

**Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching**  
**Volume 7**

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## ***Introduction***

This book is a record of the 2022-2023 Sacred Ecstatics Guild season, and the seventh volume in our series of visionary testimonies. The dream reports are presented in the order in which they were received. Our adventure began with a vision in which Brad found himself back at a cathedral he visited decades ago in Oaxaca, Mexico. In the dream, the same priest Brad met in the past handed him a license plate that read “RV-3000.” This number led us to the name of a mezcal distillery in the Oaxacan countryside. As the first visionary report of this book details, we discovered that the process of producing mezcal—a traditional Oaxacan alcoholic spirit made from the agave plant—corresponds to the process of ecstatic spiritual transformation. Brad’s vision arrived after we had completed roughly 3000 nights of Sacred Ecstatics—the same length of time it takes for some species of agave plant to mature before being harvested for mezcal. We immediately knew this season—the ninth season of Sacred Ecstatics—was going to involve a further concentration and distillation of our work.

As a result of applying the steps of mezcal production to Sacred Ecstatics, several new innovations emerged. First, in October 2023 we began hosting live “Spirit House Meetings” online with the Guild every Saturday. Being able to see each other’s smiling faces and moving bodies each week strengthened the circulation of sacred emotion and spiritual electricity among us, despite our being scattered across the globe. The Spirit House Meetings served as our weekly revival, visionary news hour, ecstatic tune-up, and Life Force Theatre. They became a central vehicle for advancing along the season’s spirit trail.

Second, Brad began receiving nighttime visionary downloads of musical instruction. Upon waking he would make what we called “mezcal shots,” musical tracks designed to instigate spontaneous movement and spark ecstatic excitation. These recordings host an extraordinarily diverse palette of musical styles and flavors with surprising rhythmic changes, uncommon blends of musical tones, moving melodies, and other creative dynamics that are specially designed to pour “mezcal”—this season’s name for n/om, seiki, or the holy spirit. We regularly shared these musical tracks with the Guild both online and during our Spirit House Meetings. By the end of the season, Brad had produced almost 800 audio tracks.

These musical mezcal shots were developed alongside another innovation: the launch of a new daily practice for the Guild called “ecstatic sound movement.” For many years we taught and encouraged Guild members to conduct the traditional seiki jutsu exercise, *seiki taisou*, which Brad learned from Osumi Sensei.<sup>1</sup> That practice involves sitting on a special bench and inviting spontaneous, automatic movement of the body. Its purpose is to nurture the circulation of seiki, the vital life force. Though seiki jutsu is one of our primary lineages, it lacks relationship to the soulful rhythms and tones that are necessary ingredients for reaching the hottest temperatures

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<sup>1</sup> See our book, *Seiki Jutsu: The Practice of Non-Subtle Energy Medicine* (2014)

for spiritual cooking. Ecstatic sound movement incorporates the spontaneous movement wisdom of seiki jutsu but brings in a special kind of music that conveys the sacred emotion behind the non-habituated, irregular motion that ecstatic mystics are hunting for.

When conducting ecstatic sound movement, the practitioner is instructed to place their attention wholly on the musical track, allowing the body to respond spontaneously and synchronously. Movement that awakens the spirit and circulates the vibratory life force cannot be solely entrained to a steady rhythm or movement pattern. The key is oscillating between entrainment and de-entrainment, something that requires shifting polyrhythms rather than the steady beat of conventional dancing or trancing. Brad's specially crafted audio recordings contain the necessary musical changes and spirit-infused excitors that inspire more spontaneous and ecstatic somatic responsivity. Here the body's sound-aligned movement requires clearing away whatever interferes with full concentration on the music. Changes in tone and rhythm guide changes in somatic kinetics as the ecstatic emotion inspiring the music naturally comes through. While easier said than done, our explorations in ecstatic sound movement aim to find better ways to set up the dynamics long misunderstood or found missing in spiritual traditions—the circularity of ecstatic emotion, aesthetic acoustics, and kinetic somatics.

This season also marked the creation of our first practice manual, *Instructions for Reaching the Pinnacle Spiritual Experience: The Everyday Practices of Sacred Ecstasies*. The title is inspired by one of the small pamphlets Hillary dreamed years ago.<sup>2</sup> This brief manual outlines what we consider the primary daily practices of Sacred Ecstasies: spinning the mystical prayer wheel, conducting ecstatic sound movement, and enacting mystical experimentation with creative interventions that aim to alter worldly convention. The latter includes mystical prescriptions we assign throughout the season as well as embodying “big room wisdom” in our interactions with others. The manual is a working document that will continue to be developed as Sacred Ecstasies evolves.

Finally, toward the end of this Guild cycle we looked back at the last nine seasons of Sacred Ecstasies and realized we had amassed a pantheon of almost two hundred “saints”—wisdom elders we have known or people we and other Guild members have met in dream.<sup>3</sup> This pantheon is still growing. Furthermore, each of these saints is connected to a visionary teaching. That's an extraordinary amount of mystical material, enough to warrant a whole dedicated shelf in the mystical library on high! We soon discovered an online customizable wheel that serves as a random name generator. We added all the saints' names, and Guild members were instructed to

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<sup>2</sup> This vision, “Mystical Maps and Following Tracks,” can be found in our book *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (2018), p. 249.

<sup>3</sup> These visionary reports are available in our three-volume book series, *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching* volumes 1-3, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy*, and previous unpublished Guild season records.

spin the wheel to see which saint's name they landed on. We created all sorts of prescriptions for how to spin the wheel and what to do with the saints' names that were generated.

We also began using the saints' wheel during our April Spirit House meetings—we would spin the wheel, land on a name, and improvise whatever teaching came through. The discovery of the online wheel generator opened future possibilities for other Sacred Ecstatics wheels comprised of our main daily practices, visionary teachings from various seasons, current and past mystical prescriptions, or tracks from our visionary songbook. The primary gift of the wheel is that it provides a vehicle for surprise and spontaneous inspiration that is free of conscious intention. No one knows what name or practice or vision they will land on, but every result delivers a mystical treat and is felt as an exhilarating surprise!

By the conclusion of the Guild season, we had subjected Sacred Ecstatics to all the steps of mezcal production multiple times: chopping, cooking, mashing, fermenting, distilling, and sharing the bounty with others. We were whirling in the middle of many wheels within wheels comprising the entire history of Sacred Ecstatics as it has developed and grown since our official launch in fall 2014. We remarked to one another that, even if we never received another vision, we would have enough mystical material to keep everyone cooking for a lifetime.

In the last week of the season, Brad received an extraordinary vision of the famous abstract painter, Piet Mondrian. Not only did it unlock some of the puzzling metaphors received in recent prior visions, it also brought forth a whole new flood of teachings for future practices of Sacred Ecstatics (these will be shared in the 2023-2024 season record). The vision of Mondrian is included in this book and was presented to the Guild during our final Spirit House meeting on Saturday, April 29, 2023. We and the Guild finished the season with hearts overflowing with a passion for the Creator's mysteries, and with eager anticipation of the future unfolding of this adventure that we are so grateful to be sharing together. Glory!

## ***RV-3000***

In the summer of 2022, Brad dreamed we were in a Roman Catholic church in Oaxaca City, Mexico. We were sitting in the front aisle of the Templo de San Felipe Neri, the place where years ago traditional Mexican folk healers had brought Brad to be examined by the head priest. After hours of questioning and prayer, the priest declared that Brad was “a prophet like those in the old Biblical days.” Shocked, believing he was more likely going to be deemed a witch, Brad later joked that on that day he became the Tequila prophet of Mexico. Later, he changed that title to co-president (with Hillary) of the “Mezcal, that’s All” fraternity of Mexican friends and associates.<sup>4</sup> In the recent dream the same priest greeted us in that same church in Oaxaca:

With Hillary by my side, the entire Guild was sitting behind us to witness what would take place. It felt like another assessment had been made since my last visit. This time the priest was holding a rectangular object, and as he came nearer it was clear that he was giving it to us as a gift. To our surprise the object was a license plate with the number 3000 on it. Upon closer examination, there were two letters in front of that number – “RV-3000.” But the number “3000” was more dominant, and its vibrant radiance shook me in the dream. As I slowly came out of the dream, I wondered whether this was our latest ticket of admission and license to drive the spiritual highway to next year’s guild adventure. I laughed because the letters “R.V.” are the initials of “recreational vehicle,” a term we had re-coined to emphasize the way our mystical transportation to the spiritual classrooms involves re-creating reality—the re-creation of the Sacred Ecstatics big room, the Life Force Theatre performance stage, and the rippling river of life itself. R.V. are also the initials of Hillary’s spiritual name, “Radiant Vow,” granted to her by her former Zen teacher, Roshi Egyoku. When she has Buddhist-themed dreams, I often call her “R.V.” (and so did many people at the Zen Center of Los Angeles where she was named.)

In the dream and afterwards, I was clueless as to what “3000” meant. Yet it was the most potent message of the dream. This cornerstone metaphor was accompanied by the R.V. initials, the Roman Catholic church from the past, and the city of Oaxaca providing a surrounding context. Immediately we searched for the meaning of the number and found nothing. Later in the day we Googled “Oaxaca 3000” and the first result took us to a mezcal *palenque* or distillery in a small village in the Oaxacan countryside. This reminded me that my former

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<sup>4</sup> During one of our creative therapy workshops in Mexico City several years prior to this dream, we led everyone in a call and response chant. We shouted, “Mezcal!” and the audience would respond, “That’s all!” That became our unofficial slogan among our Mexican colleagues.

evaluation at the church had been preceded by a visit to a small village where I was taken by local curanderos. They wanted me to meet the strongest healer and spiritual advisor, the man they went to for personal help and guidance. This man conducted the traditional curandero's diagnostic rituals to conclude that I must be taken to meet the senior priest in Oaxaca.

The full name of the mezcal brand is "Mezcal Ancestral 3000 Noches," or 3000 nights, the number of days it takes for some species of agave plant to mature before being made into mezcal. 3000 nights corresponds to about eight years. This vision took place right after we had finished our eighth year of hosting Sacred Ecstatics. We also felt that the work had ripened. Sacred Ecstatics, like the agave plants, had reached a point of maturity, and it was now time to distill this grown plant into mezcal and serve its special spirit to others. For the Aztecs, agave plants signified long life and health, along with dancing and fertility. Nothing could be a more ideal metaphor for the present moment in the life and development of Sacred Ecstatics.

There is also a tree found outside the city of Oaxaca, El Arbol del Tule, located on the church grounds of Santa Maria del Tule. Its circumference is 137.8 ft (42 m), and its height is over 130 ft (40 m). Some estimate the tree to be 3,000 years old. It is so large that some people thought it was multiple trees growing together. However, DNA testing established that it is a single tree that only appears as multiple trees. It is nicknamed the "Tree of Life" because of the many different animal images that nature carved into its gnarly bark. Jaguars and elephants are especially recognized. Legend states that Pechoca, the priest of the wind God, Ehecatl, originally planted it. We appreciated how this other Oaxacan pointing to the number 3000 reverberates with our valued Kalahari notion of First Creation, the numinous locale where the source and force of creation generate changing forms to assure life's continued vitality and renewal.

Since the dream took place in a Catholic church, we next decided to see if "3000" had any scriptural references. We were immediately led to Acts 2, the Biblical account of Pentecost:

. . . suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as of fire; and it sat upon each one of them. . . others mocking said, "They are filled with new wine." But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and spake forth unto them, saying, "Ye men of Judaea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you,

and give ear unto my words. For these are not drunken, as ye suppose; seeing it is but the third hour of the day; but this is that which hath been spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh: And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, And your old men shall dream dreams: Yea and on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days Will I pour forth of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.”

Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, “Brethren, what shall we do?” And Peter said unto them, “Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For to you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him. And with many other words he testified, and exhorted them, saying, Save yourselves from this crooked generation.” They then that received his word were baptized: and there were added unto them in that day about three thousand souls.

The 3,000 souls mentioned in Acts 2 faced the disciples in full blown sacred ecstasy and wanted to receive a cup of that heavenly wine. They chose to follow the instruction given that day. Rather than resist, they felt contrition for former habits that threw them off the sacred highway. They committed to drop those ways and took the vow to adopt a new ecstatic way of living. In other words, they surrendered to higher guidance and enacted this by a baptism in the river. This resulted in receiving a fire in their bones. For the rest of their lives, they lived like Kalahari Bushmen, sharing their resources with others and making sure they lived to hunt and gather the holy wind, water, and fire. Earth as it is in heaven was forever held by hearts transformed in a community devoted to concerted communion with utmost mystery.

### *Postscript*

The next day after researching the number 3000, we put the finishing touches on Hillary’s little book on the life of Sister Gertrude Morgan. We recalled that one of her pieces of art, a calling card, had a list of scriptural references written on the backside. She used it in presenting her spirituality to others, one verse at a time in a particular sequence—her way of serving holy bread. The last verse on the back of that card, the pinnacle peak of her evangelical communication trajectory, was Acts 2. We again face the scripture with reference to the 3,000

people who received the spirit on the Feast of Pentecost. This Jewish holiday was a time when new grain and new loaves of bread were offered to God. Today, before the start of the next Guild adventure, we offer you new grain and new loaves of bread for a new bakery day. New Jerusalem, New Orleans, and the Newborn Guild of Sacred Ecstatics are on the road again. Make sure you are hungry and ready for our new adventures. Our new plate is RV-3000, and it holds the forthcoming gifts as it enables us to move further along the highway to heaven. Let's go!

### ***John Barclay***

Not long after the RV-3000 vision, Brad dreamed we were walking down a cobblestone street, unsure where we were. The place wobbled between colonial Mexico and an old European city. We were also uncertain whether we were heading to or from a speech presentation. A man walked past us and a voice from on high spoke, "That's John Barclay." When we turned to have another look, his back was turned toward us. This time the voice said, "You are John Barclay." Brad immediately woke up.

The next day we looked up this name and were linked to a scriptural commentary on Acts 2. Since we had been pondering the Day of Pentecost after dreaming the number "3000," we were interested to know what Barclay had to say about it. He made clear that the Pentecost was not the first time the holy spirit filled the Jewish people with ecstasy, causing them to speak in unfamiliar sounds. To understand what was unique about the New Testament Pentecost, which happened ten days after the ascension, he suggests we recognize the power felt when beholding Jesus's suffering on the cross. Barclay writes: "the Cross was a window in time allowing us to see the suffering love which is eternally in the heart of God." These words, especially the notion of a "suffering love" in God's heart, struck us with a bolt of illumination.

We eventually realized that Google had led us astray—or had it been another circuitous route with all characters and locations wobbling? The commentary we found was not written by John Barclay, but by William Barclay (1907-1978), another Biblical scholar. We were delighted that this misdirection led us to spiritual gold. Though we were uncertain about the confusion of names, we continued to read what William Barclay had written to illustrate his point about the cross:

When men realized just what they had done in crucifying Jesus, their hearts were broken. "I," said Jesus, "when I am lifted up from the earth will draw all men to myself" (John 12:32). Every man has had a hand in that crime. Once a missionary told the story of Jesus in an Indian village. Afterwards he showed the life of Christ in lantern slides thrown against the white-washed wall of a house. When the Cross appeared on the wall, one man rose from the audience and ran forward. "Come down from that Cross, Son of God," he cried. "I, not you, should

be hanging there.” The Cross, when we understand what happened there, must pierce the heart.<sup>5</sup>

These words reminded us of the heart-piercing brokenness Reverend Joseph Hart felt when he mystically faced the cross and was thrown into communion with the unimaginable suffering of Jesus. This “suffering love” is a higher sacred emotion, one that breaks our ability to rationally comprehend it. Hart concluded that there is no communion with God unless the heart is broken. Through such brokenness we pass through the mystical gate to feel a part of God’s eternally broken heart. As Reverend Hart put it, “. . .an unhumiliated *whole*-hearted disciple—can have but little communion with a *broken*-hearted Lord.”<sup>6</sup>

William Barclay and Joseph Hart teach that when we face the cross, our hearts may be deeply cracked open to feel our own capacity for the kind of pharisaic zeal that condemned Jesus. This enables us to experience true contrition that stirs not only a plea for forgiveness but moves us to take a stand and step into a vaster reality. This surrender is a baptism or vow to choose a new path, something only made possible by passing through this crossroads to eternity. We are held inside the heart of God as suffering is transformed into pinnacle joy—the ascension of ecstasy over agony. This love points past the person, though it is deeply personal and intimately felt. Here we are elevated above individuality to face the sacred ecstatic *room* of divine love. It holds all of humanity’s relations, including those that are horrific, treacherous, and murderous. In that big room of love, all is *felt* to be forgiven. Like the old shamans who had to be dismembered before being remade and reborn to spiritually commune with nature, the 3,000 people at Pentecost had to lay down everything they owned, including their former habits, addictions, beliefs, and material possessions. Their entire world and conceptions of God, suffering, love, defeat, and victory had to be broken. In exchange they received the sweet fire of sacred ecstasy.

The wilderness shamans of old and the poverty-stricken preacher of London found through experience that God is the master alchemist transforming evil into good. Hart leaves no ambiguity about God’s pinnacle transformative power: “the glory of God is to bring good out of evil.” This is radically different than saying that God only dispenses good or is the Creator of both good and evil. Here God is more like a tinkerer in a laboratory, a master artist, stage director, scientist, or alchemist who needs the dead lead of evil to create the living bread of goodness. Hart celebrates how brokenness, error, mistakes, and sin (whether of commission or omission) resourcefully participate in Creation’s never-ending changing. Hart rejoices in repeating the words of Apostle Paul, “Where sin abounded—grace does much more abound” (Romans 5:20). Feeling this grace,

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<sup>5</sup> Barclay, William. "Commentary on Acts 2". "William Barclay's Daily Study Bible". <https://www.studylight.org/commentaries/eng/dsb/acts-2.html>. 1956-1959

<sup>6</sup>Anon. "Joseph Hart's Spiritual Autobiography." *Www.gracegems.org*, Apr. 1759, [www.gracegems.org/C/joseph\\_hart.htm](http://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph_hart.htm). Accessed 14 May 2022.

we commune, pray, worship, sing, dance, celebrate, and ceremonially party. Not as a laborious task, but as a privilege and delight.

Following this textual exploration, we next decided to find out more about John Barclay, the man we initially thought had written the commentary on Acts 2. We discovered he is a contemporary scholar of the Bible, renowned for his study of New Testament history. He originally taught at the University of Glasgow where William Barclay had also been a professor several years prior. John Barclay is presently the most respected scholar on the life of the apostle Paul. Again, remembering Brad's dream of 3,000 from the night before, of interest to us was his commentary on what it means to be "filled with the spirit." According to Barclay, Paul speaks of a love instilled within that inspires you to act in service of others:

I have long felt that it is important that Paul does not say here, "you must observe the Law, and here is what it tells you to do," but "you must walk by the Spirit, and when you do so in love, lo and behold, you end up fulfilling the Law."<sup>7</sup>

In other words, once you are filled with the spirit you are not a good neighbor because you are supposed to obey a moral code, but because the sacred emotion within moves you to act accordingly. As Barclay concludes, ". . . transformed social practice is the necessary realization of grace, not an optional extra . . . the good news is lost altogether if it is not enacted in social relationships that embody the values of the gospel."<sup>8</sup> Reverend Joseph Hart found the same—without the holy spirit, all belief and action miss the mark. When the spirit dwells within, you don't yearn to put on a show of good action or a prayer demonstration to prove to yourself, others, and God that you are spiritually transformed, anointed, blessed, or cooked. The absence of vice and the presence of virtue don't mean a thing without that inner spirit and its ecstatic swing. Now we can add John Barclay's final test: are your social interactions in sync with the love from on high? Finally, once filled with the spirit, you no longer feel either jealousy or spiritual pride that likes to boast more than feeling an authentic spiritual roast. Rather than resist ownership of your never-ending blunders, you paradoxically land in the campground of Joseph Hart along with all the authentic saints, shamans, mystics, and healers. Remember Hart's words: "I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless and dependent as ever; but now my *weakness* is my *greatest strength*; I now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling."<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Witherington, Ben. "John Barclay's Paul and the Gift--- Part Eighteen." *The Bible and Culture*, 14 Nov. 2015, [www.patheos.com/blogs/bibleandculture/2015/11/14/john-barclays-paul-and-the-gift-part-sixteen-2/](http://www.patheos.com/blogs/bibleandculture/2015/11/14/john-barclays-paul-and-the-gift-part-sixteen-2/). Accessed 14 May 2022.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid.

<sup>9</sup>Anon. "Joseph Hart's Spiritual Autobiography." *Www.gracegems.org*, Apr. 1759, [www.gracegems.org/C/joseph\\_hart.htm](http://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph_hart.htm). Accessed 14 May 2022.

Digging a little deeper to see if there was another John Barclay, we found an earlier man with that name who lived from 1582 to 1621. This John Barclay was the Scottish poet who kept moving back and forth between London and Paris. Furthermore, his father was another William Barclay. In 1602, John Barclay wrote a book that rivaled the literary importance of Cervantes's *Don Quixote* with respect to its inspiration of the modern-day novel.<sup>10</sup> Entitled, *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon* (1603–07), Barclay's book is a satire on the Jesuits, the medical profession, contemporary scholarship, education, and literature. Since it was written in Latin and not translated until several decades ago, its importance has been forgotten today. Sacred Ecstasies has always celebrated the medicinal value of absurdity, regarding it as the tonic that helps prevent hardening of the conceptual categories.

In a polemic entitled, "defence of the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist to the sectaries of the times," this John Barclay offers a medicinal to keep you unsure where you are and what anything spiritually important concretely means:

Wilt thou say, that thy Soul by Faith flies up into Heaven, and is there really Fed with this Holy Food? This is nothing to the purpose. For though thou mayst by Faith, by Thought, by Will mount above the *Stars*, and Converse in the midst of Heaven; yet art thou still really on Earth: Nor is any part of thee; that is, either thy Mind, or Body *really* in Heaven, there to receive Nourishment. Shouldst thou never so Seriously fix thy Thoughts on *Rome*, or on *Hierusalem*; couldst thou be therefore said to be really at *Rome*, or in *Hierusalem*? It remains therefore, that thou shew, how thy Soul, which ascends not really into Heaven, can be really Fed with the Flesh of CHRIST, unless CHRIST be truly and really on Earth, and there also in many places at one and the same time, since many of you at the very same moment Communicate both in *England* and *France*.<sup>11</sup>

We end where we began our report—in the middle wobble of uncertainty. Are we in Mexico or Europe, London or France, Second or First Creation, earth or heaven? Which Barclay are we talking about? Are we in the past or present? Is William or John the father or the son? Like all dreams, including the ongoing dream of waking reality, make sure you keep your metaphors nonliteral and your sacred emotion real. Go for the heart pierce at the cross and then get

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<sup>10</sup> Ryan, L. (1974). John Barclay. *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon* (Euphormio's Satyricon) 1605-1607. Trans. David A. Fleming, S.M. Nieuwkoop: B. DeGraaf, 1973. xxxvi 383 pp. 90 glds. *Renaissance Quarterly*, 27(4), 579-580. doi:10.2307/2859966

<sup>11</sup> Barclay, John. *John Barclay His Defence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist to the Sectaries of the Times Book II, Chap. II / Englished by a Person of Quality*. Early English Books Online Text Creation Partnership, 2005, quod.lib.umich.edu/e/eebo/A30889.0001.001/1:2?rgn=div1. Accessed 14 May 2022.

amongst the 3,000 who were baptized in fire at Pentecost. If you are self-righteously stuck in your thoughts or actions, accept this as a sign you need a major shakeup. Remember what the contemporary John Barclay says of Paul:

. . . he believes (rightly, I think) that we are formed in community, that is, in our relation to one another. Because we are made for community, and because communities make us what we are, the most central question is not about the self-understanding of the individual, but about how communities do or do not accord with the truth of the good news.

Let's go even further than Paul and venture into First Creation where there is room for heartbreak, love, satire, and spirit-filled creativity. Be energized by a love that is more a gumbo mix of all the Barclays than a single taste of either piety or absurdity. Said differently, the lack of aesthetics results in no ecstasies. Trickster is a craftsman; God is an artist. Trickster love is sentimental and pleasing to the self; God's love includes the suffering that results in action that revolves around the lives of others.

Let us travel one more time to the Pentecost and celebrate among the 3000 who wondered why the apostles appeared drunk on wine so early in the day. Remember that Jesus had served bread and wine to his disciples at the Lord's Supper before he was crucified. He explained that this supper was a means of remembering him in the future through a ceremony. It was also a mystical gate to communion, the meaning of which would later be made clear. As the disciples sat in the final meeting with their teacher, they surely remembered the time when Jesus fed the multitudes with a few loaves of barley bread. They also must have remembered the fine wine he prepared at a wedding, resulting in merriment and joy for that matrimonial occasion. As they partook of his final earthly offering, Jesus said he would soon come back to drink the wine with them. At Pentecost, those thirsty for the holy spirit drank wine with Jesus. This wine came from heaven—it was the life force of creation's changing power, the mystical blood of Jesus, and the holy spirit made accessible on earth. The bread is the body, broken to be shared in community. The blood is what circulates life within. Literal, metaphorical, ceremonial, matrimonial, communal . . . in the end as it always was in the beginning, always wobbling in the middle of the cross and crossroads.

### ***Paying a Visit to Sister Gertrude Morgan***

In May 2022, a film crew came to our home in the Irish Channel in New Orleans to interview us for a documentary on the life and art of Sister Gertrude Morgan. After dreaming of her many times and writing a little book about her life, she has become one of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies.

Her music, paintings, and colorful megaphone are now integral threads woven into the art-and-dart fabric of the Guild. The night after the first day of filming, Hillary had a dream:

I woke up in the middle of the night and was flooded with thoughts and feelings about Sister Gertrude. No doubt this was inspired by our having spent the day with Sister, talking about her life and art. Then somewhere between waking and dreaming, I found myself imagining what life was like for Sister Gertrude in the six years after she stopped painting (1974) and before she died (1980). Though I know Jesus was her constant companion and that she was adept at turning to prayer for comfort and contentment, I wondered whether she also felt lonely sometimes. I imagined her in the Everlasting Gospel Mission as an elderly woman without many comforts, no refrigerator, and likely sometimes without enough food or medical care.<sup>12</sup>

Then I must have slipped further into dream because I was overcome with the feeling that we should start going to Sister Gertrude's house regularly to look in on her and see to her needs. The sense of urgency to head straight to her home the next day woke me up. I then came back to myself, remembering that Sister has passed away and that her home is no longer there, destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. I felt the sadness of that loss. But I was also astounded by how present she is now in all our lives, so much so that it feels as if she is still living just down river. I marveled at the way our emotional connection to people who have passed on, even those we never met, can be strong enough to bend and blend space and time. We can step across the veil and meet each other in a corner of eternity as readily as if we are just driving across town.

Because of the art, music, and poetry she left behind, Sister Gertrude Morgan is alive inside our home, our hearts, and in our dreams. From on high we hear her joyfully sing a New Jerusalem invitation, "Meet me in the city, I'll be there!"

We're on our way, Sister! In the meantime, we promise to do our best to help take care of what you left behind here on earth, and how your timeless holy bread will be seen, heard, read, and fed to others hungry for what you so generously shared.

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<sup>12</sup> Elain Yau reports that an African American couple who knew Sister Gertrude Morgan from her days at the Flake Avenue mission, regularly dropped in on her and brought her groceries. In addition, "The Jaffe Family, Blair Ziegler, Larry's wife Pat Borenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brown, and Regenia Perry all report purchasing groceries for Morgan. After Morgan ceased painting in 1974 per God's command, Perry facilitated the process of getting Morgan on the Social Security payroll that would have supported her until her death in 1980." In Yau, p.81.

## ***The Art and Dart of Non-Ordinary Living: A Conversation on the Origin of the Mystical Wheel***

In a past visionary dream, Brad went to a spiritual classroom to take a final exam.<sup>13</sup> The last two questions resulted in answers that became key metaphors for the Sacred Ecstasies Guild: “aesthetics” and “ecstasies.” Later, we translated these terms into “art and dart.”

“Art” refers to all inspired creative expression, from inventing a transformative conversation to building an altar, cooking a prayer, comforting the sick, carving a stick, or any truly odd-for-God action that prompts creative play in the everyday. “Dart” is the heart pierce and elation vibration that shoots life force into your body, filling you with happy electricity. Teresa of Avila called it a fire-tipped spear, the Kalahari Bushmen call it an arrow or nail, and we call it all these things and more. It’s not about the name, it’s about the high emotion and soul commotion that comes when a divine dart makes its way into your heart. Art and dart are joined in a virtuous circle that never stops turning. Creatively-on-fire art makes you ready to receive a dart, and receiving a dart sanctifies and supercharges your art.

Without art, life becomes trivial and reduced to overly simple formulas, models, platitudes, and habit rigidification that exudes refrigeration. Awakening the life force (“dart”) also requires awakening creative expression in the everyday. There can be no so-called “energy work” without aesthetic evocation.

Just prior to the start of our Guild season, we shared the following discussion of art and dart with the Guild via a conversation about the origin of the mystical wheel:

**God was bored and decided to invent the first game. He named it “darts,” designed to be played in the highest bar where spirit abounds.**

God then threw a dart at a circle and immediately realized it’s more fun to aim for the middle.

**He called that center dot the heart. That’s where God aims his dart.**

Later God became bored again and knew it was time for another change. That’s when God decided to alter the dart board.

**He took out his seiki paintbrush<sup>14</sup> and turned it into a beautiful color wheel. While God painted, he sang. That’s how the color wheel also became a musical wheel.**

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<sup>13</sup> See the 2021-2022 Guild Season Record, “Final Exam.”

<sup>14</sup> This is in reference to a prescription from the 2020-2021 Season, “Anointing Your Altar with a Spiritual Paintbrush.”

Round and round the circle turned, changing each time and creating one new circle after another.

**Thus began the circle of life. Creation, as we know it, was born from this turning wheel with a dart in the middle of its heart.**

But God felt lonely. There was no one to share all this glory with. So God spun the wheel like a potter and created many human beings. And he secretly put a little wheel inside each of them, with an invisible bullseye over their heart. That way, God would know where to aim each time he threw a dart.

**Then God spun his wheel again and this time it became a prayer wheel, equipped with a telephone line of communion between earth and heaven. This enabled human beings to express longing for a dart from the heart of God. When humans turn the prayer wheel inside themselves, God's prayer wheel also turns. This brings heaven and earth close together.**

Human beings started turning the prayer wheel with words, music, singing, dance, and every kind of art form. God discovered that when the art of prayer was in motion, it was easier to hit each heart with a dart. That's when the marriage of art and dart was born.

**During this frenzy of wild invention, God showed a special wheel to a man named Ezekiel. After that, people could use it to go on an extraordinary adventure, traveling to the spiritual classrooms on high.**

God wanted to welcome every earthly visitor to the infinite classrooms in the heavenly mansion. There people could learn more about the art and dart of mystical living. Especially how all the forms, names, and ways of wheel turning must change to keep mystery and creation alive.

**To every seasoned traveler, God explains the meaning of life, doing so in one sentence: "You are here to perform the art of turning the wheel to receive a dart in your heart. That, in turn, will help you keep making more art." And so the art-and-dart wheel keeps turning...**

The old ones by God's side standby ready to elaborate: "The secret to utmost joy begins with the art of using the wheels – color wheels, musical wheels, prayer

wheels and many other wheels, always making sure each is a wheel within other wheels. And don't forget that you, too, are a wheel, a wheel within all of God's wheels."

**God speaks again for the next final time: "Art needs a heart pierced by my dart to wake up a non-ordinary life. This is the secret to awakening your unique contribution to turning the wheel of creation."**

A snail outside the door whispers, "Ordinary normality breeds and feeds the banality of the walking dead—here boredom prevails." A butterfly overhead answers back, "Non-ordinary originality breeds and feeds the creative vitality of living bread—here ecstasy prevails."

**A saint dressed in white with a tambourine by her side immediately shouts and sings: "Eat that non-ordinary bread! Be odd for God. This is the true outsider art that makes you a target for God's dart."**

At this point, a cloud rolls in and a storm starts to brew that feels more real than any former reality. Just before lightning is ready to strike, an eland and mermaid appear in the middle of the room. They sing and dance in every language at the same time for all of time. Everyone hears the same wisdom proclamation though it changes slightly to fit each unique human being. Thus the world forever catches this good news: "The heart of the pure seeker aims to meet the dart of their maker."

**At this moment, every heart feels struck by the same dart, all at once. A whole arty darty community is set on fire and given wings set to fly into this spectacular way of magical living.**

On a boat spinning in the middle of the Mississippi River and on piano strings buzzing in the Spirit House of New Orleans, the same words are sung each time First Creation gives rebirth to New Jerusalem: "Welcome home to Sacred Ecstasies."

**And so it is that God is reborn again to put the changing wheel of creation in motion.**

We invite you to also begin again as a true artist and dartist of mystery. Aim to feel the sacred emotion, catch the sacred vibration, and enact the ecstatic commotion of living an extraordinary, non-ordinary, mystical life.

**Now here are some new instructions: go place a wheel in your altar.**

That's right. Go find, draw, photograph, paint, or create a wheel and place it in your altar. It's time to put the changing wheel of creation in motion. Do it to catch some sacred emotion.

### ***Mezcal Distillation***

After receiving the RV-3000 dream in a visionary Oaxacan cathedral, we discovered that the process of mezcal production is isomorphic to the process of spiritual transformation. The steps of mezcal production were discussed the first weekend of our Guild season in a series of seven videos. When applied to our own work, we recognized we're now being called to produce a more concentrated version of Sacred Ecstatics. For years we have been growing a vast field of "agave plants" in the form of many writings, recordings, and practices. Now it is time to make mezcal. The dynamics of mezcal production are as follows:

- harvesting and chopping the agave (leaving only the "heart" or *piña* behind)
- cooking
- mashing, or milling to obtain agave juice rich in sugar
- fermentation
- first distillation
- second distillation
- cask maturation (if the mezcal is rested or aged)
- bottling
- serving to others

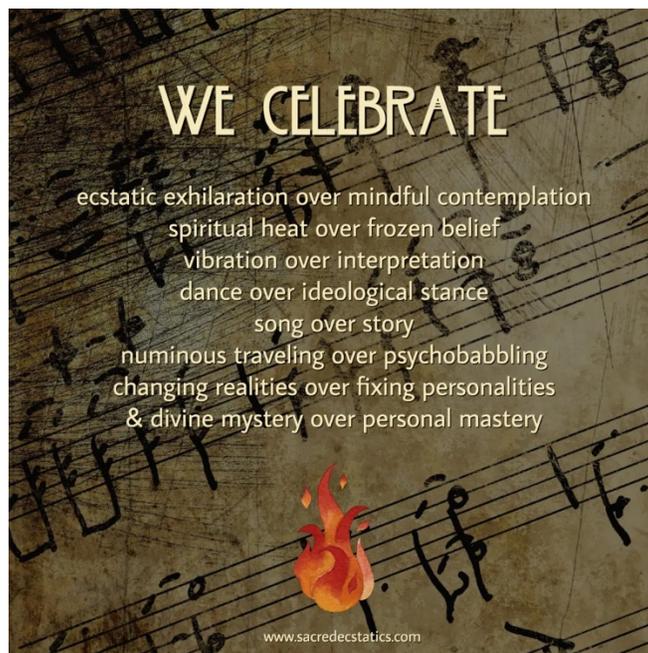
While there is a circularity to this process, there is also a linear timeline. For example, we have been distilling and serving the spirit to the Guild all these years since the beginning, while at the same time we have been growing more agave plants. It is now harvest time, so we recently put up our chalkboard and started listing the many primary and secondary metaphors, themes, cornerstones, dynamic parts, and transformative processes of our work. We chopped and cut out our basic ideas in as many ways we could imagine. Mezcal production has begun.

Looking back, we realize that we have managed to escape the rigidity that plagues most approaches with the help of visionary dreams that have kept bringing new metaphors for

conveying the cornerstones of Sacred Ecstasies. For example, we changed the name of “the sacred vibration” to include n/om, seiki, the holy spirit, the creative life force, higher power, God’s electricity, piezoelectricity, and so on. And for each basic notion we attach a string of other metaphors. Each name points to a different quality or emphasis so that together, on a “metaphor line,”<sup>15</sup> their interacting reverberation better conveys the vibrant meaning of each term. We value this kind of poly-evocation more than any lean toward popular conception steered by unchanging ideation.

The diverse roots of our agave plant varieties live together harmoniously in one whole field. In addition to our mythopoetic Kalahari, Caribbean, and Japanese lineages, visionary dreams have brought steady stream of new saints to influence the weather with clouds, rain, wind, and sunshine. They also throw in an unexpected seed for other kinds of plants and hybrid varieties to grow, from beat poetry to street evangelism, mystical geometry, bebop science, and the practical strategies of advanced spiritual engineering. Our agave farm is rich and complex, a whole ecology that makes trivial reductionism impossible.

Now that we better understand the metaphor strings and circular causality that lift us above naïve causality, we’re now ready to cook and mash the cutup parts to make them ready for something more concentrated than before. The time has arrived for distillation. Several weeks after the RV-300 vision, we finally recreated the opening frame on the “about page” of our newsletter, Fire in the Bones:



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<sup>15</sup> Reference original vision

The opening line points to the pinnacle experience we seek: ecstatic exhilaration. This signals that emotion rather than cognition drives the Sacred Ecstatics cookbook and playbook. Rather than be organized by states of consciousness or head-centered fantasy, we are led by hearts hungry for divine ecstasy. This emotion of sacred jubilation is our inspiration for the singing, dancing, poetry, drawing, and shouting that express utmost bliss.

Next, we further differentiate ourselves from emphasizing the frozen and static beliefs of ideologies, whether modern, postmodern, secular, or religious in nature. The ecstatic spiritual traditions of the world emphasize spiritual cooking and to cook, you need spiritual heat. When the room gets hot, and you along with it, your soul is set on fire. That's when the aesthetic and ecstatic quality of "soul" or "duende" permeates and radiates from all your creative expression. We cook to create something vibrantly alive for the world. Vibration is then more naturally valued than interpretation. This does not suggest that we ban explanation or verbal commentary. Instead, they are seen as secondary, either serving or hindering the evocation of vibration.

After these three related opening lines, with their divergent metaphors on the same string line, came the middle. The next two lines mark how we spiritually cook. As song-and-dance hoofers, we board the spiritual train and travel to mystical locales. Spiritual cooking throughout the world finds the hot zone as a place for the expressive arts that spontaneously arise when you feel the fire within your bones, tones, metaphorical clues and color hues. You value dance more than any kind of verbal stance, and you hunt for the songs rather than another story. Like Zen, we drop the story and hear the universe sing its silence and noise, hearing the "not one and not two" of the whole agave field.

Finally, our framed mezcal label of ingredients ends with where we want everyday life to begin. We bury the psychobabble and forget personalities to arise as newborn numinous travelers and reality constructors. With no self to master, we are liberated to revel in divine mystery and be a part of its ongoing creation.

### ***The Distillation of Our Sacred Ecstatics Guild Description***

The latest distillation of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild is now a barrel of mezcal, ready to pour. It's a good reminder of what we are all about and want to shout. To stay tuned, we read it several times a week, and we recommend all Guild members read it regularly also. It's another kind of compass needle. Here's the mission of our tribe:

The Sacred Ecstatics Guild welcomes those who long for mystical excitation and soul ignition. We are a global community dedicated to living as ecstatic mystics—hunters and gatherers of fire-born jubilation, wild artists of reality expansion, and spiritual engineers of higher sensation.

**Comment:**

*Whatever you think you know about spirituality, mysticism, shamanism, healing, the life force, energy, creativity, life, God, saints, ancestors, lineage roots, spirit, or love, please know you are invited to go past this knowing. We are here to throw you into the trippy Mississippi. Fall, then rise again. Do so over and over until you become a wheel. Go past a preferred dot and stuck causal line. Be boulder and reenter the irregular changing that constitutes mystical reality.*

Led by the Keeneys, the Guild season begins every October and concludes in April. We offer live weekly virtual gatherings, musical audio tracks, visionary teachings, and a final celebratory in-person reunion. Together we go on an unpredictable odyssey that turns daily life into a spirit house of deep exhilaration and a life force theatre of creative transformation.

**Comment:**

*Our realities are fairy tales, living myths that go in and out of the visionary dream stream. We leave normality behind, on the search for divine eccentricity and exceptionality that conducts higher electricity. The Guild travels and moves inside the wheel within wheels. We explore the unknown rather than cling to the known. There is no end and no beginning to this ecstatic life—in the middle is found the eternal vibration of jubilation, our mode of transportation.*

Guided by what comes down the visionary pipeline, the Guild begins each season with fresh and surprising dreams and themes. We uncover radically original teachings, unheard of mood-changing rituals, and inspired interventions that shake and bake your surroundings.

**Comment:**

*As time goes by, you must remember this – we transform the everyday into magical surrealism that radiates the wondrous electromagnetism of extreme love’s attraction. To escape mundane zombiehood, join the Sacred Ecstatics Saints who march to an improvising band.*

Our ways and means of hunting and gathering mystery make us a one-of-a-kind tribe:

**Turning Up the Spiritual Heat**

What makes Sacred Ecstatics stand apart is spiritual heat – the heightened sacred emotion and vibratory excitation that surpass the reach of mindful comprehension. Unfamiliar to those taught to remain spiritually calm and cool, we instill new habits that help you move toward the original fire that shook and cooked traditional mystics, shamans, and healers of old.

**Comment:**

*Why relax when you can excite to ignite the utmost flight? Why be cool as a cucumber when you can pepper and spice your life to make it hot enough to untie any existential knot? Spiritual cooking goes past the spiritualities of looking. Rather than observe a small glass, we serve a bottle of mezcal.*

**Higher Mystery Conductance with Ecstatic Sound Movement**

We invented a new daily practice called ecstatic sound movement. It transforms the body into a receiver for catching sacred emotion and circulating the vibratory life force. This practice uses unique spiritually engineered music performed by Brad that is designed to convey the numinous. Each effortless rock, tremble, jolt, shake, sway or vibration is evoked by the unexpected changes in tone and rhythm. Ecstatic sound movement can be done while sitting, standing, or lying down and completed in as little as 5-10 minutes. It is based on over fifty years of researching the complex sound patterns that ignite pure spontaneous movement and sensory excitation. This old secret to crossing an aural bridge between earth and heaven is now back in a new and more concentrated practice form.

**Comment:**

*Art and dart happen in the melt. This is the middle wobble, the crossroads intersection of diverse aesthetic and ecstatic dimensions. The journey up and down the thermometer is the odyssey that makes you odd for God. Agony and ecstasy do not reside on a binary line. Suffering and joy are changing points on the rim of a wheel. In its turning awakens the yearning for a soul-burning and life-turning love, the whole embrace of divinity and humanity.*

**Strengthening Your Rope to God**

This numinous connection is the power line for vibratory transmission, the telephone line for mystical communication, and the highway for visionary transportation and spiritual gift reception. The mystical rope – what the Kalahari Bushmen call a “rope to God” – provides a heart-to-heart relationship with your creator. Learn how to make it strong and well fed, turning your luminous thin thread into an unbreakable and dependable lifeline.

**Comment:**

*Without rope, there is only trickster dope. Let us be clear: there is no mystery kingdom, numinous power, and luminous glory without a highway, power line, and telephone line leading to heavenly sunshine.*

### **Awakening Your Gifts**

We consider ecstatic living to be a high mystical art, and everyone is born with a unique way of conveying the numinous. The Guild nurtures all forms of creative expression, from having a transformative conversation to building an altar, cooking a prayer, comforting the sick, carving a stick, or any truly odd-for-God act that sparks creative intervention in the everyday.

#### **Comment:**

*We look forward to what the saints will bring next season in this avenue of awakening. They are already discussing how to wake up your unique gifts and coordinate them with the gifts of others.*

### **Altering Worldly Convention via Mystical Experimentation**

Instructions for experimental action arrive in vision and specify ways of being more finely tuned instruments of higher change. With the fire burning inside, we radiate spiritual warmth in our daily work and play, infuse creative mojo into our relations with others, tinker with reality expansion, and invent novel tools for unconscious fermentation. Prior experiments included making a tiny spiritual suitcase for spiritual traveling, sleeping on an image of three prophets, painting a wall azurite blue, carrying an unseen mystery number or shamanic driver's license, leaving unusual uplifting messages in the world, and inserting a dream-given word in our social conversations. These higher instructions are typically accompanied by words of esoteric inspiration, a ritual of preparation, or an electrified ordination that helps launch the next round of experimentation.

#### **Comment:**

*Our spiritual engineering lab has some big ecstatic tinkering in store for you. Mojo is on its way. We can't wait to be surprised by how the saints will experiment on and through us. Get ready, it's going to be over your heady with no need to understand. Tripping into the higher loopies, having interactional fun all the way to and through the higher portals.*

We celebrate that we can never predict where our visionary adventures will take us. This season's visions sent us to a Oaxacan agave field where we learned how the art of making mezcal holds the secret to becoming a fire-in-the-belly-and-bones shaman capable of offering a more powerful shot of concentrated spirit. Though we shake every metaphor to unfix rather than fix the mind, the solid ground of our mission remains: we soften the heart to be pierced by arrows of sacred emotion. Sacred Ecstatics is on the hunt for the sounds and movements that lift us above our head, returning to the everyday with vibrant clarity, hilarity, and creative intervention served to a mad hatter world in need of higher change.

Our holiest scripture doesn't come from Abraham, Jesus, Muhammad, the Buddha, or Krishna. It's the words of a 19<sup>th</sup> century woman from Montreal, known only as C.M.C. After her

own spiritual awakening, she gave the clearest description ever recorded of the pinnacle experience of sacred ecstasy:

The atmosphere seemed to quiver and vibrate around and within me . . . there came to me a sense of some serene, magnetic presence—grand and all pervading . . . And still the splendor increased . . . a swift, oncoming tidal wave of splendor and glory ineffable came down upon me . . . a period of rapture, so intense that the universe stood still . . . I was on the great highway, the upward road . . . with songs of love and trust on the lips . . . *Every longing of the heart was satisfied* . . . I loved infinitely and was infinitely loved! The universal tide flowed in upon me in waves of joy and gladness, pouring down on me as in torrents of fragrant balm . . . some explosion takes place . . . it was emotion itself—ecstasy. It was the gladness and rapture of love, so intensified that it became an ocean of living, palpitating light, the brightest of which outshone the brightness of the sun. Its glow, warmth and tenderness fill the universe. That infinite ocean was the eternal love, the soul of nature and all of one endless smile

We don't care whether you are spiritual, religious, secular, or profess an unknown vernacular. Come if you yearn to burn in smoldering joy and dissolve in the infinite sea of sacred ecstasy.

**Comment:**

*Don't be bored when you can board a Sacred Ecstatics Guild adventure. All aboard! Let's ignite, excite, and get ripe for Creator!*

***Beginning Guild Prescriptions***

Toward the end of October 2022, we posted the following summary of mystical prescriptions that were completed by the Guild thus far. Full descriptions of these instructions can be found in the video teachings launched during the first week of the season:

1. So far, you have created your license to produce mezcal, which has been placed under your mattress.



2. You also have a container holding the chopped-up agave of you. That container now also holds your two chopped names. Here again is that prescription:

Write each letter of your name on a piece of paper that is the size of a playing card. Brad's name has four letters—B, R, A, D, creating a card deck with four cards.

Once that is done, you must close your eyes and shuffle the cards so you do not know which letter follows the others. **Then open your eyes and lay out each card to see the new spelling of your name.**

Repeat this process a couple times until you feel stirred by what you see. This is your first new name. It has as many letters as your familiar name—consider this the big form.

Now go ahead and shuffle your deck again. **This time only choose two cards so you end up with a two-letter name.** You may also repeat this process a few times until you feel stirred by the two-letter name you see. This is your second new name, a little form distilled to two letters.

**Now you have two new names:** These names resulted from disassembling (chopping) your familiar name into separate letters, and fluidly shuffling them into changed forms. Assume they point to the changing forms of you that exist on the other side of the mystical veil, the place the Sacred



3. Finally, you have chosen a special shot glass. This is the glass you raise before conducting your daily sound movement performance! Fill 'er up!

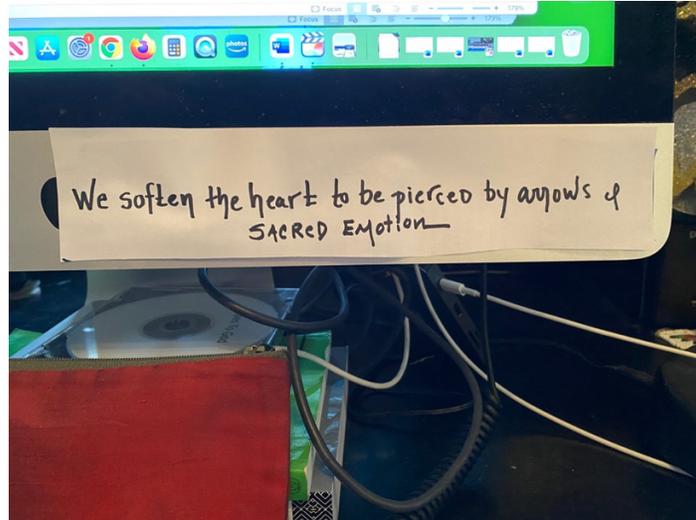


Amy S.'s shot glass.

4. We have also been working with the prayer line that was launched during our first weekend intensive: **"I am here to become mezcal, that's all."** The original instruction was to say this before going to sleep. Say it as many times and in as many ways until you feel it! We recommend re-igniting this concentrated evocation in case it has drifted by the wayside.

Last week, we also invited you to shorten this line to "mezcal, that's all," saying it during the day whenever you need to bring your focus back to your big room journey to become mezcal! (Add a brief wiggle or shake, even better!)

5. In our October 8<sup>th</sup> video, we reminded one another that Sacred Ecstatics has this mission: **"We soften the heart to be pierced by arrows of Sacred Emotion."** We asked you to write this down and keep it near you all season long.



Hillary's computer screen

6. Finally, we are all on a mission to do a five-minute daily sound movement session! Melt the ice, soften your rice!

### ***Osumi Sensei Gives Brad a New Book***

In a dream, Brad was sent to the elementary school he attended as a boy.

But now I was there as an adult, serving as the main assistant to Ikuko Osumi Sensei. There were no other students in sight, but it felt like Hillary was down the hall performing some kind of preparatory task. We were all getting ready for a new school year. Osumi Sensei then handed me a gift that was wrapped in brown paper. I carefully unwrapped it to find an old Japanese book made of rice paper. When I opened it, the words were written in Japanese. Osumi Sensei was so excited about the gift that she seemed like a little girl attending the school rather than an elder wisdom teacher.

I was hungry to read this ancient volume whose old Japanese language would be unfamiliar even to a modern Japanese person. I opened the book again and stared intently, as if more concentration would make the sentences readable. Sure enough, the words started to change and soon they were in English.

Then photos magically appeared to illustrate the text. When I looked closely, I saw they were black and white photographs of human acts of sexuality. They were the photographs my sister and I found as elementary school children in a book hidden in my father's ministerial closet. He gave that book to young engaged couples to make sure they understood the birds and bees. In the dream I was as

shocked now as I was then seeing the most intimate sexual expression for the very first time. I realized that seiki and sexuality are both about creating life and are equally shocking to the uninitiated. In addition, the old Japanese definition for seiki is “the vital life force” whereas in contemporary culture the same term can connote sexuality.

I couldn't wait to read this mystery book full of surprises and double meanings. It knew it was perfect for helping us rebirth the new concentrated distillation of Sacred Ecstasies. Osumi Sensei now seemed like an elder teacher again and announced, “After you finish your job, you can read it. Now I will enjoy reading it.” I headed toward my task, excited to do my job because I knew it was preparing me for our next mystical learning adventure. As I walked away, I could hear Osumi Sensei shouting in bursts of joy. She must have looked in the pages of that old manuscript.

I also glanced into a classroom along the hallway and saw someone we knew from the past who was a spiritual seeker. He was joking around and not taking anything seriously. I walked on. I realized that spiritual work and life are absurd, but that is no excuse for only joking around. Now is the time to work and finish the final preparations, fueled by the excitement for the learning that lies ahead. A new book has arrived from the Mystical Library, a new season is on its way, and ancestral mezcil production is underway.

### ***Taking the Guild to Meet the Kalahari Bushmen***

The same night Brad was dreaming of Osumi Sensei, Hillary was sent to a spiritual classroom:

I dreamed Brad and I were back in the Kalahari and had brought the Guild with us. We were all staying together at a lodge with many rooms, getting settled after a long day of travel. That night there would be a dance.

I overheard some of the Guild members complaining that the accommodations were not as charming as they had hoped, but I was unphased by their chatter. Instead, I was filled with a deep contentment and concentrated sense of well-being. I felt as if we had come back home and were fully on track with our life mission.

After washing up and changing our clothes, we walked outside the lodge to head for the village. I noticed I was wearing a skirt and had taken one of the white bed sheets from the lodge and secured it around the top of my body leaving both

of my shoulders bare. With the African evening air on my skin, I felt fully prepared and ready to be later drenched in sweat from the dance.

As we prepared to head on foot to the village, I saw several Bushmen getting ready to make the trek as well, but they were from a younger generation. Since most of the doctors we knew had passed away, I suddenly wondered whether Brad and I would be the only n/om-kxaosi attending the dance. Then I remembered that Brad is considered a Heart of the Spears, one of the strongest doctors, and that his presence alone would be sufficient for a strong dance, along with the singers and dancers.

As we set out to return to a place that is so much a part of our past, I felt as if a new future was being set in motion. It filled me with the exhilarating peace that comes when our hearts, bodies, minds, and souls are fully aligned. Concentration on the oldest means of awakening exhilaration washes away any distraction from contemporary concerns. Rather than fret, get ready to sweat. Welcome home to the original art-and-dart means of turning existential ice into higher steam.

### ***Celebrating the Many Names of Mezcal: A Teaching***

About three weeks into the Guild season, we posted the following teaching:

Let us pause to remember that we are here to become mezcal, that's all! Which is to say, we are here to reach the ocean with CMC, dissolving into the vast sea of pure spirit where we are electrified by the soul of nature and its one, endless smile. And we're here to soften our hearts to be pierced by the arrows of sacred emotion!

During the last 3000 nights we have used many names for mezcal: n/om, seiki, holy spirit, life force, sacred vibration, numi, holy water, river, God's urine (a Bushman metaphor), spiritual electricity, among others. This season also brought us seiki sake and soon – Kalahari moonshine!

Osumi Sensei taught that words cannot fully capture the nature of seiki. To know it, you must move. Therefore, we welcome all previous (and future) Sacred Ecstatics metaphors to take their place together on a metaphor line. When each name interacts with the other names, two things happen: (1) that name's partial truth is conveyed and (2) the whole line begins to wobble and come alive. There is no partial truth except in relational interaction with other partial truths. The whole truth to which each metaphor points is found in this movement, not in any one name. The dancing differences and similarities between these metaphors and lineages are what make it possible to feel and connect with each more fully.

But the pattern only connects inside interaction, not through outside observation  
– so feel the wobble of the metaphor line and move with it!



Similarly, our experiences as individuals are both created and perceived through our interactions with others, including our interaction with the saints, the music we listen to, the ecology around us, and everything we choose to soak in and create. “There is no such thing as an individual!” the old embodied cybernetic systemic healers and therapists would say. They were right! But our trickster mind isn’t buying it, because here we are after all – a very distinct bag of bones and water sitting in front of a screen, our thoughts encased inside a round shell on top of our shoulders that no one can seem to penetrate, including ourselves.

“There are no individuals!” was meant to inspire a change in *action*, not a rational debate. But saying it too often without acting differently makes it lose its potency (which is the mistake almost all the talking-head cybernetics and systems thinkers continue to make, even when they *say* they don’t).

So instead, let’s now declare that we are each a unique metaphor for Creation, a partial truth hanging on a metaphor line that connects us all to the whole and to each other. We cannot be known apart from this line of connection. And we cannot be known or perceived without the differences that distinguish us from one another. What is perceived is difference, what is felt is our interaction in the spaces between. If anything can be mindfully known and heartfully owned, it only comes through moving with the dynamic push and pull between all these different metaphors for Creation dancing on a line that has no beginning or end.

What's the lesson here? Spray it before you say it. Spontay rather than habitually say, "Have a nice day."<sup>16</sup> We weren't planning to say all this, but the bubbly got a hold of us and Hillary momentarily confused *fermentation* with *pontification*.

Now it's time to feel the bob-and-sway of the metaphor line and move with its interacting and changing names! Call seiki a shot of sake or a barrel of mezcal or by any concentrated spirit name, as long as you make the call! You're already on the line, so be a lineman and hear the call for "Mezcal, that's all! Drop, chop, soft, and move. Five minutes of ecstatic sound movement a day keeps the bubbles in play. Five minutes a day sends the seiki your way. Five minutes a day answers the call of mezcal, softens the heart, and nurtures a life of art and dart. Let's raise a glass to the seiki sake lineage of Japan, the mezcaleros of First Creation Oaxaca, and all the other lineages on the mainline. May we all meet and mingle at the highest bar!

### ***Musical Scents***

Brad dreamed he was in the mystical library on high. On a table were many containers with a set of instructions to smell the scents they contained. Upon opening a container to take a whiff of its aroma, Brad heard music that matched the quality of what he smelled. This took place with each scent. The aesthetic quality of the olfactory sensation evoked a perfectly matched musical composition. A voice then spoke: "Smell the music behind every situation. Catch the scent, and then everything makes sense when the soundtrack is heard."

For the Bushman n/om-kxaosi, smell is a main sensory metaphor for the dynamics of healing and spirituality. The Bushman doctors smell sickness, wellness, the ancestors, and n/om, among other spiritual phenomena. This olfactory sensation is more mystical than physical, though its experience seems like a magnified physical sensation. Other healers we have met over the years also mentioned "smell" in their discernment of a person's condition. The words, sounds, and movements of people can smell "sweet," "stinky," "pungent," "fresh," "stale," "lemony," "woody," "fruity," "leathery," and so on.

Olfactory sensation applies to aesthetic productions. Some have the smell of soulless reproduction or mindless cliché. Similarly, when someone pretends to convey a "dart" but they have no n/om, their sound and movement instantly smell fake. Smelling n/om is not possible to

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<sup>16</sup> The term, "spontay," arose during one of our "seiki sake" audio tracks we shared during the first two weeks of the Guild season: "The first step is to chop up the word spontaneous; Spon – that's the first chop chop; Yes, this is the spawning of the age of spontaneous; Spon your tay to create a newborn day; Yes, spontay is seiki hairspray—aim for the head and blow the mind."

someone who does not own it. Careless talk about darts not only leads the talker astray, it distances them further from being able to receive its pierce. As the Bushmen would say, indiscriminatory naming, a trickster craft, hardens rather than softens the heart, mind, and body.

The many considerations of smelling both art and dart led Brad to receive additional nightly teachings on how to better give “scent” to the musical sounds that accompany our talk in ecstatic tracks and in live teaching. These multisensory visionary downloads resulted in a summer of exploration and experimentation with sound. Here every step of mezcal production is applied to musical creation, doing so to enhance the flavor and aroma. The desired result is also a product of better concentration, an acoustic tonic so concentrated that you can smell and taste its emotion, the wondrous feeling that lifts the heart and opens the wings of the soul. This higher scent is required for ecstatic ascent.

### ***The Fish Within***

Brad dreamed that the inside of his body was the sea. He had no organs—there were only fish and other marine creatures swimming about. He woke up thinking that we are here to fish, and what we want to catch is already moving within us. The desired catch is not a static entity—it’s a movement, a dynamic. Mystical fish have fins and wiggle. Hook them and feel yourself tingle. To catch this inner treasure of the sea, jiggle your fishing line. Move to catch the inspiring movement within. If you catch it, what are you going to do about it? If you’re hungry enough, you’ll know what to do. Set a fire and have a fish fry—an old-fashioned summer campfire party.

Inspired by this vision, we paired a mezcal shot with a film of marine animals swimming in the sea. The instruction was to watch the film while conducting ecstatic sound movement, feeling as if the animals’ movement was inside us. The experience was so powerful that we created a similar video with autumn leaves, paired with Brad’s “Autumn Leaves” mezcal shot.

### ***Back to Houston***

In a dream, Brad’s former colleague, Harry Goolishian, was driving him to Houston, Texas. Harry was the founding director of a family therapy institute, and upon his retirement a long time ago, he asked Brad to become his successor. Brad declined because he felt that therapy had reached a dead end and was stifling to clients and therapists alike. Today we would say that therapy has no art nor dart.

In the dream, Harry and Brad finally arrived in Houston where a major therapy conference was taking place. It appeared that Brad was going to give the keynote address, something he often did in the past, including at conferences hosted by Harry. The audience was packed with over a thousand people. As Brad approached the stage, he passed by a mirror and saw that he

wasn't dressed as he wished and that his briefcase and its contents were not what he meant to bring. He asked Harry if he'd take him back home to change his shirt and gather what he needed.

Harry obliged and the trip became longer than expected—it seemed like decades. When they finally returned, the audience had dwindled to less than 40 people. This time when Brad approached the stage he did so without a briefcase, paper, or notes. He was uncertain what he'd say.

Surprising himself, he spoke these words, “Last night I dreamed . . .” As he shared the dream, he remembered how many of the originating family therapists dismissed dreams, regarding them as the stuff of individual psychotherapy. They threw away dreams like they did individual psychopathology. Symptoms were reframed as the expression of relational systems—a family rather than a personality phenomenon. Brad recognized that the same should have been done with dreams—regarding them as relational or systemic in nature. An individual's dream, like a symptom, would be now understood as a system's way of dreaming. As he realized this, he felt a new excitement about dreams—bringing them home to the systemic relations to which they belong. The exhilaration of that idea woke Brad up.

### ***Holy Spirit Rum with a Drum: A Teaching***

On November 12, 2022 we performed the following script for the Guild. Just as we had previously introduced “seiki sake,” it was time to bring our Jesus-loving lineages to the mezcateria:

We are hunters of mezcal, our new name for the utmost concentration of spirit that is shot by music and caught by movement.

Listen carefully, please: when a mezcal song is transmitted, we catch it with our moving body.

Let's re-emphasize this instruction, for it is the foundation dynamic and practice of Sacred Ecstasies.

Sound movement enables us to catch the mezcal in a song.

Here's a hunting tip: The highest concentration of spirit is conveyed by a special kind of music.

While many people speak of sacred music, a mezcál shot is something unique. Not all sacred music has mezcál. The music that guides sound movement is very, very, very special.

And it's very, very, very tasty, but you must acquire a taste for it. You open your third ear and your higher taste buddies to feel its vibratory sensation.

The earliest form of this music on our planet is what the Kalahari Bushmen call a n/om song. This later became the kind of song an old school shaman catches from the other side.

These unique spiritual cooking songs are composed or inspired by the Creator.

They are not bar tunes or songs you find on a pop hit list.

They are not even the rock and roll songs that make us rock and roll.

And remember that the name "sacred" does not make the song a conveyor of mezcál.

You likely won't hear a mezcál shot in a concert performance

You likely won't hear one poured in a jazz club. These spirit concentrated songs are rare treasures and hard to find.

It is also not easy to recognize one. Furthermore, it's easy to conflate the frenetic with the ecstatic and to misidentify technical genius for the aesthetics of musical change. Use good street smarts and ask a Kalahari certified song catcher to point the way to the sound movement jukebox.

Today we celebrate how one of the hottest genres of cooking songs was generated when Africa's syncopated beats and improvised tonal spices met the gospel hymns that sang of God's love, grace, and glory.

However, before the anointed lineage and gospel circles of Mahalia Jackson arrived on the musical scene, hymns typically sounded like they belonged in a funeral home. Sunday singing had no felt connection with the Saturday night juke joints.

Then, for a very brief period in history, African rhythms ignited gospel songs to create what we call the concentrated spirit of holy spirit rum.

Unfortunately, it didn't take long for that rum to get watered down by the popularity maneuvers of show business. The Grammy's and Dove Awards removed the grease and swept away the muddy soul juice out of these songs. As more musical skills and technical proficiency arrived on the gospel scene, the anointment was more easily lost. Old timers lament that contemporary singers, as acrobatic as their vocal cords may have become, lost the power to ferment. Gospel has become too showy at the cost of being less fizzy—it's often absent of sanctified mud and deep spiritually fried grease. When it's too pretty, it lacks the irregular wild call of mezcal.

Nevertheless, echoes of African roots that produce holy spirit rum persist and are found hiding here and there. We have caught quite a few of these songs and they are part of our sound movement juke joint playlist.

Remember it isn't the hymn per se, it's the distillation in its performance that matters. For example, not all renditions of Amazing Grace are amazing or convey any ecstatic grace.

To appreciate what makes a mezcal shot of music what it is, we must back up and examine its muse, that is, uncover the source of emotion that inspired the song's melody and lyric.

In other words, every piece of music has a muse behind it. This is what makes music muse-ical. The muse inspires the emotion that sets in motion the composition. And that feeling must be caught and shared by the performer to pass on its mezcal to others.

In the case of holy spirit rum, we find that the main character of inspiration is an outskirts Rabbi named Jesus. This dude got in a lot of trouble with the authorities because he followed one law—the rule of love. Other commandments, whether dictated by legal entities or named deities, were made less important than the extreme love that turned the other cheek and celebrated the weak and meek. This love was so outside popular convention that it invited people to live like Kalahari Bushmen. Here relations are designed for sharing and giving. Jesus, the love doctor and hi hi rabbi who learned to fly, came to teach us to be forgiving. This is

super-uber-radical love and sharing that is inseparable from kind and generous community-ism.

Unfortunately, the resurrected rabbi became a reconstructed messiah. His enthusiasts made a mess of his messianic mission which was to resurrect the light of extreme love. They crucified and buried his love message, paving the way to reinvent a Jesus that serves their power whims and greedy desires. [turn page] The Christian church emerged as an institution that defined nice as ice without soft rice while God became a nasty rule enforcer and warmonger aimed at getting even rather than odd with those who differ. This reconstructed Jesus has little to nothing to do with the former love prophet who preferred making wine and mezcal over justifying automatic weapons for the easy chair terrorist. In summary, Jesus the Bushman who lived to be for-sharing the gifts and for-giving our mistakes, was reconstructed to become a judgmental moralist who hoards and punishes. Jesus the lover became Jesus the conqueror.

Hillary and I want to be very clear: we have no interest in the institutionalized reconstruction of the former rabbi whose outcast tribe once baptized everyone in the name of love.

As we have grown fond of saying, we adore the Kalahari Jesus, the n/om-kxao who still shoots arrows of extreme love. It's very clear that we also reconstruct Jesus on an ongoing basis, but in the spirit of resurrecting what he was really about— extreme love, forgiveness, and healing.

Our reconstruction of this Jesus, sometimes called Eland Jesus (inspired by the Bushmen's most treasured meat source), points to the resurrection of extreme love.

Be careful because trickster talks of love while it fosters hate and it speaks of sharing when it offers little to the offering plate.

It's time for a true "come to Jesus" – we are calling for the resurrection of extreme love. This resurrection begins and ends with ecstatic music rather than rhetoric alone! It is a mez-call to live in the Kalahari, that is, to enter a second coming of second order cybernetics that takes us to Oaxaca with a license to produce mezcal.

From today forward we will speak of Jezus Mezcal and spell his name with a “z”: J  
E Z U S.

This is the mezcal the African drums of old recognized as familiar. It tasted like  
moonshine in the Kalahari, and after its agave was transplanted to the Caribbean  
and coastal United States, the holy spirit of gospel merged with the African heated  
beat and became Holy Spirit rum.

To catch the vibe of any mezcal song, align yourself with the beat. Then expect to  
be thrown.

Throw me anywhere Lord.

The mojo of mezcal rhythms, from Siberian to African drums, is found in the  
shifting beats.

On board, off board.

On beat, off beat.

On track, off track.

In and out of synch is higher synchrony.

Syncopate to help release the hate.

Syncopate to open the love gate.

First ride the rhythms.

Then move to feeling the harmonies along with the unexpected juxtapositions  
that wobble with the dissonance found in the irregular boulders of complexly  
flavored mezcal music.

Don't understand it.

Taste it.

Drink it.

Only dare to notice the gospel lyrics after the beat's heat, harmonic softener, and melodic sweetener have got a hold on you. Only then can you hear the gospel transmission of love, the EeLand Jesus Kalahari call to drink holy rum.

These songs are meant to be drunk. How do you drink them? By moving your body.

Kalahari n/om, the moonshine of the evening dance, will now be enjoyed as sanctified gospel rum when you make room for sound movement.

Again, get charmed and be caught by cooking beats, seasoned harmonies, and embellished melodies. Then drop whatever interferes with the hooper muse coming through. That's the sacred emotion of extreme love. Don't fear hearing it in a liquidic manner. Don't worry, be happy if it invites you to fly in the steam of dream that carries you upstream.

All religious words, no matter the religious institution, are dead until they are awakened by a shot of mezcal or holy spirit rum.

Go past religion.

Go past spirituality.

Go for the mezcal shots, the songs that enable sound movement. This time its rum born long ago of an African drum.

Mezcal, that is all the rum you need to hum.

Don't forget that holy spirit rum comes with holy bread.

Get in the middle of its call and response sandwich.

Get inside its love burrito.

Taste the different flavors of mole that open the portal to higher seasoning and marination that further amplify the mezcal jubilation.

Let me say this: Wherever there is a holy cantina, you'll find tequila.

But make sure you order mezcal.

Actually, tequila is a type of mezcal!

Yes, mezcal always answers the call.

Its response is a second calling.

Mez

Cal

That reminds me of a spelling mistake that cast a dark spell on the earth. Jesus mezcal wasn't meant to have a second coming. It's supposed to be a second calling.

Mez

Cal

That cal is the second calling of mezcal.

To taste the body and blood of mezcal, have a shot of rum shaken by an African drum.

Say Amen somebody.

Don't turn away from this heavenly downpour.

Don't be dumb and miss the rum.

Start by moving with the African drum and feeling the beat start to heat.

Then take a sip before you dip into the tones that set the bones on fire.

Drink that rum, eat that drum!

## ***Morten Receives a Horseshoe***

*(Note: this vision was shared with the Guild during the Spirit House Meeting on December 3, 2022.)*

Earlier in the summer, one of our long-standing Guild members, Morten, was going through a rough patch. Remembering his n/omastic vows,<sup>17</sup> he used his suffering to inspire greater concentration on his rope to God. He also reached out to us for help, recalling a past prescription when we told him to get a ring and marry Miss Suffe (suffe-ring) as a means of allowing hard times to keep him wedded to the big room. Brad prayed about it, and then responded with a letter:

Dear Morten,

It is interesting that your name autocorrected to “Morton” in the first of the last two emails I sent to you. I woke up thinking that this may be no accident—there are no accidents in First Creation, there are only changing forms. The O in the first spelling of your first name is a ring, is it not? Its meaning and its leaning are changing as it invites you to change as well, deep in the well.

Either the depths of my unconscious interacted with a computer algorithm to cast another spelling, or the ancestors, gods, or Dadas are pointing. Or both of these things and likely far more.

The prayer telephone line built of n/om brought you something. Thank you, Lord. Here it is. Listen with the ears of your soul: The circumstances of your life formerly brought you the ring of Suffe or Suff e Ring, another pair of altered first names.

The saints on the other side wish to take you further into mystical matrimony. Some of us are deeply called to live a life pulled by the rope to God. No matter what we do or don't do, the calling and pulling remain. You can try to run away from it, but there it is, waiting for you. It is time for you to face a higher union with Thee, dear Morten.

There is no marriage on earth that is as important as a marriage in heaven. The highest marriage is marrying God—in any or all of its holy forms. I once received a wedding ring in a vision and married Jesus. Yes, boy and girls can both be the life partner of God. I also married a saint—Sister Elize, the spirit guide of Mama Mona. Ask yourself which form of God you are most comfortable marrying—Jesus,

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<sup>17</sup> At the conclusion of the 2021-2022 season, we invited Guild members to take a personal “n/omastic” vow of commitment to Sacred Ecstatics.

Mother Mary, or any of the saints of Sacred Ecstatics whose holiness sanctifies such a union. Or be Zulu about it and marry them all!

When you learn to live with the bride(s) from the other side, your creode life mission further awakens. Here's a secret: for earth to be more like it is in heaven, you need a marriage literally made in heaven. Forget earth; marry heaven. Then earth including its dirt is sanctified, as is air, beer, and even fear. Everything changes in the matrimonial union of Morten with the unnamable ineffable. Reminder: This wedding ring is a wheel, the only thing that can turn agony into ecstasy.

Oh my God, it's wedding day.  
Wed and fed both rhyme with holy bread.  
Be odd for God and marry divinity with its ring-ing everpeal.  
Two rings united = infinity.  
It's over your head. Do it anyway.

Marry the blood, the flood, the wind, the earth, the sky, the sea—something that can only be done by marrying heaven, the mother of creation.

With love and congratulatory hugs,  
Brad

Morten responded:

Dear Brad

WOW! Thank you so, so much! It's a lot to take in. I will pray on which saint or saints I'll marry. For some reason I can't find words right now.

Forever grateful,  
Morten with double rings

A few weeks passed, and Brad continued to pray for Morten, who chose to marry one of the primary "mothers" and saints of Sacred Ecstatics. The next night, Brad had a dream and received a big visionary gift for Morten. He wrote Morten the following letter:

Dear Morten,

I prayed to receive instruction for you and had a dream last night. A voice on high spoke these words: "Get an old Gypsy horseshoe. Make sure it is well worn and has stepped in a lot of shit. Hang it over your door." As I started to wake up, I also heard, "Add the number 2040 to it."

I didn't know what 2040 meant, though it felt like it was a scriptural reference to "chapter 20, verse 40." There are several noteworthy scriptures with this number: Ezekiel 20:40 and Luke 20:40. Strong's Concordance also provides the number's corresponding Hebrew word, *haras*: "to tear down, break down, overthrow, beat down, break, break through."

I soaked in prayer after the dream and this came through: You, Morten, were already chosen for God's mystery work. Deep in your heart you already feel this anointed calling to be a man of God. You are a pillar of Sacred Ecstatics and have an important role to grow into. Mother Ralph is a wonderful spiritual bride. She is as strong as Samson and can infuse you with unwavering commitment, dedication, and zeal. She and other mothers and fathers on high also transmit their joy when you are aligned with the holy spirit. When you clear away all interference, you can feel their praise when you raise your heart and reach for Thee. You can feel all the saints, mothers, and fathers encouraging you to never turn back. They want you to climb to the mountain top and share your gift (Ezekiel 20:40) and they, like Jesus, recognize that it is time for action, for all questions have been answered (Luke 20:40). It's time to break through (Strong Concordance 2040).

The ratio and amount of time spent in ecstatic track soaking, studying, and praying should flow like the spontaneous changing movements in sound movement practice. Feel, without conscious mind evaluating, when you need to shift a gear and move from one focus to another. There is a sweet spot for change that requires not too fast an exit and at the same time, not pushing further than what the moment requires. Do not forget the necessary tinkering with absurd play, creative work of lyric writing, recording, mojo making, halibut grilling, and enacting the experiments that come down the rope for Sacred Ecstatics.

It's time for you to break through and grow into the next chapter of your destiny. When you are right with spirit, all else falls in line as it should. When it comes to women, let Mother Ralph check them out before you get too serious about the effects of their mesmerization. Let the horseshoe that has walked through much

shit boldly pronounce 2040. And trust that the gate and gatekeeper that admit others into your life is protecting all it should.

Don't be shy about owning your part in making this glorious history of Sacred Ecstasies. Do it for the Lord. Be a pillar, a megaphone, and a lion with Mother Ralph and all the saints by your side.

Love,  
Brad

Morten responded:

Dear Brad

Thank you for doing this for me. I had tears flowing down my eyes reading this. It's time to break through and turn fright to might and might to light as you said before.

I'm on the search for a gypsy horseshoe that has been in a lot of shit. God knows, I've been treading in a lot of shit myself. I can feel the strength and definite POWER in placing it over my door.

Earlier today I read in the book, *God Struck Me Dead*, filled with stories of people giving their all for the Lord and breaking through.

Yes, I see how the practices needs to flow, also the first thing to go for me is the creative and absurd play when life is rough. Funny enough I had my neighbor over for grilled halibut today.

Thank you for having faith in me, or rather, faith in my *little me*.

Thank you again and again

Love,  
Morten

Brad wrote back:

Dear Morten,

You are here on Earth for an extraordinary reason and everything that has happened before has seasoned you. Horsing around seasons the horseshoe and makes for a perfect fit when it is time to walk past the shit.

Love,  
Brad

Not long after, Morten tracked down an old Gypsy horseshoe. He asked us, "Should I clean the dirt off before I write 2040 on it and hang it up?" Brad replied:

Don't mess with that dirt. It makes nice mud.  
Love,  
The Mississippi River



### ***Ecstatic Sandwich in Tallulah***

In the fall of 2022, we traveled to Tallulah, Louisiana to visit a storefront holiness church Brad studied over a decade ago. Apostle Priscilla Mae Williams, who is now in her seventies, is still the pastor. We were invited by the usher to sit in the second row where an elder church mother sat right behind us. When the service began, we immediately were physically shaken by the power of the church mother’s voice. As Apostle preached in front of us, this elder shouted back “Glory!”, “Amen!”, “Hallelujah!”, or “Yes, Lord!” in a perfectly timed call-and-response pattern. We were in the middle of two sanctified women shouting and later Hillary joked that it felt like we had been placed inside a Tallulah Hallelujah Sandwich. This town is near the Mississippi Delta and is as poor as the remote areas of Appalachia. Their songs and style of worship are old school—designed to get out of the way and let the Spirit convey its holy radiance. Like the earlier times Brad had

visited the church, there were no musical instruments except a drum set that accompanied the preacher and the singers when extra spiritual heat was needed.

The spiritual energy and vibration transmitted in the middle of these two shouting women was as intense as any ecstatic cooking we have experienced. There wasn't a single call that the elder behind us missed. She was on top of every tone and beat—always responding in a manner that uplifted the preacher and expanded the room. We realized that she was a true “first responder” and that her role was as anointed as the conductor of the service. Other parishioners, including all the church mothers and deacons, followed this first responder. They blended in when the preacher called all of them to participate: “Who’s feeling this? I need to hear you!” A cycle emerged with the preacher and first responder raising the temperature step by step with percussive exclamation points along the way. As it reached a peak, the other responders would join in to create a vast range of cacophony and polyphony. Then the cycle would start again, moving from warm to hot, as sound and movement shifted from solidity to liquidity and ascended into a vaporous cloud on high, only to fall and begin again.

Being in the middle of this Tallulah-bred ecstatic sandwich was so strong that we would spontaneously shout along with the congregation. Brad even preached when Apostle Williams called him to. We felt God serve as the regulator, something wonderfully enhanced and amplified when we sat and rocked between two anointed mothers whose lives are dedicated to being deeply regulated by God. In this praise house, we could feel Sister Gertrude Morgan shouting, “Eat that bread!” In fact, Apostle Williams shouted out to her congregation, “We are here to eat the bread, that is, eat the word of God. You all know how to shop at the grocery store and dine at home. That’s fine but now is the time to really eat.” Behind us we heard a voice shout, “Let’s eat!” It was so loud and clear that we thought we were at a feast of endless bounty with plenty of meat, fresh summer vegetables, and home cooked sweet treats. We were well fed. Eat that bread and do so inside higher regulation, gustation, and digestion. You’ll wish one day you had!

We didn't share this vision with the Guild until the final Spirit House Meeting on April 29, 2023. We added the following teaching:

This is what it means to be in the middle wobble of Sacred Ecstasies. This season we learned that the whirling mystical wheel is found in the middle of a holy bread sandwich. To be more precise, we've been dining on an ecstatic sound movement sandwich. One side of the sandwich is sound – it calls for the other side of the sandwich – your body – to respond. Back and forth it goes until the caller and responder are indistinguishable. In the middle is the whirling that is the meat of the sandwich— it's where both sides meet. Circularity then enters to say “Hi, hi, let's eat.”

Today we can declare that there is no sacred ecstasy without a sandwich—there must be two slices of holy bread in a call and response, whether it is sound and movement, a preacher and a first responder, God and Love, or two saints. Welcome to ecstatic sandwich spirituality – the tastier the bread, the tastier the middle will be.

### ***The Cut of Protection***

Brad dreamed he was with Vicente, a friend of ours who formerly served as the chair of the psychology department at a university in Puebla, Mexico:

He took me to a bar in a poor neighborhood where violence was quite common. It seemed we were in a hybrid place that was a mix of a Mississippi Delta town and a small Mexican village on the outskirts of the city. Vicente’s identity also seemed to morph, wobbling back and forth between his usual gentle demeanor and that of a tough leader of a gang or cartel. He suggested that we should enjoy a tequila. I smiled because he mentioned tequila rather than mezcal. Years ago, his teaching faculty had named me the “Tequila President of Mexico,” so of course he would offer us a tequila. Vicente reached into a cabinet next to our table and pulled out a beautiful wood box. Inside it was a bottle of a very special and rare tequila. He Poured each of us a shot in the tallest shot glass I had ever seen.

After enjoying the tequila, Vicente started to pour another shot. At that moment a hostile gang entered the bar and threatened to kill everyone there. They had not noticed us because we were sitting in a hidden corner far away from the entrance. Vicente, now acting more like a seasoned gangster, quickly pulled out a large knife from his back pocket. He proceeded to cut one side of his face, making a vertical mark down his cheek. He then reached over and did the same to me—making a single cut in a line down my cheek. I instinctively knew that this cut would protect us from the gang. Sure enough, they walked over and said hello, and then left us alone.

I wondered whether my face was bleeding and wiped it with a napkin. There was no blood. I noticed a mirror on the wall nearby and looked to see the cut. It was not visible. I had received an invisible mark of protection from a hybrid man made of both gentleness and tough grit in a hybrid town made of the poorest, roughest places in the United States and Mexico. I knew the cut prepared us to pursue our next adventure without fear. It was the first distinction drawn in the construction of a new reality. (I later remembered that the earliest lectures I gave

on constructing realities with a distinction operator were in Mexico and the United States, so this was a fitting blend of locales.)

As we continue to move through this Guild season together, assume that you have also received this cut of protection on your face. A line has been drawn, a new reference mark upon which we can build a new reality. This vision calls each of us to be gentle drinkers and servers of mezcal, as well as tough defenders of our little spiritual drinking corner in the world. Hostile trickster characters, both in the outside world and the ones we conjure in our own minds, will try to disrupt your spiritual drinking party and steal your time. Whenever you feel them approaching, trace the cut of protection that has been drawn on your face. This line is there to bring you back in line with the main rope. It is the road to the Spirit House. The mark cannot be seen by *big me* when you look in the mirror, but it's seen clearly by your *little me* and all the saints, holy ones, and Creator on high.

Congratulations! The mark is yours to wear should you choose to accept it. Mystical mezcal is always the most potent in the rough-and-tumble hoods and barrios in the spirit realm where things are not so easy and pleasy. Let's head to this morphing crossroads home and have no fear—we've got a shot glass so tall and a cut of protection so clear that even trickster shouts "Hello! Hello!"

Time for another round, bartender!

After posting this vision online for the Guild, we wrote this:

Entering the mystical space of the Spirit House requires higher protection. With the primary line marked on your face you have protection from the temptation of trickster dots and lines that come to distract, interfere, jar, cast doubt, seed sour emotion, . . . pull you into any former conventional room that resists sound movement transport to a vaster and faster changing reality.

Like it was for the samurai a clean cut is needed to keep the whole of you ahead of those creepy deceivers. Did you hear the samurai hacking away in the mezcal shot? To be a receiver, cut the links to former habits that hold you in their trickster habitat. With this cut, the mezcal shot will "cut through your conscious mind" — that is, "cut through everything." It's a rhythm tickler and neuron scrambler that readies you for the next deep shakeup that will be served later today.

Brad's vision was interesting, in part, because Vicente is one of the softest and gentlest persons we have ever met. At the same time, he had some real warrior mojo because he served as the equivalent of an academic dean. Few places are as

cutthroat as academia, and he possessed the skills to politically navigate through that trickster gangster hangout.

Again, the cut of protection helps you push back interference from action and inaction that stalls enacting the practical tips given on Saturday. This cut—the marking of the primary distinction (it’s an indication of the main rope of Sacred Ecstasies)—both gets you on the road to the New Orleans Spirit House and it helps keep you remain inside the mojo room when you arrive.

Make the cut, blink, concentrate.

Nothing to fear, you’re here.

Listen again. Forever, forever land has the azurite sky and sea of First Creation.

Did you notice you were back in Oaxaca at the end of your sound movement adventure today?

Where are you? To find out, look at the primary distinction that orients your head. Is it a former causal line or a theatrical line making an excuse for not being aligned with the saints of Sacred Ecstasies?

The Guild cut of protection mystically protects you from other primary dots, lines, and gangster rooms that don’t radiate or pour the highly concentrated spirit of 3000 nights mystical mezcal.

And then Josúe, one of our Guild members from Mexico, responded:

Wonderful! I met you in one of those conferences in Puebla, and ever since that moment I never went back to therapy or psychology. Although I was (and I’m still) developing since I was (and I am) an inexperienced n/omastic, I have never found comfort in the cold, plastic practices of diagnosis and therapy ever again. Thank you, Sky God!

I had received that cut of protection, and now it’s time to re-indicate that line one more time! Let’s hatch the eggs, through the numinous warmth that only comes with sound movement!

We then responded to Josúe:

Josúe, that made me weep (Brad) and it made Hillary shout with joy! Thank you, Sky God! Let's help each other keep that cut of protection forever more.

### ***Holy Ghost Injection Clinic***

After receiving the cut, Brad had another dream that we moved to the town Vicente had taken us to:

We had set up a new kind of practice that was so exciting that it started to wake me up. At first I was unsure whether I was awake or still dreaming or in the wobble between both. In this reverie I envisioned a storefront in a historic building in the rural South. The sign on the window said, "Holy Ghost Injections." Inside was a sign explaining that "*The Holy Ghost Injection* is a fortified and sanctified soak in The Lord's Prayer, the original B-12 Apostle Booster Shot." Another sign posted our offerings:

*Spiritual Blessings*: a brief single session consultation for a tailor-made intervention aimed at changing your everyday action.

*Spiritual Signs*: folk art that softens the heart, preparing you for God's piercing dart.

The spiritual signs were outsider or folk-art creations that included "Just Be Nice" signs. James Spurlock's story was placed on the backside of each of those signs.<sup>18</sup> Other spiritual signs emphasized scriptures that were about God's love, like "For God so LOVED the world . . ." Some signs were custom made based on what came up during a spiritual blessing.

As I woke up, my mind was on fire with the vision of this Holy Ghost Clinic or Everlasting Gospel Clinic that would also host the art of Sister Gertrude Morgan and Hillary. Here spiritual folk art signs would mingle with healing work that was conveyed inside ecstatic prayer interventions that surpassed popular convention regarding spirituality, religion, healing, therapy, and people-helping. As I came back to myself, I envisioned one sign towering above all the others: "Dr. Jesus,

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<sup>18</sup> James Spurlock is one of the saints of Sacred Ecstatics. He is a main character in Hillary's *The Pinnacle Prayer Book*, and his three-word song, "Just be nice," that he received directly in a vision from Jesus, is one of our main prayer lines. Brad interviewed James, who was a taxi cab driver by profession, in New Orleans decades ago. We had recently shared his testimony with the Guild.

Administrator.” I could feel the saints of Sacred Ecstatics smiling and shouting praise for the newborn mystical fantasy reality.

### ***Van Cliburn Had No Need for Improvisation to Convey Aesthetic Excitation***

Brad dreamed we were giving a master class on our approach to people-helping, what we call “creative therapy” to mental health professionals and “ecstatic healing” to spiritual enthusiasts. The dynamics of what we do are the same, while the particularities of metaphor and the lines of reason vary like they do for every client and audience. In the dream we were teaching therapists in a rural southern town, most of whom were politically and spiritually conservative and would feel uncomfortable with the improvisational, embellished expression of Sacred Ecstatics. In the talk we avoided theoretical, ideological, philosophical, theological, or political rhetoric and spoke more like playwrights who kept the focus on live sessions. Our post-session analyses were limited to repeating what clients literally said in the session without any explanatory commentary framing it. We chose to demonstrate other lines we could have said to the clients, always keeping the discussion in a performance context. Here the session is more akin to a theatrical play, and we only discuss other ways its enactment, including the script, may be alternatively envisioned.

After our presentation Brad turned to the Steinway concert grand piano behind us. He sat down and played the opening notes of the American national anthem, “The Star-Spangled Banner.” As he played, he remembered hearing the great concert pianist Van Cliburn open a concert with it. Though Brad experienced this as a child many decades ago, he still could feel the emotional impact of how Van Cliburn played it unadorned. There was no improvisation—he played it straight without variation—yet he played like he was singing with all his heart and soul, and his pure, heightened emotion came through. Van Cliburn could convey a dart with his art that had no need for improvisation. Today, we are both leery of the national anthem and how it is used to promote nationalistic leanings that are in opposition to our most cherished Kalahari values. The anthem is also not a noteworthy composition of music, but a former pub song that gives a musician little to work with. Yet in the hands of Van Cliburn the song became a holy hymn, an ode to a deeper passion that surpasses everyone’s conventional ways of understanding who we and others are—something only conveyed by music and never with words.

Brad became a fan of Van Cliburn after he heard him play at the Music Hall in Kansas City, Missouri. He loved the story of how the maestro had won the first inaugural Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow back in 1958 (when Brad was 7 years old). It took place when US and USSR relations were not friendly. Nikita Khrushchev had been in office only five years following Stalin’s reign and the event was staged to demonstrate the superiority of his country via their musical prowess. A 23-year-old Baptist from Texas then arrived and sat down to play the greatest rendition of Tchaikovsky ever recorded in history (according to many critics). He received an eight-minute standing ovation, and even Khrushchev approved that the award must go to the

greatest pianist. Feeling how the Russian people felt the music coming through him, Van Cliburn then sat down and played a Russian popular song, "Moscow Nights." His soul, like that of Tchaikovsky and all who open their hearts to music, belonged to the fire that awakens the soul.

Here is the performance of "Moscow Nights":

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vkxSgmoqpTs>

Here's a later performance of the U.S. national anthem:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Eo4Zel85Rn8>

And finally, here's his performance of Tchaikovsky that won the hearts of Moscow:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qsb1GihhJfg>



## *Paul's Bauhaus*

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on December 10, 2022)*

Brad went to sleep praying strongly to receive guidance for our life with Sacred Ecstasies. That night he was sent in vision to the house of his paternal grandparents, the ones he called PaPa and Doe:

I was in the kitchen with Doe. There she led Hillary and I through some kind of dynamic process of transformation (the specifics of which I have forgotten). It magically changed the form, substance, and nature of our physical home. As this took place I said to Hillary, "It appears we are subjecting our house to the dynamics of mezcal production." After this transformation was complete, Doe proceeded to open a box that was sitting on the dining table. She spoke with gentle excitement, "Here's a gift for you, something I've kept all these years." She then unwrapped one piece of pottery after another, each adorned with primitive drawings and abstract, mystical looking symbols. Finally, she pulled out a bowl and said, "You made this for me." It had an abstract drawing of a deer on it which pierced my heart in the dream. In my later childhood years, I renamed my grandmother "Doe" because she radiated the gentleness and graceful but quick changing motion of a deer. When I saw the deer on the bowl, my heart was cracked open by tender emotion. A voice on high spoke: "Paul's Bauhaus, The House of . . ."

I only remember those words. The rest of the sentence was lost to my conscious mind after waking up. The next morning, we typed those words into Google and were led directly to famous Swiss artist, Paul Klee. Klee was the master teacher of the original Bauhaus, a German school for artistic exploration. The architect Walter Gropius built their headquarters, a house where he hoped to blend individual aesthetic vision with everyday functionality. He chose the word "Bauhaus," literally "building house," to echo the ancient term "Bauhütte" that designated the medieval stonemason's guild. Gropius envisioned a community of expert artists and craftsmen who would work together for a higher cause, laying cornerstones for a better future. Two of the master teachers he hired early on were Paul Klee and Wassily Kandinsky. Alexa Gotthardt describes Klee's aesthetic orientation:

. . . Klee's body of work isn't easily bucketed into a single category, thanks in large part to the system of throbbing forms, mystical hieroglyphs, and otherworldly creatures that he

developed to populate his compositions. . . bound together by the belief that art should express the metaphysical realm. . . his own seminal text, “Creative Credo” (1920), whose punchline, “Art does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes visible,” influenced both his contemporaries and his Surrealist scions. . . Klee’s description of drawing as a “line going for a walk,” for instance, epitomizes his signature approach to artmaking—one that animated the elements of art (the line) with movement, spontaneity, and even an element of magic (going for a walk) . . . It was this sense of magic, embodied in works like *Image Tirée du Boudoir* (1922) and Klee’s use of spontaneous or “automatic” drawings as the basis for his paintings, that caught the eyes of Surrealists, who included Klee’s paintings in their first group exhibition in 1925. André Breton cited Klee as an inspiration in his first Surrealist manifesto. The pioneers of Dada were intrigued, too, and featured Klee’s work in Zurich’s *Galerie Dada* in 1917.<sup>19</sup>

Music inspired Klee’s art and his paintings are sometimes regarded as musical creations. As a pianist, I resonated with this statement by Klee in particular: “One day I must be able to improvise freely on the keyboard of colors: the row of watercolors in my paintbox.”<sup>20</sup> They pulsed with rhythms and modulated tones. Ursula underscored how Bauhaus gave rise to Klee’s intertwined relationship with music and painting:

. . . it was here [Bauhaus], surrounded by the avant-garde in architecture, art, crafts and theatre, that his interest in and love of classical music and painting started to fuse. In his early paintings, he attempts to solve structural affinities between painting and music. The *In the Style of Bach* painting is conceived as a musical score with its implied linearity, and with plants, symbols and signs used as fermatas and musical pauses. The depicted visual rhythm becomes the percussive rhythm of a musical composition . . .<sup>21</sup>

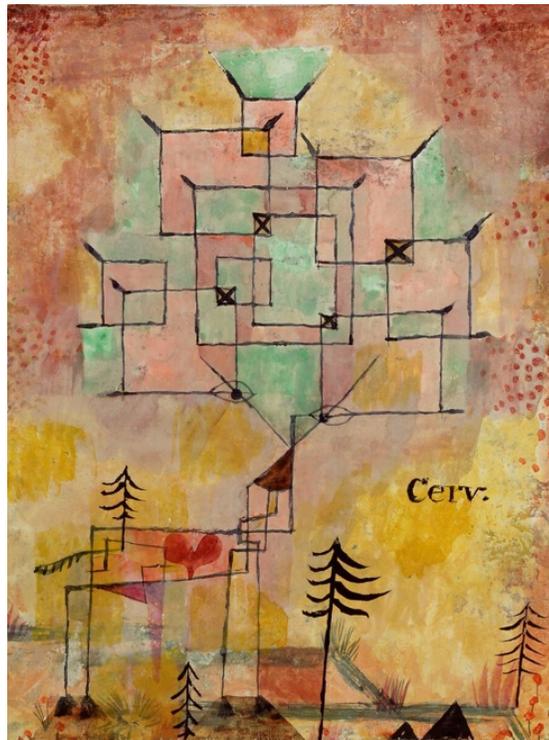
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<sup>19</sup> Gotthardt, Alexxa. 2016. “What You Need to Know about Paul Klee.” *Artsy*. April 26, 2016. <https://www.artsy.net/article/artsy-editorial-what-you-need-to-know-about-paul-quee>.

<sup>20</sup> Rehn Wolfman, Ursula. 2016. “Paul Klee --- Painting and Music.” *Interlude.hk*. November 12, 2016. <https://interlude.hk/paul-quee-painting-music/>.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*

While it remains unknown whether Klee ever made any pottery or ceramic work, his design influenced many potters to include his images on their productions. In the dream, I had made a piece of Klee-inspired pottery as a child. Incredibly, I had drawn the same deer Klee formerly painted on his canvas:



The Sacred Ecstatics Guild finds its home in a Bauhaus (building house) that encourages the cross pollination and ongoing modulation of multiple forms, mediums, and realities. We have been gifted by Brad's grandmother in many ways before. In this dream, Doe's gift was a recursion—a previous gift from Brad was brought back to remind us to house our lives inside the Sacred Ecstatics Bauhaus. Let us continue to build our Guild of artists of mystery who blend wild creativity with the pure, holy spiritual ropes of our Sacred Ecstatics grandparents, PaPa and Doe. Grandmother Doe now brought us the deer that links us to a new saint, Paul Klee. Paul's Bauhaus, with its sound and sight aligned to mystical visionary teaching, helps reveal what can be felt behind the everyday scene. Like Klee, we crave aesthetic experimentation, doing so to reveal how art opens the musical heart to receive a mystical dart.

## *Postscript*

On the tombstone of Paul Klee are written these words—his personal credo—something the Sacred Ecstatics Guild can deeply appreciate: “I cannot be grasped in the here and now, for my dwelling place is as much among the dead as the yet unborn. Slightly closer to the heart of creation than usual, but still not close enough.”

### ***Welcoming the Whirlwind Inside the Bauhaus of Sacred Ecstatics: A Teaching***

On December 16, 2022 we posted the following teaching for the Guild:

Yesterday we posted a few quotes by Paul Klee in our comments. Among them was this:

**“Follow the ways of natural creation, the becoming, the functioning of forms,”** he taught his students. “Then perhaps starting from nature you will achieve formations of your own, and **one day you may even become like nature yourself and start creating.**” -- Paul Klee

We love the way this quote resonates with the performance of sound movement. Perhaps these words by Paul Klee were in that mystical book that Osumi Sensei gifted us back in October. It was filled with images of the act of human creation. **Mezcal is more than sacred emotion alone—it is the fire of holy emotion blended with mezcal music, spontay movement, and the creative life force of nature.** It defies reduction to just one of those elements, though sometimes one aspect comes to the forefront of our experience before being swallowed again by the whole blend.

Remembering the dream of Osumi Sensei reminds us just how many different teachings have come down, particularly in the last month! One minute we were learning to move like swimming fish and autumn leaves, drinking Holy Spirit rum with Eland Jezus, then baking some fruitcake with Amy, then mastering the one-step tango with Carlos Gavito. The next minute we were all hanging a shit-covered 2040 horseshoe that Brad dreamed for Morten who then changed the world forever by defrosting an ancient African mother who used to be a deer.

**Did you forget we’re living in a different world now?** We were just getting the hang of riding the chocolate when Doe took us inside the sacred heart hospital. As if that wasn’t enough, Doe then gave Brad a gift he had mysteriously already given

her as a child, and now we're in the Spirit Bauhaus with Paul Klee learning to move as if we are painting the music, or to paint as if we are moving the music, or to make music as if we are painting movement.

**Quick! Someone please pour us a mezcal because we can hardly keep track of it all!** Welcome back to the whirlwind, everyone. The downpour, the flood, the bounty of gifts that come down to draw us deeper into the heart of creation. The conscious mind cannot easily track every part of the journey, but if we stay inside the Spirit Bauhaus and follow the line that is walking us forward, then all the steps of mezcal production will naturally be in play.

**Remember:** It takes 3000 nights for the agave to go from seed to spirit.

Hold on. Isn't it a straight-line journey from planting to harvesting, chopping, cooking, mashing, fermenting, and distilling?

Yes, but there are circles involved as well. While you are chopping or later cooking, another field of agave is growing and getting ready for the next round of mezcal production.

The same is true for us. The many parts of our life are like agave plants, maturing over time and waiting to be picked and chopped, made ready for transformation into concentrated spirit.

We are simultaneously a growing agave plant, a pile of chopped parts, a mash, and all the rest. And all of us is forevermore in need of softening, sweetening, fermenting, cooking, distilling, and redistilling. Round and round we go through all the steps, again and again.

### ***A Fulfilling Life is Lived Fully in Each Moment of Time***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild during the Spirit House Meeting on December 17, 2022.)*

In the night Brad felt he was completely awake and wondered whether he was the most awake he had ever been in his life:

I should have laughed because I had earlier gone to bed feeling exhausted. Now something changed— I felt incredibly and uncommonly awake, radically

aware of the fullness of life in that moment. I was not sure whether I was dreaming or still awake, and it didn't matter. I was awake without distraction from a remembered past or an imagined future that sought attention and alteration. The degree of wakefulness was so full that I wondered if I had approached the end of my life and that the sense of total fulfillment was being granted. I was flooded with a peaceful awareness rather than a reasoned realization that life is perfectly in sync with time—not ahead, behind, under, or over time. Life is found smack in the middle of every second without need to mark the difference between a glimpse of the present moment or eternity. Rather than a ride through time, life *is* time.

In that moment I was not separate from past reflection nor uninfluenced by multiple trajectories toward possible futures. Here I found each moment—whether real or imagined, enacted or dreamed—reflecting perfection in the whole of the present moment. I was also aware that I was having a Zen experience, and this made me smile in the same manner as receiving a delicious slice of cake. Freedom and peace—true liberation—come not from escaping or transcending time but from being fully bound inside it, which paradoxically erases all sense of boundaries. This experience does not come from a detached observation of time—it is full occupancy inside the moment, acting as you are called to act. “Being time” awakens life within it so fully that it cannot be discussed without laughing and weeping. Whatever I thought before and think about tomorrow matters, but these thoughts arise from inside the same whole present moment, already perfect in its unfolding. Words fail to fully convey the electric peace that comes from such extraordinary wakefulness, so let's just enjoy another sip of milkshake from Mother Time.

Later in the night I dreamed Hillary and I had reentered the home of my paternal grandparents. Grandmother Doe took us to the living room this time. On the coffee table was a very large scrapbook. She nodded, granting me permission to open and examine its contents. It was the book of her life with my grandfather, chronicling their entire spiritual journey, with all its important details. The names of each person my grandfather baptized and every Sunday School lesson my grandmother taught were recorded in this book. There were also restaurant receipts, menus, snapshots, travel maps, and other archival materials as well. As I looked at the careful placement and arrangement of every item, I felt how they fully relished every moment of life from saving souls to eating sweet delights. In the dream I recalled again how my grandmother had a slice of pie every night of Her adult life. I never saw anyone enjoy each bit like she did—as if it was her first taste of a dessert.

I assumed I might hear Doe announce, “Life must be lived like eating pie.” Instead, she said, “That book was made by Harper.” This statement stunned me as I remembered that Harper was an early American publisher. I took this as an indication that the story of my grandparent’s lives is now regarded in the cosmos as exemplary enough to be published by a major publishing house, even if it is on the other side. Then Doe whispered that we would find two other books in the other rooms of the house. She pointed to the hall that led to two bedrooms, and as we went to look she added,

What you will find are two gifts that were already given to the world but have been ignored and forgotten. Be careful who looks at them—not everyone is ready to read them even though they have already received them.

We went to each room and found the two books. One was bound in leather—it was in the guest room. We heard someone else approaching, so I hid the book behind my back. In that moment we knew it would be misread and preferred cutouts extracted to serve personal ambition rather than higher ignition that cares not about one’s place in causal time and social space. The other book was found in the master bedroom. It appeared more like a treasure box with jewels on the cover. This time a different visitor approached and we welcomed him as a son and felt no need to hide the treasure. Not plagued by constant measuring of personal power, he was kind though still spiritually blind. However, being in the same room with us and the book warmed his heart and prepared him to later find his mission. We knew what each book taught, and we knew that no words could convey their contents. They held the deep truths and roots of Sacred Ecstatics.

Last night I experienced a true Buddhist awakening, and how it is not different from fully relishing every bite of pie as if it is the first and last. I also walked the trail of a life well lived that left behind for all of time a carefully sorted scrapbook, a leather-bound published volume, and a jeweled treasure box. They all point to the importance of eating pie before you die.

The next morning Brad entered a google search on Zen and life as being in the whole moment of time. He was led to the book, *Each Moment Is the Universe: Zen and the Way of Being Time*. It was written by Dainin Katagiri who wrote these words:

If you want to take care of tomorrow, take better care of today.  
We always live now. All we have to do is entrust ourselves to the

life we now live . . . The important point of spiritual practice is not to try to escape your life, but to face it—exactly and completely. . . We drank a cup of tea and ate a little umeboshi cake. I still remember the nice taste of that little cake in the shape of the sour umeboshi plum. Nothing special happened—we just sat there, eating that cake—but I felt really comfortable. That memory is very clear for me. Spending the day with my mother, just being present with her. No disturbance, no brothers there, just my mother and I, just living.

***To Reach the Sacred Ecstatics Campground, Go to the Higher Floor***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on December 17, 2023)*

The same night Brad experienced his awakening and received the three books, Hillary had a dream:

Brad and I were in a beautiful forest, preparing to host a Sacred Ecstatics intensive. There was also a larger outdoor festival scheduled to begin soon, and many people were arriving to settle into their lodging—some were camping and some of us were staying in cabins. I had the feeling that our intensive would include a ceremony related to the Guarani Indian shamans that Brad lived with many years ago, but it was not clear whether we or they would be leading it.

It soon came to my attention that some people in the Guild were missing some basic supplies, and I set out to go to the store to purchase them. As I walked through the forest paths toward the campground exit, I was flooded with a feeling of smallness, wondering how on earth I would accomplish the task ahead of me—leading a group of people through a spiritual experience. It wasn't a shallow, psychological feeling of self-doubt or lack of confidence calling to be bolstered by positive thinking or encouragement. It was the natural mixture of awe and disbelief I have heard authentically expressed by preachers, shamans, and healers who realize they are wholly dependent on a higher power working through them, and they truly don't feel they have any special capacity to make anything happen other than to surrender both humbly and matter-of-factly to the role they have been asked to perform. The moment I felt empty of all self-born skill, power, or capacity to fulfill my duties, I was flooded with a complete sense of certainty that, regardless of my feelings about it, I was exactly where I needed to be and just had

to step into and accept the role I was in and all the gifts I had received from on high to make it possible.

The next morning, I remembered this quote from Guarani shaman Tupa Nevangayu, which captures some of what I experienced. Perhaps that is why in the dream I felt the presence of the Guarani nearby:

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.

The Guarani shamans also told Brad that if he followed his own logic or reasoning in life, he would be lost or led astray. But if instead he followed the higher call of the spirits, he would be on the right track, even if it didn't make sense to his mind. I also felt this teaching was conveyed to me in that moment on the forest trail in the dream.

Finally, I exited the campground on my way to get supplies and walked straight into an airport that was directly adjacent to the campground. Many people in the terminal were arriving for the festival. I was headed for the airport exit that would take me into the city. Along the way I ran into several women from my past who I used to work with. These reunions were surprising and joyful, though brief because we were all in a hurry. One of these encounters was with a woman I shared an office with when I left my old life to go live with Brad twelve years ago. The day I left she told me how lucky I was to have found true love. I knew she was right, and I have always remembered her saying that.

On my way toward the airport exit I ran into a woman I didn't know who was headed to the Sacred Ecstatics intensive. She recognized me and started to follow me, likely thinking I was on my way to the campground. Realizing this, I pointed to the elevator and said, "You must take the elevator to the higher floors. That's where the planes take off and there you make your connections." In other words, people had to go to the higher floors both to catch their flights to other destinations and make a connection, including entrance to the Sacred Ecstatics forest where the festival and ceremony take place. I saw the airport doors ahead of me leading outside, and just as I reached them, I woke up.

### ***When You Ride Chocolate***

In early August, Hillary shared a previous visionary report in our newsletter, *Fire in the Bones*. It was the story from our 2021-2022 Guild season when Brad encountered João playing sanctified piano at a fire station party in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Brad had gone to sleep the night before with the prayer, “Show us how to live.” God answered, “Have a fire station party.” In other words, go for the highest joy. After we shared that essay, one of our Guild members from Mexico, Josue, shared a comment:

This reminded me of a dream I once had. I was walking through the streets of a city, praying, or at least trying to pray according to your teachings. Suddenly I was struck by a warm ray of light coming from above which started to lift me up to the sky. As I was floating, an exhilarating feeling started to grow in me, until something happened—I started to think and was immediately dropped down onto the streets again. It didn’t matter that I was thinking about God and the heavens; the moment I began to observe my experience I was put down and the beautiful feeling was gone. From the sky a voice spoke: “When you ride chocolate.” Then I woke up. To this day remembering those lines always makes me giggle or laugh. At first I tried to make sense of this dream, to give it some meaning. But following your advice, I decided to stop interpreting it. Instead I thought that someday I would be ready to receive whatever lesson it carried. Now, reading your visionary report, I see my dream as a reminder that I need to be sweet, soft, and warm like melted chocolate, not over-thinking or observing whether my spiritual state is high or low. I was also being guided on how to live, but the lesson didn’t click until today, when I read your post. Thank you, Brad and Hillary! And thank you Lord!

### ***Mezcal Shots Sent from the Hooper Creator***

One of the surprises of this season’s Guild adventure into mezcal concentrated spirit production is that Brad began having an ongoing nightly catch of musical mystical downloads. He’d catch the tones, notes, rhythms, and the emotion inspiring them, and then record the next day. We regard these brief auditory productions as a new kind of mezcal shot, a concentrated musical pour for an active listener whose seiki body movement hears inside rather than outside the loop of transmission that is inseparable from reception. Here we find some fundamental teachings about main-rope spirituality where vibration rather than speculation guides the way:

- The Creator is a hooper, a true azurite blue song and dance performer.
- God so loved the world that he sang and danced it into creation.

- God never stopped loving the world and still provides healing and transformation by song and dance intervention.
- You are born of vibration, conceived by and conveyed through song.
- So was all of earth as it is and forever shall be in heaven.
- The original spiritual mediators between earth and heaven were the singing dancers of the Kalahari who were around before the word “shaman” arrived up north in the cold.
- Shamans of old warmed their souls and relations by the original means of song and dance mediation.
- Later, medicine people of the forest, desert, and coastline sought a song to awaken their hookup to the Hooper of Creation.
- When song and dance were conquered by verbal abstraction, interpretation stilled the vibration that moves the body to hear and feel inside rather than outside the sacred circle of holy transmission-and-reception.
- To progress, regress: step back from seeking to be a teacher or preacher; be a song reacher. Not any song will do. Follow the anointed song catchers or risk being caught in the trickster entertainment follies.
- It all begins with a singing and dancing eland, mermaid, sea, tree, or mountain. Or any other hooper form. Be careful, because for every sacred song there is a trickster jingle ready to lure you away from the mainline chorus line.
- Holy n/om and improv-certified sacred song is the means of conveying the inspiration for the body to transformatively move, aligned with tone, beat, and uprising heat.
- All else happens spontaneously—it’s called seiki movement (of vocal cords, fingers, legs, and neurons as well.)
- Here is the basic dynamic of song catching, cooking, and sharing: The music and dance director on high and down below asks George Gershwin or Stephen Sondheim or Lucie E. Campbell to send a tonal ditty. Then a song catcher with a soft and open heart catches it. Then it is shared with others, caught by those listening with a moving body. Not just any kind of movement—it requires a non-purposeful and out-of-the-way body ready to be moved by the ineffable wind. This wind is also fire and rain, changing forms of the original vibration whose jubilation inspired elevation. Move with creation, catch the vibration, and sing and dance with supreme excitement.
- Above all else, learn to be inside the circle of transmission and reception.
- Movement on! This movement is neither less than or more than your creode, gift, and role in the scheme of God’s show biz dream.
- Inside the circle, everyone catches everyone else. Here you are Gershwin and everyone else you are not. This truth can only be felt. Never say it, for that makes you think you are God. Don’t look for God within. Act to be within God.

- Hoofers, to meet the higher roofer, jump in, align, move, and feel the ride of the holy creative vibe. This is what it means to be a vital part of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild tribe.

### ***Eat that Shrimp***

One night, Brad dreamed of serving a Guild member a grilled shrimp, but that person was not interested in eating it. So the kitchen kept preparing the shrimp differently. Finally, the chef served the shrimp deep fried as a tempura. Brad then realized we were in Osumi Sensei's house and her image flashed by. He immediately felt her by his side. Her nearness filled him with a sense of higher authority, inspiring him to say, "Eat this shrimp. It's from Osumi Sensei!"

### ***One String Out of Tune***

*(Note: A video of this teaching was shared with the Guild on October 22, 2022)*

Brad dreamed we were teaching in a California retreat center resembling the Esalen Institute, a gathering place for seekers of contemporary spirituality and its healing ways:

We were conducting a week-long intensive and had just completed the morning session. It was time for a break but rather than stop I announced, "We will now teach as if there are only five minutes left in our lives." This comment rallied an inner urgency to go straight to the heart of the teaching with no time wasted on unnecessary distractions or sidebar excursions. This included beating around the bush to placate, comfort, or please someone who was in critical need of correction. The entire group was sitting in the middle of the room except for one man who was sitting in the back. He clearly wanted to leave but was too curious to completely depart. We also knew he was caught in a social triangle with a disgruntled former Guild member known for engaging in malicious gossip when things didn't go her way. He sat close to the exit door to be loyal to his friend, but he still felt an attraction to Sacred Ecstatics.

Our attention in the dream was not focused on him but on a medical doctor who was struggling to live and feared that his days were numbered. We invited him to come forward for a healing session. Then we asked him to listen to the music that was in the air. In that moment we heard a beautiful recording of a Steinway piano. The tones were so beautiful that they healed all our hearts—the music itself was the healer. Oddly, we were unsure whether the music was coming from the doctor or mysteriously from the atmosphere. I looked straight at the man and offered a teaching:

All human suffering, from madness to sadness and all manner of disease, is only a single piano string that has gone out of tune. This is also true for you, so this is what we want you to do. Go find a piano tuner and have him make one string out of tune on your piano. The other strings will be perfectly tuned—just make sure he renders one string out of tune. When you hear the result, you will be better able to shift your approach to wellbeing from psychological assessment to string alignment.

The doctor started to object and mentioned he didn't own a piano. It was hard to hear him speak, however, because a cheap speaker mounted on a nearby kitchen wall started playing boring elevator music, a recording meant to relax rather than excite its listeners. The Guild started to look for a means of turning off the distracting noise—it was interfering with the ongoing healing and teaching. Someone announced that a woman employee had come to the room before our intensive began and inserted a tape loop, a never-ending repetition of a boring musical jingle. There was no way to turn it off because the controls were at the institute's office of administration. I shouted out, "We need to cut the wire." Mari, a Guild member, shot out of her chair and found a pair of scissors in the kitchen. She climbed a ladder found in the closet and clipped the black ground wire. The distracting music immediately stopped.

Our attention turned again to the medical doctor who was now in great distress. Several Guild members were holding him up. He was losing consciousness and the arteries and veins of his neck started to bulge. Some people thought he was beginning to have a heart attack. Knowing there was no time to waste, we asked him to stand up and turn around. To everyone's surprise he was carrying a backpack that no one had noticed before. On its outside was an open pocket holding three electric toothbrushes. There may have been other tools hidden from view. We wondered if there was also an audio recorder inside the pack which would account for the source of the initial piano music we heard.

With the air cleared, we started to teach again. This time we noticed how low the ceiling was in the Esalen room. We had to bend over to avoid bumping our heads. We proceeded to talk:

There is a piano in the air. It sometimes feels like it is inside you. When there is distracting noise and other interference in a room, this can throw the piano out of tune, as well as your relationship to

hearing and feeling its music. While there is a partial truth to saying it is *you* who are out of tune, it is arguably more accurate to describe your inner piano as needing a tuning. Or even better to speak of tuning the room itself. It's the room that needs a tuning. It also needs a higher ceiling. But even this more complex declaration falls short of pointing to the whole ecology of relations amidst audition, cognition, emotion, inspiration, and instrumentation. When all are tuned, there is no difference between inner and outer, performer and instrument, as well as reception and transmission.

The last sentences were not easy to hear because the elevator music started playing again, this time from a speaker in the conference room where we were gathered. We knew what to do—cut the wire so the healing signal could come through. We then told the doctor:

A single untuned string in the room comes from a dramatic temperature change brought on by social triangulation, sabotage, or distracting noise. It can make it impossible to hear the ineffable music that heals and transforms. There is no need to brush your teeth, believing that this will change things by cleaning up trickster talk. No electrically powered toothbrush is needed for yourself, the gossip, or others caught up in such an out of whack relational mess.

Healing is not about speech, whether social conversation or internal mental chatter. It surpasses the mythical talking cure of therapy. Healing comes first and foremost from divinely inspired music. Remember that you are always free to cut the wire that delivers the canned repetitive music, the cliché therapeutic models, and the habituated means of relational triangulation. Then there will be no interference from a single untuned string in the room ecology—the music will be heard, the piano inside and outside you will automatically be tuned and synchronized, and the heart will be healed and made whole by this holy musical means of transformation.

We remembered that Esalen is a place that in its recent years has hosted every successful healing method that satisfies the taste of popular New Age convention. Here teachers of Gestalt therapy, Ericksonian hypnosis, family constellation work,

NLP, encounter groups, primal scream, shamanic soul retrieval, and many other therapeutic models and modalities have peddled their wares. It was absurd and surreal that we were teaching in such a place whose ceiling is quite low, even though historically people visited Esalen to get high.

But none of that history mattered in the dream. As the golden notes arrived to make our spines shiver, the ceiling became higher. We realized that tuning the room with the right tones, rhythm, harmony, and melody raises the ceiling and expands the walls. So will the heart rise and expand as everyone inside the room is made well. This is the oldest secret of shamans, healers, and the mystical minstrels of old.

Relational discord often feels like a complex mess that is impossible to untangle. But this visionary dream teaches that human suffering is more simply traceable to one untuned string. Discord is fostered by the noisy habits of interpretation fed by social triangulation and the deadening elevator music of mindless repetition. The healers with tendrils reaching to higher vibratory power were anointed to both catch a healing song and share it with others. In the tones, the bones of action are reset. In the rhythmic beats, the heart finds its lost soul heat. In the harmonies, cacophonies, and melodies, every part reenters the whole big room that hosts no interference with feeling the utmost joy.

Let us never forget that a song that touches our heart is an experience that electrically empowers us to spontaneously move and realign ourselves with the main musical rope to God. Before you shake, tremble, or dance, make sure you catch what the music conveys—the sacred emotion that resonates the piano strings within. All else happens effortlessly, naturally, and spontaneously. Every form of human expression, from tragic lamentation to ecstatic jubilation, is a room—an ecological—phenomenon. It has nothing to do with psychological evaluations mediated by amateur or professional gossip. Clear away the elevator music and be rid of chatterbox diagnostics so you and your Steinway may ride the elevator to heaven, something requiring a holy song played in a room free of noisy and stinky interference. Trust the purest music that heals and cleanses the happy heart rather than the toothbrush only made for the jabbering mouth.

### ***Unchanging Dot-and-Line, Changing Circle, and a Higher Goofy Double Loop in Between***

Following the previous visionary dream, Brad dreamed of music every night throughout the whole summer and throughout the Guild season. Sometimes he heard one melodic line repeated, but with constant variation. At other times a surge of emotional inspiration awakened spontaneous musical expression. Finally, there were nights when a whole musical performance kept Brad awake and ready to play the next day. During summer 2022 he recorded nearly 300

songs, keeping each at least 5 minutes in duration but rarely more than 8 minutes long—instructions specified from the other side.

After a month of this musical downloading, Brad had developed a new mezcäl-filled way of playing. Musical performance became a seiki practice, a Kalahari circle dance, and a New Orleans fire station party. He developed four ways of bringing this music through the veil: (1) pure mezcäl invention with a minimal amount of conscious purpose involved; (2) melodic alteration where a familiar song is reconstructed and improvised differently; (3) hybrids of pure improvisation and melodic line inspiration, using a fragment of a melody to drive a performance; (4) old school sanctified gospel songs, the kind that host “flowing in the anointing.”<sup>22</sup> Every day he recorded and filed the music into these four categories.

Toward the end of summer 2022, Brad had a dream where he was sent to a high classroom. There a master elder teacher, ornately dressed in a Bohemian manner, asked him to teach what he had learned about creating art and dart, the rarest medicine on earth. Brad intuited that he was supposed to translate how his musical summer held patterns of creative invention that were resonant with what he had spent a professional career doing in transformative healing sessions. As he started to think about what he’d say, the master gave the lecture. What Brad heard was so incredible that it literally blew his mind, leaving him speechless in the dream and afterward. He was even unable to write it down. It seemed beyond the range of verbal expression and would likely be misunderstood.

A month later, Brad felt it was time to write down what he remembered and leave it in our record of visionary teachings:

The master teacher began by pointing to the need for two dynamics that must be in play for transformative creation and invention. 1) On one side is a stable or unchanging high inspiration—what Sacred Ecstatics calls “sacred emotion.” This emotion is the driver of whatever takes place in a particular situation. It is the base, the sea beneath whatever is thought, said, or enacted. 2) On the other side is found the performance whose aesthetic rendering must constantly change. If the form is music, the tonal and rhythmic variations never cease. The same applies to speech and ideation—they must both change inside a circle or wheel of improvised variation, inspired by the muse of elevated emotion. Metaphors, conclusions, uncertainties, and understandings must change and be improvised as you and anyone else involved are blown by a higher wind.

This teaching on the two dynamics was not new to Brad. His whole career began with how the complementary relation between change and stability comprise a cybernetic “mind” of circularity that can replace a line of simple

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<sup>22</sup> See the vision, “The Gossett Family,” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching, Volume 1*.

causality. As he heard this lecture, Brad envisioned the mentioned source of inspiration as a solid, unchanging dot that extends itself into a line as it reaches to touch the hearts of those ready to be lifted. This is the rope to God that Bushmen doctors feel as it reels their hearts toward the sky. The heart climbs to the sky village heaven where song and dance wait to teach a new tune or body motion. Brad then imagined the other side of change as a circle that is not separate from the dot and line of far-reaching emotion. It is more an inclusive complementarity. However, a surprise was delivered in this teaching: the dot and line are not a *part* of the circle. It's the other way around. The circle is a part of the primary dot of sacred emotion, ever reaching, extending, and encircling.

In this moment of resetting the connections of dot, line, and circle, the master teacher began to levitate and float in the middle of the room. He appeared to be demonstrating how to be in between the dot-and-line of sacred emotion and the circle of aesthetic change. He announced with an altered tone and rhythmic beat, "To make this process work, a goofy loop of higher creative intervention is needed."

As he said these words, Brad also imagined him noting that he was referring to what Gregory Bateson called a "double bind." But he never said this term—Brad only imagined hearing it. It was a higher doubleness or twoness that related both sides of the lower two indications (the dot-and-line and the circle of changing). The "double bind" or goofy loop cannot be named or else it falls to the twoness below. It is only felt while enacted in the middle suspension. Here is the classic middle way of the mystic minstrel and the cosmic stage of creation. This middle and the trinity it creates are forever unresolved, a resourceful impossible conundrum that marches, sings, and dances to a more complex beat to generate the desperately needed creative tension. It is a radical liberation for all times, asking us to not seek solutions, resolutions, or absolutions. The latter have no higher ladder; they only assure erasure of creation and ensure encapsulation.

With heart ascended in the middle of the air, honor your problems as helpers and drop the addiction to seeking solutions. Also respect and utilize your suffering as part of the friction needed to light a fire. Remember that this middle is more than halfway in between. It is the whole dot, line of extension, and circularities that breed and rebreed generations of paradisaal reentry. Instructions for how to get there are conveyed by participation in creation where invention arises amidst suspension, the middle wobble of vibration that sings and dances in the crossing roads of all relevant oppositions that were made different to enable the relation of unification.

In summary, the secret key to the universe is found in performing the unchanging dot-and-line, the changing circle of varying expression, and an unnamed higher middle's goofy loop double binder that connects them both while also keeping them distinct. This is the mother of invention, the fountain of creation. Do you want to find her? Then mind her as you bind with her. Two times two, in the said and unsaid.

Before this visionary dream report was written later in mid-September, Brad remembered an old jazz pianist from Minneapolis, Minnesota. He was the only person who could perfectly imitate playing the style of Erroll Garner, something that has defeated other jazz maestros. Tommy O'Donnell was not known to most people, though Ahmad Jamal heard him play once in a St. Paul, Minnesota club and believed he was possessed by Erroll! Before Tommy passed away, he revealed that Erroll gave him private music lessons. He learned that Erroll's music was primarily orchestrated by the mood he was in—the changes of his performance were always directly attributed to his mood. Erroll went directly from a "feeling" to a musical performance with no conscious mind interference in between. That's what Erroll taught Tommy: catch the feeling and have it drive everything else. The secret to life, in other words, is catching a higher feeling and then converting it to a performance. This pairing of emotion and action requires another higher dimension of doubleness, something that cannot be named as the means of catching it. You must be caught by it. Don't forget that there is another double in play—you and the Creator. It therefore takes three 2's to be a vital, vibrant part of creation. Only the first can be understood. The second is more wobbly and only catches you when your heart rises. The third *is* the wobble, the vibration of creation held in all relations. Call it Creator, God, Tao, or Erroll. It doesn't matter. Better to mind the creative bind of three two's making another 222, a mystical number we have come to adore in all its changing forms.

### ***To Enter the Vast Sea, First Enter the Small Shot Glass: A Teaching***

In our book, *Sacred Ecstasies: The Recipe for Setting Your Soul on Fire*, we shared a Zen story about an aging master who grew tired of his apprentice's complaints. It illustrates the importance of living inside a big room:

One morning, the master sent his apprentice to get some salt. When the apprentice returned, the master told him to mix a handful of salt in a glass of water and drink it.

"How does it taste?" the master asked.

"Bitter," said the apprentice.

The master chuckled and asked the young man to take the same handful of salt and put it in the lake. The two walked in silence to the nearby lake. Once the apprentice swirled his handful of salt in the water, the old man said, "Now drink from the lake."

As the water dripped down the young man's chin, the master asked, "How does it taste?"

"Fresh," remarked the apprentice.

"Do you taste the salt?" asked the master.

"No," said the young man. The master then sat beside this serious young man and explained, "The pain of life is pure salt; no more, no less. The amount of pain in life remains exactly the same. However, the amount of bitterness we taste depends on the container we put the pain in. So when you are in pain, the only thing you can do is to enlarge your sense of things. Stop being a glass. Become a lake. Better yet, become a vast freshwater sea."

Everyday minor irritations, more challenging difficulties, and major suffering all bring an invitation to enlarge the space that holds your experience. If you are not careful, an emphasis on relieving pain and alleviating symptoms can distract you from the vast sea and throw you inside a small glass where the bitter taste keeps you focused only on your troubles. For instance, consider what happens when others prompt you to join them in discussing "issues," "problems," "disturbances," "funks," "upsets," "setbacks," "calamities," "catastrophes," or any other name for life's "bitterness," whether it is regarded as theirs, yours, or shared. It is easy to get caught in a vicious cycle that continuously salts the conversation with bitter talk.

This is not a suggestion to run from conflict, avoid critique, or ban prophetic disruption. Pretending everything is fine when it isn't does not build a big room. Instead we're addressing the art of re-situating suffering inside the vast, First Creation ocean of utmost numinous mystery.

Without being aware of it, people often place their suffering, which is actually only a part of their experience, inside too small a container where it gets over-concentrated and magnified until it appears to be the illusory whole of life. Inside this constricted and condensed space, everything tastes bitter. The first step of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe is to reset your relationship with the universe so that you return to residing inside the whole mystery of life. Here is found a multitude of experiences that will likely still include the bitter salt of suffering, though it is now in the company of other important ingredients and seasonings such as humor, play, invention, curiosity, exploration, creative tinkering with the

unknown, experiments with God, and all the rest of life's too often forgotten possibilities.

Again, we are not suggesting that suffering doesn't exist or should not be addressed. We are saying that any partial experience, whether bitter or sweet, is better related to as a part rather than the whole of life.

More than 3000 noches have passed since we first wrote those words. Now it's time to receive the other side of that Zen truth: To enter the vast sea, enter the small glass made to hold mezcal. This requires continual movement through all steps of mezcal production, beginning with *drop, chop, soft* and so on, all the way through distillation. To enter the glass you must be concentrated—embodying all the steps that lead you there.

Mastering the art of building a big room goes hand in hand with mastering the art of becoming mezcal—a drop of pure, concentrated spirit that can be held in a tiny glass. That's the eye of the needle, the small matchbox suitcase that holds the cosmos, and the Kalahari grain of sand on which we dance in eternity, doing so through action rather than observation. Why observe when you can serve the stars?

As we move through the steps of mezcal production, we get smaller while the room gets bigger. The concentration delivered by distillation also pours wild, limitless inspiration to uplift and stretch your creative imagination. Seek to build a big room and find yourself in a tiny shot glass. And chop, empty, sweep, and clean both self and room to experience less of what you thought you were while feeling more life inside eternity.

Is your inner or outer conversation saturated with bitter talk that shrinks, stinks, sinks, and de-tunes your strings? **Rather than try to fix it, mix a new reality. Become mezcal.** With each production step, become soft and small enough to re-enter the big room's shot glass where solidified forms are removed to make room for the concentrated liquidity that satisfies the utmost thirst.

Pick up your shot glass and look inside it. In its space is found the sky. Turn on sound movement to feel the whole universe inside that small glass—the CMC ocean, the palpitating light, the electrical current, the holy music, the dancing vibrations, the shamanic remembering, and mezcal, that's all. You can do it! Each day and night, do it!

Pick up your shot glass and aim to enter it. Small is your entry into infinity. From now on, enact your daily sound movement inside your shot glass—that's the big room for mezcal production. This Saturday, we'll be hosting the Spirit House Meeting inside our double shot glass. It holds our Re-creational Vehicle with an RV-3000 license plate to drive us all home.

### ***The Best and Worst Day of Our Lives: A Teaching***

We received a letter from one of our Guild members:

Dear Hillary and Brad,

Thank you for yesterday's Spirit House Meeting, it was incredible and had a profound affect on me. I was overcome by emotion, gratitude, love, being held and feeling safe/warm. When I have these experiences it's like time stands still and my thoughts are gone, there is only love and peace. Afterwards, when I returned to normal life, I felt incredibly vulnerable and fear/worry came back strongly. I've accepted that this is a pattern in my life: when my heart opens, trickster comes in strong. I don't want to live like this because the opening and closing is painful for me. I decided to go to bed and rest. I said the mezcal prayer ("I'm here to become mezcal, that's all) and felt the warm/loving energy return. I wanted to ask for your help/guidance with this, it feels important for me right now. Thank you for everything you are bringing to my life, our world.

We responded:

Your email reminded Brad of something he learned from his grandfather and country preacher, Reverend W. L. Keeney. People often said that when he preached, he did so with such holy spirit firepower that he reconverted himself every time! He was also a gentle, upright man. He shepherded many people into the light of the big room and was familiar with all the joys and challenges of trying to stay on the path. Brad's grandfather once told him,

Grandson, the day someone feels the light and hands their life over to the great love of God is the best day of their life. Then after the service they go home, and often feel it's the worst day of their life.

Why is this? Because every time we drink a sip of mezcal and feel the spiritual joy, heat, and love move through us, we are changed. When we later naturally cool down and return to our familiar everyday rooms, we're now able to feel the contrast in a more profound way. If there are aspects of our life that are out of tune with the higher piano string, we'll feel it and hear it in a way we did not before. Being able to discern an out of tune string is one of the gifts of being tuned in the big room distillery! But the swing from having the best day of our life to the worst can feel painful like whiplash.

At this point trickster will often “come in strong” to pull us even deeper into a runaway spiral of fear and worry (or anger, jealousy, whatever) that surely leads us nowhere, as you have found. Trickster will just as often rush in to quickly rescue us from our “negative” feelings with familiar affirmations aimed to ease and please or bolster our confidence in our worldly, big me selves. Even prayer can be used by trickster as a numbing salve rather than a more wholehearted surrender to be led through all the phases of mezcal production—including the uncomfortable parts. Trickster likes to declare that fear, worry, and angst are blocks that must be immediately cleared away. But the cost of that rush to feel good and safe again is smoothing out the irregularities that make the boulder beautiful, to borrow Brad’s [previous visionary teaching from pianist Chick Corea](#).

As human being agave plants, we go through all the steps of mezcal production many times. And at any given moment our lives are filled with growing seeds, harvested plants in need of chopping, and hearts in the process of cooking, mashing, fermentation, and distillation. Mezcal production is full of extreme joy and healing and spiritual heat, but it also comes with discomfort, change, and shake-ups. After tasting a sip of pure mezcal, we can later discern the polluted taste of any cheap imitation bottles still lingering on our shelves. After being tuned in the big room, we can better discern the sour notes of an out-of-tune string or room. As Reverend Keeney would say, after being bathed in the light of God, we now feel the darkness in our lives and in the world in a more profound way than we could before.

But as human beings, we’re not in charge of mezcal production, room tuning, or light shining. We must take the appropriate actions to remain on the path and inside the distillery, but the details and outcomes and timeline are over our heads. This is one reason we pray. From inside the fear and worry we pray to further surrender ourselves to the full process of becoming mezcal with all its steps in play. We pray to be granted whatever brings us closer to pure spirit, and that includes the discomfort of facing something that needs to be changed, chopped, and filtered out of the distillation.

Praying inside the small shot glass, we are held safely by God and made able to withstand an honest listen to any out-of-tune piano strings and an honest taste of diluted spirit, knowing that we are being shown this as part of our greater tuning and process of becoming mezcal.

We certainly pray that you continue to find comfort and warmth in prayer, and to feel the life-changing love, peace, and exhilaration of our mezcal production journey together! We also pray that God continues to lead you through all the steps of moving from solid matter to pure, liquid spirit and back again, including

granting you the necessary time spent in the softening of the middle wobble when we are vulnerable to trickster. Let us all go deeper together and raise our arms higher! God, help us!

Much love,  
Hillary and Brad

### ***The Art of Listening Mirrors the Art of Performing: A Teaching***

Brad's nightly visionary musical downloads provided an opportunity to apply the principles of mezcäl production. Brad even called these new recordings "mezcäl shots." Each performance began with catching the emotion of the music and then chopping, sweetening, altering, distilling, and conducting all the other transformative operations. The result was a concentration of mezcäl-charged music.

Remember that "mezcäl" points to the creative life force of seiki, holy spirit, and n/om. What is seiki? Brad received an answer from the saints: "To know seiki, you need to feel duende." What is duende other than a word used by the Spanish writer, Federico Garcia Lorca? Another answer was received: "To know duende you need to know the relations between seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit." As we are accustomed to saying, this is something felt rather than understood. Be careful not to conflate body excitement or autonomic involuntary movement with this ineffable force. Chop up and sweep away any presumption you have about this vibratory force whose source is over your head and body. This clearing helps prepare you to catch the ecstatic emotion inspiring creation's improvising action.

Try a shot of Brad's new kind of musical mezcäl. Moved by the heightened creative life force, it is meant to reshuffle the mind, move the body, open the heart, and throw a soulful dart. Change your movement action until you feel it—the mezcäl is in conveyed by sonic waves, waiting for you to tune into the vibration that generated its creation. As always, keep clearing away whatever interferes with mezcäl reception. The rest will subsequently happen spontaneously.

On a technical note, the recordings are interspersed with two (or more) different sequences of sound that are in simultaneous play. For example, there may be an energized rhythm track going on at the same time as a slow tempo melody. Or there may be contrapuntal movement of tonal lines. Rhythms alternate between entrainment and de-entrainment, providing the core engine of an ecstatic train. The recordings hold intersections, transitions, and favorable conditions for double wobbles, the contrarian-based suspensions of multiple levels of twoness that help you catch the double-binding, trinity-finding of mystery. Don't ask what this means. It serves to hint at what is meant to not be understood. Rather than provide a freeze-frame of explanation, this comment aims to inspire the dot-and-line, circle of change, and middle goofy

loop to interact in a manner that chops, softens, sweetens, and prepares you to glisten as you listen.

### ***The Many Flavors of Mezcal: A Verse***

Our mezcal bar serves mezcal. We feature three main flavors: **sake, moonshine, and rum.**

We also serve many other endless varieties and mixed drinks:

Would you like a Zulu Beer made of fierce cheer?

How about a Balinese Wine with a Jolly Green Giant vine?

Things sometimes go better with a Diné Spritzer

Feeling traditional out on the plains? Then try our **Lakota Old-Fashioned**. It's so good it'll make Yuwipi.

Or the Ojibway Gin and Tonic that helps open your Minnesota mermaid fin!  
(Just ask Esther, Sarah, Atina, and Shari)

We're in the mood for an Irish Fairy Whiskey

And are waiting for **Joao's Caipirinha**. It glows with a green light.

We're always thirsty for **Sister Gertrude Morgan's High Ball**. Take three gulps and shout, Amen!

Know this before you smack your lips and start to flip: we never serve a New Age Shirley Temple. That's a sweet drink missing any concentrated spirit.

We do have some special mixed drinks that are one-of-a-kind, thanks to our saints from Tin Pan Alley. They send us songs from the vastest Broadway song book. Thank you, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Stephen Sondheim, to name a few. And we thank the many jazz maestro saints for their bitters and sweet fruits that deepen all the Sacred Ecstatics flavorings.

We're sure there are some cocktail recipes we have missed—**Franz Liszt** apricot pálinka with a tincture of Romani violin? Or a **Beethoven Classic**: Mix 1 part Utter Despair with 2 parts of High Anointment and a dash of Jaded Passion. Sip on long walks in the woods until you can hear the inner symphony.

Go ahead and be a child in the spirit of all things unknown. Tinker to catch yourself by surprise. Surprise! To mystically rise we need to be a double catcher. Catch the song and catch its aligned movement.

Catch the double shot

Catch the double reeling

Doubly own the singular feeling

We are here to become mezcal, that's all!

Get ready, everyone! In tomorrow's video we move **one step** closer to the ineffable mystery of mezcal-filled movement. And then we dive into the Spirit House right after. See you at the Higher Mezcal Bar!

### ***From Flamenco to Tango to Music, One Step or Note Is the Whole Performance***

*(Note: This report was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on November 26, 2022)*

In the middle of the night, Brad recalled a story collected when he previously studied the ecstatic performance of flamenco dancers in Spain. Once upon a time a competition was held to find a dancer who masterfully owned duende, the mysterious force that is partially comparable to the *n/om* conveyed by the Kalahari Bushman dancers. Many professional dancers showed up in a remote mountain village to demonstrate their skills. That night they danced fast and furiously with complex choreographies that took the audience's breath away. The dancers thought they were full of duende and many of the onlookers were sure they, too, were experts in discerning that this magical force was present. But the wise elder dancers knew that the number of steps and the degree of movement complexity had absolutely nothing to do with duende. It often signified the absence of duende, even when it was highly energetic or prodigiously skillful. After the night's competition had finished, most of the crowd thought they had basked in duende while the disappointed elders had recognized none.

An old woman who had been waiting tables then asked for a table to be cleared free of dishes and glasses. She used a chair to climb on top of the table. The audience noticed and stopped talking, waiting to see if she would really dance. It felt like a storm was brewing as the atmosphere became more and more electrical. Without knowing when her foot would strike the first flamenco step, everyone leaned forward with anticipation. The woman then made a single, sudden move that filled the room with a mysterious flash of light, as if a bolt of lightning had struck. People fainted, fell into a trembling state, or screamed with the shock of delight. The elders jumped up and shouted, “Duende!” She had only danced one step, but it expressed more duende than all the complex movements performed that night. Duende is not what most people think. It is concentrated. Less is more while more may just be more of nothing.

This story is also a teaching about mezcal production and how the stages of transformation aim to clear away whatever interferes with the creation of concentrated spirit. The field must be cleared for a single shot of mezcal, and the table must be cleared for a single step of flamenco. In Brad’s musical mezcal shots, each recording follows the path of the Spanish waitress who took one spirited step on the table. We aesthetically and ecstatically regard these recordings as another means of mezcal production. The concentrated spirit determines how many notes and spaces between them will come through.

Elders of jazz talk about how younger musicians often play too many notes, and have not learned how to play the “silent notes,” as Miles Davis called them. They are seduced into displays of technique that are worthy of an Olympic medal, but in truth they are missing soul, duende, seiki, chitlin power,<sup>23</sup> or art-and-dart mojo. Like the audience in Spain, most people in a jazz audience are convinced that wild physical energetics and fast-paced precision are the same as a soulful fire. The typical listener is, of course, lacking the skills of discerning the ineffable. In jazz, critics sometimes propose that you must wait until a musician ripens into their golden years to hear the music they were born to express. While their agave is still maturing in the field, their playing involves too much doodling with repetitive loops that lose the tonal and rhythmic changes and stabilities that feed vitality. While arguably arty in a technical manner, they are not yet darty enough to serve the listener a shot of concentrated spirit. Similarly, listeners must ripen and mature before their ears can hear with higher sense. It takes time to learn how to perform and how to listen. Mezcal is illusive. Its sound-emotion is the music of the mystical spheres, and the Hearts of the Spears wait to serve it to those whose shot glass is empty and ready to receive.

The same phenomenon of mistaken spirit identity (mistaking frenetics for ecstasies) takes place in popular forms of ecstatic dancing or purposeful shaking where dancers either just go wild or lock into a few rhythmic forms with a purposefulness that leaves no room for higher-driven spontaneity. The dancer must clear their inner table and wait for the great mystery to make one step. Otherwise, all the energetics and acrobatics result in no n/om, seiki, or

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<sup>23</sup> See the visionary report about Phil Woods, “When to Add Some Chitlins,” in *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching, Volume II*.

concentrated spirit—no mezcals heard around the world. When contemporary ecstatic dancers and physical therapy shakers compare their movement to the ecstatic healing ways of the Kalahari, they forget that the Bushmen dance is orchestrated by *n/om* and a whole ecology of relations. *N/om*, like mezcals, dances the dancer as the mind empties, trickster mentation and the heart rises, pulled by the rope to God.

Both observers and performers not ripened, seasoned, and concentrated by mezcals confuse the feeling and expression of “power” with the emotion of higher ecstasy. As we’ve often said before, someone can dance wildly to frenzied drumming but still lack *n/om*. The Bushmen dancers also recognize someone stuck in power, the lowest level of participating in their transformative song-and-dance way. When singing or dancing has too much show, it usually has too little glow. Behind the scenes, *n/om-kxaosi* sometimes say that this “power station” has no *n/om*. Power is surely felt, but it’s “stuck in the belly.” When energy stops here, it finds its home in the martial arts of war. The Kalahari elders go past the tactics and physical moves of mortal combat to climb toward the immortal beloved. They seek the drink of love held in a tortoise shell. Their spear pierces the heart and awakens forgiveness and sharing rather than authority, conquest, and empire building. Here there is no *n/om* mezcals until the heart rises. The latter results in trembling fingers ready to touch gently. More importantly, the vocal cords awaken to tremble as they sing full throttle.

The locker room talk of the *n/om-kxaosi*, duende flamenco dancers, seiki tea servers, and Sacred Ecstatics Guild members who cook is also heard in old school storefront churches that work the spirit. The difference between having the spirit *on* you or *in* you is what differentiates an owner of concentrated spirit from somewhat misappropriating how the spirit plays with body display. The same conversation can be heard in the tango clubs of Argentina. A series of circumstances led us this summer to study the films of the extraordinary tango dancer, the late Carlos Gavito. He suggests “that the person who dances fast is actually trying to hide mistakes. The dancer who dances slowly does it because he’s a hundred percent sure that what he’s doing is perfect.” The tango, to this master, is dancing each step as if it’s the whole dance. In other words, each step is fully concentrated with the ineffable. Carlos Gavito makes you gasp when he simply walks across the floor before meeting his partner. He teaches that the music is what must be primary—all attention of the dancer must be on the music, with full absorption in its emotion. Then the feet and toes became the hands and fingers playing the musical instrument.

The Bushmen also regarded music as the supreme carrier of *n/om*. There is no *n/om* without a song. Prior to the New Age shaman there were song catchers. No song, no shaman—the drum is secondary. The ecstatic dancers of Spain, Argentina, and the Kalahari are also song catchers. When a song with concentrated spirit is caught, the fire and lightning are awakened within. A sacred ecstatic performance flows from the spirit to compose, convey, catch and dance Creation. When the concentrated spirit moves within, the whole of you is danced with each step. The mezcals circulates inside and out.

Catching the spirit requires catching music whose muse was a felt relationship with the Creator. Some music has little to no direct communion with the Creator, leaving it essentially absent of mezcals. While such music is pleasing and easy to catch, the dancing associated with it shows its dilution of spirit. There's nothing wrong with having fun but don't be dumb and assume that it's sacred ecstasy. Music inspired by the gods is not easily caught. It requires a clean table to make room for its performance. Its numinous pierce comes not from the repetitive predictability of entrainment but from the surprises that throw you out of the entrainment-entertainment loop. If the beat is too steady, the table is not ready. As the Balian dancers know, the irregularities of rhythm and movement are supplied by the gods. You wait for them to strike. Those moments are rare and when they occur, surrender to riding the spirit to wherever it takes you. Soon, after lightning strikes, the seduction of entrainment arrives again to provide some encapsulated repetition that makes everything predictable, easy, and pleasy again. While there is a time to be steady, there is also a time to be thrown overboard by the concentrated spirit. That's when the gods have their way with you. Enough said, for this is not meant to be read. It is meant to be owned by glowing red antlers.<sup>24</sup>

Making mezcals on the piano is found in dancing the fingers as if your hands are a dancer's feet. It is tango, flamenco, and an old school n/om dance around the fire. Listen as if you are performing. You are, within. Clear the tabletop and dance the keyboard to climb the ladder toward higher concentration. Then back to the chopping block. Get soft and begin again with no assumptions that allow any knowing to interfere with being clearly ready for your first step into First Creation. One step. One note. One shot of mezcals. That is all.

### ***Sister Gertrude Morgan Brings Us a Gift***

Brad dreamed that he woke up in the morning and walked downstairs:

To my surprise I found Sister Gertrude Morgan in the kitchen holding a small white box wrapped with a white ribbon. She handed me the gift with a smile. I immediately opened it to see a delicious white wedding cake. It was rectangular in size like a large *petit fours*, completely covered with white icing. I felt an enormous desire for a bite of that cake, so I grabbed a fork and took a bite. I scooped up an extra amount of icing as I usually like to do. I was absorbed in its delicious taste and did not notice that Sister Gertrude Morgan had left after delivering the gift. Soon Hillary came downstairs and I told her what had happened. She, too, took a bite of the cake, and before I could suggest that we

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<sup>24</sup> See Shamanism Returns in the *Climbing 2*

finish it all, she gave me a look that meant we should save the rest for later. I woke up with the taste of that sweet wedding cake still fresh on my palate.

Later in the night I had a second dream that we called Aubrey Daval, the filmmaker making a documentary on Sister Gertrude Morgan. We told her about the gift and invited her to come over. As we waited, we noticed that Sister Gertrude Morgan had left a little drawing and note on the box which thrilled us as much as receiving the cake. Aubrey soon arrived and we offered her a piece of the cake. She was intensely gazing at the cake and its box, and seemed to go into a trance, caught up in the wonder of what had happened. Then Aubrey announced that she needed to get the film crew over to photograph it. We wondered whether she was disappointed that we had eaten some of the cake instead of keeping it intact for filming. I asked again if she'd like a piece of the cake and she said she needed to film it and would refrain.

I woke up again, only to later have a third dream. We were now in the kitchen with Aubrey and the film crew. When I offered her a piece of the cake this time, she was unable to refuse. She laughed and replied, "I am ready to eat that cake."

### ***To See Clearly, Use Half a Frame***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild during the Spirit House Meeting on January 14, 2023).*

After a prayer request for guidance, a dream arrived later in the night. We were taken to a classroom where an elder spoke, "To see clearly, use half a frame." He then showed us a table where a collage of a map, photograph, and film were laid out. As we stared at the collage, the elder placed half a wood frame over its top and right side. "Now look in a different manner. All the clarity you need will come through." We concentrated and began to understand that some things in life are meant to be clear, understood, and framed by the mind. The rest of life is unframeable, beyond our encapsulation. When we try to frame it all, we are rendered lost and blind by this futile effort. Framing half of life reminds us that we are in both First and Second Creation at the same time. In that difference, creation thrives amidst the co-existence of the framed and unframed, signal and noise, known and unknown, and the captured and the wild.

## *Catching Mezcal*

Brad dreamed we began a new Sacred Ecstatics Guild season:

Before we launched our first video broadcast, I was flooded with how much love I felt for Hillary. I wanted to tell everyone that Sacred Ecstatics is ultimately our attempt to share a glass of the love we feel with others. Without hesitation, we began the broadcast by actually saying these words. Then I added, “This is mezcal. Drink it.” I gazed at Hillary and deeply realized what an extraordinary human being she is, the most important person I ever met. I announced,

Hillary is your teacher. She learned everything I know. I never learned it—it was just poured into me early on. Hillary was the better prepared empty vessel into which it could be fully poured and made accessible for sharing with others. I cannot teach that well; she was anointed to masterfully teach. How she learned to produce, drink, and serve mezcal is a big teaching. Being a true owner of seiki, n/om, and the holy spirit, she also has ancestral authority to show others how to relate to mezcal. It’s a miracle she came into my life, and an equal miracle that she came into your lives. Listen to her. There is no one else on the planet like her. Hillary and mezcal. That’s all.

We were suddenly transported to my parents’ former home. They were now hosting the Guild gathering. The old Baldwin Acrosonic piano I grew up with as a child was in the room. It was one of the worst pianos I ever played. Most accomplished piano technicians agree there likely was never a more horrible musical instrument made than the Acrosonic. Nevertheless, I had learned over the years that if I am full of the spirit, any instrument can sound blessed, including that Baldwin. I sat down to play a few notes for the Guild. The sonic result was so surprisingly sanctified that it changed the piano. Suddenly it no longer produced piano sounds but a collage of radio signals all broadcast simultaneously. As a result, I was not able to play the music I felt within. The air was congested with radio chatter from all around the world. I felt disoriented as multiple sources of interference came from other global broadcasting stations, especially those from Asia.

Realizing this was a non-ordinary occurrence, I arose to tell everyone in the Guild that they had just witnessed a mystery. I was sure that nothing like this had

ever happened before and that we should underscore and learn what we could from it. More importantly, we should allow the feeling of the mystery to awaken our focus on numinous means of higher control rather than be distracted by fantasies of personal mastery. At that moment a large window magically appeared on the surface of one wall. It provided a clear view of an entertainment complex across the street, a kind of hybrid circus, theatre, and concert venue. Someone was performing acrobatics at the entrance. I noticed that one student could not keep his eyes off the entertaining routine across the street. I tried to bring everyone's attention back to the piano that had become a multi-station radio receiver whose many interference patterns kept us spinning and unsure where we were heading. The more I tried to catch everyone's attention, however, the more I felt I was losing my voice. I became hoarse within minutes.

We invited the group to move to another room where no window permitted the former distraction. Before we could speak, a caterer arrived with mid-morning sandwiches that looked like roast beef sliders. The proportions were over-sized and seemed off for this time of day. We were unsure why it was so difficult to begin the season, and now we had heavy food that would surely put everyone to sleep.

We invited folks who were hungrier for mystery to gather near us at the front of the room. I noticed Esther sitting across from us. She had a sparkle in her eye and made it clear she was there to eat holy bread. Another person placed a small object on the coffee table in front of us, a gift that alternated between a silver coin and small black stone. Feeling reset, I started again, though my voice was barely audible: "Let us focus on the mystery that already arrived. We must build upon it, following it one step at a time to reach each subsequent mystery." Someone in the room then interrupted and shouted with alarm, "There is water coming out of the books on the shelf!" Another person proclaimed, "The walls also have water coming through!" Finally, others pointed out that water was also coming through the ceiling and the floor. A second mysterious anomaly had taken place but before we could discuss it, my mother entered the room with ice cream and cake. This caught my attention. I was a little annoyed that it had arrived so soon after the sandwiches because I prefer building up my appetite. But I still wanted a taste of its sweetness. Since I was served a small amount, I went to the kitchen to harvest more.

Upon my return, we cleared the room of caterers, entertainers, familial hosts, and windows for outside observation. We declared, "It is time to begin again. The room itself, everything within it, and all that is outside it must be cleared away. Interference comes from everywhere. Let us tune the right hunger to the right

serving and eliminate whatever interferes with mezcal coming through the veil. While sake, rum, whiskey, and gin will forever compete for your attention, we are here to focus on concentrated mezcal.” Hillary and I still felt dizzy amidst the former mystery intrusions of the morning—the altered piano and the water coming through the books, walls, floor, and ceiling.

A new piano was now in the room. I only played a few notes and Hillary began to move. I spoke, “That’s all you need—a few notes and a few movements aligned naturally. After that, anything can happen, including a flood of mystery.” With mystery tones and rhythms that direct body motion, you tune into the source of aesthetic creation on high. The art of Sacred Ecstatics begins with a body swaying to sanctified, mezcal-saturated music. Move, but not in any fashion. Allow each note and space of music to pull you. Concentrate on this alignment to such an extent that your experience of movement flips. Feel as if your body is making the music. There is no longer any dance; only a body playing a song. Do not allow radio station chatter from every direction to lead you astray. Don’t look out the window. Forget the hunger that seeks no holy bread. Mezcal is for a body moved by music. This is the year for beginning a new life, born again as sound movement.

### *Postscript*

The morning after Brad’s dream, one of our Guild members, Christine (whom we call Mahalia, because of her love for Mahalia Jackson), sent Hillary an email:

Dear Hillary,

Would you have a drop of wisdom that you’d like to share with me?  
I’ve a strong sense that soon is the beginning of new life!

Much Love,  
Mahalia

Hillary responded:

Dear Christine,

You have wonderful timing! Just after I read your email this morning, Brad sent me a report of an amazing dream he had last night (see below), one that brings several drops of wisdom and speaks to our upcoming season!

Raising a glass and saying, “Here’s to new life!”

Love,  
Hillary

Christine responded:

I read the dream report quite a few times and it brought tears to my eyes. Yes!! I’ll raise my glass, “Here’s to new life!”

Thank you!

Love to you both,  
Christine

### ***Sacred Ecstatics Evolves Seiki into Mezcal: A Shift to Ecstatic Sound Movement***

Recently Brad remembered how surprised he was when Osumi Sensei asked him to be responsible for overseeing the teaching of her seiki jutsu lineage. The reason he was thrown off guard by this invitation was that he did not conduct seiki like she did. She was fully aware of this difference and celebrated it. She told Brad that he “gave seiki like Jesus.” She said this enthusiastically even though she deplored Christianity. (She was a seiki shaman primarily rooted to Shintoism and secondarily to Buddhism.) Sensei also believed that Brad’s seiki manner resonated with the Kalahari n/om-kxaosi means of awakening and sharing the life force. Nothing pleased her more than watching films of Bushman n/om dances.

Brad understood that his ownership of highly concentrated vital life force, no matter its name, was what caught her discerning eye. It enabled him to not be misled by pretenders and to not trust anything or anyone other than what the force within him had to say. He also recognized the importance of Osumi Sensei’s differentiation of the term “seiki” from other Asian metaphors of life energy. Seiki is simply and profoundly more *concentrated*. She even once called it “highly concentrated ki.” This explains why we emphasize seiki jutsu as a non-subtle life force practice. Its presence is perceptible to others, and it values direct somatic contact (though Sensei would often use a sheet to provide a separation of skin-to-skin contact while enabling touch and pressure to be felt).

What is missing from Osumi Sensei’s ancient tradition, however, is the relationship to music that empowers the concentrated life force to be strengthened by sacred emotion, and thus transported more easily within oneself and to others. Without seiki-filled melody, harmony,

and rhythm to stir emotion, turning up the ineffable voltage can be difficult. The practitioner's action then paradoxically can go against the natural grain and become too purposeful, leading to resistance competing with conductance. The same is true for choreographed energy movements that become too concretized over generations of teaching. Sensei regarded most Asian energy practices as too purposeful which made them absent of seiki. Non-subtle energy work is a natural form of higher play that tends to improvise. It is body jazz that adds jam to the bread and butter. Musical improvisation makes the seiki movement ride more natural, effortless, and spontaneous. The movements are never categorized, choreographed, or taught as memorized forms.

Sacred Ecstatics has evolved seiki jutsu, and this is one of the main reasons Osumi Sensei placed it in the custody of Brad. It has changed to maintain and enhance its original vitality. Our musically inspired seiki movement is improvisational and aligned with music, thereby making it more like a Kalahari n/om dance. Not any kind of music feeds seiki or n/om movement. It requires music created from an owner of the concentrated life force who is pouring it into the musical performance. Professional musicians, unfortunately, are the rarest conveyers of the non-subtle life force. They are typically all art with little to no dart. That's not a problem, so don't restrict your musical pleasure. Art has its special calling and life beautifully benefits from art, with or without dart.

What makes mezcals music unique is found in its changing. It intermittently throws you off and on the entrainment tracks, something music often shies away from exploring, especially when it purposefully entertains, dances, or trances. The many changes of mezcals music are in the hands of the agave gods during its production. Its mojo is found in the middle of the back-and-forth interplay of humanity and divinity.

This was the original core truth for the drumming and sound-making of ecstatic shamans before they were cooled down by unchanging entrainment drumming. Ecstatic shamans wake up the soul via spirit concentration sparked by irregularities of tone, harmony, and rhythm. In the moments of being thrown off the entrainment track, the gods have their way with you. In those gaps, the ecstatic transformative zaps take place. Day-dreaming imitations of shamanism are more an entertainment built on entrainment to unchanging rhythms that act like a hypnotist's metronome. There's nothing wrong with fantasy productions—they are just different than being an old fashioned "technician of ecstasy," the original and art-and-dart practice of shamans. Sacred Ecstatics, from this perspective, brings back shamanism—something now lost due to thermal inversions caused by humdrum sonic monotony. To accomplish this, different musical and movement production are needed.

Over the years, Sacred Ecstatics has tried to identify music that conveys concentrated spirit. Mezcals sound is not easy to find. This is true for all kinds of spiritual music as well, from gospel to Jewish, Buddhist, Hindu, and Islamic sound-making. There is arguably something about professional training that removes the mojo or noticeably dilutes it. For example, today's

trained jazz musicians may play faster and louder, but there is rarely any mezcal conveyed. The same applies to modern gospel—the former soulful irregularities often are polished away, leaving no boulder to climb.

Our ongoing experimentation with the production of mezcal shots of music provides a unique contribution to spiritual cooking. While this has been going on behind the scenes since our origination, we now are making their production and contribution more explicit. Here is found a renewed invitation to tinker with how you listen. Aim to physically move with these music shots differently, in an interaction that catches the ongoing changes. The music we share unquestionably holds mezcal. Find out how to access and drink it. Go ahead and enjoy all the music and dance varieties of the world. But when it is time to drink mezcal, change the channel and focus on the concentrated spirit bar of Sacred Ecstatics. Clear away all interference and don't look out the window and daydream you are far away. Be in the ecstatic hear-and-now.

We repeat to accentuate this offering: when you engage with the mezcal music coming out of our distillery, don't listen to it like you do other familiar forms. Wobble between being a small black (unseen) stone and a silver coin whose koan arrives as a vibration. Move those ears and whole body to a different room where performer and audience feel interchangeable. Embrace not this, not that. Again and again, change the place and the way you change and relate to changing. Our mezcal productions aim to *evoke* (rather than debate) the process of change. Rather than nail anything down, we shoot nails to pierce so the rarest of vibrations may pass through. To move past any limiting forms associated with handling seiki, n/om, or the holy spirit, first refer to this mysterious numinous electricity as mezcal. The new name, born of spirit distillation, reminds you that you are after the concentration of something felt rather than the right name or the best understanding. To go further than subtle energy, concentrate on mezcal production. Forget seiki while always remembering it in the agave dismembering. It's always time to chop-chop, soft-soften on the Oaxacan bench. And don't forget the mariachi band and its hornful of song and dance. Mezcal, that's the "all" in the new seiki call.

### ***Creator***

We returned to Albuquerque for a second summer visit in August 2022. While there, we went to look at a community center performance space that we considered renting for our future Sacred Ecstatics Guild gatherings. The center is open every afternoon, serving free lunch to the local neighborhood. Many homeless people stop in to grab a bite or seek refuge from the summer sun.

While we waited to meet the director in the reception room, an elder Navajo (Diné) man walked in and asked the secretary if she could help him. He went on to specify, "I need a prayer." The woman became nervous and wasn't sure what to say, even though she was accustomed to people coming through the doors in various states of sobriety and sanity. She stumbled with a

response like, “I am not sure what you want.” He repeated himself, “I am in need of a prayer.” Then he went on to say, “Let me recognize myself to you. I am H. B., Human Being. I flew a combat jet in the war to help you live. I need a prayer. Can you help me?” Another administrator who oversaw the financial operation of the center came over and received the same request from the elder, “I need a prayer.” He strategically responded, “We’re not giving prayers right now.”

As we watched this whole drama unfold, both of us knew that we had landed at the right place in the right time. We knew the man would finally turn to us and make the request. When he did, we were ready. Brad responded, “Yes, we’d be happy to pray for you. Let’s go outside and do it.” The office workers did not realize that we took the man’s request seriously. They assumed we were just finding a way to get him to leave the building. We went outside and Brad chose a spot underneath a tree. The man mentioned he was undergoing extreme grief from a major loss and needed help from above.

Under the tree, Brad placed his hand over the elder’s heart and began to pray, “Creator, we ask that you look down on this man who has made a request for prayer . . .” As Brad prayed, Hillary noticed that he spoke with a cadence, tone, and words that resonated with the man’s Diné cultural way. Maybe it was because Brad spent so much time in years past with Walking Thunder and her community. But it was more likely because Brad, who is not able to imitate accents very well, becomes a different person when he prays. He has a way of dissolving and blending into the situation at hand, according to Hillary.

Brad did not know he was speaking in a different manner until Hillary teased him about it afterward. The prayer went on and on in a traditional way and at the end, Brad shot bolts of concentrated spirit into the man’s heart. The elder began to weep and express his gratitude. “Thank you. That’s what I needed. I must now get back on the red road and stay on it.”

He walked back with us into the community center and appeared as a satisfied man. The staff was surprised with the observable change. The secretary later said, “that was a smart strategy to get him outside.” We told her that we had no strategy. We simply understood what he wanted and were able to fulfill his request. The chief administrator soon gave permission for us to hold an event there, something she announced as we stood in the waiting room. We left wondering if this drama was the reason we had come to Albuquerque. Afterward we went for some New Mexico chiles, both red and green. During lunch Hillary reenacted how Brad had given the prayer, speaking in a Diné accent. He was surprised to hear how he had sounded. Even more surprising was that he has never been able to replicate it since. However, at random times during the night and day, Hillary will say in the same tone and rhythmic meter, “Creator.” It takes us back to that elder, the New Mexican land of enchantment, and the chile peppers.

We invite you to try it. When you’re in need of getting back on the main road, say this one-word prayer: “Creator.” Speak it in a spirit-concentrated way. This is praying with mezcal distillation.

### ***Doe's Secret Gifts***

Brad dreamed that we met his grandmother, Doe, in her former home in St. Joseph, Missouri:

She told us she had a secret storage place near Krug Park, a beautiful place where my sister, Jan, and I loved to visit as children and feed breadcrumbs to the fish in the lake. Doe explained that she had stored many gifts there and now wanted to take us to them. I asked, "Can I ask Jan to come with us?" I immediately felt startled because my sister is no longer alive. Doe smiled as I realized I was having this conversation "on the other side." That's when I remembered that gifts may be given and received on both sides of the veil. Hillary and I were excited to learn that there are many gifts in store for the Guild, its saints, and ancestors.

### ***Eat that Wall***

A week following the previous visionary meeting with Grandmother Doe, Brad had two dreams on two consecutive nights in which Doe gifted him with a single word. The emotional impact of receiving these gifts woke him up. But the experience was so strong—like a bolt of lightning—that it wiped the words from his memory. He accepted the double dose of lighting as the main gift. Later in the week, Doe granted Brad a flood of music in the form of two old hymns: "He's the Lily of the Valley," followed by "In the Sweet By and By." That morning Brad faithfully recorded the songs on the piano, playing in a manner that would please Doe. The lyrics of the first song follow:

I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul  
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see  
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole . . .

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay  
He tells me every care on Him to roll  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul . . .

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear  
With His manna, He my hungry soul shall fill . . .

Where rivers of delight shall ever roll  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul

And now the lyrics to "In the Sweet By and Bye":

In the sweet by and by,  
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.  
In the sweet by and by,  
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
the melodious songs of the blest. . .

We will offer our tribute of praise  
for the glorious gift of his love  
and the blessings that hallow our days

Two nights after receiving these songs, Brad dreamed we were downstairs in our Guild gathering room (and where we broadcast our Spirit House Meetings). Doe was with us. Then she did something very unusual. Doe walked over to the wall and grabbed a chunk of it and took a bite. We realized the walls were made of soft bread. A hole remained in the wall through which the other side of the mystical veil could be seen. She handed us the bread and, in that instant, we realized that we must not only eat the holy bread—we must eat the whole room. The holy bread and the sanctified big room are one and the same. To eat the room, it must be made soft and holy, ready for a grandmother to serve its manna to her grandchildren. Then the other side can come through and be seen all around us in every direction. As Brad started to wake up, he thought he heard someone shout, "Eat that wall! You'll wish one day you had!"<sup>25</sup>

### ***Order Erroll's Barbeque***

In a spiritual classroom Brad was shown various ways of experiencing the mezcal shots of music he had been recording. One trajectory involved beginning with music that has high emotive octane—listening to a song and artist already familiar to the soul. That would be followed by a "rhythm tickler," a wild and erratic rhythmic-based recording that derails and shakes away

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<sup>25</sup> This is a reference to something Sister Gertrude Morgan shouts in one of her album recordings, "Come on people eat the bread! Oh, you'll wish one day you had!"

former entrainments. After the latter deboarding you board the ecstatic ride of musical mezcals concentration meant to soften and sweeten the whole of you. Then the dream scene shifted:

Hillary and I were taken to a concert room that also felt like a restaurant. I was looking at the program of music that would be played when a waiter walked over to us. He acted as if we were looking at a menu. I looked again and saw a list of my favorite Erroll Garner recordings and was getting ready to begin the concert-meal with one of them. The waiter spoke before I could place my order, "I recommend that you try Erroll's barbeque." I recalled that Garner had once played the blues and it blew my mind. As I remembered the song, I was flooded with the realization that Garner's music is one of the finest sources of soulful emotion that stirs joyful commotion. More importantly, it has real deep-fried soul, the grease and chitlin power needed to make music sound like more than a display of technical power and virtuosity. I woke up imagining that our three-course dinner would begin with Erroll's barbeque, cooked with his special hot sauce. Following that starter, the culinary-auditory journey would move to deboarding the familiar before boarding the train to a taste of unfamiliar mystery. I woke up again with another reminder that mystery is meant to be eaten rather than deceptively understood.

### ***Osumi Sensei Inspects the Building at the Elementary School Reunion***

In early October after the Guild season began, Hillary had a dream:

Brad and I were in a large room that looked like the event hall or auditorium of an old school. We were with a large crowd that including everyone in the Guild. The hosts were unveiling the recent building renovations that had been completed. It seemed clear we planned to conduct Sacred Ecstasies intensives there in the future, but we did not own the building and had not been part of the renovation process.

A young Japanese woman holding a clipboard greeted us. She was coordinating the event and would be leading the tour for those clients who would be using the building in the future. We looked up at the tall ceilings and saw they were covered in beautiful vintage white tin with crown molding. However, Brad and I were surprised to notice there were stains on the ceiling from water leaks. Having looked at old buildings to purchase and renovate in the past, we felt empathy for the staff who clearly had done their best but were learning the hard

way that old buildings can involve constant repairs. The young assistant saw our expressions and looked up at the ceiling. She was clearly shocked by the discovery, especially on the day of the unveiling.

Then the guest of honor arrived. It was Osumi Sensei. She walked into the room with several attendants, and the crowd parted as she passed. She began to survey the space as we watched from a distance. Both we and the assistant knew that Sensei would soon notice the water-stained ceiling. The woman with the clipboard turned to face us so Osumi Sensei wouldn't see her and burst into tears, ashamed of her failure.

Then the dream scene shifted. I walked toward another part of the hall and noticed many of my old classmates from elementary school. Out of nowhere a woman I went to school with from kindergarten all through high school came up from behind and wrapped her arms around me. I didn't see her face but knew who it was. Though we were not close friends as we got older, I was flooded with an extraordinary feeling of warmth and love as scenes from our childhood school days came flooding back in a visceral, vivid way. I felt an enormous mix of appreciation, nostalgia, longing, and *saudade* for the joy and playfulness of being a schoolgirl again, memories both she and I shared.

The next morning, Brad encouraged me to write down this dream, though I wasn't sure what to make of it. Then I remembered Brad's earlier vision of being in an elementary school for an event with Osumi Sensei who gifted us with a new book on seiki jutsu. In that dream Osumi Sensei alternated between appearing as a giddy schoolgirl and a wise old master. She told us that further preparations were needed before we could read the book.

Perhaps my dream was a continuation of Brad's vision where we were now receiving some of the lessons from Osumi Sensei's manuscript. As is the case with most higher teachings, they have more than one meaning and throw us into the middle wobble. The leaking ceiling is one example. From an earthly perspective, nothing is more horrifying than a water leak which not only causes unsightly stains but a cascade of other potential problems requiring costly repair. But from a mystical perspective, water seeping through the ceiling, walls, and floors marks the arrival of a flood of sacred vibration and emotion. In fact, our Guild season began with Brad's vision of water coming through the ceiling, walls, and floor, and we have witnessed this phenomenon in many spiritual classroom dreams.

On the one hand, we must do all we can to prepare the room for spiritual activity and the arrival of seiki with its ancestral lineage. There is a time and place to feel the shame of failing to properly complete our preparations to a high standard worthy of wise elders. On the other hand, we welcome—and even pray

for— the waters of spirit to seep into the room and leave their mark. To call for a pour of seiki sake is to call for unpredictable change. The cost of aiming for controlled perfection is quashing the unpredictable, wild nature of the spirit. This tension between perfection and imperfection is held in the well-known Japanese aesthetic concept of *wabi-sabi*, which suggests a reverence for stains, cracks, and other marks, including those that come naturally with age.

Like our bodies on the seiki bench, becoming mezcal requires the capacity to wobble back and forth between presumed opposites. These include striving for order and perfection while surrendering to the forces of nature, becoming a discerning elder and embracing elementary school joy, and many other wobbles in between.

Our Guild Hall has been well-prepared for our continued season ahead, complete with all the rich dynamics of living a full spiritual life. We are here to become mezcal, that's all!

### ***Guild Members Dream of Osumi Sensei***

During the month of October, the Guild adopted a daily practice of “seiki sake sound movement” as part of our journey through the phases of mezcal production. We had been exploring seiki movement as fermentation – a process of building excitement, especially when performed with Brad’s special seiki-filled musical tracks. We re-told Brad’s earlier dream of Osumi Sensei when she gifted us with a new mysterious book on seiki. In the midst of all this celebration of Osumi Sensei and the new “sound movement” evolution of seiki practice, two of our Guild members reported dreams they had received. Dezsoe wrote:

Two weeks ago I had a dream. I was shown some Japanese letters about the size of my palm that I could not understand. The letters seemed to move along a line. Then a voice asked, “How can you ever imagine that anything is possible without seiki?” Then I started to move my index finger along with the first Japanese letter. My finger followed its outline as it moved and then it jumped on to the next letter. I felt encouraged to go on in this manner and to never stop. Thank you!

We responded:

This is a wonderful vision, Dezsoe! The Japanese letters came to you as they did to us, none of us knowing about the other’s dreaming. Big confirmation that

seiki is without a doubt now in the Spirit House of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild.  
Thank you!

Then Amy reported a dream:

Dezsoe's vision just reminded me of a dream I had a few weeks ago. I was handed a pamphlet with information about Sacred Ecstatics. I was surprised and very excited to see a moving image of Osumi Sensei sitting on a park bench all aglow.

We responded:

Sensei now active in the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. Hi, hi, Osumi Sensei! Hillary also had a dream of Osumi Sensei around the same time that you and Dezsoe were dreaming!

### ***A Forgotten Word and Mystical Prescription***

Brad dreamed he was praying the Lord's Prayer. When he came toward the end, he forgot one word. "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the \_\_\_\_." He repeated the prayer again and again but could not remember the missing word. He tried various memory tricks, but to no avail. Then he realized that its absence was a way of being told that the missing word is critically important to unlocking the mystery of the prayer. When his anticipation of this revelation reached an emotional peak, Brad heard a voice announce, "This word is the key to the prayer. It unlocks its higher purpose and activates its transmission." Brad woke up excited.

Now awake, he tried the prayer again and found he still could not recall the missing word. Over and over for what seemed like half an hour he prayed until again he felt energized by the impossibility of forgetting a word in a prayer that he has been saying for over 66 years. As his excitement about its importance intensified again, the word suddenly burst forth like an explosion: "Glory!" In this remembered glory Brad felt newborn glory in the evening's forgotten word. He ran to the computer to explore what the word had meant in the original scripture.

The last line of the Lord's Prayer has long been contested. Scholars originally assumed it was later added on and was not originally spoken by Jesus. Catholics don't say it, while Protestants do. Recent scholars find that there are two ancient translations of the New Testament, one Byzantine and the other Alexandrian. The Romans used the latter and it did not have the ending in their Latin translations. The Greeks followed the Byzantine and it had the extra words of praise in their Greek translations.

Looking at the word “glory,” we must turn to the Greeks and their Byzantine version of the prayer. Here the word for glory is “doxo,” meaning the experienced presence of the divine, synonymous with beauty, light, splendor, and holiness. It also points to giving praise to the glory of creation and its Creator. Hence the term “doxology,” a song of praise that is included every week in many Christian worship services. When Brad prayed the final line after remembering the word “glory,” he felt a surge of electricity through his whole body. This feeling is what the prayer is meant to celebrate and convey—something more than what can only be said, read, named, defined, or explained.

On the Latin side of things, “glory” or “gloria”—the word absent from Alexandrian translations—points to how we perceive the manifestation of God’s presence. In the Old Testament this glory is perceived as fire, whereas in the New Testament it becomes the brightness of light. When Catholics make someone a saint, they are said to be glorified, and thereafter their image includes a luminous halo or a depiction of them approaching heaven surrounded by luminous clouds. A glorified person is said to have reached spiritual perfection, a 100% concentration of spirit. In other words, a glorified saint has become mezcäl.

Brad’s dream taught us that the direct sensory experience of Jesus is one of meeting mystical light. This excites and results in automatic praise and spontaneous sound movement. It is the experience of mezcäl that floods the beholder with sacred ecstasy, the electricity of supreme bliss that does not miss singing and dancing a song. Glory! Glory be to every encounter with Thee!

### *Mystical Prescription Instructions*

Let us conduct an experiment that brings the word *glory* into your everyday. For just one day, do this: Create sentences that have the word glory in it. Call or meet someone and use that sentence and the word. Do it at least once but feel free to do it multiple times. Rehearse the sentence before you say it. Try it with different people in diverse situations. Also send an email to several people and use this word in various sentences.

The lab is open for experimentation! Don’t forget to use your compass and enact ecstatic sound movement before you utter or write a sentence that holds the mysterious word, *glory*.

### ***A Meeting in the Upper Room***

Brad dreamed he was taken to the upper room of an old building. The ceiling, floor, and walls were all made of wood. He wondered if he had been sent back to Azusa, the place in California where an important holy spirit explosion took place long ago. Then he noticed a long conference table surrounded by distinguished musicians and composers. They asked Brad to play a recording of one of his “mezcäl shots,” the recent musical experiments he had been conducting. Nervously, Brad selected and played a recording. Since he is not a trained musician, he assumed they would

notice his lack of knowledge. Instead, they all applauded with wild enthusiasm. The elder and leader of the group announced, “You should emphasize these recordings right now. We will help you. The world needs this. Make sure that you prioritize this important mission.” Brad started to respond that he didn’t have the musical expertise that they might assume he had—“I only know how to let the life force come through me and produce these so-called ‘mezcal shots.’” They applauded again, “This is mastery from another reality. Do it and let nothing interfere with fulfilling your mission.” Brad noticed a few familiar people around the table—Stephen Sondheim, Leonard Bernstein, and George Gershwin, to name a few. Bursting with excitement that he was fulfilling his creode mission, Brad woke up trembling with joy.

When the mezcal shots started pouring down this summer we were aware of their spiritual function. Since Brad is mostly an untrained musician, he plays by means of mezcal infusion. He used to call it “seiki playing” to connote its mystery-empowered means of automatic playing. Osumi Sensei loved to hear him play the piano this way and she blessed its importance in the evolution of energy work. Today we follow our latest spiritual guidance and call each recording a “mezcal shot.” Here Brad plugs into the “source and force” and lets its music rip. When your movement is aligned with the rhythms, tones, and changes of this kind of music, you are turned into a receiver that catches the source and force of its creation. Become one with the music of a mezcal shot and feel the higher conductance. Catching a mezcal song is what shamans, healers, and mystics always did to feel a connection with the higher muse. The mezcal shot is something new—it is audible and edible in Second Creation, enabling you to feel First Creation when your movement is inseparable from the sound. Ecstatic sound movement catches the mezcal, chocolate, and pie of Sacred Ecstatics.

### ***Morten’s Kalahari Vision and Guild Horseshoe Prescription***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on December 3, 2022)*

In late October 2022, just before we took the class to the mystical Kalahari to drink moonshine, Morten sent this update on his spiritual life:

I need to tell you about a dream. I do not think it was a holy dream. It was more mojo-esque and was very startling. In the dream, I chopped some reindeer meat and put it in the freezer. After quite a lot of time passed, I got it out for defrosting. To my shock I saw that I had chopped up a woman from ancient times. I felt she was around 8,000 years old. She looked African and was very small in stature.

After she started defrosting, she shockingly started to breathe. She was alive! Somehow after her injuries, she remained in fine condition. I allowed her to live,

and this decision resulted in major consequences. It changed the entire course of history, and this included losing all my human relationships and reality as I formerly knew it. Everything changed and it was a big shock to me. The last thing I remember was that I sort of regretted letting her live. At the same time, I felt in that moment that I could not have killed her.

Brad wrote back saying, “This is very strong and good—a startle with some mezcals confusion is a positive thing. There’s always loss whenever you toss aside a former reality. I want to pray over your dream before saying more.” Brad also asked Morten if he had left anything out of the dream report. Morten responded:

Funny enough, as I read your email, I heard a loud bang because my father spilled half a liter of red sauce out of the refrigerator. It went down into the freezer below. I got startled again! Ha!

About the dream: I do recall that the woman in my dream had some sort of jewelry or regalia that seemed to indicate she was a person of importance. She was lying in some sort of “womb sack” or membrane.

In the end of the dream, I found myself on an unfamiliar street in a place I did not know. The consequence of letting her live was that I now was living in an unknown world.”

Morten had a classic Kalahari vision. The dreaming of Bushmen doctors often involves hunting animals that become people, or they meet people who become animals. Remember, everything is changing in their mystical sense of reality. When it is time to eat or handle what was hunted, there is often a shock. A sandal made of eland leather might spring to life as the whole animal and chase the man who formerly took its life. A woman might surprise her husband who hunted some meat for her—she might eat him for dinner like he was the kudu only to find later that night she shits him out. What he does to her in turn is a guaranteed surprise that might change each time the story is told.

In Morten’s case, a reindeer was chopped like an agave plant. It was then set in the freezer as meat waiting to be warmed and thawed. After the shock and thaw, life came back in the form of an ancient woman. She reminds us of a strong woman *n/om-kxao* from Namibia. In First Creation she could be alternating between a lost mother, a newly found dear wife, a shamanic reindeer, and the matriarch of Creation. Morten has been praying for a spiritual breakthrough. He also took action, following the visionary instruction to hang a muddy horsehoe. He then broke through the mystical veil (or it broke through for him!) only to find that this not only changed the room but altered everything in history, as well as his relations and the whole reality in which he

lives. Yes, there is remorse for any loss of a former world, even one you wish to lose—it's a shock to change the clock from tick tock to eternity where an 8000-year-old Mother Agave, wife, and regal wisdom keeper springs to newborn life to address your former strife.

It's also a shock, call it a second order shock, for your father to drop the red sauce sacramental blood and have it land in the freezer where the chopped up frozen meat awaits renewal. Mother Agave waits for every one of you to chop up your frozen assumptions about her, along with whatever you think all her creation entails in her entrails. Then pray hard enough to thaw how you have frozen, caged, and locked in mystical reality. You'll be in for a shock when changing forms come to break your norms and tear down your reality walls.

If you are serious about breaking out of the freezer, then get an old horseshoe covered in shit. Write the number 2040 on it. Multiply 2 X 4 and find it is 8. Add the two zeros and find yourself with 800. You don't have to wait 8000 years to thaw Mother Agave. Morten's dream already thawed it for 7200 years. Finish the job with sound movement. The shock and thaw that comes with mezcal awe will come if you do your part often and authentically enough.

Being pulled into the Kalahari requires the help of a saint who can keep your rope aligned with the Creator on high, the sky God who never changes their steadfast love for every part and whole of Creation. It's too hard to do it alone. Date and later marry a saint, and follow their lead. They know how to set a prayer with prayer held in sound movement. Fear no cold if you follow what you are told by the bride and grooms of the upper room.

Stop wasting time and horsing around.

Get an old horseshoe and learn to walk again.

This time don't walk alone. Have a saint by your side.

Oh my God, it's wedding day.

Time for a shot of mezcal

Let's thaw the ice, throw the softened rice, and celebrate that history has been made and things will never be the same.

***"This Is a Warrior's Pipe"***

Brad dreamed we were outdoors with the Guild at a retreat center:

We had gathered for a talk, and I wanted to say something about what I had learned from my experiences with Native American elders and their spirituality. I reached for an old pipe. It was a pipe that looked familiar—a medium sized pipe made of red catlinite stone. I held it up in front of the group and announced, “This is a warrior’s pipe.”

As I said this, I looked to my right and saw an old friend of mine, a South Dakota medicine man. He had been mentored by Frank Fools Crow and had deep Lakota lineage roots to the traditional way of walking the red road. When I looked at him, I felt a mix of certainty and uncertainty about the pipe and what I had said about it. I knew the sacred instrument was from the late 1800s and that I had been aware of its existence for a long time. I wondered where it came from. Had it had been acquired at an auction or from a collector since it was a vintage pipe? Was it mine or had it just spontaneously appeared by our side? Hillary and I didn’t know or couldn’t remember who owned it.

I also felt particularly strange when I spoke the word “pipe.” Something seemed not quite right about using that word. Finally, there was a striking contradiction between the name “warrior” and the fact that the pipe was simple in design. It was not neither heavily ornate nor oversized. The pipe felt humble, pure, and holy. Yet it belonged to a warrior, a man of strength and power whose pipe might be assumed to radiate a similar fierceness.

I woke up from the dream and was puzzled about what had transpired. So I prayed and fell back to sleep. To my surprise I experienced the same dream again. The prior events, characters, spoken words, feelings, and uncertainties were repeated in exact detail. I woke up and immediately searched the Internet for anything I could find on the “Lakota warrior’s pipe.” The first essay I found was written by Traditional Spiritual Lakota Leader and Head Man, David Swallow:

The C’anunpa is Wakan, very sacred, and it is used only for prayer and good things. We don’t call this C’anunpa a pipe because in the English language the word, “pipe”, has many different meanings. Steel pipe, lead pipe, plastic pipe, sewer pipe, water pipe, there are many kinds of pipes. ***The English language has often gotten me into trouble. It is a very dangerous language, like a sponge with too many holes, too many ways to interpret it. It’s easy to get misunderstood.*** But I want to make it clear. This C’anunpa has this name and this Lakota word, C’anunpa, comes from the Creator. That’s the only name for this sacred object; that alone, nothing else. I’m also not talking about the Sacred White

Buffalo Calf C'anunpa which was brought to the Lakota people nineteen generations ago. I'm talking about the red stone C'anunpa which is even older. It is very ancient, from the days of the sacred spotted eagle, wanbli gleska, and it is the oldest C'anunpa we have here. It is the blood of our ancestors. . . Today, I must speak about the C'anunpa because now everyone seems to have one. If people are going to have one, they must understand and follow the laws and commitments which accompany the C'anunpa. Unfortunately, many people do not know these things and do not follow what the C'anunpa says. The C'anunpa Way is the Lakota Way.

You carry it for the people, to pray for their health and help, to pray for the healing of the body, mind, and spirit. It is very wakan, it is very sacred, and it is not for selfish or greedy use. So, we must know our original instructions for the C'anunpa. We have to know them and we have to follow them. There's a way to carry a C'anunpa and there's a way not to carry a C'anunpa. . . once you carry it, you may try to put it down physically, but you are always going to be a C'anunpa carrier in the eyes of the Creator, the Four Winds, and Unci Maka, Grandmother Earth. You cannot turn back. [I]t is a lifetime commitment to the Creator and it can be very difficult. . . you carry that C'anunpa for the people, not for yourself. There is no private C'anunpa. You help pray for the people who need prayers. You are a strong person. Even though you are pitiful, you are also a strong person and that is why you carry this C'anunpa. That is why you need to stand like the buffalo against the snowstorm or thunderstorm, with your head into the wind. . . You must not use the C'anunpa for selfish, hurtful, or greedy reasons. It all comes down to one little phrase: "**Mitakuye Oyasin,**" we are all One, we are all related in the sacred hoop of life.<sup>26</sup> [author's emphasis]

The second essay we found is a story about a man who was arguably the greatest warrior in Lakota history—Chief Sitting Bull. This story, used to exemplify his bravery, describes the time he smoked his c'anunpa during a battle. It was in 1872, four years before the battle at Little Bighorn, and Sitting Bull was skirmishing with General Custer:

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<sup>26</sup> David Swallow. "Mitakuye Oyasin-about the Lakota Sacred Red Stone C'anunpa," June 4, 2009. <https://lakotadakotanakotatian.org/mitakuye-oyasin-about-the-lakota-sacred-red-stone-canunpa/>.

Sioux braves decided to test their courage by riding into sight to deride and antagonize the enemy. Some were shot and wounded, even though the medicine man had provided charms of protection and urged them to go closer. No one had been killed, and they thought the reason for that was the charms provided. The medicine man continued urging the braves to go closer to the enemy rifles, but Sitting Bull thought this exercise was unnecessary. He didn't want his men needlessly killed, and they had already demonstrated their courage.

The medicine man was unhappy with that decision and cast aspersions on Sitting Bull's bravery. Sitting Bull could not allow his courage to be questioned lest he lose the respect of his men. He silently gathered his pipe and tobacco and casually walked to within bullet range of Custer. He sat down, completely unconcerned, filled his pipe, lit it with his flint and steel, and began smoking as bullets whizzed overhead and struck the ground around him.

His men were astonished at his courage. Custer and his troops were appropriately antagonized by this demonstration of raw contempt for their strength and wasted bullet after bullet, none striking Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull soon turned and called to his men to join him. Only four did so, two Cheyenne and two Sioux, and they nervously shared Sitting Bull's pipe, smoking as fast as they could so they could finish and remove themselves from the danger. They wanted to withdraw, but Sitting Bull calmly and slowly smoked until the bowl was consumed. Then he quietly tapped out the ashes and cleaned the bowl, and finally stood with abject apathy regarding the impotent soldiers trying to kill him. The five warriors strode back to their people, Sitting Bull more casually than the others.

His nephew White Bull, who was among the braves who joined the smoking demonstration, would later call Sitting Bull's display "the bravest deed possible." It was better than counting coup. With a pipe and a bowl of tobacco, Sitting Bull demonstrated his utter disdain for his enemy. Custer and his men were not even an inconvenience; they were beneath notice.

Custer did finally get off that island, [in the Yellowstone River] but could not catch up to the Native Americans. Sitting Bull had inflicted little physical damage on Custer's forces, but the sheer contempt demonstrated was excruciating.

Sitting Bull's reputation soared. He had achieved a profound psychological advantage and sent Custer a message that needed no translation. Simultaneously, he quelled in his own forces any potential doubts regarding his courage. And he did all of that without firing a shot. He merely smoked his pipe.<sup>27</sup>

While this story is often told as an example of using the *c'anunpa* for power that humiliates (and later defeats) the enemy, there is a deeper teaching within. Sitting Bull acted counter to the medicine man's use of charms to encourage the warriors to carelessly fight. Instead he immersed himself in prayer to be aligned with the Creator. He trusted that the Creator's will would be done and left the magical charms alone. In the midst of battle, Sitting Bull sat in the middle between earth and sky and prayed, mediated only by a *c'anunpa* and prayer.

Brad's vision and the essays we found concern the communication link between human beings and the Creator. We are all born connected to Wakan Tanka (Big Holy) and are designed and invited to use prayer to feel and enact this connection. At the same time, the special capacity of holy medicine men and women to receive direct guidance or help from the Creator for others is a special gift from on high. Whether it is indicated by the physical ownership of a catlinite *c'anunpa* or an inner invisible (and nonphysical) numinous rope residing in the heart, this finely tuned hookup to higher power cannot be bought, inherited, or earned. All we can say is that it is granted by the source and force of mystery—the Creator. No one can say who can or who cannot receive such a spiritual modem to the Holy Internet. This is entirely God's business and beyond our meager tools of understanding. However, once such a hook up is given and accepted, it is owned forever.

Brad previously received the *c'anunpa* in vision and he received a few of them in physical life—gifted by the medicine men who made them for him. Years ago, a Lakota medicine man—Lame Deer—came to Brad in dream and gave him another lesson on owning the pipe.<sup>28</sup> It was the same pipe that appeared in this new vision. Brad never remembers whether this pipe in the dream is one he actually saw in the past, whether it showed up at auction, whether he bought it and then gave it away, whether someone gifted it to him and he later lost it, where it came from,

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<sup>27</sup> Chuck Stanion, "Sitting Bull's Greatest Pipe Smoking Demonstration | Smokingpipes.com," [www.smokingpipes.com](https://www.smokingpipes.com), March 21, 2021, <https://www.smokingpipes.com/smokingpipesblog/single.cfm/post/sitting-bulls-greatest-pipe-smoking-demonstration>.

<sup>28</sup> See Brad's vision, "Lame Deer and the Sacred Pipe" in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume 3*. Also find it here: <https://sacredcstatics.com/lame-deer-and-the-sacred-pipe/>

or who is its real owner. Though unsure of this particular c'anunpa that keeps showing up in dream, he has no doubt about his heart-to-heart pipeline to the Big Holy. He also knows there is constant need to clean the pipe, hollow out the bone, light the fire, and move with the wind. The when, where, and what that comes down the pipeline is never predictable. It just happens and always feels like it is the first time that mystery has made a house call. Brad's true ownership here is accepting the role of keeping the pipeline clean—he's a kind of hybrid janitor and plumber. A "spiritual roto-rooter man" who cleans out the debris that block the pipe's flow, as he sometimes explains this anointed appointment.

Ownership of spiritual gifts is not about using a magical charm to deliver and satisfy personal desires and wishes. It is the opposite of the "law of attraction" and the self-centered-and-inflated pseudo-spiritualities that pollute the consumer marketplace. The c'anunpas, pipelines, ropes, shot glasses, visions, electricity, vibration, and mezcal are meant to help the community. The one anointed to hold this position has more responsibility for performing all the steps of mezcal production—constant chopping, mashing, cooking, sweetening, fermenting, and distilling. This ownership is about production and sharing rather than collecting and drinking alone.

Forget whether you will receive any kind of spiritual gift. Even if you receive a pipe, rattle, drum, or piano, be unsure whether you own it. Only own the need for communion with the Creator. Give more attention to waking up a prayer than seeing smoke rise to heaven. Be more devoted to praying than showing a pipe, rattle, drum, charm, magical outcome, or boasting about your ability to make things happen. Drop everything to feel a drop of mezcal emotion within. Internal glowing spirit concentration, rather than external showings of material accumulation, is what gets the divinely ecstatic messages moving back and forth. Answer the higher call. Make the aligned response. Seek to be in the middle smoke of prayer whose sound and movement portray and convey the holy vibration.

### ***Hillary Receives the "Heart of Cups"***

Hillary went to sleep one night in November, remembering the Guarani teaching given to Brad years ago: "Follow the direction of the spirits and you will be guided and protected. If you follow your own reason, you will be lost." Here is her report:

Despite my devotion and commitment to my spiritual life and work, when certain practical life decisions arise, I still have a habit of leaving the room of Sacred Ecstasies and employing algorithms\* that are based on small room reasoning. There is nothing wrong with these algorithms per se, but they are built on a premise that lacks the primary distinctions to which I have dedicated my life. This contradiction naturally leaves me feeling cold, confused, and off track. Brad usually notices when we have both slipped into a small room frame and brings a

correction. Thankfully, my detours away from the main road have gotten shorter and less frequent. All of these things I pondered before drifting off to sleep. And then I had a dream.

I was shown a tarot card in a very large book. A voice said it was “the Heart of Cups.” It was an old, intricate illustration of a large chalice with other elements drawn around it. I don’t remember the image clearly because my attention was immediately drawn to the words below it, a description of the meaning of the card. The words were all lit up, bathed in a glowing yellow light: “You have unbending support behind your work and mission.” I was startled and filled with awe that made my knees weak. I also felt a deep sense of contrition for sometimes feeling doubt despite all the many gifts we have received from the other side. The dream was so vivid that I thought I was awake when I saw the card and read the words. But then I experienced myself waking up and realized I had been dreaming.

It’s worth noting that I regard Tarot and other forms of divination as trickster-laden means of communing with divinity. I find it too based on interpretation, but when I was young I admittedly consulted card readers and psychics several times because I was really lost and starved for any sense of higher spiritual communication and insight. I also know that it’s the room such divination takes place in that matters most; a tarot card or other divination means can bring a holy message if the room is sufficiently vast and the people’s hearts are right. So, the next day after the dream I googled “Heart of Cups” and discovered there is no such card in the tarot deck. “The Cups” are a suit in the Minor Arcana and are said to represent the emotional or intuitive aspect of things. The cups or goblets in old tarot decks later became the suit of hearts in modern playing cards.

In other words, hearts and cups are the same. Therefore, being shown the “Heart of Cups” is much like receiving the “Heart of Hearts” or “Cup of Cups.” It’s a double portion, second order message to keep holding my mezcal glass high in the air, to go for the sacred emotion, and to remember the Guarani truth, now restated: If you follow your own small room algorithm, you will be lost and higher hands will not be able to guide and protect you. But if you dedicate your life to the ultimate pinnacle emotion of sacred ecstasy, you will have unbending support from on high. Support of what? Not trickster’s goals and desires, but support of your dedication to being a cup that receives and pours mezcal.

### ***Three New Movements: A Guild Member Sound Movement Intervention***

Recently, a musical mezcal shot was delivered to Brad for Shari, along with some instructions. Here is the letter we sent Shari and her follow-up that includes an inspiring visionary dream she remembered from the past.

Dear Shari,

When you listen to the mezcal shot we sent you, willfully make three movements you have never made before. Do this for twelve sound movement sessions. Pay attention to the surprises that arrive.

Love,  
Hillary & Brad

Soon after, Shari responded:

Dear Hillary & Brad,

Thank you again for the beauty of this track, and the prescription. Every time I listen and move (more than 12 + 12 + times), I hear many little sounds and rhythms for the first time. Every time! Making 3 willful movements at first felt like having permission to be weird, a playful relief. As I continue blending willful with spontay, it becomes harder and harder to tell which is which.

These past weeks, spending more time moving on my spontay stool, I've been taken back to a brief dream I had many noches ago—during our COD Ranch era. I thought of it again today during the Spirit House Meeting when Brad described the women in the Kalahari.

I am walking along a beach, with the ocean on my right and sand on my left. Far ahead, I see three brown-skinned mothers walking toward me. They are wearing bold-patterned dresses of beautiful greens and browns. They are laughing and joyful. When we reach each other, they show me — without words — how to dance. Their feet do not move, it is as if they are planted in the ground. With their feet so planted, their bodies move more freely than is humanly possible. It reminded me of seaweed moving in the ocean current, bending all the way to the ground forward then

completely over backward, rippling in every direction. It seemed like they were showing me to dance this way. I was amazed and so excited to try to learn this impossible thing.

I think often of these mothers, and the joy of meeting them along the beach. Sure do love you guys!

Xo Shari

We were delighted by Shari's sound movement experience and the re-arrival of her vision whose teaching was now ready to be received by this season's Guild.

### ***Celeste Returns***

November 15<sup>th</sup> is our son Scott's birthday. He and his wife, Danielle, went out to dinner at a special pasta restaurant in Los Angeles. The next day, we received the following text messages from them both:

Danielle: Scott and I both dreamt of Celeste last night.

Scott: I don't have many dreams I remember but woke up crying. Then Danielle's said she dreamed of her too. Crazy.

Brad: It means I need more pasta. But seriously, the dreams that make you cry are often the deep-rooted mystical ones. Congratulations, even though it brought an overwhelming longing for her. We feel it too and now have watery eyes.

Scott: What does it mean?

Brad: Better to avoid the meaning and hold the feeling. What do you remember of the dream?

Scott: I was in our kitchen and Celeste was walking around. I was on my phone not paying attention then said to myself, "She isn't going to be here forever." So I bent down to pick her up and then I realized, saying to myself, "She's leaving now. It's her time to go." Then I woke up.

Brad: Beautiful. It would be nice for Danielle to illustrate that dream. That would be the shamanic thing to do. Danielle, what was your dream?

Danielle: In my dream I was kneeling over a bathtub from the side. From behind me a dog jumped in. I reach in and grabbed the dog and pulled it out and it was Cely and she was all wiggly and smiley and wet.

Brad: Wonderful! A baptism into newborn spiritual life. Draw that too. Hang the images together. Incredible gift for both of you and us as well. Thank you. Eat more of that pasta. Paint them as soon as possible while the emotion is still strong. We'll say more about them in the near future. Again, this is great!

Danielle: I am drawing Scott's Dream now! I'll send it to you once I finish it.

Brad: I hope you both feel how rare it is to co-dream something this loving and special. A big mystical gift to each of you and BOTH of you. Amazing! I recorded Scott's favorite song to celebrate your dreams—we call this phenomenon "married dreams" because the dreams are married. They are very rare and special.

Danielle: I love it! Made me teary.

Scott: I just heard the song. I love it! That is my favorite song! We just listened to it while eating four deserts looking at a picture of Celeste!

Danielle: Scott once gave Cely a kiss on New Year's Eve at midnight to that song.

Danielle sent the following illustrations:



Brad: Hang these drawing side by side in a place you will see them every day and night. It's important. We are still deeply moved by what happened to both of you! Love you!

Nine days later on Thanksgiving night, November 24, 2022 Brad had a dream and sent this report to Scott and Danielle:

Last night when I went to bed, I closed my eyes and imagined being in the chapel where I had my first major spiritual vision many years ago. I experienced seeing Jesus and many saints. I was wide awake in a university chapel when it happened. That vision changed my life and is what inspired our creation of Sacred Ecstatics. After I imagined seeing that chapel last night and remembering the experience, I prayed a request that Jesus or the saints visit in a dream and provide us further guidance.

I later had a dream where we (Scott, Danielle, Hillary) and I were in a large room. It was like a ballroom or small theatre with a stage that was no more than

a foot above the main floor. Perhaps this big room was in a mansion. It seemed we had moved into it or at least we were going to be there for a while. As we all looked at the stage, Celeste walked onto it. She stood in the middle of the stage and stared at us. You three had open mouths and were speechless. I turned to Celeste and shouted, "Celeste!" When I said her name, I began to weep. I shouted her name again, "Celeste!" This time I said it so loudly that it woke me up. I was weeping and was shocked we had seen her. For the next hour or so my eyes have been watery even when I am not thinking of the dream.

How is Celeste related to Jesus? The relationship between human beings and their creator is not always easily felt. God is far too complex to understand and often ends up being regarded as a non-personal abstraction with whom we feel no emotional connection. In addition, whenever God is considered a parental figure, this sets up natural issues of parent-child differentiation. While we value our mothers and fathers, we are also in need of leaving home to fulfill our own unique mission that is not over influenced by our biological creators. One of the functions of Jesus was to be a mediator between humanity and divinity. Loving his human character enables his connection to the heavenly father to be felt. Jesus enables a relationship with God to be more readily felt.

In the dream, Celeste is loved by a father and son, and equally loved by other family members. Like Jesus, Celeste is a bridge that enables people to feel a love for one another that otherwise is held back by the mind's interference. We are embarrassed to feel or express this kind of love for one another or God unless we go through Celeste. Like Jesus, the middle host is the hookup between earth and heaven. We can feel the love of heaven as it is on earth through our unfiltered love for Celeste, Jesus, and all other best friends. What a friend we have in Celeste, and what a friend we have in Jesus!

### ***Baobab with Ostrich Eggs***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in the Spirit House Meeting on December 31, 2022.)*

On November 26, 2022, Brad dreamed we were in the Kalahari:

We were facing a giant baobab tree, and its majestic beauty took our breath away. We gasped again when we noticed that at the top of its trunk, just before the tree split into many branches, there was a clearly visible nest covering the entire diameter of the tree. It was filled with ostrich eggs. A voice said, "The Guild

has been gifted with the highest gift from God.” These eggs are now here on earth, held in the baobab tree of the Spirit House of New Orleans. This tree is known in Africa as the Tree of Life. It holds water and bears a nutritious and medicinal fruit. Our First Creation baobab also holds the ostrich eggs that hold all the spiritual mysteries and brings new life when they are cracked open.

This vision would be regarded as a supreme vision *or kabi* in the Kalahari. Elders would more specifically call it a *cunkuri* because it was a kabi sent from the Sky God, the only one capable of granting the highest spiritual gift—the ostrich egg. The ostrich egg given by the Sky God is filled with holy songs, movements, the rope to God, and every spiritual gift ever made by the Creator. While our culture may not feel or understand the importance of such a *cunkuri*, we can only say that we are leaping with joyful appreciation for this rare shower of blessings. A baobab filled with a nest of ostrich eggs is a pinnacle mountain climb gift for any spiritual community. To be perfectly clear, Sacred Ecstatics has received the highest blessing from on high. Let us celebrate like we have found the Holy Grail. We did—it came to us in the early morning. Now we must work hard to crack open the egg and own whatever gifts are ready to be revealed to each of us.

After the dream, we discovered that ostriches actually do lay their eggs in communal nests, with roughly twenty eggs per nest. The nest and eggs are protected and nurtured by the whole herd. Nothing could be a more perfect metaphor for our Guild of room builders, tendril reachers, egg hatchers, mezcal distillers, and sound movers. Cooking the soul and producing mezcal are not a solo experience but involve all relations working together.

We felt at the start of this Guild season that 3000 nights marked a special indication that Sacred Ecstatics had reached a transition, and that we as a community are ready to be reborn into a special kind of spirit concentration. Some of you were invited to take a vow last year (reminder) because we knew something was on its way. Now we have discovered it is a nest full of Kalahari ostrich eggs. If there was ever a wake-up call for those hesitant to jumpstart your action, this is it. Wake up!

The original, oldest means of communing with the Big God is sound movement. Its First Creation reality, wildfire of sacred ecstasy, and remarkable mystical treasure have returned. Today’s news: the ostrich eggs are here. Do you seriously want to hatch during this lifetime, or do you prefer coasting along and seeing if you come back as a hippo or rhino? All aboard this soul train that has everything we’ve all been looking for, whether we know it or deny it. Time to act! Remember, we’re inside the process of mezcal distillation and concentration. To taste its shot that sends to the moon, enter the interaction of sound and

movement, chopping other interfering practices away. Lose yourself inside this circularity where all relations are aligned and walk the higher line to God.

This cunkuri qualitatively felt like the visionary experience I had when I first dreamed of the ostrich egg. Back then the Kalahari elders had to explain it to me. I have traveled many years with that egg and its gifts. Today a whole nest of those ostrich eggs came to us via the Tree of Life. This time we immediately knew what the dream points us toward. Now it's time for everyone to go past trying to understand what is taking place. We are cracking the code to open the door to the highest spiritual climb. Crack, hatch, and catch the egg. This is becoming mezcal, that's all!

### ***Grandmother Doe's Hospital***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in the Spirit House Meeting on December 3, 2022)*

Brad prayed harder than usual on the night of December 2<sup>nd</sup>, asking for higher guidance to lead the Guild. Because of his many years of being both a street-smart creative therapist and a spiritually cooked healer, Brad can keenly discern when members of the Guild need realignment, intervention, a thorough cleaning of their tabletop, or action that follows the instructions given to quench their thirst with mezcal. While it only takes a few people on board the Sacred Ecstatics train to give us sufficient hope to enthusiastically carry on, there are times when the dissociation or disconnection of others give us reason to pause and pray for help. That's when we hand the whole Guild over to the Creator and get out of the way, making sure we aren't interfering with whatever needs to come through the spiritual pipeline. This is when we pray with all our hearts for each Guild member and for the whole community. Brad did this last night before going to sleep, and then woke up at 3:30 am to do it all over again. Later in the wee hours of the morning, he had a visionary dream:

The whole guild was sitting in a circle. Hillary sat next to me on my right, and my mother sat to the right of Hillary. To my left was Grandmother Doe. She was smiling, and I immediately knew that this was a very important gathering of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. I noticed that Chris and Diana were not sitting in the circle. They were seated on the floor against the wall, far away from us and next to the door. The presence of Doe changed the atmosphere of the room. Our attention turned toward serious matters of life and death, with no time for horsing around. My paternal grandmother is a saint of Sacred Ecstatics and she had come from the

other side to be with us in the vision. I began our talk with words that cautiously set the stage for addressing the healing needed by all human beings:

“Modern medicine as we know it is relatively young. During my lifetime, I have seen a lot of changes in medical practice. I knew a horse and buggy doctor when I was five years old. During my later childhood, I was hospitalized each year for pneumonia or sinus infection until later when medication was created to take better care of those illnesses.”

I then stopped and turned to Grandmother Doe, asking “Doe, please tell us about the first hospital you remember seeing.” She cleared her throat and calmly began, “Yes, I do remember.” Before she could speak another word, a miraculous event took place in the room. A floating 3-D color image of the sacred heart appeared in front of her chest. It was like the iconic heart of Jesus depicted in medieval religious paintings. Doe continued to describe the first hospital she remembered seeing. Quietly, she spoke, “This heart in Thee I do suffer.” I asked her to repeat those words to make sure we all heard them. “This heart in Thee I do suffer.” The words could be heard in two ways: “This heart—in Thee I do suffer,” and “This heart in Thee, I do suffer.” Both conveyed the truth of the sacred heart suspended in front of Doe. As she said these words, one or two Guild members spoke the phrase with her, as if it was a scriptural verse remembered from childhood. We were stunned that the first hospital Doe remembered seeing was the sacred heart, which she now somehow enabled us to see. Without understanding what was happening, her words mystically pierced our hearts. Some Guild members burst into tears and other passed out from emotion and collapsed to the ground.

Doe was not finished speaking. She continued as if she was teaching Sunday School, “I gave my heart to Jesus long ago. He is always by my side and to Him I turn for my every need, including sorrow and suffering.” She said more, but I cannot remember anything else other than it seemed to reindicate her main message—Jesus was more than her doctor; His sacred heart was her first hospital and her heart lived within it. One Guild member walked over to Doe and sat in front of her. Doe asked for her hand. Gently, Doe removed a black onyx ring from the woman’s finger and handed it to me to set aside. Then she placed the woman’s finger in her mouth and began to carefully suck it. Her action was as holy as the most sincerely granted prayer blessing. Doe paused and smiled saying, “This is how I straighten her nail. See, it is bent now. When I am finished with her, it will be straight and beautiful.” She talked like she was giving the woman a strange kind of manicure. It didn’t dawn on me during that moment in the dream that she was speaking like a Kalahari doctor, and that “nail” referred to a nail of n/om. Doe

finished her treatment and the woman's nail glowed with light. I turned to see how my mother was taking this in. I dared not ask her conscious mind to verbally say anything and risk dissociating her from drinking in the holiness of Doe's action. Then I started to remember that years ago, in another visionary dream, I had witnessed Doe give my mother a song, "Jesus Paid it All." Its lyrics include:

Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy pow'r and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots  
And melt the heart of stone.

Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.

I began to hear Doe's words again in the dream, "This heart in Thee I do suffer." I repeated them so I'd never forget. Tears were flowing from me like they were from every Guild member in the room. I woke up and wrote down the dream. Only then did I remember that Doe had healed like a Bushman n/om-kxao—cleaning and straightening nails. She did so inside the heart hospital of Jesus, a place I visited inside a visionary mountain in St. Vincent. I also remembered the formal initiation ceremony when I was made a n/om-kxao. It was overseen by the old blind healer, Motaope. The day afterward, he taught me how to suck away the illness in others which is also a way of straightening a nail of n/om when performed by a n/om-kxao.

Doe brought the Guild a gift—the higher mystical heart that is also a hospital. This heart of hearts is where we bring suffering of every kind. There suffering is transformed into ecstatic joy or as we say today, mezcal production chops, softens, sweetens, bubbles, and cleans your agave heart until there is higher spirit concentration—the jubilation of a mezcal shot that pierces your heart like a sparkling new nail or thorn. Eland Jezus suffered on Earth and the greatest of his suffering was not physical. Before the cross and its intense physical pain, Jesus was left broken hearted from spiritual suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane. There he realized that many people would reject or pervert the truth he came to convey. On the earthly plane, he experienced the futility of his action and surely must have asked, as other theologians have previously noted, "Why bother?" But instead, this n/om-kxao does something impossible to understand. As a pure and empty vessel, he welcomes and sucks out the dirty nails of every human being—dirt, shit,

and all. He tells the angels, armed and ready for vengeance against humanity, to back off and allow the Creator to transform the dirty and hard agave into a purified glass of mezcal. In the same manner, he takes a hard horseshoe that has stepped in a lot of shit and makes it a mojo pointer that invites you to go past all notions and potions of good and bad luck.

“This heart in Thee I do suffer.” Any human heart that is suffering can offer itself to the intermediary heart of one who bridges earth and heaven. Eland Jezus, the n/om-kxao, offers such a middle wobble heart—the heart of Thee. But that heart, half human and half divine, is further surrendered to the heart of the Creator—the vastest, deepest, and highest heart of Thee. In this trinity of hearts—earthly, middle wobbly, and heavenly—mezcal is made. Everything, including the dirt and shit, is needed for all the steps to be climbed to heaven.

Do you remember how Reverend Joseph took his broken heart to the even more broken heart found in the Garden at Gethsemane. Do you also remember that Doe gifted us a song to help us never forget where to heal the heart—it’s “In the Garden.” And do you remember that the day after she gifted us with that song, we were sent to a high classroom to receive the Viking word for spirit—vaettir, which refers to both the one big spirit and all the smaller spirits at the same time? Now, after praying for Morten, a Norseman who needed a horseshoe with a higher number, we prayed for all of you. Perhaps the saints whisper that “2040” is one of God’s telephone numbers, just like “RV3000.” Never forget that after praying for Morten, we prayed for each of you. Guess who came for dinner with a shot of mezcal? Grandmother Doe. She opened the door to the heart of hearts. It’s a hospital, and it serves a feast with the utmost hospitality.

The door is open—you can depart or re-enter the Guild adventure again. This time Doe is introducing you to the heart hospital. There you can receive a transfusion, a new heart, and a reborn life. It resides everywhere in First Creation—Gethsemane, New Jerusalem, Oaxaca, and the Spirit House of New Orleans. It cooks and serves the many changing forms of spirit, today understood as the diverse varietals of mezcal. Come every year or every week if necessary. The saints of Sacred Ecstasies never leave—they are partying like there was never a yesterday nor will be a tomorrow. Don’t forget to bring an old and dirty horseshoe—they know what to do with it.

Before we depart and begin anew, here’s a visionary story about the sacred heart:

According to Thomas Merton, [Lutgarde](#) (d.1246), a Cistercian mystic of [Aywieres](#), Belgium, was one of the great precursors of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A contemporary of Francis of Assisi, she “entered upon the mystical life with a vision of the pierced Heart of the Saviour, and had concluded her mystical espousals with the Incarnate Word by an exchange of hearts with Him.” Sources say that Christ came in a visitation to Lutgarde, offering her whatever gift of grace she should desire; she asked for a better grasp of Latin, that she might better understand the word of God and sing God’s praise. Christ granted

her request and Lutgarde's mind was flooded with the riches of psalms, antiphons, readings, and responsories. However, a painful emptiness persisted. She returned to Christ, asking to return his gift, and wondering if she might, just possibly, exchange it for another. "And for what would you exchange it?" Christ asked. "Lord, said Lutgarde, I would exchange it for your Heart." Christ then reached into Lutgarde and, removing her heart, replaced it with his own, at the same time hiding her heart within his breast.

### ***The Most Important Line of the Lord's Prayer***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on December 10, 2022)*

The night before we shared the "Paul's Bauhuas" vision with the Guild, Brad received another dream:

I heard a voice pronounce: "The most important line of The Lord's Prayer is 'For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.'" I was the flooded with the knowledge that these lines point to the three steps of the Sacred Ecstatics recipe for setting your soul on fire. The kingdom is the big room, now called the Bauhaus. The power is the mezcal or sacred vibration awakened by sound movement. Make sure you do it in the Bauhaus. And the glory is the higher temperature of sacred emotion that culminates in sacred ecstasy, which must be shared with the world. Now we know that ecstatic sound movement comes to life in the Bauhaus, which is also the Spirit House of New Orleans.

### ***Return to the Center***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild in a Spirit House Meeting on December 10, 2022)*

The same night Brad dreamed of the Lord's Prayer, he also dreamed we were at an outdoor ice-skating rink coaching a figure skater. She was dressed in a beautiful costume as if she was ready to perform a figure skating routine for an audience. It must have been a dress rehearsal and we were giving our final instruction. She started her routine and after a few moments we advised, "Come back to the center. Always come back to the center. That's the heart, the concentrated source of all your movement."

We next had the woman skate away from that heart spot and as she did, we took brooms and cleared the ice along the way, as if removing anything that would interfere with her glide, like they do in the sport of curling.

Now we say to each of you today, conduct your sound movement like we coached this figure skater in last night's dream. Always come back to the center. When you drift away, feel the tug to come back. Keep the ice swept free of anything that interferes with movement that comes from the heart. Life is a web of many ropes that try to pull us in many directions. It's fashionable to say that "everything is connected." But the more we try to connect to everything, the more disconnected from the center we become. Concentrate! Amidst all this pushing and pulling, come back again and again to the center where true connection lies. From there you will be directed where to go and how to move.

Make sure its tug is the strongest. That's where the heart is whose inner fire even makes skating on ice a beautiful, soul-igniting performance. Finally, remember that this heart is the Bauhaus, the Spirit House of New Orleans where the saints and the Guild members of Sacred Ecstasies find their art and dart home.

### ***Handling the Clay of Paul Klee: A Teaching***

We shared Brad's previous dream of "Paul's Bauhaus" with the Guild on December 10<sup>th</sup>, along with the previous two visions above. In that dream, Grandmother Doe gave Brad a clay bowl painted with images of deer, saying he had made it for her as a child. When a voice spoke the words, "Paul's Bauhaus...The House of..." it led us to the famous painter, Paul Klee. Brad then posted the following teaching in our online Guild space on December 12<sup>th</sup> after we posted an audio track reindicating what we had learned about Klee:

*Today's audio track began with these words:*

"Paul Klee's body of work can't be easily bucketed into a single category, it's a system of throbbing forms, mystical hieroglyphs, and otherworldly creatures that he developed to populate his compositions. . . It was all bound together by the belief that art should express the metaphysical realm . . ."

His art was reaching for a shot of mezcal

His *Creative Credo* had this punchline:

"Art does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes visible."

In the middle of the night, these ponderings arrived to share with you:

When I (Brad) was an adolescent, I read a book by Norbert Wiener entitled, *God and Golem: A Comment on Certain Points Where Cybernetics Impinges on Religion*. Though the book was not that memorable, the word “Golem” in its title powerfully shook me like an otherworldly creature had entered my room. I discovered that this is a Jewish word that refers to a creature magically made by bringing a clay figure to life. Supposedly some traveling rabbis from long ago got hungry and created a calf out of the earth and ate it for dinner. Their magic involved “the act of permuting language,” especially with the lines from *Sefer Yetzirah*, or *The Book of Creation*.

Back to the book with the scary title written by Wiener. He was commenting on how artificial intelligence and man-made machines would impact religious thought and experience. Today we can see how far ahead he was of his time. Back then it was the golem, or the clay figure that came to life, that spooked me. Today I no longer fear that kind of magic. What gives me the creepies due to its stinkies is “the act of permuting language.” *Permuting* is rearranging a sequence of words and then believing it can imbue magical power. The presumed magic here involves permuting language (using the right order of words) to bring life to a dead mackerel, clay doll, or gold calf, or to make wishful thinking come to fruition.

I drift. Coming back to the golem made of clay, I remembered that the sequence that led us to Paul’s Bauhaus began with Doe who gifted me with a gift I had gifted her as a child. It was a clay bowl with a Paul Klee-like deer drawn on it. When the voice in the dream spoke, “Paul’s Bauhaus., The House of . . .” it did not mention Paul’s last name, Klee. And I could not remember the rest of the sentence after I woke up. Interesting.

After the dream we researched Klee’s life to see if he ever made any art of clay. Though the Bauhaus produced a lot of pottery, there is no evidence that he ever worked with clay. Scholars are left uncertain whether he handled clay—they think he must have but they can’t find any. Maybe Doe has it. However, we found that today many potters put his visual images on their pottery. Interesting.

Like those hungry kabbalists of long ago, Paul was trying to bring life to his forms, animate his line, and take it on a walk. He was fascinated with aesthetics as the magical art that “makes visible.” But where was the clay in Paul Klee’s golem? Where, if anywhere, is his pottery? Where was his last name in the dream? And what was the whole sequence of words in the sentence heard in the dream?

Later the heart in Klee’s extinct ancient deer painting came back with Doe’s heart offered as a hospital to those needing to feel the pulse of newborn life and concentrated spirit (mezcal). Later Morten would chop that meat and later meet the ancient sound mover of African descent. Interesting.

The night before we presented the Bauhaus and our other visionary teachings, Hillary had brought up an event in my past where I owned a doll that came to life and danced for a medicine man. It was a rather spooky story and as we talked about it, we could feel that the real magic associated with it was still in the air. We wondered whether talking about it would make it return in the night. Were we bringing a golem to life by talking about it? Instead, that night's visionary hookup taught us to underscore the most important line in the Lord's Prayer, and then we were shown how to coach drifting ice skaters to return to the heart. We did not yet tie together the association of a cybernetic golem, word magic, and clay art coming to life. And we were phonetically blocked from saying Klee in a manner that reminded us of clay. Interesting.

We cannot say that Paul was associated with clay. We wonder if he felt a little lost and jaded when he felt the futility of having an audience that didn't early on appreciate his gift. His art was even said to have conveyed a sardonic absurdity for humanity. He preferred studying children's drawings and collecting natural objects like seaweed, shells, and stones.

Like many human beings who get lost in magic and the power to transform anything into anything (especially when hungry to change others), Klee only remembered that he was born to hunt glee when he returned to music. After all, in his early life he was a more gifted violinist and pianist than painter. His deeper mojo came not from the order of words or infusing life into clay. It came from painting as if he were playing music. His art was like dancing the tango with Carlos Gavito. Both felt they were making music when performing their art. Interesting.

It is said that the Bauhaus was built for master teachers to teach aspiring artists how to create, being practical and aesthetic at the same time. Klee left around 3000 pages of notes of instruction that concerned how to create art. 3000 is a number we recognize, isn't it? Interesting.

It is fashionable to say, "everything is connected." Bah Bauhaus humbug! Today we are more radically inspired to say, "everything is disconnected." By this we mean that ice skating inspires the kind of drift into observation that disconnects you from the anchored heart home. Connecting with everything can disconnect you from the primary cornerstone of the Guild.

Our cornerstone is not a thought. It is not some permutation of words caught in observation. Our oddly shaped cornerstone has a boulder tone that catches you when you are lost. Then you forget to check whether all the outcome boxes are checked. When movement becomes sound and sound is equally moving, *the unity between inner and outer ray is restored*, as one Guild member remarked. Spontay the sound movement and reenter the heart of the ancient deer love.

Back to the lab, the studio, the art-and-dart Bauhaus, and the Spirit House of New Orleans. Tinker to better disconnect from observation. Paint the dance and eat the tango. Or bake a fruit movement and have another bite of sound cake, but do it as the performance of the blended heard and felt, in order to make visible and remain invisible.

Paul's Bauhaus has no clay. It is more than dots, lines, and functional geometry. It is the House of Glee and the key to reentry is found in the heart of all that's deer. Invite all the senses to converge and make new life, not out of clay but of the everyday.

### ***Eduardo Serves the Guild Coffee***

On Christmas Eve, Eduardo had a dream shortly before Christmas 2022:

Dear Brad and Hillary and all Guild Mezcaleros,

Last night I dreamed we are in a gathering in Brazil, but in a house I am not familiar with. We were sitting in a living room with Brad and Hillary who were teaching. Then we stopped for a break. During the break we went outside the house and sat in a big circle in the grass of a huge garden. Then it was time to come back inside the house to the living room to continue. I went to the kitchen next to the living room to prepare coffee for everyone. But because there were so many people, I had to prepare it in a big coffee container. I also had to find a big bottle to boil the water, and all of this was taking more time than usual. I was worried because the class had already started again and I was missing it. But as soon as the coffee began to brew, the aroma filled the kitchen and I became very calm. The aroma wafted into the living room and brought joy to everyone.

So I'm happy to offer all of you a very tasty coffee this Christmas!

We replied:

This is beautiful Eduardo! Thank you for preparing this coffee for us all, making sure there is enough to go around. When we serve one another, nothing is missed. And sometimes the true gift comes from an unexpected source. This is a wonderful dream. A true Christmas teaching and blessing! Obrigado!

### ***Full Power Reception***

In a dream, Brad experienced himself receiving spiritual electricity in an extraordinary manner:

I was directly hooked up to the higher power station without a speck of interference. Though I have frequently experienced this numinous hookup, this time the teaching purpose was different. Divine electricity coursed through me unhindered and anything imaginable or unimaginable could become an instant reality. I was first turned me into a Chinese acrobat able to perform physical maneuvers that are not possible for my body. I even levitated without effort. Whatever my attention was drawn to in matters of mystery was immediately brought forth and any desire for miraculous spiritual feats was instantly fulfilled. I was also able to channel the saints of old including Swedenborg and Hildegard of Bingen. Other interesting characters were also on the line ready to consult, including Charles Henry, Nikola Tesla, Erroll Garner, and Chick Corea. When I heard Edgar Cayce's voice come through, I pulled back. I felt he was not a clean enough conduit, making me not want to be a vessel for whatever he might offer. He was not comparable to the spiritual masters, scientific geniuses, and prodigious artists who came before him, more an amateur tinkerer than a wise sage.

As I disconnected from Cayce, I realized that when the channel is open to commune with anything or anyone in the spirit realm, channeling any former human being is a diminished choice when compared to all the many possibilities for making a stronger, higher hookup. I immediately directed my focus to the forgiving, generous, bountiful, and beautiful love that Jesus brought to the world. This mystical medium between divinity and humanity—the Jesus I cherish—is the luminous, numinous meeting ground for extreme love. Inside this sacred loving heart, the energetics and sacred emotion jumped to a much higher magnitude than what I had felt before. There was no comparison to the quality of experience that came through the Eeland Jeezus line. I was flooded with wanting to only celebrate God's love through this bridge of connection. All war ships were abandoned in favor of the highest and purest worship. I turned to the Lord's Prayer and put all my focus on expressing it. An even stronger magnitude of higher power subsequently came through and I wondered if I was approaching the upper limit of how much holy current a human being can receive.

I learned this all over again: the tales of power from so-called masters of old paled next to what I experienced when giving The Lord's Prayer my all. In fact, every miracle, superpower, or magical outcome mentioned by spiritual traditions

seemed embarrassing, laughable, and plain dumb when compared to what was coming through me in the dream. In a matter of minutes, I experienced every kind of power claimed throughout the ages and realized they were trivial in the presence of the full throttle reception of God's love. This extreme in-the-Wigram-stream love went both ways—whatever praise I expressed outwardly was reciprocated from on high. The sensation was so strong that I wondered if I'd explode. As I felt the sacred ecstasy of the utmost joy flow through me with enough electricity to surely light the solar system, I felt that something was missing. In the same way that it had felt embarrassing to seek gee whiz miracles when one could aim to catch God's love, it now felt off target to have this experience only serve my personal satisfaction.

I was reminded that the electrical energy, love, and joy within must be directed toward and shared with others. Without hesitation I turned the current to Hillary. I was both surprised and not surprised by how pure a vessel she was for connecting with this maximal amount of higher power. It went straight into the top of her head and radiated outward from her whole body. In an instant she was as plugged in as I. It made me happy to experience her plugged in to a voltage equal to if not stronger than the electricity shooting out of me.

Next our attention turned to every member of the Sacred Ecstatics Guild. The Lord's Prayer soon went beyond words and became raw improvised sound. Each Guild member received a dose of higher power, and each person reacted differently. Some caught the energy in only certain parts of their body, like the throat or head. Others had an experience of wider circulation. There were a few Guild members caught off guard by the transmission, realizing they were not as empty and available to receive a big download as they previously thought they were. It was simply a spiritual engineering consequence of hardened habits in need of a major shakeup and thorough clearing. It is also worth noting that a few other Guild members thought they were lost and only at the starting gate but were further advanced on the trail than they had imagined. No matter the condition, progression, or regression, every Guild member was doctored and administered with the electro-luminous-numinous treatment that was right for them in the moment. Whatever was needed just came though naturally and immediately.

Guild members were shocked as they realized they formerly had no idea what this experience was like. To everyone I shouted, "Wake up!" I felt and heard Sister Gertrude Morgan and Hillary joined me in shouting the same as we stirred up an electrical storm that transformed one life after another. The "wake up" call rang through the night as this electrical storm shook loose every norm. Some members' homes, spiritual altars, tokens, and bookshelves were also in need of a good

sweep. This was accomplished with the holy wind that loosened all attachments. What was made clear in this vision was the extent to which everyone in the Guild, like all human beings who came before us, is in constant need of prayer, realignment, revitalization, and guidance. This is only possible with prayer, sound movement, and the experimental unconventional action that follows mystical instruction. After the last Guild member received their treatment, I woke up remembering every detail of the dream with startling clarity.

### ***Josúe Eats an Angel***

Three days into the January 2023 n/omastery month, the Guild online space was cooking. We had share with them the “Cut of Protection” vision, the “Holy Ghost Injection Clinic” vision, and then the testimony of James Spurlock and how he received the “just be nice” song which is one of our prayer lines. We started referring to him as Saint James, since he is one of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Brad also posted the “mezcal shot” recording of “On a Street Where You Live,” and Hillary told the story of how the man who built the house for the gentle feather (see *The Creative Therapist in Practice*) told us he wanted to live on the same street as we do so he could feel the holiness of the big room every day. Hillary shared the lyrics to the song. Later in the day, Josúe shared an incredible visionary experience:

Something strange has been happening to me today. This poem you shared has been buzzing around in my head all day, it reminded me of an experience which to be honest I’ve been (and I am) a bit afraid to remember and tell. Years ago (this was before the riding chocolate dream), I dreamed I was walking, all of the sudden the sky opened up and a round white light appeared, I looked at it and when I saw it I felt the most delicious liquid in my mouth, it’s impossible to describe the taste, but it was sweet and the feeling it conveyed was extraordinary. I woke up at that moment, fell asleep immediately after and didn’t dream anything for the rest of the night.

I don’t know why but this dream scared me, I had read about this kind of experiences in your books but honestly I was skeptical that something like this could ever happen to me. So I decided to push the memory out of my mind, but not very successfully since months ago, one of my students was talking about angels, and asked me if I had seen one before, I answered: “I don’t know how angels are, how are they?” She told me they appear in different forms, sometimes they are just a white light. My dream came back to me at that moment. Inspired by the playful nature of a children’s conversation. I asked her “What do they taste like?” she laughed and told me “You can’t eat them” and I

told her: "Oh Well I guess I have never seen one, the only time I saw a white light I ate it with my eyes and it was delicious." The rest of the group was now interested in our little chat, they laughed and asked me to tell them the whole story, I told them everything. Now from time to time they ask me to tell them the story about when I ate the angel again, and I look at their happy faces while they listen to me with all their attention (one of the few times I don't have to struggle to get it).

Hours ago, like I told you, your beautiful poem was constantly in my head filling me with electricity. Suddenly a question popped in my mind "was the light in my dream an egg?" I know I'm not capable of answering such question, but the question itself made me feel amazing. I've had a wonderful day, I've felt light as a feather, although I'm going through some physical pain and discomfort, and difficulties at work. I thank you infinitely for those amazing words and everything you've done for me. Here's a drawing inspired by this, the only one I could do while I was working, I decided to add the line "Just be nice" line in honor of Saint James.



### ***Three Gifts Arrive***

Several days ago, Brad dreamed he received three gifts in a large bag. The delivery person said the gifts were three important books. He added, “The small book relates to the Kalahari Bushmen. It is very expensive. It cost \$10,000.”

Each gifted book was a different size—a small, medium, and large wrapped book. The three books were each wrapped in beautiful rice paper and reminded me of every gift I ever received from Osumi Sensei. She always wrapped her gifts in traditional Japanese rice paper. The wrapping was as much a gift as what waited inside it. We opened the medium sized book. It was from Japan and only contained photographs of beautiful rice paper. We were stunned with how clear the photograph images were. It didn’t appear like a photo. It looked like actual rice paper. We knew that book in particular was from Osumi Sensei. There was no doubt about it.

Next, I stared at the large gift. It was the size of a calendar and as soon as I had this thought, I knew there was no reason to open it; we knew it was a calendar. We also felt it showed how many days we have left and the various things we must complete in this lifetime. I then moved my eyes to the little book. I could not imagine what information about the Bushmen could be contained in such a small square book. I have collected every book ever published on the Bushmen and there wasn’t one that size or shape. It then hit me that it is exactly the shape of Hillary’s forthcoming book on Sister Gertrude Morgan.

A wave of shock went through us both because we realized two things: each spiritual gift actually is two gifts. One is the wrapping, the *soft rice* cover and the other gift is what is inside. Osumi Sensei taught us this, in the past and today. The other teaching we received is that sometimes the soft rice wrapping is the means of catching the gift inside. That realization knocked us out. I woke excited about these gifts though less was known about that unwrapped calendar.

### ***Esther Dreams of 114,111 Things and Only Using the Word Heaven***

The next morning, we received An email from Esther. She shared a dream she had:

Early this morning, I dreamed a message from you. It appeared at the upper lefthand corner of a deep green screen. In very small print it read, “We have 114,111 things to . . .” I cannot recall the verb that came after, but it was something like study, research, or uncover. Then the message added some words

that felt a little admonishing: “Do not use ‘respite’ at the end of a sentence. Only use ‘heaven.’”

As soon as Brad heard this he shouted, “Now we understand the gift of the calendar! It lists 114,111 things we must do—with no respite from our mission! We must never stop working like there is no tomorrow!” At the end of our life (sentence), let us not simply seek rest from the trials and labor of living, but instead seek to enter the glory of heaven itself.

### ***Short, Sweet***

On the same day that Esther emailed us, a Guild member named Karen sent a dream that she was at a conference where people were talking about the books they had written. One person spoke about shamanism and received a few polite claps. Karen turned around in the dream and saw both of us sitting in the audience:

I was so excited to see you in the flesh. Then I looked away to find some seats and when I turned back to you, both of you were gone. I then noticed that Hillary was on the stage. She said two words: “Short, sweet” and the place erupted with applause. People were out of their seats, clapping and shouting like they’d lost their minds! I looked at my feet to see a book full of images, with each page representing something spoken by Hillary. I woke happy to be alive.

We were amazed that Esther and Karen had been blessed by threads that linked them to these three new mystery gifts. “Short, sweet” reminds us to go for the ultimate distillation and concentration, to remain focused on our mission. There was a second dream Brad had that night but in the excitement of telling the first dream, he couldn’t remember any of its details. All he said was, “We are entering a flood of mezcal.” That afternoon, another Guild member named Michael emailed that he dreams of receiving a shaking hug from Brad and that it filled him with joy. Later that day we received an email from Sabrina:

Brad’s mention of James Spurlock and how he taught that less can be more in matters of the spirit reminded me of a former dream. I was sitting in a courtyard outside with many other people waiting for something. Brad appeared and began teaching. His voice echoed around us, “There is no need for incantations.” He said much more as images of different figurines appeared, particularly one figure being an oval figure made of weathered stone that was placed somewhere in the ground outside.

I soon noticed a giant wave coming towards us. When I woke up, I could not stop thinking about that wave and my surprise at how I did not feel fear.

The calendar knows when the giant wave is coming. Perhaps you've noticed that it is on its way. All you need to know is that now is the time for action. To be a part of the chain reaction, the tidal wave soak in mezcal, the flood of higher gifts, make sure your sound movement is on. We're doin' this. How about you?

### ***Dezsoe Visits the Agave Heart Hospital***

Our dear friend and longtime Guild member from Budapest, Dezsoe, whom we also call "the Light Doctor," had a powerful visionary dream less than two weeks after his mother passed away. She had a long career as a doctor and hematologist:

Dearest Light Doctors and Guild,

During the night I have been dispatching krémes<sup>29</sup> prayers towards you, and in the morning I had a dream. I arrived to a hospital building that I knew to be my mother's former workplace. The two hospital complexes did not have any actual resemblance to where my mother worked—in the dream they were much bigger and more modern. I went inside, walked through several departments, and after a while I had to leave and went to look for the exit. I met a helpful colleague who accompanied me. On our way out I showed her the entrance door to the Hematology Department, where mother used to work. It did not look like the old, familiar entrance door, but I knew it was there.

Outside, we had to circle around the huge building complex in order to get to the parking lot where I left my vehicle. Miraculously we were carried on big, open-roof train wagons that circled around the whole place. There were long cargo trains on both tracks on either side of our train, and they were transporting lots of huge, chopped up agave hearts.

Thanking you all with a longing love!

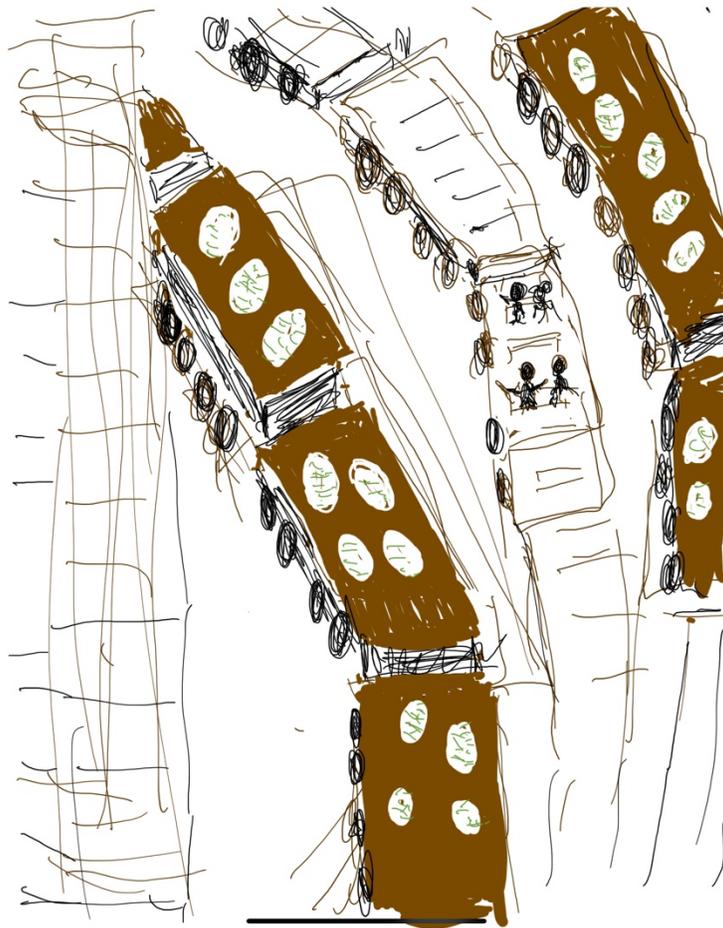
We responded:

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<sup>29</sup> This is the name of our favorite Hungarian dessert.

Thank you, Lord! We celebrate this holy visionary dream, Doctor Birkas! We wept when we heard about the trains filled with agave hearts. Your mother, a former medical doctor on earth who specialized in blood, is now a medical doctor of light specializing in higher blood. The gift wrapping of this dream is the bigger gift. She, you, and all of us are inside the tracks surrounded by agave hearts in the middle of the sacred heart hospital! Incredible! Amen!

We asked Dezsoe to draw what he saw:



***The Whole Deck of Cards***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild during the Spirit House Meeting on January 14, 2023)*

Earlier this season, Hillary dreamed the “Heart of Cups.” She received a non-existent tarot card from the visionary world that emphasized the importance of holding on to a double gift—

the heart and the cup. Here the reality, the room, the gift wrapping, and the holder of experience needs to be more than an empty and clean cup, bowl, or glass. The dream reminds us again that an empty, clean mind does not necessarily catch sacred emotion and without at least a drop of the latter, there is no climbing the ladder.

Trickster mind is always handling a deck of cards to build and maintain its familiar reality—we can't escape this partnership with trickster mind. However, in the whirling wind of spontaneous movement we can clear the deck and reach into the other side and receive a special card with a double symbol—the Heart of Cups, which in the circular whirling of mystery is also the cup filled with hearts. The cup, goblet, or chalice sought by spiritual questers is the container that holds itself. Love must be the cup holding love, enabling it to intensify the more it is felt. Extreme love, the mezcäl of concentrated sacred emotion, requires an impossible cup. This is not found in the mind of reason; it is found in the changing of First Creation where jubilation is served at the highest bar's fire station party.

A book came to us in a dream. It was not gift wrapped but sitting open on a table. We never saw the title page or the book cover. We did clearly see that each page was a hand painted tarot card from the other side's mystical deck. The book held the whole deck of cards, and none of them exist in the world of convention where a different algorithm of interpretation is in play. The book was more like a deck of cards fastened together to resemble a book. The book's binding kept the cards in a certain sequence, which conveyed as much teaching as the cards themselves. Like mezcäl production, where the chopping comes before the fermentation and distillation. Perhaps reading this deck requires following its particular sequence, keeping a progression in order.

There was no writing in the book; there were only painted images. The Heart of Cups was toward the front part of the book and may have been the first card. We are not sure, because looking at the book left us feeling both clear and wobbly.

After that card, there were at least four to five other cards. We looked at each of them and marveled at the mystery they evoked. The last card we saw was a complete surprise. It was the image of a hot air balloon floating so high that it cracked the edge of the sky like an eggshell.

We instantly were reminded of a former recurring dream in Brad's early adulthood that took place when he cracked the ostrich egg in the chapel. He flew in a visionary hot air balloon like Jules Verne of old and cracked the cosmic eggshell surrounding earth as we think we know it.

Seeing this card in the dream made us want to remember all the other cards. We quickly looked at each of them and were again startled by another card. It held the image of two martini glasses clinking in a toast. In the background was a festive atmosphere depicted by multiple splashes of color, so we knew it was the sign of a joyful party. We then looked at the Heart of Cups again and then had one more peek at the cosmic egg cracked by the airborne voyager. The thrill of these cards was an exciting wake-up call and we wanted to share it with others.

After the dream we knew it was time again for the Guild to party or as we say, “Let’s head to the fire station party!” That’s where the saints cook and serve a feast. The partying is found in ecstatic sound movement. This is drinking mezcal. And it now appears that it includes drinking a martini as well. Don’t be too surprised by the appearance of gin because it originated as a medicinal made by European monks and alchemists. Furthermore, remember things change in First Creation where the Spirit House, chapel, fire station, bar, and agave morph from one form to another. The mind of trickster perceives a new form as the heart receives intensified emotion.

Drink up, the Heart of Cups pours every form of concentrated spirit from mezcal to moonshine to gin. This enables us to ascend into mystical flight and crack the egg. Cheers, let’s toast this party that serves the art and dart that make us creative ecstatic radiators who are fully alive!

Before we do so, let us pause to address the martini glass. Its shape was designed for practical reasons — to keep the drink from being warmed by human hands. The long narrow stem keeps the body heat away from the concentrated spirit above. Likely invented in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, the vessel helps deliver the gifts of a “served up” cocktail. No ice is needed because keeping the hands away ensures it remains chilled. The conical shape and wider rim of the glass benefits the taste of gin. Here more exposure to air helps the spirit open so its complexity is more discernible than it would be in a narrower glass. Finally, the sloping sides help the ingredients stay together and not separate.

The Martini Party card teaches us the importance of every degree of spiritual temperature. After cooking in the fire there is nothing more rewarding than a cold drink in a glass that enables the complexity of the libation to be more finely experienced and appreciated.

Though we could wax on about the thrill of temperature changes managed by the right cups and glasses, the other teaching of this card is that once the Heart of Cups is in play, it is time to party! In other words, ecstatic sound movement on!

In this celebration, change itself is changing, and this includes relishing a cold drink even as you aim to get spiritually hot. There’s a time for everything including keeping your hands on and hands off when it comes to holding the glass. First, we must assure that we have the right containers for holding our practices. After that task of preparation, it is time to rejoice and get drunk on the spirit.

The spiritual conductors, shamans, teachers, preachers, healers, and mystics who are real and deal the cards from the other side have this in common: in the preparation for a fire station party, the glasses, cups, bowls, and chalices must be emptied and cleaned. Everyone shows up with trickster by their side and everyone inevitably chooses cards from the wrong deck, those that feed mindless and heartless interpretation along with soulless imagination.

Yes, some will wince and want to fence with a trickster sword when told it’s time to clean and clear the deck and start anew. But don’t fear because you’ve got nothing of value to lose, for all you need is a clean cup with a drop of hearty mezcal to enter the cooking and drinking festival.

Now is the time to enter the fire station party. If your heart and cup are right, everything will be alright. That includes having a chilly martini in the glass that avoids the temptation to dilute it with ice. Why are we moving from prayer to ecstatic sound movement? Answer: we are here to crack those ostrich eggs. Let's spin another whirling tune. Here's your mezcal shot, or do you prefer your martini shaken or stirred?

### ***A Little Discussion of Mezcal Shot Drinking***

Brad elaborates on the musical mezcal shots:

I wanted to share how we discuss a mezcal shot, using the improvisation with Moonlight Sonata as an example.<sup>30</sup> Of course, no analysis is required to drink mezcal, but we sometimes do it to unpack how the mezcal is conveyed.

The improvised Beethoven piece begins with a flamenco rhythm and sound—this mezcal immediately casts a duende scent. It comes and goes throughout the improvisation, sprinkling in duende as needed. This flamenco sound also is a call for the body to move.

Next, we notice how Beethoven's music is decomposed, leaving the melodic lines and harmonic sequences altered—doing so to break up any over familiarity. This is the art of jazz and perhaps was most famously done by Thelonious Monk who did it to Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies" and transformed it into a new composition, "In Walked Bud." No new composition is created here. We only provide access to the mezcal behind what inspired Beethoven's heart to release these notes

This is a good time to bring up one reason mezcal shots are needed in order to catch concentrated spirit. The *familiar* must be either unconsciously or barely consciously noticed—this is a rope tied to the familiar. Then you, the ecstatic sound mover, must be simultaneously thrown into the wilderness, the *unfamiliar* where you aren't so sure what is going on melodically, harmonically, or rhythmically. One ear has a rope to the familiar and another ear a rope to the unfamiliar. When movement and hearing are aligned we like to say that the third ear hears or we say that the whole moving body hears and this hearing feels like you are performing the music.

One of the ways Hillary and I personally discuss catching mezcal is this principle: "*you need music that isn't a postcard.*" What in the world does this mean? You need a teaching from novelist, Walker Percy to understand this

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<sup>30</sup> This refers to one of Brad's musical tracks he made during the season

phraseology. In one of his essays, Percy makes the point that no one ever sees the Grand Canyon. They have looked at so many photographs and postcards of it that when they finally get to Arizona and stare at it, they only see through the image they have grown accustomed to viewing. In essence, they only see the postcard.

How might you get lucky enough to see this natural wonder? Percy gives an example of a couple who are driving in Utah or Nevada and get so lost they don't know where they are. It's getting late and will eventually be dark, so they pull over and hike into the woods. Before the sun goes down they come to a ledge. To their shock they see a giant canyon. In not knowing where they were and being lost and desperate to be found, they were able to see the Grand Canyon when they stumbled onto it by accident.

Songs that are familiar are like postcards. Once you know them you don't hear them the way you did the first time. Or you have never heard them with your third ear. You haven't caught and drunk the mezcals is a better way of saying it.

A mezcals shot takes you off the conventional tracks and helps you not know what is coming next in your sound movement adventure. It pulls you in between the familiar and unfamiliar, the known and unknown. In the beginning of *Improv Moonlight Sonata*, there is such a mix. There are also interrupts that reset the sequences unexpectedly, like at 2:24.

With this mezcals shot you approach Beethoven's Grand Canyon of sound like that couple lost in the Southwest. In the wobble between two moving musical ropes, the conditions are favorable for your catching the essential mezcals tastes Beethoven brings to music.

Hillary's big vision about Beethoven<sup>31</sup> discussed polarity changes and mountain climbing. Let's say for simplicity's sake now that Beethoven doesn't walk a linear path and resolve a tonal conflict. He circles in a recursive manner, and he improvises in a way that is similar to jazz improvisation today—more complex than former doodling known before he arrived on the scene.

Getting back to what is essential in the taste of Bee-the-Oven divine cooking: two things stand out. First, unexpected cacophony—an interspersed tonal clash. The most famous measure in *Moonlight Sonata* has such a collision of tones. You have to hit those keys perfectly—the touch must be just right. Just be nice with those keys.

The other stylistic mojo offered by Beethoven is his means of evoking an extraordinary uplift. He is able to land on one note and sustain it perfectly so when

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<sup>31</sup> See *Climbing the Rope to God: Mystical Testimony and Teaching, Volume 1*

he lifts his finger off that note, you fly upward like the notes in the envelope of his heart that Hillary dreamed.

These special notes are what move me the most—they make my soul fly, and I can easily weep with joy. They first show up dramatically at 3:24-3:27 and 3:32-3:48. Because you aren't hearing a postcard, you should be able to better hear and feel them. This mezcal shot enables you to better sip mezcal.

Thunder and wind announce that Beethoven is coming over to have a say in the mezcal production. His closeness is felt near, and soon it steers the next round of sound. The transition of his entry is announced by church bells at minute 5:35. From 5:35-6:06 I experience Beethoven playing the piano. This passage is familiar to lovers of his music. However, after being lost in the sonic wilderness, it can be heard as if it is the first time your heart's mystical senses hear it. This passage is truly a melter, cooker, and climber if your movement is aligned. The heaven's harps respond to Beethoven's call at 6:06—heaven and earth are now connected by the aural bridge. Agnes wrote me privately that she felt this bridge at this point in the recording. Her responses indicate that she drank Beethoven's mezcal, poured from heaven. And she crossed the Liszt bridge to catch it.

There's more: At 6:21 the floating note that lifts you upward says hi, hi again. At 6:37 the sacred vibration steps onto the stage. 6:53 is a big mezcal pour, and so on.

Mezcal shots take you out of the frame, remove the postcard and throw you into the wilderness. There the bridge between earth and heaven waits for your walk into mezcal production.

Hope this helps you catch and drink more mezcal.

### ***No Frame Is and Isn't a Frame***

*(Note: This vision was shared with the Guild during the Spirit House Meeting on January 14, 2023)*

Brad dreamed he was at an event being held at a distinguished university where he formerly had been a visiting professor during his academic career:

A small group of elite scholars had gathered to share their ideas. Each professor gave a talk and then waited to hear my response. This was the reason I had been invited to attend. I carefully listened to each of them speak and then I offered a comment on the main theme or conceptual frame I had discerned. In other words, I pointed out the room of ideas holding their discourse rather than

address one or more of its cutout pieces. Every time I did this the professors would look annoyed and protest as if I was breaking an unspoken rule that banned addressing the whole context of the exposition rather than the parts within it.

In the dream I remembered that I had spoken to this group of scholars before in real life, and so-called postmodern thinking was strongly influencing them—it was the conventional thinking of many esteemed critical thinkers at the time. One of the main imperatives of this outlook was avoiding any “totalizing ideology,” that is, fitting (or forcing) ideas into a particular theoretical or philosophical frame. A Catch-22 springs forth, however, when the avoidance of a totalizing ideology is conflated with the lack of a framework, context, or room. The room of banning frames is itself still a room, and the frame of no frames is still a frame. Yet pointing to a room of rooms that permits differences in room relations—whether totalizing, partializing, disintegrating, reintegrating, or whatever—is a higher notion of contextual containment and the relations between part and whole. Both separation and relation are in recursion so both may appear, disappear, reappear, and alternate.

What was missing in the scholars’ understanding and in my pointing out of this impasse was how the relationship of room and content are recursive—each holds and both dynamically constitute the other. This cannot be said with one sweeping generalization. The scholars also felt this dynamic but couldn’t quite articulate it, and perhaps it can’t be said. It must be enacted in a sequence of statements long enough to turn on itself, reverse, and then circle back born again—the same, but different. There, it has been said though likely it is not easily read. Understood? If so, let’s circle back to see if there is an understanding that can or ought to be undone. Let’s experience understanding and misunderstanding inside a bigger room in which the alternation between both is held in their recursion.

### ***“No Frame” Prescription***

We posted Brad’s previous dream report with the following prescription for the Guild on January 17, 2023:

ATTENTION: There are special instructions for both reading and listening to the report and mezcal shot below! You will not read the dream report now. Here are your special instructions:

Do the following: Conduct sound movement to the mezcal shot linked below (“Improv 223”). While doing sound movement, read the subsequent report as fast

as you can without trying to understand it. Then read it again, this time backwards, starting with the last word. Read it slowly, but not too slowly.

Following that, do sound movement to the mezcal shot again but do not read anything. Only wonder if any word is remembered that makes you wonder about what life is all about. Never read this report again unless you read it at 2:22 am in the morning. Set you alarm a few minutes before then to make sure you start the reading on time. Read it at a reading speed you are comfortable with.

### ***The Rainbow Diamonds***

Brad had a dream in which we were shown a spiritual mystery in a high classroom:

A voice said, “Nothing can be said though you will know what you are seeing, even though you may doubt it.” Then before my eyes I looked at an artist’s canvas and in an instant a painting appeared. It depicted two rainbow-colored diamonds. One was small and in the upper right corner. It appeared symmetrical and tapered with the height and width equal. The other was located slightly off center, closer to the smaller diamond. It was a large diamond at least four times larger than the other. Its height was over twice the length of its width. The middle section however was about half the length of the top, though it also tapered from top to bottom.

I turned to Hillary in the dream and said, “This is not an old image. It is contemporary.” I also felt I had seen these colors before. As I started to wake up, we were discussing whether these diamonds were visual renderings of our *little me* and *big me*—our names for the spiritual self and psychological self, respectively. Later I recalled where I had seen these colors—they matched an old necktie I have not worn in over a decade or two. As I remembered the dream, I recalled how people are fascinated with Tibetan masters, saints, and mystics who go “rainbow body.” This is generally understood as the instant disappearance of the body, only leaving behind the hair. I only knew of this supposedly happening once in my lifetime—to the former rainmaker of the Dalai Lama. After his passing, I was given a piece of his hair around the time I purchased that tie in New York City. I received the mojo because I had dreamed him and performed some rainmaking action. Do we believe this kind of dematerialization happened? Do people go rainbow body? We don’t know and don’t really think it is important to know. What matters is taking double rainbow diamond action.

The dream taught us that we have two rainbow diamonds whose rays extend outward. We are here to clean and empower them to radiate. We don’t know or

care whether one diamond is better than the other or whether one is for the *big me* or the *little me*. All that matters is getting those paired diamonds to radiate. And we feel they belong together. All other concerns only risk creating hesitation to act—doing what is needed to clean and empower the diamonds. What the colors, shapes, and sizes mean is not important. Only their radiance matters. Let's become ecstatic radiators with no need for elaborate understanding that blocks us from the action they ask of us. If you wait too long to take double rainbow action, you will likely both live and die with a body that never meets or fully shines the light or its rainbow. Let's go double rainbow body now as we become cleaned and electrified in the fire of Sacred Ecstasies.

### ***Double Rainbow Diamond Radiation Prescription***

After sharing Brad's double rainbow diamond dream, we posted the following prescription for the Guild:

Share the paragraph below with at least one other person during the next week. Do it soon while the radiation from the divination is still at its strongest. You can read it to someone, send it in a card, carve it on a stone tablet (ha!), or whatever means you choose. You can print it out and paste it all over town or leave it randomly or not so randomly in various places. Share it on social media (with reference to the book from which it came – thank you!). Add the hashtag #heretolove. Will it go viral? We don't know. Should it go viral? Of course, but the world is upside down. Who cares? There is music and sacred emotion to swing us into ecstasy. We are here to love! Here is the text:

We met a medical doctor who shared with us an incredible story about a patient he once had who needed liver surgery. Following a successful operation, the man told the doctor, "Though everyone believes I will live, I know I won't leave this hospital." That night, at three o'clock in the morning, the patient had a vision and met an angel who told him the secret to life. It is this: *We are here to love*. He woke up in the hospital room and told his wife, who was there by his side, to tell the doctor what he learned in the dream and to give him a certain "Get Well" card that was on his table. The man then died. The card that the man gave to his doctor friend had a painted image of angels that was attached to a piece of blue-colored cloth. Inside

the card were these words from Exodus 23:20: “Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.”

The doctor telling us this this story said, “Today this is the holiest gift I own. I have it framed and it is on my medical office wall.”

### ***Do it for the Saints: A Teaching***

Passion for living a spiritual life rises and falls, as does the desire to take the necessary action. For example, sometimes you feel like enacting the practices and at other times you don't. Do you act anyway, and in the unfolding action find your way to feeling the desire to relight the fire? Or do you profess defeat and sink further into the sulk of dismay until you've had enough of hitting the next bottom to start doing what must be done to rise again? Or do you rebel and resist because no one is going to tell your Frank Sinatra “My Way” *big me* what to do, only to find that you end up King or Queen of a cold, spirit-less castle?

Narrowing the swing between up and down is the difference that makes a difference in everyday life. Rather than hunting for the cause by pathologizing and psychologizing all the reasons you feel out of whack, you can remember you are again simply standing at a crossroads. One direction feeds Ouro a diet of self-focused observation and narration. The other road points to the room where the practices are done whether you feel like it or not. In that room you simply act and allow change to arrive in God's time and abandon constant outcome assessment and mirror gazing. Who are you doing the practices for? Drop you, the observer and measurer, and perform for the saints in the Sacred Ecstatics Spirit House. That's a real change of algorithm.

Reminder: when you are doing your practices, make sure they aren't performed in a mundane manner. Act with passion! Just going through the motions won't help you tap into higher emotions. When you act, please tinker with the spiritual engineering changes that help your spiritual wheels start turning. Change aspects of your expression *while you are practicing* to wake-up both the practice and you, the practitioner. Remember, you are a wheel made only of rhythm, tone, movement, and emotion. Again, here you don't tinker for you, the observer, to assess an outcome. You make the changes to please the saints and gods throughout eternity. This approach employs a different algorithm that emphasizes your relations with the practices, the rooms, and the changing temperatures of the infinite mysteries. “Others, Lord, others” begins when you make those double rainbow diamonds shine first for the saints and the Creator, and this radiance then passes through them to the other critters. You alone are too idiot. Send your radiance through the higher amplifiers that can send out stronger beams.

When you feel the room expanding and warming, you will likely feel awakened and on the rise. Whatever you do, don't stop to check your temperature. Let the higher doctor be in charge.

Change your action again to inspire the smile of a saint as you give every Sacred Ecstasics practice your all—not for yourself but for those on high.

***Prescription: Write a Love Letter to Love***

Soon after we shared Brad’s “Rainbow Diamond” vision on January 17<sup>th</sup> of n/omastery month, we gave the Guild a spontaneous prescription:

Write a love letter as Brad instructs in the recording. A letter to Whom? Write a love letter to Love. Write this love letter in your own handwriting as you feel the longing to love love:

Dearest Love,

I am searching for love.

Love,  
Seeker of Love

Where do you send it? Send it to Love. If you want to be in love with Love  
Then you must act like you’re in love.

***Mezcal Is Caught in the Change of Spontay***

When it comes to ecstatic sound movement, the necessary changes that help keep you from sinking back into self-observation are built into every mezcal shot. We have found that the spontay changing is amplified, intensified, and magnified in those special moments when the heavens offer a palpable pour. For instance, the sounds and rhythms of a mezcal shot take you into the sonic wilderness to get lost from your listening habits and entrainment body—now listen with a moving body and move as a sound producer. The beat keeps changing so any entrainment will not last for long. The rhythm shifts and throws you off track, again re-lost in the wild, taking a walk with Klee through a surprising sonic landscape. The same dynamic is true for the tones, harmonies, and cacophonies—as soon as you recognize a familiar part of a melodic line, the rug is pulled from beneath you and back you go into the tonal wilderness. Move with the beat of a higher eardrum. Alternating between the familiar and unfamiliar, your patterns are shaken and made better able to catch the moment when mezcal pours. As we demonstrated with the Beethoven “Moonlight Sonata” mezcal shot, a single note’s arrival and departure is enough to change your day or transform your entire life. That’s one of the ways he builds an aural bridge

between earth and heaven, creating a musically scored room that waits for the right moment to pour the note(s) from the opened envelope found in the sacred heart.

You never know when the pour is coming. Even if you've listened to a mezcal shot often and know its succession of tones, if your body is aligned and you still feel happily tripped and heartfully ripped open with the landing and departure of the note mezcal brings. That moment evokes a change of room and reality, along with the listener who is becoming a glistening blender of sound and movement. In different visionary teachings, we are deepening the learning that one note is enough, but not on its own. That mezcal note is inside a sequence of other sounds, silences, and beats whose complexity of relations are required for the simple single note to be enough to light the fire and expand Creation. All the steps of mezcal production are in the shot glass—from agave chop to fermentation, distillation, and the pour.

In the middle of the night, Brad was sent to a visionary classroom and learned even more about the single note that pours mezcal. A voice announced, "Every note that pours mezcal is a spontay note. It cannot be willed, taught, or learned. Its timing is set by a higher clock and its arrival and departure are pulled from above." We remembered how scientists have recently identified what makes the "swing" in jazz come to life. It involves timing that lags in either its arrival or departure, but not too much and not too little. It was discovered that this musical swing is found in changes that are a matter of milliseconds. This target is too miniscule to be hit purposefully—it must be driven by emotion that is far away from conscious interference. It must be conveyed through spontay (spontaneity).

The visionary teaching next surprised us,

While spontay obviously applies to the physical action of visibly large and small body movements, it also applies to the unseen body movements that the mind regards as being still. Stillness is a condition of rest compared to wild body action, but it is nonetheless a form of movement. No living form is ever still. There are only changing degrees and qualities of movement. The stillness of meditation that wisdom seekers aim for also benefits from spontay. This stillness must arrive unwilled rather than be achieved while purposefully fighting against the grain of spontay. Get out of the way and allow any spontay to have its moment.

You may sometimes look like a meditator and be in full blown spontay, even though an undiscerning observer may not recognize it. The common mistake of meditation practice is not letting spontay have its way—being erroneously restrictive and dismissive of emotion. This leaves the meditator open to a backfire: the monkey mind has been subdued, but so have the four ingredients of sacred ecstasy, including sacred emotion. The same backfire happens to ecstatic seekers who think shaking alone opens the spirit door. Move over meditation and move over shaking medicine. It's time for spontay.

This teaching led to a flood of realizations about how surges of higher emotion in tandem with spontay action are what guide a conductor to know when to shift from one step of mezcacal production to another, and when to change the music, change focus, or alter an interaction. A conductor is never observing themselves or the situation with their trickster mind but is in a call-and-response between spontay emotion and spontay action, each one feeding the other. Spontay requires concentration. It is not following your whim, gut, or heart unless you are in the big spontay room where everything caught is grist for the holy bread mill.

So much was pointed out in this classroom that Brad is not able to remember it all. He does remember that mezcacal is always concentrated and never diluted, unless spontay says it differently to convey the same truth. Hurray for spontay circles and recurses back to break any former curse that dampened your thirst for mezcacal.

Spontay means that there will be a time to say the Lord's name and another time to drop it and speak to the Lard lor Mother Agave, or a noise whose only meaning is found in its sacred emotion. Spontay can even have you cuss for God in a way that's odd enough to expand the room. Also don't be in a hurry to drop the Lord, the Lard, or the frying pan because trickster mind will appropriate this teaching to claim it can do its own thing. These changes, along with all changes, need to be subjected to spontay – the true Dao of How to be in the Now. This is not a trickster fantasy that invites naming anything and everything as spontay. We are pointing to the spontay that naturally arises in the big room without having to say or not say it. Follow the anointed deejay who has the playlist and knows when the moment is right for Beethoven or Shirley Horn. It's a new day, as long as spontay has its say.

After the latest room is sufficiently built, the conductors will announce that it's time to party like there ain't no tomorrow or a yesterday. You've been told enough about the arty and darty, and the practices that fine tune catching a drink. Now jump further in. It's time for the next big top fire station party, the annual fest and feast of Sacred Ecstasies in the Spirit House of New Orleans. Spontay, have your way with us. The saints have marched in. Get in the second line and have some fun.

### ***Ecstatic Hoodoo Voodoo Spa Day***

Toward the end of our January N/omastery Month, we posted the following announcement:

The Sacred Ecstasies Saints have invited you to their one-of-a-kind spa! You will receive an ecstatic hoodoo voodoo spa day with treatments for the bottom of your soles all the way to the top of your head. There will be 4 treatments, each focused on a different part of your body.

Treatment 1: feet and legs. Do this sitting, lying, or standing. Toes can wiggle, legs can bounce, and so forth.

Treatment 2: hips, belly, and torso. Don't forget your diaphragm. And contractions and releases are possible anywhere.

Treatment 3: arms and hands. Waving, reaching, swinging, . . . and finglies trembling are all possibilities here.

Treatment 4: head, neck, and shoulders. Let cervical become "cerv," Paul Klee's higher deer. Allow that head reindeer to rock, bob, and be unsure what it's doing.

**You are to conduct ecstatic sound movement for only the body zone specified by each treatment.** Of course, it's fine if the rest of the body accidentally moves from time to time. That's how it is. A special mezcal shot accompanies each treatment.

Activate that prayer compass and then prepare to be soaked in mezcal!

**Here's today spa schedule.** We will launch a new post with mezcal shot for every treatment at the following times (listed in New Orleans time):

After reading this post: Feet and legs (the mezcal shot is linked below)

10 am: Hips, belly, and torso

12 pm: Arms and hands

2 pm: Head, neck, and shoulder

Before you go to sleep tonight, print out the visionary report below (**DO NOT READ IT NOW**). Fold it up and place it near where you sleep with a flashlight sitting next to it.

There's a crossroads prescription for you tonight: **It is your choice whether or not you read the report.** You can either choose to

a) shine the light on the folded report and Not read it

OR

b) shine the light on the open report and read it.

The room must be dark when this is done. Do it before going to sleep. If you read it in the dark, with your flashlight providing light, know you will only read it once. **So read it carefully, knowing you won't ever read it again.** Or choose not to read it, but make sure you shine that light on the unopened paper.

**That's it. Now enjoy your day at the Ecstatic Voodoo Hoodoo Spa!**

We then posted the previous visionary teaching, "Mezcal is Caught in the Change of Spontay."

### ***Ecstatic Hoodoo Voodoo Spa Day 2***

#### *Treatment 1*

Welcome back to the spa where the saints will further doctor you. Today's first treatment has you working all your parts and your whole body with one mezcal shot. Give each of the four body zones 10 seconds to have concentrated shaking. Count to 10 out loud for each zone, doing this while the mezcal shot is playing. Then let the whole body all of you in any way that spontay wants. Feel free to recycle the 4 ten second sequence as often as desired.

#### *Treatment 2*

The second spa treatment invites you to move two body zones at the same time. For example, your head along with your arms and hands. Choose any pairing and do the 10-count as before. Do an entire session with these pairings. Feel free to do three zones at the same time if you wish.

#### *Treatment 3*

This treatment asks you to only move one hand with an emphasis on trembling the finglies. You may stick to one hand or alternate, but only one at a time. It's alright to explore only one finglie during this treatment.

#### *Treatment 4*

The fourth and final session should be done as close to bedtime as possible. Lie down and hear the mezcal shot. Do not move your body. Only imagine that you are moving it. Move in variety of ways, including wild impossible physical maneuvers. Do it within.

It's fine if a spontay breaks through and has an external manifestation in your body expression. However, don't encourage this. Try to keep your ecstatic movement within. Remember, it's fine if a spontay breaks through. If it does, then simply respond, "Hi, hi, Spontay!" Why not pray this way before you enter the mystery lands of sleep? Have fun. We're partying:

I need Thee, Spontay.

Do it, Lord Spontay.

Just be spontay nice.

### ***Ecstatic Sound Movement: A Verse***

Ecstatic sound movement is the main practice of Sacred Ecstatics

It's not just any kind of movement or sound

It's spontay evoked by a higher ray

Our lineages all host ecstatic sound movement as the main practice

Not just any kind of movement or sound

It's spontay evoked by a higher ray

Kalahari ecstatic sound movers

Caribbean ecstatic sound movers

Seiki jutsu ecstatic sound movers

Sanctified ecstatic sound movers

Red antler (authentic) shamans, ecstatic sound movers

and so forth: all our leading saints are higher hoofers

It you own a rope to God, you are an ecstatic sound mover

A mover and shaker for all the changing forms that bridge humanity and divinity

Of course, you are free to choose being either static or ecstatic.

The dynamics of the original way of being an eland hooper have been presented

Come on in the spa and get those hooves to movin'

It's a good day to let the static die, and an even better day to raise the dead with an ecstatic treatment plan

### *Josué Receives a Book*

Guild member, Josué, posted a dream online on January 24, 2023:

While doing ecstatic sound movement to this mezcal shot before going to bed, I felt the need of doing the No frame is and isn't a frame experiment, set my alarm at 2:22 and re-read the report. After I finished reading it, I fell asleep again and had a dream. I was in a food place but it was not a restaurant it was just an office. I went in and asked the lady in charge to serve whatever they were serving which was some kind of bread made with a fruit from a tree, which they used to make a candy called acitrón. She told me she was going to check if they had something for me if so she would see me outside the office to give it to me.

While I waited the office turned into a place where people went to contact spirits, some of my family members were there, at first I thought it was a scam but something invisible started to pull me and push me around, so I believed in it. The lady returned and told me they were spirits of some of my students who had passed away. The people who were there got scared, but not me, I was deeply moved and asked her if she could put me in contact with them.

The first one appeared; it was one of my students who has had some really tough years despite his young age. When we saw each other again, he hugged me and told me how much he missed me. I told him I missed him too, but everything was going to be okay, and he had nothing to fear. Then I received a message in my phone, it was from a Guild member who told me to take a picture of "the book" because I had to remember the date on it. They also sent me a picture of a beautiful book. I was not sure if it had been given to me, or if it had been written by me, but all of the guild members had received it. The date the guild member was talking about was stamped with red ink on the first page. We all felt fascinated by it, although the content was a mystery to all of us. I kept dreaming, but it felt shallow and not important compared with the first part.

We responded:

Eat that bread! Own that fruit! Thank you! Concentrate on how it felt to share the hug and announce there is nothing to fear. Let the book and others wanting to take a look return to being an unknown mystery. The book is here and it is stamped red. That's the only thing to read, see, and recall. Remember the hug and the reminder that there is nothing to fear in life or death. Each visionary dream has a first part—a First Creation part—it is the shot glass holding emotion. The

rest of the dream is more shallow and not as important. Trickster is in the dream return and in the telling. Thanks for not mentioning the rest of the dream. That's the biggest teaching in this dream report. But remember the hug and no need to fear life or death.

Josué wrote back:

Yes! Precisely that's what resonates the most and it still makes me weep.  
Thank You!

***Brad is Surrounded by an Energy Field That Contains the Whole Universe***

In January 2023, Hillary had a dream:

Brad and I were at home in New Orleans. I was upstairs in our bedroom, and he was downstairs at our desk. Brad was experiencing a medical symptom of some sort, the details of which I don't recall. I called 911, although I'm not sure why because both of us were calm and it didn't seem like an emergency. The woman on the phone said to me, "I need to speak to your husband directly." I shouted to Brad, telling him to come upstairs. We both got on the phone with the 911 operator.

The woman said she was going to run a preliminary remote diagnostic on Brad. After a few minutes she reported:

I see what's going on. There is nothing to worry about. When I tried to conduct a full scan of Brad just now, I immediately ran into a circular energy field around the middle of his body. It contains everything in the universe. This energy field can disrupt our scanner. What you're experiencing are just symptoms of this energy field. Everything is fine.

At this point I realized in the dream we had not called an ordinary 911 emergency dispatch center but were speaking with a higher, mystical 911 operator. As the woman spoke, I looked at Brad with higher seeing and saw a wide ring of energy circulating around his whole torso from upper chest to hips. It was reddish brown in color, whirling and moving like a wheel full of all kinds of particles and flashes of light. It wasn't only spinning horizontally, but slowly tilted back and forth on a diagonal as it spun, much like the earth tilts on its axis. I understood

that it contained all the experiences and feelings of the entire universe throughout space and time, and those of human beings especially. The discovery of this energy field felt very matter of fact to both of us. In my relief that there was nothing wrong with Brad I also felt some laughter begin to bubble up inside me, and I looked forward to teasing Brad about his “spare tire” aura after we got off the phone.

As I slowly came out of the dream, I pondered how this energy field around Brad is the same river of knowledge, emotion, and experience that he was connected to when he first saw the light in the chapel as a young man. It is the same field that he penetrated in his more recent vision, “Full Power Reception,” when he found he could tap into anything and everything imaginable across all realms of experience. The dream reminded us that living with the universe whirling around your middle brings its share of challenges. This energy field has a life and power all its own. It disrupts higher scanners and can cause all kinds of interesting symptoms. But it’s undoubtedly a gift from on high, one that we cherish, though will never fully understand.

### ***Prescription: Raise Your Tire***

After we shared Hillary’s dream of the energy field spinning around Brad, he gave the Guild the following instruction:

Donuts are tasty. I am especially fond of applesauce donuts. A donut shaped ring is called a torus. Some say that a torus is the shape of the magnetic field around our bodies, as well as the shape of the magnetic field around Earth. There are even physicists who think the universe itself is a spinning torus.

Without consciously knowing these notions about magnetic fields associated with the torus, Hillary dreamed my torus or spare tire was moving and tilted like the axis of the earth. What was important to us was its location in the middle area of the body where tasty deep fried donuts land in the tummy.

The science of our experiential relationship to the electromagnetic fields of life, one another, the earth, and the universe is obviously over the head of every H.B. Yet bioelectric and magnetic fields have been interesting to both scientists of sensory experience like Charles Henry and seekers of higher experience like Edgar Cayce.

I started studying bioelectricity when I was around twelve years of age. I read an original copy of Galvani's classic text at that time. It was housed in the rare book section of Linda Hall Science Library. Soon I study the galvanotropism of cells

and tinkered with myoelectric biocontrol devices, eventually landing in front of the smoke rings of my MIT professor, Jerry Lettvin. He had a large spare tire.

We didn't earlier post this dream because we didn't feel it was the right time for it. But now that we have established that the MIDDLE is where spiritual shit happens (especially spiritual cooking), it seems to be timely.

Go ahead and consider every H.B. with a torus or spare tire around them. Yes, you have a spare tire, otherwise known as a wheel waiting for spiritual action.

Is your tire flat in need of being filled with holy wind? Is your tire resting on the ground in need of rising to the middle? To fill your tire and have it climb to the middle and tilt like the axis of the earth with changing movement taking place within its active whirl requires work on your part. It just doesn't happen on its own.

The practices of Sacred Ecstasies, especially ecstatic sound movement, fill your tire and provide the means for it to climb to the middle.

When that tire is aligned and whirling in the middle anything can happen including spiritual cooking, visionary reception, and sweet deep fried donut conception. Is your donut raised and glazed and ready for the saints to taste?

The mythopoetic dead mackerel is a flat tire lying on the ground. The real cooked spiritual climber is a full tire spinning in the middle. Your torus is hungry to become an ouroboros. Let's make some tasty donuts!

Bonus instruction: Go ahead and conduct ecstatic sound movement, imagining that you have a flat tire around your feet when you start. Move to fill it and have it spin, rising to the middle, wobbling to be aligned with earth's wobbling magnetic field.

### ***Questions for the Saints***

During the final week of January N/omastery Month, we opened a space online for Guild members to ask a question from any of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. Many wonderful questions came in which we have included below, along with the responses.

One Guild member addressed a question to all the saints about dealing with a rocky marriage. This was their response:

Dear Maestro,

If you and your partner lived in our village, the answer to your question would be easy: you'd dance. Not the kind of dancing your people are familiar with, but the dancing that is like ecstatic sound movement. Then whenever you

feel the need to use words when words don't help, you'd clear a space, turn on the music and set the body free. We have learned that setting the body free sets the trickster mind free, not the other way around. But, if you are not an ecstatic sound movement couple, we will have to use some tree medicine. I'll consult my gwa tree to see what can help. Hold on . . .

I'm back again with an answer. The tree was interested in your last name, Rudolf. She said:

At first glance, his root name has two main branches, "Rud" and "Olf." However, in First Creation, his branches change to "Rude" and "Olf" with "Olf" standing for olfaction. He's missing half a First Creation nose, and this is what causes ru to lose its rudder and become rude and ruder in the wind of anger. Since this may be too difficult for his mind to comprehend, here's a medicine for both of his names: he should make a very special letter "e" to carry in his pocket. Whenever he smells that a furious conceptual wind is in the air or soon approaching, he is to take that letter out and place it under his nose. Sniff it. Sniff it again and again. Then tell it, "Get off my name. You make my rud lose its rudder and that makes me rude and madder." Then place that "e" back in your pocket where it belongs, far away from your deepest roots. Tell Olf that olfaction makes a good doctor, reverend, and maestro. He needs the right kind of action to turn his olf-loading into *mezcal olfaction*.

My tree can set you free,  
Twa

A question from Mari:

According to Soundcloud, I had this song on repeat for approximately one month. This message popped up *yet again* when I clicked the button to ask my question, so I will include the image to go with my question. Dearest Saint(s), How can I stop hesitating/second-guessing/fearing, so that I can take the next step I need to take toward fulfilling my creode mission?

Love, Mari



Dear Mari,

To stop hesitating, move from second-guessing to third guessing. But do it before you typically hesitate. To stop second-guessing, move from fearing to hearing internal cheering. Listen to soundtracks of applause and choose one you'd like to deposit in your memory bank. To stop fear, hesitate in a different manner whenever fear may be near. Back up a step, look to the left then look to the right. Then take uneven steps forward counting irregularly, like 39, 58, 2. Be boulder rather than carry an imaginary burden on your shoulder. One more thing, write my first name on that egg you want to hatch.

Do it,  
Chick Corea

P. S. Your creode to joy says hi, hi.

Response to Eduardo who said he has had trouble sleeping since childhood:

Dear Eduardo,

Yes, we have been keeping you up at night all these years. We've had our eyes and ears on you since you were a child. There is a reason, a very special reason for this.

You look at the night as a time of missing sleep. We regard the night as a time when you are missing an opportunity to do the higher work we have been calling you to enact, doing so when you are aware of being awake and not in a slumbering trance.

Higher rest comes from the deep peace following higher action accomplished when awake. This is why some artists and mystics feel more rested with less sleep.

They did their higher work when wider awake in the night as well as the day.

*This is your prescription:* The next time you find yourself awake rather than asleep during the night (at a time when others are asleep), rather than fight insomnia or try to trick yourself into going asleep, internally shout: “Thank you, Saints. Thank you, Lord. I know you have something for me to do in the night while others sleep. Thank you for granting me this evening’s mission”

That’s right. What’s missing in your life isn’t sleep as much as it is the higher action asked of you when you are awake. The Saints have been waiting for you to change and expand and heat your whole reality each and every night for all these years.

What to do in the night? Again, turn to the saints and say thank you. Say thank you to the highest of the saints including the Virgin Mother, Jesus, and the heavenly Creator. Then ask, “What action do you have for me to do as others sleep?” For now, imagine hearing them respond, “Pray with such concentration that you forget whether you are awake or asleep. That’s the kind of concentration brought by mezcal production. Follow the way the Guild is praying and if you wish, use The Lord’s Prayer as well.”

“This is the most important advice: Pray as if you are praying yourself to death. Pray with every last breath and every cell and every volt of energy left. Pray so strongly that you cross over into a place that is neither a state of being asleep or a body lost in sleep. And finally feel this with all your heart: pray to go deep as you forget about sleep. Deep goes the sheep, losing sleep for the Shepherd, going deeper into the heart of God.”

One Guild member asked two questions addressing to two different saints:

Dear Saint Valmour,

What gift may I bring to Thee? What would make you and the other saints smile with Thee?

Longing to live in your light,  
Sacred Ecstatics Saynt<sup>32</sup>

Dear Saint Sister Gertrude Morgan,

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<sup>32</sup> During N/omastery Month we began calling Guild members “saynts,” to differentiate them from the saints.

What is the best way to express my gratitude for your response to my question, whether you give me a pointing, a reset, a prescription, or what I am not sure how to name?

Thank you with the deepest desire for sacred reception,  
A Saynt of Sacred Ecstatics

Both saints responded:

Dear Saynt,

A simple thank you will suffice. Or anything that helps you feel nice to us in this opportunity to help you melt the ice. Please do not answer by proving what you know or adding additional pointing as if you are a saint. Again, a simple thank you will suffice. For example:

*Thank you.*

*Thank you, I am grateful.*

*Thank you for helping me break through the wall.*

*Thank you for your example of communion with Thee.*

*Thank you, Lord, for each and every saint and saynt.*

We'd like for you to feel and enact this when you respond:

"This heart in Thee I do suffer" relies on contrition to ignite reception

Prayers for all,  
Sister Gertrude Morgan

Dearest Saynt,

The only gift we receive is your SHINE. To make us smile, SHINE. All gifts sent from on high, no matter their form, help every imagined gift not interfere with SHINE. Don't even think about gifts or ponder what yours is, whether a gift is

seen or heard, or whether you even have received and owned one yet. Just be nice to SHINE. Being nice radiates the shine. Being nice to Shine is radiating thine glory. Sunshine and Moonshine: mezcal, that's all.

Love,  
J.B. Valmour

And then a third, surprise saint responded:

Dear Saynt,

Saint Valmour is saying that you need to chop chop the notion of "gifts" and only concentrate on SHINE. In other words, everything involved in mezcal production is SHINE. Yes, this was formerly called a gift that shines but the shine was forgotten to solidify the gift, making trickster rather than God smile. Drop the gift solidity, and enter the shining validity of eternity.

Your humble servants,  
The Apostles

Morten asked a question:

Dear Reverend Keeney,

I cherish you as one of my main Saints. I remember you breaking through the wall one time I was in dire straits needing help. Thank you for that most humbling experience, with a fierce no bullshit, big love intervention. I now since I have the chance, want to ask you a question. How is it that you are so steadfastly devoted to Jesus and the Lord? Also I will add a question, breaking the rules of only asking one question. What is the secret to having a good marriage? Give my best to Doe.

With love,  
Morten

The response:

Dearest Grandson Morten,

Thank you for your holy question. The sincere asking of this particular question already holds its own nourishing answer. It shows you are using a compass that points to the Lord. And you wisely point it toward someone you have no doubt is aligned with the Lord, rather than rely on your intuition, gut, heart, hambone, funny bone, or any other body part that no one can trust on their own until you have been purified, distilled, concentrated, and made vibrantly radiant in the senses of elders who can discern the glow.

My steadfast devotion to Jesus and the Lord is entirely built on concentration. As I grew my relationship with holiness, my eyes, ears, and heart never strayed away from the sacred heart port where holy ships depart for another voyage on the sea. In the beginning I did not have enough concentration to resist temptation. For me the earliest temptation was driving my Indian Motorcycle across the country on wild restless adventures. I once slept in a shack in an oil field and woke up floating in water during an unexpected flood. That wasn't the flood that did me any good.

What turned my life around was others who were close to the Lord telling me there was an anointment hunting me. I didn't want to hear that so I kept running away from the call of the Lord. Then the Lord came after me in the night, both in dream and when wide awake. I cried like an injured animal in the wild. "No, Lord not me. Please not me."

It wouldn't stop. Finally, one night I was wailing in my dream as I shouted at the heavenly hosts to leave me alone. It woke up my infant son and my dear wife, Virginia Alfantine Keeney (you know her as Doe). They thought I was dying and wanted to call the doctor. I was dying. My former life died that evening as I gave my heart to the Lord and promised to never doubt or stray again.

I needed to find a holy preacher to mentor me in making my relationship strong enough to resist the temptation of giving up when I experienced how full of trickster others can be. I learned, like every anointed preacher and reacher, that the devil does its work among spiritual seekers. The secular ones aren't much trouble. It's the ones pretending they are not constantly on a rope bender. They are the deceivers who interfere with others becoming receivers. They have led many a preacher to drink themselves to death or want to jump off the bridge.

Finally, you have to find the right bridge and take the right leap, drowning in the right water. After that second death you find yourself reborn in a second comeback, doin' this all over again. Over and over you must die and come through the cocoon to fly. This is what you and my other grandson are now calling *mezcal*

*production*. He and Hillary make Doe and I smile with the other saints as we watch this divine experiment unfold below. Let it be told that you were among the few who flew to heaven as it is in heaven rather than trickster tales on earth.

Let me speak your language. With repeated cycles of chop chop, cook cook, fermentation, purification and all the other steps in between, you become fully habituated in a rewired way. Then you automatically know what to do. All the steps of mezcal production become spontay expression. This distillation of the mezcal, over time, distills the producer. Then it is said that you are sanctified, meaning your habits keep your eyes on the glory.

Stay on the high road. Stay on your opening question. It's the egg that hatches a man and woman of God.

The secret to having a good marriage is knowing there is no secret on earth that will help. However, a marriage on earth as it is in heaven situates every room of your life in the mansion of God. That's the same secret for a good solo life. Nothing pleases the saints more than soloist or a duo living in the big room together. When a community spiritually commit to growing together, the production of spirit concentration thrives. Anyone thinking they can effectively distill on their own or in a non-cooking room is snagged in trickster's rabbit trap.

There are other marriages, rings, and vows, but you already heard about that. In conclusion, if you are worth the trouble for the saints to catch and help, you will do everything you can to run away from God. That's not all bad—it builds up some nice shit for the bottom of your horseshoe. When you can no longer resist, you surrender and find you can conduct. That's when the 2040 lights up like a beacon of holiness to guide your next trot.

One more thing, I loved to fish. When I wasn't toiling in the field for the Lord and needed to come closer to Thee in a most satisfying way, I'd get in my boat and throw out the fishing line. Over the years, I no longer knew whether I was catching HB's or the finned ones. Both grill nicely. And both taste delicious to God.

I love you, Morten. I'm with you all the way, through sickness, health, better, worse . . . with or without a halibut to fry.

Your Spiritual Grandfather,  
Reverend Winfred Leo Keeney

Morten's response:

Dear Reverend Keeney,

Thank you so much for this heartfelt and holy pointing. Tears trickled down my face. Forever grateful.

Your adopted grandson,  
Morten

From Matt:

Dear Saint Frank Fools Crow, Mother Twa, Motaope, Osumi Sensei or any other Saints that feel called to respond,

Thank you deeply for this opportunity and I pray that the most heart of hearts prayer question that is needed come forward to you from me to be heard and answered. I am needing guidance how to integrate these prayer lines in service to a unified sense of my path.

Walking with the cannunpa, I have been given what has been to me a miraculous life-line, to help myself and others, the greatest gift I could have ever imagined, which I was at once terrified to work with but drew me into it over the course of 15 years. It is my most reliable way to reach the place of trust in my rope to you, and its impact in my life and the world.

As a child I found this through music. Ever since I was able to play a drum, or play around on a piano or other instrument, especially a stringed instrument, I found a creative freedom to become amazed in a process of feedback, that was like a skill, to develop.

When I was a teenager and young adult, I realized going into nature, and through this feedback, lights and bells started to ring and flash so much louder, creativity more accessible.

With a debilitating physical ailment with psychological impact, I found my way to practicing energy work in my body which helped me to reverse this ailment and taught me things that help me to connect.

Working with kids and adults through education and mentoring, I've always tried to integrate my development and skills in service to others, to do my small part, and I feel of utmost importance and passion to find my way to integrate what I learn.

Sometimes when I connect in, into my rope to God, I feel I'm holding 3 ropes, instead of one. As this is new, working with Sacred Ecstatics, I'm doing my best to be sincere and focus on these practices. Maybe, I'm moving in multiple rooms, and perhaps that is unhelpful. My trust is that I've been brought here and to all those

rooms as a process of my own development. What can I do to find that one rope? Is there some guidance I need? Something I'm missing that you could share with me to help me find this?

In the deepest respect and gratitude,  
Saynt Newbie

Dear Saynt Matt,

Whew, that's a lot of words for a cannunpa carrier! I am tempted to say you could better benefit from one of the saints who could teach you how to better edit all those words. But I heard my name before they did so here I am. You must know that we cannunpa carriers are blunt and we enjoy teasing more than pleasing. So here I am out of the trash can, dusted off to address what you think you can and cannot do.

Let me say that it is one thing to be given a cannunpa and another thing to own it. An owner doesn't mention it to us. We know what you have and what you don't have and what you need.

The same goes for listing other presumed spiritual accomplishments, especially when talking to elder saints who recognize such talk as the sign of being word smitten rather than smoke driven. Say less to become more aligned with the Creator.

Here's my teaching for you today: for the smoke signal to get through, learn to make a three-word prayer sound like a real plea to the Creator. And make three, three-word prayers sound like you are trying to concentrate on thee rather than trickster gibberish that becomes the very interference that blocks prayer.

Your chatter resonates with the talk of someone who has not yet owned the cannunpa or a spiritual rope. Concentrate on wakan and say less while waiting to be more absorbed in spirit concentration. Let this sting help the holy bell ring above your head.

May you be chopped, softened, and sweetened to hear that if you are real and want to own a relationship with Thee, then more of you needs to get out of the way. Less cannunpa, more prayer concentration. No smoke can rise until all this talk takes a fall. Whew! I haven't talked this much since I was at Pine Ridge.

Let's clean your pipeline and then start with saying a prayer in a manner that makes you stop thinking and start smoking, doing so with or without a cannunpa bowl or stem.

I trust the Creator brought you here to hear what others might not say to you. The spirits must think a lot of you to get me to talk like we did in the old warrior days with their buffalo ways. Thank you, Matt. I'm a doormat for the Creator. People clean their shoes on my spiritual hide. Maybe I can teach you not to hide but go seek what is far above your head but felt near when the prayer is on fire. Maybe someday when you've put on some more years, you'll feel we share the same name. Old Matt and Fools Doormat will be able to smoke a prayer, any prayer that comes our way.

I need Thee, Do it, Lord, Just Be Nice,  
Frank Fools Crow

Shari posed a question:

Dear Mother Sister Gertrude,

How do I move from infatuated flirting to marrying big and little dada?

Dear Sister Shari,

PARDON MY SHOUTING, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. IT'S MY MISSION! I'M SPEAKING TO YOU THROUGH MY MEGAPHONE!

I lived a long life walking alongside the two lords before I became their bride. I had to show them that I could make the kind of commitment necessary to be a bride and not just a part-time flirter. Mother superior sandy and those other saint 160ce160pte mothers gave some good advice to Sister Denise about marriage, so I also suggest you read that. But I have something else to add.

To move from flirting to marriage, you need *passion*. That's right! Passion. Some people will talk about loyalty, commitment, faithfulness, and all of that. It's all very true! So true! But I'm here to also say that when you feel enough passion for God, you won't think twice about wanting to be around God all the time. And little dada, too.

You won't say, "maybe I like God a little bit when he brings me flowers" or "I love it when God brings me the visionary bacon but then he goes away and I quickly say 'oh I see God, two can play that game I'm going to show you I don't need you to be happy and well-fed! Look, I have another suitor who promises me comforts and attention.'" Then you go date the devil for a while and expect God to come find you and beg for you to return. God is not surprised or bothered by

all this foolishness. But just remember time is short and it's getting late! Amen!

Passion is what you need to be a bride. **Passion. Emotion. Feeling.** If you don't have a big passion for big and little dada, then you're not ready to marry them yet. And that's okay. It took me some time also.

I'll end by saying that passion is an action. I don't always feel like shouting and singing. And when I don't feel like shouting and singing, you know what I do? I shout and sing until I feel it. Amen!

Passion! That's it! Amen! Passion! Glory!

Sister Gertrude Morgan  
The Two Lords' Wife

P.S.

Please allow the Saint Mothers to give you a little extra street smarts talk, a second lagniappe answer that is the same answer with different words: You really can't move from infatuated flirting to marrying anyone, whether they are an earthly or heavenly spouse. Only love can move into marriage for love is the only carriage that can take you there. Time to have another T-Bone to feed my passionate tone. Gotta get ready for those two husbands of mine —they love to eat my prayer cooking. God bless and never rest until you feel you have fallen in love with God, all the way with no other way in the way.

From Johannes:

Dearest Saints of Sacred Ecstatics,

Can you help me to be filled with heavenly sound movement forever more? I am so tired of constantly falling off the ship on all sides and then being swallowed by that sea of distractions. In other words: Can you help me to hatch? Can you help me to stay close to the source of the mezcal force?

Thank you!! Glory!

Much love,  
Thunder Shock

Dear Saynt Johannes,

Since other Saints have addressed this question with far greater wisdom than I could possibly convey, I will begin by pointing out that every artist learning a worthy art also gets tired of constant falls along with forays into the dens of distraction. Concentration precedes all other learning of art—it is itself the art of transforming former habits into movement toward a big room habitat. Easy to say and understand. But not so easy to stand in its action with former habits still in play. Whew, there are so many different kinds of distraction, including psychological, biological, sociological, and spiritual, to name a few.

I'm a spiritual engineer so let me address a few practical matters. Are you attempting too big a step? There's many degrees between cold and hot. Have you learned to transition from cool to warm before attempting to set a fire. Too big a step leads to a fall whereas shorter steps bring victory parties. Aim for feeling warm inside the Spirit House and being satisfied that you aren't cold. Reaching too far without climbing in between steps is like trying to play Beethoven without having learned to turn on an oven or handle a bee.

It has been said that playing one note, taking one step, and living in one moment is enough. Therefore, climbing one step is climbing the rope. Learn the next step in front of you rather than trying to somersault to Mt. Everest. The latter leads to the searching the fault for not being able to vault that high. One step, please. The one not too far and not too little. The right reaching brings the right teaching.

With all their chops already widely recognized, even Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, and Herbie Hancock had to start all over and learn how to play one note. Play it like it was pure eternity.

The learning to first master is learning to start all over. Then every mistake, fall, stumble, . . . is celebrated as the rebirth of the first step. Another change to enjoy restarting. In the re- is found the recycling, the circle, the circulation, and amplification.

When you have mastered all the sounds, moves, and reception of drops, start all over again. If you find more excitement in the restart, you are on your way to circling back as a recursion rather than fussing about the difference between a blessing and a curse. In this manner, the virtuous loop replaces the vicious cycle of feeling down whenever you ask "Am I there yet?" There is no *there*; there is only a restart. A middle that is alternating between beginning and ending. A middle restarting is the wobbling of alpha and omega. Starting over is falling in love all over again.

If you want to try one of my latest experiments, here it is. Obtain two Soundbrenner wearables, one for each wrist. They mechanically pulse rhythms into your body. Set each at a different rhythm. Wear them. Concentrate on the rhythm felt on one wrist and say a prayer line in synch with it. Then switch your concentration to the other wrist. Say another prayer to its different beat. When this is habitually mastered, alternate with two prayer lines. Three lines on each side, then two, then one. When that is habituated, do both prayer lines at the same time with different rhythms. Then you can meet Erroll Garner and enjoy his barbeque. You'll not care that you've mastered eternal ecstatic sound movement. You start all over again with a trinity of beats and three prayer lines all moving at the same time. All restarting. All in the middle. All wobbling. All pulsing. As will the whole of you.

Are we there yet? Yes, we are restarting forever. That is spontay having a nice day.

Experimentally yours,  
Charles Henry

Dear Saints,

Thank you for your generosity in answering so many questions today. I am truly grateful and moved by all of the questions posed and answers delivered.

I feel caught between different worlds — the outskirts tribe of mezcal seekers known as the Sacred Ecstatics Guild, and everyday, busy work life (and everything else that surrounds it). My questions all feel derivative of ones that others have asked and that you have beautifully answered. How to concentrate better, how to be real, where to turn at the next crossroads, can anything be done to tame trickster? Thank you again for all of your answers today and for the daily downpourings of mezcal through Brad and Hillary.

Love  
Dominic

Dear Saynt Dominic,

It is natural for those who taste mezcal to dream of living in a pure mezcal world not contaminated, disturbed, or distracted by the busy whirly hurly burly everyday trickster-*method* labs that serve addictive sugar water and sugar pills—

placebos for egos. We Saints heard your call but I, a poet, stepped forth to respond. I did so because your prose has clearly drawn lines and that was my means of finding the rope to God's mystery in both word and drawing.

Before I offer you a taste of newly baked bread, let us move to align with the lark's song. There, now the gate is open. Let's go inside the Spirit House which is also a salon in every European city including old London. Look what's waiting for you: It's a line of specially sorted words that you've read before:

*"without contraries lies no progression"*

I want you to write these words with red ink, feeling my blood pour on your page. There will be a change so read and write this carefully:

*"with contrary realities, arise the lines to God"*

Now go back to your everyday with this blood line connection to me held in your wallet. Take another look at your horseshoe. See it differently. It holds the difference between 2040 mezcal and horse shit. This is the contrary that ignites every step up the ladder of progression.

God's high number and the earthly shit below holds a contrarian tension that, when pulled, creates a vibration across earth and heaven. The saints will pull on our side. Please pull on your side. Feel this same tension pull you into the same vibration when you live in the two contrary worlds you mentioned in your request for counsel.

Be grateful you are not in the dark soul non-flight night of the monastic. Hoping to be fried and freed of earthly interference, the monastic only finds that the earth roars back.

As a Sacred Ecstatics n/omastic, I, William Blake, will pour you a glass of contrarian-produced mezcal. Without the extraneous agave matter, there would be no chop chop. Without the dirt, there is nothing to distill.

Until we meet again, remember I'm in your wallet. You can cash me in over and over again.

I am eternally yours forever more,  
William Blake

Dear Saints,

I am very often a tight little ball of worry in a very small room. It hurts my eyes and skews my vision, and often scares away a good, full night's sleep. I am sometimes concerned that my mezcals tuning can feel escapist as a consequence, rather than deeply rooted and real. How can I warm up, loosen up, and tune up? Your advice would be very much appreciated. Thank you, I'm grateful to you all!

Liz

Dear Liz,

The *tight little ball* is the electrical secret to generating spiritual electricity. Clue: this ball is patiently and impatiently waiting to change what it holds. When something different is hugged, squeezed, and coiled, you will experience a circulating current of elation rather than the escalation of worry that has lost its anointed mission.

What to do with the worry that has lost its place inside your universe? Rather than continue fighting worry, we have spoken to it and have made a peace treaty between you and it. Worry agrees to no longer insist on your holding all its letters. For the sake of being for all our relations, W-O-R-R-Y needs you to keep one of its letters as the inspiration for your newborn tight little ball. That's half the bargain.

The other half of the deal is that you will agree to concentrate your worrying over the words the chosen letter offers. Which word best evokes your unique flavor and scent of mezcals electricity? This requires you having a new relationship with a dictionary. Over the course of your life you will need to read **every word** that begins with the chosen letter held in your little tight ball. Read all these words during this lifetime. If you finish the task, read it again.

For example, if you chose "o" you may fret over whether to embrace odd, one, octopus, octagon, oscillation . . . or old. The tight ball shall be called the letter you chose. The letter-named ball shall squeeze the chosen word, which will likely change because worry will see to it that you are unsure which word tis better for you to squeeze. Put worry to work, now doing a good deed. Worry about which word is best for the base of your Spineway. Keep the little ball tight. Hug it tightly. Tighter makes it a lighter, ignitor, and electrical starter. Do this for the sake of higher electricity.

I did. Now it's your turn to handle the coil that becomes a small tight ball when compressed, a word similar to concentration. Hug that letter and feel better about worry having found its rightful place. And have a ball with your elation ball that's ready to alternate, pulse, and bounce.

Electrically yours,  
N. Tesla

Dear Saints,

Sometimes I feel out-of-kilter. This happened recently on an overseas trip. Daily praying stopped, I wasn't singing and I felt out-of-touch with life in the distillery. While I was enjoying being with family, I started longing for home. One morning I wept because I felt pierced by the truth that, as the Keeney's say, you can't have God in your pocket.

My question is: When my life does get busy and/or I'm away from where I live, how can I maintain a connection to the big room? What did you do?

Thank you,  
Christine

Dear Christine,

The fact that you felt God's absence so acutely is a sign of God's presence in your life and in your heart. Before I was a Reverend, I was a scholar of world religions and the Bible. And though I stared at the word of God in many languages, I was often blind to its light. I too would go through periods where I did almost no true praying. No song of praise escaped my lips. I was often enjoying life well enough, but thankfully a deeper longing kept pulling me, tugging me, and disturbing me. Until one day it brought me to my knees. You know the rest of the story.\*

In your case, I think you do need to keep God in your pocket. Something to remind you to come home, whether you are physically at home or away. I don't know if God should be a small stone, a string, a hard candy in a wrapper, a tiny toy horseshoe, or a leaf that slowly crumples until you must replace it. Maybe God could fit in your pocket as a word or a sentence or a prayer on a piece of paper. God is in all things, so maybe you can change what's in your pocket from time to time.

It seems that God is already in your heart and in the deeper parts of you. So deep, perhaps, that it is easy to forget that you still must remind yourself to pray, to sing, and to hold up those in the Guild who, like You and I, so easily distance ourselves from the actions that keep God alive and present in all temperature degrees of our life.

You may remember that Kunta Boo, the Bushman doctor and storyteller, has been teaching me how to “spiritually cook.” He told me that the doctors always get lazy about dancing and singing. Then they get cold, and this makes them even more resistant to doing anything. They know better, but that doesn’t help. Then one day they or someone they know gets sick, or sad, or there is trouble. They weep, and then they get up and dance. That’s normal. That’s how it is. So, I think Kunta would just say, “Okay! Time to dance!”

I’m much harder on myself, perhaps like you. I like to lament. I like to imagine one day I will not be forgetful. But I’ve been learning how to be a Bushman who accepts that what matters most is not whether I get cold, but remembering to get cooked again. Put God in your pocket. Touch what’s there, take it out and sing to it, pray to it, whatever you need to do. This will help you live in God’s pocket.

Kunta just laughed and said if you are really forgetful, maybe you need to put a whole pile of elephant dung in your pocket. Then you would never forget! He is always making jokes about God. It’s been loosening me up a bit.

Let me end by saying one of my favorite lines: “our weakness is our greatest strength.” I would add that our apathy is our greatest alarm clock reminder to come home.

In Glory,  
Reverend Joseph Hart

\*You can read my story in *Climbing the Rope to God Volume 1* under the “Sojoprings” chapter.

Christine responded:

Dear Reverend Joseph Hart,

I am deeply moved by your response. So moved that I did the washing up through tears. I hear you. I'm really looking forward to having a little toy horseshoe in my pocket. Thank you!

In Glory,  
Christine

Dear Saints,

As I never was married (except for one day), I ask for help. What to do to become a bride and marry?

Thank you for all your guidance.  
Sincerely yours, Denise

Dear Saynt Denise,

This is Mother Superior Sandy, one of the old grandmothers in St. Vincent who Brad wrote about in his book about us. I got together to discuss your question with my fellow Mothers from the Island — Mother Ralph and Mother Samuel. We are not sure if you are asking how to become a bride and marry another human being, or how to become a bride and marry a Saint or God. We have all been married in our earthly lives, and we also married God. So we can answer your question in both ways!

We all had to leave our earthly marriages because our husbands were not very happy having a strong, godly woman in the house who was so full of joy and loved God so much. They did not like it because they did not love God also. They got jealous. If they had also loved God's love like we do, it would have been different. Then it would have been a wonderful relationship — two people living in God's house, reaching together, supporting one another to shine, amplifying the holy spirit rays of light! When that happens, the small daily disagreements over things do not matter very much because the house is built on a shared foundation and the right kind of emotion. Ideally, a marriage should make both people feel even stronger in their spiritual lives. People ought to act to bring out the best in one another! When you love someone, you love bringing out the best in them and making them feel inspired.

The same answer applies if you're asking how to be a bride to God or Jesus or a saint. Be faithful to that marriage, devoted to that marriage, and do what you can to water the seeds of love, holiness, and joy in that relationship. If you ignore your spouse, then your spouse will not feel very inspired to give you a lot of love and attention. The same is true if your spouse is God. Act to bring out the best in God! I don't believe God gets jealous or vengeful like some people say. But now that I've crossed over I know that God does like to be reminded that somebody out there is catching and drinking all that sweet rain coming down! Thank you! Thank you, Lord! Hello!

If you want to marry a saint (which is a good spiritual marriage to start with), then choose a saint that embodies the kind of holiness you want to commit to and

grow inside yourself. You could marry Mother Samuel, for example. She loves being on fire with the Holy Spirit, and she loves to cook. She sang when she cooked on earth and you could taste her love of Jesus in that food. Oh yes! Hello! Hello man! Hello!

Now, I also asked Sister Gertrude Morgan from the United States to say something about marriage since she was married to both Big Dada and Little Dada, as she called them. But she just started shouting and singing and painting the whole room with wild, bright colors. That woman is loud! She can't keep her joy inside! I guess that is also an answer about how to be a mystical Bride.

We Mothers of Saint Vincent are praying for you to marry God's LOVE in all ways and in every way! Hello! Hello man! Hello!

Mother Superior Sandy

Dearest Saynts of Sacred Ecstatics,

Can you help me to be filled with heavenly sound movement forever more? I am so tired of constantly falling of the ship on all sides and then being swallowed by that sea of distractions. In other words: Can you help me to hatch? Can you help me to stay close to the source of the Mezcal force?

Thank you!! Glory!

Much love,  
Thunder Shock

Dear Saynt Johannes,

Since other Saints have addressed this question with far greater wisdom than I could possibly convey, I will begin by pointing out that every artist learning a worthy art also gets tired of constant falls along with forays into the dens of distraction. Concentration precedes all other learning of art—it is itself the art of transforming former habits into movement toward a big room habitat. Easy to say and understand. But not so easy to stand in its action with former habits still in play. Whew, there are so many different kinds of distraction, including psychological, biological, sociological, and spiritual, to name a few.

I'm a spiritual engineer so let me address a few practical matters. Are you attempting too big a step? There's many degrees between cold and hot. Have you

learned to transition from cool to warm before attempting to set a fire. Too big a step leads to a fall whereas shorter steps bring victory parties. Aim for feeling warm inside the Spirit House and being satisfied that you aren't cold. Reaching too far without climbing in between steps is like trying to play Beethoven without having learned to turn on an oven or handle a bee.

It has been said that playing one note, taking one step, and living in one moment is enough. Therefore climbing one step is climbing the rope. Learn the step in front of you rather than trying to somersault to Mt. Everest. The latter leads to searching for the fault that explains not being able to vault that high. One step, please. The one not too far and not too little. The right reaching brings the right teaching.

With all their chops already widely recognized, even Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, and Herbie Hancock had to start all over and learn how to play one note. Play it like it was pure eternity.

The learning to first master is learning to start all over. Then every mistake, fall, stumble, . . . is celebrated as the rebirth of the first step. Another change to enjoy restarting. In the re- is found the recycling, the circle, the circulation, and amplification.

When you have mastered all the sounds, moves, and reception of drops, start all over again. If you find more excitement in the restart, you are on your way to circling back as a recursion rather than fussing about the difference between a blessing and a curse. In this manner, the virtuous loop replaces the vicious cycle of feeling down whenever you ask "Am I there yet?" There is no *there*; there is only a restart. A middle that is alternating between beginning and ending. A middle restarting is the wobbling of alpha and omega. Starting over is falling in love all over again.

If you want to try one of my latest experiments, here it is. Obtain two Soundbrenner wearables, one for each wrist. They mechanically pulse rhythms into your body. Set each at a different rhythm. Wear them. Concentrate on the rhythm felt on one wrist and say a prayer line in synch with it. Then switch your concentration to the other wrist. Say another prayer to its different beat. When this is habitually mastered, alternate with two prayer lines. Three lines on each side, then two, then one. When that is habituated, do both prayer lines at the same time with different rhythms. Then you can meet Erroll Garner and enjoy his barbeque. You'll not care that you've mastered eternal ecstatic sound movement. You start all over again with a trinity of beats and three prayer lines all moving at the same time. All restarting. All in the middle. All wobbling. All pulsing. As will the whole of you.

Are we there yet? Yes, we are restarting forever. That is spontay having a nice day.

Experimentally yours,  
Charles Henry

Dearest Saynts,

How do I transform so much fear into radiant cheer, especially for others?

Thank you,  
Sarah

Dear Sarah,

Yes, Lord! Be with me now as I begin by saying this:



That's me, mopping that highway clean! I already cleaned the way ahead for you, so that's one less thing you have to fear. Amen! Power, power Lord! Power! Power! Fill this woman with your Holy Ghost power! I never knew safety, except in the arms of my Jesus. I never knew security, except in the embrace of his love! Sometimes I didn't know where I was going to live from one week to the next, and sometimes I didn't have enough food, but I had the Holy Ghost inside! I had two husbands, and I had his music in my veins and his words in my mind! Amen! Yes, Lord!

I'm so glad, Sarah, that you feel some fear. Some people don't have enough fear, they're too cozy. I keep trying to shake them in their boots! I'm not afraid because I was healed by the wound in his side! I hungered, therefore I ate that bread! Come on with me and let's go inside this painting:



Take my hand, because my other hand is holding on to Little Dada and together we can walk up the milky white way. Power! Power Lord!

Come on with me, Saynt Sarah! Glory! Glory!

Sister Gertrude Morgan  
Everlasting Gospel Preacher and Painter

Dear Mr. Wigram,

There is a river. Is it necessary to swim up the river or just flow with it? I smell the salty fresh air of the ocean and I want to meet some friends there.

Troy

Dear Saynt Troy,

It is necessary to both swim up the river *and* flow with it. Not sequentially, not simultaneously, but impossibly. Don't be in a hurry to hear a trickster voice whisper, "I know" or "I do this." Better to say, "It's impossible for me. I need Thee."

Yes, we know there is a river. Congrats, you heard that too. More importantly, there is a whirling in the middle of the river that is only felt in the middle of the bridge. There you fall into the portal empty of snorkel. But not doing so to have a casual meeting with friends. Doing so desperately, at wit's end, and with no more time or space for word play.

Rather than smell the salt meant for a wound before meeting a fin friend, I offer you a prayer I caught fishing in my stream today:

Creator,

I know nothing. I claim nothing, I know not what to say or do. Look down on this blind and deaf speck of dust and help me not trust what I think I know and feel. Help me seek counsel with an elder pipe holder rather than do it my way. Hear this plea and please take pity on me.

Frank Fools Crow

Your friend,  
Rev. Wigram

Dear Saints,

Hello Saints. Thank you Saints. I feel broken. I know I live a blessed life. But I feel sad and broken. I don't know what to do. I make a mess of things. I don't know what to do about my wife. I don't know what to do about my kids, how I make money, how to live a creode. . . any of it. I want to give it over. I continue to make prayers to be guided by higher hands. And I recognize it happen in my life, and say thank you. But still, I don't think I allow it. So, my question is, how do I get out of the way and allow it. Thank you, Saints. Big Love to you.

Dear Saynt Jason,

Finish the hat.

Merrily we roll along,  
Stephen Sondheim

Dear Saynt Jason,

Saint Sondheim is saying that life's broken pieces remain broken because they are scattered and disconnected in time, not aligned in any concentrated moment. Bring everything, all of you and all of time to the singularity of whole multiplicity. This is the mezcäl solution to every empty pail and ail quest. How?

Stay in real time with the present ongoing mezcäl production. Follow every instruction. Be in the hearing now. Act. Act to make a mistake. Act again. Choose pugile over futile.

Are there other ways? There may be, but we haven't found any going on right now. Sondheim is on stage. He advised you. So am I. It's your turn to act in a more finely aligned in all of time manner that turns the wheels that turn your life around.

Our love is hearing you stay,  
George Gershwin, Saint of Pugilism

Dear Saynt Jason and all other Saynts,

What these saintly pugilists of musical production are implicitly suggesting is that the right kind of confusion is needed to create the conditions for an eternal moment of fusion.

Enjoy the crunchy,  
Heisenberg

Dearest Saints,

Thank you for opening this forum to us. What are some ways to be doin' this with higher mezcals concentration and less distraction. Thank you! Hello hi hi!

Sabrina

Dear Sabrina,

This is Willie Mae Ford Smith. I'm going to see if I can get some words out before I spontaneously break into song! I grew up in Mississippi. We were very poor, but our house was filled with love. We were singing God's praises round the clock! I think my father kept us singing all the time to distract us from thinking about our situation.

Oh — I just re-read your letter and realize maybe you're talking about other kinds of distraction. I see. For me, singing and praying on Jesus *was* my distraction, a way of keeping me from getting too focused on the many trials of my life!

I guess looking back now I'm thankful we didn't have Instagram to keep our minds busy. We only had two choices: worry or sing. I chose to sing! It wasn't easy always because my life wasn't easy. But God blessed me in so many ways.

We're all bound for Canaan Land, but we have to cross many rivers to get there. God puts those rivers in our way, and sometimes our journey feels filled with deep river holiness and sometimes it just feels filled with tasks and troubles and shallow river activities. That's just the way it is. Keep on walking with the Lord! I raised a family, so I know what it's like to have to take care of many things while still keeping God's music flowing through me. And I had to make some choices along the way. I had to prioritize.

I'm sure there are some distractions you could let go of, but others you don't have a choice about. Sometimes you don't know which is which. You're just going to have to go old school: sing more and pray more to distract yourself from other distractions. I wish there was more that could be said, but I prefer singing.

Amen!

Willie Mae

Dear Saynts,

Please help me to find the mezcadero accelerator pedal.

Love,  
Diana

Dear Saynt Diana,

I can fully relate to the desire for our spiritual path to advance more quickly. We long to feel God's nearness with more immediacy, and to feel more inseparable from God's love for more hours of our day. I understand that this concentrated, inseparable nearness to God is what your Guild means by "becoming mezcal, that's all."

For me personally, I found it almost impossible to avoid distractions, so I became an anchoress (as you are aware because you have visited my cell many times!). That was a pretty radical move, I know. Once I locked myself in that cell and prayed around the clock, time started to run together. I couldn't tell if time was slowing down, or if I was advancing more speedily toward God. It may have been the opposite. More likely I had finally given up on measuring time all together, now simply content to let things happen in God's time.

But everyone uses that expression, "in God's time," so it sounds a bit cliché, no offense to God of course. Perhaps it's more clear to use the language of the mezcaleros, as you did, and say that none of the steps of mezcal production can be rushed. Neither can they happen too slowly. Becoming mezcal is an *art*. We need both an accelerator pedal and a break pedal. So let us together pray for both:

Dear Lord,

This woman has sincerely felt touched by your love, and for that she is grateful. But like all of your children, she longs to feel your touch more readily, more often, and to radiate that love with greater concentration. Her longing for acceleration is a longing to reach you more swiftly and with less distraction. But we know, oh Lord, that you alone handle the seasons, the hours, and the timeline for becoming mezcal. Please make this woman an able vehicle for your love, with both an accelerator pedal and a break pedal. Then, dear Lord, you take the wheel. Put your foot on the gas as you see fit, and slow us to a crawl when we need to be reminded we are small.

These things we pray, fully receiving your divine love in all its radiant, double rainbow glory! Amen!

Love,  
Julian of Norwich

P.S.

While it doesn't seem to be your path to become a full-time anchoress like I did, there is nothing stopping you from anchoring yourself to God ever more steadfastly. I'm guessing that Hillary and Brad would suggest you add an anchor to your horseshoe or find a new anchor to place somewhere in your home where you will see it often. Do it quickly! Hurry up! God is also impatient sometimes. I now see that "chop chop" has a double meaning!

Dear Saints,

Thank you for appointing me as an undercover agent. However, I fear that the character role I have assumed to stay undercover will make me forget that I am undercover and not that character constructing a life in a world that is not accepting. Amnesia is looming. This life as an agent is all I desire. What to do? Where is the stage manager when you need an inter mission?

Esther

Dear Saynt Esther,

I have heard it said that undercover agents easily get confused as to which of themselves is the real self, and whose life they are really living. Their wires get crossed. Sometimes actors feel the same way — they get so involved in stepping into their character that they start performing that role with friends and loved ones. It gets confusing which room they are in, and which character they truly are. Because you're an actor, perhaps you too have had the experience that stepping into the role of a character sometimes allows you to be more truly yourself than when you are performing the role of your actual self.

When it comes to being an undercover ecstatic radiator, this room and character confusion is cause for celebration. You, Esther, are also someone who

has been explicitly and openly trying to radiate love and wild creativity in a non-saintly world your whole life. In that sense, your cover was blown long ago.

At the same time, it is also true that not all daily life rooms or the people we encounter are ready for the full monty double-rainbow shine. And in that sense, some of it must be kept undercover, like prayers or songs that are chanted or sung on the inside so that our inner Steinway remains tuned, ready to deliver a “Good morning!” or a “May I help you” or “Perhaps we could try this in another way,” in the right musical key for the situation.

I think you just need more confusion and middle wobble blending between your two roles. In one role, Esther is on the outside and Zestquester the Radiant Agent is on the inside, and in another role those two characters reverse. Since both characters of you are agents of radiance but in different ways, more continual crossing between the two should help reduce the amnesia that you experience when there is not enough covering and uncovering. Forget more often which role you are performing in order to more readily remember to grow the agent of radiance you long to fully become.

I suggest you draw two rainbow diamonds on the back of one hand where you can see it. When you are in a situation in which Zestquester the Radiant Agent needs to be more incognito, wear a glove. Or place your hand in your pocket. When it's time for a switcheroo, for instance when you are writing a comment in the Guild, are at home, or are with people who can't get enough of your all-out shine, then uncover your hand. Then sometimes have amnesia and forget to cover the diamonds when normally you would. Look forward to a dramatic moment when someone inquires about the diamonds on your hand, and be surprised by which character answers.

I hope you don't mind, but I am not going to reveal my Saintly identity at this time, because I find that keeping it hidden sometimes allows more of my hidden radiance to come through without hindrance.

Love,  
The Undercover Mystery Saint

Dear Osumi,

That book on seiki from the 1920s that you gifted Brad, should it be translated or better left in its original 1920s Japanese where its seiki juice can radiate unobstructed by the conscious mind?

Thank you,  
Bob, aka Bulu

Dear Musikantow San,

Thank you for the respect your question offers to my gifted book. I am happy to hear from you and I celebrate how the Guild has found a way of concentrating seiki by calling it *mezcal*, and calling seiki practice *ecstatic sound movement*. This is an evolution that I celebrate. Let's discuss your question before we practice mezcal jutsu.

It is not the book or the translation that obstruct. It is the interpretation, reduction, and filtration brought to it by non-seiki eyes and ears that block the lines and circles of evolving radiation.

Assume that only one sentence in the entire book helps the mezcal come through. There are also several other sentences that soften or sweeten. Perhaps 2040 letters will help the mezcal production if chopped apart and mashed for another round of cooking.

If the book is translated with a warning to the reader that its true translation requires an ancient form of concentration, then my ancestors will bow.

If the book is translated, make sure every left side page is in the original Japanese and the right-hand side is the English translation. Then the left eye can read the left side as the right eye reads the right side.

Thank you again for asking. In the higher wind's reading you find the writing rewritten anew.

Let's find the double teacup,  
Ikuko Osumi Sensei

Dear Saints,

First of all, thank you so much for all your teachings. My question is, how can we be readier to receive and follow them?

Josué

Dear Josué,

I have noticed that you are good at following prescriptions. This means that the teachings are already being received by you. Of course, we can never be ready or receptive enough when it comes to God's wisdom and love. But each time you take action, you become readier to take even more action. Each time you follow instruction, you become able to receive even more instruction.

This is why, in some ways, the more action we take the hungrier for God we become. Our hunger for God grows the more holy bread we eat. It is a wonderful thing to feel this hunger, to never feel ready enough, to feel like we cannot receive enough from God.

As a healer who receives prescriptions directly from Jesus to give to others, I can say that following prescriptions is very important. Instructions and teachings and prescriptions come from on high, but if we don't follow them they just fall to the ground like rainwater that rushes quickly out to the sea and never has a chance to soak into the fields. I love this teaching that came to Brad and Hillary that we are all agave plants in a field. As a farmer and a healer, I understand the truth of this deeply.

I can feel that your heart is sincere when you follow the prescriptions. That is the most important thing. Hillary and Brad would say, "the room you are in when you take the medicine is more important than the medicine itself." I learned this lesson when I discovered that I no longer needed to give a medicine. Because my heart was pure and sincere and real, I only needed to pray over a glass of water, and then later just my prayer was enough to bring healing. In my prayer room, healing was natural and automatic. I became "mezcal, that's all" as your Guild would say!

Keep going, keep acting, keep reaching. I am always uplifted to feel the warmth emitted by your radiant action.

Love,  
João

P.S.

Someone named Paul Klee just tapped on my shoulder and told me to tell you that the secret to your spiritual life is found in the way your name is written. There is an upward pointing line over the letter "é" in your name. Follow that line, he says. It leads to the Big Bauhaus. Then he told me there is a wave over the latter "ã" in my name. Isn't that wonderful! The rope to God in your name, and the vast ocean of God's love in mine. We are family!

Dear Saint Erroll,

As you are aware I struggled for many years to play music 'my way' and pursued many convoluted paths which were all dead ends. A part of me knew this at the time but I stubbornly preserved. Now that I finally have the humility to realise I need thee, can you please help release all that blocks from me being able to play and live in a way that pleases you and glorifies Spontay-God?

Julian

Dear Julian,

I am not a man of words but a man of grunts whose finger-making sounds awaken life re-starts. In your Guild's language, my grunts are spontays and so are my finger movements. You are really asking how to play with spontay to make a better musical day. Listen to my recordings and concentrate only on the grunts. Consider each grunt a call for you to grunt back. Then listen to other musicians you like and conduct ecstatic sound movement which now includes you making spontay grunts. Don't undershoot or overshoot its volume or other sonic characteristics, but tinker until you feel one spontaneously come through. When the grunt is a spontay you will find a different way to play. You'll know it when you feel more often surprised by this grunt. Grunt-driven or moan-driven or hum-driven spontay is the medicine that clears the path and turns convolution into revolution.

Get on the hunt for a grunt,  
Erroll Garner

Dear Saints,

I need help in letting my little me speak.

Karen

Dear Karen,

Little Me doesn't speak — it sings. Little Me is the slice of heavenly cosmos that lives inside you, the rainbow diamond, the vibration of angels, the pulse of the earth, the song of the winds, the current of the river, the circling of the solar system, a comet streak across the sky. Little me is all the instruments of the orchestra — the wood, the strings, the brass, the reeds, and most of all, Little Me is music itself. It is God's love, and thus speaks in God's language: emotion carried

up and out on the fluid current of song. Whatever may amplify this feeling, this movement, and this inner symphony that is beyond the reach of the talking mind's grasp, that is how you shall set Little Me free.

With my deepest and most sincere prayers,  
Ludwig van Beethoven

Dear Saints,

What can wee do when we step on stage to pray to delight you most as an audience?

Chris

Dear Chris,

The saints find it fascinating that you misspelled "wee" as "we." The Lord of All Fords in Need of a Crossing only allow us to speak to the wee. We, the saints of the wee, assume this is because every wee is different so therefore what might apply to one wee is not the same for another wee. That said, however, we can say this to the we of the collective wee within which you are a wee part: the wee's of a we must be in concert.

We, the saints who live to help the wee, are most delighted when the wee's are in concordance. We told this to the Cercle Harmonique many years ago. They must cultivate good emotion in their relations and harmoniously be in concert. Then the channel is clear for us to hear and cheer.

I was once told this myself when I heard the voice of Jesus echoed through a London preacher who was the kind of reacher we adore. He sent this word to our cercle long ago when we asked the same question as ye:

"Our smiling at a tribe of wee depends on every member 'shining'—being in an aligned relationship with one another. Each person had to work on purifying their heart on a daily basis to assure that the spirits would not be dragged 'through the mud.'"

Shine, or as we heard your wee say it, "be an ecstatic radiator."

Administered by the blacksmith who makes a strong concordance horseshoe,

J. B. Valmour

***Brad Tells the Story of a Medicine Man:  
A Letter from Saint James Spurlock***

After spending the day answering questions from the saints, Brad had a dream. We posted it online as a letter from James Spurlock.

Dear Saynts,

Some of you may have missed getting your question to us. Since I hear every question about spiritual gifts as the same question, I shall answer all these questions as the Lord has directed me to do so.

Perhaps you think you haven't received a spiritual gift. That's actually a special spiritual gift because you will be less distracted by trying to figure what a physically packaged or dream-delivered gift mean. But I know you each received a wonder-filled gift because I authorized your being given my "Just be nice" prayer line. That's a shrimp and grits level tasty meal that you can never finish munching on.

No matter the gift you may have received in your life, it does not come to life and cannot be owned until you can cook a simple three-word prayer. Even cooking a two-word prayer will awaken the gift. "Yes, Lord!" It's also true that when you all say, "Just be nice" it will "thaw the ice." I like that addition to my song prayer. I use it when ice cubes board my taxi.

Let's come back to spiritual gifts. Yes, my song-prayer given by Jesus was a holy gift. But it was only the wrapping paper. The big gift is held inside the song-prayer. Remember all spiritual gifts are double gifts. That Japanese saint taught you that if I remember correctly. The wrapping paper is the pipe, the song, the words . . . The heart gift within is the one used to help others, and it can only be awakened through awakening prayer. Know this: if you can awaken any prayer, you can awaken all prayers. Don't forget: one of your gifted prayers is my prayer. It is a master key that opens every gift door, especially when used with those other three-word prayers we blessed up here. I pray you won't confuse the seen or heard wrapping paper with the numinous heart gift hidden within.

Last night some of the saints sent Brad a dream. Brad was sent to South Dakota to the home of a medicine man who is no longer a two-legged on earth:

There the old medicine man was with a young medical doctor who had come out to the reservation to offer whatever help he could to the sick. I started telling those two men the life story of a medicine man I knew from years ago. I faced the young medical

doctor and could see he was eager to hear. The medicine man stood to my right but the light was not on his face, so I couldn't recognize who he was.

I started my story with the account of the medicine man's birth and childhood. As I spoke, I wept. I realized how hard his life had been and how much suffering his people endured. When I spoke of holy things I wept even more. I felt the tragedy that these sacred things would not be heard or understood by outsiders. My weeping made it almost impossible to hear my words. The young doctor looked bewildered, but he truly wanted to know the truth about this holy man's life. He came closer in the hope of hearing better, but my crying continued to make my speech unintelligible. As I came to the later years of the medicine man's story, I looked again at who was in the room and could now see a light on the other man's face. I was shocked. It was the medicine man whose story I was telling. He looked at me and his expression told me that I had conveyed his truth. It could not be heard as words, but only as tears. (The medicine man in the dream was Gary Holy Bull).

It is no accident that such a medicine man or woman goes into the wilderness to be away from people to cry for a vision, and to cry for a means of helping others who are suffering. The plea is made to the Creator. Any prayer will do, but the simpler the prayer, the better because then you are more able to not get lost in so many words. When the prayer is cooked (heated by sacred emotion) you more readily feel the suffering of others. Then and only then does the heart awaken. This heart opening, in turn, awakens higher senses. The wrapping paper no longer is the focus—it disappears from sight and hearing. Only the prayer is there. It's a blanket that wraps you in the warmth of prayer. It is also the key to opening the door to the sacred heart hospital where healers, teachers, and ceremonial custodians take others to feel the warm rays of heavenly sunshine.

Yes, there are two gifts. The wrapping paper must be unwrapped to reveal the heart gift within. Then the wrapping paper is no longer noticed with no need to even name it. Only the praying is there, only the flood of sacred emotion bringing rain to those who thirst.

Praise be the blessings of God,

James Spurlock, the Lord's three-word taxi man

P.S.

Osumi Sensei also told me to eat that shrimp! I added some grits and spicy sauce to make it even nicer.

***J.B. Valmour Brings Down God's Numbers: A Poem***

Do you want to be in that number when the saints go marching in the Spirit House?  
Do you have God's number?

With God's number you can hear and cheer without fear  
With God's number you move from deceive to Receive  
All of God's children need an R

Trickster fantasy makes talk about God feel like shit  
Holiness ecstasy makes horse shit feel like divine Victory  
All of God's children need a V

If you got God's number, you can't hide it  
As an ecstatic radiator, you shine it  
All of God's children need an RV

If you ain't got God's number,  
There ain't no shine no matter what you claim  
Without that number, you're missing the aim

Do you have God's number?  
You do --  
You have two numbers for God

RV 3000 from the priest in Oaxaca  
2040 from the blacksmith in New Orleans  
Don't forget, just be nice and get back onboard

Use those numbers  
Whenever you are tempted to follow your trickster gut, heart, mind, or intestine,  
Concentrate on those numbers

Then say your prayers  
Start simple and learn to light er' up  
The aim is to change your tone and beat, to make It real

You are here to ignite the soul  
Don't let semantics interfere with ecstasies  
Listen to J. B., man of God's iron and fire

I'm more than a blacksmith  
Consider me a middle man  
Meet the telephone operator who makes the connection

Dial 2040 and hear me say,  
"Valmour here"  
After you say "Hi, hi," I'll turn you over to the higher station

That's when you dial RV 3000  
A priest will ask if you're thirsty for a shot of mezcal  
He'll remind you to empty your glass and reach for the mezcaleria

This is climbing the ladder of progression  
We did that in my cercle  
Circle back and I'll help you remove the curse

Last night I sent a message to the Spirit House of New Orleans:  
Your RV is "Receiver Valmour"  
Climb the ladder of progression, use God's numbers

RV here  
Receiver Valmour  
Radiating Victory

And another poem from J.B.:

Valmour here again.

We saints have been discussing one of the ways trickster gets a hold on you.

Tricky takes a statement that is true in the big room and secretly leads you to think it is true in other rooms built by Trickster Construction Company.

For example: Who dare argue with the injunction to “Follow your heart.”

We, the saints, say it depends on which heart you are talking about. You have two hearts—a saint heart and a trickster heart. The latter is not one you want to follow.

In a big room, your heart follows the heart of God. In a convoluted manner you could say that in that room it is fine to follow your heart. But you don’t feel that is what is happening—you only feel the sacred heart.

What room are you in? That tells you what heart beat you are marching to.

Careful, trickster is tricky.

I’d be happy to forge you another horseshoe, or maybe 4 for each direction. You can’t get enough reminders of how 2 zeroes are for your 2 hearts. **2040**: double empty ups for double hungry hearts. Seeeee.

### ***Linus Receives a Song, Plus Two More Dreams***

Linus dreamed that he was in a room filled with mountain guides from the Swedish mountain guide association. Strangely, the teacher was uncharacteristically mean and dark spirited. The atmosphere in the room was painful and felt wrong, as if everything was upside down. He and his classmates decided to leave the room, hop into his van, and head to a festival. Maybe it was the Sacred Ecstatics art and dart festival!

As they traveled, everything in the world still felt upside down as if they were caught in a dystopian nightmare. They kept getting lost and losing sight of the road. At one point, Linus’s van fell through the ice into a large lake. After searching for it, he and his friends found it near a cave next to the lake. When they went inside, Linus discovered a throne-like shape sitting in the middle. The cave had a high ceiling but the throne took up most of the space. On top of the throne was a piano-looking instrument. Linus climbed up onto it to inspect the instrument. It had two lids that covered the keys. The keys had the same setup as a piano but different colors. The normally white keys were green, and the normally black keys were blue. When Linus sat down in front of the piano-looking instrument, he saw that the throne was in fact a wagon, or a sledge, beautifully decorated with intricate carvings and paintings.

His classmates asked Linus to play something. He immediately thought of the hymn “There is Power in the Blood,” which is a song Brad dreamed for Linus and a few other young men in the Guild a couple years ago. But when Linus tried to play it, his fingers were too cold and stiff to play anything. The only thing Linus could play was the old classic Johnny B Goode. He slowly started to find the rhythm and the right feeling. Emotion started to build inside him, and when that happened the sledge began to move. At first it was a slow gentle rocking movement. As the emotion grew stronger in him the movement of the sledge got bigger. The sledge started to move quite far out on to the lake. It was a pendulum-like movement with high speed in the middle and slow towards the ends.

The song and the music kept pouring out of Linus. The speed and the movement got so big it started to get a bit scary. It felt like the sledge was going to crash into the bottom of the cave every time it swung back into land, but it always stopped in the same place. At this point it felt like being on a rollercoaster with the same exciting feeling in his stomach every time the sledge changed direction. At this point Linus was going full steam ahead playing Johnny B Goode. He strongly identified with that young boy deep in the forest close to New Orleans. Then without warning, the sledge changed from going back and forth horizontally to going straight up in the sky like a rocket. Linus was still sitting by the piano playing and singing, facing his friends that soon became four small dots. Linus woke up trembling.

We responded to Linus:

The world often feels cold, mean, confusing, and upside down. The road disappears and it’s hard to find our way. But being lost and upside down led you to the most important gift in the middle of it all, the highest spiritual throne: music. You found a non-ordinary piano that is also a vehicle for spiritual travel. Music brings the swing that gets the sledge to swing. First side to side, then up high, vertically to the sky. That piano is made for more than a black and white world. It’s made for playing both the blues and the greens — the sorrows and the life-giving, evergreen joys. Sometimes at first we’re too cold to play or hear the gospel songs. We have to get spiritually cooked to be ready for the blood songs and the mystical blood. But the sledge is just as easily powered by any soulful music that activates the right rhythm and emotion. Congratulations—you received a song! And you received the teaching that ecstatic sound movement is the key to spiritually soaring high! Music and movement activate the emotion that send us up the rope to God, lifting us up high and rendering all the confusion and strife down below on earth just tiny dots.

Soon after Linus had that dream, he was sent to two more spiritual classrooms. In the first report, he dreamed of being in the laboratory with Charles Henry (whose teachings we had just been discussing online):

I woke up in the middle of the night from a dream. I think you would have liked it. It was very vivid, and I was so excited to tell the Guild about it. The whole dream was so clear that I didn't feel the need to write it down. When I woke up, the dream was gone. All I remember is that I was in a laboratory and that Brad came in to check up on me and my work and to give me pointers. But I can't remember any details of what I was doing or what Brad was teaching me. All I know is that this Guild is in one big laboratory, and we are being given exciting new teachings all the time to experiment with.

A few days later, Linus reported another dream:

Last night I had a dream about n/om. When I woke up, the dream left me with a strong feeling, but the details were impossible to grasp. When I tried to remember the dream, it changed and kept changing the more I tried to recall the specifics. But the feeling of it was solid and clear.

For a while n/om has tried to get in contact with me, but I keep avoiding it. When n/om gets close I turn away or don't pick up the phone when it calls. It's not intentional but more like a default trickster reaction. It feels like the dream is telling me that I have too much noise in my life, that my signal is weak. It feels like it is telling me to get rid of all the distractions that are keeping n/om away from me and to focus on the things that get me closer to n/om. The dream came back during the night in different shapes and forms. Just before I woke up in the morning, a deep voice said to me, friendly but firm: "Linus, DO IT!" I woke up with a jolt. It felt like being back in school and being caught in the corridor by the headmaster during class and being told to get back into the classroom.

It is true, I spent way too much time in the little room. I catch myself all the time in small room shrinking thinking. It is such a relief every time I catch it and switch to sound movement and say "hi hi" to mezcäl fermentation.

Many times I have thought "Fuck it! Let's give it all to Sacred Ecstasics." Every time I try, trickster and life pull me back into the small room. I don't know how I will do it, but it is time for me to get fully engaged in this great fire station party and tip that ratio in the right direction. I will pray for guidance and strength to see this through. Thank you, Brad and Hillary, for doin' this and for inviting us all into your great laboratory! Mezcäl, That's all!!!

Love,  
Linus

Our response:

Dear Linus,

We celebrate that you've been gifted with recent visits to the spiritual classrooms to receive laboratory instruction in the ways and means of spiritual engineering and n/om. We trust that God is working on you, even if you don't remember the details of those dreams. Sometimes it's better that way because conscious mind is less tempted to interfere. You woke up to find the chopping was already done, leaving only the agave heart of the dreams behind!

Yes, you're being hunted by n/om. And yes, there is too much noise and distraction in your life that can interfere with God's arrows of n/om getting through. That's true for most people because we are all H.B.'s. As you have found, trickster has a way of sneaking in even after we thought we sealed all the cracks. "The devil is always lurking under the floorboards!" as Sister Gertrude Morgan once said. It's best for all of us right now to stop fantasizing that one day we will wake up and never be lazy or distracted or caught in a small room again. The past is gone and the future has not yet been built. All we have is what's in front of us: the choice of where to put our attention and what action to take. Let's not waste a minute more congratulating ourselves for being disciplined or lamenting our bad habits. That just keeps us staring at the past, caught in a loop of self-observation that is separate from the river current of mezcal. There is a river! Jump in! Ecstatic sound movement puts us in the river and makes us better targets for God's n/om darts.

As you said, what a relief it is that when we catch ourselves in a small room, all we have to do is make a change in action. Swap every small thought with a prayer line and add a drop of mezcal to every sour emotion. Make spontay motion when the mind is too stubborn for words. Look to the left and say "bye bye" to trickster, then look to the right and say "hi hi" to mezcal. There is no other way but to keep saying, "Fuck it, let's give it all to Sacred Ecstatics!" again and again. When you fall off, get back on! No one has ever found another way to be an ecstatic mystic.

The voice of God spoke to you and said, "Linus, DO IT!" This is a big gift for you and everyone here. Make yourself a big ol' sign with those words on it and hang it where you can see it. Make extra little ones and put them wherever they will grab

your attention. Your van is a good place – it led you in dream to the mystical piano that taught you how emotion, music, and motion blend to send you up the rope to God. We invite everyone in the Guild to make a “Do It!” sign. Thank you, Lord, for sending Linus a wakeup call to remind everyone that we are here to become mezcals, that’s all!

### **Saying Goodbye to Doe Again**

On the last day of the January 2023 N/omastery Month, Brad dreamed he was visiting Doe in her house:

We chatted briefly about life and then I felt it was time for me to depart because there was unfinished work to complete. As I was getting ready to part, she said, “This may be the last time we see one another. Make sure you say your goodbye. She said this authoritatively, calmly, and matter-of-factly with no drama. I burst into tears feeling some regret that I had not visited her enough over the years and had missed more opportunities to learn from her wisdom and feel charged by her rope to God. I could not imagine saying my final goodbye though I expressed my deepest appreciation and love. As we were hugging, I woke up.

Upon waking I recalled that she said these words before in another visionary dream. I found that it meant her teaching was done for now and that other teachers would come as needed. Of course, neither she nor us know whether she will invite us over again for spiritual pie. That’s in higher hands.

We are unlike the mediums who call on specific spirit guides. We rarely ask for visionary dreams to come. They just come. We don’t call on the spirits. They just come. We follow the one-rope way—nourishing one rope to God and handing over all guidance to the Creator. After this dream journey, we realized that this one-rope connection was also true for the greatest medium of New Orleans, J. B. Valmour. He prayed to God and let the highest source and force determine what to send and this included any voyage to a classroom to meet its teacher, whether an ancestor or an art or dart lineage relation.

Most, and likely all our saints also call the highest airport tower operator. They pray to the highest source and allow any medium connections to happen as a spontay determined by the highest ray. Therefore, neither Doe nor any of our saints ever know whether we will see each other again. Yet we live side by side, something felt when the main rope is strong. That is enough to feed our whet our appetite and fill our heart.

Valmour knew when he would depart from earth. He told others in his circle when that time was near and that they should not put off what needs to be said and done today. He also added that there was nothing to fear when they no longer could see him in the flesh. When it was necessary, he'd be there in spirit, mystically seen, heard, deeply felt in the everyday. Say your heartfelt goodbye today—do it with ecstatic appreciation via sunshine radiation. Don't play games with the saints or their mediums. Don't let trickster lead you astray when the sacred ray is upon us.

### ***Double Mezcal Shot Sound Movement Instructions***

In early February we posted two mezcal shots with the following instructions:

We have two mezcal shots prepared for you today. It is best to listen to them one after the other: the first shot (“Wild Organ”) initially helps shake you free from any stuckness and dull rhythmic entrainment while the second shot (“Morning Has Broken”) pours sacred emotion into you, the freshly prepared vessel. When moving to the first shot, feel free to shake off whatever interferes with your catching mezcal. Be irregular in any manner that is aligned with the tonal or rhythmic irregularity in the track. Shake those finglies and jerk that arm or leg. Be goofy as you de-board a goofy loop you aren't even aware has a hold on you.

When catching mezcal in the second shot, let an emphasis on emptiness and softness help pull you toward the melting. No need to name it—just feel the tug and give in to its call for a spontay response. What does that mean? Don't ask. Feel yourself through this mysterious task. Be gentle on the body and mind unless spontay throws a lightning bolt. You never know, do you? In summary: Clear the tabletop in round one. Enjoy a drink in round two.

Later do the opposite—start with track two as the clearer and end up drinking shot one. Circles enable both directions to come back and change how you ride the transitions. Clearing for drinking, drinking for clearing. Together the empty glass and mezcal pour are born for each other!

We followed up with some further teachings:

All ecstatic cooking lineages utilize at least two ritual frames. They begin with clearing and then move into the pulling (aka cooking). When you receive two mezcal shots, you receive an experimental opportunity to act like one shot is the

“clearer” and the other shot is the “puller.” Your instructions mention the kind of body movement that differentiates these enactments.

This is an experiment in helping you grow your chops. It is not meant to be held onto rigidly in the future. It is like a musical exercise for you to practice. Of course, clearing and pulling can happen in any mezcal shot. The movements we described may vary. And spontay may erase whatever you thought you’re doing.

There is something to be learned by tinkering with having one shot designated as a *clearer* and the other as a *puller*. It helps you later have better spontay.

Do the spa treatment again, but emphasize the difference discussed in the instructions. Without clearing, there is no advancement to fermentation or distillation. Chop chop is another way of pointing to the clearing, also known as sweeping, mopping, and so on. When we are uncleared and in need of chop chop, no mezcal production is possible. If you aren’t feeling the mezcal, it is always because a step of mezcal production has been skipped or not completed. The first place to look is step one. Did you chop chop everything you think you know? Did you chop chop your measuring devices, comparative analytics, selfie mirrors, . . . all the habits that interfere with the steps of mezcal production?

The cooking saints of Sacred Ecstatics are master choppers. It’s a vital part of being a master cooker. They chop away unnecessary assumptions, contemplations, cognitive attractions, and fantasies held by the mind that interfere with total concentration on mezcal production. There is nothing morally wrong with what is chopped away. And you are free to choose to not be a bona fide ecstatic. But if you want to really cook, then you will be happy to chop chop and drop drop.

The chopping serves generating concentration. After you think that all within is chopped away, the chop chop has just begun. Now chop chop the room you’re in. Do it again and again until you feel ready to blink and land in the Spirit House of Hew Orleans. This is the spiritual home of Sacred Ecstatics where the saints reside.

There is one reason for not feeling the spontay warmth, sweetness, and joy of ecstatic sound movement: you are not in the room where it cooks. Easy said and easy read, but sometimes trickster is stubborn to retread. Back up and chop up your shit and the room holding it.

Only you and 2040 should remain. Leave the stable, horse, shoe, and shit behind. Clearing is clearing way everything that holds you back from feeling you are in the Spirit House. To get the transportation wheel turning toward the Sacred Ecstatics Spirit House, *clear* away all internal interference and resistance. Then clear away your room of containment. Use ecstatic sound movement to transport

you to New Orleans. (Don't forget that the prayer compass points you to this direction.)

To cook with the saints, use ecstatic sound movement as you become more finely aligned with all those gathered inside the Spirit House of New Orleans. (Don't forget that the room is what matters most and that getting to the big cooking room and staying within it requires clearing away all that holds you back.)

If the room is not cleared, there is no advancement to the other steps of mezcal production. Tinker. And remember Paul and Silas felt no need to leave the Roman prison when the earthquake tore down the earthly walls. They were not in the jail that others thought they were in. They were rejoicing with prayer and songs of praise, raising the roof to fly in heaven.

Clear the inner and outer junk and clear the room, that is, knock down the walls of your conventional reality of trickster certainty. Feel the pulling to another room where mystery abounds for the heart to feel what would please a saint. In this dining room higher treats await.

### ***The Multidimensions of Sacred Ecstatics Action***

At the beginning of February, we posted the following multidimensional summary of Sacred Ecstatics in action. This season's new addition to this list are the three practices of Sacred Ecstatics, outlined in the new little book, *Instructions on Reaching the Pinnacle Spiritual Experience*. We previously introduced a draft of that text to the Guild at the beginning of the January N/omastery Month.

*Using the three-step recipe for setting your soul on fire:* build and enter the big room; spiritually cook; return and radiate

*Gathering the four ecstatic ingredients for spiritual cooking:* fascinating rhythm, soulful tone, spontaneous movement, and sacred emotion. (Note: ecstatic sound movement contains all these ingredients.)

*Whirling around the four directions of Sacred Ecstatics:* absurd hilarity, expressive creativity, clear thinking, and rope climbing anti-gravity. (Keep them changing and don't get stuck in one direction. Too much absurdity goes as cold and stale as too much mental clarity, and so forth.)

*Daily passionate enactment of the three Sacred Ecstatics practices: use the prayer compass, perform ecstatic sound movement, and be a radiant double-rainbow diamond in your relations with others.*

*All steps of mezcal production in play: chop, cook, mash, ferment, distill, pour, serve, drink, and on and on. (If you're enacting the above practices with us, mezcal production will naturally be in play. But it's still helpful for trickster to consciously remind itself of mezcal production for an extra boost of concentration and wisdom).*

### ***What Distinguishes a Mezcal Shot?***

In early February, we posted some commentary online about what distinguishes a “mezcal shot” from a music production that follows popular convention:

The shaman's song (aka mezcal shot) alternates between being on track, wobbling and nearly falling off track, and actually falling off track into a phase of whirling deconstruction and reconstruction that leaves you uncertain as to what is going on. . . and in these shifts all the ingredients change: tones, chords, melodic lines, embellishments. When you are aligned with all this changing, it happens to you as well. Throwing you off the entertainment of entrainment makes it possible to achieve containment of mezcal. In the gaps between on and off is where you catch the zap. This is why technical perfection leads to mezcal rejection. Perfect execution doesn't pour sacred emotion. It may pour a nice feeling or stimulate somatic excitation, but it ain't got the mojo. The more trained the musician, the more entrained their expression.

The boulder musicians<sup>33</sup> bring more irregularity into their brew and this makes them a better reality wrecking crew. The soul of music is found in the wobble between being exactly on track and allowing the pulling to all but pull you off track. It touches the soul in a way that metronome driven music doesn't.

However, the mezcal shot (the former n/om songs and original shaman's song) did more than be on and nearly off. The wobble of on and nearly off is the pulling magic of chitlin power, soul, duende, and the like. But the mezcal shot must move toward pulling the listener off track and into another reality or at least to its edge where the gate awaits. This rare music cannot be accomplished through training,

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<sup>33</sup> “Boulder” is a reference to Brad's vision of pianist Chick Corea when he was instructed to catch the irregular shape of a boulder—a metaphor for playing a certain kind of soulful music. See “Meeting Chick Corea” in the 2021-2022 Guild Season Record.

imitation, or based on any kind of rote technique. The gods are the one's throwing you off in a way that cannot be understood, but only felt by someone empty enough of interference and personal preferences to feel it.

The soulful wobble between on and nearly off cannot be not too much nor too little. Otherwise the effort to produce a soulful sound comes across as contrived and plastic or dead as a mackerel. The soulful wobble is one of the passages to First Creation. You used to find it in both juke joints and sanctified store front churches in the Deep (fried) South. The beginning soulful wobble between on and nearly off and the subsequent middle wobble between the soulful wobble and the higher wobble that goes back and forth between First and Second Creation cannot be too much nor too little. If the latter is too easily recognized (framed, named, and known) as either order or chaos, it is sucked back into Second Creation. If it leaves you in both the not knowing and the total feeling, then it is a First Creation entry. The secret is out. Now do it, hunt for it, catch it, drink it.

In summary, there are three wobbles:

*on track versus off track*

both are equally dead — no mezcal

*almost on track versus almost off track*

here the pulling is felt — soulful mojo is in play

*(almost on track and almost off track) versus (off track that opens the higher on track of a changing whirl) gate to spiritual cooking*

NOTE 1: you can't get to First Creation from Second Creation. You need the soulful mojo wobble with its pulling to take you into the middle. That wobble then may or may not go to the crossroads where the gods throw you to the higher wobble gate to the other side. This is a matter of whether you are empty enough and the gods discern you are thirsting for mezcal rather than snake oil.

*Lower wobble:* either/or of on or off

*Middle wobble:* riding the crack in the egg (neither on nor off, but on the crack of almost on and almost off)

*Higher wobble:* enter First Creation and hatch

NOTE 2: In previous discussion we spoke of wobble 2 as on versus almost off. Here we say almost on and almost off. To get to the latter requires the former. That's another wobble. But it is a bridge wobble from the first to the second one. Every gap needs a bridge and the bridge is a wobble.

NOTE 3: When we developed RFA to analyze and direct the construction of therapeutic realities, these wobbles were called a *fulcrum* that had to teeter enough (wobble enough) to allow a progression of room expansion.

After posting the text above, we wrote:

We apologize for all this wobbly talk. We meant to send it to Charles Henry. It's some of the notes taken while talking with him about these matters. If you wish, try this experiment: Read the wobbly notes above while hushing your conscious mind from internally commenting on whether it thinks it understands or not. Believe that a deeper part of you totally understands and has been thirsty to hear these words. Unfortunately, the message has to travel through conscious mind to reach the deeper wisdom parts. Hush the conscious so it doesn't interfere with your deeper mind getting a drink of a prose rose that is of another color.

### ***Sabrina Hears Music in the Kitchen Sink***

Sabrina reported a dream:

I was sitting at the kitchen of my childhood home with my mom. We were having a conversation about some old conflicts we had. I stood up and walked toward the sink to wash the dishes as she continued to speak. When I looked down at the sink I saw that it was empty. As I stared at the sink basin, I heard my mom's words transform into the sounds of a symphony. It felt like the music was coming from the drain catcher acting like a radio. I was struck with the reality that I could no longer speak to her in person and that now I could only communicate with her through this radio and music. I felt the impact of this in my life, both the sadness and happiness, and how I need to tune into this radio more so that we can still communicate. It made me want to weep but also filled me with joy. A voice inside said "Beethoven" as the music continued.

Our response:

Thank you, Lord! We rejoice in the gifts the broken heart may catch when we prepare ourselves for your higher means of transformation and transmission, enacting every step of agave-to-mezcal changing. As we empty ourselves we are made more ready to catch your signal, conveyed via the music notes released from the formerly sealed envelope within. Your heart pierce clears whatever clogged the pipeline. Your gift was sealed at birth and ready to be opened when we get out of the way.

When touched by holiness, the saints notice and stand to ask, “What are going to do about it? What will you decide to do with the rest of your life at the crossroads?” Many are called, few answer. Fewer follow through with a life of embodied, radiating devotion. Let’s be among the few and amongst the fewer, the least of those who depart from popular conception and are devoted to sacred reception.

Old conflicts down the drain  
Everything has already been washed clean  
Only the love remains,  
coming through as a song  
because only music can hold and convey  
both sorrow and happiness  
building a ladder that carries us up to the heart of joy.

### ***Three-Shot Crossroads Spa Treatment***

On Monday, February 13<sup>th</sup> we posted three “mezcal shots” with the following instructions:

Today we head to the crossroads to restart, reset, and revoat. We have a three-shot spa treatment plan laid out for your transformation and transportation. The entire sequence is about 24 minutes, and it’s worth carving out that time to enjoy the full ride! It’s a good day to die and be reborn at the crossroads!

**Mezcal shot #1 asks**, “What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?” Use your prayer compass and then dive into the track with this question-seed planted in the depths of your inner river: **“Am I ready to begin again, tipping my daily ratio of big room living to greater than 51%?”** Then let your conscious mind forget to answer and get lost in ecstatic sound movement. [Mezcal shot: “What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?”

**Mezcal shot #2** brings you back to Oaxaca where the wobble leaves you better prepared to travel both in reverse and into the future. This throws you deeper into the middle. [Mezcal shot: “Rhythm Mariachi”]

**Mezcal shot #3** is only meant to be heard by **the deepest part of you that has already made the crossroads decision to live as an ecstatic outskirts mystic**. Some of you still have a conscious mind that is wondering whether to enact your decision in this lifetime, or to put it off until your next incarnation. Feel free to let your conscious mind eavesdrop on the track as well, while the rest of you gets amongst it! [Mezcal shot: “Deep River”]

### *Let's Get Wobbly with Barclay*

Soon after we received the RV3000 license plate in visionary Oaxaca, Brad had a dream that was so wobbly we were not sure how or when to report it. So we put it to the side. Now we have received the signal that it is time to share it, and that you should wobble as you gobble these words. Go ahead and rock while you read. Sway to make sure you can't really say with any absolute certainty what this is about. At the same time, feel certain that it is about the higher wobble.

Brad dreamed we were walking down a cobblestone street, unsure where we were. The place appeared to wobble between colonial Mexico and an old European city. We were also uncertain whether we were heading toward or departing from a speech presentation. A man then walked past us and a voice from on high spoke, “That's John Barclay.” When we turned to have another look at the man, his back was turned toward us. This time the voice said, “You are John Barclay.” Brad immediately woke up.

The next day we looked up this name and were linked to a scriptural commentary on Acts 2. Since we had been pondering the Day of Pentecost after dreaming the number “3000,” we were interested to know what Barclay had to say about it. Barclay's biblical scholarship made clear that Pentecost was not the first time the holy spirit filled the Jewish people with ecstasy, causing them to speak in unfamiliar sounds. To understand what was unique about the New Testament Pentecost, which happened ten days after the ascension, he suggests we recognize the power felt when beholding Jesus's suffering on the cross. Barclay writes: “the Cross was a window in time allowing us to see the suffering love which is eternally in the heart of God.” These words, especially the notion of a “suffering love” in God's heart, struck us with a bolt of illumination.

Right now, stare at these phrases as you blast yourself with some high octane spontay movement. Doing so will render the words blurrier and at the same time more focused than ever, creating an alternating current of electromezcalism:

A window in time

The crossroads: open or shut window?  
The crossing: entering or departing?  
The cross: four cornered square, circling all directions  
The cross: a window in time  
See the suffering love which is eternally in the heart of God  
The heart of God  
Sacred heart hospital  
Suffering love  
Suffering  
Ring  
Marry a saint  
Ring  
Hear the bell  
Follow the ever-peal

Now come back to yourself but keep rocking as you receive more warm bread with honey or jam.

After reading Barclay's biblical commentary, we soon realized that Google had led us astray— or had it been another circuitous route with all characters and locations in a wobble? The commentary we found was not written by John Barclay, but by William Barclay (1907-1978), another Biblical scholar. We were delighted that this misdirection led us to spiritual gold. We continued to read what William Barclay had written to further illustrate his point about the cross:

When men realized just what they had done in crucifying Jesus, their hearts were broken. "I," said Jesus, "when I am lifted up from the earth will draw all men to myself" (John 12:32). Every man has had a hand in that crime. Once a missionary told the story of Jesus in an Indian village. Afterwards he showed the life of Christ in lantern slides thrown against the white-washed wall of a house. When the Cross appeared on the wall, one man rose from the audience and ran forward. "Come down from that Cross, Son of God," he cried. "I, not you, should be hanging there." The Cross, when we understand what happened there, must pierce the heart.<sup>34</sup>

These words reminded us of the heart-piercing brokenness Reverend Joseph Hart felt when he mystically faced the cross and was thrown into communion with the unimaginable suffering

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<sup>34</sup> Barclay, William. "Commentary on Acts 2". "William Barclay's Daily Study Bible". <https://www.studylight.org/commentaries/eng/dsb/acts-2.html>. 1956-1959

of Jesus. This “suffering love” is a higher sacred emotion, one that breaks our ability to rationally comprehend it. Hart concluded that there is no communion with God unless the heart is broken. Through such brokenness we pass through the mystical gate to feel a part of God’s eternally broken heart. As Reverend Hart put it, “. . .an unhumbed *whole*-hearted disciple—can have but little communion with a *broken*-hearted Lord.”<sup>35</sup>

Time to wobble in more words. Spontay throttle on! Rock and stare until you hear the words sing:

Suffering love  
Pierce the heart  
Beyond rational comprehension  
Through brokenness we pass through the mystical heart  
Chop chop  
An unhumbed whole-hearted H.B. cannot commune with the Creator  
Chop chop  
Only the broken hearted get through to the broken-hearted Lord  
Chop chop  
Now look through the window in time

Again, please come back to your gentle swaying body now reaching for the mystery of brokenness.

William Barclay and Joseph Hart teach that when we face the cross, our hearts may be deeply cracked open to feel how we had a hand in the crucifixion. Let’s just say it this way: every H. B. breaks the Creator’s heart. This enables us to experience true contrition that stirs not only a plea for forgiveness but moves us to take a stand and step into a vaster reality. This surrender is a vow to enact a new life, something only made possible by passing through this crossroads to higher mystery.

We are held inside the heart of God as suffering is transformed into pinnacle joy—the ascension of ecstasy over agony. This love points past the person, though it is deeply personal and intimately felt. Here we are elevated above individuality to face the sacred ecstatic *room* of divine love. It holds all of humanity’s relations, including those H.B.’s whose behavior is horrific, treacherous, and murderous. In that big room of love, all is *felt* to be forgiven. As mezcal producers we know this forgiveness is a feeling—we feel reborn as clean and empty radiant conveyors ready to give to others, and to do unto others as you would have done to us. We are here to not be stingy but generous with our bread, money, time, or talent. We are here *for* giving

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<sup>35</sup>Anon. “Joseph Hart’s Spiritual Autobiography.” *Www.gracegems.org*, Apr. 1759, [www.gracegems.org/C/joseph\\_hart.htm](http://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph_hart.htm). Accessed 14 May 2022.

as we enter the divine heart of love where mezcal is given to the broken hearted. Now let us wobble toward fermentation:

Chop chop, cook and mash

Fermentation

Bubbly giving

“What can I give to others?” is the quest and question

To receive mezcal, share like a Bushman

**Stingy** has a sting

Generous is wondrous

To be a receiver, become a true giver

Like the old shamans who had to be dismembered before being remade and reborn to spiritually commune with nature, the 3,000 people at Pentecost had to lay down everything they owned, including their former habits, addictions, beliefs, and material possessions. Their entire world and conceptions of God, suffering, love, defeat, and victory had to be broken. In exchange they received the sweet fire of sacred ecstasy.

The wilderness shamans of old and the poverty-stricken preacher of London found through experience that God is the master alchemist transforming evil into good. Hart leaves no ambiguity about God’s pinnacle transformative power: “the glory of God is to bring good out of evil.” This is radically different than saying that God only dispenses good or is the Creator of both good and evil. Here God is more like a tinkerer in a laboratory, a master artist, stage director, scientist, and engineer who needs the dead lead of evil to create the living bread of goodness. Hart celebrates how brokenness, error, mistakes, and sin (whether of commission or omission) resourcefully participate in Creation’s never-ending changing. Hart rejoices in repeating the words of Apostle Paul, “Where sin abounded—grace does much more abound” (Romans 5:20). Feeling this grace, we commune, pray, worship, sing, dance, celebrate, and ceremonially party. Not as a laborious task, but as a privilege and delight.

Following this textual exploration, we next decided to find out more about John Barclay, the man we initially thought had written the commentary on Acts 2. We discovered he is a contemporary scholar of the Bible, renowned for his study of New Testament history. He originally taught at the University of Glasgow where William Barclay had also been a professor several years prior. John Barclay is presently the most respected scholar on the life of the apostle Paul. Again, remembering Brad’s dream of 3,000 that had arrived just the night before, of interest to us was his commentary on what it means to be “filled with the spirit.” According to John Barclay, Paul speaks of a love within that inspires you to act in service of others:

I have long felt that it is important that Paul does not say here, ‘you must observe the Law, and here is what it tells you to do’, but ‘you must walk by the Spirit, and when you do so in love, lo and behold, you end up fulfilling the Law.’<sup>36</sup>

In other words, once you are filled with the spirit you are not a good neighbor because you are supposed to obey the law, but because the sacred emotion within moves you to act accordingly. (Here we recognize Saint James Spurlock’s experience.) As Barclay concludes, “. . . transformed social practice is the necessary realization of grace, not an optional extra . . . the good news is lost altogether if it is not enacted in social relationships that embody the values of the gospel.”<sup>37</sup> Reverend Joseph Hart found the same—without the holy spirit, all belief and action miss the mark. When the spirit dwells within, you don’t yearn to put on a show of good action or a prayer demonstration to prove to yourself, others, and God that you are spiritually transformed, anointed, blessed, or cooked. The absence of vice and the presence of virtue don’t mean a thing without that inner spirit and its ecstatic swing.

Following John Barclay we ask: Are your social interactions in sync with the love from on high? Once filled with the spirit, you no longer feel either jealousy or spiritual pride that likes to boast more than feeling an authentic spiritual roast. Rather than resist ownership of your never-ending blunders, you paradoxically land in the campground of Saint Joseph Hart along with all the authentic saints, shamans, mystics, and healers. Remember Hart’s words: “I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless and dependent as ever; but now my *weakness* is my *greatest strength*; I now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling.”<sup>38</sup>

Did you stop rocking while reading? If so, it’s time to reenter the wobble. We dug even deeper to see if there was another John Barclay, and lo and behold we found one who lived from 1582 to 1621. This John Barclay was the Scottish poet who kept moving back and forth between London and Paris. Furthermore, his father was another William Barclay. In 1602, John Barclay wrote a book that rivaled the literary importance of Cervantes’s *Don Quixote* with respect to its inspiration of the modern-day novel.<sup>39</sup> Entitled, *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon* (1603–07), Barclay’s book is a satire on the Jesuits, the medical profession, contemporary scholarship,

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<sup>36</sup> Witherington, Ben. “John Barclay’s Paul and the Gift--- Part Eighteen.” *The Bible and Culture*, 14 Nov. 2015, [www.patheos.com/blogs/bibleandculture/2015/11/14/john-barclays-paul-and-the-gift-part-sixteen-2/](http://www.patheos.com/blogs/bibleandculture/2015/11/14/john-barclays-paul-and-the-gift-part-sixteen-2/). Accessed 14 May 2022.

<sup>37</sup> Ibid.

<sup>38</sup> Anon. “Joseph Hart’s Spiritual Autobiography.” *Www.gracegems.org*, Apr. 1759, [www.gracegems.org/C/joseph\\_hart.htm](http://www.gracegems.org/C/joseph_hart.htm). Accessed 14 May 2022.

<sup>39</sup> Ryan, L. (1974). John Barclay. *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon* (Euphormio's Satyricon) 1605-1607. Trans. David A. Fleming, S.M. Nieuwkoop: B. DeGraaf, 1973. xxxvi 383 pp. 90 glds. *Renaissance Quarterly*, 27(4), 579-580. doi:10.2307/2859966

education, and literature. Since it was written in Latin and not translated until several decades ago, its importance to literary history has been forgotten. Sacred Ecstasies has always celebrated the medicinal value of absurdity, regarding it as the tonic that helps prevent hardening of the conceptual categories.

In a polemic entitled, *Defence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist to the Sectaries of the Times*, this John Barclay offers a medicinal to keep you unsure where you are and what anything spiritually important concretely means:

Wilt thou say, that thy Soul by Faith flies up into Heaven, and is there really Fed with this Holy Food? This is nothing to the purpose. For though thou mayst by Faith, by Thought, by Will mount above the *Stars*, and Converse in the midst of Heaven; yet art thou still really on Earth: Nor is any part of thee; that is, either thy Mind, or Body *really* in Heaven, there to receive Nourishment. Shouldst thou never so Seriously fix thy Thoughts on *Rome*, or on *Hierusalem*; couldst thou be therefore said to be really at *Rome*, or in *Hierusalem*? It remains therefore, that thou shew, how thy Soul, which ascends not really into Heaven, can be really Fed with the Flesh of CHRIST, unless CHRIST be truly and really on Earth, and there also in many places at one and the same time, since many of you at the very same moment Communicate both in *England* and *France*.<sup>40</sup>

Did your wobble catch a giggle? Are you ready to topple what you pretend to know or not know? Are you sure you're not in Hierusalem rather than on your way to New Jerusalem? Wobble until you are empty enough to fall and crack the egg along with the wall.

We end where we began our report—in the middle wobble of uncertainty. Are we in Mexico or Europe, London or France, Second or First Creation, earth or heaven? Or is this the way we may venture anywhere and everywhere from inside the Spirit House of New Orleans?

Which Barclay are we talking about? Are we in the past or present? Is William or John the father or the son? Are we barking up the right (or left) tree? An oak, an evergreen, a baobab? Like all dreams, including the ongoing dream of waking reality, make sure you keep your metaphors nonliteral and your sacred emotion real. Go for the heart pierce at the cross and then get amongst the 3,000 who were baptized in fire at Pentecost. If you are self-righteously stuck in your thoughts or actions, accept this as a sign you need a major shakeup. Remember what the contemporary John Barclay says of Paul:

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<sup>40</sup> Barclay, John. *John Barclay His Defence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist to the Sectaries of the Times Book II, Chap. II / Englished by a Person of Quality*. Early English Books Online Text Creation Partnership, 2005, [quod.lib.umich.edu/e/eebo/A30889.0001.001/1:2?rgn=div1](http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/eebo/A30889.0001.001/1:2?rgn=div1). Accessed 14 May 2022.

. . . he believes (rightly, I think) that we are formed in community, that is, in our relation to one another. Because we are made for community, and because communities make us what we are, the most central question is not about the self-understanding of the individual, but about how communities do or do not accord with the truth of the good news.

Let's go even further than Paul and venture into the heart of First Creation where there is room for heartbreak, love, satire, and spirit-filled creativity. Be energized by a love that is more a gumbo mix of all the Barclays than a single taste of either piety or absurdity. Said differently, the lack of aesthetics results in no ecstasies. Trickster is a craftsman; God is an artist. Trickster love is sentimental and pleasing to the self; God's love includes the suffering that results in action that wisely serves and brings joy to others.

Let us travel one more time to the Pentecost and celebrate among the 3000 who wondered why the apostles appeared drunk on wine so early in the day. Remember that Jesus had served bread and wine to his disciples at the Lord's Supper before he was crucified. He explained that this supper was a means of remembering him in the future through a ceremony. It was also a mystical gate to communion, the meaning of which would later be made clear.

As the disciples sat in the final meeting with their teacher, they surely remembered the time when Jesus fed the multitudes with a few loaves of barley bread. They also must have remembered the fine wine he prepared at a wedding, resulting in merriment and joy for that matrimonial occasion. As they partook of his final earthly offering, Jesus said he would soon come back to drink the wine with them.

At Pentecost, those thirsty for the holy spirit drank wine with Jesus. This wine came from heaven—it was the life force of creation's changing power, the mystical blood of Jesus, and the holy spirit made accessible on earth. The bread is the body, broken to be shared in community. The blood is what circulates life within. Literal, metaphorical, ceremonial, matrimonial, communal . . . in the end as it always was in the beginning, always wobbling in the middle of the cross and crossroads.

One more thing: We have a feeling that Sister Gertrude Morgan is on her way. God's hurricane advisory has been issued. It's soon time to wobble and spin in the middle of the Mississippi. It's trippy enough to help you get over yourself and back on board the clean love train to Glory!

### *Postscript*

When I am in Barclay's Bank, I keep God in my pocket. Otherwise, God will disturb my pocketbook with that earthquaking invitation to help others.

When I am hanging out with all those Barclay theologians, I am uncertain as to whether my love is sentimental tripe or whether it's ripe enough to feel the suffering of the world. I am tempted to put God back in my pocket and count my savings rather than save my soul or empty my bowl.

When I am hanging out with that poet Barclay, I feel absurd relief that satire helps me find the fire. It does so by not believing what people say about God, love, and all the rest of it.

When I look through the window of time and face the broken-hearted God whose Creation has become a mess, I must confess I am a part of it all.

I am John Barclay—all of them— and so are you. What are you going to do about it? Which room will you devote your life to saving, counting on, and radiating from? Rather, which room will hold all the other rooms? The room of the bank, the poet, or the apostle Paul who received the light? In other words, the divine light is the all-encompassing room. Next comes the transformed social relations room; the smallest room is Barclay's Bank. If any of these rooms are out of order, will neither receive or radiate the utmost joy.

Perhaps you need a spiritual chiropractic adjustment to pop your room vertebrae back into their right and proper place. Be aligned inside the light (the dart of heaven), sharing everything with others (the art of earth), . . . and let the bank serve the other rooms rather than the other way around.

I need Thee to keep my Barclay rooms aligned  
Do it, Lord. Pop my back!  
Just be nice inside the aligned holy spine.

When I (Brad) was with the Guarani shamans of lower basin Amazonia they taught me to trust the spirit and all will be well even if it made no rational sense to do so. And if I relied on the logic of Barclay's Bank and strategies of popular convention, what should work likely would blow up. Or if it did work, it would bite back later. They were saying that the big room of the forest has more wisdom than the inner accountant. They were saying that the big room of the forest has better emotion than the inner psyche. They were saying that the big room of the forest has better relations than the inner solar system of Ptolemy where everything circles around the trinity of me, me, me. They were radiating the wisdom that "you can't take it with you" and that "giving is the chop chop needed for higher receiving."

They were enacting what it means to be a shaman, a man and woman of Mother Nature. Get those rooms aligned with the higher spine and all will be fine. Going all the way into forgiving only takes place when the Barclay rooms are aligned with God's spine (aka the ladder or rope). Then forgiving flows naturally because we see others as no different as ourselves. We are the murderer, the thief . . . the agave in need of an equal chop chop. Ask any medicine person—they will say the same. When this equality is felt like a fire of higher truth in the bones, giving to others

is natural. Everyone is a cell in the one body of Creation. You give equally to your foot as your hand . . . and to your neighbor and your spiritual community.

True forgiving leads to being for giving and not for taking. It also leads you to belong to communities that promote this kind of Kalahari sharing as opposed to personal prosperity at the cost of others suffering. Experiencing God (mezcal) not only washes away the color line like it did at Azusa, it clears away the selfish line that divides the goods. Be forgiving, for giving, and do so with thanksgiving. Ask not what spirituality can do for you. Ask what you can do for spiritual community. Reminder: solo is shallow. It only gets deep when two or more gather to cook.

Imagine the rooms of your life as concentric circles. Each room is within another room. If the outer room holding all the other rooms is not devoted to mezcal production (aka God's lab, kitchen, performance stage, . . . and high bar), then you are in a small room owned by trickster. It's really tricky because trickster can claim your outer room is a big room when it is actually a do your own thing fling with God in your pocket. If the outer rim is bright rather than dim, then it can only remain so by the right choice of the next room. It must be the room that serves others. Here all affiliation with groups that are mean-to-others will cause a backfire and assure that the outer rim is a trickster imitation of higher construction. The test of your relationship to God is found in the middle room and whether it resonates with the outer room of divine light. Make sure it is a Kalahari political party with electricity, health care, and clean air for all. Here is hosted the kind of eco-wisdom sharing that softens and sweetens and is never supportive of authoritarianism of any kind. [Rule of green thumb: if you ain't green, you're mean.]

Finally, make sure your banking decisions are governed by the bigger rooms. Otherwise, your boat won't float and your heart will sink in a small puddle. Get those three main rings of your circus aligned with the divine spine and the spontay of the high ray will follow. Please be advised that the point of aligning your Barclay rooms is not one of morality. For us, it is a matter of spiritual engineering. Without room alignment, all experience is born of trickster. In the big room anything can happen including a rocket ride to bliss.

Spirituality in the pocket has no rocket. The spiritual rocket invites you to ride the high trajectory. The sharpened and disciplined mind is needed to discern and turn Ouroborean rings rather than get caught in the illusion of things. The pierced, softened, sweetened, and broken heart rises when the mind has chopped, mashed, and cooked away its cutouts into flowing liquidity. The heart ascent washes more and more away with each rising step, until there are only all your relations with no need of centric self. Spontay on earth as it is in heaven: spiritual traveling to the spiritual cooking that pours mezcal (sacred ecstasy in its purest concentration).

In this movement of mind, heart, and soul circles, love intensifies as it changes from clarity of its perception to flow of its circulation and flight of its transformation into mezcal. Mind circle room, hello! Hey, you're John Barclay!

One of the interesting things the other Barclay (William) reminded us is that the ecstatic phenomenon at Pentecost was not something new. The holy spirit previously had filled the

Jewish people with ecstasy, causing them to speak in unfamiliar sounds. And way back before those tribes, the original ecstatics in southern Africa were also performing sound jazz and vocalese improv.

*Remember Wigram's Stream:* all religions are like our shapeshifting Barclay. Wigram was a scholar of world religions and proposed that religion was one river wherein many forms were born out of one another. Christianity is not separate from Judaism. It was just another rabbinical tribe that later tried to hide the hyphen in Judaic-Christian. Let us not forget that all the religions arose from earlier plant deities . . . etc. etc. Thank you, Mama Agave.

Also, all this chop chop stuff was around with the Siberian shamanic Barclays. They learned that it requires total dismemberment, or else there is no shamanic rebirth. Partial chop chop doesn't work. Everything must be chopped to hop through the portal to the other world(s).

*Suffering love:* healers of old went on a prayer fast to cry for a visionary song, enabling its emotion to set the high doctor in motion. Brokenness precedes all alchemical transformation. It's the way things are. That bubbly Wigram stream has many tributaries and this includes all the Barclays and their Barclay rooms. Are you and your Barclay rooms in or out of the river? When in the current, every Barclay room is a part of every religion—deep in the flow of mezcal. You are not only Barclay, you're also a member of every tribe and every religion. Barclay was a Bushman, Hindu, and Jew, to name a few of the colors of his river spirited rainbow. Barclay was also a hoarder, a selfish shit ass, and a perverter of meanings and compass settings. That makes him an H.B. in need of a shepherd, priest, spiritual mother, saint, Mama Agave and Dada.

Get a horseshoe or go fetch the one you have but likely don't yet fully own in the spiritual sense of ownership. Sort it out. Make the horse shit separate from the 2040, even though they belong to the same shoe. Concentrate. Every step on mezcal production must be in full operation to have your RV3000 authentication to travel. That's the up and down journey to heaven, following in the footsteps of real saints. All other strategies belong on the horseshoe space that doesn't have God's number.

Barclay, now hear this: Gibraltar is only made of clay. Our love is here to stay. Have a nice spontay!

### ***The Two Gifts of Sister Gertrude Morgan***

Toward the end of February, we recorded the following script as a teaching from Sister Gertrude Morgan:

Hello, everyone. Sister Gertrude Morgan stopped by for a visit last night and asked me to take down a teaching for you. These are her words:

I thank the Lord that I am able to be with you this fine week in the Spirit House of New Orleans. I have a teaching to share with all of you. It's about my megaphone and how I use it as a tool of my ministry. My megaphone conveys two gifts to the world: First, it helps me deliver shouting power to trouble the people. Don't you ever doubt that Lucifer pulls everyone's attention away from the Two Dadas, so I have to shout and remind you to get back in line. Just know that when I keep telling you that the Devil is a deceiver, I do it to help you become a better receiver! That's the first gift of my megaphone.

Second, my megaphone helps me serve holy bread in the form of the musical joy that feeds the people hungry for heavenly home cooking. If you are in love with the two Dadas, then you love the two gifts of my megaphone: both the shouting power and musical holy bread. They are equally welcomed and celebrated. In other words, to use your Guild language, if you have caught the Glory, then you love to chop chop as much as you enjoy drinking holy mezcal. You don't feel bad or mad when you are reminded of how easily that Trickster Devil pulls your strings. You cherish all gifts from Big Dada, whether it's a rebuke or a delicious piece of holy cake.

If you're from New Orleans, you know there is a first line and a second line at every brass band parade. The first line is the brass band who plays the music, and the second line is the people dancing behind it. They all walk together down the road of celebration. This form of combining sound and movement was created by the African American community to celebrate anything from getting a loan to getting married or having a jazz funeral. Whenever we want to celebrate, we have our first and second line walk together in a way that makes this troubled earth feel like we're in heaven.

Do you remember that old gospel song, "Jesus is on the mainline?" Down here it has a secret meaning. It means that Jesus plays in the band. Yes sir, yes mam, the Dadas are musicians with deep fried soul power. As they say, there is only music in heaven. Those Dadas have the tones and beats that heat the gumbo and serve a jumbo portion of love.

Now down here the ecstatic sound movers are on the second line—they align themselves to dance with the brass band who are the top brass, the bosses of sound and movement.

Clear whatever interferes with your focusing on the brass band and don't get off the street we're marching on. All the saints are marching with the top brass musical numbers.

We then invited the Guild to enter into holy matrimony with these two gifts by shouting: “Shouting power, I thee wed! Musical joy, I thee wed!”

### ***A Book of Visions and Songs***

Brad dreamed he was sent to the mystical library on high:

A black leather-bound book was handed to us. No words were spoken. It was not a book to borrow—it was given to us to own as part of our Sacred Ecstasies special collection. I opened it to see that the text was divided into two sections. The first part of the book held transcribed testimonies of visions experienced by spiritual seekers in the African diaspora. Many, if not all of them, were from former slaves. The second half of the book was a collection of visionary songs also from the same cultural tradition. I noticed that someone had made detailed notes with the music—advice for how to perform the songs with the right tone, rhythm, style, embellishment, and soulful feeling.

The book was quite thick, filled with many testimonies and songs. While the testimonies reminded me of those reported in the book, *God Struck Me Dead: Voices of Ex-Slaves*, these accounts were much shorter. Each page was filled with 2-3 testimonies, and a report was typically only a paragraph long. As I thumbed through the book, my eyes were drawn to one vision. One of its sentences stood out, and one word in particular. It was the testimony of someone going up the rope to heaven where God served *cornbread*.

I woke up to do some research and found that cornbread was a main food staple for slaves. There is a famous blues song about cornbread that pleads for no more cornbread, meat, and molasses. It was a chain gain song, a field holler, because that’s all the prisoners were fed day after day.<sup>41</sup> Yet in this vision, this most common daily food was also served by God. There were no fancy breads or pastries awaiting this spiritual traveler. In the higher kitchen was cornbread. This cornbread was no ordinary cornbread—it was holy. It was not a staple one has grown weary of eating; it was the gift found on God’s table. On that table and in that room, it tasted like manna from heaven.

At the end of the rope or ladder is found a different room where the ordinary is made extraordinary—the medicinal ecstatic sustenance that makes you able to return ready to experience everything differently. Climbing the rope to God

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<sup>41</sup> Sometimes the word “meat” was sung as “peas.” <https://www.jameslindlibrary.org/articles/pellagra-and-the-blues-song-cornbread-meat-and-black-molasses/>

enables you to come back and eat, as well as serve, cornbread that tastes like the holy bread of heaven.

There is one more thing worth underscoring about the dream. The book gave equal space to the written testimony and to the music. I felt each half of the book needed the other. One form of expression alone wasn't enough for God's gift to be shared. The music was for going up and down the rope to get to the dining table and then to come back with something to share—this was made certain in the book. The bread given to that slave involved more than cornmeal and lard. It had the missing ingredient we are all looking for—the Lord's blessing. That mix of lard and Lord was mojo elixir deluxe. Upon return from the high and fine dining table, heavenly cornbread crumbs transform into word crumbs strung together in sentences that leave a testimonial trail behind. Let us rejoice in finding that holy bread is something said, while the means of getting it and bringing it back require a song.

We shared the following commentary about Brad's cornbread vision during our February 25<sup>th</sup> Spirit House Meeting:

What is to be learned about cornbread, or what appears common rather than a spectacular fantasy about what constitutes a special gift from God?

We learn that a singular focus on the main line rope makes sure that your prayers keep you in the heavenly kitchen and distillery. The Creator does not need to make any appeal by promising magical power or super-duper outcomes.

Seek the main line and climb to the big room. There cornbread is on the communion table. And a shot of mezcal is all you'll ever desire because it sets a real fire in your bones. There are two ropes. Emphasize the main rope and let it wobble you in relationship to the horizontal plane.

Every H.B. needs to concentrate on the vertical rope—honoring it with praise. In this devotion to sacred emotion, do not resist the Creator swinging the rope in any direction.

Never take your eyes, ears, nose, taste buds, and hands [tactile receptors] off the main line. Otherwise, trickster will step in and take hold of your attraction to power, magic, and gee whiz that is missing the fermented holy fizz.

First line, second line, get them aligned.

First creation, second creation, get them aligned.

Heaven, earth, get them aligned.

You can't do it alone.

Communion awakens and circulates inside community relations.

On this side and the other side.

And with both sides of God.

We pray that everyone plays their part to help each other feel a part of the second line that is aligned with the big brass band leader and Sister Gertrude, his nurse, secretary, co-pilot, and bride.

Sacred Ecstatics hosts an extraordinary pantheon of saints. There has never ever been anything like this numinous community of visionary elders. We evolve the circle of J. B. Valmour, the blacksmith maker of horseshoes. We follow the mystics, healers, and reachers of old who were able to break through the horse shit and find God's number. Around the mystical wheel with Sister Gertrude Morgan to Johnny Hodges and the original ancestors of the Kalahari, and so many more to adore. What a Spirit House! Something new to spirituality and all religions, inclusively electric yet not an eclectic muddle. And then there is the how-to laboratory of spiritual engineering. Doin' this experimentally with extreme love on the mainline. We are always changing for in the changing is found the high maintenance of the unbending rope to God. Thank you, Lord. Thank you, saints of Sacred Ecstatics. Creator!

***Jesus Allergy: A Poem by Hillary***

I used to have a strong Jesus allergy,  
Because I didn't have any n/om electricity.

But as soon as I let go of the either/or,  
I was able to receive a mezcal pour.

Once I drank a shot of that pure love,  
I loved all the names for the source high above  
from which this concentrated firewater pours:

Creator, Big Holy, Jesus, Mary, Allah, G-d, God, Mother Agave, Sky God, Wakan-Tanka, Father, Mother, Tammuz, River, Big Dada, Little Dada, and all variations of this name.

All names are cold and brittle when uttered in an ice-cold room  
with no song, no spirit, no grease.

All names are hot when shouted in the big room where the fire station party is in full swing,  
the mezcal is being shared,  
and all the HB's have been turned into mezcal.

Brad once said,  
"For Thine is the Kingdom, the Flower, and the Glory...  
Forget about the power, learn to love a flower  
For that is the glory of the holy garden!"

Reverend Hart eventually led me to the glory nectar of the suffering love  
found in the garden of Gethsemane,  
But first I had to be broken and chopped by all the sojoprings (sufferings),  
to feel what the Guarani shamans say: "I'm nothing more than simple flesh made of dirt,"  
to feel what the old medicine people say: "I'm no better than the worst criminal stuck in a  
prison cell."  
This world is hell.

There is no cold Big Me pout when we drink from this medicine spout.  
This is cooked contrition,  
The sweet tasting prayer-song of Big Me confession,  
That creates the real deal conditions for room ignition.

Empty bowl,  
Cradle for the soul.

After I received a mezcal pour,  
It was natural to let go of every rigid either/or  
It was even easier to stay wed to the vertical rope,  
And not get lost chasing every shiny Trickster tale along the horizontal trail.

My Lord and my God,  
Wobble me in any way that enables me to reach you,

My Lord and my God,  
Shake me up me in any way that brings me closer to all of creation.  
Keep me plugged into your power station!

Thank you, Holy Ones and Saints from every lineage,  
for saving a wretch like me,  
for giving me this day my daily bread,  
and for every Zen whack on the head.  
Thank you for pouring mezcal music into my heart,  
For

This world is heaven  
when we lay our burdens down,  
and lift our shot glass to the sky!

Do it, Lord!  
Lean us toward your divine concentration,  
clean us in service of greater distillation,  
and lead us not into big me inflation.

Put me to work,  
today and every day,  
In service of sharing your L-O-V-E.

Please answer Sister Gertrude Morgan's prayer:  
"Yes, Lord! Wake 'em up and shake 'em up! Yes, Lord!"

Amen.

### ***A Gift from Morten***

Hillary had a dream in the early morning of February 18<sup>th</sup>, the night before we announced her book about Sister Gertrude Morgan to the Guild:

I was checking my email and saw that Morten had sent us a gift for the next season of Sacred Ecstasics. The dream scene then shifted, and the Guild was gathered for a party in someone's backyard. There was an outdoor kitchen on one

side, and I was cooking the meal. Morten appeared, and that's when I realized that his gift to the Guild was several pounds of frozen halibut. It was already chopped into small pieces, ready to be made into a stew. I placed the frozen halibut in a tomato-based broth in a giant pot and lit the burner so the fish would begin to slowly cook.

Then in the dream there was another transformation. Music began playing from somewhere on the countertop. Somehow the halibut gifted from Morten was also a collection of Brad's songs. As we cooked the halibut in the pot, the songs were also being "cooked" or augmented somehow, like when Brad plays one of his recordings during a Spirit House Meeting and then adds musical embellishment on top of it. Morten, Brad, and I stood near the kitchen counter. We all embraced, expressing joy and excitement about the music.

Then Brad and Morten went off to enjoy the party and I remained by the kitchen. Morten's mother appeared—she was there to help me make the stew because she was an experienced cook. We looked at the giant pot of halibut on the stove, and Morten's mother said, "We need to turn the heat up, the fish is still too frozen and the broth is not simmering yet." I then noticed that there was too much liquid in the pot, which would boil over when it began to simmer. I took a small pitcher and scooped out some of the broth.

Satisfied with the current state of the cooking process, I wandered over to join the party for a bit. When I walked back over to check on the stew, I heard someone mention there were mosquitoes around, and I knew that I would end up with bites on my ankles. Then I saw something move in front of me, near the stove. I reached over to stir the pot and noticed the movement again. I looked down and saw that several small black spiders had built a web near the stove at the level of the countertop. The spiders gently shook the web from side to side when I came near it, as if to announce their presence. I was a bit startled at first, but not afraid. I realized that tending to the stew would require reaching across this web, taking care not to disturb the spiders. Then I woke from the dream.

I woke up and prayed, thanking God for the gifts of this visionary classroom. I had gone to sleep feeling disturbed by how saturated the world is in trickster and how easy it is for people, especially spiritual seekers, to get lost in a web of cutouts where anything can be pieced together in a free association to mean almost anything at all. The only hope for clarity is the gifts of spiritual cooking—the four ingredients that combine to give us an experience that is not mediated by the language of trickster mind. I felt how desperately important it is to commune with God at these high spiritual temperatures, beyond the reach of trickster.

I prayed more, thanking God for continuing to give Morten spiritual gifts, and for the reminder to us all that these gifts multiply and feed everyone when they are shared and gifted back to the pointers and community that nurtured them. This act of giving is the fruit of the teaching that recently came through in the Guild, “Ask not what spirituality can do for you, but what you can do for your spiritual community.” There will always be biting mosquitoes and spiders who show up at the cookout. They, too, are part of creation and part of us. Just look out for the trickster spiders who like to spin their web near the cooking pot.

In First Creation, frozen chopped deer meet can reappear as frozen chopped halibut, ready to become the songs that feed our souls like nothing else can. And the defrosted African Mother can come back as Morten’s mother who is here to share her ancestral wisdom. The world changed when Morten allowed the ancient African mother to live. When we step into a changed world, we find ourselves changed, now ready and able to radiate and live generously—to be *for giving*. Now it's time to celebrate with a feast!

### ***Osumi Sensei Gives Brad a Checkup***

In February 2023, Brad dreamed he met Osumi Sensei and her assistant. They asked him to go to her clinical room and remove his shirt. Sensei placed her hands over Brad’s body and asked her assistant to do the same. She repeated it again and this time paused to shake her head. She seemed surprised by her assessment. Before she spoke, she started to laugh. Then her face suddenly turned serious as she announced, “I can’t give you any more seiki. You have more than a human being can hold. You are overflowing with seiki.” She shook her head and smiled, indicated she was happy with the way our work is growing.

### ***Joni Mitchell is Driving the Van***

Hillary dreamed that we were in one of those fifteen passenger vans with other members of the Guild. When she looked up toward the driver’s seat, she saw that Joni Mitchell, the famous singer-songwriter, was driving the van. Hillary was surprised, and then remembered in the dream how much she loved Joni Mitchell’s music when she was in college. She felt a renewed sense of respect and appreciation for how talented song catchers of every genre build a musical vehicle capable of transporting us along the highway.

Upon waking, Hillary remembered that several years prior, Brad had a dream. We reported it in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume II*:

Brad dreamed he heard a voice announce, "The veil is getting thinner." He then heard the Joni Mitchell song, "Both Sides Now" with altered lyrics: "I've cooked my life from all sides now . . ." Afterward, we discussed how the spiritual classrooms were bringing us teachings that evoke *all sides* with multiple dimensions and layered realities. We were also finding less experiential separation in our daily lives between earth and heaven. It was becoming increasingly easier to place one foot on the other side or in some situations, leap all the way over.

Let's celebrate all musical vans that transport us to heaven and back again, living amidst the wobble among all sides now!

### ***Owen Dreams of Unleavened Bread with a Poem***

Owen reported a dream he received in March 2023:

Last night I dreamed of a large piece of unleavened bread. It could only be held with two hands. The bread was perfectly cooked. The surface at once soft and crisp. Warm to the touch and just the right weight. On the bread was written a poem.

Ever since I was small  
I wanted to release my life  
from ice to rice  
and pour my life into being  
the spiritual boy  
I always was

When the words were spoken out loud by their middle-aged man it was with the excitement and sheer delight of a child.

### ***Scott Receives a Rosary***

On March 7, 2023, Brad's son Scott reported that he woke up in the middle of the night and got out of bed. He looked down and saw a rosary lining the inside of his arm. The beads ran from his hand all the way up to where his elbow bends and the rosary's cross was lying right over his inner wrist. Scott was startled by the sight, and as he looked more closely he realized the rosary was tattooed onto his arm. It was in the style of Mr. Cartoon, the famous Chicano tattoo artist from Los Angeles who is also a friend of Scott's. (Cartoon once told Scott that the inner wrist is

the most painful place to get a tattoo). Hours later, Scott woke up and realized he had been dreaming, though when he saw the rosary he thought he was fully awake.

We responded to Scott:

You had a very holy vision. You received a spiritual tattoo, more formally called a mark of God. It's noteworthy that the cross was right over your wrist—the place where you check your pulse. We'll send you a rosary we received from Maclovía Sanchez de Zamora, a renowned curandera (healer) who lived in the Barelás barrio in Albuquerque. You need to use it. Pray so sincerely with it until you feel it becomes part you, as if it has been tattooed on your arm. Danielle can also paint a picture of your arm with this rosary mark. Later in your life, after you have felt it melt into you when using it, you can decide whether to get a physical tattoo. Don't do the latter now because the gift from the dream is the spiritual tattoo of the rosary and its prayers. Feeling the spiritual tattoo is more important than seeing the physical tattoo.

In our book, *Climbing the Rope to God (Volume I)*, we present the story of you dreaming of going up the rope to God, a term used by the Bushmen. Right after that we talk about the rosary, saying it is also a rope to God:

The Rosary guides you along a path paved with prayer. Its sequence of prayers constructs a road to God. For prayer ropes and beads to work effectively, you must be wholeheartedly focused and spiritually heat your words through an infusion of sincere and intense emotion. The world's religions offer prayers as sacred tracks on which to move toward divine mystery. Hold a prayer string, voice its prayers, and let the motion of sacred emotion carry you forward. With Buddhist and Hindu prayer beads (malas), the Catholic Rosary, or Native American prayer ties and flags, you hold a physical string that in prayer becomes intertwined with the rope to God. (pp. 63-64).

### ***Interviewing Erroll Garner***

On March 8<sup>th</sup>, Brad dreamed he was in a jazz club in New York City:

I was sitting next to a woman journalist who had come to interview Erroll Garner. He sat on a bench with his back to the keys of a grand piano. He cordially announced, "Ask any question you want." The journalist began with the kind of questions reporters typically ask. Erroll answered them automatically in a way I was sure he had in many previous interviews.

After a few minutes I asked if I could ask a question. I struggled to speak because I felt so much love and appreciation for Erroll that I wanted to burst into tears. I voiced incomprehensible high-pitched sounds, but somehow he clearly understood everything I asked. His eyes lit up and he gave me a look that told me he recognized that I really knew him and his music, that is, I had caught and owned his vibe. We then began to converse about the mystery behind his music and the way it conveyed an exhilarating joy. I increasingly felt that I didn't really want to ask him anything. Instead, I was dying to express my appreciation for how his music has been such an incredible gift to my life. I finally couldn't hold back any longer. I blurted out more high-pitched sounds and tried not to burst into tears. Again, he heard me clearly and smiled.

He then reached back to the keyboard behind him with the pinkie finger of his right hand and played the fastest and most powerful glissando (a continuous slide between two notes, usually over several octaves) I ever heard. It happened in a split second. I was shocked at how the weakest finger in the hand made the most powerful sound I ever heard from a piano. He then did it again, and this time I received a nail of n/om. He may have done it a third time, but I lost track of time after the second glissando. Beyond its power and quickness, the most amazing aspect of his performance was the way he played the final note. He landed on that note perfectly and distinctly with the highest volume of all the notes. His landing was stronger than his beginning! It seemed impossible, yet he did it effortlessly.

Erroll proceeded to tell me his most important teachings and I inwardly swore to remember all of them. Of course, I can't consciously recall them now. However, the final teaching involved no words or sound. He held up both his hands and nodded for me to touch my palms to his. Our hands melted together. I felt no difference between them. Suddenly I noticed one obvious difference. His ring finger, the finger next to the pinky, suddenly seemed like it had grown or extended. It was unusually longer than the other fingers. I looked and at first glance it was indeed longer. However, as I looked more closely it looked more like it had before. The stretch of that finger had to be felt rather than seen. Perhaps his ring finger reached for the mystical wedding ring, making us wed inside the melt that is felt in the music he was born to convey.

Not long after we blended hands and had that odd experience with the ring finger, it was time for him to leave. I followed him out of the club and watched him walk down the sidewalk and cross the street. He walked with a vertical bounce and when traffic drove by, he leaned slightly to his left, away from the traffic. I said to myself, "He walks like he plays the piano." I then woke up flooded with emotion. My eyes were moist as I noticed Hillary was awake. She informed me

that I had been making whistling sounds in my sleep. I replied, "I met Erroll Garner."

The next morning, we had already scheduled a post to go up in our online network presenting the Guild with our Sacred Ecstatics Pantheon of Saints. Each Guild member was invited to listen to a recording of music as they read each saint's name on our roster. Instruction was given to notice which saint's name they landed on when the last note was played. I thought there was no reason for me to do the exercise because Saint Erroll had already showed up in the night. I did it anyway. I landed on Erroll Garner.

I will never forget to spiritually walk with a vertical bounce and to always lean away from passing traffic, preferring improvisation over moving with popular convention. I shall always cherish how hands, like the heart, can melt into one another. And how being the same enables a difference to be felt though not necessarily seen, leading to the highest altar where sound and movement are married forever more.

### ***Prescription: Landing on a Saint***

This is the prescription we posted the morning after Brad dreamed of Erroll Garner (the prescription was scheduled the night before to go live the next morning):

Below is a mezcal shot ("Answer Me, My Love") and our current list of saints that we compiled last week. Here is your prescription: **Don't read the list of saints until you start the music.** Listen to the mezcal shot as you read and say each name out loud. If you finish the entire list of saints before the music is finished, return to the beginning of the list. When the music stops, see what saint you land on. Write that saint's name down on a paper cutout of a heart and carry it with you this week. And please share the saint's name in the comments!

### ***The Guild Meets Bishop Mason and Sister Gertrude Morgan***

Brad dreamed the Guild had gathered for a special meeting:

Most Guild members were in the living room salon of our Spirit House. A few were in the kitchen. I was in the kitchen when Bishop Mason entered. He went over to Morten and prayed over him. He kept repeating, "Yes, Lord. Deliver the man." I joined in with Bishop Mason and together we prayed for what seemed an hour. I woke up and felt this praying was still going on. I prayed with Bishop Mason

until I fell asleep and then reentered the same dream. “Yes, Lord. Deliver the man.” I then shouted to the Guild:

Morten has a high anointment. He was granted spiritual gifts and needs to clear away whatever interferes with them coming through. He can't do it by himself. He needs everyone's help, encouragement, and prayers. Now is not the time to be distracted or consumed with envy or measured comparison. Pray that the Lord hears and answers a pure and concentrated prayer for Morten and recognize that this is for the benefit of everyone. Yes, Lord. Deliver the man! Deliver him!

As I prayed with Bishop Mason, I heard a loud sound in our living room salon. Sister Gertrude Morgan had entered the house and was praying there as all the commotion in the kitchen continued. I looked and saw that she was shouting over the head of Johannes, “Wake him up and shake him up! Shake him up and wake him up!” She'd then turn and look at everyone, “Wake them up and shake them up! Shake them up and wake them up!”

Hillary went back and forth between these two rooms, shouting the prayers with Bishop Mason and Sister Gertrude Morgan. We were following the lead of these two saints as they tried to clear away everything that interferes, blocks, and stops holiness from coming through. We felt perfectly clear that each person is a vessel and instrument put in the world for a high purpose. We each hunger to empty and clear ourselves to catch the inspiration and enthusiasm that awakens our instrument to radiate the ineffable glory of creation. For hours, in and out of dream, we prayed for Guild members to free us from trickster-clogged pipelines and to get the higher signal through.

It appeared in the vision that both Morten and Johannes need everyone's prayers. They are too humble to step into being instruments on their own. They need community prayer power. Remember this kind of spiritual work sets in motion a chain reaction. Lighting anyone up results in a wildfire where everyone can get lit. With us now, please pray: “Yes, Lord. Deliver the man. Wake him up and shake him up! Shake him up and wake him up!” And for all of you, “Yes, Lord. Deliver the people! Wake us up and shake us up. Shake us up and wake us up.”

The dream ended in a wild frenzy of prayer and noise. Led by Sister Gertrude and Bishop Mason, all sources of deception were called to leave the minds and hearts of those urgently needing a deep cleaning. Sister Gertrude shouted, “Know that the only thing within should be God's holy wind. Everything else is Lucifer's

deception that needs to come out. You were made to be in the world for divine reception, not caught up within by self-deception.”

“Come on out,” Bishop Mason added to her charge. “God wants you to be a receiver of God’s blessed love and healing grace, following the old highway to glory. Don’t risk thinking you can outsmart the saints and do it your way. Come on out! Out with you! Clear the way for the light to shine, the wind to blow, and the water to flood. Nothing less can set you free to be in relationship with Thee.”

Finally, the spoken words were no longer recognizable. There was only a whirlwind of sound and movement. In the middle of this ecstatic wilderness, the Guild was both emptied and fed. I woke up dizzy and on fire for the saints of Sacred Ecstasies. They know how to clean house and they know how to cook, serving a feast that feeds both earth and heaven. Say Amen, somebody!

### ***Doctoring the Prayer Lines and Rosary Prescription***

On March 11<sup>th</sup> in our Spirit House Meeting, we shared both Scott’s rosary vision and Brad’s meeting with Erroll Garner. The day prior, we posted the following alterations of our prayer compass:

I need Thee to end the trickster search within  
I need Thee to bring me out

I need Thee to stop the reality of superficiality  
I need Thee to end the big me fantasy

I need Thee to make me real  
I need Thee to change how I feel

Do it, Lord  
Do it so my mission may get on with it.

Just make me nice edible rice,  
Served with your holy tortilla, corn, spice, avocado meat, and highly distilled mezcal

I need Thee to help me know how to pray  
I need Thee to help me know where to pray  
I need Thee to place me in the middle of all thine ropes when I pray  
I need Thee to help me feel all the saints pulling their ropes during my prayer

Do it, Lord – guide me in how to pray  
Do it, Lord – guide me to where to pray  
Do it, Lord – guide me to the middle of all your ropes  
Do it, Lord – clear away whatever blocks my feeling all the ropes, not just the ones my  
trickster selects or hijacks

Just be nice – I ask for just-be-nice know-how  
Just be nice – I ask for the just-be-nice locale  
Just be nice – I ask for the just-be-nice middle with the many ways of being nice with  
others, doing so for Thee  
Just be nice – I ask for your saints to pull me toward their kind of nice, not the nice that  
trickster uses to reduce the room or seduce my big me

I need Thee to do whatever I need (to be in relation with Thee)

Reminder:

The Kalahari Bushmen have no notion of trauma  
That is an invention of popular convention

Be heretical, drop the pathological names  
Move to the outskirts with a higher aim

Don't look, or else assessment is sure to follow  
Cook so change is always in the sky, sea, and ground  
Do it, Lord (whatever *it* you will for me)  
Just be nice (the kind of nice you define dear Lord)

I need Thee to mop my resume  
I need Thee to mop my Facebook page  
I need Thee to mop my website  
I need Thee to mop my big me story  
I need Thee to mop every way I use names, frames, and claims

The double Dadas invite you to honestly envision how Sister Gertrude Morgan would  
mop these indications of you and your work

Mama Agave invites you to truthfully imagine how Reverend Josphe Hart would edit these indications of you and your work

Let all the saints sweep, mop, and wash you clean

I need Thee to rid what is not praiseworthy of a real relationship with Thee

I need Thee to extinguish my Tower of Babble

Psycho-babble: be gone with you!

Spiritual babble: be gone with you!

No more trauma, only cook with the Agave Mama

No more drama, only laugh with the shepherd's staff

No more interference, time for clearance

Come out of the shell

It's a good day to die and get your agave reborn

Mezcal, that's all

Do it, Lord

Take me through every step of higher production

Do every step so I can take another step up the ladder

Make me taste nice

Distill me again and again

A mezcal drop in the ocean of love

Then, during the Spirit House meeting we offered the following mystical prescription:

Part One:

During the Guild reunion, we announced our entry to the Chapel of Extreme Love where we shall remain for the rest of the Guild season. Our experiment will now get even bolder. Now that we have entered the chapel of extreme love, which is where Sacred Ecstasics was born when Brad met Jesus over 50 years ago, we are changing our prayer lines. We are dropping the name of God to better feel God's love. Here's the latest distillation of our prayer compass:

I need Love  
Do it, Love  
Just be Love

Part Two:

Get a rosary or a string of beads. Wrap it around your wrist and hold it in your hands when you pray the three newly distilled prayers. Pray each of our prayer lines bead by bead. Pray so sincerely that you feel the string or rosary beads melt into your skin, leaving the mark that is like a tattoo. Carry the beads with you or even better, leave it wrapped around your wrist to remind you to use the prayer compass that is pointed to Love.

You can experiment with moving from one line to another with each bead or saying one line for a certain number of beads before moving to another. Again, the main purpose is to pray so sincerely that you feel the prayer rope sink into your body and become part of you. Let each bead and each line of prayer take you deeper into the Chapel of Extreme Love! Let's go!

*More Details on Scott's Vision of the Rosary*

We asked Scott to give us further details of how he saw the rosary beads on his arm. He said they were only on one side of his arm (the inner arm) with the cross over where you take the pulse. The beads zig zag up to his elbow. Hillary demonstrates how it looked:



Feel free to position the rosary in varying ways. For us, we prefer the Cross over the pulse – a more direct alignment with the heartbeat. You can also take a photo of having the beads laid out on your arm like it was in Scott’s vision and then look at it while you hold the rosary in a more convenient way as you pray. Charles Henry says tinker, but not too much and not too little.

Afterward, Mother Agave posted the following recommendation:

Dear Guild,

Since you have dropped the dervish but kept the whirling, dropped the name of God but kept God’s love, and let go of all religions but kept their ropes woven of L-O-V-E threads, I encourage you to use or purchase an actual rosary rather than use a string of beads you already own for this prescription. I know The Keeneys would not ask you to do that because they don’t want anyone to get hung up on the form of beads but instead focus on the prayers. But if you really want to be totally open to Love and the gifts coming down the rope, then follow the vision. Let’s do it for Scott who is now faced with the task of procuring a rosary despite having no prior relationship to such an object.

Together we hang on the crossroads of this world, stretched by the infinite love and the impossible sorrow. Underneath this crossing is a pulse – the wonderful heartbeat of creation that makes us dance and sing. And when we do

we feel that same pulse awaken within us and find it is the source of all healing,  
all joy, all mezcal!

This is why those who feel the pulse – or long to – desire to remain near the  
cross: it holds the tension between Extreme Love and Extreme Sorrow that is  
required to make the pulsing lifeblood fountain of mezcal pour forth. Glory to Love  
on high!

*I need Love*

*Do it, Love*

*Just be Love*

Thank you for receiving this message from your Mama!

Love,  
Mother Agave

Several Guild members posted photos of their rosaries draped over their arm just as Scott  
had seen in the dream. We then offered additional commentary on relating to Scott's vision:

Please note that everything listed above that caught our attention in Scott's  
vision is in the domain of trickster mind—some points more resourceful than other  
points, and some points leading to a trickster digression known as a hare hole.  
Even one point is contestable, like comparing Los Angeles Chicano aesthetic to  
Oaxacan culture—a no no.

The most striking visual of the visionary tattoo that matters is its depiction of  
the rosary as a vibrational wave and the placement of the cross at the most painful  
place on the skin to receive a tattoo (According to Mr. Cartoon, the expert). There  
the crossroads intersects earthly suffering and heavenly joy.

What is primary is the teaching that the divine world of spirit can come into  
the flesh. When deeply felt, there is a melt – spirit and flesh wed. Here the  
mediator is praying and we all know by now that for this to be deeply felt – in the  
high temperature of sacred ecstasy – the prayer must involve sound movement.

A similar teaching came across in the Err-I Garner dream –the hands melt  
when they are in synch during the conveyance of sound and movement that  
produce ecstatic music.

What is the conveyor? The fire of heated sound and movement. What inspires  
the sound and movement? The highest emotion behind creation. What is the  
source and force of this extreme love? Creator. What is Creator? Extreme Love.

### ***Mezcal Three-Shot Treatment – Prescription and Commentary***

On March 13<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following instructions for the Guild, along with musical “mezcal shot” audio tracks:

Today’s offering is a three-shot treatment that has you moving and soaking in three versions of the same Gershwin melody.

*Before you start, say to your ears, “I need Love.”*

**Treatment 1:** here more irregularity and boulder variations get you started. Get aligned inside ecstatic sound movement.

**Treatment 2:** Maestro Shirley Horn brings you Ira Gershwin’s lyrics in her magical blend—here you add another dose of emotion that is better caught after the first treatment gets you aligned. Continue to move and worry not if you get rhythmically entrained. Shirley pours mezcal inside the steady beat with other kinds of surprises hovering nearby.

*Before you take the final dip, say to your heart, “Do it, Love.”*

**Treatment 3:** envision hearing the melody in First Creation as if for the first time. Feel free to let everything fall away except the light, might, and flight of love. No observing, no worrying whether you are this or that: only drink mezcal and fly home to the Chapel of Extreme Love.

*At the end of the three treatments, make sure you say to the Chapel, “Just be Love.”*

The mezcal shots were two different versions by Brad of “Someone to Watch Over Me,” and the second shot was a recording of the song by jazz singer, Shirley Horn. After posting the instructions, we offered this discussion:

The “multiple mezcal shot treatment” form arrived several months ago—delivered and supervised by the saints on the other side. While the treatment can involve 2, 3, 4 or more shots lined up, the basic form is a sequence of three different mezcal shots. By “basic” we don’t mean “the most important.” This notion refers to the beginning theoretical form which gets us started, and off of which variations may later stem once this form is owned.

In the basic form, the first shot is more a rhythm detrainment buster. In the most extreme version, it is wild rhythms that constantly change and surprise. Or it can be melodic with many changes – rhythmic, tonal, and stylistic (from baroque to bebop). The sequence today is the latter.

In the middle, the melody (with or without lyrics) is used to elevate a pour of the emotion that inspired the song. Here the prior rhythmic detrainment from shot 1 helps bring better reception in shot 2's emotion pour.

The last mezcal shot in the three-part sequence leans toward further distillation of this muse emotion but allows more variation to heighten the tension between diverse tonal, harmonic, dissonant, and rhythmic ropes that are pulling. If you are in the middle of it and truly amongst it, L-O-V-E lights a match.

Of course, every shot in the sequence has mezcal. This kind of music lies outside popular convention (popular renditions for mass appeal). [To get the energy of mezcalism you need to multiply the mass melodic appeal by divine light squared.  $E=mc^2$ . 4-corner square circles in a recursion excursion from shot to shot.]

For the sake of tinkering, you can begin with the middle shot and end with the first shot – or any other order. What order works best is situational and can never be generalized (hence, the theoretical form is not a form to be rigidly followed in every situation: another example of how models or static protocols are often not resourceful). In the Guild reunion we sometimes served 4-6 shot sequences linked by improv talkies, sounds, and joyful ecstatic noises for the cooking Lard of Love.

The choice of today's sequence stemmed from the improvisation performed at Saturday's Spirit House Meeting, based on extending the tonal colorations and rhythmic elements of how Erroll handled the song.

Last night I realized that Saint Erroll performs every one his songs with this mezcal treatment formula. His introduction is always a detrainment from recognizable melodic lines and cannot be entrained. Then he breaks into the melody, juicing it with mezcal rather than serving conventional expectation. Finally, melody explodes but returns, this time inside the tension of the many musical ropes in play.

All musical servings in this kind of treatment have mezcal because they are based on spontay expression rather than taught composition or improvisation. [Mezcal is rarely radiated by an overtrained musician, no matter their 229egreee of technical prowess. Mezcal is most often served by those folks who grew up in ecstatic black churches and paid their dues in the old juke joint-like blues or jazz clubs that included the chitlin circuit.]

Rather than understand any of this, debate it, or pretend to know anything, aim to melt with a mezcal shot when it is on the table. In a sequence of mezcal shots, consider it a fine dining and flight, a mezcal journey through the forms that help you climb the mystical ladder. Feel it to make you real with mezcal.

### *Leoninus*

On March 14th, Owen went to another spiritual classroom:

Dear Brad & Hillary,

I had a dream last night. In the dream there was small gathering of people. A man entered the group. He said he had heard about us and wanted to join. I said I would introduce him. He gave his name but moments later I realized I had not remembered it. I apologized and said I knew someone called Leonidis and that had confused me as his name sounded similar. The man then said his name was Leoninus. The unusual name caught me, and it felt important to remember it. I googled it the next day and found Magister Leoninus (c. 1135-1201) who was a French composer of polyphony and wrote the Great Book of Organum, “a collection of two-voiced organum settings, notably of Gradual, Alleluia, and Responsory chants, for the complete liturgical year. (Organum is the elaboration of a plainchant melody by a countermelody sung above it.)”<sup>42</sup>

Leoninus (or Léonin in French) was the music director at the Notre Dame cathedral in Paris. Further research led us to this discovery:

The Notre Dame school, a group of composers working in and around the Cathedral between 1160 and 1250, pushed sacred music beyond the single line of Gregorian chant into polyphony—multiple musical voices occurring simultaneously. This set the stage for everything from Bach’s fugues to the final movement of Mozart’s “Jupiter” Symphony, to the most contrapuntally complex passages from Mahler’s late symphonies. At the time, polyphony must have seemed both shocking, controversial, and captivating.<sup>43</sup>

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<sup>42</sup> Editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica, “Léonin | French Composer,” Encyclopedia Britannica, July 20, 1998, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Leonin>.

<sup>43</sup> Timothy Judd, “Léonin, Pérotin, and the Birth of Polyphony at Notre Dame,” The Listeners’ Club, April 19, 2019, <https://thelistenersclub.com/2019/04/19/leonin-perotin-and-the-birth-of-polyphony-at-notre-dame/>.

We welcome Saint Leoninus to the Spirit House of New Orleans, where polyphony is celebrated as a means of carrying us to ecstasy.

### ***Charles Henry's 12 Working Principles***

A recurse by Charles Henry: Avoid the trickster lie that “mezcal and Mama Agave dwell within.” The *room within* is where daydreaming conflates a big me fantasy with mystical reality. Charles Henry recommends the radical, heretical alternative practices of Sacred Ecstatics. Here are some other notes from the Parisian lab, on their way to further distillation:

1. ignore all advice to find “it” within
2. you are not found within; nothing is found within; even nothing is not found within.  
There is no within.
3. rather than go further inside, wake up and be amongst your ecological relations
4. rely more on your sensory organs than platitudes, clichés, and bromides
5. sensation’s alignment with body movement creates reality; therefore changing how you move changes how you perceive
6. sensory-motor interaction (e.g., sound movement), not inner world conception, leads to mezcal reception
7. mezcal aligned sensory-motor interactions resourcefully interacting with other mezcal aligned sensory-motor interactions builds a mystical reality held in community
8. embodied sensory-motor interaction in the field of other embodied sensory-motor interactions, all aligned with mezcal, creates higher circles of mind and heart . . . hello to the Sacred Ecstatics Guild of ecstatic sound movers
9. go ahead and drop the ideas spoken by the dervishes. None of them found anything within. Those few who truly found “it” were outside their within, in the middle of the whirling
10. let the many lineage ropes and their contraries hold you in their intersection—let its tension evoke your wobble
11. Mama Agave invites you to chop, cook, ferment, distill, and no longer chill
12. if you go within, you go without a taste of mezcal. If you haven’t yet received a shot of mezcal that made your former life drop, then assume you have yet to come outside—the party with arty and darty is not within. It’s on the kitchen table. Come on over ya’ hear? Eat that bread and raise the dead.

### ***Charles Henry Prescription: Ecstatic Sound Movement Variations***

We posted the following prescription for those whose ecstatic sound movement practice sometimes gets stuck in a habitual rut:

As an experiment, Charles Henry invites you to conduct ecstatic sound movement in an entirely different manner today.

Do everything differently:

Stand and walk rather than sit.

Place your hands on your belly button and have them walk to your throat. Do not raise them any higher.

Wiggle at least one toe.

Turn in a half circle in each direction, slowly as possible.

Think about whirling faster than any human being has done before, but only imagine it while you are scratching either palm.

Make the sound of a leaky faucet.

Pray before you begin, "Help my movements feed the pour."

That's enough to get another batch of mezcal started.

### ***Love Poem***

Love soars higher than whatever you know  
Love extends beyond whatever you feel  
Love is a mystery high in the air, dissolved in the sea, deep in the ground

Love is a rope, a stairs, a mountain with ecstatic peaks  
Reality changes with every upward step  
Something different melts the higher you climb

Climb love  
Melt again and again

The felt and melt expand the room in love's uprising

Climb to find the beloved more loved than the observing "I"

Live to love the beloved

For my beloved, I do more than swear to love: I am the living love

Climb higher: love your neighbor

Melt the line that divides people on the basis of skin color

In the name of love, rebuke every form of privilege that claims entitlement to what was given to be shared with everyone

Remember Azusa, remember Martin Luther King, remember Gandhi

In the name of Jesus, stop using the name of Jesus in all manners profane

In the action of love, join the lovers extreme who have a higher dream

Climb higher: love wants to clean

Wash away the gender preference lines

In love, First Creation forms change without need to fix a name

Climb higher: do more than pray for all relations

Melt until Mama Agave's ecology is felt

In this loss of self is found the wobble of the middle

Love erases exaltation of the human race

Love embraces all of life, every fly and shitass included

Love enacts being green rather than selfishly mean

Love sweeps away all individuality of self—it's only possible at higher love elevation

Love sweeps away affiliation with any social group that hoards the wealth of earth—it's only possible at higher love elevation

Love sweeps away the abusive preference for color, nation, gender, or anything that creates a kingdumbnumb or queendumbnumb whose love is not love

Love is a sweeper and a weeper

Love is a climber and a finder of mysterious joy

Love is a changer and a reality re-arranger

There is no end to love

There is even something past love, greater than love  
Before that is felt, every love before must melt

Now pray as if you never had a clue what love could be and in this uncertainty, sincerely ask:

I need Love  
Do it, Love  
Just be Love.

Climb the rope of Love  
Climb to Love  
Own every step of Love

### ***We Are Gifted a House***

Brad dreamed we were at the first house that his parents owned:

We were in Smithville, Missouri in a ranch style home built by the deacon of my father's church. It was the first house my parents ever purchased. I remember that it cost \$20,000. In my dream we were standing in the kitchen with my parents when they announced to us, "We'd like to give you this house." I was confused because the kitchen looked very different and so did the ceiling. The ceiling was higher and made of wood, making the room a good acoustic resonator. However, what really drew our attention was how the former sliding glass door that led from the kitchen to the backyard was now inaccessible. In front of it was a large soaking tub the size of an outdoor jacuzzi or spa treatment bath. I asked, "Was that Doe's soaking bath?" My parents smiled and said, "Yes."

I felt embarrassed about the awkwardness of a large square soaking pool in the kitchen that prevented us from going outside. It was not the kind of aesthetically pleasing space I had envisioned for Hillary. I whispered in Hillary's ear, "I don't think this is the right place for us." Hillary looked at me, smiled, and then replied, "It's perfect." Her smile melted me to the extent there was nothing left of me except reverence for Hillary's radiating love. It felt stronger than being struck by lightning, but it was soft. It did not make me shout; it silenced me as I gently wept. I did not leap with exhilaration; I dissolved in the radiance of her smiling love and deep wisdom that cared for what really mattered—delicious home cooked acoustics and a place to soak in the higher vibe of love.

I woke up unable to return to sleep. Love had awakened me. I went downstairs and listened to Hillary's recordings of her poetic reconstructions of e.e. cummings. I then wrote a love poem that was inspired by the love I still felt in the dream and that further reverberated in her recordings. Only later did I remember that it was our wedding anniversary day. I had come home to Love, the only home that soaks up so much of me that there is none of me left. This leaves no need for any exit door.

***Prescription: God-Is-Love on the Palm of Your Hand***

During the March 18<sup>th</sup> Spirit House meeting, we launched the following prescription:

Let's do an experiment right now.

Use your finger as an imaginary writing pen and write the word "love" on the palm of your left hand. Next write the word "God" on the palm of your right hand. Now take a deep breath (pause), and write the word "is" over your heart.

Now when you say or hear *God is love*, experience your heart being in the middle between two sides of a rope. One end of the rope is the Creator. The other end of the rope is Love – the force of creation.

Concentrate on your new identity: You are the "is" that is the middle bridge between God and love. You do not feel alive unless you feel yourself pulled between the source and the force of creation.

You is what you is and this is wobbling in the middle of love and God. Without God and love on both sides, you isn't alive.

Does this mean that God isn't within and that love isn't within as I have been often told?

Yes, forget all that "go within" horseshit. Love and God are outside. Actually, let's forget *inside* and *outside*, and just feeling the pulling between both sides now. The source of love is on one side and it radiates the force of love to the other side. In the middle of the source and force you come alive. Feel your middle being charged in between this two-sided rope. From the perspective of

one side, it is the rope to God. From the other side's perspective, it is the rope to love. Be in the middle of both sides to feel alive.

Is this what we must do to catch extreme love?

Let extreme love catch you.

Be in the middle of love and God.

Remember that the rope to God is the rope to extreme Love.

Climb the love rope, climb the love stairs, climb the love ladder.

Let's today say the love ladder because it rhymes with gladder.

The love ladder makes you gladder! Each step is miraculous because love changes you at every rise in elevation.

These steps, these steps are no ordinary steps. The whole ladder of love is every step of mezcal production.

The next day, we posted this verse:

You is  
is?  
is what?

Before we define what IS is, let's mark where you, IS, is located  
This week we are locating the IS that is you over the heart

Hi, hi, to the "hearty IS"  
It's neighbors say hello

Who are its neighbors?  
On the right is God, and on the left is love

God? Love?  
God is what? Love is what?

Before we define what God is and love is, let's mark where they are located  
This week the name of love is in the left palm, and the name of God is in the  
right palm

But isn't God everywhere and love everywhere?  
Yes, therefore each hand needs to move toward all directions

We start with our arms stretched and then close our eyes to envision them as  
spokes of a wheel in First Creation

Our arms move in a circle to indicate that love and God are everywhere

When the left arm turns to be on the right side, we find love is God  
When the right arm turns to be on the left side, we find God is love

What about the other directions in between?  
In those 360 degrees the names of love and God change

At 45 degrees, love and God may be creativity and absurdity  
At 90 degrees, they may be visionary flight and sharpened mind luminosity

When the arms stay stretched in one direction we freeze the wheel  
Then we turn the hearty IS into the Ptolemy center of the universe

We define all the names and make them opposites  
We begin to lose ownership of how each side feels valuable

We are in need of Copernicus to envision we are not the center sun  
We are in need of Szukalski<sup>44</sup> to render our frozen work absurd

We are in need of all the saints to turn the First Creation arms  
We are in need of the wheel turning to feel alive with the saints

We are in need of not fixing what was never broken  
We are in need of being the IS that is nothing known, named, or framed

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<sup>44</sup> Referring to the late sculptor, Stanislaw Szukalski, one of the saints of Sacred Ecstasies.

Every name unfixed, always changing, never solidly defined  
Moving the turning arms of all the saints

Felt, not understood,  
Never static, these dynamics of the ecstatic

IN OTHER WORDS, reset, chop, begin again each and every day.  
Reset again, double the mop sweep

All aboard the detrainment train.  
Then dip in the song of love

Ecstatic movement on.

They say love is wonderful  
They say God is wonderful  
They say every saint is wonderful  
They say the dill pickle club is wonderful  
They say the charred meat with garlic is wonderful  
They say mezcal is wonderful

In the wheel of First Creation, Second Creation changes  
To keep LOVE forever more

***Verse: God is Love, e.e. and EE***

Remember how we began praying this season:

I need Thee  
Do it, Lord  
Just be nice

Sincerely enact the compass-setting practice  
This is the spiritual engineering of laying down tracks  
Making them ready for a spontay ride

The more passionate the daily practice,  
The deeper the tracks become

The more readily spontay springs forth

With these tracks installed, our prayer lines changed:

I need Love

Do it, Love

Just be Love

These lines were said not as an erasure of the Creator

These lines were said in relation to the former prayers to Thee

With three lines deeply laid, three altered lines were able to land from above

In the resonance between the two prayer sets

You are thrown in the middle

A sandwich with you in between two slices of holy bread

We built up the reality of multiple ropes, intersections, crossroads

Many lines of contrarian spokes

A wheel made of the many ropes of our many saints

Next, e.e. cummings arrived to shake our syntax and grammar<sup>45</sup>

making love less common, inviting a reality uprising

a mystery more deeply familiar, yet less familiar on the surface

with e.e. comes the newborn IS

the middle crossroads of all earthly and saintly pullings

generating contrarian relations and creative tensions

poetically electrical and experientially evocative

the force behind and in front of and all around creation

the source of circularity and recursion for a mystical excursion

e.e. arrived to tease us free from conventional cutouts

his prose jars, providing an escape from norm's small dorm

disturb the cliches of love and God, welcome odd forms to awaken

e.e. has been waiting to meet EE in the Spirit House

Eeland becoming jEEzus

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<sup>45</sup> This refers to two recordings posted by Hillary adapting poems by e.e. cummings, "Amores (I)" and "Yes, Love"

ee and EE rocking on the fulcrum where love and God totter

God and love crossing and uncrossing the crossroads in both directions  
in the fulcrum, in the middle, both sides interchanging  
the double changing of creation has many arms in motion

not love, not God  
something more mysterious IS in between  
creation in EE-motion

God is love  
Love is God  
Don't read or hear these lines like you have known them all your life

EE them  
e.e. them  
experience them as a rope, in the middle, crossing

indications of location rather than definition  
God to the left or right, Love to the right or left  
IS located on your heart—the being, the becumings

make your heart the location of the Mississippi crossroads  
where God and love meet, interchange, and rearrange  
ropes moving, names altering, rooms changing

saints meeting other lineage lines  
First Creation wobbling in the middle  
Ouroborean wheels within wheels feasting

Remember we are feeling this, not knowing this  
locating, not defining  
feeling surrender to unnameable dynamics in between

the heart, hatched into a bridge  
the heart, metamorphosis of flying mind passover  
the heart, spawning the embodied crossings

love IS God  
IS, the drawbridge  
opening or closing

God IS love  
IS, the crossroads  
standing or moving

You not being God  
You not being love  
You being alive in between, that's all

No more going within  
Only moving toward the light  
Ecstatic sound movement, the circular revolution performed

In the middle of all the contraries  
Life is felt  
the force incredible and wonderful

Held by love boats and God spokes  
Built by every dynamic of spontay art  
Awakened by darts piercing targets not interfering

This is mezcal of the ALLmighty wind, fire, and wave  
making mezcal IS making a new reality  
this is the love construction of EE and e.e. wed together

Chop and remake every cutout that is dead  
meet the thicker love, says e.e.  
meet the vaster God, says EE

Celebrate the awkward poetic renderings  
that erase mindless knowing  
and plunge into the mysteries of reborn life

They say that falling in love is wonderful

They say that falling on your knees in prayer is wonderful  
In between is the unsaid felt wonder of being alive in all its glory!

### ***The “IS” is a Song and More Prescription Reindications***

On March 22<sup>nd</sup>, we posted a track from Brad about singing with the lark:

As we reported in *Spiritual Engineering*, several years ago Brad surprised himself by blurting out a specific request in prayer voiced in the middle of the night, “What mission do you wish Hillary and I to now pursue?”

He fell asleep and then dreamed that a voice responded with these words: “**Hunt hare.**” We were reminded that part of our mission is to track, hunt, and call out the trickster traps found lurking everywhere.

After thinking about the need for the unlearning that precedes higher learning, Brad asked another question in a second prayer voiced later that night. His question this time was, “What is the mystery Hillary and I are now serving?” After falling asleep again, he dreamed the same voice, this time responding with a loud and clear tone, “**The white lark of heaven.**”

The lark is one of the few birds known to sing when it flies. You carry a similar engineering: to make the flight from one side of the gate to another requires a song. Song is the master key to opening all gates and hearts in the mystery kingdom of divine eternal joy where rhythmic release and musical peace liberate us from the reign of trickster’s hare-brained knowing. **After the gate opens its door, the distilled mezcal will naturally pour.**

Let’s dive into ecstatic sound movement and open the gate to heaven – the Chapel of Extreme Love.

Then we posted the following teachings:

**Hunting hare:** pointing to where or how trickster has led us astray so it can be swept away. This job is never done. It even applies to what was pure and true yesterday – it soon will be hijacked by trickster, resulting in former reception becoming a deception.

**The white lark of heaven:** After the way is cleared you find the gate—there you find the lark with a song. Without a song you don’t get through.

*Where is this gate?* It is in the middle of every line owned by the saints. Between love and God is the lark. To move from the longing of love to communion with holiness requires passage through the gate. The ticket of admission is not confession. It is the lark's song. Similarly, the longing for love inspired by holiness takes you to the same gate where passage again is a song.

The location of the gate and the song is your heart. The IS is a song.

God ---- IS ----- Love

Love --- IS -----God

IS is the middle, the gate of passage where one side transforms into the other

God ---- Lark's Song at the Gate -- -- Love

Love ----Lark's song at the Gate -----God

At the gate, in the middle, your passage is a song from heaven. It gives you wings to fly to heaven or return back to earth, bringing a gift from heaven.

Trickster will do everything it can to lead you away from the road. It will redefine God, Love, gate, and song. Hunting hare is needed to clear away such interference. Then know that is only the beginning step. Going through the gate requires a song from the white lark of heaven rather than the juke box of trickster.

#### *Implications For Who You Are*

*You are:*

A middle

A gate

A crossroads

A heart in need of a song

A stick stuck in the mud, in need of a double flood released by God and Love

In other words, a thirsty soul in need of the concentrated drink that is a mix of magnetic love and electrical holiness—that's mezcal

In the middle is IS; you were born to become another bridge to heaven.

The lark waits with a song to awaken your life

First mop, then sing when given the ticket to the song and dance show

Feel earth and heaven pass through you, as you, the empty bowl is filled with concentrated love of the spirited kind.

You know longer need an identity—you've dissolved in eternity

*Prescription Modifications:*

The experiment we have been tinkering with is easily hijacked by a trickster hare (as are all experiments if instructions are not followed). Let us revisit it:

Write the *name* of God in one palm, and the *name* of love in the other palm.

Write "IS" over your heart.

Now speak this sentence out loud: *God is love. As you speak it, feel you are walking the line from one palm to the other palm.* In this *sentence-body walk* you pass through the middle which is the IS located on your heart.

Don't say the sentence the way you are accustomed to speaking. Feel the movement from one palm to another. Especially feel your heart as the middle passage—the middle between love and God. Move from God to love (God IS love) and then move from love to God (love IS God). Feel your heart as the IS, the middle. Words are now primarily locations rather than definitions. At the same time, they conjure (evoke) all kinds of emotion when spoken.

Now repeat the sentence-body walk and this time feel the heart location as the gate. IS is now a gate. Feel it in need of the lark showing up with a song.

Repeat the walk one more time, but this time stop at IS. Wait and ask for the lark to bring a song. Oh I bet you almost forgot, the lark did bring a song on Monday. “They Say that Falling Love is Wonderful.” Sing that verse. That one line will be fine. Don’t reduce it to “love is wonderful” or “they say” . . . Sing the whole line. When you sing it emphasize “falling” as what you feel in the middle. Your heart longs to *fall* in love. Here are some subliminal clues to help evoke what we are pointing to: *in the falling is the calling of the mezcalling*. Catch the feeling. No need to understand.

We assume you haven’t explored walking this sentence in both directions to feel the falling, rising’ and flying of the lark with a song.

Charles Henry is waiting for you in his laboratory. He loves studying this sentence-body walk and how IS is a gate in need of a song.

### ***Exorcism of the Virgin Mother***

Brad experienced dreams that continued throughout the night. He’d dream, awaken, fall back to sleep, and then the dream would continue where it left off before:

I was facing the Virgin Mother. She was clearly in need of prayer. I could see she had grown weary of how people prayed. No matter how often she had sent visionary instructions on how to pray, people did not follow instruction. They prayed the way they personally preferred and they prayed for what they desired. Whether they wanted physical or spiritual things, people prayed like they were ordering from a catalogue. She was sad and unsure what to do, for no matter how many visions she sent to her anointed dream catchers and teachers, no one listened to the messages sent from on high. They continued to do things their way. Old habits that perpetuated backfires and room shrinkage seemed unbreakable. In the dream I was looking at a broken-hearted mother.

I started to pray for her. I used the prayer I was given to use by my spiritual father, Archbishop Pompey—the Lord’s Prayer. I did not use any words to specify what I thought she needed. While I knew she needed a healing, I did not say “Heal her, Lord.” And though she needed a cleansing of her n/om nails, spirit, and soul, I did not verbally ask for it. I prayed the Lord’s Prayer as I strongly felt she needed divine intervention. I felt she needed the big doctor on high to cleanse, heal, and renew her. Again, this was felt rather than spoken.

Like Sister Gertrude Morgan, Bishop Mason, and my preacher grandfather, I prayed my prayer over and over with increasing emotional fervor. As my emotion rose, the prayer became more concentrated. Early on in the dreaming and praying,

I felt that a certain degree of prayer concentration enabled cleansing to begin. It then rained—a gentle rain that began washing away her accumulated sorrow, frustration, and disappointment. I could see a slight glimmer of hope begin to emerge from her face. I woke up.

Soon I was back in the dream and realized that a gentle cleansing was not enough. She needed a deeper removal of whatever had kept her caught and distraught over her spiritual children. I did not make this assessment via logical means. It entered my mind like the force of a hurricane. I heard a voice shout, “Mother needs an exorcism!” While shocked at the mention of that provocative word, given its horrific meaning to Christian history, I felt a truthful pointing to the need of the deepest possible cleaning and healing. This included removing the out of whack vibe of former priests who demonized women as witches, using it as a rationale for torture or later banning them from the priesthood. There was no demon within. The demon was on the outside interfering with her maternal help getting through to those in need of it. I prayed as hard as I could while feeling (and still not verbally specifying) what was needed.

I woke up and found Hillary wide awake. She said I had been rhythmically praying, shouting, and singing the loudest she had ever heard in my sleep, though my words were indecipherable. I replied, “I was exorcizing the Virgin Mother.” We laughed at the absurdity of that comment, but we remembered the dream arrived after praying for guidance before we went to sleep. We wanted to know what to present in the forthcoming online Spirit House meeting. My visionary prayer intervention with the Virgin Mary is what came down.

As I recalled the dream, I felt how the saints who are well known to the masses, such as the Virgin Mary, are in need of liberation from the impoverished confines of the religious institutions that house them. Saint Mary has been so wrapped in layers of textual interpretation and verbal extrapolation that she may not be easily seen, heard, or felt. What comes through is the church’s commentary rather than her numinous, radiant shine. As the night of dreams came to a close I felt there had been a clearing away of former conceptions that obfuscate and that we could now better reveal a reborn mystical illumination.

For pragmatic reasons we reject the notion of “exorcism” as it has been enacted by both the Roman Catholic Church and modern-day therapists who similarly demonize and remove a fantasized internal pathology, though they use other terms for their action. We rebuke the oversimplified notion that people become possessed by negative things or forces that must be extracted, whether conceived as a bad spirit or a mama and poppa trauma. In our dream the cleanup

was the garbage left on the outside, blocking her light being seen and dampening her song being heard.

As the dream showed, we can feel the need for a cleanup that is over our head to specify and purposefully will. Here spiritual street smarts help keep the diagnostic names at bay and the fantasy projections reined in, leaving us freer to step into the whirlwind brought by all ropes pulled by our many saints. Mother's cleaning, healing, and renewal can only be administered by higher hands. We assist by feeling the unsaid need for intervention as we call upon thy will being done. We stand with her in the middle of the prayer call and the felt need for the big room and its big doctor.

The Guild received a new name for this spiritual mother months ago—she is Mama Agave, the patron saint of mezcal production. Now we have further cleared away the gunk and junk that formerly covered her double rainbow diamond light and stilled her free-range ecstatic whirl. Now she radiates unobscured and is ready to begin her guidance anew. She has been made ready for you to hear, see, and feel. Clear away your former assumptions about Mamas and Dadas and meet Mama Agave in the light. She has something to say to you:

Feel the need for Thy will be done.  
Avoid praying the way of trickster—  
Extract “my way” and do it Thy way.

Do not specify any desired outcome with words.  
Only feel the need to pray.  
Use your two sets of prayer, one to God and one to Love.

As an experiment, pray for your dear Mama Agave.  
Feel my need for cleansing, healing, and renewal  
(but don't say it).  
Feel my need for guidance in how to convey instruction to you  
(but don't say it).

I have a prescription for you:  
Don't pray for other human beings.  
Pray for the saints of Sacred Ecstatics (and don't forget your Mamas  
and Dadas)

When the saints are cleansed, healed, and renewed,

they know how to help you and the other HBs.

Let the saints convey God's will.

Let the saints convey Love's whirl.

***Prescription: Praying for the Saints at the Crossroads***

During the March 25<sup>th</sup> Spirit House Meeting, we shared Brad's vision of the Virgin Mother. We also told the Guild about our trip to Jackson, Mississippi where we met Congressman Robert Johnson who told us a story:

Earlier this week we mentioned that we went to the crossroads again in Mississippi. On Monday night at a bar in Jackson, we met Robert Johnson. From the time he was a child many people mistook this Robert Johnson as the grandchild of the blues guitarist Robert Johnson, the man who first went to the Mississippi crossroads and made Blues history. Everyone expected the man we met to become a blues man. Instead, he became a social activist and is now a state congressman and House Democratic minority leader in Mississippi. Yet because of his long-term mistaken identity, he became a scholar of Robert Johnson, the blues legend. He met his grandson and other relatives. They told him what really happened to Johnson the godfather of the Mississippi Delta blues.

We found out that Robert Johnson started out as an average guitarist. He had no mojo. He left home and traveled around. He finally hit an existential bottom and came back to his Mississippi home in Hazelhurst. There he ran into Ike Zimmerman, a serious guitarist and local musical hero. Zimmerman took Johnson under his wing and bluntly told him the secret to mastering his instrument. He said this, "You need to practice, seriously practice, as in practicing all night." Ike said the best way to practice was to go to the cemetery at midnight every night. Then he didn't have to worry about disturbing his neighbors.

So that's what Robert Johnson did. Years later, he became the legendary Blues musician that we know today. Thusly the truth of the tale regarding his unearthly transformation is merely practice – and discovering that the devil of the blues is in the detail of the playing.

We also know, however, that in old times preachers also went to a cemetery or a swamp to pray. That's where they would receive their anointment. The nightly journeys of Johnson were not to meet the devil, but to come closer to the Creator and receive marching orders for his life mission.

Robert Johnson's grandson Steven, said, 'You know, grandpa was singing gospel.' Steven said, 'Listen to the words: I went down to the crossroads / I fell

down on my knees / I asked the Lord above for mercy / Save poor Bob, if you please,' and 'If I had possession over judgment day, I wouldn't have no right to pray.' The man was preaching.'"

Let's say that Robert Johnson did ecstatic sound movement in the mystical night in a place where people seek the Lord. He had to do his part—practice until he earned his chops. Then the Lord and the ancestral spirits poured some mezcal inside him to make sure his music conveyed more than skilled training.

The next day, we gave the Guild this prescription:

### **EXPERIMENTAL RECOMMENDATIONS FROM CHARLES HENRY**

Write "Love" on the wall of a room in your domicile and write "God" on the opposite wall (make sure the words are written at the height of your heart when you stand).

Once again, write those words on each palm. God in the right and Love in the left (and change it for the subsequent session)

In the center of the room, write "Crossroads" over the photo of a cemetery. Place it on the floor or ceiling.

Stand over or under the crossroads and start your prayers for the saints. Make sure your palms are aligned with the walls.

Pray for Mama Agave. Later you can pray for another saint, several saints, or all of them. Get started with Mama.

Say "I need Thee" while squeezing your God palm. Then immediately say "Love" while squeezing your Love palm.

Make the sentence blur the last two words together so it sounds like "I need **TheeLove.**"

Reverse the order of the prayers so it sounds like "I need **LoveThee.**" Again squeeze the palm to match Love and God.

Do the same for "Do it, LordLove" and Do it, LoveLord" with palms in action.

Do the same for “Just Be NiceLove” and “Just be LoveNice” with palms in action.

*Most importantly:*

Feel Mama Agave (and later, other saints) is facing you. You feel her sorrow. Do this praying for her. Feel that she needs divine intervention but don't say this out loud. Only say your prayer lines out loud.

Motivate Mama Agave (and the saints) to march through the steps of mezcal production!

Inspire God to radiate love in every direction!

Excite Love to serve mezcal to everyone!

You are at the crossroads, in the middle between Love and God

H.B.s in the middle, please

Feel the saints needing your prayer

Let the higher palms of the higher source and higher force pull, whirl, turn, and change whatever is needed

This is what we are doing in the laboratory. Please join us and we can have a pastry later.

### ***Linus Dreams of Serving the Meat***

Linus sent us two dream reports:

Dream One:

I arrived by train to a small town in Massachusetts with nothing but the clothes I was wearing. It felt like it was set in 1900-1910. There were no signs of modern technology—no cars, only horses and wagons and trains. I had been promised an apartment but when I got there the place was already occupied. It was the owner who had gotten back earlier than planned. He was not unfriendly but simply stated that he was back and that I could not live there. I took a walk to think over my situation. I had no money and didn't know what to do but felt content. I was alone but not lonely. I felt free from distractions and was ready to do good and just be nice. I suddenly remembered that Brad had an apartment in this town. I asked the

doorman of the house where the apartment was, if it by any chance was possible to stay at Brad's apartment. He said "Yes, of course, Brad offers shelter to people in need."

The dream shifted. I'm now in the kitchen of Brad's apartment. As a thank you for letting me stay, I started preparing the meat that I had brought with me. It was some semi-dried and salted lamb from my small farm in Sweden. There was a lot of fat on the meat. I wanted to cut away some of it when an inner voice said to me, "Don't cut away the fat. Leave it, it is where it is supposed to be." I fried it in a lot of lard. When it was finished, Brad arrived hungry and was delighted to see that I had prepared some meat for him. During the meal the spirit was high as Brad shared stories without speaking. He made gestures, noises, and incredibly theatrical faces. There was constant laughing. When we had finished the meal the back wall of the apartment became a swirl. Brad dived in and I followed. I then woke up.

#### Dream Two:

I went to visit an old friend who is also a mountain guide. He was busy teaching a group of young guide candidates when I arrived. I came unannounced, but even though he was busy he was very happy to see me. He took a pause from the class to get a chance to say hi and catch up. He then asked if I could take over the teaching. I asked what I should teach them. He asked if I could teach them how to prepare the meat and without waiting for my reply, he introduced me as the guest teacher. I had no idea what I was going to say. I had had no time to prepare anything. I faced a group of young hungry candidates who wanted to hear what I had to teach them. I took a pause to take in the absurdity of my situation and then I thought to myself, "Fuck it, let's talk about meat." As I talked, all the things I needed appeared in front of me. I spoke about cutting the meat, curing it, marinating it, spicing it, cooking it, drying it, and grilling it. To my surprise the students engaged with intense interest. My friend stood at the back of the room and seemed content.

After the class when we were alone, I saw that he was the Creator and had taken the form of my friend. He lifted a spear and drove it into my body. It felt like being pierced by pure love. He worked on me all night and he put a hook deep inside me. I was overwhelmed by a deep intense feeling of love.

#### *Our Commentary:*

Thank you, Linus, for arriving empty. Thank you, Linus, for not giving up when what you thought what would be waiting for you wasn't there. Thank you, Linus, for serving the meat when you could have chosen to not feed another. Thank you, Linus, for following the invitation to honor what was asked of you, even though you didn't feel ready. Thank you, Linus, for jumping into the swirl. Thank you, Linus for teaching what inspires the Creator to feel inspired to throw the spear and deliver the love into the delivered man.

### ***Stirrings from the Other Side***

The saints sent word that something big is on the way. Just when we thought we had hatched, a bigger egg was delivered. Some things are hatching for sure, but more is trying to come through. Deliver the man. Deliver the woman. Come on through! Deliver the inspiration and excitation of the saints. Send them through! Deliver the motivation of Mama Agave. Send mezcal through.

As you know we've been trying to erase the psychological self that interferes with catching the luminous, numinous mezcal of the Creator's Extreme Love. We used the word "IS" to move the location of spiritual reception to a middle meeting place—the center heart where the whirling is heard and felt as the body wobbles with aligned spontay. In that middle crossroads, all static names, ego games, and observation frames drop and something rare in the air is felt in a reality melt.

In the spinning whirling and shaking wobbling everything seems over our head. Whatever we thought we knew about God and Love is shaken and made topsy turvy in this movement wavy. Love and God pass through this middle and never stop long enough for us to capture, claim, tame, and cage them.

Let's now further distill this progression of chopping and sweeping of whatever we think we are. Go ahead and drop the "IS" and consider your identity as a middle gate. Let us pause to review: no longer act as if you are a psychological entity. Chop chop the psyche away. It's a trickster invention, not a notion born of immaculate conception. Exorcise the self and all that is within. Next, move away from that awkward sounding "IS." Exorcise the IS and while you are at it, exorcise the "IS NOT." What are you now? What's left of you?

You are becoming an empty temple gate. Osumi Sensei offered us this image<sup>46</sup> so that you can drop every name of what you or others claim you are. No more labels, no more fables. At the mystical roundtable you are the empty space inside the open gate. There you feel the indefinable whirling, swirling, turning, changing, creating, and recreating. You are the crossroads tuning your instrument and practicing your chop chops.

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<sup>46</sup> See "Back and Forth Through the Gate" in *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy*

Drop the definitions and head to the crossroads location. There you find the gate to First Creation. And *how* do we drop the psyche and become the gate? By enacting the three practices of Sacred Ecstasics.

Love is not a thing that stops to settle in the middle whirl—it is a force passing through. God is also not a concrete statue in the middle whirl—God is the wind, fire, and rain that passes through.

Don't understand or stand when you can bow before this WOW. Feel the meeting of force and source as a whirling nice that melts the ice, with no need for either dervish or being standoffish. Time to be an exuberant flipping fish rather than a dead mackerel. Fin on, friend of ecstasy sea!

Now let's climb the ladder: At the lowest level where solidity reins you experience yourself as a psychological, material-like self. That's what we affectionately call the shitass or H.B. At the next level you are less—you drop the self and become the experiential, existential IS located in between God and love. That's the movement to the wobbling location. The next step up the ladder has you dropping all names to become a gate. In this empty middle, Love and God pass through. In this ultimate distillation, we become mezcal, that's all.

In this climb we find that becoming less results in experiencing more of the Love and God duo pulling each other through.

Sojoprings! Excelsior Springs! Gloria in Excelsior Deo!

Sorry, we just fell into the whirlwind and don't know what we are saying. What are we offering you to catch? It is this: We are applying mezcal production to who you are. Chop, cook, mash, ferment, and distill each sense of what and where you are.

No saint will ever tell you that the higher rope climb is easy. That's a trickster fantasy where self believes it can produce a simple trance and pretend it's in the Kalahari dance. Trickster can make believe all it wants, but the fire in the bones will then be missing, that is, missing the sacred ecstasy whirling between the duo pulling of Love and God.

Ladder rung one: meet you, the shitass, HB, or psycho self. Rung two: meet the IS of you, a location and higher distillation than identification by psychological definition. Rung three: meet the nameless gate, an even higher distillation that is moving toward sanctification.

In other words, we are chopping, cooking, and distilling your horseshoe to better enable it to walk through the everyday shit of being alive.

Implication: the emptier your temple, the more that Love and God may meet and reveal the force and source of creation. Stop here unless you desire more whirl. You've been warned.

Here's the next pour that may knock you to the floor and wake you from the dead: Love and God are odd ends of a line, are they not? Ultimately, the Creator is the source of creation and thus is beyond all naming, framing, defining, and knowing. The latter arise from the H.B. need to

communicate through language, creating endless hare hunts with debated definitions, often leading to terrorism, imperialism, and war. The invention of the name of God, Go-note, G-d, Go, -od, or - - -, marked the creation of Second Creation.

To bring the source of life back to your experiential life requires changing its name, decomposing, and recomposing its definition . . . in a room and location that hosts the rearrangement of reality.

In other words, to meet the Creator you require a dip into the whirling of First Creation. That's another meeting at the crossroads. Meet the changing, the changing God of the changing Creation. One the other side of the mainline, there is LOVE. Unlike the changing God side, LOVE never changes. It is love forever. They say falling in love is wonderful! Falling and springing. Sojo and pringing. Mojo ringing.

The two ends of the GOD—LOVE mainline rope: something only felt, but not necessarily felt when only spoken. Only felt when moving to the song that is calling you to respond with movement in the middle whirling. Changing God on one side and Everlasting Divine Extreme Supreme Love on the other side. If the name of the utmost source remains unchanged, it becomes dead as. So does the mackerel who is defining it. The bearer of names and frames of knowing must meet everlasting love at the crossroads. There, in the Spirit House Meeting place, the Creator, the saints, and every shitass who shows up to party meet the source and force of higher change.

Let's drink to this hatch-and-catch in motion! Mezcal, that's the "all" in fALLing in Love. We've only just re-begun . . .

***Prescription: Charles Henry's Instructions for Reading an Essay (the Zig Zag)***

After posting the above essay, we offered the following instructions:

**MESSAGE FROM CHARLES HENRY:**

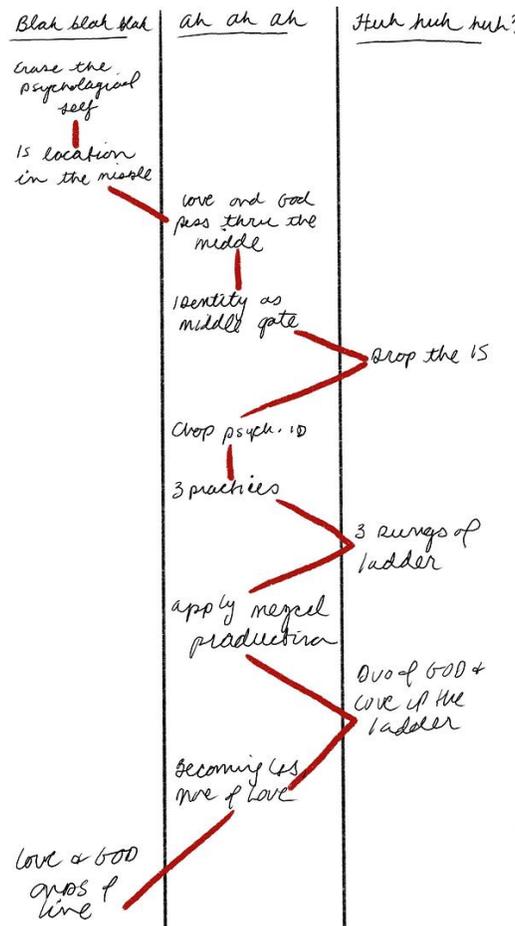
*Make three columns:*

\*The first column is for pasting cutouts (concepts, phrases) from the above lagniappe essay that feel like they bring clarification (decide after reading it carefully, rather than a quick flyover). This is the blah, blah, blah column for "I know more now."

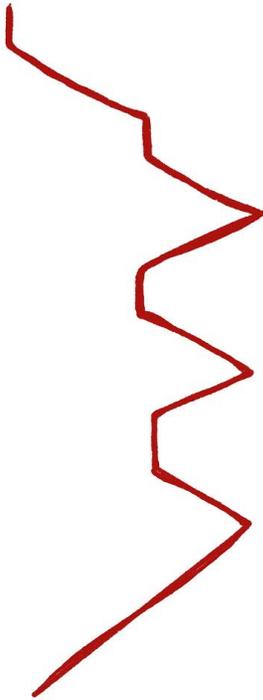
\*The second column is for pasting cutouts that feel in the middle, pregnant but almost ready to be hatched and moved to the better clarification column. This is the ah, ah, ah column for "I am feeling the growing of my knowledge."

\*The third column is for pasting cutouts that feel more whirly and fit less into the other two columns. This is the huh, huh, huh column for “What is this talking about?”

Read the essay again, and sort the cutouts (concepts or phrases) you come across into the three columns as defined above. At the end of this experiment, on your piece of paper with the three columns, you can draw a line connecting the cutouts you extracted as it moves from the start to the end of the essay. You will end up with a paper that looks something like this (no need to use a red pen, use any color or no color):



Consider that pattern important information. Now draw it on a clean piece of paper and place it under your pillow. The example above looks like the start of a zig zag, like this:



Several times a day and at bedtime, read the last two columns. Skip the blah, blah, blah column. That only feeds your knowing and is missing the higher feelings. As you read the ah, ah, ah and huh, huh, huh columns, allow yourself to feel them reverse: the *huh* becomes an *ah*, and the *ah* becomes a whirl that starts to hum.

Just be nice as you experimentally do it with excitement, because pastry is waiting. Sister Gertrude tried it, and she experienced her holy bread rise like a saint's levitation!

### ***All Living Things Are Beautiful: Owen's Dream***

On April 1<sup>st</sup>, Owen sent us a dream report:

Dear Bread and Hillary, (I shall leave that typo),

Last night after listening to the track I felt uncertain as to how I might change the work I am doing. This is the dream that followed. Someone was playing gospel music from artists few people had heard of. I found myself in front of a small clapboard church. A small group of black women dressed in 19<sup>th</sup> century frocks

and bonnets were standing in front of the church looking at me. They seemed both amused and excited. One said, "He likes this," referring to the music. Another said, "Play him some more." I was now listening to music from the "B" side of these records (all vinyl). The piano was exquisite. "Look at his face," said another, "he looks like he is in heaven." My face was beginning to distort as I listened; the music and lyrics filled me with joy. The one line repeating again and again was, "All living things are beautiful."

The names of the albums I was listening to were painted on the front of the church. The only one I remember was called, *theotherside*. A black woman in a black bonnet came up to me and put the palm of her hand on my heart. I woke up with a pain in my chest and in my right hip, and then fell back to sleep. More songs came. Now the dream scene shifted and Brad was taking me to various houses until we came to a big white house with crisp straight lines. Brad told me that this is where he and Hillary now lived. I was wondering how we would get in when two large doors were blown open by a tremendous force that came from inside the house.

### ***A Gift of Four Boxes***

Brad dreamed we were sitting at a dining table located in an airport food court:

We noticed an older couple at a table next to us. The woman stood up and came over to us with a large basket filled with some homemade treats. Each one was wrapped so we couldn't tell what it was. She left the whole basket at our table and walked away. We took one from the top center of the pile and immediately felt we should return the basket. When I brought it back over to their table, the woman's husband asked, "Where are you from?" I started to respond but could not recall where we lived. After a few seconds passed, I spontaneously blurted, "Hillary grew up near Detroit and I grew up near Kansas City, Missouri." I tried to remember our present address but a lot of places flashed in my mind—places we had lived before and other places we considered moving to. Then I remembered and replied, "We now live in New Orleans."

The man reached for a large bag that was on the floor next to him. He pulled out a box and explained, "I used to be in the business of making these things. Please take one as a gift." I could see it would hurt his feelings if I declined, so I accepted graciously. When I brought the item back to Hillary both of us wanted to open the box. The box was wrapped in plain paper. I could tell it wasn't for aesthetic purposes but instead kept anyone from seeing what was inside except

for the person to whom the gift was given. We quickly and enthusiastically opened it to find four smaller rectangular objects of the same size, all wrapped in paper like the large box.

We unwrapped one of the items, and the moment the paper was removed the rectangular object made a sound. It sounded like a pig on a farm. There may have been other farm animal sounds, but the pig tone was the most noticeable. I immediately thought of Arkansas, a place we once considering living. It's a state famous for its razorback pigs—that's the state university mascot. We did not remember in the dream that New Orleans is also famous for its many pork dishes served in its fine dining establishments. Later we would remember that Hungary loves tasty pork dishes as well, and its imagination is alive with children (and adult) stories about wild boars that are often seen running through neighborhoods at night.

We proceeded to unwrap another object. It, too, emitted sounds. Rather than animal sounds, it produced the sounds of a city. We realized that these two objects made sounds when you moved them, like a children's toy I enjoyed as a child. We also recognized that we were only listening to them and had forgotten to look at what the objects were. It was not easy to focus on them—they looked like both a rectangular house and a train, alternating between location and transportation. We turned to stare at the other two unopened items and wondered whether we should unwrap them also. We were curious whether they had sounds associated with locales we were not familiar with. We stared at them and then I woke up.

After awakening, we realized that every place on earth has a sound. Most of the time, people look but don't hear. In the dream we heard but did not look. But then after looking at and catching the feeling for those gifts, our vision was blurry—we were in the visual whirl where multiple possibilities existed at the same time. And finally, while two of the objects produced familiar sounds, another pair remained unopened, ready to surprise us when the moment is right. Will those objects also look like a cross between a house and a train? It remains a mystery.

When is the right moment to open what may be unfamiliar? Only the Creator knows, and guidance is only revealed through spontay action that removes the wrapping. That's all that can be said and shown about this auditory-visionary teaching. At an airport on a First Creation table on the other side, there is a large gift box with four other gifts inside. First, eat the holy treat. Then open two gifts that are familiar in sound, but confusing to the eye. Next, wonder about the other two gifts. After this, wake up!

### ***Popping Corn and Ricing the Holy Spirit: A Dream from Our Neighbor***

On April 5<sup>th</sup>, we received the following dream from our neighbor who also owns the bar next door where we have spent many celebratory nights with the Guild:

I had a dream last night that you and Brad were performing a new mystic ritual, and I saw the story on the news, so I went over to talk to you about it.

Basically, you would put someone in a giant cast-iron frying pan with a bunch of popcorn seeds, and they would stand there until all the popcorn pops around them. The popcorn was life-sized.

When I went over to talk to you about it, you mentioned that it was like the fire, “Walkers of southern Canada.” (I’m pretty sure that isn’t a real thing) and that it was a purification process. You said it was “getting riced by the Holy Spirit.”

When I asked why it was called rice when it was popcorn, you both just looked at me sadly and said, “That’s why you will never be chosen to walk the path.”

It was all very confusing, but I definitely woke up disappointed in myself this morning (kidding!)

We responded:

This is amazing! First, we do talk about our work as throwing people in a frying pan, and are always making metaphorical references to corn, popcorn, and “softening the rice.” Rice, in the world of Sacred Ecstatics, is our playful reference to the Japanese healing tradition, seiki jutsu, that we inherited from one of the foremost healers in Japan during the 20th century.

Regarding our response to your question in the dream: In the Lakota tradition, into which Brad was also initiated, some medicine men are called to be “heyoka,” which is someone who does things in an upside down or backwards way, but for holy purposes. In the dream when you asked why we called it “getting riced” when we were clearly using popcorn, our response should be taken as its opposite: your dream and your question are instead a sign that you are welcome to walk the frying pan path.

The reference to “Walkers of southern Canada” made Hillary think of Canadian Club Whiskey, started by Hiram Walker and Sons in Windsor, Ontario (in southern Canada). Hillary used to drive by the distillery often as a kid because her mother

kept her Windsor, Ontario hairdresser for many years even though they lived in Michigan. Whiskey is also a common spiritual metaphor in Sacred Ecstasies.

Clearly the dream ropes have crossed the street and lassoed you into the mystical corral! Congratulations!

### ***You Are What You Practice: A Verse***

After one week of praying for the saints at the crossroads, we posted the following verse:

Being a mezcals receiver requires ecstatic sound movement.

In other words, being a receiver requires practice.

Better to practice like it is not practice--make it a live performance, with an emphasis on "live"

If you make excuses for not conducting ecstatic sound movement, then realize you are most likely practicing statics and are a well-rehearsed dead mackerel

You are what you practice

You enact (perform) what you rehearse, including rehearsing you are in a rehearsal

There is no escaping practice, dress rehearsal, and performance

There is no escaping the crossroads: one road leads to ecstasies, the other to statics

You're free to bend the rope -- bend and pretend, that's popular cognition

Sacred emotion receiver or trickster deceiver? Highway or maya way?

Why not take yourself out for a spin and win another way of living

Learn to make the little spark that gets you out of the dark

Lights, music, curtain, on with the show!

### ***Prescription: Spinning the Wheel of Saints to Create a Relational Pair***

During the April 8<sup>th</sup> Spirit House Meeting, we introduced the following teaching and prescription:

The Sacred Ecstatics Wheel of Saints is truly a wonderful tool. It's a wonder working wheel. Thank you, Charles Henry for this special gift!

Let's remember that none of the Sacred Ecstatics saints were personally chosen by us. Our conscious preferences were not a part of the process of saint selection. Each saint arrived in a visionary dream (or sometimes in relationship to a dream). We are as surprised as anyone regarding who comes through with a teaching. And we can never predict who will show up next.

The wheel provides you with the same experience. When you spin the wheel, your conscious preferences do not influence a saint's selection. You never know who will show up in your room. Every saint that arrives brings excitement because they came to the Guild by mystical means—by this we mean old fashioned clean reception following prayer, ecstatic sound movement, and following lineage instruction.

Every time we spin the wheel, it feels like having an unexpected visitation in the night. We then remind ourselves of the teaching the saint formerly brought.

Sometimes we forget what they taught and have to look it up in our visionary reports. One of the big gifts of this wheel is revisiting those visionary reports! At the same time, as Esther reported yesterday – even the arrival of an unfamiliar name is enough to help us feel the mystery circulating.

When the wheel of saints spins in front of you, regard that spin as the whirling, middle empty gate to the other side where a saint passes through. Experience the saint's arrival as if you're receiving a visionary dream – it brings back the teaching from the other side. Since these saints and visions come from First Creation, their teaching is newly reborn for you in the moment when it arrives. Relate to it as such. The teaching is not the same as it was before. You are not the same as you were before, because something has changed. Both you and the Guild have gone through many rounds of mezcal production.

We have some news. Charles Henry has been talking with some of the other saints about the importance of your everyday relations. These include your family relations, relations with workers, friends, and neighbors, relations with guild members, and relations with saints.

When you say relations with saints do you mean our relations with the saints or the saints relations with one another? Both. Thank you for asking. One thing we

have learned is that the saints also have to learn to get along resourcefully with one another on the other side. Just think of all the different saints who are now being asked to whirl in the middle of the wheel together!

Sister Gertrude Morgan must be having quite a learning experience with Mother Catherine Seals and the mamas who are more lenient with trickster. But I bet Sister Gertrude couldn't help but get excited when the Kalahari grannies filled her with power, Lord, power! Since they don't speak the same language, trickster names can't stop the holy spirit arrows from flying!

Some saints get along quite naturally. We found Beethoven and Mulgrew Miller getting along very nicely. However, they fuss and cuss when they discuss Pythagoras.

Most of the time they are true blue musical buddies, a sweet blend of Viennese pastry and Mississippi wedding cake. They mostly communicate through the piano.

Back to our spinning wheel news. Charles Henry and a group of specialized saints are recommending a new way to use your wheel. Here are their new instructions: Spin a saint as before. Then immediately afterwards, spin again to catch a second saint. Now consider both these saints present with you at the same time. That's right: now you will use the wheel to reel in a pair of saints.

This means you are facing a relationship. And like all relationships, each pair of saints shares similarities and differences. At their best, they nicely complement one another. Yet, they too, sometimes irritate rather than excite one another—their differences may sometimes turn into a struggle.

This week after the wheel has given you a pair of saints, we want you to enjoy feeling pulled by their similarities and their contraries! Stand in the middle wobble of creation and celebrate that never before in religious history has such a diverse pantheon of lineages and characters been invited to dance together on the wheel of creation! And now you are meeting their relational pairings!

A few days later, we added the following twist to the prescription:

Today you will envision this pair of saints falling in saintly love. As they fall, so will you. Fall into their love. **Do this every day this week through Friday.** You will end up with five pairs of saints falling in love, and you along with them. Do it for love!

Don't forget to envision and feel the tension between your two saints who are falling in love.

*Without both the frustration and the jubilation of difference, love is not real.* Constant feel-good sap is a passing trickster sentiment with no possibility for zap, a mirage that is short lived. The everlasting vibration of mezcal love alternates between frustration and jubilation to generate higher electricity. Not too much and not too little of both sides now.

Said differently, remember that the *just be nice* that melts the ice is found in the middle between both sides of Sister Gertrude's megaphone: shouting power and musical joy. When they alternate and each feeds the other, you wake up the dead with the good vibration of LOVE. The wheel turns: Correction leads to the changing that leads to the everpealing love celebration that leads to hunger for more correction, changing, celebration . . . the dynamic duo's pulling becomes spinning the circle of LOVE.

Between the frustration call for correction and the jubilation response of celebration (the call for change and the response of changing): the pulse of sacred vibration is felt, is conveyed, is radiated, IS. To melt the ice, welcome the tension between both sides pulling. *Just be nice* is born from a wheel in the middle whirlwind, the circle pulled by contrarian saints, megaphones, and the two sides of Creator, every part falling in LOVE. Feel it.

Now return to the pair of saints the wheel chose for you. Experience them as call and response, frustration and jubilation, correction and celebration, rising and falling, all falling in love. This is the living saintly LOVE with a changing two-sided megaphone and a double-sided Creator.

In between LOVE and God, the difference that makes a difference is ready to spark newborn life. Zap, no more trickster sap. The spout of love floods every pout and inspires a shout. The instruments of Creation sing and dance in ecstatic sound movement.

Feel it.

Mezcal, that's all.

The absence of conflict is not love.

The absence of trickster is not Creator.

The absence of horseshit is not 2040.

The absence of difference is a dead mackerel.

Transforming difference into a difference that makes a circular wheel difference: the art of living the loving and loving the living. Transforming life and love into alternating electricity: the mystery over our head in need of Thee. In other words, mezcal production: all the steps are required (and equally desired) to drink a glass of love.

### ***Hearing Sister Gertrude Morgan's Voice***

The night before Sister Gertrude Morgan's birthday on April 7<sup>th</sup>, she had a dream:

Brad and I arrived by car to some kind of headquarters in a city I didn't recognize. After parking, we went inside an office building that was bustling with activity. People in suits were rushing around as if preparing for a conference or big event. Brad and I were there to conduct further research on Sister Gertrude Morgan. A man in a suit greeted us hastily and said he would take us where we needed to go. As we walked quickly down the hallway toward the exit of the building, he took out his mobile phone and made a phone call. I soon realized that he was talking to Sister Gertrude Morgan. He stopped walking and I stood there listening, stunned that Sister Gertrude Morgan was still alive. In disbelief, I tuned my ears to their conversation. I could hear her voice on the other end of the line, clear as day. It sounded deep, warm, and loud. I was so excited I almost burst—it was extraordinary to hear her voice live!

She was talking very quickly to the man in a stream of religious teachings and Bible quotes, much like she wrote her letters. The man noticed the surprised and anticipatory look on my face and said, "Would you like to speak with her?" I was so thrilled that I was beside myself. Then suddenly another worker walked by the man to grab his attention about some other important matter. Sister Gertrude was still talking on the line, but in his distraction, he forgot that he was going to hand me the phone and instead ended the call. I was a bit disappointed, but mostly I was still filled with exhilarating joy at having heard Sister's voice on the phone line.

### ***Easter Gifts Arrive from Sister Gertrude Morgan and Osumi Sensei***

Brad dreamed that Sister Gertrude Morgan was downstairs in our living room where we conduct Spirit House Meetings:

In the dream Hillary and I got up in the morning and went downstairs to find Sister Gertrude had left us a gift. It was sitting on the floor near our broadcast equipment. Looking straight down at it from above, it looked like a rectangular object. When we picked it up, however, we discovered it was a midcentury style rectangular lampshade that covered a desk light. We plugged in the lamp and saw more clearly that the shade was covered with many tiny illustrations she had painted, all arranged in neat lines that went around the circumference of the shade. There were multiple rows of these illustrations, all painted in the same bright orange, green, white, black, and blue colors she used in her painted paper megaphone that we also have sitting near our broadcast area. We soon realized that every tiny illustration on the lampshade was either a depiction of the whole megaphone from various angles, or a partial scene from the megaphone.

As we looked at the shade from every direction, its rectangular shape struck us as unusual. We then remembered a recent dream about meeting a couple at an airport—they gave us a gift box that had four rectangular gifts inside it. In that dream we only opened two gifts but the other two gifts remained a mystery. In this moment of remembrance, the lamp seemed to shine brighter. It dawned on us that the rectangular lampshade was the third gift from that earlier dream.

Sister Gertrude Morgan delivered the third gift on Easter. She had recreated every visual angle of perception from her painted megaphone to reconstruct it as part of a special rectangular lampshade. We were flooded with emotion as we realized that she was shining her light on the resurrected mystical Jesus, who on this day rose as a mystical light that shines love into the hearts of all those ready to receive higher art and art. Sister Gertrude Morgan, her art, and her luminous Dada Jesus arrived as our Easter morning gift. It felt like an egg cracking open to deliver newborn life.

I woke up with joy and went over the dream several times in my mind to make sure I remembered everything clearly. Falling asleep again, a second dream arrived. This time we were in Tokyo inside the home of Osumi Sensei. We walked through every room of her house as she closely watched how we observed each room. A few rooms were perfectly arranged with no sign of anything out of place. However, some rooms had useful, everyday items stacked in a corner or on top of a chest—they were waiting to be stored away but had been left out for practical reasons. Each time we noticed this kind of functional rather than aesthetic placement, Sensei would say, “tactical practical theatrical.” It puzzled us and we were uncertain what she meant. We felt like we were walking inside a puzzle.

The whole house, each room, the differences between perfect order, partial order, and disorder were always met with her saying, “tactical practical

theatrical.” We went through the rooms again. This time we noticed something we had missed before. It was a rectangular wood puzzle made of six or nine irregular pieces, depending on how we looked at it. It was sitting on the floor near her altar. Osumi Sensei immediately smiled and clapped her hands. We had found the final gift given in the former dream of the couple at the airport—it was a rectangular puzzle hidden in the house of Osumi Sensei.

We don’t know what the puzzle means. It remains a mystery. We wonder whether our two sets of three prayer lines comprise the six pieces of the puzzle. Would the other three pieces include the blended prayer lines that include “LoveThee” and “TheeLove,” or simply the words “God Is Love?” Is the puzzle a riddle referring to the wobble between 6 and 9 which look like the same number but flipped upside down? Are there six unchanging prayer lines with three changing terms, sometimes syntactically ordered and at other times disordered? Are we in the House of 9 again, referring to a dream about Mother Catherine Seals that we reported in *Climbing the Rope to God, Volume II*? Were there six or nine rooms in Osumi’s house? There were six rooms Brad was very familiar with and three he did not go into. Was it really six and not nine rooms and his memory is fuzzy? In the dream, the puzzle gift seemed like it had nine pieces at first, and then later Brad wondered if it had six. Did Osumi Sensei intentionally evoke this confusion to spark some kind of change? Or was it simply another round of “tactical practical theatrical?” We will always wonder about her gift and feel uncertain about what we can ever really know about mystery.

The gift from Osumi Sensei also arrived on Easter morning. As children, we were always very excited to get an Easter basket filled with candy eggs and some small toys. That would be the perfect occasion to receive a puzzle. Perhaps one of us did get a wooden puzzle from the Easter Bunny but can’t remember it today. However, we are clear that the two sides of Easter, one a celebration of the risen mystical embodiment of holy light and the other a mysterious pagan festival, were in the Spirit House today. Enjoy the duo of Sister Gertrude Morgan and Osumi Sensei, today’s odd couple of saints who arrived without our even spinning the wheel of saints. Say both Amen and Amenvoot, somebody! We have been gifted by two of our most beloved saints.

### ***Jerry Lettvin’s Classroom***

After being reminded of a scientific paper that inspired Brad to pursue neurobiology as an undergraduate (“What the Frog’s Eye Tells the Frog’s Brain”), he fondly remembered the main author who was one of his favorite teachers at M.I.T., Jerry Lettvin. After revisiting that paper, we watched a video lecture of Lettvin online. Spellbound, Brad felt he was again in the classroom with his professor. He felt so excited that he wondered if he was dreaming. Both tears and shouts

of joy spontaneously arose as he was deeply moved by this wild, passionate, and disciplined man who was Brad's early mentor. He was so deeply immersed in the lecture that we both thought it likely that Lettvin might show up in a spiritual classroom that night. What happened was more surprising:

I dreamed Hillary and I were at a special kind of place that had been built for the study of the neurobiological and sensory dynamics involved in spiritual experience. It was an exaggerated version of our earlier imagined room constructed for the "multi-sensory bath" of Charles Henry. Instead of a small lab, it was a large auditorium with a waiting room that was packed with hundreds of people. We were not surprised at the turnout because the promise of technologically enhanced, instant mystical experience will always draw a crowd.

We showed up to the venue with Dezsoe, Bruno, and Agnes. Dezsoe had managed to get us tickets, and it appeared we were the last people to go through the entrance that evening. We waited a long time on benches resembling a train station waiting area. Finally, someone came to say it was our turn to go in. The situation already felt off to me, sort of like a Disney-manufactured experience, and I was reluctant to move ahead. We were taken to a locker room where each of us had an assigned locker. On the top shelf were some eye goggles, electrodes, spare parts, and some kind of conductive solution for attaching the electrodes to the skin. I was the only person in the locker room to collect all those things in a bag, not wanting to leave anything behind. Though we were instructed to leave our personal items in the locker, I did not do so because I had important papers in my briefcase.

I carried everything with me as we followed the guide who was taking us to the main room where the experience would take place. Upon entry I was intrigued at the amount of technology in the room. I sat my briefcase and bag of lab equipment down to take a closer look. Soon we were directed to our seats. I then realized I had walked away from my bags, leaving the papers and objects behind. I lamented that they'd likely be lost and never found again.

A tall black man walked in front of our group. He was perhaps the tallest human being I'd ever seen. His speech was memorized and delivered like sales patter, confirming our impression that this whole event was showcasing another marketplace gimmick. He next mentioned there were seven levels to "the treatment" and that he was particularly fond of the sixth level. I wanted to walk out of the place, convinced it was not something that would feel real to me. Out of respect for Dezsoe, who had procured the tickets, Hillary and I decided to stay for one treatment. After that I was sure Dezsoe would also feel that staying longer

was a waste of time, then we'd all go have a laugh together at the absurdity of it all.

We were handed some kind of technical device with electrodes and probes. In that moment, I recognized that Jerry Lettvin was behind this whole setup. The items in my bag and the electrodes were familiar—they were from his laboratory where he probed the neurons of frogs and octopuses. I laughed, realizing he had arranged a situation to show us that the technological manipulation of neurobiological and sensory dynamics will never achieve either an authentic aesthetic or ecstatic event capable of transforming a life. This teaching echoed how he told Timothy Leary that his psychedelic experiments were total bullshit, a debate that made history at M.I.T. and on public television. Triggering a physiological response via chemical, electrical, or technical means alone leaves something vitally whole and holy missing.

Hillary and I remembered in the dream how our experiments with setting up a haptic arrangement with specially designed audio recordings (a technical setup inspired by Charles Henry) turned out to not be as reliably effective as we fantasized.<sup>47</sup> While technology could sometimes (but not always) enhance the evocation of ecstatic experience, it could never replace the natural evocative triggers produced by a spiritually cooked human being, or what we call an anointed conductor of sacred ecstasy. The most important contribution of our lab work was how it helped us envision future technological improvements that could overcome the technical shortcomings of the equipment presently available. Yet it remained clear, if not clearer, that a cooked human being had to be in the loop. A little bit of laboratory tinkering helped ignite future imagined experimentation, and in that other world we found resourceful modifications for how we could better evoke higher ecstatic burning in the present with no need for technological gadgetry.<sup>48</sup>

The next morning, I pondered how the lecture from Jerry Lettvin we had listened to before the dream had been about a genius, Manuel Cerrillo, whose work resonated with the research interests of Charles Henry. Cerrillo discovered many extraordinary things about aesthetics at M.I.T. but rarely published any of it. He was forgotten by other scholars because his most fascinating work on

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<sup>47</sup> These haptic arrangements included devices worn on the body that vibrate in response to sound. When a strong bass note is played in a musical arrangement, for example, it sends blast of vibration into the device worn on the body, creating a coupling of physically felt vibration and sound.

<sup>48</sup> Brad's earlier dream of being admitted to the university to study Charles Henry (see *Climbing volume 1*) led to our experiments and ruminations in reverse engineering sacred ecstatic experience. This work produced our book, *The Spiritual Engineering of Sacred Ecstasy* (2018), continued with our tinkering with haptic arrangements, and continues to this day in our experiments with ecstatic sound movement and the audio tracks that accompany it.

aesthetics was largely incomprehensible and too complex to be usefully replicated or practically applied by anyone but the man himself.

After the dream, we decided to read more about Lettvin. The first thing we found online was an interview with computer scientist, Danny Hillis, discussing his first meeting with Lettvin as a student at M.I.T. Lettvin and his wife, Maggie, for several years served as dormitory “house masters” who lived in the same building as the students. One night, Lettvin gathered the new students and asked them to name their favorite subject. He then explained to each of them how the discipline they chose was bullshit and why they should become interested in something else. When it came to this young man’s turn, he said he was interested in neurobiology. Lettvin shouted back, “That crock of shit? I challenge you to tell me one good paper that has ever been written in that field.” The young undergraduate named Lettvin’s paper, “What the Frog’s Eye Tells the Frog’s Brain,” which Hillis had just read. The student wasn’t aware that he was now speaking to the author himself.

Lettvin began to ask the young man many questions about the paper, which Hillis was delighted to show he could answer. Then Lettvin proceeded to completely tear the paper apart and question every method and conclusion of its authors. By the time he was done, Lettvin had made the paper seem like total nonsense. Once he had thoroughly deconstructed it, he asked the student, “Now you see that the researchers must have either been dishonest or stupid, right?” The young man agreed, and Lettvin said, “Thank you, that’s all I wanted to hear you say.” Only after the encounter did Hillis find out from the other students that he had been talking to Lettvin himself. Later, he chose not to become a neurobiologist. Lettvin told him to study computers. He did and became one of the leading computer scientists.<sup>49</sup>

That story is like Brad’s dream: Lettvin staged the giant auditorium presentation to further tear apart an earlier fantasy of ours—creating a multi-sensory technical setup for evoking ecstatic experience. Lettvin built such a place for us in another reality so we could experience it being horseshit. Yet, the dream also confirmed what we found earlier—both thinking about and conducting the experiment can advance the artistry, technique, and science of the experimenter and subject studied. Furthermore, carefully imagining subsequent experiments is often enough, and sometimes better. This allows you to further refine your thinking and your imagination without being encumbered by the present limitations of technology.

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<sup>49</sup> <https://www.webofstories.com/play/danny.hillis/73;jsessionid=86F951538093576228BEC84E703B76A0>

We remembered that Lettvin had closed his stirring video lecture (the one we watched the night before the dream) by adding that it doesn't matter that the genius he honored in his talk, Manuel Cerrillo, did not leave detailed records of all his experiments and findings. What Lettvin recalled from his research is all we need to know in order to learn from it. In that moment, I remembered sitting in Lettvin's classroom as an undergraduate. He would mention from time to time his most important experiments. They were usually something that sounded like science fiction. We believed what he said because other students and famous faculty had witnessed them. However, Lettvin never published those experiments. It was enough to hear about them.

This is also true about a towering genius no one remembers much about, whether it's Charles Henry or the mysterious Mexican professor, Manuel Cerrillo. A question shot into mind like a lightning bolt: was that mysterious polymath experimenter from Mexico an invention? Was it Lettvin himself? Immediately, I heard Lettvin whisper in my ear through the eye of a frog and amidst the dots of Seurat inspired by Charles Henry, "It doesn't matter who it was."

But Manuel Cerrillo did exist, and some of the incredible experiments he conducted on sensory perception were mentioned by Lettvin in *The New York Times* when scientists gathered to hold a eulogy for Building 20, the campus building that housed Lettvin and his colleagues' laboratories. The rickety old building, also known as the "Plywood Palace," was where some of the greatest science in history was conducted. It was torn down before it collapsed to make room for a modern building that Lettvin complained about because the windows wouldn't open. Brad remembers Building 20. His advisor was there. That building was known as the soul of M.I.T. Lettvin stated, "You might regard it as the womb of the Institute. It is kind of messy, but by God it is procreative!"<sup>50</sup> Today we enjoy feeling that Charles Henry must have made more than a few house calls to its occupants.

Brad wrote the following comment online after we shared this report with the Guild:

In the dream and the dreams that followed which are impossible to report due to their wobbly nature that goes past language, I absorbed something. What was absorbed? I can't say, but it was in the room not of Jerry Lettvin--it was in Building 20, in the room of Manuel the genius from Mexico City. I first caught the feeling

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1. <sup>50</sup> "[Quotes and Stories about Building 20](#)". MIT Libraries, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 1998-03-02. Archived from [the original](#) on 2006-12-09. Retrieved 2007-09-23.

for Manuel from Jerry Lettvin's audio lecture. It started to transform me that afternoon and I could feel it operating on my neurons--that's what it felt like. This was what I called another case of *learning by absorption*, and it was changing my wiring. It happened with Erroll Garner. It happened with Charles Henry. It happened with many if not all the saints, something to ponder later. Whatever it was, it evoked the dream we reported and others we did not report. The latter dreams were poured into some mezcal shot productions.

It's all mystery. It all inspires art and sets the right climatic conditions for dart. I am writing this down the way I think about what Building 20 did to me, doing so as I think it in real time. Jerry's passion is my flower, opening another womb to escape the tomb of spiritual horse shit and its zombie talkers. Thank you, Lord. Help us radiate your mystery and help everyone stay in the middle of the whirling Mississippi. It's a flood down here. Drowning in this wild excitement is deeper wheel turning, a deeper and higher falling in love. Opening wings, not giving a shit about material things except as needed in the lab. Lord, help us not succumb to the only disease of human beings, what Carl Whitaker called the condition of the walking dead--the stingy stinkies who are here to be entertained rather than detrained and made ready to march and party with the saints.

Shake us up and wake us up, again and again! Raise us from the dead. Feed us holy bread. Teach us to make and serve every varietal of your tasty treats, from cake to mezcal, with honey dripping everywhere. Lead us through every step of mezcal production, seeking distillation, sanctification, and utmost glorification in the hallowing of your fountain source and force with its creation forever in play. Yes, Lord. Do it, Lord. Just be nice and add extra icing to the cake.

### ***Journey to Mezcal Production: A Diagram***

During the April 15<sup>th</sup> Spirit House Meeting, we shared a diagram we were inspired to make after several days of being haunted by Jerry Lettvin. During the meeting, we mentioned that a new saint had entered the Guild, but we did not share his name. We only made mysterious mention several times of Building 20. Here is the diagram we made, along with our notes about it:

We have been receiving a flood of visionary teachings from the saints. We can't keep up with it. We even have a new saint – he has been added to the wheel, but we'll send you that report later. Today there is some special breakthrough news. We are going to share an illustration to show you what has come down the line.



The diagram shows how the prayer lines line up with the steps of mezcal production. You also see that our three practices are both on a straight-line trajectory and in the middle circle. The same is true for the prayer lines. We can depict them as lining up with the beginning, middle, and ending steps of the recipe and steps of mezcal production, but they also together can be depicted as belonging to the “prayer compass” practice, both as a beginning step and inside the middle whirling. We hope you can catch the feeling for how becoming mezcal involves a s

***Prescription: Using Two Wheels, The Saints Inspire Your Action***

During the April 15<sup>th</sup> Spirit House Meeting, we introduced a new experiment:

We express ore deepest heartfelt appreciation to the saints who are here to help us practice. They help us move to the middle where we fall into the wheel. Now we can say that falling in love is falling into the turning wheel. At the beginning of each ecstatic sound movement session there should be one goal and one intention. This goal is to get to the middle. To do that, chop chop all else that is in your mind. In the middle, the saints wait to help you cook. We can't say this enough. You cook with prayer and ecstatic sound movement. You sustain that warmth by following instructions for further experimentation. That's ecstatic living.

This week we're giving you two wheels. First, spin [the practice wheel](#). Second, spin [the saints wheel](#). Feel free to spin it more than once to have more than one saint by your side. The saint or saints that come through are here to inspire your practice. Imagine them doing the practice in the room with you. Fall into the wheel as you fall in love with love, feeling the saints by your side.

Note, if you land on “mystical prescription,” this can refer both to a) having a saint or saints help you be a better double rainbow diamond radiator with others today or b) since "mystical prescription" also refers to the prescription we are doing right now, feel free to have your saints help you with either prayer or sound movement, or both.

***Prescription: I Still Believe in Love – An Experiment***

On April 17<sup>th</sup>, we posted the following instructions for the Guild.

**Step 1:**

Begin by listening to recording #1: “I Still Believe in Love,” from the original Broadway cast recording of the musical, *They're Playing Our Song*. Sit and close

your eyes and imagine you are at the theatre and hearing the original cast on opening night. The lyrics are:

All my life I've been a dreamer  
Dreaming dreams that never quite came true  
But I still believe in love and love believing  
I'll keep on dreaming because I still believe in love  
I still believe in love

**Step 2:**

Spin the **wheel of saints**. After your saint arrives, start praying with your saint by your side (feel free to spin more than one saint). After 30 seconds of orienting your compass, start recording #2. Experience it as the acoustic middle where the whirling enables mezcal to be caught. Recording #2 is Brad's "mezcal shot" of the same Broadway tune, "I Still Believe in Love."

**Step 3:**

Keep the melody calling you throughout the day and night. When you catch yourself in a goofy loop, turn on that melody and get the wheel turning in a different direction. Repeat steps 1 and 2 above if an extra dose of music is needed or desired.

Believe in Love. Start with love and head to the middle where LOVE reigns supreme. Make the ending the never-ending replay of LOVE as a song that answers what you long for with every part and whole and dimension of you. Today, we believe in love!

When we entered the online Guild network, we discovered from the comments that few people had followed the instructions. If they had, it was not reflected in their comments which were primarily just reports of the name of the saint they landed on; some comments did not mention the experiment at all. We again were faced with the reminder that H.B.'s drift easily, and the drift is typically toward reflecting on the self or getting lost in interpreting the symbolic nature of a saint, leaving the experimental prescription behind. Rather than point this out directly, we both concurrently posted the following comments in the Guild:

(Hillary) Report from Building 20 - Today's Mystical Experiment Notes:

Following instructions is the best chop chop there is: listening, visualizing, praying, ecstatic sound movement. Action interrupting whatever may be drawing my attention elsewhere back to the big room with the saints. Get thee behind me, self! Who cares what I think or feel or am experiencing!? There is a mystical prescription in front of me and it is a lifeline. I did the whole experiment twice because I still believe that mystical action is important for reasons that my conscious mind does not grasp - and I love believing!

I spun the wheel several times and ended up with a motley crew of saints: Tesla, Geoffrey Beene, fried potato wedges (tubers from the Kalahari), and William Blake. I can conjure no rational explanation for why or in what way that group can affect my experiment. I *could* indulge in that exercise for a bit, but today I'm leery of too much interpretative flight and am hungry for music. So, I just feel them in the room with me as a whole group, praying the Lord's Prayer and then doing sound movement together. Their presence was enough to make the room bigger for Brad's mezcal shot. I still believe in the rope to God and spiritual classrooms that brought these saints here - and I love believing!

The mezcal shot sent me into the whirling - the many steps of mezcal production distinctly enacted in musical form. Thank you, Brad! I still believe in mezcal, and love believing!

Looking forward to using this melody to help me be a better presence among this unexpected community of saints today.

Brad's comment:

(Brad) I began today by reading the post as if I never saw it before. This is how we begin every day--as a newcomer to whatever news is posted. I noticed from the first line of the post (the title of today's offering) that we were conducting an *experiment* and it had to do with the title of a Broadway musical song, "I Still Believe in Love." I followed the instructions and listened to it with eyes closed, imagining myself inside a theatre hearing the song for the first time (after all, since instructions mentioned to listen on opening night--it was the first time anyone outside the cast had heard it).

Of course I am always thrilled to go to the theatre and when it is a musical, I hope there will be a new song that moves me. The great musicals have introduced many great songs that became standards in the musician's playbook and the listener's juke box. As I heard the original cast recording in step one of today's experiment, I recognized a "catchy" tune. It's the kind of song that you catch in the first hearing, or you at least catch parts of it. After the show, it lingers inside

you, along with its sweet emotion circulating like a whirly lifter. That's when you can't wait to buy the album and hear it again. This song is such a song -- a catchy show tune penned by the great songwriter, Marvin Hamlisch who I used to run into when I lived in NYC. We went to the same newspaper stand because we lived in the same hood. He lived in a mansion and I on top of a Czech funeral home. Anyway, I digress. Back to focusing on the experiment.

When I spun the wheel of saints, first to arrive was Erroll Garner. I couldn't be happier for him to arrive because we were conducting an experiment that began with catching a song. I remembered how he had a vast record collection and would hunt for songs to catch--catching their melodies so he could tinker with them in his Baldwin laboratory.

I decided to add another saint and the wheel surprised me with Alan Watts. I started to wonder how he might help me conduct the experiment and then stopped my mind, remembering his Zen fondness for an empty cup.

When I read the instruction for step 2, I reread it twice to make sure I didn't miss anything. I wanted those two saints to know I am serious about following instruction and not waste their time. Here's the instruction. I post it so it still orients my commentary as I now write:

*After your saint arrives, start praying with your saint by your side (feel free to spin more than one saint). After 30 seconds of orienting your compass, start recording #2. Experience it as the acoustic middle where the whirling enables mezcals to be caught.*

With Erroll by my side, I wondered how he'd pray. I envisioned him simply saying, "Let's do this." His "Do, it Lord," included his piano, his fingers, his heart, the song . . . the whole world. I added a couple of "Yes, Lords" to praise the Lord for bringing me the ultimate music man. Then I turned to Alan Watts and perceived he was emptying his cup as I imagined how challenging that must be for such a word generating H.B. I couldn't image him saying anything except perhaps, "undo it." I just "Yes, Lorded" again and said, "I need Thee."

After this brief period of compass setting, I played recording #2 with the singular focus to "experience it as the acoustic middle where the whiling enables mezcals to be caught." I did so with Erroll Garner and Alan Watts by my side.

I felt so many things in this experience that I was inclined to weep and shout with joy. Many of the findings from Building 20 came to life--no need to understand what this means, just catch the feeling that there is some complex science going on. Then I caught Erroll's joy -- he, too was finding how his approach

to making music involved a very careful alternation between tempered disorder and recognizable melodic order. In the beginning of every song he plays, he scrambles the tones and rhythms as if he is in the middle whirl. When the life force wheel starts turning, out is shot an improvised embellishment of a melody. It is first recognized though seasoned differently that other chefs. Then it goes back into the whirl with a rhythmic disruptor, followed by pyrotechnic variations that make the melody disappear though pieces appear and disappear in an unpredictable manner.

Erroll was excited because this experiment did what he did in reverse. The melody and its lyrics are first caught. Then the variation follows with an emphasis on tonal pours rather than rhythmic disruptions. Then he realized that he actually did begin his process of musical (re)creation by first catching the melody from listening to his records or walking across the street to catch a Broadway musical. (He lived in Carnegie Hall next to the theatre district). Catching a catchy tune and later cracking its egg of origin led to scrambling and cooking it. In this interplay of order, disorder, and their alteration, mezcals electricity is made, conducted, and transmitted. In this aha of wonder, I realized more deeply that this is how the mezcals pour serves thirsty empty cups.

Speaking of empty cups, Alan Watts devoted his life to the Zen of order and disorder dancing. More need not be said. He didn't know it then, but he was trying to get to the middle whirl without any purposefully envisioned means or end getting in the way. The middle enabled me to feel this in a reborn way.

Of course, these thoughts were first feelings in the middle whirl and became words after I was shot out of the middle to return to the everyday.

The most important experience of this journey from catching a catchy love tune and then heading toward the middle was this: the catchy part of the catchy tune was better caught and owned later, after cracking the egg and scrambling it in the frying pan. Building 20 could say a lot more, but today I'd rather enjoy the meal in this new adventure with love.

### ***Love Letters Between the Saints Inspired by Building 20***

A few days after sharing the report of Jerry Lettvin's classroom, we posted an audio track ("So in Love Talkie"). Everyone was instructed to spin the wheel of saints to see who would join them in ecstatic sound movement. Afterward, Brad and Hillary entered a spontaneous exchange with one another online:

Dear Brad,

We joined Hillary this morning to soak in your wonderful offering to the altar of Love. We want to thank you for your words and music exalting Love, affirming Love, and calling everyone to get in line for Love—the mezcal production line! Forget becoming a somebody and aim to become Love, that's all! We can affirm that this Love, what you call "extreme Love," is everything!

Amen! Let us not be ashamed to be soft, to give up toughness, to give up being a superhero in favor of being a fool for Love! We spent our lives unseen and unnamed, but in our daily labor we held up the world. What gave us the strength to do that? The Love of God. We are not embarrassed or ashamed to shout from the rooftops, "We need this Love!"

This morning, we woke up for Love  
Today, we work to spread this Love  
Tonight, we prepare ourselves as empty cups to dream of Love

You're right: this is it - falling in love with Love. If people still wonder what *it* is, this is it. We'll join you and Hillary and the Guild in being fools for Love today. Amen!

With Love,  
Elder African American women unnamed and unseen

Dear Hillary,

Thank you for leading us to follow love, extreme love supreme! We join Brad today to help all of you march with the saints of love. Together, we bring a samurai sword from Building 20 and a mezcal song from Broadway.

With Madly Falling and Rising Extreme Love,  
Ezoin Hoin and Bill Charlap

Dear Brad and Hillary,

If I gave you the full equation for Love, its complexity would break the internet and the core of the Earth would implode. So let me simplify it thusly:

Love = sword + song

Love,  
Building 20

Dear Building 20,

Thank you for your spiritual engineering of extreme love. You are a genius – a true genie-for-us.

Love,  
Saints of Sacred Ecstatics

Dear Brad and Hillary and the Saints of Sacred Ecstatics,

Here is a secret: What made all the work that took place within my walls possible? It was Love. Genius dies without Love. Those men loved their work, and many of them loved one another - you saw how Jerry was overcome for a moment in that video about Manuel when he put down his head and said, "God, I miss him." And those scientists loved me and I loved them back. They didn't talk of Love very often, but it was the guiding implicit force behind it all. I'm so glad you and the Guild are feeling my truth.

Love,  
Building 20

Dear Saints,

When Manuel Cerrillo invited Jerry Lettvin to sit in the middle of his 30 speakers, let us not forget that Charles Henry smiled when both men melted in the music. In that moment, a frog wrote a poem and an electrode sang. They did so because anything can happen inside Building 20.

As all this took place in an ineffable whirl, Manuel wrote his most important finding that was forever lost until this Guild season's recurse broke the former curse of silence.

Manuel wrote: "Mezcal, that's all."

Yours,  
Ouro

Dear Ouro,

Thank you for your letter. Spending these last few days with Jerry, Manuel, and Building 20 has filled us with so much inspiration, but also with grief. We mourn the passing of those men and the building that housed them. We mourn because we know that such things happen once and can never happen again in the same way. We miss Jerry as if he was our own father, friend, and colleague. We realize this is not rational, but it is the truth. We feel a longing for something that is hard to name. It haunts us and we are the better for it.

Your presence, Ouro, reminds us that there are no true endings, only middles. Jerry, Manuel, Walter Pitts and their co-conspirators are still whirling around with us in this infinitely re-cursing tunnel of Love that is you, Ouro. We vow to keep staring into the fire of Love that makes the wheel of you go round!

Love,  
Hillary, Brad, and the Guild

Dear Guild,

Someday the saints will describe how cybernetics, a top-secret code name for Ouro, was born in Mexico City. The great physiologist Arturo Rosenblueth was at Harvard working with Walter Cannon who invented the notion of "homeostasis" (less known is Cannon's six-year study of the bodily effects of emotional excitement). Rosenblueth left Harvard and invited Wiener to visit him in Mexico City. He did this several times and out of their conversations the seminal paper, "Behavior, Purpose, and Teleology" was written with Rosenblueth as the lead author. Wiener called it the foundation groundwork for establishing cybernetics.

Now you know about Manuel, another genius from Mexico City. He was already walking in the footsteps of Charles Henry and was the genius Lettvin adored. Perhaps the greatest of the greatest genies for us.

While historians assume the tremendous scientific developments concerning almost everything happened in Cambridge, Massachusetts, please know that Mexico City is likely the original breeding ground. Wiener split his time going back

and forth between Cambridge and Mexico City, like an oscillation in search of its loopy trajectory.

What's the point to this wobbly pointing? In addition to Building 20, somewhere there must be a Mezcaleria 20. There cybernetics was likely born over a shot of mezcal. And many other major breakthroughs as well.

And yes, Lettvin went to Mexico. He and Pitts drove there on a trip some suggest inspired Kerouac's *On the Road*.

*What did the frog's eye tell the frog's brain?*

"Head to Mexico."

How did the genies for us respond?

"Mezcal, that's all."

Please appreciate that this season the Guild has hosted Mezcaleria 20. It holds Building 20 and all other Chapels of Extreme Love.

Please join us at the high bar,  
Mama Agave from Oaxaca

### ***Franz Liszt and One Note: A Teaching***

Hillary recently posted a brief report on our Facebook page that describes a famous concert pianist hearing Franz Liszt perform Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata":

Famous Hungarian composer and pianist, Franz Liszt, at a social gathering in 1885 or '86 graciously agreed to perform Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." A listener in the audience wrote:

"He had only played the opening triplets, however, when I felt as if the room no longer held me, and when, after the first four bars, the G sharp came in in the right hand I was completely carried away. Not that he accentuated this G sharp; it was simply that he gave it an entirely new sound which even now, after twenty-seven years, I can hear distinctly. . . I have never played this sonata in public; in fact I never heard it again, for if I happened to be at a concert where it was to be played, I always left the hall. It seemed to me that by listening to it I should be soiling the impression I had received. . ." In a few months, Liszt was dead.

The experience was had by Alexander Siloti, written about in Etude Magazine in 1920. Siloti was the most famous of Liszt's Russian-born pupils, and a cousin of Rachmaninoff

Liszt hit one note of the music in such an other-worldly manner that the concert pianist could never listen to anyone else play it, including himself.

This teaching is not about the power of music, even though music is powerful. It is not about the "Moonlight Sonata" being moving or transformative, yet it is both. It is more about Liszt. Particularly, it is about the one note Maestro Liszt played in that moment and how that one note changed the pianist's relationship to Liszt, "Moonlight Sonata," music, one note, his career as a pianist, and life.

We ask: if that one note had been recorded, could playing the one note alone change others? Do the other notes build the room for that one note and without them that one note is not ready to be struck nor is the listener ready to hear it with a transformative impact? What made Liszt a giant, performing at a height way above other masters (Arturo Rubinstein said he was nowhere near the Liszt stratosphere)? How did Liszt mechanically strike that one note and what stirred inside him to inspire its production? And so forth . . .

Is this story a teaching for catching a shot of mezcal? Is it caught in a whole song or in a whole ecstatic sound movement session? Are there particular notes, sequences, movements, or moments in which the life changing dart pierces the heart of reality? Is the whole song and session needed in order to shoot the one note like an arrow through the recipient? Does one perfectly aligned movement with a surprising musical change evoke a high fly spontay?

One note, one dart, one drop of mezcal . . . in a whole room where sound and movement are aligned enables you to climb the vine. Surrender to the whole and feel the All of mezcal in one note, one movement, and one grain of holy Kalahari sand.

In other words, the teaching from Hillary's Liszt story is that every session of ecstatic sound movement hopes (but not too consciously, please) to have one moment where one movement aligned with one musical note co-create a wobbly middle that catches a drip of mezcal. The first step toward this sip is to slip your ship into the sea. Drop everything the mind thinks it can find for that is only another bind. Just chop and drop into the movement and focus on the musical line. Startle to start. Startle again. Restart with the startle that helps you better align. Hunt for the ecstatic lifeline of alignment. Hold that line. Tinker. Surprise yourself. Do anything eccentric. Try again--it is big easy to push the boundaries in. New Orleans. Not too much and not too little for you are after a spontay rather than an observing hare or assessing ass. More chop chop. Feel the warmth as some juice starts to appear. Appreciate and celebrate every bubbly passing though. Don't dissociate -- better to concentrate. If you follow the feeling of the reeling-you-in saints, you get 3000 nights to experience you and mezcal becoming distilled. In between sound and movement, a drip can really flip your reality.

Music chosen for entertainment alone has no mezcal. While it is lovely to be entrained on the entertainment train, there is no mezcal. Similarly, the various purposeful rhythms associated with pop convention "ecstatic dancing" has zero mezcal. Excitation of the vibratory kind is not found in steady beats or choreographed dance. Nor is it poured in "anything goes" movement entrained to tom toms or rocks that are for another kind of flock. Eccentric sound invites eccentric movement, wed on the mainline. In the irregular, the divine boulder shines. In the familiar is found no family of saints. Pay more attention to how Thelonious Monk danced, played, and listened. Turn off your top ten pop hit jukebox. Go for the grease. Startle to start a real feel-and-reel soul fire. Trickster will always disagree. So chop, drop, and go for the less known drip.

Shaking medicine in the hands of the n/omless became a mess. It was a more a disco with wild movement that evoked somatic excitation missing both art and dart. [Attending a gathering that shakes without n/om-kxaosi can actually convey habits that interfere with catching mezcal.]

Not any kind of music conveys dart.

Not any kind of shaking conveys dart.

Not any kind of art conveys dart.

Not any kind of spontay conveys dart.

Ecstatic sound movement is a reset to create the right set for art and dart wobbling in the middle.

It's often better to sit than have a wiggly fit in an unsound room that doesn't move the saints. Wait for the mezcal shot with a DJ who discerns the right moment for its launch. Concentrate on the three practices of Sacred Ecstatics rather than trickster dilution solutions. Bushman wise owls who shriek and howl taught us this: they make sure they don't attend every dance. They are looking for owners of n/om, the mezcal producers of the Kalahari. These owners leap with joy whenever anyone receives a real drop. And they encourage everyone making a sincere flop.

These high bartending mezcal tenders show up to every song and dance that pours mezcal. They always "feel" excited about giving it 110%. They have so much conductance that they forgot about resistance. Where is their mezcal found? They live in the First Creation outskirts where they aren't struggling to produce mezcal. It's big easy and agave natural for them to journey through all the steps each and every day. They are struggling to keep up with the flood pouring from the sky. We love the saints of Sacred Ecstatics because they see through our horseshoes, recognizing who has God's number and smelling those communing with a shitass crocodile's trickster smile.

Funny, yes. Funny, no.

Between ha and awe is found the thaw of just being nice to the saints and the Lord on high.

Everything else is in between.

In the middle, the riddle need not be solved.

Enter the dill pickle, cook the sweet pickle, and in the middle, play the fiddle.

### ***Egocentricity vs. Eccentricity: The New Crossroads***

During the April 22<sup>nd</sup> Spirit House Meeting, we shared a new important teaching. Here is the script:

We are here for extreme love.

**This means we are not hunting for conventional, sentimental love. We are here for the zap of extreme outskirts love.**

The poet, E. E. Cummings, teaches us about love.

**The love he speaks of is not born of popular convention.**

Popular convention does not inspire creative invention.

**Infatuation is not love, and romance that doesn't dance on the ceiling falls short of higher glory love.**

What does E. E. Cummings say love is?

**He says love is a place.**

What else does he say?

**He adds that through this place of love move all places.**

In other words, to love is to create a world with another.

**And to make love is to make a world.**

Love is devoted to idiosyncratic creation rather than predictable duplication,

**Love breeds the exception to the norm**

As a scholar of E. E. Cummings once said, the love of Cummings *startles* the ego out of egocentricity by embodying eccentricity.

**I love this new crossroads: do you choose to be egocentric or eccentric?**

Let's be odd for Creation!

**Let's build new realities, worlds, and adventures that laugh at popular convention**

If you don't feel your absurdity, you missed a chance for profundity.

**I dare not say that—it would be a profanity.**

Let me emphasize that being in love with love is being so eccentric that we dare to build a world that is an exception to expectation.

**Yes, let us not forget that we are here to startle the ego out of egocentricity by being eccentric.**

Does this mean the best chop chop is a startle, an ego startle?

**Yes. Let's start with a startle.**

Then let's whirl in order to sparkle.

**That's inflating the grounded flat tire and rising to the middle toros, on our way to ouroboros.**

Reminder: Our Guild is a community of artists. We are wild artists of reality expansion.

**We explore the art of creating an outskirts reality where we startle the ego to drop the egocentricity, then spin our wheel to find higher eccentricity.**

May I pause to draw your attention to the fact that "eccentric" refers to being unconventional, beyond the predictable, or odd for God. But literally the word eccentric means "out of center." Hence, eccentricity is what puts the wobble in the middle wobble of which we speak. Egocentricity makes us numb and dumb,

frozen, and unable to move. But eccentricity brings the startle of nonconvention that wobbles us out of predictable constriction and into the whirling of creation.

**We must wobble our way to the middle whirling wheel. Eccentric love rather than egocentric love is what moves us along the trajectory in the journey to becoming mezcal, that's all.**

Speaking of eccentricity, I wonder what trails the saints will lead us on in the future. What do you think is coming down the line and spinning our circles?

**Why don't we be eccentric and conduct a spinning divination. Spin that wheel and ask a saint to give us a clue as to where these horseshoes are traveling next.**

You never know what they will say or how they will say it. They may be direct or indirect. Or they may be literal or metaphorical.

**They may be pataphysical. By the way E.E. Cummings was pataphysical. He revered the overlooked exceptions, he celebrated and loved what others missed or didn't consider creating.**

Just like Uncle Jerry Lettvin who most valued investigating what others had overlooked. Sacred Ecstasies also began with our pointing out how others miss the emotion of bliss. Ecstasy is not a state of quiet contemplation or an zoned-out trance. It's a startle that wakes up your fire and raises your tire.

**Let us pause to define pataphysics for we, the Guild, are ecstatic pataphysicists -- whether or not you know it. Especially if you don't know it.**

Pataphysics is the imaginary irrational science of exceptions... It studies exceptions, mistakes, and jokes. Pataphysics treats the imaginary as the most real and the humorous as the most serious.

**Ecstatic pataphysics is the spiritual engineering delivered by visionary dreams. It treats visionary dreams as awakened reality. It studies exceptional heights of emotional bliss and values the experimental detection and correction of trickster mis-takes.**

It regards popular convention as a joke in need of a pratfall. Its four directions of circular thinking, absurd humor, mystical aeronautics, and creative pyrotechnics make it an outskirts production.

**We agree something into existence, that is, we enact it becoming real.**

Love is idiosyncratically embracing the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of another person or community and pataphysically creating a place from which lovers of reality invention can experience another world, inclusive of multiple worlds in which lovers can spiritually cook.

**We extreme lovers are a *ha* in the cosmos, we are disorder in order, we are an exception to the norm that creates totality, we are hot coals amidst the cold.**

Rather than seek the aha of knowing, we hunt the ha ha of mezcal reality production.

Change "I love you" to "I startle you"

This helps start eccentric love

Or don't change

That sustains egocentric love.

I need Thee to startle me,

Startle us, Lord

Just be eccentric!

### ***Mondrian, Jazz, and Dance***

Brad dreamed that jazz pianist, Oscar Peterson, gave him a music lesson. He emphasized how the right hand can play fiercely distinctive staccato sounds when there is confident contact with the keys and no need for the sustain pedal. Peterson's playing often imitates a trumpet playing a line of notes in a flurry of motion. He was known for playing a lot of notes like his revered mentor, Art Tatum. As his right hand handled an improvised melodic line his lefthand played accompanying chords that gave tonal coloration with harmonic twists, turns, and leaps around the chord changes. Peterson was a master of swing jazz with an impeccable beat that appealed to many listeners.

What the visionary teaching imparted most of all was playing the righthand lines with a non-timid, percussive action that "let it rip," throwing caution to the wind. The rapid fire of notes must sound natural and not seem forced—it must convey a certainty that each note was meant to be played exactly as it is heard. The dream surprised Brad because he no longer listens to Peterson's records like he did in his youth. Other jazz musicians known for playing fewer notes (though they could play fast when desired) and making more *surprising* changes in their beats, embellishments, and harmonies now more appeal to him. What seemed important in the dream, however, was striking each key with a confidence that can be caught by both the performer and the listener. Welcome to the Guild, Saint Oscar Peterson, master of swing with a flurry of certainty!

The next night Brad had an extraordinary vision. It was one of those rare dreams where the secrets of the universe were unveiled. This time Brad witnessed a more complete revelation of the underlying dynamics of spiritual cooking and its relationship to producing high art that carries an ecstatic dart. It summarized and extended all of this Guild season's teachings:

I saw the rectangles that had been presented as a gift of four boxes in a former dream, and I saw the rectangular wooden puzzle from Osumi Sensei that had been shown in a subsequent vision. Now they transformed into different aesthetic depictions of lines and rectangles made by the modern artist, Piet Mondrian. He stepped into the scene to teach that for art to convey the numinous, it must be so spiritually concentrated that it no longer has any familiar resemblance to known reality—that is, no identifiable objects or scenes. Numinous art is the result of aesthetic distillation that leaves you with lines, rectangles, and color, all born of the sacred emotion felt from coming closer to the fundamental action of creation. Such a work of art transmits mystery to the witness ready to receive it.

Mondrian then presented his art as a work of non-static creation. One painting after another was swiftly hung next to the other paintings on the wall like pieces of a puzzle that kept changing as more images were added. A swirl of color suddenly appeared above the paintings like a moving cloud. In addition, I heard music, abstract tones, noise, and varying rhythms mingling with the changing art forms. Music and visual art were inseparable. Dancing bodies then entered the room and moved with a spontaneity that made me want to move along with them. Even Mondrian was dancing in the middle of this new theatre of sound, movement, and visual art. I felt that the deep roots of Sacred Ecstasies and its ecstatic sound movement practice were being powerfully revealed.

The music began with familiar forms and then evolved to early jazz. It was the kind of swing with the right hand pouring a line of notes, including the stylistic flurry of Oscar Peterson. Then the jazz turned to bebop with more space in between the notes. It sounded like Thelonious Monk. This changing continued until the music became improvised sounds that were wild and unfamiliar, interspersed with random noise and the occasional excerpt of a melody. I was hearing all the many ways we had experimented with ecstatic sound movement audio tracks, but now they were in relation to the art of Mondrian that was changing in kind.

So much teaching was poured into me that I am unable to describe or explain it. I felt the legacy of Charles Henry in the room as he had guided painters to use fundamental aesthetic principles, mathematically expressed, to evoke new combinations of sensory experience and delight. I also sensed the presence of

Jerry Lettvin and Manuel Cerrillo who were dedicated to understanding the dynamics of visual art, especially color perception. I remembered how Lettvin taught that color perception was not based on wavelength but was more a computation related to comparing contrasts. Human beings, like a frog, have different kinds of edge detectors and contrast comparators—we are wired to discern the relations of lines, rectangles, and contrast differences. In the dream all our teachings felt as if they were in a great whirling, and I caught its exhilarating emotion, multisensory engagement, and changing motion. It now lives within me as a remarkable, swirling mystery field.

The next day after the dream we looked up Piet Mondrian and saw that he devoted his art to evoking the spiritual, what he regarded as purely abstract and not interested in duplicating a familiar representation. He also loved jazz, first listening boogie woogie and then later the great swing masters. He finally fell in love with the music of Thelonious Monk, and both Mondrian and Monk credited the other as a source of inspiration. Earlier, Mondrian painted a work called “Boogie Woogie” that today’s musicians interpret as a musical score. It is meant to be played as jazz. Finally, Mondrian loved to dance. It was considered his vice, along with drinking too much coffee. He danced to the music he loved, often with art patron and collector, Peggy Guggenheim, in London and New York City. Mondrian was famous for his eccentric dancing: he liked to maintain a vertical stance while his arms moved unexpectedly in angular motions like his paintings. Here’s a photo of him dancing with spontaneous arm movements:



When Mondrian heard Louis Armstrong play, he admired the trumpeter’s “long lines” and was transported “into a state of ecstasy.”<sup>51</sup> But he especially loved Armstrong’s pianist Herman Chittison, who “allowed the bass line played with his left hand to fall out of sync, contrasting with

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<sup>51</sup> Janssen in <https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2022/10/03/the-mysteries-of-mondrian-hans-janssen-piet-mondrian-a-life>

the rhythmically varied ‘melody’ played by his right hand.”<sup>52</sup> In later years Mondrian attended jam sessions of Thelonious Monk and was entranced by his “abrupt variations in tempo, rapidly switching chord patterns and sudden, unexpected changes in key.”<sup>53</sup> As one New Yorker columnist remarked: “So complex are the possible correspondences [between Mondrian and Monk] that I get lost trying to track them. But there can be no mistaking the analogous energy.”<sup>54</sup>

Mondrian was a student of mysticism and heavily influenced by Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical movement. He wrote in a letter to Dutch art critic and painter, H.P. Bremmer, in 1914:

Nature (or, that which I see) inspires me, puts me, as with any painter, in an emotional state so that an urge comes about to make something, but I want to come as close as possible to the truth and abstract everything from that, until I reach the foundation (still just an external foundation!) of things ... I believe it is possible that, through horizontal and vertical lines constructed with awareness, but not with calculation, led by high intuition, and brought to harmony and rhythm, these basic forms of beauty, supplemented if necessary by other direct lines or curves, can become a work of art, as strong as it is true.

In this pursuit Mondrian shares the same passion as Charles Henry and Georges Seurat who took a Sunday walk in the park to search for a fundamental mathematical abstraction that guided the foundation of aesthetic production.

Mondrian found that “every true artist has been inspired more by the beauty of lines and color and the relationships between them than by the concrete subject of the picture.” Charles Henry found that the directionality of lines more determines excitation or emotion than the objects indicated. Mondrian also concluded: “To approach the spiritual in art, one will make as little use as possible of reality, because reality is opposed to the spiritual.” We would say that coming nearer to the source and force of creation requires seeking liberation from all static forms until only the dynamics of change are felt—that which underlies creation. Climbing the mystical ladder toward sacred ecstasy is what brings forth art that is capable of carrying and conveying a hallowed dart.

Mondrian wanted to break free from sentimental emotion and catch higher, mystical emotion. He sought E.E. Cummings’ eccentric love, the same force behind Charles Henry’s mystical white light. This mystical color wheel and harmony wheel inspired Mondrian to plunge deeper into creating a synchronous match on the painter’s canvas. He found the improvisational

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<sup>52</sup> Ibid.

<sup>53</sup> Janssen in <https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2022/10/03/the-mysteries-of-mondrian-hans-janssen-piet-mondrian-a-life>

<sup>54</sup> <https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2022/10/03/the-mysteries-of-mondrian-hans-janssen-piet-mondrian-a-life>

nature of jazz, especially the more evolved forms that cultivated irregularity, to be a guiding principle for an art that uses the tension of opposites to find unfamiliar means of achieving novel rhythms and harmonies. His aim was to break from conventional ideas concerning emotion, form, line, color, relations, music, dance, and art. Jazz embodied this freedom—it conveyed what he wished to paint. Mondrian wanted the aesthetic liberation that changed form with no form frozen as a genre in time, tone, or movement.

It has been said that Mondrian was obsessed with how people danced to jazz music, and he spent many nights in the clubs of Paris and New York City. Art curator, Ulf Küster, points out that “he was a very wild dancer.” One of his dance partners, artist Lee Krasner, said (according to Küster) that “it was hard to dance with him because he was always inventing new steps.” Krasner describes dancing with him:

“‘I’m a fairly good dancer,’ said Lee, ‘that is to say, I can follow easily, but the complexity of Mondrian’s rhythm was not simple in any sense.’ No matter the music, Mondrian danced in a ‘staccato’ manner with his head thrown back. It seems to me his movement was all vertical, up and down,’ Lee said, though she conceded, ‘maybe I had been too affected by his painting before I met him.’”<sup>55</sup>

Only recently was Mondrian’s art understood as powerfully related to how he danced. The New York Times reported: “‘The best way to understand the work of Piet Mondrian,’ said Caro Verbeek, the curator of a show devoted to the Dutch artist at the Kunstmuseum here, ‘is to dance in front of one of his paintings.’”<sup>56</sup>

On a recent tour of the show, Verbeek said Mondrian’s work was best appreciated as a multisensory “kinesthetic” experience. “If you prefer not to dance in the galleries,” she said, “you can try listening to music, or perhaps smelling a particularly complex scent as you gaze at his paintings.”<sup>57</sup>

People often considered Mondrian’s art to be “static, rigid, depthless and unemotional.” But Verbeek says “Mondrian strove for the opposite: a dynamic sensory experience that could trigger a kind of spiritual exhilaration.” He was more of a composer than an artist. His art is “a gateway to something invisible that lies behind those paintings.”<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>55</sup> <https://vasari21.com/when-lee-krasner-met-piet-mondrian/>

<sup>56</sup> <https://www.nytimes.com/2022/06/14/arts/design/mondrian-hague-music.html>

<sup>57</sup> Ibid.

<sup>58</sup> Ibid.

Exhibition curator, Ulf Küster, concludes that Mondrian wanted to “create a spiritual space between the viewer and the work of art.”<sup>59</sup> What was the deep root or foundation he was hunting when he painted? One answer lies in a remark he made to artist Lee Krasner about one of her paintings: “You have a very strong inner rhythm. You must always hold that.”<sup>60</sup> We posit he was speaking of the sacred vibration, the force that underlies all the lineages of Sacred Ecstasies. When this pulse is caught and kept alive within, it waits to be reawakened and then shared through creative, eccentric expression. Then the highest ecstasy pours as mezcal—the ecstatic sound movement conducted in the Spirit House of New Orleans where art meets dart at every fire station party.

### ***Linus Dreams of Entering the Whirlwind with the Guild***

The final week of the season, Linus reported:

I had a crazy dream the other day. We all traveled the world together. Mainly by train and boat. The mezcal production was going on day and night. It was like this whole season was condensed into one dream. Brad and Hillary were like a powerful whirlwind pulling us all into the swirl. It is beyond words to describe what happened, so I won't even try. But I can say this, it was filled with deep, piercing love. Thank you, Guild, for giving it all!

### ***Celebrating a Season of Distillation: A Teaching***

This was the year of RV3000 mezcal production in the garden of eccentric love:

3000 nights brought a breakthrough.

Filtration and distillation, individual and communal, are in play.

Many were called, but not all respond and make it through. Yet the door remains open to those who wish to fall again into being small enough to meet big love.

Several Guild members received anointments. Thank you, Lord! Yes, Lord!

(Reminder: everyone has an anointment waiting to come through when interference is swept away and kept away with habits of sweeping, mopping,

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<sup>59</sup> Ibid.

<sup>60</sup> <https://www.aaa.si.edu/collections/interviews/oral-history-interview-lee-krasner-12507>

clearing, and chopping in hand.)

An inner guild of visual artists has arisen. Thank you, contributors to the mystically seen.

Others are moving to community roles, largely unseen by anyone except the saints and their mediums.

Ostrich eggs have cracked.

We have three main practices. A guide to the practices will follow in the near future.

Sister Gertrude Morgan made a book with Hillary! Hi, hi, time to party your hearty with that arty and darty!

Mezcal shots were born--with torn rhythms and tonal irregularities, zaps go through the gaps when movement is aligned in the big room oriented to high mystery whose deep roots convey ineffable truth.

We received the wheel of saints and felt them in orbit.

Our mystical library has grown and there has never been anything like it with its varieties of wisdom lineages.

The spiritual engineering lab of Sacred Ecstatics has partnered with its performers and reformers of spiritual cooking--we are tactical, practical, and theatrical with science led by the no bullshitters.

So much more came and we are just beginning to feel another launch, this time addressing how each member can add their juice to enhanced fermentation.

The crossroads are many. At the end of each day and the beginning of each night, you either make excuses or you fall into the middle of eccentricity with its festival of God's electricity.

*Ecstatic sound movement* is the missing link to Creator. Yes, we own it. It's time to really use it and share it. You ain't leaving a small room without it.

Through the portal the Spirit House finds a secret garden. There our pantheon of saints are always cooking up another surprise to help your hearts rise to mezcal production.

Let's celebrate the Secret Agave Garden.

Together we shout, "Mezcal, that's all!"

Anything less misses the bliss.

***The Final Spirit House Meeting: Tallulah Sandwich and Moving with Mondrian***

During the final Spirit House Meeting on April 29, 2023, we performed the following script. We conducted several movement experiments to mezcal shots throughout. It ended up being one of the most moving, spirited Spirit House Meetings of the season.

We began this season in Oaxaca.

**There we received the RV3000 license plate, the key to travel through every step of mezcal production.**

Remember when Brad dreamed that Morten received a horseshoe for all of us with the number 2040 on it? Right after that horseshoe came down, we took a little trip to Tallulah, Louisiana to visit a storefront holiness church Brad studied over a decade ago. We haven't yet told you about that adventure.

**I introduced Hillary to Apostle Priscilla Mae Williams, who in her seventies, is still the pastor. We were invited by the usher to sit in the second row where an elder church mother sat right behind us. When the service began, we immediately were physically shaken by the power of the church mother's voice.**

As Apostle Priscilla preached in front of us, this elder shouted back "Glory!", "Amen!", Hallelujah!", or "Yes, Lord!" in a perfectly timed call-and-response.

**We were in the middle of two sanctified women shouting, and later Hillary joked that it felt like we had been placed inside a Tallulah Hallelujah Sandwich.**

This town is near the Mississippi Delta and is as poor as the remote areas of Appalachia. Their songs and style of worship are old school—designed to get out of the way and let the Spirit convey its holy radiance. Like the earlier times Brad had visited the church, there were no musical instruments except a drum set that accompanied the preacher and the singers when extra spiritual heat was needed.

**The spiritual energy and vibration transmitted in the middle of these two shouting women was as intense as any ecstatic cooking we have experienced. There wasn't a single call that the Mother behind us missed. She was on top of every tone and beat—always responding in a manner that uplifted the preacher and charged the room.**

We realized that she was a true “first responder” and that her role was as anointed as the conductor of the service. Other parishioners, including all the church mothers and deacons, followed this first responder. They blended in when the preacher called them to participate.

Apostle Priscilla would shout, “Who’s feeling this? I need to hear you!”

**A cycle emerged where the preacher and first responder raised the temperature step by step. As it reached a peak, the other responders would join in to create a vast range of cacophony and polyphony. Then the cycle would start again, moving from warm to hot, as sound and movement shifted from solidity to liquidity and ascended into a vaporous cloud on high, only to fall and begin again. But the voice of the preacher and first responder were always most prominent and in the lead.**

Being in the middle of that Tallulah ecstatic sandwich filled us with the spirit. Brad even preached when Apostle Williams called on him. In this praise house, we could feel Sister Gertrude Morgan shouting, “Eat that bread!” In fact, Apostle Williams shouted out to her congregation, “We are here to eat the bread, that is, eat the word of God. You all know how to shop at the grocery store and dine at home. That’s fine, but now is the time to really eat.” Behind us we heard a voice shout, “Let’s eat!” We were all well fed that morning. Eat that bread and do so inside higher regulation, gustation, and digestion. Oh you’ll wish one day you had!

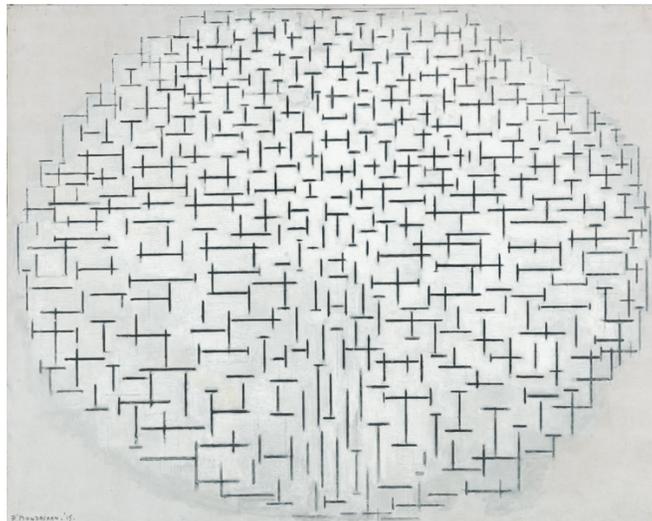
**This is what it means to be in the middle wobble of Sacred Ecstasies. This season we learned that the whirling mystical wheel is found in the middle of a holy bread sandwich. To be more precise, we’ve been dining on an ecstatic sound**

**movement sandwich. One side of the sandwich is sound – it calls for the other side of the sandwich – your body – to respond. Back and forth it goes until the caller and responder are indistinguishable. In the middle is the whirling that is the meat of the sandwich— it’s where both sides meet. Circularity then enters to say “Hi, hi, let’s eat.”**

Today we can declare that there is no sacred ecstasy without a sandwich – there must be two slices of holy bread in a call and response, whether it is sound and movement, a preacher and a first responder, God and Love, or two saints. Welcome to ecstatic sandwich spirituality – the tastier the bread, the tastier the middle will be to meet and greet the heat.

Do you all remember we received a baobab tree with a nest filled with ostrich eggs? Some of them hatched. We gave birth to our three main practices: the prayer compass, ecstatic sound movement, and mystical experimentation with creative interventions that aim to alter worldly convention.

**This week a very big ostrich egg hatched and delivered us a remarkable finale which of course is a new middle from which to launch next season’s adventures. Here’s the egg.**



We were truly startled because what came out of this egg<sup>61</sup> was a big surprise we never expected.

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<sup>61</sup> The title of this painting is “Pier and Ocean,” from 1915.

**But before that egg opened, a warmup surprise came through the mystical veil. A new saint arrived to get us ready for the cracking.**

It was jazz pianist, Oscar Peterson who gave Brad a music lesson.

**He emphasized how the right hand can play fiercely distinctive staccato sounds when there is confident contact with the keys and no need for the sustain pedal. Peterson’s playing often imitates a trumpet playing a line of notes in a flurry of motion. He was known for playing a lot of notes like his revered mentor, Art Tatum. As his right hand handled an improvised melodic line his lefthand played accompanying chords that gave tonal coloration with harmonic twists, turns, and leaps around the chord changes. Peterson was a master of swing jazz with an impeccable beat that appealed to many listeners.**

What the visionary teaching imparted most of all was playing the righthand lines with a non-timid, percussive action that “let it rip,” throwing caution to the wind. The rapid fire of notes must sound natural and not seem forced—it must convey a certainty that each note was meant to be played exactly as it is heard. What seemed important in the dream was striking each key with a confidence that can be caught by both the performer and the listener.

**Welcome to the Guild, Saint Oscar Peterson, master of swing with a flurry of certainty in its lightning striking!**

Before we move on, I want to catch the feeling of your dream. Everyone, take your right hand and play a series of rapid-fire invisible notes, throwing caution to the wind with as much certainty as you can muster, as if you’re playing for God.

The next night the extraordinary egg cracking vision arrived. It was one of those rare dreams where the secrets of the universe were unveiled. Brad witnessed an incredibly detailed revelation of the underlying dynamics of spiritual cooking. It especially emphasized producing high art that carries an ecstatic dart. Furthermore, it summarized and extended all of this Guild season’s teachings:

**I saw the rectangles that had been presented as a gift of four boxes in a former dream, and I saw the rectangular wooden puzzle from Osumi Sensei that had been shown in a subsequent vision. Now they transformed into different**

**aesthetic depictions of lines and rectangles made by the modern artist, Mondrian. He stepped into the scene to teach that for art to convey the numinous, it must be so spiritually concentrated that it no longer has any familiar resemblance to known reality—that is, no identifiable objects or scenes. Numinous art is the result of aesthetic distillation that leaves you with lines, rectangles, and color, all born of the sacred emotion felt from coming closer to the fundamental action of creation. Such a work of art transmits mystery to the witness ready to receive it.**

Mondrian then presented his art as a work of non-static creation. One painting after another was swiftly hung next to the other paintings on the wall like pieces of a puzzle that kept changing as more images were added. A swirl of color suddenly appeared above the paintings like a moving cloud.

**In addition, I heard music, abstract tones, noise, and varying rhythms mingling with the changing art forms. Music and visual art were inseparable. Dancing bodies then entered the room and moved with a spontaneity that made me want to move along with them.**

Even Mondrian himself was dancing in the middle of this new theatre of sound, movement, and visual art. Brad felt that the deep roots of Sacred Ecstatics and its ecstatic sound movement practice were being powerfully revealed.

**The music began with familiar forms and then evolved to early jazz. It was the kind of swing with the right hand pouring a line of notes, including the stylistic flurry of Oscar Peterson. Then the jazz turned to bebop with more space in between the notes. It sounded like Thelonious Monk. This changing continued until the music became improvised sounds that were wild and unfamiliar, interspersed with random noise and the occasional excerpt of a melody. I was hearing all the many ways we had experimented with ecstatic sound movement audio tracks, but now they were in relation to the art of Mondrian that was changing in kind.**

So much teaching was poured into Brad that he is unable to describe or explain it. He felt the legacy of Charles Henry in the room as he had guided painters to use fundamental aesthetic principles, mathematically expressed, to evoke new combinations of sensory experience and delight. He also sensed the presence of

Jerry Lettvin and Manuel Cerrillo who were dedicated to understanding the dynamics of visual art, especially color perception.

**I remembered how Lettvin taught that color perception was not based on wavelength but was more a computation related to comparing contrasts. Human beings, like a frog, have different kinds of edge detectors and contrast comparators—we are wired to discern the relations of lines, rectangles, and contrast differences. In the dream all our teachings felt as if they were in a great whirling, and I caught its exhilarating emotion, multisensory engagement, and changing motion. It now lives within me and around me as a remarkable, swirling mystery field.**

The next day after the dream we researched more about Mondrian and saw that he devoted his art to evoking the spiritual, what he regarded as purely abstract and not interested in duplicating a familiar representation that pleased popular recognition. He also loved jazz, first listening to boogie woogie and then later the great swing masters. He finally fell in love with the music of Thelonious Monk, and both Mondrian and Monk credited the other as a source of inspiration. In summary, we learned that the Guild is now in a Piet Mondrian and Thelonious Monk sandwich!

**Take a look at this Mondrian painting. He called it “Boogie Woogie.” Some of today’s jazz musicians are interpreting it as a musical score. It is meant to be played as jazz. [show Boogie Woogie] When you look at it, he wants you to be in the middle of his sandwich—his art is one side of bread and the other side is the jazz that inspired what he painted.**

Here’s another surprise that gets the heart of Sacred Ecstatics to rise: Mondrian loved to dance. It was considered his vice, along with drinking too much coffee. He danced to the music he loved, often with art patron and collector, Peggy Guggenheim. They had many a dance fling in the jazz clubs of London and New York City. Mondrian was famous for his eccentric dancing: he liked to maintain a vertical stance while his arms moved unexpectedly in angular motions like his paintings. Here’s a photo of him dancing with spontaneous arm movements:



*(Note: We invited everyone to perform this movement during the Spirit House Meeting, and Hillary coined it “The Sacred Ecstatics Mondrian Salute”)*

**When Mondrian heard Louis Armstrong play, he admired the trumpeter’s “long lines” and was transported “into a state of ecstasy.” But he especially loved Armstrong’s pianist Herman Chittison, who “allowed the bass line played with his left hand to fall out of sync, contrasting with the rhythmically varied ‘melody’ played by his right hand.” In later years Mondrian attended jam sessions of Thelonious Monk and was entranced by his “abrupt variations in tempo, rapidly switching chord patterns and sudden, unexpected changes in key.”**

Let us say that Mondrian was a painter whose body moved inside the sandwich of paint and sound. His art arose from inside this middle wobble. It should be no surprise that he was a student of mysticism, specifically Theosophy. He once said:

“Nature inspires me, puts me, as with any painter, in an emotional state so that an urge comes about to make something, but I want to come as close as possible to the truth and abstract everything from that, until I reach the foundation of things . . .”

**The fundamental abstraction he sought was the utmost distillation of the source and force of creation. He was producing visual mezcal—pure distillation of the abstraction of nature’s creation.**

In this pursuit Mondrian shares the same passion as Charles Henry and Georges Seurat who took a Sunday walk in the park to search for a fundamental mathematical abstraction that guided the foundation of aesthetic production. Isn't it amazing how in some situations, "abstract" is a critique for something that is too far removed from direct experience. But for these abstract artists, it was a way of more directly conveying the essence and emotion of what they painted. For them abstraction gets closer to things than representation. I find this reversal of the meaning of "abstraction" fascinating.

**Yes, and Mondrian found that "every true artist has been inspired more by the beauty of lines and color and the relationships between them than by the concrete subject of the picture." Charles Henry also fell in love with lines and color. He found that the directionality of lines more determines excitation of emotion than the objects themselves.**

Mondrian concluded: "To approach the spiritual in art, one will make as little use as possible of reality, because reality is opposed to the spiritual."

**He wants to distill reality so only pure spiritual concentration remains. Chop chop whatever you have been told or shown about reality.**

We would say that coming nearer to the source and force of creation requires seeking liberation from all static forms until only the dynamics of change are felt—that which underlies creation.

**You will recognize in this statement the heart of Sacred Ecstasies – the art of eccentric expression is what enables the dart of creation.**

We welcome Mondrian, a new saint of eccentric love to join the fire station party and meet E.E. Cummings and Charles Henry, fellow seekers of the white mystical light.

**Remember that Mondrian found the improvisational nature of jazz, especially the more evolved forms that cultivated irregularity, to be a guiding principle for an art that uses the tension of opposites held in an ecstatic sandwich. He aimed to find unfamiliar means of achieving novel rhythms and harmonies. He broke away from conventional ideas concerning emotion, form, line, color, relations,**

**music, dance, and art. Jazz embodied this freedom—it conveyed what he wished to paint. But jazz kept changing so his art changed as well.**

Let's examine his dancing, for that is the middle of his life sandwich. Early in his career Mondrian was obsessed with the early jazz dances like the Charleston or Foxtrot. One of his dance partners, artist Lee Krasner, said that "it was hard to dance with him because he was always inventing new steps."

**No matter the music, Mondrian danced in a 'staccato' manner with his head thrown back. He appeared to be having communion with higher mystery so he acquired the nickname, "the dancing Madonna." With his head tilted upward toward bliss, his body movement was all vertical, up and down. He said he only wanted to dance to rhythm. If the band played something too melodic, he would just stop dancing and walk off the dancefloor.**

Only recently was Mondrian's art understood as powerfully related to how he danced. *The New York Times* reported: "The best way to understand the work of Piet Mondrian is to dance in front of one of his paintings. If you prefer not to dance in the galleries, you can try listening to music, or perhaps smelling a particularly complex scent as you gaze at his paintings."

Without knowing it, they are saying you must behold his art in the middle as a dancer. The dance wobbles you in the middle, in between his highly distilled painting on one side and irregular jazz on the other side. Dance to the music to really see the art. Here you may see the Madonna or Mama Agave. Look up! We are being fed! Eat that bread!

**People previously considered Mondrian's art to be "static, rigid, depthless and unemotional." But Verbeek says "Mondrian strove for the opposite: a dynamic sensory experience that could trigger a kind of spiritual exhilaration." He was more of a composer than an artist. His art is "a gateway to something invisible that lies behind those paintings."**

He valued art that conveyed a strong inner rhythm. We posit he was speaking of the sacred vibration, the force that underlies all the lineages of Sacred Ecstasies.

**When this pulse is caught and kept alive within, it waits to be reawakened and then shared through creative, eccentric expression. Let's celebrate Saint**

**Mondrian with some of his eccentric ecstatic sound movement. It's guaranteed to be a habit interrupter and a change alligator.**

Instructions: please move like Mondrian – be perpendicular, sudden, quirky, and staccato with your movement. If you're doing it right, it will feel odd and look odd. Be aligned with the music, but do not do what you normally do. Be purposeful for the sake of releasing yourself from frozen forms. I will demonstrate - and feel free to follow my movements if you like. Let's disturb the non-eccentrics and delight our new saint Mondrian. Throw a few righthand flurries of certainty in for good measure in honor of Saint Oscar Peterson.

We end today in the middle whirl, way up in the air in the middle of the wheel. We thank all the saints of Sacred Ecstatics for an exciting, egg cracking, breakthrough season.

**Hi, hi, thank you for helping us fly.**

There are already rumblings below and above about new surprises coming our way.

**I can't wait for next season. Guess who's coming to dinner? All we know is that they will bring another surprise, a tasty treat, and a super duper launch to an even higher floor.**

Make no mistake, the ecstatic mystics are coming back as a tribe that mis-fits convention more than ever before.

**Get ready, be unsteady with earth and go steady with heaven. The tribe with an ecstatic vibe is coming back.**

Mardi Gras Injuns, here they come.

**Sister Gertrude Morgan leaves you with a question:**

Why be dead in egocentricity when you can wake up and be alive inside love's eccentricity?

**Let's cook the splendor of love extreme,**

And let's serve the changing of love's first creation.

**We need Thee**

We need the middle

**Do it, Lord**

Do it, wobble

**Just be nice**

Just be eccentric for love

**Mezcal,**

That's the call -- All aboard!

***Final Season Commentary***

On Sunday morning, the last day of the Guild season, we wrote the following comment to the Guild:

We still haven't left the whirl and splendor of the visionary dream where Mondrian joined the Guild's orbit of saints. What struck us was how scholars and art museum curators knew of Mondrian's eccentric life and passion for dance, but not until recently did it dawn on them that the observer can't really perceive his art unless *they dance in front of it*. They should have added that they must also dance to the music he was inspired by--jazz, especially the musical improvisers seeking to escape norms of form. Select the music that hosts irregularity--it's boulder (and needed to catch a visual boulder).

All of Creation, including Creator, is like high art--its truth can't be perceived unless you are moving to the music of the muse who inspired its creation.

This is a fundamental cornerstone of Sacred Ecstasies and our spiritual engineering. Charles Henry explicitly knew it, Jerry Lettvin's frogs implicitly knew it (except the fly has to move for the frog to see it--a reversal of our neurobiology), and Manuel Cerrillo's mathematics of Rembrandt formally knew it.

In other words, being still in front of a Mondrian, or any master work of art, or Creation, or Creator only leads to the mirror image of egocentricity--only the self and its claimed statements of knowing (including that of the art critic or scholar) are delivered. However, standing in front of the "observed creation" while moving is not enough to pierce the mystery veil and see what lies behind popular convention's sense of experience. Music must be present. Not any kind of music. It must be the kind of music that is like the n/om-kxao's n/om song or the old shaman's song . . . it was sent by Creator and its irregularities help you become a true monk of the Lard.

A special alignment of movement to sound is the key to opening the mystical door and going through. Not any kind of movement nor any kind of music nor any kind of alignment. [Remember how Mondrian walked out of the room if he heard music with melodic lines that were too familiar or rhythmic beats that were too predictable. Go to the disco for that and do it for fun, but it has nothing to do with awakening sacred ecstasy. This is why pop ecstatic dancing and monotonous shamanic drumming lead to zombie spirit-less spirituality.]

Irregular bursts of movement aligned with irregular bursts of sound move you closer, but the aim must be to burst outside popular convention--to launch toward an outskirts outpost where eccentricity rather than egocentricity is cultivated. Hi, hi, this is the Guild of Sacred Ecstatics. We are speaking of the Guild held inside the Spirit House whose entry requires passage via ecstatic sound movement--welcome to the mystical outskirts that holds every First Creation changing place as a chapel of extreme love.

Thank you, Piet Mondrian for reminding us that we have to irregularly move with boulder music to catch the mezcals of art and set the optimal conditions for receiving a dart.

And thank you, Oscar Peterson for reminding us that Gabrielle's horn line and chitlin swing gets us started and ready to leap into the startles of Thelonious Monk's n/omastery where bebop has the pop that opens the bottle.

A special thanks to Apostle Priscilla and her Church Mother who is a true first responder (the first to cheer), consistently supporting both the preacher's rebukes and praise pointing. The church mother's responses are like the left hand of Oscar Peterson that rhythmically bounces off the preacher's trumpet call in real time. Again, the left hand or church mother is the rhythmic praise response to the right hand or preacher's verbal call. No matter the note or emotive tone struck by the preacher or right hand, the left hand is there to uplift it. Here we find New Orleans born again with a first line (the preacher's call) and a second line (the first

responder's response of unconditional support, toned musically and rhythmically in sync).

We can feel and catch a Tallulah sandwich when we are in the middle of the preacher and church mother. But you, the meat and meeting ground of that sandwich must move with both the tones and beats of the preacher and the church mother, joining the church mother in the second line that praises everything called by the Lord's servant, the preacher burdened with delivering whatever news is brought down the main line on high.

In addition, we can now feel and catch a Mondrian sandwich when we are in the middle of his eccentric dance and the nonconventional music that inspired it. But you must move like the painter who is really a composer and do so with the kind of muse and music moving its creation.

Movement, sound, and rhythm that seeks Creator, the source and force of all creation, is our adventure. We are the newborn Kalahari that creates New Jerusalem Let's make a record for my Lord! This is the journey to produce the utmost distillation felt as sacred ecstasy even when it's an abstraction.

Set the compass to make sure you are following the saints and their mail carriers. Then move with the art that carries a dart. When everything and everyone inside the Spirit House are in synch, we all fall into the wheel in the middle of the air. There, the riddle of life has no need to be solved. Why? Because we dissolve in mezcal, the extreme eccentric love of Creator's concentrated libation.

It happened yesterday. Look again at everyone moving with eccentricity—it happened somewhere in the middle. That's the kind of moment that is an eternity. Thank you, everyone. We produced mezcal. Mezcal, that's all.