Let's not forget that it is the middle.

**What's the middle?**

The Wigram Stream, First Creation, and the altar.

**And the newborn numi medallion.**

It points to The Numinous above the altar and catches its shine. It then radiates into your heart as it throws the rays into the altar.

**Renew that altar and recharge it, as the same is automatically done to you.**

It's all about the shine.

**Get your numi medallion aligned with the heavenly sunshine of The Numinous.**

Makes sure it's over your heart and aimed at your altar.

**Everything is shining on everything—the original source and force of the numinous, the little me within your heart, your altars—big and small. Don't forget your medallion holds a concentrated form of your altar.**

Concentration leads to excitation.

**Music and dance concentrates emotion. That's why numi's are drawn to it.**

The real shamans are the song catchers, that is, the numi song catchers, that is, the numi catchers.

**Song line, fishing line, main line. No matter the name, it has to sing the songs of joy and carry the vibration that alternates between nice and hilarious. That's the numi wisdom way of just being nice.**

Let's go back and look at the little book again, and comment on whatever comes up for us.

**That sounds great. Let's do it. Remember the book was written after we threw Scared Ecstatics into the Wigram Stream.**



We were surprised by what came back. It wasn't God. It wasn't sacred ecstasy. It was numi, the child of The Numinous. The book began before words came along. In the sky appeared a blue circle, an azurite vapor sphere, a mystery not yet named.

**Thank you again, Hillary, for your special gift to the Guild. Our pantheon of Sacred Ecstatics saints are hosting a wild party on the other side tonight to celebrate your completion of their instruction. I'm sure you'll be hearing from them.**

What will life be like living with a charged numi medallion?

**A charged numi medallion assures that you will wake up a high vibration every time you pray. This, in turn, brings on the happy electricity, the other worldly magnetism, the numi music, the numi dance, and the numinous guidance that lives within and comes from on high.**

Can this happen every day and night?

**Yes, but only if you stay inside a charged and illumined numi numinous loop.**

What does it mean if I am not feeling a numi is near?

**That is a clear and unambiguous indication that you are inside a goofy gooey chilly nilly loop.**

Is this the same as being stuck in the trickster glue of a small room?

**Let's say that a small room, being stuck in trickster goo, and a goofy loop are the three sides of the yeti trinity.**

Is the numi loop, a big room, and feeling that little me is free, the 222 of our empty bowl?

**Yes. That's delivers the piezo spark of happy electricity.**

How do I get out of the goo of a goofy gooey eensy weensy chilly nilly room?

**Ask your numi medallion. But only do so after your medallion, your altar, and you are charged.**

Renumi, **renumi**, renumi . . .

***Receiving the Mielos Award***

Brad dreamed he was conducting a creative therapy session with a poor family in a small clinic in the Mississippi Delta area of northeastern Louisiana:

A small group of clinicians was observing as they often did during that time in my career. The case was particularly moving and afterwards everyone was deeply touched and began to weep with joy. I woke up weeping as I remembered how sweet it was to secretly conduct healing sessions under the guise of what Hillary and I called “creative therapy.”

Later I had another dream. This time Hillary and I were at small college in Arkansas where I formerly used to demonstrate clinical sessions for a group of graduate students and faculty. The college was awarding us for our exemplary work in “creative therapy.” I noticed the clinical director of the place I had dreamed earlier was in attendance. I went up to him and said that I saw him in a recent dream and that I had conducted a session that was very moving. As I started to weep again with joy, he walked away. I wondered whether he was embarrassed by my emotion or perhaps jealous of the stories about those cases that had become a kind of folklore in the region.

We also noticed a Catholic priest that used to observe our sessions from behind a one-way mirror. He spread word to other priests that we were performing spiritual miracles in the clinic. Some other clergy and religious folks also said the same. We felt that the presence of the holy spirit often came into those sessions with people suffering with all kinds of issues. Our reminiscing was then interrupted in the dream when we heard our names called to come up for the award.

When we went on stage to receive it, we were handed a large scroll with quill writing on it. The name of the award was not easy to read. It looked something like “The Mielos Award,” or the “Milos” or “Mielo” award, but I couldn’t quite discern the spelling of the word. I leaned over to Hillary and mentioned that perhaps it’s the name of a famous film director, but the handwritten, fancy style of medieval-like cursive was difficult to read.

I woke up from the dream excited about the joy those sessions used to bring into our lives. We witnessed incredible spirit-filled change in humble clinics and impoverished towns in the Deep South. Though few people outside the region knew about this work, we felt blessed to experience it firsthand. That was reward enough—to be in the room feeling that pure and sweet holiness in the air. Those observing behind a one-way mirror or watching on a video screen also felt the sweetness and spirit in the work as well.

When I woke up and looked up the word, “mielo,” I discovered that it means “honey” or “sweetness” in Esperanto, the international auxiliary language invented in 1887 by L.L. Zamenhof in Poland. His goal was to foster global peace and community through shared communication. This word seemed perfect as I remembered how many sweet-as-honey sessions we have conducted all around the world from Chile to Brazil, Mexico, Hungary, the Mississippi Delta, and Arkansas.

When the word is spelled, “Milos,” which it sometimes looked like in the dream, it leads us to the film director, Milos Forman. He directed *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* and *Amadeus*, among other great films. This brought a smile to us because *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*, like our work and the therapeutic traditions we stand upon, challenges the brutal paradigm of psychiatry. In addition, some of the clinicians observing our work have referred to Brad as a “Mozart of therapy.” We often privately reference *Amadeus* when discussing how more than a few observers of our work, especially the famous ones who showed up to see it at international conferences, did not hide their jealousy. They acted like the character Antonio Salieri, discounting our approach and sometimes blocking us from university positions and conference invitations. Yet their sting never mattered because the honey felt in the work was so sweet that it left a flood of joy in our hearts. Even remembering these “fairy tales,” as Dezsoe Birkas has called them in Budapest, brings a shout of jubilation.

### ***Playing a Board***

Brad dreamed we were in a dining room of a retreat center where Guild members were gathering for breakfast the morning before an intensive:

The room quickly filled with greetings and chatter. I suddenly felt a tremendous amount of emotion well up inside me with a fire-like desire to play the piano. There was no instrument in sight. However, I noticed what looked like a shelf on the wall. It was about a yard long and seemed like a repurposed old piece of thick lumber. It looked odd because nothing was on it—not a single book nor any kind of object. It was an empty wood shelf that was similar to the one I dreamed years ago when we entered the same retreat center. There the same size shelf was on the wall in the reception room. Back then Hillary started cleaning it and experienced a major spiritual metamorphosis. Now that shelf, or one similar to it, was in the dining room.

I could no longer hold back the increasing passion to play a musical keyboard, so I went to that shelf and imagined it was a piano. I unexplainably and

miraculously began to hear the faintest sounds coming out of the wood. I asked everyone to be quiet and they too acknowledged hearing it. There was silence for a brief moment so the miracle could be witnessed and appreciated.

It didn't take long for some to return to their former conversation. However, Hillary and I, along with those also caught by what was ecstatically occurring, found ourselves so absorbed in the music that we no longer heard the noise from the tableside talk. In that instant, we realized that emotion is without a doubt the single most important ingredient of Sacred Ecstasies. When it is intense enough, music is able to spontaneously come through any medium. Even an old wood board can become a piano. Though barely audible to everyday ears, it is felt by mystical sensory organs attuned to the sacred frequencies on high.

Next, we noticed there was another shelf on the other side of the room. It had an open ancient manuscript on it. Hillary and I walked over to examine the text. It contained handwritten words that were unrecognizable to either one of us. On the surface they appeared as made-up nonsense words. We then wondered if this shelf operated like the musical one on the other side of the room. To find out, we read the words aloud while feeling the same excitement inside that brought on the previous music. This was easy because the emotion was still alive within and we only had to focus on it to bring on further excitation. As we concentrated our emotion and read the text aloud, one word in the ancient manuscript stood out above the others: *mussijitiers*. It immediately woke me up from the dream and I wrote down the strange word so I wouldn't forget it.

The next morning, I recalled that the visionary music had brought three things to life—the wood shelf that delivered sound, the book that conveyed a cryptic word, and our bodies whose trembling was caused by the sacred ecstatic jitters within, or in this case, the *jitiers*. Here emotion, music (*mussi*), sound, meaning, and movement had one thing in common—the *jitiers*. Curiously, we later found that one of the formal definitions of jitters is the “slight irregular movement, variation, or unsteadiness, especially in an electrical signal or electronic device.”<sup>31</sup> This helped open the visionary experience to a wider perspective.

The movement of my fingertips on that old bare board had been jittery—“slight irregular movements, variations, or unsteadiness.” This created musical sound, something that requires more than regular movement with unvarying steady tones. Not too much, not too little and not too irregular, not too much variation, and not too unsteady. For ecstatic flight, keep it “slight.” This kind of

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<sup>31</sup> <https://www.lexico.com/en/definition/jitter>

slight-hand mystery is more natural than sleight-of-hand magic. It requires the finely tuned aesthetic chops of a mystical musical performance that is able to deliver the *mussi* and *jitiers* of sacred ecstasy.

### ***Write a Play***

Brad dreamed we were in a hotel room somewhere in New York City:

There was a small gathering of people in our room and the air was full of excitement. I recognized that they were former renowned therapists from the NYC institute I used to work at years ago. I was also holding a worn book in my hand. It seemed to be the biography of a fashion designer or someone in the visual arts. I looked at Hillary and said, "We have been told that we have sixteen hours to write a play based on the person in this book." Hillary immediately asked everyone to leave because we had to get to work.

We needed a strategy for how we'd write a play in less than a 24-hour day. Hillary began, "A play lasts around two hours. We need two hours of talk." I replied, "We are well seasoned creative therapists so let's make it a therapeutic interaction. The book I'm holding has biographical details. We only need a few biographical facts to get the ball rolling. Remember, we never hear a whole client's story. They just tell us a few things and then we start building a new experiential reality. Let's scan the book and pull out a few cutouts. Then we will close our eyes and invent a case. Theoretically, we could be done in two hours. Sixteen hours is far more time than we need." We started laughing and began to write a play.

When Brad woke up, he wondered whether the book was the biography of a fashion designer. I know nothing about fashion, so this was a very odd subject. Then he remembered that when he lived in Manhattan, his neighbor was the fashion designer, Geoffrey Beene. He'd walk his poodle every day when Brad walked his terrier. We looked up his story and found that little is known about his life. It was kept secret. He grew up in Louisiana and went to Tulane Medical School for three years because his family had many doctors. During the third year he was caught drawing in his anatomy book the gowns Joan Crawford wore in the movie "Humoresque." He left school to study in Paris and later became the godfather of minimalism in American fashion. *The New York Times* wrote in his obituary:

Although he became known for such shapes as the bolero and the streamlining jumpsuit, and for proposing seemingly illogical combinations of fabric – the fancy with the naïve – his real achievement was to address the three-dimensional quality of the body.

“Most designers think of the back and front, which is two dimensional,” said the writer Amy Fine Collins, who became a devotee herself after writing a critical appraisal of his fashion in 1988. “Or,” she continued, “those designers view the female body much as though it were an insect: in measured-out segments of 36-24-36. But Mr. Beene didn’t do that,” Ms. Collins said. “He thought in the round, about the contortions of the body, the spiral of human movement. That’s why his seams spiral.”

Those seams, with their frequent insertions of lace or chiffon, suggested not only anatomy but also the modern ideal of speed and unrestricted movement. In the late 80s, when Mr. Beene’s shows at the Pierre Hotel stirred the kind of door pandemonium one usually saw only in Paris for a Gaultier or a Montana, his clothes, though still light, demonstrated a certain showmanship. “Those late 80s dresses were like glorious flowers with secret layers and collages,” Ms. Collins said.

Finally, Geoffrey Beene was well known for polka dotted fabric that looked like the numi of Sacred Ecstatics. He was a misfit, refusing to play the political games usually required for success in the fashion world. His eccentricity included growing 2,000 orchids in a three-wing greenhouse on Long Island and collected Art Deco art, along with works of Man Ray, Rene Magritte, and Salvador Dali. He traveled all over the world, but felt Vienna was his favorite destination. Yet above everything he wanted to design impossible outcomes with plain cloth and seams. What did the critics think of his achievements? *The New York Times*<sup>32</sup> provides this answer:

Fashion editors ran out of superlatives to describe Mr. Beene’s high-wire act. Harold Koda, the costume curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, recalled leaving a presentation at the Asia Society and hearing an editor observe: “What can you say? It’s not like anything that anyone else is doing.

After learning these biographical details and thinking about the dream, we asked ourselves, “Is there enough mystery here for the beginning of a play?”

### ***Sanctified Muddy Waters Require Not Getting Rid of the Dirt, Mud, Chitlins, and Grease***

Several times in visionary musical classrooms, Brad has been taught the vital importance of keeping the “dirt,” the “mud,” the “chitlins,” and the “grease” in the music. If your sound is too clean and perfect, the mojo of soul, n/om, and the holy spirit is lost. The same backfire results if it’s too dirty or has too many rough edges. Brad has worked with several internationally famous

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<sup>32</sup> <https://www.nytimes.com/2004/09/29/obituaries/geoffrey-beene-innovator-of-american-fashion-dies-at-77.html>

musicians and some of them sadly lost authentic “soul fire power” when their music became too cleaned up and refined for commercial production. Technical prowess is less important than the raggedness of dirty rhythmic time and the cacophony of tonal offness that are well placed like spice in a New Orleans dish of red beans and rice.

Brad once heard a series of conversations between guitarists Al Di Meola and Eric Clapton that took place when Di Meola was recording his album, “Infinite Desire” at Right Track Studios in New York City (Brad was in the studio because Al Di Meola had written a song for him). Al would tease Eric about not having acquired the highest level of chops while Eric would counter tease Al that his chops were in need of better melodic compositions that would be better received by the masses. Both musicians were incredible masters of their instrument, but each arguably lost or never had the kind of dirt that sanctified churches and juke joints infuse in their musically muddy water. This ineffable element that goes past what most recognize as “soul,” is not taught in music schools or suburban neighborhoods, is at least worthy for discussion and debate.

N/om hunters must be careful to not attribute n/om (or numi) to a perfect replication of a musical genre that had its origin in the muddy waters of the Mississippi Delta. The blues, gospel, and jazz may be missing the chitlin power that makes liquified dirt ecstatically hot. Commercial artists know how to pull your worldly listening strings with all kinds of entertainment tricks but not all of them have the grease that is flammable to an otherworldly vibration.

Furthermore, it is important to note that every authentically sanctified musician goes in and out of the spiritual electrical current. Some of their recordings, while technically perfect and enthusiastically reviewed, are still missing the char and the juice. One of the greatest gospel singers, Marion Williams, discussed how she would have to rely on her mastery of technique when she was not under the influence of the holy spirit. No one noticed except Williams and others anointed to discern the difference. The general population (and music critics) were always moved, as they should be, but hearing with mystical ears provides a radically different kind of vibrational response.

A powerfully sanctified tone and rhythm usually results in a performance less appealing to the masses. It’s equivalent to how the shouting of sanctified preachers isn’t attractive to those without n/om, while it is holy bread to those who own the soul fire within. Similarly, sanctified singing and dancing may bring too much emotion for those not yet spiritually awake. The cleaned-up arrangements and choreographies of commercial recordings are also found in new age music preferences—so clean they often feel sterilized. This is a clear sign that its performers and listeners are dead mackerels in need of an anointed deep fry.

The spiritual classrooms have taught us that pretty, squeaky clean, and commercially appealing music usually achieves its popular success at the cost of losing a relationship with true blue soul fire power. For example, Ray Charles had soul in his pop music, but rarely breathed the kind of heat, 222, and piezo produced in every outskirts storefront that held spiritual cooking services. Erroll Garner, on the other hand, was the rare combo of pure chitlin’ and melodic

recognition that excites anyone who is not dead. Yet most over-trained contemporary musicians trying to impersonate Garner's style or discuss it miss all the grease.

As we mentioned, dirt alone can't do the job. And too much of it kills the spark, fire, and vibe. It's about hitting the sweet spot. Keep it dirty and greasy to detrain the entrainment of predictability, but not too much nor too little. Make sure you are soaking in n/om-infused music, but if you are unsure whether you can discern it, follow the song list of someone whose innards has a chitlin, grease, dirt, and mud detector.

***Introducing the Spirit House of New Orleans;  
Transmissions from the Other Side***

The odyssey of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild continues to bring us never-ending visionary teachings, spiritual gifts, ecstatic jolts, higher volts, mystical instructions, room alterations, big me provocations, and little me eelations. We are always changing because our mystical-electrical power and communication line directly connects to the source and force of mystery—the other side where change abounds. Though we never can predict what is coming next, we do know this—Sacred Ecstatics is plugged in to the other side.

We are delighted that we fulfilled Hillary's vision to complete the little book of instructions for catching a numi (it is undergoing its final revisions). Thank you for being an important part of its unfolding. It brought more than what meets the child's reading eyes. It was a radical experiment in the construction of a spiritual reality, embodying the dynamics of Sacred Ecstatics without naming them. It also brought us back to where we left off— the altar table, now doubled with the numi medallion where both are aligned with the azurite blue numinous electricus.

Our next adventure calls for the Guild to step into a four-week long change in how we convey the visionary guidance that continues to pour through. We are excited because this will constitute another means of moving Sacred Ecstatics into your everyday, designed in collaboration with our pantheon of saints.

Beginning today, Monday, March 8<sup>th</sup>, we will enter a mystical time and place we call, *Spirit House of New Orleans: Transmissions from the Other Side*. Together we'll move deeper inside the ineffable experiential realm where higher power and bigger love abound.

During this time there will be minimal written text. This announcement is the last major written response from us for the month (though it is possible that will change, or not). Our main medium will be audio-visual. We are going old school with new technology.

On Wednesdays we will post a special audio transmission devoted to mojo doctoring your rope. On Saturdays we will conduct a webinar. As always, the webinar be recorded if you need to watch at a more convenient time. It features an ecstatic cookout guided by our pantheon of saints. Here you receive the visionary transmissions that revitalize and advance the journey of our outskirts mystical community and hooper n/omastery. We are communing with Thee to feel



the 222 and piezo that comes from emptying our bowl for the ecstatic dynamics of spiritual cooking.

Instructions for experimentation will be given and discussed each week during the Saturday webinar. We will post the experiment details online and open up Mighty Mouse for people to share their experiences during the fourth week (we'll remind you of the dates).

Like the praise houses of old and the spirit houses of the African Diaspora, Asia, Native America, and elsewhere, we will gather in thoughtful emptiness, relational softness, and open heartedness, made more available and accessible for mystery to have its way with the whole of us. "Thy will be cooked well done!" The Wigram Stream flows through our spirit house where the Sacred Ecstatics ancestors are hungry to serve you their holy baked goods.

We have been told this: the first phase of the Guild's epic adventure has reached a tipping point. A vast archive of visionary teaching has been produced and will continue to grow, but now we step toward new ways of bringing this rare dream stream and means of spiritual cooking into the daily bones, blood, and flesh of your everyday. Let the Spirit House say Amen and Amenvoot!

Our Spirit House, like New Orleans, is the muddy swamp entry through the gate between earth and heaven. As true outsider syncretic cooks, our allegiance is to the main line conduit that delivers whatever mystery has created for you, whether it is exhilarating to little me or altering to big me.

Where we go nobody knows—and let's keep it that way. Expect the next four weeks to launch the next developmental phase of Sacred Ecstatics and our super-charged rocket prophets. Something new is wrapped around your altar home. May the force and source pouring from the Spirit House of New Orleans be deeply instilled within you.

### ***Entering the Spirit House with the Main Rope to God***

Where are we in the scheme of dreams and things, my dear?

**It appears we are already amidst a new episode in this year's spiritual, ecstatic, theatrical, musical, mystical adventure.**

The music floating in the air sounds like we are going way down under the ground, deeper into the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Look! Some things remain from before. There's the empty bowl, the 222, the piezo, and the altar portal to the other side where mystery abounds.**

And there's the three ropes of our ecstatic lineage relations with Japan, the Kalahari, and Caribbean.

**Do you remember when we threw ourselves, the altar, and the whole of Sacred Ecstatics into the Wigram Stream?**

Yes. What came back was numi, the newborn offspring of the numinous.

**In between numi and the numinous was again found the wobbly ineffable middle, something found when felt and celebrated but easily lost when named and understood.**

Feel the happy electrical vibe of the numi medallion sandwich—that makes the numinous quite delicious.

**Make sure you wobble in between the numi and the numinous. Please add some remoulade sauce to that sandwich – with not too much methane, nor too little. And make sure it's ecstatically flammable. That's how we like to eat our spirit po'boys down here.**

No matter how our Guild odyssey changes, aim to feel the alteration between First and Second Creation. That is what generates the alternating current—the ecstatic CMC waves of 222 piezoelectricity.

**Did you say odyssey? I like that word. It separates us from the clichéd notion of a spiritual journey. An odyssey keeps mystery odd and assures our vessel is on the vast sea. Here the medium of transportation and transmission are in the wobble of a higher crossroads mystery.**

All aboard the “not one, not two” trout liner to all the spiritual classrooms. In between the named numi and the unnamed numinous is felt a mystery crossing – it is found inside the spirit house.

**Earth as it is, was, and can be in heaven.**

And heaven as it is, was, and can be in earth.

**Welcome to the altar of vibration that our vibe tribe seeks. This is the Charles Henry multi-sensory bath for a higher soak. Be altered at the altar portal and get amongst its vibe, multi-rope tribe, and vibration tremendum. That's reason for a wild celebration, for this brings a downpour of supreme jubilation.**

Past the Kalahari “teasing the meat” mirth, here we find the birth into the wavy, groovy, numi loopy.

**More gravy please.**

Joao always has some garlic debris to pour on your meataphors.

**After numi brought back the altar and placed it on the back of the numi medallion, we had two altars. For either to wake up and catch fire, both must be in relationship with the numinous shining on high.**

A three-ray, three-way bounce that makes you radiate what's nice about living inside the altar house with all its spice.

**Be both kind and hilarious, but well-regulated by performance wisdom.**

Yes, dear. Those are the "just be nice" rays – the fruit of all this altar activity.

**Now we come into the next circle of our Guild year's multi-ring adventure. We will now place and resituate the altars inside the space from which they were born.**

You are speaking of the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Yes, let us wait no longer for the next instructions.**

*Experiment One Instructions, Part One:*

The next experiment places your altar, along with you and your numi medallion, inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. Do this as quickly as possible. It can be an outline sketched on the wall or if you wish, a full painting, or done with string. Look at this spirit house often. Imagine it often. Even carry a photo of it to take a peek when you are away from your altar. Be inside it, feel you are inside it, and live your everyday inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. Do this for the next 4 weeks. Take the pledge: "I hereby declare that I will move into the Spirit House of New Orleans."

**Now draw it and move in. Don't forget that the Spirit House of New Orleans hosts the numinous, the holy spirit, seiki, n/om, the Creator, and the source and force from which the numi medallion rays emanate.**

Our spirit house is a bit like J. B. Valmour's house in Treme. Neither we nor he had to call for the spirits. They just come.

**Back in 1810, nearly 10,000 Haitians from the city of Saint-Dominique arrived in New Orleans. That's when J. B. Valmour likely came to our port. His father had been a Haitian doctor of the**

**voodoo kind. Like his father, Valmour became known as a great healer, perhaps the greatest healer of New Orleans. He healed in a room next to his blacksmith shop.**

Was he a voodoo doctor, a mesmerist, a spiritualist, or a spiritual medium?

**He was called all those things, but scholars assume he changed the name of what he did to keep the Catholic Church and local authorities from arresting and persecuting him.**

But he made clear that he wasn't what others think any of those spiritual names meant. Instead, he was a main line rope man. He prayed directly to the creator and caught the sacred emotion that was electrical.

**He was even described by others as having a lot of electricity.**

He prayer and radiated with no interest in the way other voodoo doctors, spiritualists, mesmerists, and mediums discussed or explained the nature of their work.

**He was a blacksmith of prayer fire and leaned into one rope. His electricity came from pure concentration and excitation of his relationship with the Creator.**

Those of you listening to us talk: don't you go trying to be a medium. Valmour was not like any other mediums. Again, he was neither a mesmerist nor a typical spiritual channeler. He was a main rope man whose wobble with spirits on all sides happened without his asking for it. His focus and concentration remained on the source and force of creation.

**Let us remember that spiritualism came from European cultures where relaxed bodies sat around a table and calmly spoke for the spirits of deceased souls. On the other hand, mediums of the African diaspora sang, danced, and shook wildly when the spirit took hold of their bodies. Creole culture, a blend of Europe and Africa, was thrown into an uncertain wobble about how to conduct their art, music, poetry, prayer, dance, and even channeling the other side. Dr. Valmour was linked to old school Haitian voodoo and he had to sort out how to relate to the new schools of spirituality that rolled into the Big Easy gumbo mix surrounding him. Perhaps that's why he kept the fire on one the side of the house and a round table on the other side. In that difference, his main line caught the wobbling vibration.**

I wonder if anyone has noticed that we are calling our new Sacred Ecstatic Guild room a "spirit house" rather than a spiritual house or a spiritualist house?

**We call it a Spirit House for historical reasons—to differentiate it from both the spiritual and spiritualist churches that came after Valmour. Mother Catherine Seals, another one of our saints, built her spiritual church in the lower Ninth Ward nearly 100 years after Valmour arrived in New Orleans. She was a protégé of Mother Leafy Anderson who started the original Spiritual Church of New Orleans in the early 1920's.**

Like Valmour, the spiritual churches of New Orleans did not want to be identified with spiritualism or mesmerism. They also had a main vertical rope and wanted to emphasize this strong and somatically vibrant connection to holiness. Furthermore, they wanted more Africa in their spirit house than the European bred spiritualism would encourage or allow. Thus, the spiritual churches of New Orleans were born and differentiated from spiritualism.

**The New Orleans Spiritual churches were influenced by Catholicism, Pentecostalism, Spiritualism, and Voodoo, a true-blue New World syncretic faith, similar to Espiritismo, Santería, and Umbanda. Ecstasy was the heart of their spiritual experience.**

We like that Mother Catherine Seals brought more theatricality and jazz into the tabernacle tent. She played the trombone, had a full brass band, and was dropped into the sanctuary through a hole in the ceiling. She never left her sacred space for nine years. She was the kind of outskirts character we adore and welcome on our salon floor.

**Mother Catherine Seals died in 1930 and became adopted as a saint by other spiritual churches, voodoo doctors, hoodoo practitioners, conjurers and two-headed doctors in New Orleans. You could say she became concretized as a statue and made more materially real than the vibratory wobble her spirit meant to evoke.**

“Beware of trickster—it’s a deceiver,” Sister Gertrude Morgan shouted nine years later when she arrived on the New Orleans scene in 1939. She resisted both spiritual and spiritualist churches because saw them both as spiritually dirty. Though the spiritual church of New Orleans distanced itself from spiritualism and preferred a main line straight to God, it bent when there was too much emphasis on magical saints like Blackhawk that were used more for power and influence over earthly outcomes rather than main line divine alignment. Any practitioner too eager to include the horizontal plane too readily takes their eyes and ears off the main line rope and misses the higher elevator ride.

**Sister Gertrude created a holy spirit church in her house that was on the main line with God’s telephone number and airplane close at hand. She called it the Everlasting Gospel Mission. In her visionary art, she depicted this holy place in multiple forms including a ship at sea. Like Brother Valmour, Sister Gertrude was a one-rope devotee.**

She had electrical syncope and improvisation from the visionary pulling of her paint brush and tambourine playing hands that helped her spirit house expand into a vaster cosmic arena. Under the aesthetics of her painted visions and soulful songs, she transformed New Orleans into a New Jerusalem. She was a prophetess who embodied the message of John the Revelator.

**In a recent vision, Brad saw the interplay between the main vertical rope and the horizontal ropes. This interplay determines whether your spirituality goes dead, is overtaken by trickster deception, or has high quality numinous reception. He was given this instruction for the Guild's next exploration:**

The main rope must remain primary and straight. Keep it unbent and without a dent. Your eyes and ears and emotions must not be taken off this focus. The second you look in the direction of a spiritual sign, miracle, or magic, trickster will take you on a ride. You then fall off the mainline.

**Now here's the tricky part: if you are overzealous about extinguishing the other spirit planes and ignoring the other worldly dimensions, the main line goes dead. That cold mackerel is too religious with a sedated ideology missing any ecstatic kinesiology. Without the wild earthly spirits, the heavenly holy hookup atrophies and dies. But if you get too excited about the left and right horizontal directions where fairies, elves, and nature spirits reside, the vertical line can just as easily turn off its life renewing current. That's the cold mackerel of humanism and new ageism claiming it can host spirit without religious emotion.**

When you live inside the Spirit House of New Orleans you remain focused on the simplest prayers that travel on the main line rope. All you really need is a 2-word prayer or a 3-word prayer to get the wheels turnin.' Get that prayer wheel burnin.'

*Experiment One Instructions, Part Two:*

**Now for the second part of the next experiment. Remember the first part is placing your altar inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. Measure the distance from your belly button to the middle of your throat. Cut a piece of string that is this long.**

This is your rope to God.

**This is what you must climb to reach the heavens. Your prayers, songs, and movements must journey from your belly button, through your heart, to your vocal cords.**

Allow these transitions to happen spontaneously like a seiki automatism. Don't force them or the source won't be with you.

**Your mission is to get from your belly power button to your heart love bucket, and then up to your Pythagorean vocal cords.**

The rest of the climb is out of your hands—don't push for it. God decides whether your spiritual climb goes up and above your head.

**Once you have created your rope to God, hold it when you pray, do your seiki shaky, and listen to a transmission from the Spirit House. Carry your rope with you and reach for it often. Hold it while you imagine being inside your altar in the spirit house. When you are not carrying the rope, lay it across your altar's empty bowl, 222, and piezo.**

This rope is your highway, telephone line, and electrical line to God. Now we want to present a new teaching about how to cook a prayer.

**In the visionary laboratory on the other side, I re-analyzed the conditions that preceded my own initial spiritual transformation when I was 19. I could say many things about that time in my life, and I have shared some of it with you before. But in this vision I re-discovered something I had forgotten. At that time in my life, I never prayed out loud. I just loved to go sit inside beautiful churches to soak up the holiness. My prayer was more about feeling the numinous than making a fuss with words. I often never uttered a prayer line and if I did it was silent and only said within. I had not yet received an anointment to pray out loud for others. That came later in my life.**

We invite you to consider that the strongest prayers are often only voiced and heard inside when performed by your inner body or little me. Praying out loud can easily backfire if you become too focused on making a show to yourself or others, especially when you get fancy about it.

**It's most important for you to feel the prayer lines inside you. If you pray out loud, only a whisper is needed. Only do what is natural and not forced. We advise that you make a reset and restart your praying all over again, this time only saying them inside. And use the simplest prayer line for this reboot. "Yes, Lord." Or if you haven't yet been spiritually cooked feel free to use the training wheels prayer, "Help me."**

We are not making a rule about never praying out loud, we are only saying that strong prayers don't have to be vocalized. When you climb your rope to God from your belly to your vocal cords, all of that can take place on the inside. Being louder is not the same as being hotter. What rises

is the emotion. We advise restarting your rope climbing practice by making sure that you can internally heat a two-word prayer. In other words – let’s rebut.

**The Sacred Ecstatics Guild now begins its reentry into the Spirit House of New Orleans. Place your altar in it and start living inside it. Bring home your rope to God. Own the feeling of how our spirit house is leaning with all your heart on the vertical rope, the highway to heaven.**

All eyes and ears and emotions on the vertical rope.

**One-rope prayer cookers are the rarest breed. Their prayer emphasizes the felt awe of utmost mystery.**

Make sure your prayer rope is emotionally, rather than ideologically strong.

**Yes, Lord. Thank you, Lord.**

Yes, Lord.

**Two nights ago, I had a dream. Hillary and I were in a Spirit House on the other side. We could feel all the saints of Sacred Ecstatics surrounding us. More than anything else we could feel the happy electricity radiating from the heart of the luminous Jesus who was in the room as pure mystical light. We were trembling in the vibration of electrical alternation between earth and heaven. Amidst this happy electricity, we heard a voice from on high say loudly and clearly, “Without owning the feeling for God, you know nothing about matters of spirituality.”**

In other words, it’s all about the happy electricity, my friends. All other goals and ambitions drop when this higher current sets your soul on fire. Become an empty bowl, step into the 222, and feel the piezo. That’s enough to make your bowl runneth over in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

### ***The Ancestral Saints of New Orleans are Back***

Our house in New Orleans is located in the Irish Channel, two blocks from the Mississippi River. We are located next door to Pete’s Out in the Cold, an historic Irish bar owned and bartended by Kevin who likes to introduce himself as Re-Pete of the original Pete who founded Pete’s.

**Reboot! Revoot! Rebut! Re-pete!**



A long time ago, the land beneath us was settled by the Tchoupitoulas Indians. They later inspired the tribe of Mardi Gras Indians that go by that same name today. Kevin claims that our house was once an Indian burial ground.

**After the Indians came the plantations and enslaved Africans. Our neighborhood was once a sugar cane plantation.**

Maybe that's why Sacred Ecstasies aims to be sweet. We're raising a First Creation spiritual sugar cane crop.

**We water the seeds with sweet hours of prayer.**

Remember that the land where our house now sits was once a place for burying the dead.

**According to Kevin, our next door Irish bar historian, this land was also a burial ground for the Africans who worked the land.**

That's one burial ground on top of another. We need to do some more seiki, this time for the ancestors who came before us. Let's do it this time in honor of J. B. Valmour, the Creole blacksmith whose hammer created every kind of nail. Into his inner fire circle we now go.

**Many years later, the Indians and the Africans, the Irish, Germans, Italians, and free African Americans came to this area. Many of them drained the swamps and worked at the docks. Did you know that every member of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the first jazz band to make a phonograph record and tour Europe, were from the Irish Channel?**

That's when our neighborhood became known as the Irish Channel. There were actually more Germans and as many Italians living here, but since they wildly partied like the Irish, locals called all of them Irish.

**Have we told you that Kevin regularly sees spirits from the past walking in front of our house? As our visionary experiences have also reported, spirits do show up at our front door with a special mystical delivery for the Guild. It seems the Irish channel is able to spiritually channel more than the Irish, the Africans, and the Tchoupitoulas Indians.**

Our entire pantheon of saints cooks here through the day and night. Of course, visionary experience is nothing new to us.

**Before we lived in the Channel, spiritual classroom visitations started to really flood our nighttime in Hollywood, California.**

Back then our next-door neighbor told us that we were living over an ancient riverbed.

**We moved from a riverbed to a gumbo channel.**

The Wigram Stream helped us dream.

**Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip! Up, up, up, up, up! Wake up those mystical eyes and ears. Feel it!**

Brad lived his whole adult life guided by visions that took him around the world, but it was nothing like what has happened since we gave birth to Sacred Ecstatics and its Guild.

**We actually know why this happened and now we will tell you.**

Almost 8 years ago, we quit our academic jobs and left the university.

**After that we still taught therapists and wrote academic papers for psychotherapy. Then we quit doing that, too.**

The next night the visions started.

**We had unknowingly created an empty bowl. We simply swept every distraction away. In addition, it was our destiny to be in the middle of this side and the other side. We were called and anointed to be conveyers of what goes back and forth between earth and heaven. It's our higher station job description.**

You could say, we never left higher education. We definitely are not suggesting that you quit your jobs and completely disconnect from your professional contexts like we did. That was our calling. We are only saying that when we emptied our bowl of former noise, the pure signal from on high came through.

**Sacred Ecstatics, since its origin, has always been clear about its multi-faceted mission. First, we sought to articulate in words the kind of spirituality that awakens the heightened emotion of sacred ecstasy.**

Second, we aimed to help others move toward the numinous that sets your soul bones and tones on fire. Our book on spiritual engineering identified how the three steps of spiritual cooking could

be accomplished without interference from former habits of room shrinkage, emotional refrigeration, and trickster mind distraction.

**Over and over again, we re-discovered what other ecstatic spiritual traditions have always taught. It is this: if the big room, its ineffable mystery, and the Creator Divine are held as if they reside in your pocket, an existential backfire will surely follow. But if you reset your life as a vital part of something vastly bigger than you, your life will start to change.**

I surrender all of me to being a part rather than the whole.

**We need less holistic medicine and more whole and holy mojo medicine.**

This is how big room construction, spiritual cooking, and just being nice are done.

**While a small room with a big me has more blunder than thunder.**

We have learned that every seeker of mystery benefits from building an altar.

**It links you to the higher source and force that inspired its construction.**

Our Guild has become a community of altars where communing with Thee is an alta-linked endeavor.

**The more we focus, concentrate and excite together, the stronger the rope and its multi-lineage strands become.**

“Communing with Thee” heats up to become “Climbing the ladder,” which, in turn, climbs to the pinnacle peak experience of “sacred ecstasy.”

**When a medallion holds and reflects this altar, two altars come into play—one seen and the other unseen.**

The Numinous, the numi medallion, and the Guild altar are a trinity—the 222 of radiating mystery.

**Three rays for just being nice. Our new 1, 2, 3.**

Concentrate, excite, and radiate.

**These are the three steps of spiritual cooking reborn and renewed.**

This 222 moves and vibrates across all its forms, casting its happy electrical rays into your everyday.

**It makes the earth radiate with heaven.**

Where did the altar, the numi medallion, the azurite blue empty bowl, the 222, and the piezo come from?

**They were born and reborn in the spirit house of New Orleans, home of the Sacred Ecstatics pantheon of saints.**

It's time to put your life inside the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Close your eyes and feel that your altar, medallion, and the portal to the blue Numinous source and force are surrounding you.**

That is, feel like you are inside the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**It's time you own the mojo feeling for the Spirit House of New Orleans.**

It's time you own the Kalahari style feeling, longing, and pulling for New Orleans.

**It's time you really know what it means to miss living inside New Orleans and its Spirit House.**

It's time you truly feel what it is to lean further into New Orleans.

**To get renewed, lean into New OR-leans.**

The spirit house is back after all these years, decades, and centuries of going in and out of focus.

**Don't miss it this time.**

Get on board and stay on deck.

**Don't put any of this in your pocket, purse, or bookshelf. Place your numi medallion, your whole altar, your blue azurite numinous radiating sun, every part of Sacred Ecstatics, the Guild, and all of you inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. You'll be glad you became a free radical.**

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild is changing.

**It is rearranging reality.**

We fly past conventionality.

**Old school and new school.**

Old and new tools.

**An old untangled and new-fangled school for the godly oddities.**

Whatever you thought you used to be, let it go.

**Start anew with the morning dew.**

If you thought you knew what spirituality is about, drop that assumption.

**If you thought you grew enough, drop that presumption.**

If you thought you were a leader or a follower, drop both names.

**If you thought you were lost or found, get over each connotation and reach for a higher destination.**

This time make sure you are in between numi and the numinous.

**In other words, make sure you are in the Spirit House of New Orleans.**

Long for the mystery, live for the 1, 2, 3

**Sacred ecstasy sets you free.**

Lean into New Orleans,

**Our spirit house has the ecstatic means of making you right for a higher flight.**

Leaning, longing, leaning, longing . . .

### ***“35” Returns***

Brad had three dreams in a row. Each time the dream ended with hearing someone shout the number, “35.” In the dream, we immediately started working the three 5-beat prayer lines. We take this dream as a reminder for everyone to not forget your three fives, the “35” prayer workout we began the season with. This time make sure you do it inside yourself. Stay totally focused on the main line. Even if you feel one of our saints walk into your room, keep focused on the main line. Otherwise, both the saint and main line will fade away. Aim to feel your mystical senses become the empty bowl of non-ordinary reception. No daydreaming; only a wide awake singular mystical sensation! In other words, get on the Sacred Ecstatics Chorus Line!

“Communing” means intimate communication with strong emotion that especially involves spiritual feelings. Our “35” is a three-phase sacred emotion climb bringing you closer to an intimate experience of the numinous. Each prayer line is a rebirth of the other lines. For instance, “communing with Thee” becomes “climbing the ladder” with sufficient emotional buildup, and later hits the pinnacle with “sacred ecstasy.” Head for communion by performing its form of communication, then be thrown into the second line parade between earth and heaven. At the height of this spiritual cooking with the Lard, fall into the extreme love and happy electricity combo treat. There the waves of extreme love set you in the middle of the sea and sky sandwich, the blue azurite that makes every numinous meeting right.

### ***A Double Visionary Adventure***

Brad prayed for the Guild members to open their hearts and receive a downpour of spirit, with one man and longstanding member particularly in mind. Afterwards he went on two visionary adventures:

In the first vision I was in the past and had just completed my field work with diverse cultural healing traditions. I was in large park where nearly a million young Africans were expected to arrive. It was my job to present a talk. There was no podium or stage. Instead, a tall wire fence had been put up between the hosts of the event and the people they were presumably honoring. You could hear the young people on the other side but could not see them because they had gathered behind the trees and bushes. One official after another greeted the audience with the kind of things that dignitaries usually say to open a special occasion.

I walked away to gather some wood for a fire and came back carrying three logs. I could see that the director of the foundation supporting all this had finished her introduction of me and was angry that I had stepped away, making her worry that I wouldn’t show up to perform my duty. I put the wood down and said, “I went to get some firewood that was nearby.” I then walked up to the fence and

started to shout because there was no microphone and PA system. The more I shouted and felt my emotion rise, the more I could feel the presence of those on the other side. There were some young women behind the bushes near me who were audibly excited about everything I mentioned about spiritual matters.

I next mysteriously sensed a group of men at the top of the hill who started to drum and chant. In that moment the three logs I had procured spontaneously burst into flames. The drums on the other side got louder. I began to sing a wild call for the spirit. The drums stopped and the whole place became absolutely quiet. Every sound I made now could be heard throughout the park. I turned around and saw my keyboard behind me, but I felt no need of it. I simply sang, "Jesus Loves Me."

Then I prayed, "Yes, Lord." The drums responded in the distance each time I uttered the two-word prayer. The hosts of the event were still too stunned that the logs had burst into flames to remain angry with me. They were also confused as their minds raced to find an explanation for what was happening. I shouted my prayers as long as my voice would last. Then I was done. At that moment I realized that the young Africans on the other side were not simply human beings. They were wild spirits of the continent, and this included the entire animal kingdom. Now that I was finished, I realized that the gate to the park would open and the fence soon would be trampled down. It was time to leave because the wild had been set free. I knew this would result in pandemonium as those afraid of the spiritual wild would panic.

I turned to Hillary and said, "We need to get out of here right now before the stampede starts." We ran out of the park and separated ourselves from the hosts with whom we did not want to be associated. We could hear the wild sounds of excitement behind us. It was as wonderful and beautiful as it was unsettling and revolutionary. We had ignited something beyond any explanation and now we needed to move to a different location. Finally, far away from the roar of the crowd, we realized we didn't know which way to go. We were surprised when we saw someone else was with us. It was Lynn Barron, a longstanding member of the Guild. We could see that she didn't know where to go either. In the distance we saw a beautiful city high on a hill, all lit up. It was nighttime and the city looked like it was from the future. Lynn announced, "Let's go that way" as she pointed to the city. We laughed and shouted, "Yes!" I woke up feeling a profound sense of wonder about the whole adventure.

Praying again for the Guild to open themselves to be touched by divine mystery, I fell asleep and dreamed a second time. This time Hillary and I were with Lynn again. It seemed we had made it to the city, or at least had come closer to it. We were inside a house that also felt like an ancient Greek temple. A young couple

greeted us. Both were musicians. They took us to a small theatre where they went on stage to perform for the three of us.

First, the young man sang with a guitar. It sounded like a folk song from the 60s. It was nicely executed but did not particularly move me. Then the woman picked up an unusual ancient instrument. It was tall and narrow with only two strings for her to pluck. Dressed in white silk robes, she began to play the instrument but did not sing. I was struck by how she gave every note a strong vibrato with her fast back and forth finger movement on the string. I wanted to see how her fingers were doing this, but I felt I should not look. I had the feeling that she might not be human and that her hands might be two-fingered claws. That led me to wonder if her hands were crustacean and her lower body was from the sea, like a mermaid. But I did not want to stare. Though there was great natural beauty about her, her body seemed like it came from a different world. Her face reminded me of a parrot, yet it was also like a goddess. Her features were like a softened, glowing female version of the character Hillary drew for the numi book.

We continued to be absorbed in the music and suddenly, Hillary and I realized that Lynn was being given this song. It was not a folk song, nor was it a hymn or esoteric melody. It was from the American popular songbook and sounded like, "Be My Love," but was slightly different. I deepened my listening and absorbed its vibratory emotion. When the woman finished her performance, she turned to us and smiled in an other-worldly manner that directly transmitted an ocean wave of sacred emotion into our hearts. Then she turned away, freeing us to return to our everyday.

When I woke up, I was grateful for the song that Lynn and the Guild received. I sang its melody over and over to remember it but could not remember its name or lyrics. The more I sang it, the more it began to only sound like "Be My Love." I wondered whether the other version of the song (or perhaps a different song that sounds similar) only belongs to the other side, while the recognized song belongs here in the everyday. We joyfully celebrate that the Guild has another song for its songbook—"Be My Love." We discovered that it was composed by Sammy Kahn and Nicholas Brodsky in 1950 for Mario Lanza to sing in the movie, *The Toast of New Orleans*. Since we just moved into the Spirit House of New Orleans and Lynn was born and raised in this city, no song could be more fitting for our extreme love seeking Guild.

I was also humored that praying for one person in the Guild resulted in a gift for another member. Then I realized that the person I prayed for had a numi medallion that reflected the prayer beam to someone else. Similarly, our rope catches more than visionary teaching, instruction, and guidance from the other side. When conditions are right and the numi rays are bouncing all around, a high



transmission with a song may come through for one of you. Let us not forget that what is received by one is meant for *everyone*. Communing with Thee is for the whole community. “Others, Lord, others” includes you, especially your little me.

That’s how it is in the Spirit House of New Orleans where altars, numi medallions, and the numinous are radiating happy electrical rays in every direction and across all time. Get those prayer wheels to turning and burning so you shine throughout the day and night. Let the fire light itself and allow mystery to take us anywhere it desires. To the maternal source and force of both wild and mild creation, we sing, “Be My Love.”

### ***Holy Vertical Climb and Creative Horizontal Line***

In a vision, Brad was again taken back to the time when he was powerfully initiated by ecstatic lightning. In this re-examination of the spiritual engineering dynamics that were involved, he was shown the vital importance of being absorbed in creative work. More than anything else back then, Brad was absorbed in playing the piano and exploring jazz. A voice on high then brought a teaching for the Guild:

**As you enter the Spirit House of New Orleans, make sure you have a passionate creative project in play. To feel close to the Creator, you need to be intensely involved in creative work. The Creator is always creating. You need to do the same.**

Nothing could be better than sprucing up your altar. If you are a musician, work on some music with your rope to God in hand. If you paint, then get out your brush. If you cook, fire up the oven. If you build, bust out those hammers and nails. If you’re a writer, face your altar and turn on the word faucet. No matter the creative medium, get busy with the art of making art.

**The Spirit House invites you to work in two dimensions at the same time: internally cook your prayer and externally get lost in creative work.**

Prayer should explode internally while the creation of art springs forth externally.

**Use the two-word prayer to create an inner spark. Feel free to use other prayer lines, but first ignite a spark with two words. “Yes, Lord.”**

“Help me.”

**Then use whatever natural gift you have and lose yourself in a creative project.**

Maybe it's baking a cake.

**I know someone who's hungry.**

In the vision we received a radically new visionary teaching about the horizontal and vertical planes of spirituality. Listen carefully:

**The vertical rope is the climb toward higher temperature and stronger electricity. Here you use prayer to make and turn a wheel that carries you on the upward highway. The horizontal, earthly plane is not what it may have seemed before. It is not a literal spirit path. It is more an aesthetic trek through the hills and valleys, like Beethoven taught Hillary before.**

Yes, Beethoven mastered the scientific law of making music that rises and falls with the mountains and valleys, while feeling the upward pull of his main musical rope. When your prayer-song line and creative trek are aligned and wobbling together, the gate to heaven opens. This is the aural and somatic duo entry to the other side.

**This visionary classroom teaching also recently came to Sabrina. As we were visioning the interplay of the vertical prayer climb and the horizontal creative art climb, she sent us this report:**

I was in a recurring dream where I am in school realizing that I somehow missed an English class. No matter the reason or excuse, I somehow miss it and feel a wave of worry about my grade and falling behind. This time, after arriving to class again, I decided to stay and try my best, even though it felt pretty hopeless to catch up. When I arrived, the classroom was full of students working on a mathematics project. It had something to do with drawing a grid that filled the page and writing different portrayals of the number "8" depending on the grid positioning and progression of numbers.

Brad appeared at an old-fashioned blackboard. He very kindly expressed something while drawing a diagram of words. He wrote a sentence that took the shape of a hill. It was a simple sentence. He then proceeded to write another sentence that vertically broke through the horizontal hill and continued upward. The vertical line was just one repeated word, "light." The horizontal sentence read in perfect harmony when the word "light" was inserted into it. Something about this crossing of words brought a wave of wonder, long-missed communion and deep satisfaction. I don't remember the horizontal sentence, but I portrayed its shape in a drawing. It looked like going up and down a hill, while the vertical line was straight and unbending.

**Sabrina's dream echoes the teaching of Valmour, Mother Catherine, Sister Gertrude, and Sacred Ecstatics: if you focus and concentrate on the vertical rope, it will illumine and make clear all the changing forms along the earthly creative plane.**

It's good that Sabrina did not remember what the horizontal sentence was – that pathway is always changing, like trickster. You don't need to chase or capture it. Just keep your eyes on the vertical line of felt prayer and song and it will make all art aesthetically right and full of light.

**Keep that two-word prayer going on the inside and begin a creative project that travels the hills and valleys below. If there is no aesthetics, then there is no ecstasies.**

Don't create art without a highway to the numinous. Without heat there is no soul, no duende, and no life force.

**There was only one Beethoven.**

There was only one Erroll Garner.

**There was only one Valmour.**

Only one Sister Gertrude.

**And there will never be another you.**

Let's find your prayer chops and your creative props. Both dimensions are needed to find what the Creator has in store for you.

**If you want to follow the spiritual cooking lineages found in the Spirit House of New Orleans, then follow what our saints actually did: they paid attention to the main rope while improvising life as a spiritual cooking performance art.**

Get inside the Spirit House of New Orleans and like, Mother Catherine Seals, never come out. Her creative pursuit was the trombone and the invention of an entire temple with handmade mojo art. Have this goal: to be able to cook the simplest prayer line and devote yourself to a creative project.

**Avoid the kind of spirituality that is missing either art or the Kalahari dart. The middle wobble requires both art and dart.**

Otherwise, you end up with a non-electrical evangelical dead mackerel dripping with piety and ideological certainty.

**To resurrect the mackerel and feel what's electrical, be a free radical outsider, a creative artist engaged in a wild project, doing so as an altar dweller.**

When you can climb from your belly to your throat, the saints and gods notice.

**That is an optimal condition for holy thunder and lightning to happen and keep zappin.**

But only if you don't care what is in store for you. Make sure your prayers and creative pursuit are entirely guided by the Creator's will.

**What you need for the fulfillment of your life mission is way over your head.**

Put yourself in the rope grip of the Lord and feel thy will being done as you are making art inspired by the mystery of it all.

**Outsider folk artist, outsider numi hunter: come home to the Spirit House of New Orleans.**

Lord, we pray that you hear our utmost plea—we wish to feel closer to Thee.

**Sweep away all pretense and any naïve common sense that does not rinse us free from all that is not a part of your creative changing and room rearranging.**

Make us be soft and sweet, a real oddity for your numinous community.

**Help us to no longer be in a hurry,**

Give us the courage to dive into the blurry, wobbly divide between earth and heaven.

**We bow before thy vast infinity, divinity, and luminosity.**

Remove any interference we bring to the passage into your heart, dear Lord.

**Return us to the wonder and awe that helps our mind and body thaw.**

Help us focus, concentrate, and excite the rope.

**Rid us of assessing ourselves or others. No more measurements for comparative outcomes.**

Help us be happy and fulfilled simply being in the happy electricity—the 222 piezo spark that lights up the dark.

**Instill within us the compass setting that makes clear that an empty bowl, 222, and piezo is the trinity of owning the grail.**

Lord, help us cross the river. Help us pass through the gate. Keep us in the middle wobble. Lift us into the dissolve that removes every cutout of self-centricity. Help us relish more outskirts eccentricity.

**Dear Lord, bring on the bebop offbeat confusion and the soulful jazz infusion that improvises all our relations with outskirts eccentricity and mainline electricity.**

Yes, Lord, deep fry us.

**Help us follow what the saints actually did in their everyday rather than only wish to drop or claim their name.**

Help us jam with you, cook with you, dine with you, live, die, recycle, rebut, and renew with you.

**Lord, help us set a fire, a hurricane, a downpour, and a flood inside the Spirit House. Help us raise the dead mackerels so they can swim again inside this big love. Help us radiate your three-way rays of always being nice.**

Help us recast the main line as sacred emotion, feeling the need for Thee, feeling the feed from Thee, feeling the reeling of little me into the heart of Thee.

**The rope to the source and force of Creation is sacred ecstatic emotion, something best conveyed by song.**

Help us recast the horizontal ropes, pullings, risings, and fallings as the creation of art.

**Things go vaettir in art.**

Second creation is a gallery, theatre, music hall, and dining room hosting the created forms of the creator creating.

**No hard and frozen spirits here. In the flux of creation, we hear and sense and enact and embody the art of metaphor, painting, sculpting, song, and dance, to name a few of the ways to play in the field of Creation.**

Killing big me softly with your song.

**Rising to life again, soaring above every burial ground.**

The Spirit House of New Orleans is home to Sacred Bohemia, the heavenly bridge to and from the earthly art of being alive with all parts changing inside the multi-wheels within the wheels of fire-breathing circularity.

**Welcome to the aesthetics of ecstasies,**

and the ecstasies of aesthetics.

**Hear our plea and throw us anywhere on the sea.**

Yes, Lord. **Yes, Lord.**

Throw us in the lard and cook us in the deep-frying pan.

### ***Maria del Mar***

Linus, our Guild mountaineer from Sweden, reported a “strange dream” that was very vivid:

In the dream a group of us were chased by people of the church. Our pursuers were very serious and seemed ill-hearted. It definitely felt like a life and death kind of situation. The chase took place in a big church. Someone in our group knew the church very well and managed to find a secret passageway for our escape. Since the people chasing us were close, I decided to distract them and give my friends a chance to escape. I stood with my back to the wall when they started to fill the room where the secret passageway was hidden. It was a big room, more like a hall, with an extremely high ceiling.

A voice whispered to me and explained how to use an inner power to move the painting of Jesus behind me. I looked behind me and saw that the wall was covered with big paintings, each of them portraying people in their full size. I recognized Jesus immediately and discovered that I could move the painting with

my mind. Unfortunately, I didn't move it very well because the big picture of Jesus just fell off the wall and landed on the floor with a big bang. Nonetheless, this had the desired effect. The people chasing us suddenly stopped and discussed whether this was a sign from God. It didn't take long for them to want to catch us more than wonder about the painting of Jesus, so they slowly started to move closer towards me. I felt trapped and desperate, so I started to pray.

I spontaneously asked "Maria Del Mar" for help. When I said her name out loud, a strong wind started to blow. The wind came from the floor and blew straight up. My Sacred Ecstasics numi medallion was also pointing straight up from the wind's motion. I kept repeating the name Maria Del Mar louder and louder as the wind kept getting stronger. A bright light began to shine from above. It went into my chest and filled the room with a bang as it left a thick fog. When the fog lifted, I saw that the hall was empty. I woke up.

At first, I didn't recall ever hearing the name Maria Del Mar before this dream. When I looked it up online, I found the church called Santa Maria del Mar. I then remembered reading the book *La Catedral del Mar* by Ildefonso Falcones a few years ago—it told the story of the church. I am left filled with mystery and wonder. I'm also grateful I was wearing my numi medallion. I recommend not leaving home without it.

How to look at this dream? Use the latest two-line perspective and examine whether it has a vertical main line to the numinous and a horizontal creative line whose aesthetics evoke ecstatic experience. Here prayer is on the main line, along with the light and wind. All else is a part of the creation of evocative art, including metaphors, names, literary allusions, and the performance of magical illusions. The Catedral del Mar, built near the sea by and for the local working people rather than the privileged, had a relationship to the wind that brought sailors safely home and filled their life with light no matter how dark their conditions seemed. In addition, the whole cathedral is known for conveying a sense of vertical ascension:

. . . it is what we find when we step inside the main entrance of Santa Maria del Mar that makes this church unique in the world. The interior is staggering, as it instills in the visitor an almost ascensional impression. Its austere walls with their carved-out stained-glass windows, the slenderness of their spans and the decision to give the lateral arches the same height as the central dome, make us feel that we are entering a diaphanous space which provides a vertical connection between the faithful and the divine, earth and heaven.<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>33</sup><https://www.barcelo.com/guia-turismo/en/barcelona/things-to-do/basilica-santa-maria-del-mar/>

Feel its sense of verticality:



Finally, please note the cathedral's numi medallion and its radiating beams of the numinous:





Get on two lines that intersect and interact: the ascension up the numinous ladder of eternity and the aesthetic creative trek across the earth in real time. Make sure your medallion is ready to rise when you pray that the holy wind will carry you through your next spiritually charged creative adventure.

### ***Build an Ineffable Trail***

Brad felt moved to pray for Chris Jacob, asking that a blessing and guidance be granted to him. A dream followed:

Hillary and I were with Chris and Diana in an old-fashioned iron steamship. Strangely, the ship dove underneath the land at their farm and circled it from below as if the vessel had transformed into a submarine. As we looked through a special viewing window, we saw mystical lights shining in every direction. I explained, “The deep magic is found in what is hidden—that which lies beneath what can be seen on the surface.” After this luminous, mystical tour way down under the ground, we debarked and I invited Chris to take a walk with me. As we enjoyed the countryside, I administered these instructions:

You have been asked to create an ineffable trail around your land. You can use an already established pathway or build a new one. Along this path you will select certain spots that will serve as numinous shrines that honor the saints of Sacred Ecstatics.

There will be no signs with names or explanatory markers that specify a shrine. No one will know it honors a saint and their teaching about the ecstatic mysteries on high. All that will be visible from the land is an aesthetic work. However, underneath will be buried a piece of paper wrapped in foil or a stone that has the name of the saint written on it. More words or quotations from their visionary visitations to the Guild can be added—that is your decision.

After placing this in the ground, create a magical work of art that rests on top of it. This is all that people will see. It can be made of any material and arranged in any way that evokes beauty and wonder. It might include a stack of stones, a bundle of sticks wrapped with twine, or an old bird bath holding an antique bottle filled with nails. Under a tree, a rope might hang from a branch with an empty cup attached to the bottom. Or a tree stump might be painted azurite blue. A flea market jug might have “222” written on

the bottom of it and half buried under the ground, surrounded by a wavy circle of seashells.

Create a magical trail where you and your guests can take a mystery walk with fascinating places to stop, gaze, and ponder with nothing explained. Don't forget Reverend Joseph Hart and Julian of Norwich. Only you and Diana will know what is named and honored underneath the ground. Feel free to consult other artists' work or sketch out some drawings before you begin. Throw yourself into this work and make this one of the greatest creative projects of your life. Don't be in a hurry. Make it last for the rest of your life.

I woke up so excited about the project that I personally wanted to do it. Like all instructions received from a visionary classroom, this project is offered to everyone. Do this in your yard or inside your apartment on a small scale. Or find a map of a park and sketch your shrines along a path you select. Or build a model of the outdoor woods, place it on a large board and slip it underneath your bed. Have a mystical walk in the park with Georges Seurat, Charles Henry, Sister Gertrude, Mother Ralph, Pointer Warren, or anyone you desire. Build an ineffable trail.

*Postscript:*

The instruction to build a shrine to the saints is actually a transformed return of a vision formerly caught by Hillary that we called "Portal to the Other Side." She discovered a small garden shack in our backyard in New Orleans, but it was actually hiding a doorway to a whole other reality. There she stumbled upon a sculptor's studio that contained the pantheon of saints in the Spirit House of New Orleans. After Brad dreamed of the ineffable trail, he suggested to Chris that he jump back into the Wigram Stream again. Without any prompting, Chris also remembered Hillary's dream and how the Wood Farm instructions echoed it.

Forget the physicality and geography of your home address. Your access to the other side is found underneath the ground anywhere and everywhere. The shrines, trails, altar, numi, and medallion are portal entries to the Wigram Stream below, the azurite 222 piezo trail to New Orleans. The world of saints they bring you to when you reemerge in mystery is the home of the Spirit House of New Orleans.

***A New Room for Mary's Flute***

Brad recently received visionary instruction for Mary, a flutist who has caught songs in her dreams. She was advised to make sure that she plays the song on her flute the next day after receiving it in the night. After we told Mary the instructions, she wrote back asking if she could

sing it instead, mentioning that she and her flute “are in need of a new room.” Brad prayed for Mary the next night and received this dream:

We were with the whole Guild and after spiritually cooking together I told Mary:

Constructing a new room can mean acting differently in a creative way or adding a special variation to a performance. It doesn't always involve real or imagined building materials. When you play your flute, listen to your mother accompanying you on the piano rather than only hear your instrument. Or fantasize how she'd conduct an orchestra to back you up.

Mary's mother, who recently passed on, was a concert pianist who performed all over the world. They played together many times so this was not an unfamiliar experience for Mary. In the dream, I added these words, “This change creates a new room for you and your flute. Get on with it.”

After saying this, I went outside where I deeply felt I could hear music in the air. Like Mary had been advised to hear her mother accompany her on the piano, I was certain that music was always present as an accompaniment to all of life. I was soon underneath a tree and looked up to see a bird land on a nearby branch. It sang, “Yes, Lord.” Then another bird landed on an opposite branch and it, too, sang, “Yes, Lord.” This felt like the most miraculous thing I had ever experienced. I ran to the house and told everyone to come out and listen. I couldn't wait for the entire Guild to hear the birds sing, “Yes, Lord.” The excitement was so intense that it woke me up.

Follow the instruction given to Mary. When performing your creative work, add an accompanist. It can be a pianist, a string quartet, blues guitar, Broadway orchestra, gospel choir, or a New Orleans brass band. You never know who or what will show up to build your new room—the birds might sing your prayer, a tree might paint your altar, or the gods might re-sculpt your smile. Or a new trail might be made on any scale, making more room to hammer a holy nail or deliver the numinous mail.

### ***Ovid***

A third dream followed the same night Brad visioned he was with the Jacobs and Mary. This time the presumed visionary guide for the previous dreams introduced itself: “I am Ovid.”

This is the Roman poet famous for his *Metamorphoses*, which inspired Miguel de Cervantes to later write *Don Quixote*. Ovid's magnum opus is also known as “Books of Transformations” and

consists of fifteen books and more than 250 myths. He begins with the creation of the world and ends with the deification of Julius Caesar, wobbling between myth and history as much as he intermingles passions, mortals, gods, truths, and deceptions. It is a chronicle of how different rooms create diverse transformations of experience and metamorphoses of the actors.

It is time for you to change inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. Get lost in a creative project. Follow the instructions given to Chris—built hidden shrines inside or outside your New Orleans spirit house. Follow the instructions given to Mary – If you catch a song, play it afterwards with your instrument, even if it's humming it on a comb. And add an accompanist to your creative work. And finally, don't forget to use your numi medallion. Let's keep those numi rays shining and bouncing everywhere.

*Postscript:*

The night after we finished recording this Spirit House ecstatic track, Brad dreamed we were at a gathering of around thirty people. Everyone in the group was a misfit, reminding us of the characters we have worked with in inner city social service agencies. Each person did not quite fit the norm. Surely, we silently thought, this is what it means to be among those on the outskirts of society. Oddly, we began talking about how Ovid relates to Sacred Ecstasies, as if we were giving a lecture at Oxford.

We also addressed previous visionary teachings, this time pontificating over how the changing forms of Paul Gauguin, the changing meaning of the poets' nightingale song, and the changing sound in negro spirituals, the Delta Blues, and gospel music are part of the modulating forms found in the Wigram Stream.

In the river of life, everything is an alteration of the original form and *in* alternation with other forms. Life is found in the changing—the vibration of creation. When a form is plucked out of the stream and made solid, a mackerel loses its electrical life force. Throw that fish back into the stream and it will never return the same. In the changing, modulating, and recycling of ecstasies and aesthetics, life is doubly reborn.

After our presentation in the dream, which sounded exactly like the one we are giving now, we went outside to be driven home. There was new road construction everywhere and it was difficult getting to the car. We were surprised to find that Brad's father was the driver. To his right in the front seat was Brad's grandfather, Reverend W. L. Keeney. In the backseat with Brad and I was his grandmother Doe. Brad's father had brought them to hear our presentation. Brad blurted out, "Dad, if you told me they were coming, we would have arrived at the event earlier."

Brad further reports:

My grandfather then held up his hand and reached for mine. I noticed that his hand looked like mine. I was struck by how we were both different and the same. I held his hand and felt generations of love flow down the lineage of time. I could

also tell that Doe was getting ready to sing like the birds she adored. She cleared her throat, and I knew music was on its way. It felt like the beginning of a new day, and I burst into tears.

Hillary and I looked out the window and saw that we were near the airport. Then I came back to myself, drenched in a flood of tears, love, longing, and the need to feel even closer to Thee. After rising, I checked my phone. In the middle of the night, after we had fallen asleep, my son had sent me a photograph of my father. It was taken the last time we saw him alive.

“Yes, Lord. Thank you for another day in the Spirit House of New Orleans.” These ropes, these ropes, are no ordinary ropes!

In another dream, we were in an art museum studying a painting made by Paul Gauguin. Its color was so brilliant and evocative that it seemed to throw beauty straight into our bodies. Then the painting started to change— it was getting darker and the canvas looked more like wood. Then the color returned and was even more vibrant than before. As the intensity of our emotion rose, it appeared that a nail or arrow had pricked through the top of the canvas. Through this hole, divine light shone through. It radiated through the whole room.

The contrast between divine radiance and the changing colors and textures of the painting allowed neither to overshadow the other. In this other worldly alternating ratio of ecstatic and aesthetics, the world as we know it stopped. Creation then began all over again—this time in greater beauty, light, and splendor.

Years ago, the Museum of Modern Art in New York City held a major exhibition of Gauguin. They called the show, *Gauguin Metamorphoses*. It honored how he had developed a method of reproducing his own art through a process that involved passing through different mediums that included wood carving, ceramics, lithography, woodcut printing, monotype, drawing, writing, sculpting, and painting. His creative process involved repeating and recombining motifs from one work to another and allowing them to metamorphose over time and across mediums.

He even made a joke about his efforts at visual metamorphosis and wrote, “[The artist] traces a drawing, then he traces this tracing, and so on till the moment when, like the ostrich with his head in the sand, he decides that it does not resemble the original any longer. Then he signs.”

In the work displayed at MOMA a critic wrote, “it is as if we are watching an artist unearth a lost object from an ancient time . . . in this gradual metamorphosis, there is a sense of a desire to bring something long hidden or buried back to light.”

Whether you work with stone, canvas, print, wood, tones, or bones, dip it underneath the ground and transform it again and again. Do so until you can no longer see it for you, too, are under the ground, perhaps circling the sea beneath Wood Farm.

### ***Two Rope Discussion and Making Your Second Rope***

**I'm confused about the rope to God. I thought that God, Jeesus, Eeland, the Buddha, Mother Earth, Sister Gertrude, and all the saints were on the mainline. Now I hear that only sacred emotion is on the main line.**

All names, including the name of God, are on the second line. When names are used wisely, they point to a deeply felt intimate relationship with the numinous. Sometimes, however, even holy names lead you away from the sacred emotion they are meant to evoke. Perhaps it is most accurate to say that the sacred emotion carried by the saints is on the main line, but their names are not.

**Is the main line something that is only felt?**

Yes.

**Is it the higher emotion flowing from above?**

The main line is the faucet in heaven that opens when we sincerely make the plea to have a drink with Thee.

**Let's have a glass of love.**

Thank you. I have a question. If the rope to God is the pipeline of emotion that taps into the holy water, holy wine, holy bread, and sacred cakes then what is the horizontal rope? I used to think it was linked to the secondary spirits—the nature spirits, the 350ebut350r fairies, and the changelings of earth.

**It is but there is much more to this than a panorama of spiritual drama. All things, shapes, and forms created are accomplished by the sketching, painting, composing, and sculpting hands of creation. This is the other side of the Creator, the side that is engaged in the art of making art.**

Is this the trickster side of God?

**Yes, trickster is the inventor, the innovator, the artist, and the creator in action. Trickster is the Da Vinci code breaker and the Michelangelo ice breaker. And don't forget Thelonious Monk and Shirley Horn—they bring a different kind of angle, sound, and light into the jazz-of-life festival. However, the artist cannot do their creative job alone. Art and artist are perpetually in need of a muse to light the creative action fuse.**

Are you saying that any creating artist must feel a downpour of emotion from the vertical pipeline?

**High art requires the ecstatic libation of higher emotion. When an artist feels no sky drops, art flops and can only produce boring imitations and replications manufactured for popular consumption.**

That's a dead unled mackerel—a cutout removed from the stream. It no longer feels that the impossible dream can be created with the prayer windmills turning.

**Yes, throw that dead fish back into the stream but don't let go of it when you throw it. You must also be thrown into the stream as well. Feel the high emotion of the stream's current and motion reel you further in.**

Recharge, reboot, revoot, rebut! Get those creative fins and ecstatic wings reborn again.

**We call the vertical rope the ecstasics rope. Let us never forget that ecstasy is pure emotion rather than an altered state of consciousness. Sacred ecstasy is feeling the numinous or, as the Kalahari Bushmen say, owning the feeling for God.**

Again, the horizontal ropes, stretched across the earth in every direction, are the trickster ropes that either create vibrant art or endless repetitions of the same cutouts. You are always creating art, minute by minute, whether you know it or not. It's either alive with emotion or it's boring and everything said is dead.

**Yes, whether producing dead mackerels or singing and dancing silver trout hoofers, the horizontal rope is always in the show business of creating. Therefore, we call it the aesthetics rope. Welcome to the production line of the creative performing arts.**

You, and we are speaking to everyone in the Guild, are hereby re-invited to feel ecstatic emotion. Amplify it until it feels like happy electricity. Don't worry if you are new to this emotion – often it takes people some time before they feel electricity coming through the higher power line.

**Some people claim to be plugged in and readily announce that they receive and send transmissions of the mystery kind. How can you tell whether an ecstatic claim is more than a static name?**

Check out their aesthetic and ecstatic performance—is it soulfully alive and changing? Does it have duende? Ole! Or is it floundering and encouraging others to be a mackerel desperately in need of a leap inside the big room electrical tabernacle?

**In other words, if a performance is not improvising or composing in real time, then assume there is no higher conduction. There's only a reduction into replication that leads to denigration, a migration away from the main line direction.**

That's right. If things aren't aesthetically changing, then there is no ecstatic life rearranging, for you or for others. Without improvisation, there is only deadbeat conversation.

**Be born anew with two lines—ecstatics and aesthetics. This higher emotion and creative production must be awakened and tossed into interaction with one another. That's what it is to be a spiritual mother. Heart awakening and creative cooking—the two sides of a two-string mermaid, membicaid instrumentalist.**

Thank you for being a spiritual mother! The Spirit House Mothers teach that emotion is the primary driver of your life. As their artichokes and spinning spokes like to say it, “before laying the cornerstone, pour the base emotion.” Our entire culture is mistaken when it makes thinking primary. Set the primary emotion before even thinking of setting a goal or intention. Make sure it's sacred emotion rather than just big me sentiment.

**While the main ecstatics rope is primary, you can't wait to act. You must also act in a way that helps you wake up the muse that lights the fuse and won't refuse to cook instead of only look!**

That's right. Act in order to feel it. Perception and conception are led by action. Emotion and emotionally evocative action build sacred ground. Then the cornerstone is set in place and the building stones are aligned to construct the big room we now call the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Spiritual cooking activates and moves the ecstatics rope and the aesthetics rope back and forth until you no longer remember or care which came first. When they effortlessly alternate on their own, you feel the alternating current of happy electricity.**

Get that prayer wheel turning. Then get it burning.

**I had a dream in which I saw both ropes come to life and turn to light. They looked like alternating flashing lines. As this illumined excitement increased, the aesthetics rope leapt off the horizon and became the vertical rope—it exchanged places with the other line and became pure ecstatics. In this alternation, both lines exchanged places. The aesthetics line became**



**vertical and the ecstasies line landed on the second horizontal line. This continued going back and forth until the two luminous lines began to whirl and appear like they were becoming a circle.**

This the formation of the prayer wheel—the wheels of spiritual transportation, experiential transformation, and numinous transfusion.

**This is the mystical crossing in and out of First Creation and Second Creation.**

Here too are found leaping reversals that make earth is as it is in heaven and heaven is as it is on earth, alternating in the 222 with piezoelectricity.

**It's important to remember that an outskirts folk religion always has a folk art. There's no New Jerusalem in New Orleans without Sister Gertrude's tambourine, piano, and guitar, and later her paint brush, crayon, and T-Bone pointer.**

Between the earthly art and the heavenly T-bone dart is found the spark that lights the numinous fire.

**And the music and dance beat, heat, and tap are found in the gap between Saturday night juke joint and Sunday morning worship.**

In both venues, you need performance chops to express your aesthetics and a numinous anointment to open your ecstasies. Each human being has a creative gift inside that is in need of being developed and shared with others. Hard work is required for finding, accepting, awakening and growing your natural creative gifts.

**We are all different with different gifts on the second line—some are gifted to dance, others to sing, or to say hello, fix a leaky pipe, or play the fife. Part of your destiny is to find your gifts and use them in your everyday.**

At the same time, we are all in the same relationship with the first line—each of us is knowingly or unknowingly hungry for what's missing when we don't feel the nearness of the numinous. Without the happy electricity of sacred ecstasy, we are dead batteries, dead mackerels, and dead yetis in the dead rooms of dead realities. With sacred emotion, we start to come back to life.

**Welcome to the shamanic death and resurrection show! Hi, Hi! Your anointment points to the gift you have inside that waits to sprout when the spout above is opened. Be careful because your natural gift may be taken for granted and under appreciated by big me. Seek help from**

**someone anointed to read the ropes to better confirm what was granted to you as your special gift of aesthetic expression.**

The ecstasies rope, or the rope to God, is for little me and here we are all the same—we are little silver trouts ready to swim upstream. What stands in the way of feeling the vertical rope, most of the time, is the absence of effective aesthetic participation in creation.

**Are you saying that in order to feel more ecstasies we actually need to engage in more aesthetics?**

Bingo! That's the lingo to get you on the go! You need ecstatic *and* aesthetic action to create holy conduction and combustion.

**To get creatively moving you need to feel the holy current. And to get the electricity moving you need both ropes in action. Back and forth you must oscillate between ecstasies and aesthetics. Not too purposeful. Be more natural like a porpoise playing without a purpose. Flipper, friend of sea. Then oscillation flips into a high frequency vibration. This jubilation automatically precipitates a celebration.**

Focus on this: First, tap into your natural born gifts and get a creative project going that is aligned with the vertical ecstasies rope. Luckily, all the aesthetic experiments currently in motion in the Spirit House are creative projects aligned with the vertical ecstasies rope. Second, don't forget that the ecstasies rope is all about sacred emotion. Pray the simplest prayers until you can generate a Kalahari friction spark that starts a fire.

**If you can spark a prayer and use its heat to inspire your participation in creating art, then you will find yourself on your way to the kingdom of the big room, the power of the sacred vibration, and the glory of extreme happy, zappy love.**

*Experiment Three:*

Two ropes are needed for your spiritual progression. You already should have made your first rope. If not, please get on with it. Now is the time for you to make your second rope—the horizontal rope. Make it the length of your arm span. Extend your arms and procure a string that goes from the furthest fingertip of each hand. Consider this your creative wingspan. Notice that the earthly rope is longer than your vertical heavenly azurite sky rope. Smile at this as you accept that there is no need to understand this difference. Place this longer string across the front of your altar, in front of the empty bowl, 222, and the piezo. It's on ground level, while the other should be higher, resting on top of your three sacred objects.

**Your life mission should now be completely recalibrated. From this day forward, concentrate on spending the rest of your life working with these two ropes. You were born to handle an ecstasics rope, an aesthetics rope, and their interaction of alternation. That's it. Simple as that. What makes this complex is blocking and removing all that interferes with these two ropes and their back-and-forth interplay.**

Every day, pick up both your ropes. Stare at the longer one and trust that it knows what natural creative gifts it should be pulling out of you. This rope is waiting to fulfill your creative destiny. It is likely that your gifts have already been set in motion in your life. But maybe some of them need to be resuscitated and better appreciated for what they can bring to your spiritual engineering. Now stare at the vertical rope and wonder what it needs from you to wake up a two-word prayer. It is waiting to fulfill your numinous destiny.

**That's right—you have two destinies. One is ecstatic and the other is aesthetic. They must happen concurrently or else neither will have any electrical current. "Our Father which art in heaven" must reverberate with "Our Mother whose art is in heaven." Father Ecstasics and Mother Aesthetics—both on both lines, in alternation. Say hello to the rebirth of plugged-in re-creation.**

AC plus DC = CMC piezo.

**The next season of the Sacred Ecstasics Guild will help you find your two ropes—your creative gifts and the engineering adjustments needed to spark your ecstatic line.**

To help us move forward with both ropes in hand, let's call on the Sacred Ecstasics saints who reside in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Now you can be told that some of our saints are saints of the ecstasics rope, while others are saints of the aesthetics rope. The rarest of the saints hold both ropes. We benefit from what each one of them can teach. But let us not forget that we aim to be two rope spiritual cooking mavericks, the kind that is the rarest to find. They live on the furthest outposts and have left other conventions, convictions, and evictions far behind. Hello, again to Sister Gertrude Morgan, Mother Catherine Seals, J. B Valmour, and Two Wings. Thanks for holding two ropes and showing what it means to be fully inside the Spirit House of New Orleans.**

Last night, the saints of Sacred Ecstasics brought us a teaching about the nature of their existence.

**We are made of vibration rather than materialization. Please do not literalize and solidify us. We are the clouds of unknowing, made for emotional communion. We come and go as we please. Catch our sacred emotion before we fade away. But fear not, we return every time the prayer wheel turns and burns.**

Leave your materiality behind along with all names, claims, social roles, and personal goals. In the clouds we are free of mind's gravity. Here the heart soars like an eagle and flutters like a numi butterfly. This is where communing changes into climbing the ladder.

**Come float in our boat. The ship of Zion is found in the ionosphere with its high concentration of ions and electrons that reflect higher radio waves. Our clouds feel more real when you talk less about how we, the saints, are a real thing. We are a weightless matter of the heart and are too high over your head to understand. Please don't carelessly make us heavy. We prefer offering you crazy wavy shaky gravy. That's enough fine dining and rhyming for now. Go back lighter and brighter. Radiate the three rays of just being nice with a little lagniappe spice from the Spirit House kitchen.**

Both aesthetic creating and ecstatic cooking are required to bring the saints and gods back to life, and that includes your relations with them. In the theatre of eternity, mortals and immortals are aesthetic forms charged with ecstatic emotion. Anything else without a pair of two-string singing wings is a trickster imitation whose emotion is only big me pride missing the ride to the extreme heights and depths of love.

**In summary, the pinnacle experience requires aesthetics and ecstasies in alternation, in the whirling, and in the circularity of all relations. It is time for the Guild to pray.**

Lord, we pray that every sincere seeker of the numinous on high become dedicated to the two intertwined ropes of ecstasies and aesthetics. Help us become folk artists and folk cooks of your mojo love potion. As these two ropes alternate, help us remove all interference so your azurite, all-is-right piezoelectricity is felt and installed within. Help us stay focused on this vibrational entry to the mystery of the magnificent 222. Fill our empty bowls as we hold two ropes that seek the higher third rope—the one you hold, dear Lord. Help us do our double duty and feel embraced by the whole trinity of you, your big room kingdom, and all your glorious creation.

**Help us concentrate and not be tempted to drift away from anything other than these two ropes to Thee. Yes, Lord, may we create, inspired by how you operate with the dynamics of ecstasies and aesthetics. Yes, Lord, help us feel we are small enough to dissolve inside your original vibration. In our smallness, help us be able to feel we are a part of the All-ness of you. Thank you, Lord, for all the saints you bring to us. Thank you for the Spirit House of New**

**Orleans. Thank for the rain and flood that is beginning again as we have two ropes in hand and are using them to celebrate all our relations with Thee. Yes Lord, help us creatively perform, recharge, and reform how we express our crazy three-ray love for the performance of your extreme light.**

Last night Brad dreamed he was hearing heavenly music. It awakened his soul and he wanted to be fully absorbed in its wonder and joy.

**Then a lightning bolt shot out of the sky and struck me dead. It also struck everyone in the Guild. You've all been struck dead.**

In the dream, the music then came back even more uplifting than before. We each came back to life, this time with the past buried deep underneath the ground as the future danced like clouds changing their forms in the sky. We are now in the middle, more ready to create and better feel communion with Thee as we are climbing the ladder to sacred ecstasy.

**Aesthetics is the daily art of improvising your life.**

Ecstatics is the creative life force and numinous big love.

**To make a new day, get both ropes in play.**

It is time to tickle each rope. Bring on your aesthetic rope ticklers and ecstatic rope flickers.

**Don't be fickle when you can tickle both sides of the Lord.**

Come on rope ticklers. It's time to ride the outskirts trails.

### ***Traveling Through the Wigram Stream***

Brad asked Hillary to place our large lapis lazuli stone underneath her pillow—something she had not yet done. That night she dreamed that we were leading the Guild on a special adventure:

Following recent experimental instructions, Brad and I had constructed a long trail of shrines that honored the Sacred Ecstatics saints. Several of the small sculptures we created were marked with azurite blue paint. We then instructed the Guild to follow this trail and mentioned that we would meet them when they found all the shrines. Part of the trail was built along a median on a patch of grass in the center of the street in an old neighborhood that looked like New Orleans. Down here we

call such a grassy median, “neutral ground.” It’s where many locals like to set up their chairs to watch the Mardi Gras parades. Unlike New Orleans however, this visionary street was on a very steep hill. Brad and I were watching from the top its peak as Guild members climbed, looking for shrines along the way.

We noticed that one Guild member became very excited and eager to reach the top of the hill. She began running and this encouraged others to do so. We watched as some people ran quickly, scrambling to find the shrines and complete the journey as fast as possible. It was like seeing children eager to find all the eggs on an Easter egg hunt.

We were somewhat amused but also recognized that this impatient desire to get ahead was the wrong base emotion from which to perform the holy experiment. We then saw an older Guild member lagging behind the group. I worried whether this person would feel pressured by others to run and, being physically unable to keep up, would be left behind.

The scene suddenly changed and everyone had made it to the top of the hill. Brad and I were now traveling with the whole Guild in a column of energy that was both like a wind and a river current. I could feel the color of azurite and lapis lazuli around us, though I could not see it with my eyes. I knew that we were traveling through the Wigram Stream of time, showing the Guild how our present work in Sacred Ecstasics is part of the past and how it is reshaping the future.

As we traveled in this formless vehicle of azurite blue emotion, I looked at the landscape around us and noticed that it was changing as we traveled. In other words, our present action had an altering effect on both the past and future surroundings. I remarked to Brad that this might be confusing and disorienting to any Guild member who was trying to piece together a clear sense of the historical movement of religion through time and our place inside it. Brad smiled and replied, “Don’t worry, right now we’re taking people on the lineal route, so they won’t see the recursions that make everything constantly change.”

I was flooded with the realization that we could travel in the Wigram Stream in two parallel ways. On the one hand, we are always inside the recursions of Ouroborean circularity. However, for the sake of simplicity, we can choose to look at the progression of change through a lineal path that marks a clear beginning, middle, and an end, like how we map a session with Recursive Frame Analysis (RFA). The complex circularities and the simple progressive line of transformation are co-present.

Brad then announced that he had just experienced a visionary dream. The Guild gathered around to hear the report and a new passenger appeared. She had just joined our tribe. Brad’s dream was about this woman and she knelt in front of us to listen. Brad sat in a chair and I stood by his side. In his dream he saw a rope

that was dotted with blue paint and had many grey stones connected to it, each one also marked with blue paint. He explained that this was our lineage rope. It connects us to the Wigram Stream and holds all the past, present, and future experiences connected to Sacred Ecstasies. In the dream Brad watched as this woman's hand was placed on the rope by an unseen presence. As he spoke, I saw the rope and the woman's hand as if I was having the dream myself. The message was that when Brad passes on, this woman will help me in some way to continue the work.

After Brad finished speaking, we both waited to see how the woman would react. Would her little me step forward to simply accept the mystery that came down the line, or would her big me step in and run wild with fantasies of power and status, eager to grasp at names and claims?

We could see she was stunned by the news, wondering what this meant specifically for her life. Brad and I then spoke to her with one voice:

We have been shown that you are now on this lineage rope. None of us can know what that will mean, exactly, what form this will take or how it will play out. There is nothing you can do to either hurry up the process or block this fact. It's simply what we were shown.

Upon hearing this, the woman began to weep, and we felt her emotion—it was the right kind of sacred emotion. Brad and I both felt satisfied with what took place. The whole thing felt both very holy and also very matter of fact to us. We also knew that this young woman was an angel from the other side who came over to demonstrate how we should each relate to the lineage rope and the visionary teachings in play.

We must each find our gift and own it. No more coveting thy neighbor's gift. Surrender to playing your vital part in this remarkable and rare moment that is taking place in our Sacred Ecstasies Guild. Don't be in a hurry. Be in the blurry where emotion overcomes insight, outer sight, and any fantasy of spiritual might. Whatever happened to you in the past or wherever you think your future is going, it is now subject to the changing of ongoing creation. Simply rejoice that you are traveling with a group of fellow trout in the Wigram Stream!

### ***Spirit House Guild Member Visionary Reports***

Just after Hillary dreamed that we were all traveling in the Wigram Stream, Mary (a Guild member) sent us this visionary report:

I dreamed I was sitting with some members of the Sacred Ecstasics Guild and was talking about a dream. I was in a city in the sky. I was at the end of my life, this was clear. We were in a type of monastery, but there were no walls. I was blind, but I could see well enough to know where to go, and when I needed help, I would pray and there were angels that would guide my footsteps.

Because I was at the end of my life, it felt unclear to me what I was supposed to do, how to move forward, and how to move on. It was not clear if I should let go or hold on. I sought the advice of someone named Mother Superior. She took my hand and looked into my eyes. It was as if she was looking deeply into me. She asked me why I had sought her counsel. I told her, "I can feel you deeply within me. I feel that there is no way to lie to you about what is going on and I don't understand why you are even asking, except that you are waiting to see if I will be truthful." She smiled at me and waited. I said, "I do not know how to let go. I do not know if I should hold on, I am confused. I am afraid." She reached out and put her hand on top of my head.

I felt a vibration start at the base of my spine and then it was as if a warm liquid was being poured into my body. My body started shaking and the warm liquid also became a light that was starting to emanate from me. I could see it shining outward, making all that was around me clear. I felt an emotion swell in my heart, and it felt as if my chest would burst open. Mother Superior did not speak words, but I heard her say inside of me, "At these times when you are lost, this is the time to pray with more clarity and concentration. When you do this, it will not matter if you hold on or let go."

Then the Lord's Prayer started to come from deep inside me. I would say a phrase internally and then hear it repeated again and again, and as time went by, it was as if all of the phrases were being said simultaneously, but each had their distinct place. Each phrase had a specific vibration and was moving my body inside and out. It became impossible to understand the phrases or their meanings, but only to feel the impact of the vibrations from each phrase. I started repeating, "Thank you, yes Lord," again and again while the Lord's prayer was being infused in me.

When I woke up, I did not remember this as a dream. It was as if this really happened. My heart is grateful and I feel like I need to do more, put more effort into staying on board.

Thank you both so much for all your care. I carry you in my heart always and love you so dearly.



Mary

We celebrate that Mary experienced what it feels when you really cook a prayer. The sacred vibration wakes up and infuses deeply felt holiness that is beyond all words. It changes everything the next day—this is living the Sacred Ecstatics numi way with all three rays in play. Say Amen, somebody! The portal to the Spirit House in New Orleans opens when people open themselves to their altar door. Following Mary’s dream, we received another report from Guild member, Mari:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

As I drifted off to sleep, I saw many moving colors arrive. It was like a color carnival that took place in front of me. A woman was on a high stage, pouring bucket after bucket of liquid magenta light over the audience. It was so lovely. I felt the woman was Hillary.

Love,  
Mari Shantz

And Guild member Severin Rudolf, whom we call Reverend Dr. Bow Wow, reported that same morning: “I dreamed of a Middle Eastern saint who masterfully freed the children in his village of boredom. Mysterious joy and wonder broke out and set them free. It was lush all around and felt very good.” There is a flood taking place in the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. Make sure the portal door of your heart and altar are open. See you in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

### ***Spirit House Prayer Paws***

Welcome to the next future of Sacred Ecstatics inside the Spirit House of New Orleans! We are now all about ecstatic rope sparklers and aesthetic rope ticklers. Let’s call the vertical ecstasics rope, “ER,” the emergency room for higher emergence that refers to feeling a relationship with God.

**Does this rope start its climb at the wonder working belly power and then move upward to the heart’s extreme divine love before finally surrendering to the highest numinous vibration?**

That’s exactly what the Kalahari Bushmen doctors might say.

**What about the other rope?**

The aesthetics rope or AR is the cowboy and cowgirl lasso rope for trickster invention and artistic creation.

**Does it include the creation of dead mackerel replication and the creation of original innovation?**

Ask your ecstasies rope. Take that question to the ER.

**But that rope is pure emotion and doesn't deal with words.**

That's why you should ask it.

**How does this double rope talk change the Sacred Ecstasies journey to the big room for setting your soul on fire?**

It gets you straight to the double pointing points by asking: First, what are you creating and second, what are you doing to spark sacred emotion? All else is swept away to create an empty bowl ready to hold, grow, and serve.

**Get absorbed in passion for the creative project of living each day—nothing less than building an alternate reality, what we prefer calling a Sacred Ecstasies altar reality. Now get ready. We are going to review and rebut the recipe for setting your soul on fire:**

Step one: this Guild season, building the big room began as “emptying the bowl.” Now we can say that this has become, “make room for your double ropes to spring into action.” ER and AR are in the house.

**Step two: spiritual cooking refers to both your ropes being on fire and in alternation, heading toward circular convergence before soul fire emergence.**

And finally, step three: your return to the everyday involves sharing your gift and graciously hosting an expanded room by shining the three numi rays. Just be nice through wisely administered kindness and medicinal hilarity.

**Attention! I'm feeling a message come through in the Spirit House from the other side: Calling on seiki to return for another turn. This name for sacred emotion emphasizes the life force and its revitalizing power.**

Calling on n/om to return for another burn. This name for sacred emotion emphasizes the climb from power to love and even higher through anointed hooper song and dance.

**Calling on the Holy Spirit to return for another churn and upturn. This name for sacred emotion emphasizes that love alone is enough when evoked by prayer that becomes the song and dance changing wheel.**

Get your two newborn ropes in play. Notice how they echo past visionary teachings. Remember the two-rope rodeo? Also recall your spiritual metabolism—after receiving the fire, give it back

to the world via creatively transformed action. Let former visionary teachings and gifts come back, this time changed by the room expansion of double rope action.

**You'll only be happy when you find your anointed instrument—what you were born to create with. That gets your aesthetic rope in play. Then the other rope, the ecstasies rope, must spark a fire—the sacred emotion of sacred ecstasy, at any degree of temperature. No conductance will be in store for you if you use a gift you don't own. Don't forget: if you don't have natural rhythm, you won't be holding a conductor's baton. Find your special gift and feel the electricity conduct as it brings down higher inspiration.**

The Sacred Ecstasies Experiments are all double rope experimental performances – turning your everyday into a Life Force Theatre. You need to feel numinous emotion for them to come to magical life. This may include feeling the mystery of their origin or difference. You also need to perform their instruction with an aesthetically fine-tuned deliverance.

**The Sacred Ecstasies Guild is inviting you to become an outsider soul-vibe artist and an outsider sacred emotion hunter.**

Those goofy loops must be interrupted, short circuited, and blown away. All we have created this year is ready to come back into play as your next experiment comes forth today.

*Experiment Four Instructions:*

Your goal is to again replace a goofy loop with an ecstatic higher circle. When you are thinking too much with yeti guiding the way, pause and switch to an ecstatic track. Here's how to do it this time around:

When you catch yourself in a funk—which is usually due to over thinking, over strategizing, or over worrying—say inside yourself, “Pause.” Immediately curl your fingers to look like animal paws. Now say this changed word that sounds the same: “Paws.” Start the original prayer line we used this year, “Communing with Thee.” Place it in a call and response, each time answering back with a “Yes, Lord.” With fingers curled like paws, say this:

“Communing with Thee.”  
“Yes, Lord.”

Repeat until you feel it. Then lift those paws up to your heart, slowly and surely as you change the prayer line but keep the same response:

“Climbing the Ladder.”  
“Yes, Lord.”

When you are feeling this at your heart level, proceed to the final round as you slowly feel your arms stretch upwards until your paws tremble at their fully stretched peak. Here's your lines for this ascent:

"Sacred ecstasy."

"Yes, Lord."

Repeat until it is felt and embodied. Wake up all you therianthropes with two ropes! The logs have burst into flames and the fence has come down – the wild has been released. It's time to pause and get your prayer paws in action. When you feel emotion awoken, recognize that both ropes are in play. Appreciate how the whole sequence, rather than any cutout part, is needed to feel that the numinous is close. Discern what is aesthetically copacetic. In the changing of the performance repetition, oscillations made of difference become a vibration. Don't understand these words. Just stand under this methane, light a match, and soak in the emotional downpour!

### ***Stop the Deception for Better Reception***

Brad dreamed that we were in a highly sophisticated laboratory with Charles Henry and other scientists from the past and future. They showed us an incredible means of analyzing the degree of deception a human being can produce in daily life, especially when it comes to spiritual matters.

We learned how the combination of not using your natural gifts with posturing a gift or spiritual role that is not yours to own shuts down both the ecstatic and aesthetic ropes, causing the electrical current to go dead. We were also given a peek at how very intelligent people quickly dumb themselves down when they chase trickster dead-ends, false spiritual signs, and deceptive schemes, such as believing you can become a shaman by taking a workshop.

All the natural processes of spiritual cooking come to a halt when you are not true to your creator and yourself. The supervisor on high instructed us to tell the guild this latest finding: "If you want to go up the rope, then stop the deception. Only then comes higher reception."

In the dream, Brad thought he had awakened but had only switched gears to lucid dreaming. He heard a siren outside the house and saw a flashing red light through the window curtain. Wondering whether it was a fire or whether the police were chasing someone, he heard Hillary wake up and ask, "What's going on?" Brad replied, "Something is happening outside. Let me look out and see." As he got out of bed, he truly woke up to discover he was still dreaming.

This is a wake-up call to everyone: the pol-*ice* who keep the just-*ice* have discovered why you manufacture too much ice. There's simply too much deception going on within. Stop the deception and find that better reception will naturally come on through.

There of course many kinds of self-deception, and they include but are not limited to:

- Pretending to own a gift you don't have.

- Pretending to not own a gift you do have.
- Pretending your gift or talent doesn't have to be grown, that it just happens without hard work and practice to fine tune your chops and harvest the crops.
- Pretending everything is always perfect, positive, imperfect, negative, real, unreal, wobbly, fixed, clear, muddy, or any name of a fixed state (of mind, body, or room).
- Pretending to understand or know the ineffable.
- Pretending to understand that you don't understand the limits of understanding.
- Pretending to not know how to gain the know-how of how to know what needs to be known in order to get the cooking job done.

The grass often looks greener on the other side through trickster spectacles. Or the other sea, sky, or type of azurite seems much bluer and truer. The altar-native to self-deception is to be the seed in need of germination, cultivation, flowering, resurrection, and daily reincarnation, incarnation, and coronation as a part of the creative art of living with both a horizontal and a vertical rope. You are here for this reason: to be a double rope therianthrope who inspires others to sing with Chet the Baker, "There Will Never Be Another You." Be a human becoming your part in the OR-AR-ER-chestra!

### ***Loosening the Knots of Deception***

In a spiritual classroom, a teacher on high instructed Brad to pray for the Guild. The teacher explained:

The entanglement of mind's deception is simply too knotty for people to easily pull apart themselves. Your rope is strong enough to loosen the knots for others and help free them from trickster's hold. Rather than explain the impossible bind people find themselves in, pray for them to escape. Of course, others must decide whether they want to be liberated. But you can loosen the knots that hold them back. Take on their burden of self-deception and pray them free of its misdirection.

In the dream, I turned to Hillary and we began to discuss why we were in this spiritual classroom. We remembered that several days before we had been asked to write an academic paper on a topic we believe is intellectually muddled. As we talked about what we would write, we encountered the cognitive knots of entanglement, muddles of logical abstraction, and multilayers of deception lurking in this particular field of discourse. We also realized how easy it is for us to deceive ourselves by forgetting that "clarity" is also an illusion—another trickster

reorganization of parts into a more satisfying arrangement. It can be shockingly hilarious to be reminded how many tricks trickster has up and down its sleeves, peeves, and means to please and ease. For several days we teased ourselves about trickster being a deceiver and would sing Sister Gertrude Morgan's line, "Give up Lucifer. He's a lyin' one!"

Still dreaming, Hillary and I discussed that it was no surprise I would soon after have a dream in Charles Henry's laboratory that taught us to "drop deception in order to have higher reception." That spiritual classroom visitation was primarily aimed at our minds and how easily our own thinking spins and chases a false trickster yarn. The biggest deception, of course, is believing that you do not ever deceive yourself or others.

What did surprise us was Mary's dream that happened while these teachings on deception were coming through. She envisioned meeting Mother Superior who brought her a lesson about being truthful. Specifically, Mary faced someone who could see through her heart and soul. She could not lie to Mother Superior, even if she had been tempted to attempt it. Mary faced that if she was not truthful, the only person she would be deceiving was herself. Without knowing it, Mary had tapped into the instruction we were receiving about our own deception. Yes, for sure, trickster is a deceiver, and everyone must own this truth in order to have higher reception of God's big love.

In this latest dream where these things were being considered, we were asked to do more than try to think ourselves and others out of it. We were now being asked to pray for the Guild, requesting that their knots of deception be loosened. We both prayed for everyone in the Guild. As we did so we could see the condition of their inner deception and whether there was hunger for higher reception. For those ready for rope doctoring, we placed our hands on top of their head and felt the vibration powerfully come through. It left us intoxicated in the spirit, filled with supreme joy.

I then recalled that before Mary had her dream infusion of sacred emotion, I had prayed for her strongly. She had just followed the instruction to play her flute and when I accompanied her, our vibrations had to be aligned in a way only musicians and other performance artists can truly appreciate. Remembering this, I realized how music readily sets the stage for the sacred emotion of prayer to come through, including transmitting its vibration to another. The instant I had this thought, the dream scene shifted.

We were now with two New Orleans musician friends from the past—Kim Prevost and Bill Solley. They and a few other musicians and guild members joined us in holding hands. In this circle I began to pray as people musically hummed along. The prayer became so strong that I started to lean backwards. I went all the

way back until my head touched the floor. As I did this, everyone else in the circle also was able to move in the same manner. We came up again and then repeated this same motion—bending all the way back to touch our heads on the floor. Then we reached our arms upward. We floated up and lost all sense of gravity. Suspended high in the air, we were able to make impossible movements, fully coordinated with one another, and inspired by my deeply concentrated prayer.

I looked down and saw a barren bush in a pot. It had no leaves on it and I wasn't sure whether it was alive or a sculpture made of branches. I prayed harder and the bush suddenly burst into flames. The moment the fire was lit I heard an alarm, reminding me of the siren heard in a previous dream. The day before, both Hillary and I actually did hear a siren in the afternoon and saw a flashing red light go by the house—it startled us because it reminded us of the vision. Now, in dream, I heard an alarm for the third time. It woke me up and I found Hillary was also awake. This time the alarm came from our phones. The national weather service was sending this message: "Take cover." It was an emergency tornado warning.

I went under the covers and prayed again with music as my emotional fountain and foundation. This is what it means to not miss New Orleans, but to be in it with Sister Gertrude Morgan, Mother Catherine, Brother J. B. Valmour, and Reverend Two Wings. The latter preacher-guitarist used to open the church window and shout, "Fire, fire!" into the street. It caught other people's attention and they ran into the church rather than out of it. The saints have come back. They are ready to help rearrange the room of your life.

One of the main teachings here is that Sacred Ecstasies does not regard "deception" as a moral matter. It is not about confessing and promising to never err again. For us, deception is a practical spiritual engineering consideration. Deception is an erroneous conception that blocks higher reception. Just drop it, get over it, go past it. Then the higher beam will naturally reel you in. In other words, deception is just dumb. You're not fooling anyone important—Mother Superior, God, or Eeland. You are only blocking higher reception. So drop it and tune in. This is practical advice, not a moral reprimand; more eraser than censure. Less interference, more conductance.

The professed morality of moralites is usually not about being nice; it's about being rigid, frigid, patriarchal, hierarchical, and self-righteous. They want laws against any important life-changing thaw and they fight to uphold the just-*ice*. Morality is for dead mackerel religions obsessed with orality, assuredly missing ecstatic verticality, aesthetic laterality, and well-rounded hilarity. Morality, the banner and hammer of evangelism and propagandism of every stripe and color, is better swept away in favor of higher aesthetics-ecstasies-ethics. If you insist on morality, then please settle for this: *just be nice*.

There is a fire alarm, police alarm, and strong wind alarm sounding in the Spirit House of New Orleans. What are you going to do about it? Why don't you come on inside and find out what prayer can do for you? Stop deceiving yourself that you can lie to the holy ones on high. That deception only blocks your reception of the holy spirit fire, wind, and rain of divine love from coming through. Let's cook a prayer and sprout some wings to go with our paws!

### ***Cervantes***

Brad dreamed we were in an old stone room with tall ceilings and exposed wood beams:

We were admiring the place—it had the colonial Mexican aesthetics we love. In the middle of the room was a long table—the top was a classic Spanish Colonial design with dark stained wood. However, the legs had been painted wild colors like Frieda Kahlo favored—azurite, yellow, purple, green, and red. The chairs were also painted with a variety of bright colors.

This combination of this classical tradition with whimsical folk art delighted us. As we soaked in this beauty of Spain that found its way to Mexico, we heard a voice speak this name: “Cervantes.” I woke up and wondered whether I was dreaming our impossible aesthetics dream—the juxtaposition of classical and whimsical in the heart of historic Mexico.

Cervantes, the greatest writer of the Spanish language, is best known for writing *Don Quixote*. The Broadway musical, *Man of La Mancha* is a part of the Sacred Ecstatics songbook. Cervantes personally confessed that he wrote it in order to undermine the influence of those “vain and empty books of chivalry” as well as to provide some merry, original, and sometimes prudent material.

The chivalry Cervantes meant to undermine was the moral code for how to seriously behave and religiously explain the everyday. It defines the norm that is enforced and not allowed to deviate or change. No deception of humanity has stunted the aesthetic and ecstatic ropes more than unquestioned normality that perpetuates itself as written in stone morality.

The outskirts knight named Don Quixote brings an impossible trout stream dream as an alternative to dead mackerel living. This higher ethics arises from the two alternating ropes of aesthetics and ecstasies—valuing whatever situationally sparks and tickles all relations with vast mystery. Aesthetics, ecstasies, and ethics: this trinity is the latest 222 delivered by our latest Sacred Ecstatics saint, Miguel de Cervantes.

Now join us in our dining room in Mexico, by way of Spain, as we take you to Broadway:

May we set the stage? I, Brad, shall impersonate a man. Come, enter into my imagination and see him! He is no longer young. He's bony, hollow-faced, eyes



that burn with the fire of inner vision. Being retired, he has much time for books. With his partner and wife, they study them from morn to night and often through the night as well. And all they read oppresses them. . . Fills them with indignation at man's murderous ways toward man.

And they conceive the strangest Project ever imagined: to become outskirt knights and sally forth into the world to right all Wrongs. No longer shall they be who they were before. They are now dauntless knights known as the Don Quixotes Therianthropes de La Mancha, double rope knights of the Sacred Ecstatics round table, fable, and most able parable.

Hear me now. Oh, thou bleak and unbearable world  
Thou art base and debauched as can be.  
And knights with our banners all bravely unfurled,  
Now hurls down our gauntlet to thee!  
We are we, Double Quixotes, The Guild of La Mancha  
We are Quixotes Therianthropes  
Our destiny calls and we go  
And the wild winds of fortune  
Will carry us onward  
Oh, whithersoever they blow  
Whithersoever they blow  
Onward to glory we go!

We call all ye seeking knighthood in the odyssey that ventures into the windmills of your mind and heart, setting your soul on fire. Gather your two ropes and forge the sword that discerns what burns from what does not. In one hand hold the AR, the aesthetics rope ready to create whatever tickles the gods. In the other hand, hold the ER, the ecstatic rope ready to spark the light that leads you through the dark ages.

How shall ye prepare thyself for the adventures of La Mancha? Remember we are in the Spirit House of New Orleans, way down under the ground. There is found our latest saint, Cervantes, inviting you to bring more creative imagination to everything you do. Take the pledge. Lift your right hand and repeat after me, "I hereby take the pledge to live on the cutting edge. With double ropes as the sword in my hands, I take the leap above the trickster heap and aim to live my life as a Quixote, an aesthetic, ecstatic knight of Sacred Ecstatics."

The history of New Orleans includes a wobble with Spain. France built the original French Quarter or Vieux Carré, then a tragic fire burned it down. Spain later took over the town from

1763 until 1803 and rebuilt the Quarter it with its signature iron balconies – most made by enslaved West Africans who apprenticed under French and Spanish blacksmiths. Then France took us back until finally we were purchased by the United States, a country to which we have never belonged. We are the Paris of the Caribbean whose many homes reflect a Spanish aesthetic as our food has a mojo flair with many island spices, French sauces, Spanish grilled meats, and Cajun gravies thrown in. After Hurricane Katrina, other influences south of the border moved in. Spain is back through those from Mexico, Peru, and a few other Latin countries.

Years ago, I dreamed of a great Persian mystic. This led me to meet a leader of a secret Sufi society. He told me something that has since remained a big mystery. A high Sufi sheikh had envisioned a prophecy for the future. He claimed that the next vibrant rebirth of spirituality would take place in Mexico. There people's hearts are soft and ready for the arrow pierce of God.

Brad remembered this prophecy when he dreamed of Cervantes. It made us wonder whether the physicality of geography can line up with the changing dynamics of First Creation taking place below. The spirit, after all, moves from place to place. It doesn't hang around forever. This is the Wigram Stream—religion keeps merrily rolling along. Aesthetic and ecstatic forms change, as do the site of their studios, salons, and laboratories.

By the time others hear that a place is on fire, like Paris once was for artists, the muse and spirit have already moved on elsewhere. You have to be a step ahead of the news to catch the spirit. We often joke that whatever spiritually important happened in California has long been over—it's now the perfect place to catch a dead mackerel served with gluten free hushpuppies. The same is arguably true for Santa Fe, Sedona, and any other trendy place. By the time it's a fad, be glad to stay far away.

I have felt for many decades that the places readily familiar to spiritual seekers have gone cold with little left to unfold. Today's hotbed of numinous activity is found in places not recognized by the norm. These include the swamp ground of New Orleans. Let me say a little more about these secrets from the mystical underground. Before doing so let us again remind you that you don't have to live on top of a two-rope ecstatic-volcanic hotbed because your altar portal can always get you there. But when it's time for a major epic recharge, it's wise to know where to go. It will not be where everyone else is going.

Our present work is found in the middle wobble burial mound reverberations in New Orleans—this vibe echoes the past to keep the present in the mainstream hoodoo vibration of transformation. Here Cervantes lives in our literary aesthetics. This is a writer's town. Yes, Cervantes. Yes, Lord. Yes, Tennessee Williams, William Faulkner, Lillian Hellman, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mark Twain, Eudora Welty, Truman Capote, Walker Percy, John Kennedy Toole. Yes, Lord. Yes, Cervantes.

Spain and France, Tchoupitoulas Indians, Africa, Cuba, Haiti. We host the hot and spicy, grilled and saucy, gumbo of mojo. And the magical surrealism, heart, soul, and mezcal of Mexico, home to the annual international Cervantes festival. No more will be said of this mystery, dear Quixotes Therianthropes. Just keep the name of Cervantes in red letters, ready to be read whenever you

are hungry for literary bread. Wherever you are, don't forget your portal entry to wherever this fire is being fed. One more thing: Did you know that the original indigenous name of New Orleans was Bulbancha? That's right – It turns out We are we Don Quixotes Therianthropes, the Men and Women of Bulbancha! The fences have come down and wild has been released!

Here are your next Spirit House experiment instructions. It's very simple. Write the following words on a sign for your altar. It will remind you of how far we have traveled together this year. Here's what you will write down:

We are we, Double Quixotes, The Guild of La Mancha  
We are Quixotes Therianthropes, The Guild of Bulbancha  
We are the Spirit House of New Orleans

### ***Praying with Wild Horses***

Hillary had a dream about prayer:

Brad and I were at a party, sitting outside in the grass next to a lake on a warm summer night. There were about thirty people there, including several little kids running around. I recognized we were on the gently sloping lawn of the lakefront house where I grew up in Michigan. The scene reminded me of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July parties my parents used to throw every year when I was a child because that holiday was also their wedding anniversary.

Our merry chatter with drinks in hand was interrupted by sudden clapping and cheering. We looked up and saw that two women were in the lake on horses, racing two people on jet skis. It was a hilarious and absurd sight. The horses were winning the race. I was surprised because although I grew up watching lots of water skiing, motorboats, and jet skis whizzing by, I had ever seen anyone ride a horse through the lake.

When the race was done, the two victorious women on horses turned and started galloping out of the lake and up the hill toward the street behind us. As the horses ran by I could hear their loud, labored breathing. People were still clapping and cheering at the sight until suddenly about fifteen other horses without riders appeared at the shore, seemingly out of nowhere. They were chasing the other horses out of the lake and up the hill. The mood changed from celebration to fear as everyone now realized we were all sitting on the ground directly in the path of a wild horse stampede.

There were two little toddlers sitting in the grass in front of us and their mother was nearby. I felt her panic as the horses were now running straight at us, their black and brown legs and hooves moving in a blur at eye level against the darkness of the night. There was a split second to decide whether to try and

scramble out of the way. However, moving either to the left or right would have potentially put us in even more danger because it was impossible to predict which way the horses would go. I stared straight ahead and noticed there was a very narrow space in between the oncoming horses. No one spoke a word, but we all knew our only choice was to sit still and pray that the horses would miss us. This whole consideration took place in a matter of seconds.

Brad and I held onto each other and I put my hand on one of the children in front of us. We shut our eyes and prayed without words. The situation was so dire and intense that words seemed superfluous. I just felt both Brad and I reach in and grab hold of our rope to God. It was instantaneous and effortless. I also felt a feeling of total peace and surrender, perhaps because there was nothing else we could do. We heard the horses run by us with their hooves beating and shaking the ground, their legs brushing our sides. I also felt someone near us move and wondered if they had been trampled.

The stampede lasted for only a few seconds. We then opened our eyes and miraculously, no one had been harmed. The mother of the two daughters was distraught. As she got up from the ground to gather her two children, she announced that we should pray as a way of giving thanks for the miracle we had survived. She started to pray aloud in a stiff and grandiose way. It felt showy, overly purposeful, and out of place. Brad and I looked at each other and rolled our eyes. We were acutely aware that the praying had already been done—it happened when the horses were stampeding by and had required no words. The full, pinnacle moment of holiness took place when we felt our rope to God and our complete dependence on divine providence. It undermined the experience to do anything further.

Still holding hands while sitting in the grass, Brad then told me that's how he used to pray when he was with the old healers he visited around the world. Sometimes Brad's life was in danger and he didn't know if he would make it out alive. Such moments remind us that words are not always needed in prayer. The rope to God is entirely made of sacred emotion and when this is deeply experienced, its signal and gifts effortlessly and instantly pass through.

### ***Budapest Art Nouveau***

Brad dreamed we lived in Budapest sometime between 1890 and 1910:

I was sitting at a long table underneath a beautiful domed ceiling made of iridescent glass tiles. It was a very large room and Hillary and I had just moved in. We somehow were thrown back in time during the Art Nouveau period of

architecture at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and had acquired this exquisite space. I was sitting at the dining table in the middle of the room when Dezsoe came in. He was also quite surprised to find himself transported back in time. I was so delighted with the room and its radiating beauty that I thought I'd burst with joy. He caught this same joy and together we celebrated the mystery of it all.

Dezsoe's mood suddenly shifted from jubilation to consternation because he worried about whether that period in history was safe for us to live in or had new dangers that we should be concerned about. He asked me, "Is there a medical facility nearby?" He asked as if it was for himself, though I knew he wanted to make sure I had adequate medical care if it was ever needed. I answered, "I went the other day. It was primitive and inadequate as one would expect. However, I had a delicious seven-course meal before I went. So who cares?"

Dezsoe was so shocked by my response that he had no time to recover before I asked him, "Would you like to join me in a nine-course meal? I'm hungry." I then looked up at the iridescent tile and knew this is what it is to be in earth as it is in heaven. Why worry when you can experience the miracles of light and live to taste another meal? I woke up wondering what we were going to be served at that dining table under the dome of our new domicile.

### ***Welcome to the First Ecstatic Jam Festival of New Orleans***

Come on down to the Spirit House of New Orleans and jam with us. After a year of building altar portals to the other side, now it's time to play and let those two ropes go wild. Welcome to the first Ecstatic Jam Festival of New Orleans hosted by the Sacred Ecstatics Guild! It will be held at the Mighty Mouse fairgrounds April 18-23. Your performance guidelines are simple:

- (1) Use any metaphor, verbal line, visionary teaching, altar object, image, music, practice, or whatever has come down the Sacred Ecstatics main line. That's a lot of props, ingredients, metaphors, sauces, garlic, artichokes, fruit, and cakes for you to choose from.
- (2) String as many or as few of them together as you wish for any kind of performance piece, in any kind of medium, for any length, duration, and in any form.
- (3) Use this week to plan. Performance posting will begin next Sunday on April 18<sup>th</sup> and go through Friday midnight, April 23<sup>rd</sup>.
- (4) Don't be shy—feel welcome to post as many performances as you wish. Please edit, polish, or fine tune before you share but don't get too obsessive about it. You'll be glad you did and didn't. What's that mean? Just jam with it.

This week we will provide ideas from the outskirts, aesthetic oddities, and ecstatic stimulants to help get your creative juices flowing. Don't worry about being right or wrong other than please

don't go outside the Sacred Ecstatics garden, medicine cabinet, songbook, or mojo shack to harvest what you work with. Be serious or funny, verbal or nonverbal, colorful or black and white, classical or whimsical, or both or neither.

You are now a free Tree-of-Life-Hugging Creole, invited to make some gumbo mojo for one and all. Consider that this whole season was a preparation for you to use your double rope mojo hand in the 711 6<sup>th</sup> Street salon buried underneath the Irish Channel. Last night Brad dreamed we would invite you to join us in this copacetic ecstatic-aesthetic jam festival. In a visionary version of our Spirit House on the other side, he had this to say:

“Just be nice.” Remember this prayer line prescription and numi ray radiation will naturally pour forth as long as you stick to the ingredients gifted to us. Jam with them inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. Let's get this started with a little word play, but don't think this means that you, too, have to rhyme, be funny, punny, or even say a single word. Use your natural gift and sift out any interference, deception, or artificial dissemination. Catch the feeling for what you are invited to convey—just being nice in the jammed and never damned jazz of ecstatic elation's improvisation.

Time to tear down the dam,  
And let the sweet jam be released.  
Communing, climbing, and finding  
The piezo festival of just be nice.

Be nice today, then twice tomorrow.  
Add some spice to taste higher advice.  
Free yourself from inner inspection and evaluation.  
No more consternation—  
Don't even think about rhyming that word.

Alter your space by altar-ing your place.  
Do more than change for the sake of change.  
Catch the elevator and meet your numi.  
This is what the gods have in store for you:  
A numinous jar of “just be nice”—the jolliest jam in town.

What makes bread a special treat?  
Spread the nice,  
Do it thrice.  
Go ahead and marry “just be nice.”  
We'll throw the rice.

Verily, merrily just be nice.  
Jelly Roll Morton rags the time,  
Vaettir Roll Morten raps the rhyme.  
Ponchatoula strawberries are ready to jam

With the Tchoupitoulas Indian Mardi Gras band.

Meet your shape-shifting mojo hand,  
Paws before you cook a prayer.  
Sing the rain into your heart.  
Aesthetic blood and ecstatic mud  
Make a double rope therianthrope.

Just be nice once, twice, thrice,  
Nothing less thaws the ice.  
More of this heats big awe.  
Just be nice and remember our lean,  
Then you'll never miss New Orleans.

Hello, hello!  
Hi, Hi.  
Let's meet in the city of happy electricity.  
Cooking ecstatic mojo, tasting aesthetic gumbo.  
All aboard, let's begin again  
"Just Be Nice" has just pulled in.

### ***Little Me and Big Me Are in Need of a Flip***

Brad dreamed we were at a spiritual retreat center in the mountains:

It was breakfast time and we sat at a dining room table next to a young boy and his older adolescent brother. The young boy looked at us with an excitement, eagerness, and openness to hear whatever we might offer him as a teaching. I felt I was entering the big room and heard a voice say, "Little me and big me must flip so that big me dives deep within while little me comes out to perform on the everyday stage." The young boy immediately caught what was said and shouted with joy. His adolescent brother could also feel the liberating truth of this declaration and could not help but smile.

Hillary and I then turned to the older brother and gave a spontaneous lecture on the complexities of adolescence, the stage of life that is entangled in between childhood and adulthood in which he is neither a boy nor a man. We somehow conveyed the paradox that, no matter how old we are, our little me is an ageless sage that transcends time. On the other hand, our big me is forever a toddler with almost no awareness of others except when they are pleasing us or giving us attention. Both boys grasped what adults are typically unable to hear—human beings never stop wobbling like adolescents between sage and toddler, perpetually needing to flip the inner and outer relations of little and big me. There

is more to this systemic notion of circular rather than lineal development than this, but the brothers caught the feeling for the impossible dream of being alive as a whole temporal person in eternity—retaining the child, the adolescent, and the adult, with all forms alternating amongst the daily demands of living.

Hillary and I finished breakfast and went outside for a walk. There we met the mother of the two boys and she expressed her enthusiasm for Sacred Ecstasies. At the same time, she was walking toward another new age spiritual event taking place on the grounds where everyone would pretend to be shamans and celebrate one another's magical powers. Her husband was also with her. He shrugged his shoulders and expressed his confusion as to why her interest so often swung back and forth and all over the place. After the breakfast discussion with her sons, we were now able to realize that her little me sought the fire of sacred ecstasy while her big me would rather be titled, entitled, and lauded, even if it was all a lie. She, like every other human being, is in need of the reset or rébut that we described earlier in the dream as a flip between big me and little me. Little me needs to occupy the outer space while big me is better off retreating deep inside. Only this reversal can align all our relations.

As we mentioned this, a new age spiritual teacher at the retreat center came over to us dressed in the hide of a deer. She was costumed as a Lakota woman who carried a pipe. She handed me the lit pipe and nodded to communicate that I should smoke it in a serious manner. The stem and the bowl came apart in my hand. We then realized that the pipe is also made of two parts—the small round vessel that holds the fire and the long stem that is the pipeline for prayers. Within that spiritual retreat center and its many popular offerings, the two parts of the sacred pipe were neither aligned with the Creator nor connected as they should be. I handed the pipe back to the woman and softly said, "This is not for me." Then I looked at Hillary and said more loudly, "We need to leave this place. We cannot teach in this room. The people must come to the big room. Let's go back to the Spirit House of New Orleans."

### ***2021 Ecstatic Jam Fest Benediction***

Thank you for a wonder filled and numi thrilled jam fest.  
Thank you for the constant changing and room rearranging.  
Thank you for the shaking, mixing, and blending.  
Thank you for the learning that comes from two ropes burning.  
Thank you for dreaming the impossible dream and reaching for the unreachable star  
Thank you for the limericks, antics, and mavericks.  
Thank you for yielding to higher will and climbing the higher wall.  
Thank you for celebrating the little numi book that helps us remain on track.



Let the Guild, salon, wild tribe, higher hooper club, circus, laboratory, Almighty Mouse House, and First Creation repertory theatre say hello, hello, hi, hi, empty bowl, 222, piezo, amenvoot!

### ***Meteorite***

The night after jam fest, Brad dreamed that we were invited to a special theatre performance on the other side where the saints of Sacred Ecstatics would perform.

We were seated in the seventh row of the center orchestra level. The only other member of the audience sat immediately next to us. Though this attendee was of human size, it was not a human being, but a large meteorite. It was solid black and looked worn out from its long journey through the sky.

The performance began and as the saints came on stage, we immediately realized that their job was to create a fire so strong that it could melt that hard meteorite. A meteorite is from outer space and if melted will retain its composition of 92% iron, 7% nickel, and 1% other elements. However, when it is melted by fire it can be recast with all the same elements inside while being transformed on the outside. We also remembered that a meteorite is much older than anything else on earth—around four and a half billion years old. It is from the heavens but after its fall this hard material needs to be altered and made ready for its new home. Melting brings a rebirth by fire, allowing this matter from outer space to become a part of earth.

We then realized that the saints of Sacred Ecstatics were showing us our spiritual job and function. As conductors, we set a fire to melt any big me that has made a long journey and landed in the Life Force Theatre. Big me is a meteorite in need of a melt that helps it become a little me, that is, a part of earth that still retains its heavenly composition. After its fall from heaven it becomes hard and forgets where it came from. This big-me-teorite sits in the audience in need of spiritual heat to begin the melt. Thus begins the impossible dream quest to bring the outer into the inner, a passage requiring entry and re-entry by fire.

Sister Gertrude next came on stage. She looked young and was dressed in black. Next, we heard a chorus of spiritual mothers begin to sing. This set a powerful fire around Sister Gertrude. The power of this ecstatic heat turned her gown white. In fact, she began her spiritual mission in New Orleans only wearing black and later began wearing white after she was called in vision to spiritual marriage.

Some said Sister Gertrude Morgan's religion was too black and white, but a closer look reveals that her eccentricity maintained the spiritual electricity that overcame any tendency toward

textual rigidity and ecstatic frigidity. Her visions brought down the changing that even altered her name and role. She called herself Sister Gertrude but also Sister Morgan Prophetess, Nurse to Doctor Jesus, Bride of Jesus, Bride of Christ, Lamb Bride, God's Wife Missionary Morgan, and Your Boss's Wife.

We remind you that one of her husbands was God, whom she called "Big Dada." Her other husband was Jesus, or "Little Dada" who she often depicted with a mustache and groom's tuxedo. Her two husbands were two characters of the Trinity who commissioned her to be a prophetess. With their blessing, communion, and union, she ran an orphanage in Gentilly and later ministered to people in the Lower Ninth ward where she lived. Along the way she showered her message on the burlesque dancers, artists, tourists, musicians, and "sinners" along Bourbon and Royal Streets.

Sister Gertrude's art enabled others to cross the bridge into the First Creation of New Jerusalem in New Orleans. Her aesthetic rope brought color and life to the black and white world and her ecstatic rope gifts made her ready to set a spiritual fire. By the way, the prayer room of her house had floors, walls, and a ceiling that were as white as her gown, but those walls truly burst with colorful artwork that sprouted from her paintbrush and T-bone steak pointer. Don't you be in a rush and forget your seiki paintbrush!

Sister Gertrude married holiness as did all the St. Vincent mothers in our pantheon of saints. This holiness is found in the dynamics of interaction, not in the statics of names and claims. They teach that to turn a big-me-teorite from outer space into a little me resident on earth you must first marry a numi, and then marry the numinous. This double wedding ring gets you through the gate to the empty bowl with its 222 and piezo power.

### ***Sister Gertrude Morgan's Gown Turns Red***

The same night he dreamed of the meteorite and Sister Gertrude on stage, Brad had another dream. He saw Sister Gertrude enter a grand gathering. She looked like she was getting married again. In the dream we only saw her from the back and didn't catch a glimpse of her face. Her gown was crimson red with a long flowing train that seemed to go on forever as it dragged along the ground. It was filled with red roses whose petals were left behind wherever she stepped. That's how she lived then and how she lives on both sides now—leaving a trail of color, especially red, to enrich and enliven the black and white dichotomous binaries, reminding us that we only move forward when we are amidst the vibratory contraries.

Sister Gertrude created "an explosion of paintings obsessed by the battle between good and evil and the phenomenal beauty of heaven, the New Jerusalem."<sup>34</sup> She wrote this to explain her two-rope work:

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<sup>34</sup> Jason Berry, *City of a Million Dreams: A History of a City at Year 300*, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2018, p. 251

This the great master  
and his darling wife.  
They are using this wife  
for this great Kingdom to  
Brighten up their life.  
They wanted some Body to work  
through and its time for  
them to Be well honored  
and humored and well glorified too  
I want to tell you darling  
dada the world  
is mad and it  
seem like  
they are mad with  
I and you. But I'm gone [gonna]  
stand straight up not part the  
way cause I no you are  
able to carry me through.<sup>35</sup>

Sister Gertrude lived a holy life amidst a bohemian carnival. She was shouting about holy water on the street during the same time that Tennessee Williams was drinking sazeracs inside a nearby bar. They surely walked by each other numerous times and he heard her power as surely as she could smell the whiskey on his breath and his literary depth. Sister Gertrude was a two-rope spiritual mother married to both a father and son. There were always two or more of her in play and that made every day the recreation of divine creation, earth as it is in heaven. In other words, that woman knew how to melt a meteorite! Amen!

### ***Walking on the Ground of Faith***

As Brad dreamed that we were with Sister Gertrude Morgan, Hillary dreamed she was walking in the woods:

I was walking barefoot in the woods. There were other people around watching me, as if waiting to see what I would do. I wasn't sure if they were regular people, spirits, saints, or ancestors. As I walked on the soft earth, I powerfully felt a strong, unshakeable, unwavering faith swell within. It was inseparable from the sensation

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<sup>35</sup> Ibid, p. 251.

of my bare feet upon the ground. This feeling was communicated to those who were watching. I knew with complete certainty that no matter what happens in life, I have this joyful truth and elation foundation to stand upon.

We invite you to walk with the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Enjoy the peace that comes from the complete certainty that no matter what happens in life, there is an unwavering, unshakeable ground beneath you.

### ***Agnes Dreams of a Lion in the House***

Agnes, a Guild member from Budapest, sent us this dream report:

In the dream I was a child. It was nighttime and I was standing in my great grandmother's house. I noticed huge paws behind a chair and immediately knew the paws were much bigger than a cat's paws. I got scared because when I stepped closer, I realized the paws belonged to a sleeping lion. The next moment my ancestors came into the kitchen. They were all alive again and suddenly I became an adult. My husband Dezsoe and our son, Bruno, were with me. We were all waiting for someone. That someone was the lion.

The lion came out of the room slowly. He didn't hurt anyone but just walked around, sniffing us. Then he went all around the big house, going into each room. Meanwhile we were all standing and laughing together in the kitchen. We felt joy as we smelled the scent of dessert—a big square of hot sponge cake on a tray with chocolate cream.

Later we were outside in the garden, sitting in a convertible car with the top down. The front of the house suddenly opened, like it was a big theatre curtain. The bricks disappeared and the lion jumped out of the house and leapt high over our heads. It was like a bird flying out of a window. The lion flew like an eagle. It didn't land but flew directly into the sun. There he melted and dissolved like a splash of orange ink.

The lion, in need of your courage, has a nose for whether you are aligned with the wild of nature. What are you doing? Are you cooking or looking? Are you following the lion or only celebrating that it showed up to check you out? Yes, this is all above your head so don't look any longer. Close your eyes and dream your wall is crumbling and that your home has become a theatre. Every day is opening night! You are being invited to have the courage to act and leap onto the stage. Whatever your gift is—writing, painting, music, cooking, or acts of kindness, use it. That's how you get both your ecstatic rope and aesthetic rope in action.

## ***Every Time We Say Goodbye***

We presented the following musical dialogue on the final day of the 2020-2021 Guild season:

What have we learned about Sacred Ecstatics this year, my dear?

**Let's ask little deer.**

Little deer says that while ecstatic know-how is both learned and unlearned, it must always be turned as it is churned and burned. That is what makes your little deer feel near and want to cheer!

**Are you saying that Sacred Ecstatics is the art of changing and rearranging reality in the Streetcar Named Desire-the-fire?**

Yes, yes, yes in the 222 of St. Charles Avenue, as long as aesthetics and ecstatics mutually intertwine their twine to make the rope to God. Who dat gonna march with our saints!

**Something happened this year that was important in the history of Sacred Ecstatics. It became clear to the saints that a significant body of written visionary teachings from the other side had accumulated. We now have enough king cake, warm beignets, upside down pineapple cake, and strawberry shortcake on the table to feast on a complete body of work.**

We were advised this year to put more time into producing live performances and recordings that enable everyone to better-vaettir hear the saucy tones and feel the syncopated Basin Street rhythms of the teachings. They convey the sacred deep fried soul emotion underlying a visionary treat of meataphor with a Sazerac from the higher bar.

**Yet, we still accumulated nearly four hundred typewritten pages of visionary downloads this season. And we recorded over ninety audio tracks. After all, we never left the house since the season began, thanks to the pandemic.**

Hold on. A new visionary report just came in from Sabrina. Without further ado, here it is, fresh out of the Italiano pizza oven.

**In Sabrina's words:**

I was traveling on a bridge in the middle of the night. The bridge was very high and narrow crossing over a vast ocean and mountain range. Many other people were also traveling in front and behind me. Along the way, a large fire was burning in the middle of the bridge. It emanated a sense of warmth as we walked. Although it was a long night's journey, the atmosphere was mysterious and exciting.

Suddenly the bridge abruptly came to an end and revealed the deep dark ocean below that went on for miles. In the distance I could see the coastguard and other helpers on a platform awaiting our landing. People were gracefully jumping off the bridge, soaring, and landing safely on the platform below.

I made the jump unsure whether or not I would make it. But then my parachute popped open and I was guided by a stream of wind that made the angle of my parachute perfectly aligned for an ideal landing. Suddenly, however, the winds began to change, no longer keeping me in a steady stream. I was veering off course, hovering over unknown wild territory. Now I was falling straight down toward the deep, agitated waters. I closed my eyes and began to pray, unsure what would happen, "Yes Lord, Thy will be done, yes Lord, Thy will be done."

I plunged into the water only to realize that I was very close to the landing platform. I was greeted and pulled out of the water by several helpers. Once on the platform I turned to see other parachuters bracing for their landing. I realized there was no danger because the helpers and coastguard crew had been keeping a very close eye on each traveler and would assist if any trouble arose. I felt so thankful for that support and level of care, I even felt a little silly that I was initially so nervous and doubtful.

I then noticed that a little baby had just landed and was lying alone, still attached to a parachute. We are all being born anew. Numi lead the way, every step and every jump, for I cannot go on with you!

Thank you both so much for your care and support,  
Love,  
Sabrina

**Let the Guild say "Amenvoot!" with an extra scoop of gelato! And don't forget the meatball. Actually, we ordered meatballs from a local Italian restaurant the night Sabrina's dream arrived. More spumoni, please. There are many travelers that came before and will come after us. There is always a fire burning in the middle wobble. Don't be afraid to jump because the vast sea numi crew know what to do. When numi, n/om, the holy spirit, and seiki are received**

**by Guild members, the lineages are born anew, generation after generation. As we ready ourselves to jump in the next middle wobble, we pray we remain uncertain where we are going other than to the next middle for the big dada's and red-hot mama's song hugs and rope tugs.**

Sacred Ecstatics is for those becoming less rather than accumulating more. By this we mean less owned by trickster and more married to the Wigram Stream, the field of dreams, and the big Cinder-Stella ballroom of spiritual steam.

**All you need to continue is one lost glass slipper and another glass slipper that is constantly re-found and re-worn even when the other one is lost. This same pair of glass walking shoes is also your pair of second eye spectacles and second earphones. They make you see and hear better. Then you are able to feel the world is made of azurite and that all is ecstatically right.**

Of course, you know what it means to miss New Orleans. That's the longing for soul food, higher dining, and double rope refining.

**Do you know what it means**

To miss the Spirit House of New Orleans?

**And miss it each night and day**

I know I'm not wrong

**The feeling's getting stronger**

The longer I stay away from throwing my voodoo cannonballs.

**Do you miss the moss covered ecstatic and aesthetic vines**

The tall sugar plantation pines next to Pete's out in the cold

**We've been told that this is where mocking birds sing**

As they tap dance on the crazy Mississippi

**Come on, we are hurrying into spring**

All those Mardi Gras memories

**Of creole tunes that filled the air**

Let's dream of numi hunters and double rope altars in June

**And soon the saints will be wishing that you were here**

They know what it means

**To miss you in New Orleans**

When that's where you left your heart

**And there's something more**

We miss the Big Dada and Mama Darlings we care for

**Even more than we miss New Orleans.**

What do you need to keep the Spirit House of New Orleans residing in your heart?

**Here's another way to answer, doing so in the recreation of First Creation.**

Let's go to the garden underneath the Spirit House. There you'll find the memory memorials of long ago which is also now and tomorrow when the marrow of your bones is set on fire. You walk in the garden not alone. All the saints march with you every time you feel the call.

**The door is always open to join the community and continue learning better tuning for communing with Thee.**

The floor is always open to dancing with Fred Astaire and climbing the ladder. And the mojo store hosts all the sacred ecstasy, cakes, piezo, and piezo you need when it is time to feed with the holy ones.

**Most of you are continuing on and a few are unsure whether it's time to go. You must remember this:**

A growl is just a growl

**A howl is just a howl**

The fundamental ecstatic things apply

**As time goes "bye bye"**

But seriously and hilariously, thank you one and all for coming along with us on this circus ride to the other side. And to those staying on, hello, hello, hi, hi, there are new adventures ahead for you.

**We are heading into new territory with all kinds of interactions that bring the fire home. We are looking forward to shining the light on the natural gifts of you, the seeds in need of higher planting and transplanting into the world.**

We have already seen a few glimpses of what lies ahead and it already has Sister Gertrude singing and shaking her tambourine.

**J. B. Valmour has decided to share some more mojo too and Charles Henry has invented another contraption that awakens your holy conception and cleans your numi reception.**



We sometimes wish we could give you a daily reality show to demonstrate how easy it is to live the ecstatic life in the Big Easy Spirit House. We never remove our numi medallions and the house is a nonstop musical theatre, a praise house, an Irish channel to the funky ancestors who got real deep in the Mississippi muddy water soil and soul. We live in the wobble middle of one fairy tale after another. Join us by doin' what you gotta do to make another reality come true and sing the azurite blues.

**Turn off that television set. Never listen to Fox news, Box news, or any kind of small views. That brings on the non-azurite blue that is too gray to host God's play. Whatever love and joy was formerly in you will go down the drain if you plug into the noise that has no holy signal. Go on a one week news fast and replace it with an azurite feast.**

A fast doesn't work without a slow feast. Pull the plug to yeti, Ptolemy metaphors missing the meat. And plug into the numi show that serves the heat. You can't have it both ways. You are either hot or you're not. You are either lost in the cold or you come back again and again to rébut and rejoin the minstrel fold.

**We have considered all kinds of future interventions for the Guild that help everyone yield to big room everyday living.**

How about a revival of the old-fashioned kind? Let's make sure we don't know what that means and only assure that it leans toward mystery.

**How about an intense exploration of the saints one of these summers? Or winter? What would that look like, sound like, feel like? A lot of hi, hi and "say it" for sure!**

How about a real live summer camp in Maine or Spain or wherever it's not a pain to cross the rock of Gibraltar, climb a Matterhorn, or navigate through the Canary Islands?

**Charles Henry has recently advised that there is no difference between physical and virtual. He is discovering that virtual interaction can feel as alive or even more alive than being together in person. He has some new tricks up his sleeve.**

What matters, say the spiritual mothers, is that you get in the kitchen and get your ecstatic and aesthetic action on. Observers are not servers. They are not yet in the action. When you act, the show begins. Before that the curtain has not yet opened and the other side is not yet revealed.

**You can talk about it, say you intuit it, or understand it, but that is trickster's way of having a field day with your big me in desperate need of little me springing into action.**

Come fly with us.

**Come sing and dance yourself through and through.**

We are the maverick seekers, not the conventional peekers.

**We are the hunters and gatherers of numi artichokes and dartilopes.**

We are the eeeland hoofers of First Creation.

**Get ready for more sweet treaties, more visionary teachies, spiritual gifties, ecstatic jolties, higher volties, mystical instructies, room changies, big me interrupties, little me elevaties, and double dose excities.**

Don't forget to light the fuse with the muse of confusion, mixing the blend with a hot chile forecast for tomorrow.

**In the middle, rather than beginning or end, is found the empty grail bowl full of the two sides of holy elixir- the 222 and the piezo. In the 222 is found the light of the mystical dark whenever a spark of piezo sets your soul on fire.**

Gris gris, mojo, hello, hello,

**Concentrate on the hi hi power lines.**

On the other side of the veil,

**Higher excitement is singing in all the lines.**

Hoodoo, hello, the silver trout ball is waiting for you.

**Do not mull or stew, follow what flew into your gumbo brew.**

Shout the signal and noise of the wild calabash transmission.

**Land in the 222 of tasty reception.**

Perform the right and the left alternating ratio,

**Tune into the mystical radio that has no news for it only sings the azurite blues.**

Join the bellows of the New Orleans blacksmith and blow the Ouroborean fire.

**Communing, climbing, changing,**

Sacred ecstasy is ready to fill an empty bowl

**Fire the voodoo dew drop Cannon Wigram stream.**

Drop, flop, and be a friend of the CMC sea.

**The Kalahari echoes its final teaching. Listen to glisten your medallion this time around:**

Shake, rock, wiggle, and wobble until all of your former beliefs and means of relief fall apart and no longer have a trickster hold on you. Then laugh as you realize that methane gas is something better lit than inhaled. Empty every sticky habit from your bowl. Wash, sweep, and empty in the First Creation way. This will surely make you dirty for the Lord, greasy for the higher frying pan, and wildly hilarious to the godly motherly cooks waiting for you in the kitchen.

**Sacred Ecstatics brings you the waves of the Caribbean water walker, the shifting sand of the Kalahari carpenters who throw the oldest nails, and all the bakers who pray to cook your bread.**

What does this triple rope lineage mean for my everyday circular living?

**Here's a clue for the two blue of you: the Caribbean spirit, Japanese seiki, and Kalahari n/om come alive when you act to crack the hard shell rather than aim to name. Rébut that altar performance!**

Keep your heart senses on numi and the numinous for they are doubly illustrious when it comes to the elusive ineffable mysterious.

**Sacred Ecstatics is felt in the melt of the heart's walls, the explosion of the mind's roof, and the quaking of the body's ground.**

Be odder, odder, odder, and even odder for God rather than trying to get even with others. For heaven's sake, be a holy joy toy. Ahoy, goofballs, let's have a seiki meatball!

**Remember the sweet potato knows how to pray in the field of the Lord. Yes, Lord. Send the rain. Help this crop grow.**

In other words, Sacred Ecstatics needs two ropes to create an ecstatic-aesthetic relationship, a game changing ratio of inspiring oration riding on somatic ecstatic vibration.

**This is ecstatically summed and aesthetically multiplied by absorption in the Wigram Stream. All aboard the Troutliner to deep sea adventuring and high sky parachuting.**

Make sure your performance goes against the conventional grain and shocks every Second Creation brain.

**Turn the wheels of color, tone, rhythm, and movement to join the singular chorus line and then encircle every dual sensation. We bring reborn, re-rooted life to you, your universe, your unity, duality, trinity, and hilarity.**

This impossible dream invites you to feast with the yeast that rises all the way to bakery heaven.

**Do this every season with every seasoning that alternates the electricity.**

New Mexico and Old Mexico chiles please, along with some Brazilian garlic and Mississippi comeback sauce.

**What the chefs from the other side are trying to convey is that God is not blah. God is hot and happy electricity.**

Hello, hi, hi, switch your ecstatic and aesthetic taste buds on.

**Join the La Mancha, Bulbancha impossible dream current of extreme love cooking.**

Gris gris, mojo, hi, hi.

**Hoodoo the morning dew**

It's for the few who chose to take the dip.

**Flap, tap, zap the owl wing and sing.**

Voodoo is for the way Mulgrew knew and grew.

**Signal to noise calabash transmission.**

Interrupt, disorder, dislocate.

**Turn and burn for better reception.**

Rearrange the mood,

**Reset the room.**

Tune your mystical radio,

**Communing with Thee,**

Climbing the ladder,

**Sacred ecstasy.**

Re-order,

**Re-locate,**

Locate where the saints will march themselves into you.

**Gris gris, mojo, hi, hi, hello!**

Communing, climbing, and finding the changing entries to the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Numi,**

The numinous

**This is truly glorious!**

Being in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**There is a spirit house in New Orleans. It's at 711 6<sup>th</sup> Street in the Irish Channel.**

On the other side is found Pete's Out in the Cold.

**The Sacred Ecstatics pantheon of saints invites you to party on both sides now.**

Alternate between hot and cold to go past anything told.

**Step into the song and dance of the numinous.**

Strike the spark of the luminous,

**Be the light of the dark,**

Travel on the song of the ark.

**Come on down, you hear.**

Little deer waits to offer you more cheer.

**We call for the return of sacred ecstasy, the extraordinary experience that gives birth to the fully awakened mystic, shaman, healer, and spiritual teacher.**

This overwhelming and life-changing personal encounter with the numinous is a super-charged sensate immersion from head to toe, installing something mysterious within that circulates the greatest bliss.

**Surpassing all understanding and explanation, such inspired ecstasy touches the roots of your being and leads to an instant rebirth of identity, purpose, and everyday presence in the world.**

Those who experience it regard this as the definitive moment of their lives—it is what initiates and makes you ready for the most incredible life possible, one filled with mystery and vibrant elation.

**Until next time, hello, hello, hi, hi!**

We'll be seeing you, hearing you, and feeling you in the heart, mind, body, and soul of the first creation kitchen of the Spirit House of New Orleans.

**Don't be a stranger when you can be an ecstatic fire ranger.**

We set fires and never put them out.

**1, 2, 3 strike that match**

1, 2, 3, strike it again and again.

**3, 2, 1, soon we'll launch the next rocket and its newborn prophet.**

Revoot, reboot, and rebut your life.

**Every time we say goodbye,**

we die a little.

**Ev'ry time we say hi, hi**

We fly a little

**Ev'ry time we say hello,**

We wonder why a little

**Why the odd Gods above us**

Who must be in the know

**Think so little of big me**

Yet they allow you to come and go

**When you're near**

There's such an air of spring about it

**I can hear a lark somewhere**

Begin to sing about it

**There's no love song finer**

But how strange the change

**From major to minor**

Ev'ry time we say goodbye

**Hi, hi,**

Soon it will be time to fly!

## ***Launch of the Twelve Day Mystery Safari***

As lagniappe (“little something extra”) for those Guild members who were not able to join us in New Orleans in May 2020 due to the coronavirus pandemic, we decided to launch a twelve day “Mystery Safari.” We broadcasted live every day for one hour with no plan other than to let sacred emotion and visionary inspiration guide our way. The following visionary reports and teachings came down during our adventure.

### ***Goofy Loopy Shop***

We prayed for advice from the other side, asking how we should begin our Sacred Ecstatics Mystery Safari. Thankfully, a dream arrived that night. We were with our son Scott and his wife, Danielle, walking through an old, narrow medieval street in Europe. Brad shouted, “Does anyone know where the Goofy Loopy is?” Brad asked this as if he were looking for a shop. Scott, replied, “It’s up ahead on the right side. I see it now.”

We all laughed that Scott knew exactly where it was. Hillary asked why Scott would know where the Goofy Loopy was and Brad replied, “Success, especially in worldly matters, is dependent on goofy loopies.” Then he surprised himself and added, “And success in otherworldly matters also requires being well stocked with higher goofy loopies of the ecstatic kind.” Hearing that, we came back to ourselves.

Get serious: you are in dire need of fixing your flat tire.  
Seriously, you need more hilarity and absurdity in your goofy loopies.  
Goofy loopy, goofy loopy, you are in need of a higher goofy loopy.

Our first stop on the Sacred Ecstatics safari:  
The Goofy Loopy Shop.  
Go ahead and flop, then hop into this shop.  
It’s just up ahead on your right.

Don’t worry, the goofy loopy doesn’t offer fright.  
It only deals with flight.  
The higher goofy loopy awakens ecstatic might for your day and night.  
Goofy loopy, hi, hi.  
Goofy loopy, hello, you odd fellow

Don’t be uptight and don’t fight it.  
Surrender your metaphor to a goofball of fire.  
How faaarr will this safaaarri go?

It begins faaarr out in the higher loopies of goofyland

Hey, goofus, be a goof for us.

Goofy loopy cybernetics—that's a circular means of ecstatic kinetics

Goofy loopy ecstasies—that's a loopy means of goofy-netics.

Round and round you go

Alternating between lost and found.

Sky and ground seeker,

Be meeker inside your loopy.

Big me and little me need to meet their mutual goofy.

Hello, hi, hi, ruff, ruff.

Big me is not that tough

Even when it acts like its rough

It's a goofy hiccup trying to go up the ladder

Why climb the ladder with Chuck Stare?

Are your goofy loops lazy or crazy?

That's the crossroads of goofy.

Goofy loopy, don't be sappy.

Don't willow for me cause my pillow goes whoopie.

3, 2, 1, be a clown and go deep under the ground

1, 2, 3 be a goofy loopy climbing out of the primordial soupy.

4, 5, 6 pick up your drumstick

7, 8, 9 make your laughter less refined

10, 11, 12, go ahead and tickle 13

14, 15, sweet 16 is just up ahead

Goofy loopy is above your head and outside your belly.

Its heart holds the wobble of two-rope jelly.

Goofy loopy is rooty tooty for God,

As long as your hooping action is pleasingly odd

Seriously, be more deliriously zappy.

Turn off the news and plug into the olds.

Make that a Chrysler imperial

It knows how to ride in the flow with Doe.



Come on, stop clinging to names and things  
Assessment only makes you an ass obsessed with assessment.  
More sassafrass please, and fill it up with methane gas,  
This match is ready to strike and send our engine to heaven.

Goofy loopy, that's our first stop  
Goofy loopy, that's our new and old middle  
Loopy goofy, that's where we turn the world around  
Loopy goofy, we're on our way to being found.

Let's stop being funny and spell it out more clearly.  
All loops are goofy.  
Some dumb you down, others grow your wisdom teeth  
You, dear Guildee, are both a loopy and a goofy.

Make your art more loopy,  
It needs an error to correct and direct your next move  
Make your dart more goofy,  
It needs a giggle to release it from the goo

Moo, moo, holy cow  
I feel a goofy loopy wow coming now  
Bebop, bebop, be the goofy kind of jazz  
I hear a goofy loopy starting to cheer, for little deer is near.

You have twelve days to battle it out with your lower and higher goofy loopies.  
Unplug from all dead mackerel habits and habitats  
Reset, rebut, you know what to do  
Plug into the goofy loopy whose 222 has piezo power

Listen to God make a joke,  
Watch the saints take a pratfall,  
Hear the holy spitter spatter of sacred nonsense  
Absorb the energy that comes from the synergy of the art and dart duo.

Goofy loopy, write those words down,  
Then turn it upside down  
Say it forwards and backwards,

Learn to act and track the goofs and loops.

***Sacred Ecstatics is Going Faaar into Mystery***

A second dream arrived for the first day of our Mystery Safari that brought further visionary instruction. Brad dreamed that he was praying and posed the following question: "Where does Sacred Ecstatics reside? Where is our home?" An answer roared back, "It is faaar away and it keeps moving further away from the mainstream. This safaaari is not settling into any town. Sacred Ecstatics is going faaar, faaar, faaar into mystery."

Safaaari, let us travel faaar.  
Safaaari, raise the highest baaar.  
Safaaari, help us find the chaaar.  
Safaaari, thank you for our visionary caaar.  
Safaaari, guide us by your falling staaar.  
Safaaari, we're hear Two Wings playing his guitaaar,  
Safaaari, we're pointing to our north staaar.  
Safaaari, we're opening the mason jaaar  
Yes, Lord. Bring the rain.  
Safaaari, take us faaar  
Further than Zanzibaaar, with no need for caviaaar,  
Safaaari, wake up this webinar!

Goofy loopy on a safari.  
Going very far into the loopy  
This requires owning both God and goofy  
Owning the feeling for your paws  
And learning to hug the bark and the spark

Please cook me every hour, most hilarious Lord  
No faaarr out fire like thine, can grease afford  
Please cook me, oh please cook me  
Every hour I need thee  
Oh bless me now my loopy, I'm goofy with thee

In the visionary domain, your brain needs a refrain  
To help big me invite little me to conduct the train

Little me, take time to ecstatically giggle

Big me, make room to aesthetically wiggle  
Little me, shake that ecstatic rope  
Big me, work out your aesthetic rope

All of god's children gotta gift  
And it thrives when it dives into a goofy loopy  
But make sure it isn't too much nor too little  
Clean your beak before you make a peep.  
Blend in, all the way in.  
Don't stand out; that throws you out of the cooking pot.  
Master being the right amount of seasoning  
Funny, not funny. Seriously, not seriously

In the safari to wherever and whatever is far, catch a rising star.  
In this safari, ask to be released from the jar.  
In this safari, be willing to go far.  
If big me doesn't protest, then it knows you ain't serious about leaving the nest.  
If you feel unrest, then peace is near.  
If you are angry at yeti, then love has slipped away.  
If you feel goofy, then loopy has moved in.  
If you notice the eeeland hoovy is getting groovy, then you are on your way.

### ***Doe is in Heaven and We're Sitting on Top of the World***

Brad went to another spiritual classroom. His sister, Jan, picked us up and we all drove to Brad's hometown in Smithville, Missouri to visit his grandmother, Doe. Jan showed up in a modern white vehicle that had no windows. It looked like the Batmobile in the Batman show but was white rather than black. As she did in the past, Jan drove too fast and never looked where she was going. She drove like a bat out of hell.

We showed up at Doe's house in an instant and we asked her to get dressed up fancy because we wanted to take her somewhere special. Doe was so excited for this adventure she didn't even bother to ask where we were going. When we were in the car, Brad instructed Jan to stop by the high school to pick up his mother. When he went to her classroom, he was unsure whether she was the teacher or the principal. She had been both during her career. Brad's mother seemed busy and, though happy to see him, was more worried about getting her work done. He surprised himself by blurting out, "I just received a medicine that I want to share with you." Brad then sang a tone with a big vibration. She didn't pay that much attention to it so he next suggested that she go out with us for a brief lunch. She replied, "I could use a chicken sandwich." Off we went with Jan speeding along the highway.

We directed Jan to drive to a large fancy building that was a major art auction house. There was a crowd gathering and we assumed an auction was about to start. We led Brad's sister, mother, and grandmother to a big room that was located underground. It appeared that the auctioneer would soon begin. We all sat in the back row. There was only one other row, and it was at the front of the room near the stage. Strangely, there was no seating in the middle—it was empty. Brad's sister, mother, and grandmother wanted to be closer to the action, so they moved to the first row. We remained in the back to watch what would unfold.

The oddest thing about the whole scene was that there were no objects visible anywhere for sale. It made absolutely no sense to hold an art auction without any art in the house. Then the event began. One woman after another walked into the room and performed a song. Every kind of musical style was presented. Finally, at the end, a young woman who looked like she was from the 1920s came out and sang a familiar song. It was popular during the time that Doe was a teenager. Doe broke into a big smile. Brad was reminded how much she loved music—she became totally absorbed in it and did not hide her joy and excitement. As Jan and Brad used to say to her when she was alive and smiling with song, "Doe is now in heaven." Yes, that's what we often told her. Here are the lyrics to the song Doe received at the auction house in our visionary dream:

I'm sitting on top of the world  
I'm rolling along, yes rolling along  
I'm quitting the blues of the world  
I'm singing a song, yes singing a song  
"Glory Hallelujah," I just told the Parson  
"Hey, Par get ready to call"  
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall  
I'm sitting on top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along

Don't want any millions  
I'm getting my share  
I've only got one suit, just one  
That's all I can wear  
A bundle of money  
Don't make me feel gay  
A sweet little honey  
Is making me say

And I'm sitting, sitting on top, top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along

And I'm quitting, quitting the blues, blues of the world  
I'm singing a song, yes singing a song  
"Glory Hallelujah," I just told the Parson  
"Hey, Par get ready to call"  
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall, yeah  
And I'm sitting, sitting on top, top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along

In the midst of this musical bliss, Brad's mother indicated that she was still hungry and ready for her chicken sandwich. Brad signaled to Jan to get the car, and in a split second her white Batmobile pulled up, leaving a cloud of dust behind. Doe was still singing when she got in the car, as Brad's mother was worrying about whether she'd get her sandwich on time. His sister was in such a hurry she forgot about the song or whether she had eaten any lunch.

We came back to ourselves, realizing that this adventure in the spiritual classroom brings a teaching to everyone in the Guild. Your life is a choice between being in such a hurry that you miss what life has to offer because you are so worried about getting things done that all you can desire is a fast-food chicken sandwich, or being like Doe who was among the few who knew how Mulgrew grew in song. If you want to catch a song and sit on top of the world, then don't be in a hurry and don't stew and worry. Follow Doe and eat the holy bread of each song that comes down the line.

One more thing: we may have mentioned to some of you that Brad's mother makes musical tones frequently throughout the day as a means of spontaneously expressing her emotion, especially when she is happy. Our son calls these "Nana tones" and we all make them to have a good laugh at how she does them with great bravado. After the dream, we realized that while she doesn't take the time to sing a whole song, she at least has a startup tone. Brad brought her a tone in the dream and the opportunity to have a new start and catch a song at the auction house.

Start with a single Nana tone if you must,  
Otherwise, you might speed away in a cloud of dust and find that all that's left is rust  
Don't hold a rusty windpipe.  
Breathe in the air and make it move,  
Sound and song are moving air. That's all.  
We gift you with a Nana tone and a song,  
Take both and stay out of Jan's car.  
Walk while whistling a tune.  
Tone when feeling anything brings a reason to be happy, including a sandwich in the middle of the day.

But please don't miss catching the song.  
There is a seat in the first row waiting for you.

And I'm sitting, sitting on top, top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along  
And I'm quitting, quitting the blues, blues of the world  
I'm singing a song, yes singing a song  
"Glory Hallelujah," I just told the Parson  
"Hey, Par get ready to call"  
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall, yeah  
And I'm sitting, sitting on top, top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along

The Sacred Ecstatics Safari has begun.  
Are you on track with your suitcase packed?  
All you need is a goofy loopy of the higher ecstatic kind,  
And a song from the art auction.  
Nana tone, Doe's song  
Please come along  
First stop is the Goofy Loopy shop  
Second stop is the auction house whose art is a song dart.

We're on our way to song heaven,  
This is how it is in our earthly tone home.  
Remember that in between the first and last row is the middle.  
There are no chairs there.  
It's a place meant for singing and dancing  
Boogie woogie on down to the Spirit House of New Orleans

We'll take you to the goofy loopy shop  
We'll take you to the visionary song auction  
We'll have you singing and dancing on top of the world  
We'll have you rolling and dancing with a two-step fire reset.

This is no ordinary spirit house,  
It's loopy and goofy with a song made for you.  
Why wait and miss the gate?  
Why speed and miss the feed?  
Why worry when you can enjoy the blurry?

Let's follow Doe and absorb the joy of song,  
Follow the endless smile,  
Travel the highest trail!

Here's your assignment for the rest of today and night. Actually, keep on doing this for the rest of your life including the next afterlife.

- (1) Start a goofy loopy using a Nana tone. Experiment with making a tone goofy, then sing the term "goofy loopy" with odd tonal coloration. Interrupt every worry and goofy loop that brings no tasty soup. Do so with a higher goofy loopy. Why ask why the gods have added a "y" to the loop? Why, that's what turns a goofy loop into a higher goofy loopy. ECI those goofy loops with higher goofy loopies. That's half of the whole secret to a wonderful ecstatic life.
- (2) Sing the song, "I'm Sitting on Top of the World" every time you eat—breakfast, lunch, dinner, and any in between snacks. Do the same when you have a drink of water or any other fluid. Imagine you are eating or drinking the song rather than a sandwich.

### ***Goofy Loopy Discussion***

We began our second day of the Mystery Safari with further discussion about goofy loopies:

Brad: Why is the goofy loopy a mojo medicine? I thought we were supposed to get ourselves out of goofy loops.

Hillary: We learned something on that visionary walk through the medieval European village. At the goofy loopy shop we found that it takes a higher order goofy loopy to overcome a goofy loop.

Brad: Let me see if I get this correctly. To escape a goofy loop and feel inside a numi loop you need a goofy loopy. Is that the middle bridge from goofy to numi?

Hillary: Yes. A goofy loopy is an ecstatically absurd and aesthetically creative loop that interrupts a goofy loop and helps you wiggle yourself into a numi loop. We also used to call it the 222 intervention to treat the Catch-22. The artichoke taught us that.

Brad: Anything and everything that we experience, whether it's a numi or a goofy, is held in a loop. Reality is loopy. Is expressing and performing the term "goofy loopy" with various tones a means of building a goofy loopy room?

Hillary: Yes, that's a fun way to build a room. It helps free you from any loop that continues making you goof.

Better to be goofy than be aloof, or a goof, or a goof off.

Get your goofy on.

Goofy on, with the goofs off and on as the alternation of piezoelectricity requires.

The goofy loopy is the middle bridge needed to cross into numi.

That's the wobbly that helps big me topple into a big room where it feels like little me is alive and well again.

It's another way of saying just be nice and jump into the fire.

All else will follow.

Our loopy which art in goofy loopy heaven, loopy be thy name, frame, and aim.

Say it! Thy spill be done, in loops as they are in goofy loopy heaven.

Give us this day our daily goofy loopy.

Recall that this is performed under the supervision of the aesthetic rope.

Make your goofy loopy arty.

After all, this is a performance in the life force theatre.

The other rope, the ecstatic fuse that must be lit, is conveyed by song. "I'm Sitting on Top of the World."

Yes, yes, yes, 222, piezo all the way.

With a goofy loopy and a joyful song, I'm climbing the double entwined ropes to hooper heaven.

Dance that goofy loopy into a hoofy loopy.

Now we seem to be acting like Bushmen—they are goofy with what they say and serious about what they sing.

Shhh! Don't tell anyone.

They'll take it too seriously.

Everyone is goofy.

Let's expand the vastness of the loopy and see what the wild kingdom on the other side has in store for us today.

I think you are ready to mention another dream surprise.

Our dreaming is very loopy and often goofy.



### ***Choosing the Right Instrument, Bringing Sacred Ecstasies into the World***

On day two of the safari we presented another vision Brad had received the night before. He dreamed he was a middle-aged man who had been invited to give a keynote address at his alma mater, Purdue University, where he received his Ph.D. In fact, he formerly was granted the distinguished alumni award from that university when he was early in his career and gave a speech for an event held in his honor. In the dream, however, he was asked to perform a special piano concert rather than give a speech, and this time he was midway into his career.

I went to the university concert hall to see what kind of instrument I would play. There were two concert grand pianos stored behind the curtain and both were disassembled with the main body lying flat on the floor. No one stores pianos that way, so I was confused by the sight. One instrument was an old Baldwin piano made in a small town in Arkansas, and the other was a new Fazioli made in Italy, just north of Venice.

A technician came out and asked me which piano I preferred to play. Rather than ask why they were disassembled and not ready, I pondered over how pianos from different parts of the world differ. I also wondered why there wasn't a Steinway or a Bosendorfer available to play. Then I returned to comparing the pianos I must choose from for the concert. I thought that though today's Fazioli is a new piano and considered one of the finest, it lacks the incredible tone of the old Baldwins that, back in earlier times, were considered by some to be the best pianos in the world. Erroll Garner preferred playing a Baldwin as did David Brubeck, Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copeland, Bela Bartok, Igor Stravinsky, Earl Wild, and Stephen Sondheim.

No generalizations can be made about what manufacturer makes the best piano—they each vary. You must play the instrument to know and even then, it must be tuned and well prepped to really know. In this situation, Brad was asked to make a choice without being able to try out the instruments. He knew the Fazioli would have the better action and was more responsive to mechanical impact – this is something a knowledgeable pianist knows without trying it out. In either case, he would have to depend on the technician to bring out a good tone. But if he wanted to bet on the better tone, the Baldwin would be a better choice since it was of older vintage and already had been selected for concert hall use.

He also knew from experience that if the tone is incredibly pleasing, it lifts the performer's hands to act differently and adjust the mechanics of hitting the keys. If the tone is subpar, no difference in key actions will matter very much. Though Brad was tempted to choose the Fazioli because they are always easier to play, he went for the tone that the Baldwin was capable of producing.

Now that the piano was chosen for the concert, Brad began to wonder what songs he'd play. The concert was scheduled for that evening and he had not been told until that day that he'd be performing with a piano instead of giving a speech. He was also told that he'd be playing before another group of musicians who play pop country songs. That's when he noticed that Hillary had come into the hall to join him. We shook our heads because, just like in spiritual and psychotherapy conferences and events, our presentations are often followed by some popular offering that has no meaningful relation to our work, and usually goes counter to our presentation.

Time was running out and in the panic of not being ready, we decided we could only do what was natural for us and to our work. We must hold onto both our ropes—one aesthetics and the other ecstasies. Here we would sometimes talk and at other times play the piano or shout, sing, or dance. We must not overshoot and get too excited at first. Expression must come forth naturally, build up when it is time to do so and come back to earth when the ecstatic flight has finished.

We made a list of the main metaphors that had been recently feeding our present excitement and decided we'd hold onto them that as our compass setting. Those metaphors would help us get off to a good start, stay on course, and keep us grounded later on when if we felt the need to rein in our performance. As we gathered the pieces for our show, bit by bit we were putting it together. We discovered that we were coming back, that is, moving forward in time, to the core spiritual engineering principles of Sacred Ecstasies, something we had not created earlier in our separate careers.

We also noticed that we were getting older as it was nearing time for the presentation. In the final moments before the show went on, we remembered that more than anything else we needed to focus on the most important emotion of inspiration and allow it to concentrate and circulate within. We drank from the mystery bowl of sacred ecstasy and with two ropes and two histories in hand, we walked on stage to change the future. We did so by allowing the changing itself to have its way with both our ecstatic and aesthetic ropes, held in both of our hands, and our interaction with one another.

The stage itself suddenly transformed into the performance stage at Duke University where Brad once gave a keynote address to a national conference on dance, sponsored by the departments of dance and theatre. When he walked on stage back then he saw a Steinway grand piano and spontaneously threw away my speech and gave his first improvised music lecture, playing as he spoke. At that time, Brad knew he needed a dancer as a partner to take this work to the next level. This time, in the dream, we were together and Sacred Ecstasies had been born, learned to walk and talk, and was now ready to fly.

What does this mean, in light of the recent visit to the goofy loopy shop that was followed by sitting on the seiki bench that is on top of the world and rolling us along? We believe that the goofy loopy is our choreography and that the top of the world is our joyful song. Let's make some goofy moves in our everyday along with some varying tones.

First, we have to consider our instrument—do we choose the easier one to play or go for the better tone? Ask yourself, “Do I speak as a Baldwin, Fazioli, or Steinway?” The latter is rather nasal but perfect for jazz while those others are more like a bell, perfect for escaping hell. Crystal clear and sharp or complexly mellow and warm. What tone shall the goofy loopy and song use to convey its mojo? If you must speak, don’t forget to make it a musical lecture. Add melodic bits here and there to break up the monotony and the illusion of logical spirituality. Put up your dukes and perform at Duke. Purdue University was a science and engineering school. Good for spiritual engineering, but the departments of dance and theatre at Duke are faaar better for performing the show on stage.

Most of all, however, this vision reminded us of the journey Brad’s career has taken from his early days in family therapy and the study of cybernetics in human communication (Purdue), to bringing his passion for music and theatre front and center stage (Duke), to our joining together as academics, performers, and as a musician and a dancer, to bring Sacred Ecstasies into the world.

### ***Bringing Back the Blue Coat, Turning on the Light***

The same night Brad took a visionary journey through his past career up through the birth of our work together, he dreamed that we were in a new office. We were sharing the same desk, with one chair on each side facing each other, just like we did when we worked at the university. A janitor then came in with a ladder. It was the same man who in the past came into the college chapel and untangled the ropes hanging from the ceiling.<sup>36</sup> He set up the ladder next to our desk as if he was going to climb it and stand on top of the desk. But surprisingly, he took one giant step and got on the desktop without having to use the ladder.

The man next noticed that Hillary had thrown away an old blue coat. It was in the trash can. He pointed to it and said, “You will still need that blue coat. Please place it in the room again.” Hillary went over and pulled it out, realizing that azurite blue was back in our room. The janitor then turned to the wall that abutted one end of the desk and screwed a light bulb into a receptacle. He next turned on the switch and said, “The light is now on. Please proceed with your work.”

After reporting this dream, we gave the following instruction to the Guild:

This vision surely means that azurite is back. It will always cover your back. Bring back your focus on azurite. Concentrate on it. And don’t forget your altar and the azurite paint that belongs on your wall. We are here to rébut and recurse, not solely move forward or get stuck in the past. We circle, encircle, and recurse. This is an Ouboreean feast.

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<sup>36</sup> See “The Ropes are Back” in *Climbing the Rope to God* (2017), p. 181.

Each Guild member should also draw a little lightbulb on their altar wall. Do it, either draw a lightbulb or cut out a picture of one and place it on the azurite-colored wall in your home. Do it to turn on the light and show yourself that the altar is alive again. It's time to proceed with your spiritual work. Focus again on azurite and keep altering your altar. Restart and rébut with a lightbulb added above your altar table. And perform your goofy loopy with varying tones. Most importantly, eat and drink in the songs. Sing to feel that with a song in your heart, you're always on top of the world.

### ***Hunting for Mojo in a Small Town***

On day three of the Mystery Safari, Brad dreamed we visited a small town. We somehow had been awarded a prize to choose any building we wanted and make it a home for Sacred Ecstasies. We looked at several empty shops that were interestingly laid out, but none felt quite right. Still dreaming, we commented to each other on how the present visionary adventure was likely seeded by what took place before dinner the night before. We laughed, realizing we were now “meta-dreaming”—dreaming about our dreaming within the dream. Perhaps we had worked too hard studying the circular, recursive nature of Bateson's metalogue, because we had now entered into metalogical dreaming.

Many years ago, Brad discovered that he was a magnet for magical objects and sacred relics. This included lost works of art as well as mojo from all around the world. Later he would pass the Zulu test for finding lost objects, doing so by divination. He once found a book of poems that e.e. cummings had personally handmade in various mediums of art. It was bound together in straw. The point of mentioning this odd relationship to mojo is that it resulted in Brad sometimes being notified when rare or strange things arrive on the scene.

Yesterday before dinner, Brad received notice of an auction that was selling what looked like the content of a major museum. It included a signed manuscript by Isaac Newton, Martin Luther King Jr.'s “I Have a Dream,” speech, personal items from Jack Kerouac, and President Ford's pardon letter for Nixon. As Brad scrolled through the items online, he realized he had seen all these things before because he spent the weekend in the home of the man who had collected them. Brad then started to tell me about his adventures with this man, named George.

Before Brad could fully elaborate how George helped him build a collection of circus posters from the late 1800s, he mentioned how George found the home and place he finally settled into—a large Victorian house in a rural town. George began his hunt for rare antiquities when he bought a poster for 75 cents as a kid. He later sold it for a handsome sum and used that money to purchase other miscellaneous items. Then he set up a shop next to a lesbian biker bar in the Fells Point neighborhood of Baltimore, back when it was edgy and not yet gentrified. Years later, George grew tired of the bullet fire he heard every night and decided to leave for somewhere more peaceful. He cut out a map of Baltimore that included all regions that were no more than

three hours away. Then he closed his eyes and allowed his index finger to land anywhere on the map. It landed in a place he'd never heard of— a small village in Pennsylvania. That day he drove through a snowstorm and found one house for sale. He bought it and lived the rest of his life there. It also came with a barn that he could fill with treasure.

George was the man behind many major museum shows. The Smithsonian and the Metropolitan Museum of Art would contact him when they wanted to create an exhibit and needed the material only he could find, or likely owned. Brad finished his story by saying, "The Smithsonian called George to create an exhibit on the invention of the electric light bulb."

As soon as he said this, we felt a mystery in the air because the night before we had received a light bulb for our office from the mystery janitor. Now mention of the first light bulb ever invented came to us in a story the next day after we performed it for you and advised every Guild member to add an electric light bulb to their azurite wall.

So, it was no surprise that a dream placed us in a small town, looking for a shop. In the dream, we laughed because we had obviously done what George did—randomly pointed to a map and landed in the town our finger landed on. The dreamtime, however, answered our absurd action and said, "Any place you want here is yours—this is your gift." Again, we had a look at several empty spaces. Each brought something the other did not, but then we noticed an old curio shop in the middle of the town that was filled with many rare books and other odds and ends. We walked in and an old man was sitting at a desk. Thinking about it now, he resembled both the former visionary janitor and my friend George. He said, "Go ahead and have a good look around."

I found a book that had been recently published by an independent press. It consisted of short absurd stories about everyday life, and we immediately knew we must read it for pleasure and inspiration. As we went to pay for it, we passed near a tall, narrow shelf the width and height of a ladder. On top of it was a handmade bundle next to a photograph of the man who made it. The bundle reminded Brad of the e. e. cummings work he formerly owned and regretted no longer having. Brad climbed up and grabbed hold of both the bundle and the photograph, knowing these items must also come home with us. After he brought them down, we opened the bundle to find that it was a book written by an obscure, eccentric literary master from the same small town. It reported the many odd things he did to wake up his everyday life, leaving him no reason to travel anywhere else. He never left that small town because he was having too much fun. This was the record he left of his many adventures that took place within a three-hour radius of his home.

The next morning, we realized that a big teaching had come down the ladder for each of you and for us as well. If you feel unsafe because of bullets flying around or feel dead because there is too much lead in your head, know that there is no need to venture more than three hours away in any direction. You don't need a logical reason to go anywhere; randomly pointing to a map will do. What matters is that you magically alter your everyday with never before enacted performances that wake up another reality inside and outside of you. Radiate this difference with that which comes from another world, something unseen but heard and felt. And sometimes adorned and anointed with some art rarely or never seen.

Our safari began by asking you to not leave your goofy loops behind, but to climb the ladder and stretch them into loops of a higher order. The name for this mojo remedy is a goofy loopy to remind you that you will always be a goof in a loop. But you can make the loop more loopy and bring the goof more absurdity, making it an oddity rather than the cause of a repeating calamity.

The other gift brought to you by the goofy loopy was that you need not be a mojo doctor like J. B. Valmour or a master therapist like Milton Erickson to construct an aesthetic 222 intervention for a catch 22 in need of a higher 2 that makes the divide between earth and heaven a wobbling middle amidst the 222 trinity. All you need to get started is to express “goofy loopy” with changing tone. In other words, jazz it up. Perform your goofy loopy as improvised jazz with you as the instrument. Later we suggested that you add some goofy moves so you come back to your song and dance hooper with ecstasies and aesthetics in play.

What happened next in our safari? Where did we then go? We introduced you to the gift of a Nana tone—the first use of sound to express and amplify more emotion. You can’t get from loop to loopy without a muse, and that’s the beginning tone that aims to awaken music. That’s right! From Nana tone to high song is the shaman’s journey that enables you to sit on top of the world by singing on the seiki shaky bench.

All your familial relations were also in motion with siblings serving as the archetypal other whose shortcomings highlight the inevitable presence of relational irritation. And we found mothers who early shower us with unconditional positive regard but later flip when we grow up so that we find there is now only unconditional criticism, skepticism, and sarcasm. As family therapist Carl Whitaker once proclaimed, we all have a Jewish mother especially when we grow up. If your mother gives you two presents and you thank her for one, she will reply, “What’s the matter? Didn’t you like the other present?” That’s when fathers are supposed to become mothers to save the day from the way things change overnight. Obviously, there is more changing and variation than this, but you get the family therapy point.

Of course, grandparents are grand for a reason—they are bigger than life because they are closer to the other side in years and in tears. They are meant to carry the songs, the love, and the grand pianos that have the right tone.

Speaking of pianos, you have an inborn gift and were born as a one-of-a-kind instrument. It comes in many altered styles like a Steinway, Baldwin, and Fazioli. For each unique situation in your everyday, you must select the tones, rhythms, and moves needed for the performance stage at hand. The show is ready to go on. Have you been doctored and tuned by the Higher Technician?

The Nana tone is the middle bridge from dead pan valley to Tin Pan Alley. Add more Nana tones throughout your everyday. They are the bridges from feeling like a dead mackerel funeral parlor to stepping on stage to a living trout musical show. The goofy loopy is the middle bridge from goofy to numi. Combine that word with changing Nana tones and you have a double middle. A 22, a counter double bind, is now on its way to becoming a 222.

Don't forget the azurite. That's the backdrop of your altar stage. Place a light bulb on it and turn it on. Then proceed with your work - the show can't go on without any lighting. Curtain, lights, action! These middles are no ordinary middle. The janitor and his ladder are no ordinary pair. Bring home the two ropes, the light bulb, and light up the goofy loopy while you climb tone by tone all the way up to the song your little me longs to feel.

Living this way will make you odd, an outcast in any town. But your life will become a bundle residing on the top of the janitor's ladder. There your photograph will radiate the mile wide smile of a Doe in heaven, for you will have become another CMC adventuring on the vast sea. You know what to do. There are a lot of gifts showering down from on high. These are the only two words to focus on: Goofy loopy. Perform rather than understand them. Then you don't have to ask the spirits to come; they will just come. Care less about seeing them; be more grateful to feel their presence in the misty song of mystery.

Goofy loopy: that's your bridge from goof to numi. Life is a loop, a circle, a wheel within a wheel. Reality is made of metaphors, lines, circles, and Ouroborean wheels of fire. Travel faaar by embarking on the safaaari that has no need to go further than 3 hours away from home. Make sure you stop at all the strange shops. We started at the Goofy Loopy shop. It's up ahead on your right. Listen to DJ Skee. He owns the songs and the broadcast station. It ends in the concentration and saturation that brings the spirit into your home. Listen to Danielle. She also opened the door to the lapis lazuli spiritual classrooms. Travel from childhood to adulthood to grand piano hood. In the beginning you are in a hurry to leave home. Then you feel stuck. Later you find your home on the outskirts that belongs to another dimension. Your safaaari invites you to travel faaar. To be with the Bushmen doctors requires no extra mileage. The Kalahari sand is over your head and has nothing to do with your lateral reach or collateral empire. Several years ago you sprinkled Kalahari sand in a one mile radius from your home. What you didn't know is that one mile entered the 222 and multiplied to 3 miles.

All aboard to the place found below the ground. That's the same place as the other place found high in the sky. Don't let any binary either-or religion tell you otherwise. You must go down to go up. And you must go further up to go down. This is wheel talk. This is dragon fire engineering. This is the little deer and white mare pair wanting to take you near to the source and force of tone, rhythm, and eeeland hooper moves.

If you can't get enough because you are hungry to transform, then heaven asks you to get a map of the world. Spread it out in front of you and close your eyes. Let your finger land anywhere. Now write down your name and current address on a little card. As you do this, feel you are living where your finger landed, even though you wrote down the physical location of where you presently are.

That's the double life of goofy loopy. It requires a tone of excitement and aims to take you on a walkabout in search of the higher song. Not just any song—concentrate on what has come down the rope. It knows better than your big me that has no clue how to live in the 222 with little me. Let's go shopping. On top of the ladder is a photograph of you. But it's now altered. Go ahead

and put a mustache on it or color your hair purple, pink, or azurite. Now take a deep breath and allow little me to whisper in your ear. Listen to what it is now saying: "Welcome home meteorite."

That's right, you are a meteorite, a falling staaar who has travelled faaar. You've now be shown how to rise again. Climb the janitor's ladder. Turn on the light. Grab hold of your changed portrait and newborn life bundle. Everything is there: goof, goofy, loop, loopy, changing tones, sacred song, odd moves, hooper scat, ecstatic tracks, aesthetic regulation, and temperature calibration. Don't forget the azurite, the ladder, and the climb to find your La Mancha in the Spirit House of Bulbancha.

George says hello. He has another secret item for you. Edgar Cayce's mother is giving each of you a coin. Hold out your palm and catch the feeling for this change. It brings something that is way over your head and an experience that is beyond any tale ever told before. Remember that our recent adventure by searching for a building in a small town. The other side contacted us and invited us to choose any place we wish to own. We forget to mention how the dream ended. When we went to the old man at the shop that had antiques, art, books, and mojo, we didn't pay for the gifts we found on top of the ladder. We simply said, "We'll take the whole shop."

And thus it can be said that we are now left in the middle of a shop somewhere, perhaps way down under the ground. We only know it is over our heads to explain. It's faaar better to express a sound, a song, and a dance move, two, or three. This is living on the faaar outskirts of the Sacred Ecstatics safaaari.

Act in order to feel what you are being offered.

Get on stage in order to dream you are altering the reality scene.

Open your mouth and move your body.

Do so in soul time. That deep fries the room.

Anything less is a dead mackerel whose fins cannot become wings.

Come on, come along. We are merrily rolling along.

We're sitting on top of the world. Just rolling a long, just rolling along.

What did you think it meant to be just be nice?

What did you think it meant to miss New Orleans?

Tone in order to find your way home. Sing in order to open your wings.

### ***Living in a Goofy Loopy***

On day four of the Mystery Safari, we delivered more teachings on the art of creating a goofy loopy. It began with a verse:

How many goofy loopies did you perform today?

How many times did you sing or dance to "I'm Sitting on Top of the World?"



What's your latest goofy move?  
Did you remember to focus on azurite?  
Is a light bulb installed over your altar?  
Did the janitor turn it on?  
Every one of these questions points to an unspoken, bigger question:  
What room are you living in?  
Are you in the safari camp yet?

Watching us perform our parts in the safari isn't the same as your being whole heartedly and whole mindfully and whole bodily inside this reality. Some of the saints asked why some of you only stare rather than follow Fred Astaire up the stairs. Especially those of you who know how to dance or sing. When you act on stage rather than sit back and wait to be entertained, you find yourself on board the train to the Sacred Ecstatics Safari.

Now, let's pause and recurse again. We could have said that you are a cybernetic pattern of circularity whose higher order recursions change the action of the parts in order to keep your whole reality perception the same. Yet it is the same to say that you are a goofy loop in need of a goofy loopy in order to feel the numi loop.

That's climbing the ladder from loop to loopy to numi.  
With each step being a loopy from one loop to another.  
Why weren't we advised to say that we are all loops needing loopies to get to the higher loop? Why was goof and goofy added?  
Without goofy, the idea of a loop, circle, or wheel sounds way too serious. Then we make it more literal and lose the metaphorical meta that keeps the higher reach in play.  
Then why not say meta-loops and drop the goofy?  
In the beginning was the goof and it created the first loop. Goofy is the beginning difference that can make a difference.  
The divine error of drawing a distinction is needed to name, frame, and alter the reality game.  
Before we get even dizzier, can we leap out of this goofy loop?  
Crossroads now in play: Don't head to Disneyland. It has little aesthetics and no ecstasies.  
Head to Dizzy Gillespie land.  
There you find the horn of plenty.  
The angle of that horn is in between vertical and horizontal.  
Its wobble goes past vibrato in search of what lies on the other side of legato.  
Rob the rhythm, rag the time, rip the beat, and defeat the clock.  
Scott Joplin played in a brothel.

So did the early inventors of jazz.  
From brothel to juke joint to praise house.  
Climbing the ladder with jazz.  
Out of the rhythmic gutter and into the tonal flutter you go.  
Then up, up, up, up, up through the ineffable song gate of heaven.

We almost forgot to repeat what the other side had to say about the importance of keeping the goofy in your loopy. It helps you avoid the stink of both religion and spirituality. The latter have lost their ladder. They no longer climb and remain in decline for they prefer to recline and only define what matters. Come on up and enter the dreamtime. Sister Gertrude has a tambourine in her hand. She shakes it above your head and shouts, "Open your heart. The devil is a deceiver, and you need a better receiver. Open your heart to the higher beat that knows how to heat your words." J. B. Valmour pipes in, "It's not the words that turn lead into gold. It's the tones, beats, and moves that regulate the alchemical heat." Charles Henry steps to his blackboard to clarify, "Dear ones of the Guild. To venture far in this safari, learn to make any word feel holy. Learn how to perform 'goofy loopy' like you were uttering the most magical, mystical, shamanic words ever said. That's the difference between being a passive Chuck Stare versus an outskirts creator of the sacred hoop loop."

Reverend Joseph Hart, now a student of Professor Henry, adds, "I have since learned that religion and spirituality are the twins of wingless angles. Neither is able to fly for they think they need not die. To find the holy, reenter the pub and flub again, this time with a better rhyme that knows how to break up the rhythmic time. Now I live in the middle between theatrical pub and the holy ghost club, settling into neither. Better to allow the contrarian tension to build up more suspension and then let the art and dart find their target when god offers the next double shot."

Sister Gertrude, now a graduate of the Sorbonne, steps in to make sure the compass is not spinning. "This does not mean that people can live by holy bread and higher wine alone. They must be changing their forms in order to reform the revolution, the turning of wheels within the tambourine wheels. I work on the streets where jazz was born. The onlookers pass by me every day. But taking a peek makes you forget to make a peep. You no longer toot, hoot, and voot for divine mystery."

My brothers and my sisters, the mountain is ready to blow its horn and spill its blacksmith fire.

Let us dance before the Lord as the ecstatic means of crossing the ford.

From sea to earth to sky we climb, only to find that another dive is required to reenter the hive.

Remember and don't dismember what community really means when it leans to hitting the target of New Orleans. Community is truly a loopy that holds together its goofies.

Be a goofy loopy for the Lard.

Learn how to deepen the way you fry, die, live, and are reborn again.  
Be less of a goof and more of a goofy.  
That's written in the scripture of loopy.  
In the middle is the non-humdrum fulcrum of transformation.  
To change, get to the middle of the teeter totter.  
There, just like humpty dumpty, you're ready to fall.

You climb to the sky and perform your seiki on top of the world so you can fall back to the ground, better able to roll along again, this time with better rhythmic time and melodic rhyme, paired to tightly entwine the double ropes that open the curtain for another show.

It's Showtime. Show your changing rhythmic time. It holds together the tones that otherwise wouldn't fit together to make a song. That's the loop and the loopy—they are successive tones in search of a song pattern.

Less patter, more pattern please.  
Less pitter patter splatter and more music and dance on the platter.  
Don't make the world flatter; make it more of a circular sphere that can hear what it means to belong to song.  
Are you rolling along? How's your everyday?

The saints want us to share how our everyday looks, sounds, and feels. Let's start with how we create the performance we are now offering: Each whole show pours down from the other side. We do our best to catch it and clean it up, barely getting it ready in time for the next show. When we perform it we feel something coming through that moves us. Immediately after the broadcast we sit down and watch it for the first time. It truly feels like we never heard or thought any of the lines before. We always conclude the same thing: we are in the audience and we can't wait to hear what the Life Force Theatre next has in store for the open door of our hearts.

As we listen, we are never still. We are moving—either seiki bobbing or intermittently dancing, or giving each other a shake. We respond to every call with a shout. Nothing feels better than being fully aligned and blending in. We soak in these ecstatic safari rides each time and catch the emotion that inspired them. We own the muse behind the music and the poet behind the words. That is, we own the feeling for what pours from above, enabling it to circulate within. When a song comes through, we are often slain and re-slain in the spirit. After Doe received her song, Brad breaks into tears every time he hears it. This is what it means to be in the middle of life and death, time and eternity, performance and community.

During the course of each day, you can hear Hillary sing potent sound bites from the Sacred Ecstatics songbook. She blends in with the saints that are in our New Orleans air. She's been sitting on top of the world in every room of the spirit house of New Orleans. Brad, at the same time, often shouts the words that have come down the rope. This week he is shouting "azurite"

throughout the day and night as a means to turn on the new light bulb installed by the janitor. He also makes odd bursts of sound and movement to keep his inner ECI - Exciter Confuser Interruptor - machine charged and ready for three-pronged action.

We make sure that the metaphors, tones, tunes, and moves make up the higher percentage that saturate our daily bread living. This is what it means to keep your oratio in the higher ratio, the big hooper song and dance floor that opens the door to cooking heaven. Of course, we sometimes sneak a peek at the news and find we must be careful to not fall down the black rabbit hole that can instantly throw our instruments out of whack. We always make sure that the news is calibrated and resituated by the Borowitz Report found in *The New Yorker* magazine. It keeps our relations with the yeti more giggly and this helps us not fall out of the sacred wobble.

As we've said before, turn off the news and turn on the old ways of dealing with how trickster can make you aesthetically dumb and ecstatically numb, doing so in a split second. As Gregory Bateson and Heinz von Foerster once warned Brad, fascism, disguised as proud boy and proud girl nationalism, is on its way and there is every reason to scream instead of dream. But he also added, "Even though that's true and there is every reason to raise your voice, get on with living." Without consciously knowing it, these wisdom elders of Ouroborean recursion were telling us to get on with the safari adventure to the edge of the outskirts where all realities intersect in multiple crossroads, circular rebounds, and timeless reverberations of creative alteration.

The Sacred Ecstatics recipe for setting your soul on fire brings back the passion that is required to rise above the logical reasons to fight the tricksters who are so convoluted and doubly bound that they think they are the defenders rather than the main offenders of life, art, and dart. Sacred ecstasy and its extreme love do not mix with power hungry, me-me-me, triple big me politics. Holy water will never blend with dirty oil. To get back into the coil, look to the sky and follow Tesla's alternating electricity. The sky is blue as is the sea and the azurite found in the ground. Empty your bowl, fill it with the ineffable 222, and radiate piezo as you let the rotten mangos go.

We do this every day and every hour, for we need Thee in every ecstatic breath, the fine line separating us from the agents of death. Let us be clear, this train is bound for glory and no big me story is going to bend our tracks. Either you are circling toward the love that has no geographical boundaries and does not hoard the wealth with death threats, or you are lost in a fantasy of dead mackerel religious ideation that is little more than negation of the fire and its spiritual cooking.

To learn how to burn, sweep away every bit of interference that separates you from the show. To glow, act within the big theatre room. To flow, react to the show. Come on let's go up the ladder. Leave the peeking behind. Get your vocal cords aligned to at least hum along. That hum can become a drum when the temperature goes up. But don't be in a hurry. Let the song roll you along. Only sit on top of the world by blending in with the dynamics of creation.

Once upon a time, a butterfly wondered if it had become another kind of caterpillar. No longer a pillar wrapped in a rope, it thought perhaps it was becoming a cat. It never knew that after it grew it would turn to dust. That's how a fairy is born. Out of the changing the fairy dust is

made ready to be sprinkled on the earth. The wings of heaven burst open with a song that dances you along. Jelly Roll Morten knew how to ramble. It's time you scramble your egg and break through the shell. There's no better exit from hell than entering the gate to heaven.

Come along you goofy loopy in search of metamorphoses. Hello, Ovid! Let's live the lucid dream. Hi, hi, Cervantes, let's find our Dulcinea. That makes every place a La Mancha Bulbancha, a re-creation of both the location and the ecstatic finger that lands on the map. Was it random or was it a higher order tandem ladder in play? No one can say, but everyone can play.

Once upon another time in another place, a Guild member decided to yield to the concentration of paying attention to action. In action, they found that serving was more exciting than observing. This, in turn, resulted in less repetition and higher conception. The art and dart needed to roll them along soon arrived to alter their loopy relations with their altar. This included hearing as well as seeing the way a blue hue casts a double sea and sky. More changing ensued and their Mulgrew further grew. Then one morning, amidst the morning dew, they sang some doo wop that became the ecstatic mop that swept their floor. Remember how Osumi Sensei cleaned our floor in Brad's vision? She did so with 110% concentration.

Get ready, become unsteady.

The show is going on.

The saints are in the house.

They never stop performing.

Soak in that song Doe caught for you.

Be rearranged and deconstructed by calling for the goofy loopy.

Therianthropes, go from moth to mother.

Take the journey from pillar to caterpillar, butterfly, fly, butter, cat in the hat, and fairy dust.

Don't rust, marry the dust!

The wind and trumpet blow.

They move the dust with aesthetic and ecstatic double engine rope power.

Why settle only for earth when you can own the marriage of earth and heaven?

Belong to the middle goofy loopy residing on all spots and dots of the map.

There, the juke and the joint meet at the crossroads.

There, you meet the house in need of praise that can raise the dead mackerels.

Let's drop religion and keep its former engine.

Let's drop spirituality and keep its former spunky funky spirit.

Spirit engine, please meet the Indian Ocean.

Engine spirit, please meet the fire spittin' dragon.

We are going faaar on this safaaari, even further than the big five prayer beats.

Communing with thee, climbing the ladder, sacred ecstasy.  
Go past the big five of the wild:  
We are going faaar, even further than the lion, leopard, rhinoceros, elephant, and buffalo.  
We are tracking the Ouroboros, the fire eating, fire breathing, fire singing, fire dancing  
dragon who spins like the earth.  
It is spun by the muse of heaven.  
And lit by the fuse of a Guild hungry for outskirts hoops, loops, and goofs.

All aboard, the dragon is near.  
All around, the dragon is near.  
Enter the town of wild roar and high soar. The dragon is near.  
Once, twice, and thrice upon a place beyond all time, a pinnacle experience burned the world  
down.  
In that moment the original therianthropes learned how to climb the rope.  
And thus began Sacred Ecstasies all over and all around that town again.

It's one thing to coat the wall with azurite.  
In first creation, you need to wear that blue coat.  
Stop seeing the world only with your physical eyes,  
Sea the world as the ocean.  
Ouroboros is casting a spell on you. It asks that you change the spelling of "see" to "sea."  
Sea the world now.  
Sea it as azurite blue.  
Wear the coat that casts a new spell on the world.

I made you a new blue coat. Print it out, cut it out, and decide how you'll wear it.  
Then sentence yourself to life in prism – the piezo crystal of numi blue.  
Write out this sentence on a piece of paper and own the feeling for it.  
Go past the ink and sink into its sea safari call:  
"I shall set sail with my new blue numi coat and for the first time, really and wobbly sea the  
world."  
Bluecoats, on the march!  
Let's help make the world right with the coat of azurite.  
Coat your life in numi blue!

And don't forget that your goofy loopy is hungry for a tune.  
Bring home a blue-finned tuney for that goofy loopy.  
We're sitting on top of the world, wearing, sharing, and caring with a coat of azurite blue.

We're rolling along, longing for the song and dance that lead us through the changes of the altering lands.

Live in the fairy dust that twinkles like the stars between earth and heaven.

Meteorites, it's time to fall in line with the holy chorus line.

The stage call has been made.

Bring little me and care not what big me thinks about goofy or loopy.

Sing it a song and dance it along.

All else will follow.

Until we see you again, hello, hello, hi, hi!

The blue coat is out of the trash and will rise out of the ash left by former cooking.

No looking, this safari is about cooking.

Shhh, look up ahead, is that Ouroboros?

Let's go *sea*.

### ***Re-Cracking the Cosmic Egg***

On the fifth day of the Mystery Safari, we took a recursive ride back through the past, which today is the middle of another future. This is how time works in First Creation. Backward is forward and forward is backward and then forward again. Here Ouroboros swallows us whole and makes ours parts more a part of the whole of Ouroboros in its recursion, ingestion, incubation, gestation, and reincarnation of divine digestion.

Close your eyes and feel that you believe the wind and fire of creation come near when you feel that the source and force of all creation is dear, capable of bringing the tears of every kind of emotion. The other side does not denote or write down a note. It emotes. Feeling emotion takes you higher than knowing cognition.

Emotion, emotion, emotion:

Get it in 222 motion.

Leap from cognition to emotion.

Pour the powder into the gypsy glass of water

Watch the fairy dust turn into frogs

Leap from the cogs into the fog of the bog

Feel the emotion of higher ignition

Ouroboros is near and all around

Above and below are wheels within wheels

Turning, churning wheels, within and outside

Turning, burning wind, on all sides now  
Sifting, lifting, never drifting  
Concentrating the sacred emotion  
Feasting on the jubilation of entering creation  
Re-creation of your part in the making of creation  
Transforming irritation into participation without hesitation  
Creation, re-creation, turning, churning, burning  
Wind, fire, fixing the flat tire, singing in the choir

Ouroboros is here  
Ouroboros hears what you feel  
Ouroboros reels in what you feel  
Ouroboros changes the meal  
Ouroboros slices the bread, pours the wine  
Ouroboros weaves the coat of blue  
The singing blue brings piezo back  
The azurite of a rising meteorite  
Making the left the newborn right  
Sleeping on the prophet's stone  
Waking up the prophet's tones

Communing with Thee  
Climbing the ladder  
Sacred Ecstasy  
Safari mystery  
Mystery safari

Back we go to the visionary adventure when Ezekiel's wheel came back to earth, now more spun like it was, is, and will forever be in heaven. But first some of God's arithmetic is needed to wipe clean any former theology that has become frozen ideology or any former new age ideology that is acting like frozen theology. Brad reminds us of a past vision:

Years ago, on the first night of my arrival on the island of St. Vincent in the Caribbean, I had a dream of a red-carpeted staircase in the sky. I climbed it to find a shining gold throne, and there a voice spoke, "Archbishop Pompey has God's number." The next morning, I asked my guide whether he had heard of a man with this name. He said that Archbishop Pompey was the head of the St. Vincent Shakers or Spiritual Baptists, and that he resided at the northern part of the island. We immediately took off on a journey to find him. Four hours later I shared my



dream with the archbishop and the old man authoritatively replied, "Yes, I do have God's number."

God's number is often odd  
God's arithmetic counts to 12  
God's math reveals the path  
God's geometry climbs higher than theology  
God's angle bent the horn of Dizzy Gillespie  
God sings the blues

God and azurite are the be-and-bop of ma and pop  
God's blue coat is a multi-colored robe  
God's light bulb is a tulip in the rose garden  
God's janitor owns every mojo oddity and rarity of hilarity  
God's Ouroboros is an Ouroboro for us.

The ouroboro is related to Zorro  
It gets from A to Z as long as your bowl is empty  
Zorro, zero, zorro zero  
Drop the meaning, feel the emptying  
Three zig zag lines mark the Z  
Zorro, Ouro, Zorro, Ouro  
Empty bowl, all round the zero  
Bringing the safari tracks back  
With azurite covering your back

Brad continues his report:

In St. Vincent I again dreamed of the red carpet suspended in the evening sky. I woke up and got on my knees praying for direction. The next night I awakened to find my right arm lifted by some invisible hand and pulled off the bed—I was physically suspended over the mattress. I thought I'd be pulled all the way to the ceiling, but then I was dropped. Startled by this visionary levitation and suspension in the air, I wasted no time telling Archbishop Pompey what had happened. He confirmed that this was very serious and that God was calling me to enter deeper into mystery.

Each of you is being pulled up every night by an invisible hand. Feel that you believe this is happening. We are not saying feel it is happening. Feel that you believe anything can happen when the other side reaches out for you.

When they reach, you must reach.

When they touch, you must feel touched

When they believe, you must believe they believe

When they come through, you must let go of the rotten mangos

When they are real, you must not interfere with being reeled in

In the weeklong fast under the archbishop's supervision, Brad was prayed over by the community. Remember, community is the loopy, the pattern that connects the goofies. It helps send you to the numi. While in the mourning room in St. Vincent, Brad had a vision in which he was lifted off the earth, this time taken high into the visionary clouds. There he met an ancient, white-bearded man who said, "I am Ezekiel and will be your teacher, guide, and pointer. You have entered my school, The Holy Ghost Tabernacle of the Four Directions. I will lead you to do everything four ways. I will teach you many things and you will ask me whatever you want to know. Rejoice in this."

Four ways, four directions, four means of instruction

Absurdity: that's the goofy loopies on their way

Creativity: that's the aesthetics of reality construction. Build the big room and the other side will come.

Electricity: that's the ecstasies of setting your soul on fire. Here mystical flight to the kitchen begins and ends in the middle of higher cooking.

Stone masonry: it takes the right kind of cornerstone to get you out of the czar jar. Moving from stone to tone requires the blacksmithery of Valmour alchemy. J. B. holds the hammer.

Let's go deeper into the way four directions move from different lines to the same circle, the Cercle Harmonique and the cercle chromatique.

In Brad's dream, Ezekiel discussed the wheel he had seen in his vision, explaining how the sacred wheel concerned the turning and churning of spiritual power. He first revealed it as a donut-like shape of foggy wind, saying that "the power of the Holy Ghost is a sacred wind sent down to open hearts, to fill them with energy and vision." As Brad heard the wheel's singing sound and felt its vibratory power, he saw the spiritual ropes wrapped around its rim.

Brad was taken on numerous spiritual journeys with Ezekiel; they included going to Mt. Zion to receive his spiritual anointment and appointment. He later went inside a spiritual hospital and received an operation. He was also placed in the river Jordan and given its water to drink as a

paintbrush was dipped into the river and used to paint a blue cross on his back. That was the first blue coating that covered his back. In the Sinai wilderness Brad was shown the temptations of the world while a branding iron marked his hands and feet. Finally, he was sent to Calvary where he learned firsthand about the miraculous transformation of suffering into extreme heavenly joy.

During these visions, he was taught how Ezekiel's wheel can reveal the highest teachings, including God's number, but the wheel must be turned for its truth to be released. If the wheel is stopped, the truth of a teaching can die and even begin to perpetuate its opposite. For example, Brad has learned to ignore the false, frozen depiction of Jesus that hardened enthusiasts proclaim while voicing hatred of others. We only follow the loving rope. It is the highway of high emotion, used for spiritual visionary travel.

During our visionary period in Hollywood, Brad had another encounter with the mystical wheel. He was taken to a kind of class reunion where he glimpsed his former teachers during an extremely fast mystical flight. Landing in a huge campus-like place, he held the brown and weathered leather briefcase he carried when he was nineteen years old, at the time of his first mystical illumination. It seemed Brad had been sent to a major spiritual university:

After being interviewed by various faculty members who appeared to constitute an administrative committee, I opened the briefcase to find pages of notes from my previous spiritual journeys. There were also letters of recommendations from various teachers, including one that inspired an elder committee member to say, "This is most curious because this is the first letter of endorsement she has ever given," making reference to a particular woman teacher who was apparently known for being quite rigorous, critical, and demanding. After consulting with one another, the spiritual teachers asked me to follow them to a gigantic building. "Inside it," a voice said, "is the classroom where you will go do your work." I was struck by the realization that this was the first time I would not be a student in a spiritual classroom; I was being assigned a teaching position. I wondered whether I'd be sent to the Kalahari, Japan, Amazonia, Greenland, or elsewhere. To my surprise, they opened a door and there, suspended in space, sat what looked like a giant, luminous metallic object—a circular donut with four spokes. In its center was a room. The voice spoke again, "This is your classroom. It is Ezekiel's wheel."

I woke up trembling. I had again seen Ezekiel's wheel, this time solid and luminous, suspended in the air at a 45-degree angle with the lower right quadrant near the ground. I immediately recalled how this classroom was also a major portal to visionary places; it could transport you anywhere.

Brad wondered to himself, "Why do my visions of Ezekiel's wheel only reveal one wheel when most people think it consists of four wheels?" He later found that Ezekiel's first impression in his vision was actually of "one wheel upon the earth." It was only later that Ezekiel changed his

description to be that of four wheels. The voice within me spoke: “There is only one wheel, but everything is held and manifest four ways.” In the turning of this single wheel through four directions is found “the spiritual mystery and power” it embodies. He was stunned at how the pieces of a mystical puzzle were being brought together. Each vision is a divine cutout being put together by higher hands, piece by piece.

It’s still happening, isn’t it? We go back to find that today we are more illumined, and that this newborn illumination is the light bulb enabling us to see the world as an ocean—see the ecstatic waves and feel the piezoelectricity we never noticed before. We have been learning what the Jewish mystics taught long ago: This wheel is linked to the source of vision, spiritual teaching, and higher spiritual dimensions. In ancient days, visionary journeys to the spiritual classrooms took place on a “chariot of fire” or “horse of fire.” Similarly, God would visit prophets on a chariot of fire.

The Hebrew word *Merkabah* refers to both a chariot (or seat) to ride on as well as a heavenly throne and place for the divine. To ride the blazing chariot and get to the throne at the top of Jacob’s ladder, one must endure a long odyssey that includes numerous existential death and resurrection experiences.

Sleeping on the prophet’s stones  
Climbing the ladder to the heavenly throne  
The ladder is also a red carpeted staircase  
Climbing the song and dance stairs with Fred Astaire  
Dreaming on the prophet’s tones  
Ezekiel’s wheel  
Ouroboros dining room  
Wheels within wheels  
Ouroborean feast on the move

Like the pilgrim in John Bunyan’s book, *Pilgrim’s Progress*, Brad had to get a ticket and certificate that allowed admission to the Celestial City. Along the way, he met those who housed and protected him, faced a giant monster that tried to kill him, went to a desert-like valley where the shadow of death awaited, experienced the carnival of spiritual vanity with all its magic tricks, went past faith and talk, ignored the false prophet named “By-ends” who teaches that religion brings prosperity, marched past the Plain of Ease, the Doubting Castle with its Giant Despair, risked his life crossing the Error and Caution Mountains where shortcuts lead to perilous times, and then ignored Ignorance and Flatterer, before forcing himself to wake up in the Sleep-Inducing Enchanted Ground that is like the poppy fields described in the *Wizard of Oz* children’s tale. Finally, Brad stepped into the river without a bridge to Beulah Land, the final crossing before entering the gate to the Celestial City. As he stepped into the river, the power of divine love lifted him as he passed into glory.

Go to the library on the other side. There *Pilgrim's Progress* is found among the nonfiction books. It's a mystery map like the one found on our visionary floor in Bisbee, Arizona. Grind its words into a blue powder. In the hands of the sky, this map on the ground charts your course on the sea. You should be wearing this lapis powder as a coating that covers your back. Now back to the Caribbean where the sea has more to say and more emotion for you to catch.

The next night, after receiving his teaching room, Brad was taken back inside the wheel where a visionary voice provided instruction, "Take those who spiritually hunger to the classrooms. With an anointed voice, invite them to come along. Each telling of a visit to the classrooms helps lay down a track that others can later follow. Once a track is laid, the spiritual heat of vibration and song can turn the wheel of transport and travel upon its groove."

In vision, we were anointed to invite others to the visionary terminal of spiritual transportation, the starting point for spiritual journeying. We were also reminded that any detailed description of a vision matters less than whether your heart was warmed and sweetened by divine grace. As Dante said, "As one who sees in dreams and wakes to find the emotional impression of his vision still powerful while its parts fade from his mind—Just such am I, having lost nearly all the vision itself, while in my heart I feel the sweetness of it yet distill and fall."

Ezekiel's wheel enables travel to the spiritual classrooms. We spiritually journey to be in the midst of creation's changing, the process of creation itself. Wherever we are sent, we find that all mystical visions point us to the same essential teaching, though the forms in which the latter is conveyed are diverse and often shifting.

Each journey takes us to the illumined truth concerning the vast mystery of divinity, a reconfirmation that God's extreme trout love answers and conquers all. After a particular teaching is received and shared with the world, trickster eventually finds a way to distort and bend it, making the conveyance of holy wisdom more difficult. Then Ouroboros must come back to blow the wind and re-light the fire. In other words, a different teaching is subsequently delivered to straighten the former spiritual rope and keep you on the sacred road. There is no end to visionary teaching. In this changing, the divine rope remains fastened to holiness and conquers every trickster effort to bottle, throttle, and diminish it.

Ezekiel's wheel may at any time transform into a train, a car, a ship, a chariot, a horse, a mule, a space capsule, an elevator, a bubble, or any form of transportation. It is sent to pick us up and carry us to the never-ending safari to the wild visionary classrooms. There are many references to the mystical wheel or chariot among the religions of the world. Let's take another round trip and feel the loopy in this Ouroborean comeback sauce:

The hymns of the *Rig Veda* report that their priests had visions of a chariot consisting of three wheels that can be bent by the minds of the priests. The Aboriginal "Men of High Degree" enter the spirit world by constructing a set of concentric rings on the ground, a type of portal to move back and forth between the earth and the Dreamtime. Daoist Zhang Ling reports in *The Scripture of Great*

*Peace* that “The splendor of *Yang* starts to shine and spread its light. . . . Its *chi* [energy] turns and circles like the wheels of a chariot.” The column of light through which Edgar Cayce spiritually traveled was wound around a wheel. In his words, it was a wheel “like the Rotarians have.” In *The Epitome of the Six Yogas*, Naropa, the Tantric Buddhist teacher, advised, “Meditate on 4 wheels.” Al-‘Arabi said that he, like Mohammed, “was enveloped by lights until I became wholly light” which gave him “knowledge of ‘entering and circularity,’ . . . [and] this circularity is not a matter of not doing, it is actually what is happening.” In *The Book of Life*, Beatrice of Nazareth, a Cistercian nun, found that “[a]s soon as she was raised aloft in ecstasy, she saw beneath her feet the whole world as if it were a wheel.”

The night after receiving Ezekiel’s wheel at the spiritual university, Brad had another vision of it:

This experience was so strong that I thought I was awake in the daytime. In the dream Hillary and I went outside, looked to the sky, and saw the sacred wheel. It was so extraordinarily beautiful and powerful that I trembled at the sight of it. The wheel hovered above the ground at a 45-degree angle and revealed that it was attached to a long tube that extended high into the sky. The wheel then lit up with a display of colors that were not actually colors, but some other kind of sensory experience beyond physical vision that I cannot describe. I was informed that there should be no doubt that this was Ezekiel’s wheel.

Then the rope whipped itself at the end and propelled the wheel into the sky beyond sight. After it disappeared, we went on with the day, but I could not get it out of my mind and kept talking about it. I said things like, “We saw it while we were wide awake and it was truly overwhelming,” and “We must tell others that we saw it in the daytime sky.”

Brad then woke up and was surprised to find that this entire experience, including when he thought he had been awake, took place inside a vision. The dream felt more real than being awake. In a subsequent vision twenty-four hours later, Brad beheld a green valley filled with luminous ostrich eggs:

There were more eggs than I could see or count. I was shown that every human being is given a divine egg. It’s a dragon’s egg, isn’t it? You must spiritually warm the egg before you can hatch its gift and bring its special emotion to life. In the vision I heard, “Devotion awakens the emotion that carries you to the divine ocean of love.” Whether the egg cracks open is between you and God. However, be assured that there is a divine Ouroborous egg nearby. It is glowing, radiating, and

throwing out sunbeams, moonbeams, ecstatic rays, and luminous ropes to bring you closer to divinity. Step toward this mystery. You and this light have been waiting for one another.

In the beginning was the cosmic egg, faced in the holiest Bushman vision. The “egg-shaped cosmos,” called *Brahmanda*, is found in Sanskrit scriptures. The Upanishads say that an egg, called *Hiranyagarbha*, floated around in emptiness until it broke into two halves that formed heaven and earth. The cosmic egg is the primary symbol for resurrection and rebirth. Hildegard’s vision, known as “The Cosmic Egg,” once again placed this image at the center of the spiritual cosmos. Various cultures all over the world have honored the ovum mysterium: witness the golden egg of the Hindu, the ancient Egyptian sun-egg, the Dogon egg of the creator-god, the cosmic, serpent-encircled egg of the Greek Orphic religion, or the Hopi Mystery Egg at the end of the current Fourth World. The eggs are back. *These eggs, these eggs, are no ordinary eggs.*

Several weeks after Brad saw the green valley of eggs, Hillary was taken to a related spiritual classroom. In the dream, Hillary’s father led her to a gathering of people:

When I arrived the elders reminded me that I had volunteered to help. They took me over to an area that was full of chickens walking freely on a green lawn. All around them were broken eggs; the yolk was seeping out and pooling everywhere in the grass. This was revolting to me and I was disgusted at having to walk through it, taking care to keep the mess off my feet. I felt nauseous and wanted to remove myself from the situation but remembered I had made a pledge to be of service. I woke up remembering that I had gone to sleep praying and lamenting the ways we all so easily get lost, aggrandizing the self rather than surrendering in our smallness to divine mystery. We do so even when we intend not to. We are always just a hairsbreadth from losing our compass and falling off the path.

Each of us has a spiritual egg from God that has the potential for hatching. It is so easy, however, to fail to do what is necessary to allow the egg to incubate and grow in a good way so that it may hatch. You must totally focus on God and not be distracted. You cannot force the egg to open; this only risks it breaking too early and letting the yolk seep out. Like a mother, you must patiently wait for the biggest mystery to be released in its natural time.

Go ahead and draw an egg.

Give it your full focus and attention.

Now you know.

The dragon is ready to hatch.

What are going to do about it?

Ouroboros, Ezekiel’s wheel, the goofy loopy are becoming numi.

We're on the Sacred Ecstatics safari.  
Our egg has been spotted in the wild.  
Ouroboros is near.  
You are in the near of the faaar of the safaaari

What are you going to do about it?  
Goof it or loop it?  
Either way, a difference is born.  
What are you going to do with that difference?  
Why not make a difference that makes an ecstatic, aesthetic difference?  
Sister Gertrude sings, "Oh, you'll wish one day you had."

### ***The Philosopher's Stone and Circling Inside the Belly of Ouroboros***

On day six of the Mystery Safari, we took another recursive trip through the past, beginning with a verse:

Ouroboros is the goofy loopy. Do you feel that this is really serious and seriously real?  
The reality of the almighty trinity is a fruity seed.  
Get more tooty fruity in your loopy.  
Tooty fruities, go bananas.  
Slip on whatever you peel away.  
Make today the rebirth of the new pears of you.

Hey little me, meet your biggie.  
Hey big me, meet your match in need of being lit.  
Acorns, pop the corn!  
Berries, invent a merry world that laughs at every gaffe and roars with thunder whenever you make a blunder.  
Jump into the middle C of Errol's Baldwin.  
That will also win you a fin that never wants to *finish*.

Replenish! Lie to trickster. Tell it you have a new trick it can't see.  
Use sleight of hand magic to get the higher reach.  
Tell big me to turn on the light bulb that reveals its true colors.  
Warn it to not stare at the deep blue azurite for it will make more light for a mystery night flight, something reason cannot bear to see or hear.



Laugh as trickster starts to worry that you're getting too loopy.  
Watch it tremble over feeling it has been more goofy than groovy.  
Watch the changing take place. Better yet, go for the felt melt.

Don't decline, get on the line.  
The bebop incline is angling for you.  
Dizzy's horn and the Ouroborian unicorn, both ma and pop, are pulling you through.  
God and every sacred oddity belong to Ouroboros.  
You, too, are in the 222 of Ouroboros.  
We, as a goofy loopy community are connected by Ouroborean piezoelectricity.  
The whole of reality, including every universe and melody, is ouroboros.  
Ouroboros is beyond the hourglass and every other small bottle.  
It is the vast sea and its waves of sacred ecstasy.  
Surf and turf is now being served up and down.  
Let's get hungry for the Lord.

Several years ago, Hillary dreamed she had a stone in her chest that grew and burst through her skin. It emerged as a stone that was half red and half purple. As it came out there was also a foul sulphur-like odor in the air, that soon dissipated. In the morning we discovered that the few physical descriptions that exist of the philosopher's stone depict it as being both red and purple. Lancelot Colson who describes the stone's appearance as looking like dragon's blood.

The creation of the philosopher's stone was a long time ago regarded as a sign of someone being restored to alignment with God. Sulfur is associated with the soul's transformation by fire and change. While old alchemists claimed to use the actual blood of dragons who perished in combat, "dragon's blood" was later made using a resin from plants that carried its red pigment. This powder form often looks like a lump and is therefore sometimes called "lump of dragon's blood." It was used as a medicine, a dye, incense, and was the special varnish covering the famed Stradivarius violin, and believed by some to be the secret ingredient for the wood's extraordinary resonance.

Many years later in New Orleans, Hoodoo and Voodoo doctors used this kind of dragon's blood to make a mojo hand. It was believed to cast away negative influences and attract love or other desirable outcomes. The latter took place by writing the beloved's name on a piece of paper, followed by writing the pursuer's name on top of that name, and then after sprinkling on some powder, throwing the paper into a fire. Dragon's blood represented and embodied the alchemist's fire and a practitioner could use it to inscribe magical seals and talismans or rub its powder on the wrist to strengthen spiritual power.

In First Creation, alchemy is very much alive. Here every dragon, drop of blood, and transformed part and whole are momentarily real and always ready to morph into another variation that may include a contrary opposite on any level from element to color, tone, stone,

ontological form, or epistemological means. The Ouroboros of First Creation and its changing dynamic are also the alchemist's fire of the soul, something that must be felt in order for it to influence, transform, and transport you into its mystical treasure chest.

Reach out now and receive some dragon's blood. We shall do it in the old New Orleans mojo manner. First write your name on your palm with an invisible line. Next, draw a circle over your name. That is the mark of Ouroboros.

We shall now sprinkle the Ouborean dragons' blood in your hand. Use it to better see with the eyes and ears of the ocean true and blue. In the name of the ground azurite powder and the lump of dragon blood power, we sprinkle this fairy dust into your mystical mojo-hungry hand. May it give birth to the changes found in the stones, bones, and tones of the flood, blood, and mud.

Mississippi, Mississippi, you're so trippy  
Old man river, throw us overboard and throw us anywhere  
Into the mud, blood, and deep-fried spud we go  
Ready for every goofy to meet your trippy master  
Goofy loopy, swallow us whole inside the numi loopy  
Renew our parts and make us a part of your art and dart duo show

Let's revisit the time Brad dreamed we were hosting a university conference that featured Gregory Bateson and other renowned scholars. There was barely anyone in the audience and it was apparent that the few who remained were bored, unable to sustain interest in the ongoing discussions. Brad then noticed something we had formerly missed seeing on stage—near the back curtain there appeared what might be an old piano. He walked up to it and opened its lid. Sure enough, it was a piano but not like any seen before. The keys were wider than normal, and the instrument had a circular shape. He sat down to play it with his back to the audience because the instrument was positioned that way on stage. The instrument had not been played in a long time, but Brad rallied himself to go past being disturbed by its mechanical imperfections and music began to come forth naturally. Everyone in the room caught the emotion the music conveyed and in an instant the room that was dying came to life.

The conference took an intermission, and we went to the back of the room where we started talking to Gregory Bateson. He looked like a defeated man—his face showed he realized that his whole life's work had been in vain, an error that missed the mission he had hoped to fulfill. He had criticized how others remained outside the circle of cybernetic thinking and this separateness further fractionated the loop into bits and pieces rather than helped make it more whole. Now he realized that he, too, had not embodied circularity, but only commented on it from an outside observing position and thereby chopped himself off from the circle. His daughters had made an even worse mess of it.

Then Gregory sheepishly looked at us and said, “I missed it, but you and Hillary have fulfilled the cybernetic dream. I give you the key to my life.” He then set down an old-fashioned key made of gold on the table next to us. He seemed both defeated and victorious, as if another higher order circle had made its round. We similarly felt sadness and joy—sad that the circle and its key had wasted way too much time in the wrong rooms of therapy and academia, rather than the alchemy of ecstatic living. Yet we were happy that we ourselves no longer had to host our cybernetic teaching in such cramped quarters. Beyond the university is a whole universe that comes to life when music is played, making it clear that the key belongs to the performers of song and dance, not the narrator.

The next night Brad dreamed we were at another conference, this time comprised of the most successful therapy workshop teachers who had made their fame and fortune by advocating simple models of therapy and coaching. We couldn’t believe how sophomoric and trivial their ideas and protocols sounded—we actually felt embarrassed for the entire human race that these dumbed down models were ever created, let alone taken seriously by anyone. Afterward we were invited to a reception that felt boring. Before departing for some fresher air, we again noticed an old piano in the room.

Brad went over and played it and all the chitchat around us immediately stopped. Jaws dropped and the look on everyone’s faces revealed a recognition that they had wasted their professional lives, acting more like a snake-oil salesmen who had never asked whether they had anything worthwhile to offer others. Instead, they only chased the scent of popular adoration and money. We left the room and discussed what a tragic shame it was that the helping professions live in such a small room where small talk chokes every opportunity for creative performance to spring forth.

This dream was followed by a third dream that began with a voice announcing, “This is what the dreams mean.” A work of art was then shown to us—a collage of images that included different colored titles of our dreams. Just below the center, slightly toward the bottom, was the image of a Steinway grand piano. What caught our eye was that suspended below the piano, underneath the center of its soundboard, was a single large teardrop suspended in space. As we stared at the image it became a drop of liquid gold, then a flame, and finally a diamond. Whenever we thought we recognized what it was, its form and substance changed.

Immediately upon realizing we were witnessing a changing dynamic in action, we were thrown inside the belly of the dragon, Ouroboros. Its inside looked like the tunnel people see in a near death experience, with a glowing light at the end. The more we walked toward the light, the brighter it became as the tunnel walls became wider and the space vaster.

The voice spoke again, “Stare into the fire of love.” We turned and looked into each other’s eyes, realizing that this was no different than staring into the light that we had assumed was ahead of us in the tunnel belly of the dragon. Rather than break away from one another’s gaze, we allowed the light of love to overcome us and swallow us whole. In that moment, we felt we were physically and emotionally thrown around the whole circle.

There is no way to describe this experience—it was something we had not felt before. Rather than only drowning and losing ourselves, we felt a unique uplifting circular movement. It wasn't like a carnival ride or any kind of familiar physical motion. It was something beyond the common pallet of experience. Love literally made our world go around, circulating inside itself.

The light at the end of the tunnel is the luminous, numinous divinity of love. Stare into its fire and be swallowed by Ouroboros. It wants to turn you into a philosopher's stone, a golden elixir, a teardrop, a flame, a musical note, a dancing leaf, and a diamond in the sky. You will be launched like a rocket as an ecstatic explosion sends you flying around the moon above.

Then you will come back ready to help turn lines into circles, turn dead lead into golden leaves that are ready to drop, and inspire the singing and dancing of hymns to become the fire that cooks the next alchemical gem to leave for the world.

3, 2, 1.

The middle C is being performed.

Join the choir and enter its fire.

Goofy loopy, tooty fruity.

Make more roomy for your numi

Get more arty

Get more dirty for the darty

Be more hearty and more sparky.

Double rope hooper, stage call!

Song plus dance plus you adds up to a new 222.

Piezo the rhino

Don't lie down with the lion, it's a liar and a deceiver.

Big me trickster is a ly'in and not yet moving.

Leopards, meet Leonardo. His da Vinci is in need of re-invention.

This time, less conception and more emotion

Up and down the circular staircase.

Go further than the Escher lines, it's time for circular double time.

Ignore the elephant's snore.

That's big me inflation claiming it owns the nose for finding the treasure trunk

Do not be sentimental for the giraffe.

Extend your reach to say girrr-affe.

That's a laugh, a gaffe, and a staff combined as one.

Into the wild we go.

Into the owl wing flap that howls with the wolves.

Is that an alligator thawing its jaws or a crocodile dialing the Wichita Lineman?

Luciano Pavarotti or Glenn Campbell or Lucie Campbell, go ahead and mix your alphabet soup.

Sing the mop-the floor and pop the corn popera, join the country outskirts singalong and blend into the gospel mourning for another holy night.

3, 2, 1

Make that a 4 and a 5, God's number leads to the beehive.

Ouroboros is tracking you.

Higher circles are Hunting you.

The gods and ancestors are hungry to cook you in their pot.

Do not stop.

It's time to leap into the car.

Don't forget to sing Doe's song to keep you rolling along.

Higher and higher you stop and go.

One step and one ladder at a time.

All the way to dragon heaven.

There the circles will make you new as numi.

Yes, Lord. Encircle me.

Yes Lord, swallow me whole.

Yes Lord, then send me back with azurite covering my back.

Yes Lord, thank you Lord.

Thank you, Lord, for sending the blue coat,

The coat of paint that turns an ain't into a saint.

The coat of arms that wraps you in a n/om embrace

### ***Revisiting Joseph Hart***

The seventh day of the Mystery Safari fell on a Sunday, and in the spirit of Ouroborean recursion we decided to revisit the lessons brought down several years ago when Brad's vision introduced us to the life and work of the famous 18<sup>th</sup> century hymn writer, Reverend Joseph Hart.

Who's that Ouroboros up ahead?

He's got a hammer in his hand and he's wearing a blue coat.

Is it J.B. Valmour?

We're no longer in New Orleans.

We went further East. Look again.

It's a carpenter. His toolbox has some initials on it. They spell out, "J. C."

That must be Jesus Christ Superstar.

Look closer. Underneath those initials is the name, "Ouroboros."

Is Jesus an ouroboros?

Of course he is. He's a wheel of creation.

Look, he's sitting on top of the world and singing about rolling along.

Does that mean Jesus is a dragon?

Of course, Jesus is a fire spitting dragon with Ouroborean wheels within wheels.

Was this the founder of Christianity?

Of course not. Dragons do not build religions. They burn them down with fire.

Religious institutions are manufacturers of refrigerators and freezers.

They help dead metaphors last longer than they should.

They slaughter and butcher the dragon and then freeze its meat.

I heard it is Eeland meat.

Of course it is. Jesus was an Eeland, as were all Ouroborean dragons.

They sometimes appear as janitors to untangle the ropes and bring a new lightbulb.

It wasn't until February 2, 2015 when the 18<sup>th</sup> century preacher, Joseph Hart, showed up in our mystical life that we gave more serious, explicit attention to the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. Hart's early life as a scholar who studied diverse religions echoed our own experiences, as did his mystical meeting with Jesus. Joseph Hart's autobiographical testimony brought us into deep contemplation of the mystery of the crucifixion in a way neither of us had experienced before. When the gods directed us to the misspelled word, "sojoprung," it shook up our spiritual lives. The cross would not have been added to our visionary business card had Joseph Hart not intervened. Yes, that's right. In vision we received a business card with a cross on it. That's another story for another time.

Recall that for many years Joseph Hart was spiritually lost and burdened by a particularly sharp and adaptable trickster mind that helped him avoid hitting bottom and passing through the crossroads. Then Hart had a vision of Jesus suffering in the garden of Gethsemane the night before the crucifixion. Soon afterward in another vision, Hart heard these words which were a turning point in his spiritual life and ours as well: "Do you choose the visionary revelations of which you have formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low, despised mystery of a crucified Man?"

Hart's words are a wake-up call to anyone still trying to stay afloat or fulfill their life mission via trickster means. When you come to the end of your trickster rope and face the inherent impermanence and vulnerability of your existence, you find yourself at the cross with the weak, meek, and oppressed, becoming softened enough to be pierced by the nails of n/om.

While at first glance it may seem easier and more attractive to have an overnight fling with a New Age best-selling book, whether it involves a neo-shamanic magical flight or offers the secret to earthly success, it is more rewarding in the long run to have a serious meeting and nail piercing with Jesus. Joseph Hart accurately called Jesus the “low, despised mystery.” The name “Jesus” is often spat upon today, as it was in the past, because it is associated with the call to face and embrace weakness, meekness, poverty, sickness, and our built-in capacity for wrongdoing. He honored the error, already a good sign that he was a cybernetician in the making or was a constantly reborn again Eland Ouroboros.

It’s important to mention that trickster has a hold on Christians who preach excessive guilt, shame, and hateful judgment, doing so in the name of Jesus. But it’s also true that trickster has an equal hold on people who reject Jesus based on the actions of lost Christians with perverted testimonies. Many of us prefer to “choose the visionary revelations of which we have formed some wild idea” rather than wrestle with any suffering on a cross or the ordeal of handing ourselves over at a higher crossroads. Pop spiritual writers and New Age teachers, even Christian ones, know this and dangle the carrots of material wealth, fantasized popularity, gee whiz shamanic visions, feel-good positivity, and groovy sentimentality.

The cost of chasing away the low and despised in favor of the high and mighty, however, is that we miss the gateway to the real fire and alchemical transformation of full-blown sacred ecstasy. Behind the cross lies more than the crossroads found at Mount Sinai where you choose between the temptation to do it your way or God’s way. Deeper than that, the cross is a symbol of the coming together of extreme suffering and extreme divine joy.

This juxtaposition of opposites creates a miracle of transformation: Once the “low, despised mystery” is entered and fully experienced, you no longer fear and despise it. You then actually pray to feel as close to the cross as possible. As Joseph Hart wrote:

Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that *incarnate mystery* is contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. This is the mark toward which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper.

The search for the holy grail, enlightenment, liberation from suffering, cosmic consciousness, and all the other metaphors for the ultimate spiritual experience points to “the rich treasures of divine wisdom” that are held inside the “incarnate mystery.” It is freely granted to those who find their way to the crossroads and choose to live their lives at the gateway between life and death, brokenness and wholeness, darkness and light.

The mystic finds more in the crucifixion than a cross of wood that bears physical suffering. In the big room there is another cross made of light that hosts ecstatic joy. *The Acts of John* is a gnostic gospel that addresses the mystic’s cross. It reports that Jesus danced with the disciples

on the night of his last supper and that afterward, John received a vision at the moment Jesus was crucified. The section of the text describes his vision of the “Mystic Cross” as follows:

. . . [Jesus] showed me a cross of light . . . This cross of light is sometimes called the word by me for your sakes, sometimes mind, sometimes Jesus, sometimes Christ, sometimes door, sometimes a way, sometimes bread, sometimes seed, sometimes resurrection, sometimes Son, sometimes Father, sometimes Spirit, sometimes life, sometimes truth, sometimes faith, sometimes grace . . . But this is not the cross of wood . . . Nothing, therefore, of the things which they will say of me have I suffered: nay, that suffering also which I showed unto thee and the rest in the dance, I will that it be called a mystery . . . Thou hearest that I suffered, yet did I not suffer; that I suffered not, yet did I suffer.

In the changing of First Creation, the luminous Jesus is the mystic cross, the gate, the door, the holy bread, the seed, the spirit, the song, the dance, the way, the big room, and all that comprises the changing mystery found in heaven. This voluminous, numinous, luminosity cannot shine without a Second Creation Jesus made of flesh that hangs on the cross of suffering. This mystery only comes to life when we sing and dance before the Lord with all our might. This is where we find the deepest wellspring of joy, an indescribable delight that gives voice to the lyrics of hymns like this one composed by Ralph Hudson:

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away.  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

Before you decide whether to reject these words or let them strike a fire in your soul, know this: To be truly felt, these words must be read and sung in the big room. If you are having trouble getting past a small, cold-room reading of the words, then listen to them sung with the love, joy, and happiness of those whose burdens were lifted at the crossroads. Allow anointed melodies, rhythms, and dance to make the room bigger and warmer so the ineffable rather than the overly rational can find its way into your heart.

Joseph Hart called his spirituality an “experimental religion,” meaning that it was rooted to his experience of God rather than solely built on speculative abstraction. One of his hymn lyrics phrased it this way: “True religion’s more than notion; something must be known and felt.” Sacred Ecstasies also follows an experimental and experiential spirituality, leading us to different ways and means of feeling our relationship with divinity.

From the empirical evidence of our experiments with God, we are left accepting that Jesus is as strong as any rope to God that can be found. Trust reaching out for this rope and ignore



whatever extraneous human garbage is associated with Jesus's name. The Jesus rope—which is a luminous, white hot cord of extraordinary love—can help you make the climb to the big room and get thoroughly cooked. Shamans, mystics, and spiritual teachers of many of the world's religions advise the same. It's time for you to meet Eeland Jeesus, the Ouroboros dragon of big room fire.

Never forget that the rope to God is inseparable from the song it produces when strummed. Such a spiritually charged song of connection and visionary transportation musically hosts syncopation, polyrhythm, melodic embellishment, and improvisation. When we say that Jesus is a strong rope to God, we are also pointing to the gospel songs Jesus inspired. In fact, Hillary received her rope to Jesus through a combination of receiving Kalahari n/om nails and catching Brad's contagious passion for sanctified black gospel music. Our Jesus is a numinous rope, which is to simultaneously say that our Jesus is a special kind of n/om song. This song rope catches, absorbs, and holds suffering as it takes the broken heart to higher ground where emotional transformation takes place, resulting in the blissful joy of sacred ecstasy.

Every time we pray, we ask for God's higher wisdom to govern our experience. We wake up each day and go to sleep each night fully open to whatever God chooses for our life. Whether we talk to a leopard, whisper to a butterfly, ride a moose, or have a little walkie talkie with Jesus, it only matters if it is God's will. We sweep away any preference for a name, form, or genre of spirituality—that is the dirt for a trickster flirt that leads to elevating names over having a closely felt relationship with the Creator. We belong to the experimental church, juke joint, and theatre of First Creation because it has no fixed name while welcoming any names to arise and then dissolve inside the fire of transforming change. Inside this freedom to call, draw, and withdraw any name, we find that “there is a name we love to hear, we love to sing its worth, it sounds like music in [our] ear, the sweetest name on earth.”

Jesus is a main dragon rope to God, which is to say that Jesus is an Ouroborean soul fire song to be sung and felt rather than thought and explained. The rhythm and melody of this musical string brings the mystical swing of Jesus back to life in our lives. We can still hear the echo that sounded when Jesus cried out to God in anguish on the cross, “Why have you forsaken me?” Recall that God refused to instantly intervene and send a rescue mission. He failed to act when he could have spared the pain and murder of his son. In this forsakenness, God felt what it is like to suffer. This brought something new and extraordinary to the universe—as God entered into the smallness of earth, humanity was able to simultaneously enter into the bigness of heaven.

The crucifixion broke God's heart, and this lowered the creator into the realm of human experience—God went to the mourning ground. The cross became a passage for the brokenhearted to move from brokenness to wholeness. A broken heart cracks you open to receive a transfusion of God's wonder working love blood—the mojo powder of the dragon. Like receiving an experiential heart transplant, divine love embraces earthbound suffering as a spiritually ignited fire transforms pain into sacred ecstasy.

Wherever people suffer, God is close by. Experience the world from beneath where the oppressed and God are both on the low mourning ground. The saints desired to be close to the poor and afflicted not because they wanted to be seen as spiritually advanced do-gooders, but because they wanted to be where God hangs out. Jesus the n/om-kxao ministered to the oppressed because they had been made more soft and ready for a transmission of the high emotion, song, and dance embodied by sacred ecstasy.

Suffering is not to be endured in order to earn a merit badge; it is meant to be the medium of osmosis that enables love to spread. This is the teaching of Jesus and the cross-journey from suffering to joy. The mystery of the cross is always what is missing in your life, and what you— like Joseph Hart— can never get enough of in your everyday.

Even now we are hesitant to talk too much about Jesus because trickster will whisper in your ear that we are not sufficiently critical of those deplorable Christians who only spew hellfire and advocate gunfire instead of sharing heavenly fire. But in fact, we are highly critical of anyone who feeds hatred and self-righteous judgment. We stand under Jesus at the cross and pray that your soul moves from blame to flame so you are wonderfully spiritually cooked.

We personally do not care whether you (or we) adopt a particular belief, exalt a name, drink from a communion cup, or piss in a seashell. Head toward the n/om-filled archers who are trying to get a holy arrow through that hard shell of your trickster-created hell. Only these song-filled thorns have the power to pierce our hearts and see us through to the other side where true divine love abides.

Who's that Ouroboros up ahead? He's got a hammer in his hand and he's wearing a blue coat.

Is it Jesus Christ Superstar?

We're no longer among the cedars of Lebanon in Mesopotamia.

We came back to ourselves among the oak trees in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

Look again.

It's a carpenter. His toolbox has his initials on it. They spell out, "J. B."

That must be Valmour, our blacksmith saint. People said he was like Jesus.

Look closer. Underneath those initials is the name, "Ouroboros."

Is Valmour also an Ouroboros?

Of course, he is. He's a vital part of re-creation and transformation.

Look, he's sitting on top of the world and singing about how he's rolling along.

Does that mean that Valmour is a dragon?

Of course, Valmour is a fire spitting dragon with Ouroborean wheels within wheels.

Is this blacksmith able to turn lead into gold? Is he the key to prosperity?

Of course not, dragons do not logically mistype and confuse chemistry with alchemy.

They turn the wheel and burn every crossroad's deal to make a soulful difference that can circulate the higher fire.

I heard that Valmour and his dragon fire take the refrigerator and freezer out of your home, hearth, and heart.

He helps a dead mackerel rise again and leap into the trout stream.

I heard he hunted for Eeland in Norway and gathered fresh mangoes in Haiti.

Of course, he does. Valmour is an Eeland hunter-gatherer as are all Ouroborean dragons.

Is Sister Gertrude an Eeland dragon?

Of course she is. She can throw fire when she sings and, with her tambourine, she can cause a great wind to sweep and weep clean your heart.

Does she eat sweet mangoes?

It seems her tambourine is a tangerine, and she always lets the spoiled mangoes go. However, if anything is sweet she will serve it as a holy treat.

Don't forget that her New Jerusalem is the tooty fruity garden of Eden.

She has all the tasty goofy loopy fruit in the palm tree of her hand.

Is the Sacred Ecstatics Guild an Eeland dragon club?

Only for the few like Mulgrew who pass through the gate.

Everyone is called, but only the few baptized in the morning dew pass on through.

What is that morning dew? Is it another mojo medicine?

It's found in the mourning ceremony when the owl wing flaps to call for Jesus, Valmour, and Sister Gertrude to send a 222 piezo zap.

Wake up, it's a new day in New Orleans. It's to play in the Spirit House of New Orleans.

We even heard that a mysterious janitor came to town and installed a new lightbulb.

You've been told.

What are you going to do about it?

Hold on, look! Someone else is coming through the ceiling.

Why it's Our Lady of Guadalupe. All our recent talk of Mexico seems to have thrown her into the action.

She's wearing a blue robe and throwing roses in every direction.

She has something to say: I just met a taxicab driver with a song and he insisted that I come down here today and remind you to just be nice and let your new lightbulb shine.

After all, that janitor and his bulb came from heaven.

You've been told twice.

What are you going to do about it?

### *Diana Dreams of Wobbling Books*

On the eighth day of the Mystery Safari, Diana sent us a dream report that wonderfully evokes the middle wobble of an important wisdom teaching:

I dreamed I saw a holy book whose title indicated it was the Bible. Yet a voice said it was the Koran, the sacred text of the Muslim faith. The book had old brown leather binding, with a door hinge for a spine. Someone in the dream told me it was a bomb, but I wasn't sure whether to believe them. Nevertheless, I decided to move a healthy distance away and then, indeed, it did explode. Then I woke up.

We had been discussing for several days how every religion and spiritual way is so easily corrupted and turned into the opposite of everything it was born to convey. Holy books become weapons of mass destruction. Wisdom teachings backfire and explode in the hands of people who relate to them coldly and without good spiritual engineering. Matches for striking a fire become ice cubes and spoken words of love turn to tones of hatred and condescension.

At the same time every holy book carries the flame of sacred emotion inside it. When its signal gets through the noise, the word becomes holy bread, divine pie, and heavenly cake. But without a good receiver, the word feeds a deceiver. Diana's dream points out that a sacred book is also a door that can take you to another world. When you pass through, it can feel like an explosion. Here you find two kinds of bombs are possible—the prayer bomb that is an extreme love bomb that throws you into sacred ecstasy. The other bomb is the terrorist kind that destroys in the name of liberation, love, and peace while perpetuating the me-me-me greed that causes suffering.

In Diana's dream, the book wobbled between Christianity and Islam. Indeed, people around the world argue which book is the more destructive weapon – the Bible or the Koran. While we're at it, let's throw the Torah into the mix. These three intertwined ropes of Mesopotamia have been used to set both fires of love and fires of death. Let's stop chasing partial arcs that blame one side for a whole circle of conflict. Back into the Wigram Stream we must go to find the shared roots of the Cedars of Lebanon and get pierced by the thorns of the Kalahari.

Religions and their holy books are truly highly explosive. Make sure you know how to open their door and handle their heat. If you haven't been made soft, don't open the book to take a look. It will likely lead to harming your neighbors, family relations, and the ecology of earth. However, if you've been ecstatically cooked and have a ticket of admission, know that the electric spark in any sacred book will alternate the electricity of every holy book. It will enable you to better feel the contrition that turns the ignition of higher transportation as it lights the fuse of a sacred prayer bomb.

When it explodes, the tracks are cleared to take you to sacred ecstasy.  
Go ahead and open the door if you are an arty darty.  
No more religion and no more spirituality.  
Let's sing and dance around the fire and forget the big five world religions.  
This safari is searching for the dragons.  
Sacred ecstasy is reaching for you.  
It resides inside the wind and fire, the wheels within wheels that compel the heart to leap.

The Sacred Ecstatics safari is entering the outskirts of the wild. Here former beliefs and preferred names must be dropped in order to go further in the outer circle.  
If yesterday you prayed to "empty your bowl," today pray that it be filled with 222.  
Getting stuck in any place, phrase, or malaise assures that dust will gather. Change in order to rearrange the way you handle the door.  
Some words remain the same. "Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord." But how they are expressed changes each and every day.  
The location of change itself is changing.  
Today, Eeland Jeeesus. Tomorrow, Sister Gertrude and J. B. Valmour. After that may come Louis Armstrong. It's all in New Orleans where there still is a Pete Fountain with a doorway to anywhere and everywhere.

Make art and dart your two main ropes.  
They call for action, not the recitation of abstraction that too easily fosters confabulation.  
The gods want the earthly proclamations, declarations, and confessions to stop. They are boring and have no hilarity. They are ego puffery whose methane won't light.  
Be an arty-darty rather than a big me dandy.

Make sure your dart is in the lead. The art to dart ratio needs more dart.  
The ecstatic dart inspires and energizes your art.  
The aesthetics of art regulates the dart, so it is not too much nor too little.  
The dart is the room and container of art. Drop its first letter and you find the art.  
Don't dart from your art. Dive into the dart and the art will follow.  
This dart art coats the world in azurite, the color of the deep blue middle sea.

Draw that C in the middle of the air.  
Now flip it and see that you have a bowl. Flipper, friend of sea.  
Now turn it and find that you are making a wheel.  
Don't get hung up on the empty bowl. It's the C before that opens the door.  
Catch the feeling of middle C, flip it—there's your empty bowl.

Don't stop there, that wheel is made way up in the middle of the air.

Go from C to Zero with the trinity mark of Zorro.  
That's the zigzag ladder of Gregory Bateson.  
We climbed it and landed in the middle of the wheel.  
There Jeesus is an Ouroboros dragon fire wheel.

The key of C opens the door to song.  
Here's the fast track to heaven: C to empty to circle to whole circulation.  
You are pointing to where Sacred Ecstasies began:  
God is a vibration.  
Jeesus is a vibration.  
Brahma vibrates as does the Buddha and Mohammed and Abraham.

Love makes the world go round, as long as we begin in the middle C that flips and turns  
it all around.  
That's the arty and darty of living in the dragon fire.  
These holy books weren't meant to be burned. They were meant to be explosive tinder  
for setting the tender, meek seeker on fire.

### ***You Received this Book in 1972***

On the same night Diana dreamed of the exploding holy book, Brad had a dream that he was reading a book that was worn out from many years of use. It was a book he obtained long ago. Brad's mother then showed up and asked, "Is that book about Gurdjieff?" He was surprised that his mother had ever heard of that mystic's name. Then she added, "My friend Gayle was going to gift you with that at Christmas." Upon hearing this, Brad felt a holy gale blow across the Guild. He then looked at the cover of the book again and heard words so powerfully spoken that they took away his sight. He could only hear a voice say, "You received this book in 1972."

When Brad told Hillary the dream the next morning, I immediately thought of Gregory Bateson's seminal text, *Steps to An Ecology of Mind*, which was published in 1972, though Brad didn't read it until a few years later. We are not sure what book was being referred to in the dream, because two books inspired Brad in 1972. They were *Our Life with Mr. Gurdjieff* by Thomas de Hartmann and *The Crack in the Cosmic Egg* by Joseph Chilton Pearce. Speaking of wobbling books, we both remembered Diana's dream of a book that alternated between the Bible and Koran, each explosive in two ways.

Both Gurdjieff and Pearce wanted to crack the egg and be pierced by n/om. Bateson later would ask us to correct history in the amphitheatre outside London. There, amidst the oaks, the whole circular pattern must seek to connect the crack and the pierce. Both point to how division

lies behind the semiotics, symbolics, and symbiotics of life, heart, and mind. More importantly it takes two to make, see, hear, and feel anyone. All seekers seek to experience the egg crack and feel the n/om pierce. So do the two of you and the pattern that makes you whole and holy again.

Go ahead and draw a zigzag lightning bolt across the middle of your egg. Consider that the crack and the pierce of alternating holy books are meant to explode and carry you into sacred ecstasy. This is how the curse is broken by a recurse. Made whole after all is broken. Now you know what to do. Between the Bible and the Koran, you will find the same middle as that found between the pierce and the cracked cosmic egg. Or, as we say in First Creation, in between the bibb lettuce and the corn is found the “middle C” of the garden.

Into the octave you go.

C the world

Rather than seek peace, seek the pierce.

Crack open the egg.

Then you'll be ready to crack open the book.

### ***Visionary Divinations***

On day nine of the Mystery Safari, we conducted “divinations” from our visionary books by randomly opening to a page, reading whatever paragraph we landed on, and then jamming off the words. We began and ended our broadcast with the following poetic prose and verse.

#### *Beginning Prose and Verse:*

This morning Brad woke up and said, “I remember, Hillary, when you dreamed of the scarab memorial in New Orleans. That led to writing a story of how the little scarab fell asleep on the heart of Jesus the n/om-kxao long ago in the Kalahari. Well, this morning I just found out what the scarab dreamed when he slept on top of the heart of Jesus. He received a song.”

Before he could tell me the song, little deer showed up to remind us that spotting the wild creatures on our safari starts when you turn the middle C around and upside down, so it becomes an empty bowl. This makes the little deer feel near and want to point you to more mystery cheer

Are you saying that Sacred Ecstasics is the art of changing and rearranging the reality of C?

Yes, yes, yes you must turn the C so it is able to catch the downpour of a song from on high.

There are many safari adventurers who came before and will come after us.

There is always a fire burning in the middle wobble of the C.

When numi are received by Guild members, the lineages are born a-numi, generation after generation.

As we ready ourselves to jump into the next middle CCC 222 piezo musical mystical safari wobble, we pray that we remain uncertain what we will find other than song hugs and rope tugs.

The lions are near, the lions are near, the lions are near.

The owl wing flaps, the eagle soars as the lion roars.

The Sacred Ecstatics Safari is for those who navigate the Wigram Stream, journey the field of dreams, and ready their song and dance for the big Cinder-Stella ballroom of spiritual steam.

These are the trails that lead to Ouroboross, the Jeesusss dragon of Eeland First and Second Creation.

Do you know what it means to *not* miss the Spirit House of New Orleans?

We don't miss it each night and day and we know we're not wrong

The feeling's getting stronger as we go further in the safari.

Look, there's the moss covered ecstatic and aesthetic vines.

Listen, there's the tall sugar plantation pines next to Pete's out in the cold.

Up ahead we're told that's where mockingbirds sing.

And Kevin says they are on tap as they dance on the crazy Mississippi.

Come on, we are remembering all those Mardi Gras memories of creole tunes that filled the air.

Let's dream of numi hunters and double rope altars in June.

And soon the saints will be wishing that you never leave here.

They know what it means to not miss New Orleans cause that's where you left your heart.

And there's something more in this big room adventure.

The Big Dada and Mama Darlings we care for are serving another surprise today.

What do you need to keep the Safari and the wilderness of the Spirit House of New Orleans residing in your heart?

Let's do so in the recreation of First Creation.

The door is always open to rejoin the goofy loopy community and continue learning better tuning for communing with Thee.

No matter how long your big me has been pouting, there is no better day to restart the shouting.



The floor is always open to dancing with Fred Astaire and climbing the ladder. And the mojo store serves all the goofy loopies to whet your appetite.

Though a growl is just a growl,  
And a howl is just a howl,  
The fundamental ecstatic things apply,  
As this safari time goes by.

Let's head into renewed old territory with unpredictable kinds of interactions that bring the fire and wind home.

Let's offer you an other-worldly reality show to demonstrate how easy it is to live the ecstatic life in the Big Easy Spirit House.

Join us as we dive into the wobble middle of one fairy tale after another.

Join us by doin' what you gotta do to make another reality come true and sing the azurite blues.

Our next stop on the safari today is the Mystical Library.

We're going to take our fingers and see where they land in the book—that will bring our divinely chosen teaching for today.

*Ending Verse:*

Come safari further with us.

Sing and dance yourself through and through.

We are the maverick seekers, not the conventional peekers.

We are the hunters and gatherers of numi artichokes and dartilopes.

We are the Eeland hoofers of First Creation.

Get ready as if you were never ready before. Here come the sweet beasties, more visionary fruities, spiritual loopies, ecstatic birdies, higher scarabs, mystical Eelands, wilderness changies, peekie interrupties, little me heaties, and double scoop excities.

***Troy is Set on Fire by Prayer***

On day nine, after conducting divinations of our visionary records, we shared this dream report sent to us by Troy, a Guild member from Utah:

I went to bed after listening to the latest safari adventure with Diana's dream. It had been a twelve-hour day at work and I remember planning to draw blue lightning on the egg on my altar in the morning. I woke up from a dream remembering only a few details except that I had been kneeling at a shrine of a

volcanic mountain replica when my arms and hands caught on fire after a woman of mystery showed up to see me praying. Shaken, I got out of bed to pray at my altar. After I went back to sleep, I dreamed again.

This time I was in New Orleans French Quarter. The town was full of excitement because a special visitor was in town. I could only wonder who it was and felt that this was a rare and special visit to New Orleans for this person. A group of fellow Guild members walked through the late-night crowds in French quarters until we left the lights and excitement of the quarters and arrived at a quiet housing complex where others were sleeping.

It was a square housing complex with several floors and in the middle ground was a garden shrine of a volcanic mountain. I approached the shrine and knelt to pray. A woman then appeared on the first level of the housing complex. She was wearing traditional Asian clothing. I was stunned and happy to see this woman and felt her looking at me intently as I knelt in prayer. I realized this was the woman the whole town was celebrating. Just then the volcano erupted, and my arms and hands caught on fire which woke me up. This morning my arms and hands and face feels hot like they've been near a fire.

Love to you both,  
Troy

There are two important teachings in this visionary experience. First, focus on praying in such a concentrated way that you start a fire or set off an explosion. Troy is a physical therapist who uses his hands on his patients. He should walk away from the dream remembering how he prayed at the shrine so that his hands and arms are better tuned to do his hands on rehabilitation work.

The second teaching is to make *prayer* the primary cornerstone of this vision and not allow secondary details to become more important. We thought of not even mentioning that an ancestor was watching Troy pray because trickster will run to this background detail and forget the main event. Everything else in the dream that offers a sign, symbol, locale, or potential meaning should also be swept away. Prayer alone gets your gift ready to open a holy book or help an injured body come back to health.

If your hands are not on fire, don't use your gift.

And don't open a holy book.

Wait for the fire and then stay within how it readies your gifts, whether they are hands, voice, or other limbs.

Trim all else away.

While it makes for a good story, it's the holy glory bread that you and others are in need of being fed.

Trim all else away.  
While it makes for a good story, it's the holy glory bread that you and others are  
in need of being fed.  
Gris gris, hoodoo mojo, hello, hello  
Concentrate on the hi hi power lines.  
On the other side of the wilderness veil,  
Higher critter excitement is singing in the lines and dancing in the circles.  
Voodoo cannonball, be the bait,  
The silver trout is fishing to catch you.  
Do not mull or stew, drink the gumbo brew.  
Track the signal of the calabash transmission.  
C the 222 of tasty reception.  
Perform the right dart and the left art ratio,  
Tune into the mystical radio whose news sings the azurite blues.  
Join the bellows blow the Ouroborean fire.  
Communing, climbing, changing,  
Sacred ecstasy is ready to turn, empty, and fill your C  
Be a friend of CMC  
Listen to your medallion glisten.  
Remember what you were told: Sacred Ecstasics brings you the waves of the  
Caribbean water walker, the shifting sand of the Kalahari carpenters who throw  
the oldest nails, and all the bakers who pray to cook your bread.  
Keep your hearty arty on numi and the numinous for they are doubly illustrious  
when it comes to conveying the ineffable mysterious.  
Sacred Ecstasics is felt in the heart melt, the book explosion, roof, and the quaking  
alternation of lost and found.  
Ahoy, goofballs, let's have another round of seiki meatballs and numi spumoni!  
Turn the wheels to join the singular multiple chorus line that encircles every dual  
sensation.  
God is not blah.  
God is hot awe and happy electricity.  
Join, rejoin, and recurse the La Mancha, Bulbancha impossible dream.  
Gris gris, mojo, hi, hi.  
Hoodoo the morning dew  
It's for the few who chose to take the dip.  
Flap, tap, zap the owl wing and sing.  
Voodoo is for the way Mulgrew knew and grew.  
Signal to noise calabash transmission.  
Interrupt, disorder, dislocate.

Turn and burn for better reception.  
Rearrange the mood,  
Reset the room.,  
Tune your mystical radio,  
Communing with Thee.  
Climbing the ladder.  
Sacred ecstasy.  
Numi, the numinous  
This is truly glorious!  
Being on the Sacred Ecstatics safari.  
As we promised at the beginning, the song the scarab received when it slept on  
the heart of Jeeesus Eeland was this:  
“I’m sitting on top of the world.”  
Come on y’all, let’s keep this safari rolling along with that dung beetle.  
Goofy loopies, let’s follow the roiling dung dragon that breathes fire and wind  
while singing on top of the world.

### ***More Divinations***

On the tenth day of the Mystery Safari, we invited Guild members to open any Sacred Ecstatics book and conduct a divination, reading aloud to the group whatever paragraph they landed on. As before, we began and ended the broadcast with verse.

#### *Beginning Verse:*

We hope people have not forgotten to perform “goofy loopy” with a changing tone.  
That show must go on every day and night.  
That’s what it means to be on board the Sacred Ecstatics Safari.  
Otherwise, they will fall back into their former stinky goofy loop that is in need of more loopy.

We wonder if anyone notices that there is always a goofy loopy in each webinar?  
You never know when it’s coming, but you know it when it arrives.  
It’s goofy, loopy, and trippy like the Mississippi.  
That’s the wild having a comeback.  
Down here we say that our goofy loopies have soul power, they get your feet to stompin’ and your strings to poppin!

Those Nana tones are thrown like Bushman spears, landing on all kinds of places on the tonal map.  
This is surely and purely what it means to *not* miss New Orleans.

You know you feel this higher emotion and combustion when you burst into singing "Little me is sitting on top of the world."  
From on high you see that azurite is making the sea right.

Yes, that's when the janitor's Eeeland light goes on.  
After your sister Jan drove the car, the janitor, who looked a bit like my brother, later came with that light bulb.  
Don't even think about the meaning of this.  
The contrarian nature of post-Aquarian emotion has a zigzag motion the mind can never follow.  
Where are we? Are we in Kansas City or Detroit?  
Consult the oracle finger, please.  
It looks like we are in the Spirit House of New Orleans, which means we are everywhere.

Hey everybody! Take a look in the mirror and alter either your face or the mirror before you slip on your blue coat.  
Just be nice while you're at it.  
Go warm the egg, it's already been zigzagged by lightning and is in need of more heat.  
Pierce and crack to awaken your middle C.  
Open the palm of your hand.  
Catch the change thrown by the ancestral mothers.  
Then catch the dragon's blood.  
That brings back your goofy loopy, but this time it's on fire.  
As long as it is sitting on top of the world in a song.

The cord to God is also an accordion that, according to the scarab, knows how to dream on the heart of Jeeesus Eeeland.  
Today, let's find out what the Guild dragons find when they crack open a Sacred Ecstatics book.  
Let's see what teaching, or meataphor, or sweet giftee they find for us.  
What's the next stop on our safari?  
Let's find out.  
I'm hungry. How about you?  
I'm starved for dragon blood. Let the fountain flood.  
Who dat ready to send some holy bread that is better said than read?

Before we begin, let's open the gate with a prayer:  
Dear Lord, we thank you for never letting us down.  
You always lift us up, up, up, up, up.  
Thank you for this everlasting dip into eternity.

Help us empty our bowl so nothing interferes with your will that ends the trickster chill.

Help us become something sweet for you.  
Help us serve everything made of fire to those in need of a thaw.  
Help us learn how to act in order to feed the experience of awe.  
We are here to hear your Go note, dear Lord of holy strings.  
Be our muse and fuse so we perform rather than inform.  
Turn on the light, brighten our blue coat, and help us be goofier and loopier for Thee.  
Guide us in what to do with those who grow cold too easily, though they claim they are following you.  
Guide us in what to do with those who grow warm, though they claim they are not nearing you.  
Help us with your impossible dream quest safari that does not guess about matters of n/om, seiki, and sizzling spirit.

Please provide the means to pierce our hearts and crack our eggheads.  
Provide the lean so we may fall into your 222 and commune with you.  
In the middle C we CMC you, sweet and precious Savior of our ecstatic behavior.  
All this we ask so we may join forces with the piezoelectricity that alternates between birth and rebirth.  
Make us hunt for numi as we are re-numied for you in this never-ending safari that dares to go faaar out for you.

These things we ask in all directions with all your four ways.  
We pray that something sweet and tingly gets a singing and dancing vibration on you.  
Say Amenvoot everybody, and then give a hoot that your boots were made for walking and not just talking!

*Ending Verse:*

Each day, point to the map and not know where you will land.  
Then say “goofy loopy” as if it is a prayer, helping you enter a new city, a new world, a New First Creation Jerusalem in the New Orleans house of the spirit that was made for all of us.  
In addition to this, the Guild is invited to crack open a Sacred Ecstatics book and find where your eyes land.  
Do this as you glance at the zigzag crack on your egg.

It’s best if you sing or soak in Aretha’s rendition of sitting on top of the world.  
Remember, how you emote determines how you will denote the words.  
Aim for the right kind of explosion—the kind that is extreme and only found in the trout love stream.

Alrighty, you mighty mouse goofballs.  
Let’s head to the Cinder safari fire ball.

Get more tender to glow like a hot coal ember.  
Your Augustine is ready to come out of quarantine.  
Line up your two ropes to awaken your arty darty little me.  
All else is inflammable methane in need of fresher air.  
Thinking alone is not flammable.  
Saying the wise thing is not having an ecstatic sing with First Creation.  
You have to work on your tone to go past the tome that is made of words alone.  
You need to work on your beat to feel the heat.  
You need to work on your moves to move toward the higher groovy.  
You need to invent the need for a higher feed.  
Otherwise, you'll miss the feast.  
Not because you are a beast.  
Not because you inflate the need to be among the least.  
Not because of any cause.  
But because you need to own your paws.

Grand Paws, hi, hi! Get us off the ground.  
It's time for the C to be turned around.  
Round and round you go, caring not what you know or whether others see you glow.  
Each morning you must pray with one finger acting like a falling star that lands your meteorite on the map that is beyond the territory of your conscious will.  
Where you land, nobody knows.  
Make sure you feel you are on top of the world.  
Sing it to feel it.  
Then feel free to open the book and have a falling starring role in the life force theatre.  
Curtain, light, music. Your newborn safari show is ready to begin again.

### ***Being a First Responder and Taking a Run in Sam Hughes***

On day eleven of the Mystery Safari, we ventured further into the Sacred Ecstasics safari trails, pushing toward the territory that cares not to divide the rational trickster and the irrational hooper. After opening with verse and a teaching, we reported a dream Brad received the night before.

On this safari, there is no rationing of prayer nor filtering the rays of heavenly sunshine.  
We aim to bring you nearer the fire of the middle mystical wobble.  
This is where prayer is found rocking, bobbing, and cooking those who surrender to responding to the prayer call.  
Responding, responding, responding, responding to the call of prayer.  
The rock and bob are one form of the prayer call and response.  
Step into the sacred hoop and loop that cooks the dots, lines, and circles.

When the prayer dragon calls, you must respond inside rather than outside the loop.

When teacher, preacher, or healer call, how you respond determines whether you are in or out of the visionary classroom, cybernetic temple, musical cathedral, or healing circle.

Choosing not to respond is a response.

It throws you outside the circle where you forget the need to feel the need to feed.

Responding to every sacred call is advancing a step in climbing the ladder.

This is even true when we're online in Mighty Mouse.

Follow the first responders who help keep the safari wheel turning and expanding.

Don't be in a hurry to be the caller. First, learn to be a first responder. Every sacred call puts you on trial. Say Amen when the call for Amen in any form comes around. Otherwise, you end in the start of nowhere with no art nor dart, only pretending you are adventuring while your rope is bending rather than singing and rocking and bobbing and rolling as the holy means of responding, climbing, and finding the source and force that humbles and tumbles you to fairy dust.

When you recognize some metaphors, lines, and circles you've heard before, act to hear what has changed. That change is a call for you to change accordingly, like an accordion whose song chord plucks the mystical heartstrings. Soon and very soon some wildlife will pass through that are not meant to be seen or understood.

Today, our first safari wildlife sighting comes from a dream Brad received last night: Brad dreamed that he took Lance out for a run in Tucson, Arizona. They went to a neighborhood near the university. Lance was so excited that he ran like an Olympic athlete he and chose the two middle streets to begin the run. Brad maintained a different pace and surprised Lance by running at a medium speed on the outer streets on the border of the neighborhood. Soon the entire Guild was invited to join the trail, this time going both underground and shooting and looping high into the sky like a rollercoaster that coasted as it rolled along. As all this ecstatic commotion was going on, Lance and Brad found some secret old manuscripts about forgotten discoveries regarding spiritual engineering, with the instruction that this would be revealed in the future. Everyone felt on top of the world! We're traveling on top of the world and were exploring deep beneath the ground. Sequentially, simultaneously, recursively, nongeometrically, existentially, and sonically.

Understand nothing and stand on top of everything

Less chatter and more flammable methane from the seeing blind preacher with the cane.

Pitter patter, spin your mad hatter.

Splat, there's your azurite paint inviting a saint.

Don your blue coat, let's get on a boat, and leap across the moat.

The morning before the broadcast, we did some of our own divinations from the Sacred Ecstasies library. This is the first one that came down to turn Ezekiel's wheel around:



Ibn al-'Arabi, called "the Great Shaykh" by Sufis, found a peasant whose "love of God" surpassed the more educated and privileged teachers. This important teacher was Fatima bint Ibn al-Muthanna, a holy woman who lived in Seville between the 12th and 13th centuries. She lived in poverty and was "head over heels in love with God," something that brought contempt and even a beating from the local leader of prayer at the nearby mosque. Ibn al-'Arabi met Fatima when she was ninety-five years old and immediately became her student. He was ashamed to directly look at her because "she had the fresh beauty of a 14-year-old girl in the fullness of her grace. She had a spiritual state with God." Fatima often said to him: "I am surprised by those who say they love God but are joyless" She especially delighted in playing the tambourine to express her joy for God. Ibn al-'Arabi took care of her until her death and she mentioned he was her favorite student, describing him thus: "I have never seen anyone like him: when he comes to me, he comes with his whole self, without leaving any part of him outside. And when he leaves, he leaves with his whole self, without leaving any part of himself behind."

That rain poured straight from the heart of Spain! This saint of Sacred Ecstatics is a first responder. He responds to the holy call of prayer, teaching, and preaching. He responds to his pointer and to the ecstasy she conveyed. Being head over heels in love with God means you do not play power games with others. You surrender to being sweet and tender to the call and response and the rock and bob of the sacred hoops and loops. Being head over heels in love with God makes you less bitter and cranky with your relations. When you're off and casting darkness in the room, call the janitor to replace your light bulb. That's the walk rather than the talk of love.

Let's listen to Fatima: "I am surprised by those who say they love God but are joyless." Is there no joy radiating within and all around? Then start walking toward God by launching a prayer bomb. See if you can get a holy book to explode and crack your hard shell.

Fatima speaks: "I have never seen anyone like him: when he comes to me, he comes with his whole self, without leaving any part of him outside. And when he leaves, he leaves with his whole self, without leaving any part of himself behind"

Is this what the saints would say of you? If not, please change until you rearrange your interactions. Speaking of rearranging to feed the changing, here is our second morning divination from the Sacred Ecstatics library:

Frank Fools Crow once said, "When a person is right with God, he always has a special feeling. When I am curing I feel a charge of power and am excited" and "sometimes it feels like energy or electricity when it is moving in and through me."

Happy electricity. Hi, hi current. Hello to the rays that pray. Frank didn't sing "I did it my way," he traveled the hi-hi-highway. Like the janitor, Fools Crow turned his numi lightbulb on! Pay more attention to the janitor. He does more than sweep. He responds to the call of the dark and brings a light.

Our third divination this morning brought us a whole bucketful of teachings on prayer. Get ready, because soon it's gonna rain. Throw away your umbrellas because it's time to get soaked.

Mahatma-and-pa Gandhi said, "Prayer is not asking. It is a longing of the soul . . . It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than words without a heart."  
In the longing for longing a loopy is born.  
In the loving of love a loopy is born.  
Climbing the ladder with love makes the world go round.

In Sufism, sacred ecstasy is inspired by music that is called the "food of love."  
This tasty sound is based on the mystical psychology of rapture and the ontology of ecstasy, the loopy relationship between auditory sensation and spiritual experience.  
See with your middle C.

When experienced rather than imagined, there is, as William James described it, "a transfiguration of the face of nature in the eyes. A new heaven seems to shine upon a new earth."  
Here is found the one endless ecstatic smile of C.M.C.

Remember that this safari is "riding the train to glory," "getting on board the old ship Zion," "traveling to spirit lands," "spiritual journeying," "mounting a horse," "riding a spirit mule," "climbing the ladder," and "going up the rope to God."  
It also sitting on top of the world and rolling happily along.

More words from the annals of sacred emotion come from Lakota Chief Yellow Lark: "Oh, Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me, I am small and weak, I need your strength and wisdom."

My Guarani shaman friend responds with how he sounds and feels: "When I put myself into a prayerful attitude, I speak with great humility, acknowledging that I am nothing as a person. I confess that I am simple flesh made of dirt. This attitude helps to make me a cradle for the soul."

Frank Fools Crow, comes back to advise and point to the smoke column, the rope of his sacred pipe: ". . . remember and think about the closeness of Wakan-Tanka. If you live in this wisdom, it will give you endless strength and hope."

Prayer helps you crack the egg and pierce your heart. Black Elk gets you started right: "Grandfather, Great Spirit, once more behold me on earth and lean to hear my feeble voice. You lived first, and you are older than all need, older than all prayer. All things belong to you . . ."

When you're empty, you become a temple, and when you're feeble, you pass through the eye of the needle.  
The prayer of St. Nicholas of Flue, another saint of the blue, helps clear the ground for being more like Mulgrew:

My Lord and my God,  
remove far from me whatever keeps me from You.  
My Lord and my God,  
confer upon me whatever enables me to reach You.  
My Lord and my God,  
free me from self and make me wholly Yours.

The big room only comes together if you infuse your expression with steadily increased doses of affection. Here the call for prayer is responded to with prayer. Respond to the call, whether given by a scarab teacher or dung beetle preacher. Make prayer more than a part of your life; make it the whole performance theatre of ecstatic living. As Guarani elder, Tupa Nevangayu states: "The life of a shaman is the life of prayer. This is most essential. If a shaman prays hard enough, the gods will come to give what is needed."

Heed the prayer of arty-darty Swami Veda Bharti: "May God's hand continue to sculpt your heart into the most beautiful and ever-new forms." Now the sheik of Ibn al-'Arabi prays over your head, heart, body, and soul:

O marvel! A garden amidst the flames! . . . My heart has become capable of every form. It is a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian monks, and a temple for idols and the pilgrim's Ka'ba, the Tables of the Tora and the book of the Koran. I follow the religion of Love: whatever way Love's camels take, that is my religion and my faith.

I'm sitting on top of the heart. I'm rolling the dung along, yes rolling it along  
I'm changing the blues of the world  
I'm singing a song, yes singing a song  
"Glory Hallelujah," I just responded to the Parson's call  
"Hey, Par get ready to call again cause I'll be sure to respond  
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall and have another shamanic  
dismemberment  
I'm singing on top of the world  
I'm rocking and bobbing along, completely rolling along

I Don't want any millions and the hell with the stinky air of a billionaire,  
Like Prophet Elisha, I'm getting my double portion share of seiki and n/om  
I've only got one blue coat, just one  
That's all I need to wear  
A bundle of money  
Don't make me feel as happy as honey  
A sweet little bee  
Is making me say

And I'm sitting on top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along  
And I'm quitting the old blues to piezo the azurite

I'm singing a song, yes singing a song  
"Glory Hallelujah," I just told the Parson  
"Hey, Par get ready to call"  
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall, yeah  
And I'm sitting, sitting on top, top of the world  
I'm rolling along, rolling along

This Sacred Ecstatics Safari has begun again as it should each day when your finger  
behaves like a falling star and takes you anywhere on the world map.  
Are you on track with your prayer suitcase and musical medicine bag packed?

We'll forever take you to the goofy loopy shop  
We'll forever take you to the visionary song auction  
We'll have you singing and dancing on top of the world  
We'll have you rolling, rocking, bobbing, and longing for extreme trout love  
This is the impossible dream of Bulbancha.  
Why miss responding and miss going through the gate?  
Why worry when you can enjoy the blurry?  
Follow the endless smile,  
Travel the outskirts hoops and the goofy loopy trails!

Pray to shine the ray within and all around  
Pray to sit, stand, sing, and dance on top of the world  
As you roll the dung along  
This is goofy and truly loopy.  
Say Goofy loopy rootin tootin tutti fruity somebody!

Before we ended the broadcast, we told the Guild more about Sam Hughes, the man for whom the neighborhood in Tucson is named. Sam Hughes immigrated to the US from Wales in 1837, at the tender age of 8 years old, with his parents and 8 brothers and sisters. Not long after settling in Pennsylvania, illness struck the family and rendered the nine Hughes children orphans. Sam Hughes was instrumental in caring for and seeing to the education of his siblings, even though he was still but a child and never attended a single day of formal school, himself.

Sam made his way to California for the Gold Rush in 1850 to seek his fortune – but fortune had a different idea and Sam Hughes contracted tuberculosis, a diagnosis that forced him to leave for drier, warmer country: the Arizona Territory. The stagecoach trip almost killed him (this was 22 years before the arrival of the railroad) and he arrived in Tucson more dead than alive – but not for long. After a few months of recovery, Sam Hughes opened a butcher shop whose success was only interrupted by the Civil War when he fled to California until the war was over. Then he came back and expanded his business into general merchandise, cattle ranching, and mining copper and azurite.

Sam Hughes helped to incorporate the City of Tucson but refused the post of mayor, serving the city council as an alderman, instead. He later served as Pima County sheriff and county treasurer, and was appointed Arizona Territory's adjutant-general.

One of Tucson's wealthiest residents and an organizer for Tucson's first bank, Sam Hughes was known as "Uncle Sam" for his philanthropy, donating land and money for churches and schools as well as to the poor. More famously, Sam Hughes was instrumental in establishing public education in the Territory, calling its success "the pride of my life."

Sam Hughes died June 20, 1917 in Tucson. Eleven years later, a new elementary school in one of Tucson's first subdivisions was named after him and now you can find his name here and there all around the area.

Who you gonna follow: Sam Hughes or Howard Hughes?  
Howard Hughes wouldn't shake or shake your hand  
Sam Hughes held out a helping hand  
That's the difference that marks a Bushman owner of n/om.  
You share and shake with joy as you help the neighbors build a better  
neighborhood.  
Are you in the mix, blending the community loopy?  
Are you a first responder, or choosing to be an observer?  
Dare to be more than Chuck Stare and get out of that easy chair.  
Climb the stairs with Fred Astaire and concentrate on the dragon.  
Meet your Uncle Sam in the middle of the azurite blues sung in Sam Hughes.  
Let's go on a run.  
Lance has the middle covered.  
Brad is on the edge.  
Let's meet in between where the heat is ready for an old-fashioned church and  
school meeting.

### ***Divinations for the Guild***

On the final day of the Mystery Safari, and what was the last online broadcast of the entire Guild season, Brad conducted divinations in the morning for each Guild member, which we performed aloud. As usual, we began with verse. The divinations were followed by a dream report from Sabrina.

And so we begin again in the wobbling middle of the wheels within wheels, circles,  
lines, and dots.  
Say it! And please do so in a tone and rhythm that prays with vibrant just be nice  
rays.  
Yes, Lord. Thank you for the goofy loopy that helps us stop the game of finding  
something to blame and instead reach for your higher aim.  
Today, we pull into our last safari campfire meeting to hand out some gifts from  
the other side.  
Before doing so we want to say that we've had a ball being goof balls with y'all.  
We have learned how to better fall in order to rise again.  
Surprise—that word has a rise within it, doesn't it?

Brad was given instruction last night to get up bright and early and conduct a divination for each of you. He took our book on spiritual engineering and prayed for each of you before opening it to see what came up as a gift and pointing. Remember, what is given to one person is for everyone. Without further ado, here we go.

Mary:

Last night I dreamt over and over again that my body was a tuning fork. (This came from Hayley's dream.)

Bob:

The spirit-filled believer will also be making melody in the heart.

Esther:

I entered a different kind of holy place—a jazz club where I sat near the musician who helped inspire my experiments with music that led to spontaneous combustion of the ecstatic kind. (This references Brad's dream of Erroll Garner).

Shari

The basic spiritual engineering skills of Sacred Ecstasies help you unlearn habits that detune, dampen, and quiet, and still your body instrument; and they introduce new habits that prime your body instrument.

Brad then did a second divination to get further direction for Shari and this came through: I sang under the power of the Spirit.

Chris:

Sacred Ecstasies and its spiritual engineering invite you to be the song and dance you were born to perform.

Brad also did a second divination for Chris to acquire additional instruction for him: Both you and God must each do your job. It is your responsibility to be tenderized, seasoned, and made ready for spiritual cooking, and it is God's duty to set you on fire and cook you.

Linus:

I learned to spot and admire the elders of a sacred community, the true supporters who made it possible for a leader to fulfill a calling. Though often invisible to others, they were actually the truest and highest leaders, leading others by how they graciously followed.

Dezsoe:

You are in need of immediately being shaken and cleared of everyday habitual rhythms and instilled with ecstatic rhythms that awaken transformative vitality.

Brad then did a second divination to find further instruction: I had found the ultimate way to make prayer come alive. It involved a means of combining

fascinating rhythm, spontaneous seiki movement, and the body's alignment to tone.

Sabrina:

Be a musical instrument that bypasses the storyteller. Go for the wings of musical glory rather than get bottled in a manmade story. If you must, carry two-hand-drawn musical notes as a note reminding you to sing with the lark.

Tiffanie:

Last night I dreamt over and over again that my body instrument was a tuning fork.

Frank:

Revisit this chapel and the jazz club where Saint Erroll played. (The chapel refers to the location of Brad's first mystical experience.)

Christine:

Don't restrict prayer to speech alone. Pray with your feet, legs, hips, arms, and hands as well as with your rhythmic swing and tonal ring.

Amy:

You were made to feel the energizing vibration, the inspiring sound, the illumining mystery, and the exciting emotion of God.

Diana:

I saw Mahatma Gandhi shine with a deep wisdom that matched a godly love that cared for all. I was inspired by how he both stood like a prophet and sat like a student, erasing all prejudice in favor of embracing every religion that seeks nearness to God.

J Bowl:

The spirit-filled believer will also be making melody in the heart.

Lance:

Trickster will constantly trick you. Brad then did a second divination: Ask yourself—are you a recipient of sacred emotion, a seeker of it, or someone who has yet to know it exists? The Holy Grail offers you a drink of love from its cup.

Dominic:

Sacred Ecstasies guides those seeking the highest spiritual experience, teaching what is required for the initial reception of the sacred vibration as well as how to later access and nurture it.

Agnes:

Cooked praying hosts multiple forms of call and response. . . the body calls for you to pray with an enthusiastic voice.

Lynn:

Recognize the practical truth that a lot can be learned from others who are seasoned and skilled in the art of cooking a prayer.

Annamaria:

It all began with dreaming our admission to a mystical university where we were going to study the technical work of Charles Henry.

Sea Ark:

Be inside the big room of Sacred Ecstasies, an experiential place the Kalahari Bushmen call First Creation. This is where you will find the changing, the vital force of change that raises the temperature and gets you spiritually cooked.

Troy:

Rather than ask for the sacred vibration, ask for its highest emotion, the divine love that leaves its mark as a newborn life-pulse within.

Morten:

Sacred emotion brings extreme love, the kind that upsets our certainties and perturbs the status quo as it heals, reveals, and throws us into intimacy with all of creation.

Owen:

Whatever seiki movement arises, respond again with appreciative recognition, voicing just the right amount of sincere emotion that matches the degree of movement that took place.

Hayley:

You also need a passionate, zealous, and ruthless no-bullshit mind whose sword has a sharp enough edge for making cleanly cut and clearly sorted distinctions. Otherwise, no big room can be built.

Nate:

Post-cooking conversation and social interaction, whether face to face or online, arguably put you at most risk for spiritual de-tuning because this is trickster's playground. Aim for talk that maintains the vastness of the room and the integrity of sacred ground, which can include childlike humor and playful absurdity that resonate with creative life, sacred emotion, and inspiration.

Matthew:

Remember that throughout all the ingredient gathering practices, you are unlearning former habits that kept you in the cold, and learning new means for awakening.



Brad then did a second divination for Matthew several hours later and landed on exactly the same sentence!

Patricio:

Aim all of your efforts at the supreme target which is God.

We also did a divination for our godson, Bruno, son of Dezsoe and Agnes: Once the Charles Henry mystical teaching started, the dreams continued one night after another. However, all the teachings sat on the foundation of the first lesson—there must be a spiritually cooked person who can pump the sacred vibration in order for heightened mystical experience to take place.

Brad also did one for Hillary:

The songs are found everywhere from the decaying juke joints of Mississippi to the shiny Broadway and London musical stages, as well as the churches, temples, mosques, ashrams, ceremonial grounds, and in the dreams of those who long for immortal love.

Brad also did one for himself. Here's what came up:

My inner body was filled with energy that changed to love and then light...it was now expanding and becoming an obvious radiant field that rendered my physical body secondary...as this new kind of sacred love expanded, so did a different kind of knowing and understanding. I had no doubt that any question could be asked of me and that a response would automatically occur, in either the form of a spoken reply, a musical sound, or a vibratory means of transformative touch.

Finally, Brad did a divination for the Whole Guild:

Once you receive the sacred vibration, it conducts and spreads throughout your flesh and bones as both an electrical-like current and an ecstatic fire that spiritually cooks you.

Yesterday, Sabrina sent us a dream report:

I dreamed that the Guild was gathered for an intensive. Brad was calling each person to sit in front of the group as he performed a doctoring. At the last minute, I handed him a slip of paper with my name on it and he called me over. He then walked me to a room away from the view of the group. Brad performed a series of vigorous movements around me to syncopated jazz beats playing in the background. My arm was then lifted into the air as if I was being pulled by an invisible force. Then my whole body was lifted off the ground and I almost bumped into the ceiling as I danced and moved ecstatically in ways I've never experienced before.

After my feet touched the ground again, Brad handed me a piece of cloth to wrap around my head. We were both trying to find a way to tie it, but the knot kept coming undone. I asked if we should go get Hillary because she might know how to fasten the wrap.

We then had a discussion. Brad mentioned that there were other teachings for me to receive, but they would come later when the time was right. I understood and mentioned there might be some dreams I received and should share, but in that moment when I tried to look them up on my phone, I could not find them. As I put my phone down, I turned to Brad and said, “I am understanding the importance of persistence.”

As we walked back to the meeting room, I couldn’t seem to shake the pulsing energy that coursed through my body. While making my through the group, I was spontaneously stomping my feet and filled with an uncontrollable desire to keep clapping and singing.

When I woke up from the dream in the early morning, I opened a Sacred Ecstatics book to a paragraph about the need for littleness to keep the room big, and how excessive pride and self-confidence make things too stiffy stuffy with not enough goofy loopy.

I need Thee to empty the C in order to be filled with glee. Thank You!! Yes Lord!

Sabrina’s dream delivered her the same teaching that came through in this morning’s divination. Here are those words again: “Be a musical instrument that bypasses the storyteller. Go for the wings of musical glory rather than get bottled in a manmade story. If you must, carry two-hand-drawn musical notes as a note reminding you to sing with the lark.” And, when it is time to be banned, wait for the spiritual mothers arrive, for they know how to tie the bands.

The divinations point to everything you need to remember.

They essentially say, don’t you dismember. Let God do the shamanic chop chop. It’s better for you to shop for a goofy loopy and follow us to the song auction.

Only concentrate on communing with Thee.

If you are not toning the goofy loopy then you are prone to being a goof drone stuck in a goofy loop monotone.

Be a psychological wreck or clear the deck and join the goofy loopy trek—it’s your choice.

I prefer that cybernetics turn my ecstasies into climbing the ladder.

Good, otherwise you’ll confuse hysteria with schizophrenia and end up staring at the chuck because it’s not roasting.

Old habits are supposedly hard to break, but that idea is itself just an old habit.

Go ahead and break that hard to break jaw breaker, so big me, AKA Humpty Dumpty, can fall and end up at the Cinder-Stella Ball.  
What should we leave the Guildee cinders to mull over, in the Mulgrew kind of way?  
Let's remind them to try out replacing religion and spirituality with art and dart.  
That pair gets you to sacred ecstasy.  
Far better to go far out after the safari and become a certifiable arty darty.  
After all, this is Sacred Ecstatics Bohemia.  
Leave your dignity and puffery at the door.  
Leave your pouting and moping in a cannery.  
Leave you psychobabbler in an empty seiki teacup.  
Soak your goofy loops in the Caribbean Sea soup.  
Throw your trickster mind in the Kalahari dance fire.  
What's left are two ropes—the art and dart lines.  
When intertwined, they marry as do you and your double other.  
Little me and big me, side by side with Stephen Sondheim  
Excuse me, we just received a telegram from George and Ira Gershwin  
What does it say?  
Here, you read it.  
It says, "Hurry on over to Broadway. Another play is in formation and we'd like you to join our next adventure. We'd love your arty and darty to be a part of the big musical mystical party. Bring the whole Guild along."  
That's all folks.  
We gotta run.  
Come on Lance and everyone.  
Meet us in Eternal Times Square.  
There's a show we need to whip together.  
Don't forget your costume.  
The blue coat.  
Don't forget your song.  
"I'm sitting on top of the world."  
Hurry, hurry, the Sacred Ecstatics Chrysler Imperial bus-car-train-plain is about to depart. See you later, alligators.  
Keep yourself jumping into the Wigram Stream and do so with ecstatic steam and soul fried lard.  
We'll see you in our dreams.  
Bye, bye, hi, hi!  
Soon it's going to be time to fly!