

**Alice Hickey:**  
*Between Worlds*

Justin Spring

WINNER

*John Ringling Towers Award for Literary Arts*

**Sarasota Poetry Theatre Press**

Copyright 2011 Justin Spring

Library of Congress Control Number: 2011905144

ISBN#: Soft Cover 978-0-9717374-9-5

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means without permission in writing from the publisher.

Sarasota Poetry Theatre Press  
P.O. Box 5932  
Sarasota, Florida 34277  
Phone: (941) 306-1119  
E-Mail: [soulspeakspring@gmail.com](mailto:soulspeakspring@gmail.com)  
WEB Page: [www.soulspeak.org](http://www.soulspeak.org)

Printed in the United States of America by Royal Palm Press <http://rppress.com>

Distributed by Sarasota Poetry Theatre Press  
<http://sptpress.blogspot.com>

Spring, Justin, 1939-  
Alice Hickey: Between Worlds/by Justin Spring  
ISBN 978-0-9717374-9-5

**For More Information on the Artistic Activities of Justin Spring:**  
<http://justin-soulspeak.blogspot.com>

**This book is available in three (3) formats from SOULSPEAK:**  
Paperback, Amazon Kindle E-book, or a free, fully featured PDF:  
<http://justinspringbooks.blogspot.com>

**This is a multi-media book. To access multi-media components:**  
<http://justinspringbooks.blogspot.com>

**Here's what readers are saying about *Alice Hickey*:**

“Few books allow us to really *feel* what encounters with the psychic world are like. Castaneda comes to mind, of course, and that is his enduring gift to us. Here is a book that has that same power, but it is not set in the austere Sonora desert, but the nutty, everyday world of poet Justin Spring who brings us smack into his humpty-dumpty world of supermarkets, *intuitives*, treasure hunters, bars, poets, preachers, Starbucks, pawnshops, drunks and dopers as he travels between Florida, Sedona, California, Mexico, Panama, and the Florida Keys trying to make sense of a series of psychic events triggered by a mysterious encounter with psychic Alice Hickey. This is a book you won't want to put down. It is visionary in its scope and devilish in its pace.”

*Scylla Liscombe*

**Poet, Dancer, Artist, Mystic**

“This is a book that masterfully crisscrosses reality and fantasy until they blur into each other completely. I would say the same for the writer and for most of the characters portrayed, including myself. Maybe especially myself. It is a book that shuttles back and forth from head to heart, never missing a beat. Welcome to the world of the mystical. It is no more or less crazy and funny and engaging than the world we call real life.”

*Joan Adley*

**Performance Artist, Author, Intuitive**

## Acknowledgments

This book would never have been possible without the aid of Jane Washington, Joan Adley, and Diane Randall, not only for their insights as *intuitives*, but also for advising me on the early manuscripts and, of course, Alice Hickey, without whom this book would still be turning itself over and over in the halls of my mind. My special thanks to Diane for guiding me through the intricacies of psychic dreaming and to Scylla Liscombe for guiding me through the small but formidable forest of Alice's poetry. I also want to thank Shaw Waltz for her tough-minded criticism on just about everything, writer Barbara Smith for her constant support and encouragement, and finally, Jan Dorsett, my scrupulous editor, for mercilessly slapping my prose whenever it wandered.

*For Alice*

## Table of Contents

Author's Foreword	1
Chapter 1: Alice Hickey	4
Chapter 2: A Visitor from Sedona	5
Chapter 3: <i>The Witnesses Log</i>	9
Chapter 4: The Myth	13
Chapter 5: Jane Washington	21
Chapter 6: Pinga Dentista	25
Chapter 7: Hallucinations	31
Chapter 8: The Red Light Bar	35
Chapter 9: <i>Speaking</i> and the Psychic Roots of Poetry	38
Chapter 10: Eve Is the Serpent	41
Chapter 11: <i>Speaking</i>	43
Chapter 12: Diane Randall	45
Chapter 13: <i>Witnessing</i>	50
Chapter 14: Mercedes Noriega	54
Chapter 15: ISLAUGGH	60
Chapter 16: Jane Beats Me with My Own Myth	63
Chapter 17: I Take the Ball From Jane And Run	67
Chapter 18: Fruitville Road	74
Chapter 19: The Market	77
Chapter 20: A Measured Retreat	82
Chapter 21: A Distant Retreat	85
Chapter 22: Starbucks	88
Chapter 23: ISLAUGGH and San Blas	94
Chapter 24: Alice <i>Speaks</i>	102
Chapter 25: I See the Muse in a New Light	104
Chapter 26: Alicia La Verne	110
Chapter 27: <i>The Other World</i>	115
Chapter 28: The Beatles and the <i>Witnesses</i>	126
Chapter 29: Alice and Betty Fill in Some Blanks	132
Chapter 30: <i>BruderMann</i>	138
Chapter 31: Leaning With Fate	145
Chapter 32: Alice in Mexico	148
Chapter 33: Alice in Chains	155
Chapter 34: Alice Explains the Female Spirit	158
Chapter 35: Alice Hands Me a Notebook	166
Chapter 36: Alice Finally Gets Around to ISLAUGGH	173
Chapter 37: I Uncover the Myth's Hebraic Connection	179
Chapter 38: Jesus, You Got Some Life Alice	186
Chapter 39: I Have Some Doubts about Alice	193
Chapter 40: Jane Pulls Out Smokey Robinson	196
Chapter 41: Mr. Fine Hairs Gets on a Soap Box	201
Chapter 42: Alice in Chains <i>Redux</i>	207
Chapter 43: Mr. Fine Hairs Gets on the Soap Box One More Time	209

<b>Chapter 44: Alice Shows Me Some Poems</b>	211
<b>Chapter 45: I Explain Duck-ness</b>	218
<b>Chapter 46: I Visit Graves</b>	223
<b>Chapter 47: Alice Leaps to Her Death</b>	228
<b>Chapter 48: I Become a Chimpanzee</b>	232
<b>Chapter 49: Alice and The First Mother</b>	239
<b>Chapter 50: I Confess My Ignorance</b>	248
<b>Chapter 51: I Face My Primitive Soul</b>	252
<b>Chapter 52: Alice Confesses</b>	255
<b>Chapter 53: <i>Heralds</i></b>	261
<b>Chapter 54: <i>Charon, the Ka, and Witnessing</i></b>	275
<b>Afterword</b>	282
<b>Appendix</b>	287
<b>Appendix A: Photographs</b>	288
<b>Appendix B: Excerpts from the Author's Journal</b>	289
<b>About the Author</b>	290
<b>Web Links</b>	292

### Author's Foreword

The psychic world, the Other World, the world of the collective unconscious, the soul's world, is real. It is continually visiting us whether we want it to or not. The central problem for us, as modern humans, is we're not quite sure *who*, or *what*, is visiting us. Or why. We don't have the ready answers our forefathers did.

Nor did I. I was totally unprepared for what happened to me in March 2000, when an elderly woman—a complete stranger—approached me and did something so incomprehensible it completely upended my rational worldview.

Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, that incomprehensible event triggered others. Inexplicable things started happening to me that were not of this world. As disturbed and bewildered as I was by these psychic intrusions, the poet in me decided to let what was happening unfold of its own accord—as if it were a poem insinuating itself into the landscape of my mind.

I also decided to record what was happening in somewhat the same way by giving the Muse her head, which accounts for the somewhat serpentine movement of this book. It is movement of which I have become very fond.

If those psychic intrusions had been the end of it, I probably would have gone about my life pretty much as before, but with an increased awareness of how mysterious our lives really are. That was not to be the case, however, because nine months after those events a long, enigmatic poem that was completely beyond my understanding suddenly came to me.

I couldn't get a grip on it until I realized it was a myth, although I was at a loss to say exactly what kind of myth. What's more, I couldn't even rightly call it a myth; after all, time is the great arbiter in that. All I can say is that it *felt* like a myth. As I began to unwind its skein over the years, it indeed seemed to have many of the characteristics of our ancient myths. Here is an excellent summation of those characteristics by author Robert T. Mason in *The Divine Serpent in Myth and Legend*:

"Myths are stories, usually, about gods and other supernatural beings. They are often stories of origins, how the world and everything in it came to be *in illo tempore* [Eliade]. They are usually strongly structured and their meaning is only discerned by linguistic analysis [Levi-Strauss]. Sometimes they are public dreams, which, like private dreams, emerge from the unconscious mind; they more often reveal archetypes of the collective unconscious [Jung]. Myths are symbolic and metaphorical, and they orient people to the metaphysical dimension, explain the

origins and nature of the cosmos, and on a psychological plane, address themselves to the innermost depths of the human psyche.”

The myth, which I called *The Witnesses Log*, had those same qualities, and spoke of the same things, so it was clear to me it wasn't just a lot of tasty, unconscious gibberish. Yet we may have a difficult time accepting one of the things *The Witnesses Log* says—that very early humans had a much different consciousness than ours, one that was in constant interplay with the psychic world.

We see our current rational, self-reflective consciousness as one in which our making sense of the world has become self-powered, needing only the physical world and the application of reason as necessary for knowing.

But that is an illusion. That other, older way of knowing is still there beneath the veneer of our modern consciousness, and it is as strong and as vibrant as ever. Jung has taught us that, as have many thinkers before and after him. Our greatest poets have taught us its power as well, but in a more fundamental, more intuitive way, as poetry must.

Unfortunately, we have lost our taste for poetry because we have lost sight of the soul, and with it we have also lost sight of the fundamental role of poetry: it is the way that the soul, the unconscious, the unknowable, *speaks* to us. And here's the really mysterious part—it's the way we *speak* back.

Poetry holds a special place in the pantheon of arts. It is the primal seed from which all our other arts have come. Poetry, in its initial tribal form, was a full-blooded, communal oral poetry that contained other primal forms (mask, movement, mime, music, song) that eventually developed into the separate arts we have today: It is not only the most human of our arts, it is also the mother of those arts.

It has been my experience, moreover, that when we allow ourselves to surrender to something like that early, primal form of poetry—a form of poetry that was an integral part of our early consciousness—it will *speak* to us in a way like no other. In short, it will speak to us the way poetry should.

Poetry gives us a way of knowing that bypasses the traps of the rational mind and strikes “*zero at the bone*.” It gives us a transcendent way of knowing that allows us to feel truths that are beyond logic: Death is Life. Love is Pain. More than anything, this older way of knowing tells us we are not a cosmic accident.

It is a way of knowing that has nothing to do with logic and facts, but everything to do with the intimations of the soul, with the transcendent feelings that are continually visiting us through poetry, continually whispering: *We belong*.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

