



UNAVOIDABLE:

A hard truth about alien encounters

By

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This is a work of non-fiction. I prefer to write fiction. Some of this is speculative. Reasonably speculative. If you're familiar with UFO lore, some of it will be familiar. I have endeavored to site sources if not related to my direct experience. I am open to criticism, if you find flaws, more substantial than grammatical, please write me. I am also opened to grammatical corrections.

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Foreword: just a quick note.

This ebook is about aliens. That's my perspective on it, and the way that I box some of the experiences I intend to share. I am open to it being something else, and will even offer, where insight allows, to put that forwards as alternative conclusion. To those familiar with lore, you may not find anything new here. I am familiar with the lore, but I am not the guy to recite names and dates. I am also not connected to anyone special. I am not special. I am not claiming to be a hybrid or an Indigo Child. I would like to be that, but I am not calling that.

I suspect, those of you who are high level experiences, or who are well read, and more detail oriented may find I am not detailed enough. Whether these experiences are metaphysical, transpersonal, psychological, or alien- they can be quite profound, embarrassingly intimate, and though the stigma I think is finally beginning to fade away from people who report, there are still social consequences for sharing. I have struggled with fear all my life. I still do. I am hoping the few of you who suffer through this sharing will be able to read between the lines at times, or at least have the discernment to recognize some things were just not uttered. Usually, if I want to say something without saying it, I will couch it in a 'hypothetical' box to allow for plausible deniability. If you see something or suspect something and you want confirmation, feel free to ask.

We need to discuss this subject. The stigma needs to go away from it. The more that people share their experiences, the sooner that will happen. There is a threshold of no return. We're approaching that. Most people who follow the lore feel that. Change is in the air. Maybe I am insignificant, comparatively; on the surface, my experiences seem insignificant. No one is going make a movie out of this. Maybe most experiencers are on this fringe of being moderately insignificant, downright boring, to just barely being so overwhelmingly profound that once we're triggered we'll be the guy in the town hall meeting silencing the heckler because we know just enough we want to know more. I have no definitive evidence. Just my story. For Joseph Campbell, that would be enough. I have come up with a way for framing my experiences so that I can make sense of it. Ultimately, it will be what it will be. I share to add my voice. I share, so if there are other fringe folks, or people teetering on the edge of sharing, you, too may speak. Maybe someone reading this will see something familiar and connect. I intend to leave this as a free e-book on free-ebooks.net. I will make it available to Kindle, and if someone wants a free pdf to share, I will provide it on request. If anything moves you, feel free to share.

Chapter 1: Out of the Way Stuff.

I want to get this stuff out of the way. It will likely be the first thing any skeptic will use to minimize my story. That's not a complaint. That's what people do. We find flaws, we focus on the flaws. Hypothetically, I personally think it is interesting that a person who has a known history of mental health problems is invalidated as a human being, or their experiences automatically dismissed because of a label. Dismissing a person could actually escalate a mental health issue. Seriously, Bipolar or not, human beings experience emotions, like anger and sadness, and their emotions shouldn't be dismissed just because you don't happen to agree with their perspective, or the intensity of their feelings. I am not Bipolar. I do have a personal history of mental health challenges. I experienced years of dysthymia with interrupted episodes of Major Depression, severe. Many of the episodes went without medical intervention.

There is a family history of mental health problems, abundantly clear on maternal side. There was generational sex abuse. There was generation physical abuse. There were was, and likely still on going, folks experiencing substance addictions. Substance use usually equates to mental health issues. There are others who have been, who should be, and are receiving mental health care. That's true enough for all families. Mine is not unique.

As I write this, I am not presently experiencing significant levels of depression. I am reasonably content. I have had some life changes I am not fond of, but I recognize my participation in the way things evolved. I could expound, but it really isn't relevant to the discussion that is to unfold.

I am an 'experiencer.' I like that term, because it leaves explanation open. I will go ahead and get this out of the way, too: it's aliens. It is my intent to share my story and thoughts about the subject. I have delayed sharing for multiple reasons, my inability to share significant details being one of them. Perhaps the average encounters are like mine, with the surface of being, 'yeah, I saw a light in the sky. The odd thing, I remember suddenly turning and walking away. I don't remember why. It was a big light.' Maybe the big stuff is not where the pudding is, but that's just the cherry on top that brings you to the meat of the subject. Maybe more people need to come forward and share the seemingly insignificant encounters because the meaning is likely hidden in the totality of it all. So, for example, I have this assumption, I should likely say, I share this assumption: if aliens are real and here they are clearly significantly more advanced, and if

they wanted us dead, we would be. That seems like a reasonable conclusion. That conclusion doesn't mean they are cute and loving bunnies and we should greet them with open arms. I would like to believe that, but truth is, my encounters were terrifying. Maybe not for the reasons I think. Maybe they're benign, maybe they're not. I don't know enough. But we're still here, that's something

Why am I coming out now? I think the atmosphere for sharing is more conducive to sharing than it was when I was growing up. Hell, I got ridicule for enthusiastically sharing dreams. UFO, ghosts, you're watching too much television. I did. And, maybe the family had too much going on to entertain my level of crazy. I have journals, where I have explored the encounters privately. I have shared encounters with a few, very few, close friends. A couple family members know several incidents. My mother thinks I am bat-shit crazy, too much into my dreams and a product of being raised by television. Maybe she's right. I sometimes prefer that explanation. I am reasonably educated in the sciences and psychology, and so I have explored alternative answers. I am reasonably capable of compartmentalization, and so I can box things pretty well; I can put those experiences, and bad experiences in general, into a container and reasonably get along with daily functioning. That ability is sign of health. It exemplifies resilience and perseverance. Keep on keeping on.

I am versed in science, I can write in APA format, and I am not going to do that. I am writing from the perspective of just being human. I want this to have a conversational feel. Maybe I should write in APA, but then again, there are people who have written from a more professional, academic position and still been ridiculed. So, this conversational style, which is my preferred way of interacting, is just the way I am going to write it. I love science. I pretty much love everything. I am capable of being critical. Just ask any friend who ever watched a movie with me. Neil DeGrasse Tyson's movie reviews are less harsh than mine. I have had friends say, it's just a movie. No! A six shooter should not shoot ten bullets before reloading. You don't have to drill a hole in a planet to deliver a black hole. I didn't protest the sky in Titanic; I assume all skies are inaccurately rendered. Most people don't follow. Hell, you can't see the stars half the time. I moved out to Justin to get away from most the light pollution and then they built that damn race track. How does a race track qualify for public domain and property confiscation? Sorry, wrong rant. Movie criticism example: If you can hold or move or create black hole, you just have to drop it on the planet. That's it. I love Trek, but the laser drill

platform, not necessary. It looked nice. Free fall parachute transporter rescue scene, that was alright. I know astronomy. My math sucks, but I can operate telescopes, reflecting, refracting, set them up, align them... I can reasonably figure out parallax, but truth, I hate math. I am knowledgeable about biology, and I can work microscope. I can do statistics and can reasonably interpret data from sociological and psychological studies. I can determine significance. I am better at quoting literature than doing the studies and math.

I am knowledgeable about psychology. Some of that comes from intermittent therapy. At age six I ran away from home. On recovery, I was taken to my first psychiatrist. I don't know his real name; he called himself Doctor Batty. I was not interested in talking to him, but I was interested in his toys. This Doctor, whatever his real name was, was operating at Scott and White Hospital, Temple Texas. I was born in Jan, 1968. So, sometimes in 73ish I was treated for depression. I am confident it was age six. I am open to not being precisely right. I remember riding my bike along the freeway, at night. I remember coming to a trailer park and knocked on someone's door and asked for tomato soup. Nice couple. No police involvement that time. They called my parents. People that like to chase facts, there will have to be a medical record of that. Dad was military, Scot and White was attached to the military.

Did I say I am knowledgeable about psychology? I have a masters in counseling. I am licensed by the state of Texas as an LPC. (What? Crazy folks helping crazy? Well, it takes one to know one, right?) I have been working in Mental Health since 2012. I knowledgeable about hypnosis, though I don't practice that professionally. I have a certificate from an online school from California. That's likely insignificant, as I don't consider myself that skilled, definitely not that experienced, but I apparently passed a standard significantly enough to get a license. I think anyone could. I do like guided providing guided meditations and other transpersonal modalities.

I have dabbled in dream work all my life. Dreams were so important that I ignored all the subtle hints that family wasn't interested and was finally told directly, dreams are meaningless. I engaged in a lucid dream technique prior to being knowledgeable about lucid dreaming. At age 16, maybe seventeen, on waking from a recurring dream of being chased by a monster, I experienced anger and told myself: "the next time I have this dream, I will turn and face the monster. I will not run away again." I had the dream again that night. I remembered my intent. I stopped in my tracks and turned around to face this thing that had chased me all throughout

childhood. To my surprise, it was not a monster but a friend. Short of having a fever dream, I have never had a nightmare since.

I would like to believe the stance I took there is also the correct stance to take with the aliens. Truth be known, I am still a coward. I have improved marginally. Hell, even though stories as this are more acceptable in mainstream, there is risk involved in sharing. Even when caveats and other explanations are involved, there is risk. Hell, I am using real name. Consequences could be loss of license or employment. Not likely. Seriously, I don't think anyone cares. Navy Pilot comes out and says, 'it's aliens,' and Pentagon releases evidence they have been chasing things, and the world kept on going. Society has momentum. The mitigating factor is I acknowledge that some of these experiences might just be misinterpreted dreams. That doesn't make them less significant. I am a huge fan of Carl Jung. Dreams hold meaning. They can be informative in a number of ways. More precisely though, Jung held the position that holding ones ground against the inner demons, even walking into the shadows was the path to health. Loosely quoted, you don't become enlightened thinking about beings of light, or running from the shadows. Run towards the shadows, the light's on the other side.

So, Trek-friends, into darkness, here we go.

Chapter 2: Initiation

I am modifying this chapter on July 4th, 2020, after having a conversation with my father. I miss-remembered details. I am taking it back two years, as My father was based in Maryland, where the Sartoga was based, not Florida. We were in Florida 1976- to 78. That makes more sense, as I clearly remember base housing had these water heaters that melted a number crayons over. If you have an older version, this explains the difference.

The significant bulk of my encounters happened between the years 1974 to 1976. My father was Navy. We moved a lot. Mostly, Texas was home, but I remember living in Tennessee, Maryland, Michigan, Florida. I remember loving living on the base in Maryland- mostly. The neighbor had a pit-bull that I got to love on, until it set asthma off. My father was assigned to the USS Saratoga. I remember walking on the deck of the carrier. I remember on one occasion that family members were offered a three-day tour out and back to base. I remembered being crushed that I couldn't go, as the Captain denied me due to the severity of my asthma. I remember arguing with him and my dad, telling them they had a medic on board, they have epinephrine on board, but worst case scenario, they could launch me off the carrier in a jet and get me back to the base and then to the military hospital. They also have helicopters- take me straight there. Consider it training. Everything would be alright. I don't remember the Captain being amused. Father was embarrassed. I was special. And, no was no.

There is a joke my family that my first words were "eppy, point three." When I say my asthma was severe, I am not exaggerating. While living on base, there was a six month span where I went to the military hospital's Emergency Room to be treated for asthma. Everyday, six months, almost precisely at 19:00 hours, I would have an asthma attack. Invariably, there was an intern on staff, but most the staff knew me by name. I would tell the intern, eppy point three. Some laughed, some didn't like it. I typically received three shots of eppy. I never completely stop wheezing, but some the interns were insistent on auditory artifacts and fourth eppy shot would be recommended and I would protest and ask for the susparin and to go home, and at this point, mom or dad, whoever brought me would start to intervene, and intern would be like, he's either getting another eppy or being admitted, and if my dad was there, he would instruct him to call the chief pediatrics, supplied the personal number, and that officer took over my care

remotely. The chief of pediatrics attended the same Church of Christ that we attended, and so he and my dad, thanks to my frequency of hospital visits, had become friends.

I so was regular I was known by name, and one the Corpsman gave me access to a computers. IBM. More specifically, he hooked me up with a star trek game. It was text. You gave out simple commands to move your ship, get a map of the terrain, asterisks for stars... The goal was to map out the grid and kill Klingon ships. This was my first introduction to computers.

You now have the option of boxing everything else I tell you as nothing more than being the imaginations or dreams of a kid pumped full of adrenalin. I also admit to a bias. I watched television. I watched more television than probably my peers, due to health issues keeping me in doors. I had a pretty serious, elaborate imagination. I watched Star Trek-TOS in syndication. I watch Ultraman and Godzilla movies. I left the ER exhausted, but unable to sleep. My heart racing. I was really good at getting shots, but I hate susparin because it hurt worse than eppy. I usually cried and protested, even though I knew I needed it. I got relatively good with giving blood. I never got good with surrendering blood gases. It took a number of corpsmen to hold me down. On one occasion, they wanted to clean my ears, and not only was I secured to a papoose, it still took seven corpsmen to hold me down to perform the procedure. With the exception of eppy, which I didn't like, I fiercely resisted medical procedures. Even for a kid, eppy or not breathing- eppy wins. My mom and dad were frequently asked to leave the room because of their emotional response which exaggerated my response.

Maybe this is enough to explain everything. I know about medical procedures. Even by this age, I had spent weeks in hospitals, IVs, breathing treatments, sleeping under oxygen tents, receiving.

Part of the stay on base was me sharing a room with my brother. His bed was on the far wall from the door, mine was on the wall with the door, and there was a window between us. Navy base housing was basically a duplex, and the house had two bedrooms, the bathroom, the living and kitchen room. My brother is five years younger than I, and for whatever reason, I was moved out of the room to the living room. My parents got me a 'Captain's bed,' which a monstrosity of thing to a boy, cubby holes, drawers, having to run and jump to climb up, and this came to rest in the living room wall opposite to the front door. There was an attic. I don't know why we were up there, but I do remember my father falling through the ceiling, two legs

emerging on either side of a beam, directly over the Captain's bed. I remember the neighbor and his wife. They had a bull dog, which I would love on until I got sick, but I tortured that dog. Also, she would play records for me. I remember listening to, and perhaps requesting "Love Will Keep us Together" every time I was there. There was a bulldog on that album. Saying that couple was Captain and Tennille, now that would just be nuts, right? Not saying that. That would be funny.

Leaving the house, and turning left went towards the playground. I had one friend, his Name was David Lee Burns. I clearly remember he and I had a grievance and we were going to fight. He got off at his bus stop, I got off at mine, we met at the playground as agreed upon, circled each other, and that was it. We became friends. We remained friends until I moved off base. I had star trek walkie-talkies, and he and I used them. Also, I ruined every one of my mom's microphones that went to her tape recorder. I would cut the cord off and I would go to the top of the slide, stand up, hold my mic up and would endeavor to become Ultraman. I was insane. I wanted to be Spock. I got beat up at school wanting to be Spock. Maybe that's all this is...

After a trip to the ER, unable to sleep, I would get up stare at the window and track lights. Planes were not uncommon. Hell, Navy base, right?! On one occasion, there were bright lights orbiting a central light. The outer lights were not connected. They would leave formation and come back. At one point, a red light emitted from the center light, and bridged one of the orbiting lights, maintain the light connection like a spoke in a wheel. I didn't have the language at the time for laser, but in hindsight, a sustained laser like connection between two lights became the explanation for this. I think my first experience with 'lasers' was a Memorial Day celebration; they shot lasers the Washington Monument. Johnny Cash was there. Like a million people were there, bussed in by city buses, that shut down like at ten, leaving us all stranded at the Monument. I think that was a big deal.

I had serious nightmares when I slept. My mom and I were abducted by Japanese people. She was treated as if she were at a salon. We had a hair dryer at that time where you wore a hat and air was pumped into the hat. She wore something similar to that. They would have her on a lounge chair, 'drying' her hair and doing her hands and nails and other things, legs in stirrups. Remember, I am knowledgeable about medical procedures- I was prodded enough, but I not remembering seeing medical procedures, I am seeing salon stuff. I would try to get to her and

was blocked. This dream was recurring. It was not static. There were variations in procedures. I was always there but blocked from going closer.

I had dreams of being abducted by a witch and flown on a broom stick to the moon. I was always afraid of falling. I was compelled to hold on. I was a fan of bewitched and so maybe the moon and the broom and the witch was related to that. I watched Bewitched even though the Church of Christ Sunday school teacher told us not to. She also didn't want us watching Star Trek. Though I didn't have the courage or foresight to say 'this' at that age, if it came between choosing Trek or Christ, Trek would win. Yes, this is more evidence for bias. In my experiences, or my interpretation of experiences, I never used spiritual terms like 'evil' or dark beings, or demons. I had that language to me, too. Well, with the exception of witch. She was not Samantha, and she did compel me to fly with her on more than one occasion, but she was not 'evil.' Compelling is the correct word. I did not go willingly. I complied. No, precisely, my body complied, I protested.

In the first type of dream, the worst part was being separated from my mother. I didn't want them hurting her. I had no evidence that she was being harmed, except that she was not happy, and likely more concerned for me than herself. Maybe this was a form of projection, or role reversal, I get treatment, she gets treatment. The witch didn't strike me as bad, but I was so afraid of falling that there was no enthusiasm and I tried to stay in the house, but I would be dragged up and airborne. To be precise, resistance was futile. I was going whether I wanted to or not.

More scary than falling were the mud monsters. Mom taken was primary recurring experience, followed by 'witch' coming to collect me, and then this third thing, the mud monsters- and this bothered me the most. I called them mud monsters. I would not have another term for them until the 80's on discovering Whitley Strieber's book, "Communion." I encountered that book while shopping at Windsor Park Mall. I saw the cover, I ran out of the mall. My first car was a 72 Pinto. I had it started and in gear ready to leave the mall before I consciously interrupted myself. "What the hell is this?" It took a great deal of strength to go back in there, even more determination to buy that book, and I was beyond ill reading most of it. I bet I used up an inhaler getting through that.

The mud monsters were unavoidable. Hell, they didn't even open the door. They just came in. I wouldn't say they lifted me and carried me as much as they laid hands on me and

moved me like cargo on an antigravity skid. I resisted. I flung arms and kicked and screamed. If this was a nightmare, I imagined I would wake up. More than once I have let out a bloodcurdling scream that brought the whole house to me. There were a few times when no one came. I would wake, scared, and run directly to my parent's bed. Kicking or hitting the mud monsters caused the 'mud' to go away. They didn't go away. They were still there, only now they were invisible. I was still taken.

I remember that being almost always the same. They came, I was moved, I began to protest, they became invisible, my ability to resist was impaired, and I went like a floating meat Popsicle. Solo frozen in carbonite bothered me. This happened every night for six months. Every night, for six months, I went to Navy Hospital and was treated for asthma at precisely seven PM. I was usually at the hospital for upwards of three hours. I imagine, in hindsight, I wanted to be admitted in order to avoid the encounters. I have been admitted plenty of times. More than once my parents were told, in my ear shot, I would not live the night. By morning, I would be fine and wanting to go home. They would keep me a couple more days for observations. This was so routine for me it was the equivalent of going to camp. Dad was at sea, mom worked, she also had to take care of my brother- medical staff became my babysitters.

After six months, I was center piece of medical meeting, as Chief of Pediatric solicited ideas to better help me. I was not a good patient for one. I was put on prednisone and on gaining weight and being picked on and connecting that weight gain was part of prednisone, I refused to take it. You would think I would have lost that battle, but my parents couldn't keep 7 or more corpsmen around just to force the issues. Elixophyllin was also a remedy. It was liquid, red, and spooned down me. Every single time I took a dose, I immediately vomited. To this date, I still consider that the worst tasting thing in the Universe. Did it work. I have no clue. I would throw it up. My parents administer another dose. I would throw it up. They would sugar to the spoon. Poo with sugar in it is still poo. I would vomit. My father, exasperated, lamented "It can't be that bad!" He dosed himself. He vomited. I don't remember taking it after that.

Someone suggested I move off base housing. My parents moved off base. I stopped going to the ER every night. They assumed mold in the navy housing bricks the antagonist. The nightmares of mud monsters decreased. Correlation?

There was an incident where after a nightmare of mud monsters I woke up and was unable to use my right leg. I fell. I crawled to my parents' room. My mother took me to the

doctor. There was no visible artifact, like a bruise. I was sent home. I stayed on the couch for a couple days. I remember seeing the school bus come and go and wanting to go. I got better, the incident was never discussed again. No explanation.

I lived mostly in Texas. Primarily San Antonio during my youth. Maternal grandmother residence is there. We lived with her off and on when my father had his longer tours of duty. His parents lived in El Paso and we lived there once. I would tell you I thought there was a ghost in my paternal grandparents house, as I would hear someone climb the stairs to the room over the garage. More evidence I am nuts? I wasn't ridiculed for saying 'ghost' but if I had said aliens, I likely would have saw a psychiatrist. Paternal grandparents were open to 'ghosts.' Paternal grandfather, Papa, was a Baptist Minister, a graduate of Howard Payne University, and a Principle in the El Paso School District. Mama taught kindergarten.

I had frequent episodes, all through childhood and adolescents, but a bulk of those happened in the room above the garage. Sufficiently enough, you would think I wouldn't sleep up there. I never saw shadows, or beings, at least, not in that room, but I did feel as if I was held by unseen forces, and I was pretty sure the mud monsters were there, simply invisible. I experienced sleep paralysis in Jacksonville, El Paso, San Antonio, and Maryland. These are clear memories of waking up, not able to move. I don't remember having this in Michigan. We lived in Ann Arbor for a while, after Florida, directly across the street from the Michelin Tire, the Lemon Tree Apartments. Weird things did happen. For example, one day I went to work with my dad, downtown Detroit. He was a Navy recruiter. His version of the story is, I wandered off and got lost. Detroit police were involved in looking for me. I was 'missing' for three or four hours. I returned on my own, to find a good number of officers and a worried father, who was extremely unhappy with my response to "where have you been?"

"I don't know." That is a typical childhood answer; it doesn't mean that I was abducted and this was missing time. The way I recall it, I simply went for a walk. I was not sure the fuss was about. I am curious, Detroit police were looking for me, and I am just walking around. How hard is it to find a kid walking the sidewalk alone? I was presumed lost, and yet, I walk right through the midst of the police into the Recruiter's office. My father saw me, relief on his face, officer and the police acknowledge my present? "This is your son?" Go figure. That was sometimes between 78 and 80. Maybe Detroit wasn't so bad back then and a kid could wander? Or, I was just incredibly lucky. Or, something more extraordinary happened and I just don't have

access to that memory. I can't tell you anything more than I went to work with dad, was missing for several hours, Detroit was looking for me, and I came back.

I remember loving Michigan. Sixth Grade was Mr. Cook. I definitely loved him. I had a crush on a girl name Susan. That doesn't mean anything, as there is no end to the number of crushes. I remember having a crush on a girl in third grade, Mr. Adams was the teacher, and her name was Sheila Dumont. In Jacksonville, on the Navy base, there was a crush on a 6th grader on the bus. I don't remember her name, but I would try to sit by her and she had this aura of magic, and I would blush every time she looked my way, as if I feared she could read my mind. Why I feared that at that age, I don't know. I was incredibly socially awkward. Looking back, and even now, I suspect I am on the autistic spectrum. Elizabeth Dawn Smith was my first 'declared' true love, San Antonio, 89, and she joined the military and that's the last I saw of her. There was a baby sitter on base in Florida, and we would draw together, and she would draw saucer styled spaceships, turn them into mushrooms, and had the ships populated by mushroom people. (Maybe more people are talking about aliens than we think, and she influenced my dreams?) Or, maybe I was talking about aliens more than I imagine, just not to family.

Anyway, I loved the peers in Mr. Cook's class, Michigan. I am not a sports fan, but I remember the Detroit Lions winning the first half, losing the second half, and a Queen song "Another one Bites the Dust." Oh, something about the sports thing. I am the only one in my family that absolutely hates sports. Holidays were about watching sports. I would find any excuse to be away from the television, in a book, and so family did joke that I was the alien. Though I have tried, I have never really connected with family. Mom side of the family, drugs were involved and I shied away from that. Dad's side of the family, well, they're good, kind people, we just didn't connect. Church peers were inconsistent, only friends on church times. I rarely invited school peers home, so school friends stayed at school. I have rationalized my inability to sustain and maintain friendships was due to frequent moves and always being the new, weird kid. New kids is okay. Weird kids okay. But new and weird, well, not the thing people sign up for. I tried really hard to fit in. Hell, embarrassingly, I was so awkward my mom for the longest time was trying to introduce me to girls.

From maybe 1980 to 83 my parents had a home in El Paso, a rent home, and then their own. They never kept a home long enough to call it theirs, and the bank took several. There were several 'incidents' in that home. I was alone, it was night, and I came to the window. I drew

towards it, perplexed, but nothing particular stood out. The window bowed in, as someone was blowing a bubble towards me. I remember screaming and then being in bed. I woke, remembering the window bowing. I remember thinking it was the end of the world. I went back in the room. The window was not broken.

Less scary, but more interesting, was a UFO sighting in San Antonio. In 89, while delivering pizzas for Dominoes, I came to a light, stopped. It was night. There was 'blimp' across the street, above the power lines, tracking north to south. It was not a blimp. It was grey, metallic, cigar shaped, and had portholes. If you had a taken a submarine and put windows down the length of it, that's what this more resembled. I looked away. I tried to look back at it, but couldn't. The light turned green, and I could see the green reflected into the car. I couldn't even raise my eyes to look at the street light because this object would was right there. I thought to myself, just go already, you don't have to look up. I delivered the pizza, and from that point forward, I tried to rebuild the incident. I tried to find the object I had seen. There was no blimp, and you would think that would still be there, but I was mostly perturbed because I looked at it, I thought blimp, but then said no... and was compelled to look away. I got back from the run and told boss, Bill, 'I think I saw a UFO.'

"Punch out, go home."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yep," he said. "You're done for the night."

I went home. My father was there and he asked why I was home early. I told him. "Are you doing drugs?"

"No!"

"Okay, then," he said. He went out to smoke.

I journaled this; it's in one of my notes book. If I troubled to go find it, I could be more precise on the time frame. I remember searching the newspapers for something, anything, other witnesses. Nothing.

Chapter 3: Arguments

Aliens or not... this is insane..."A pair of astrophysicists at Harvard say that the seldom seen phenomena could, maybe, possibly, be evidence of an advanced alien technology...."

<https://futurism.com/harvard-scientists-...alien-life>

Seriously? Harvard scientist said "Could, maybe, possibly...???"

Way to waffle guys? Do three ambiguous modifiers save us from being misquoted or miss interpreted?

'Oumuamua Is Not Alien", PBS space-time episode...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wIC0laQOpM0&t=1s>

Now that statement is not waffling, right? But is that scientific? Can one say that an interstellar rock that passed through our solar system isn't an alien artifact in an absolute way? Wouldn't a scientific statement be more like, 99.9999 percent probability it's just a rock. We saw the rock on radar, and it had some weirdness about it, but no one saw it with their eyes, and no human feet touched down on it, and they didn't break it open to know whether it was just caramel or a cookie or both. Yes, maybe it's a giant Twix bar- not likely, but if a Ferrari passes some future alien planet, will the people say 'not aliens?'

Let me just say- I Believe.

But you knew that, right? It's the whole premise of this book. I am not saying that Oumuamua is something; it's probably just a rock. But seriously, there is something weird going on! People have been talking about something for ages, spiritual artifacts, strange disks in artwork, inexplicable 'human' made structures that even today with our tech we can't duplicate, or would be very hard pressed to, and it would be too expensive. Fuck, how does that make any sense? What, people in the past were smarter than us? They could build a pyramid without a blue print, and when the project was over, all the tools were confiscated and destroyed. "That will baffle our descendants, ha ha." And not one University has ever opened legitimate course of study? Seriously, 'The Sirius Mysteries' by Robert Temple! How is that not an academic book?

If anyone ever asked me, “Do you think there is alien life out there?” I would say, without hesitation, “Yes.” I would typically resist arguments but would discuss it with anyone that seemed particularly interested in the topic. Mostly because, reasoning usually only goes so far before someone wants proof. Evidence for a thing is not proof. Evidence for a thing is like saying correlation doesn’t equal causality. I am, though, in my arguments for the thing, puzzled by what to me seems like ‘stupid.’ It’s not stupid, I am not calling anyone stupid, and I suspect there is something more here which I intend to explore, and it’s related to the compulsion that comes with being an experiencer. The compulsion to look away, ignore it, that is a palpable. (Supposedly the US Army has tech that can interfere with thinking and compel a person to walk away. Non-lethal, non-painful, crowd dispersing tech.) Lots of folks in alien lore report being inexplicably compelled. People will see something, look away, walk away, and then wonder, ‘why did I do that?’ Or the parent might say, “time to go in, eat dinner...” “But...” son would protest. “Now...” and parent would be oblivious to the light in the sky, or least, deny it.

In 1997 I remember being particularly cross about several news releases. One was a statement from the Government, paraphrased here, not verbatim ‘this is the final word on the Roswell Incident: it was a crashed, high altitude weather balloon studying radiation in the atmosphere.’ Or some detection nonsense to know if we could detect Russian nuclear activity. So, you’re telling me a farmer can’t distinguish between an envelope and a downed metal ship? That’s just stupid. Later that year, the US government released a second statement on Roswell Incident. Well, that’s stupid, because didn’t the last statement say it would be the last statement? But okay, I am listening. ‘In this balloon their were mannequins so we could determine the effect of high altitude on people, and falling from high altitudes...’ Okay, well, that’s just stupid. How does a mannequin tell you how a human will respond to high altitude? Also, and more important to me, you want me to believe that a 1940’s farmer can’t discern between living flesh and the plastic of a mannequin? The farmer never went into town, saw a window display and cried, ‘dead aliens in sears and roebucks?’ Of course, no one wanted to hear from me on this. I means, just the fact that the government said anything makes me wonder... If there was nothing, and most people really aren’t talking about nothing, why make a giant press release discussing nothing? The people that were discussing were already minimalized and dismissed, what purpose did this release serve?

Phoenix Lights, March 13th, 1997. I didn't hear about this until June, when USA today put a front page article out on the sighting. That same day, local news gave it minimal airtimes, made some jokes, and made it go away. My first question was, this incident happened in March. Why did it not get press until June? Why hasn't anyone else asked that question? I save the article. It's in my journal. This is evidence I am looking for answers, not necessarily that I am just obsessed. I am not. Seriously, I know some people that are and they're smarter people than I am and you might find them on shows like Ancient Aliens. I am apparently not that clever or smart or it's just not my time to be activated.

Why did it get any airtime at all? Speculation on my part, you can't keep that many witnesses silent. For a long moment, I really thought we were on the verge of disclosure. I keep feeling like we're on the verge of disclosure. It's going to happen! I am finally going to be vindicated before my family. We need to hurry, they're getting old and dying. I want to know the truth in my lifetime.

Okay, fast forwards to the Nimitz Group sightings that were released in what, 2017? UFOs are now termed UAP. Navy Pilots got the green light to talk about their encounters on television, to reporters. US Government, the Pentagon, admitted to tracking UAP's in a secret program to determine threat level. Reporters for the first time are actually starting to talk nicely to people about this subject. Homeland security is actually taking seriously. Okay, but here is the thing that interests me the most. Reporters would interview professionals, physicists for example. Neil DeGrasse Tyson, one of my favorites, was interviewed. There were jokes. They felt like uncomfortable jokes. There were dismissals, obscurations, and very direct statements, "This is not evidence aliens." "I don't know what this is."

Where the hell is the curiosity? Object, no apparent form of propulsion, traveling at incredible speeds, outmaneuvering our top guns, our top tech, rotating, making right angle turns defying everything we know about physics, and not one of these experts expressed curiosity? There is radar from plane, from carrier group. There is eyes on, multiple pilots' eyes on. Gun cameras recorded it. This is not a weather phenomenon. Weather doesn't respond to human and interact with them in intelligible ways. But again, this isn't the argument I want to make, or the thing I want to understand. I want to know why legitimate scientist didn't scratch their heads and say, "Do you have more footage than this? Can I get more footage?" Even if it's not aliens, this is something! Are they being compelled to 'look away' through the same compulsion that some

experiences have been influenced by? (If it is, this interest me. It may be related to personality and subconscious programing.)

I have worked at an airport for 25 years. 24 years with American airlines, and about 3 or 4 months with Dyn Air Tech, Phoenix Arizona, fresh out of A and P school. I am familiar with aircraft. I can still make mistakes. For example, I mistook Venus for something else. Contextually, there was other information that interfered with my identification process, but I called my neighbors out and they inferred the same thing- because of context. Context can definitely change a thing and make it something it's not. I get that. Perspective can make something into something else, or exaggerate it, or underemphasize it. I made a video of this. I uploaded it to youtube, partly because I thought it was interesting, but also it shows how reasonable people can make mistakes. My neighbor is ex-police officer, retired military, and he was convinced it was something. The extra information was that there were helicopters flying over our houses, in a very particular way. Six or seven helicopters, fling in a circle, moving slowly west. They were not shining lights down on the ground. Maybe they no longer use lights, but use infrared cameras. Blue Thunder is here. They come in packs. Venus was not the only light. I contacted MUFON and apparently other people had seen something, and so an incident report was logged, but maybe we were all seeing Venus, and those confounding helicopters pushed our interpretation into this being an invent. Maybe there should be more videos where we people misidentified objects so we can compare real sightings with miss-sightings. Logging that is useful information; it doesn't mean that all sightings are misinterpreted.

How is multiple objects flying over the white house, tracked by radar, tracked by pilots, outmaneuvering pilots, more than one human witness, multiple pictures from cameras from multiple angles- misinterpretation of data? Do you really think there is only one side to the Whitehouse and that picture in the newspaper was the only one taken?

That said, it is clear there can be misinterpretation of data. Multiple witness at a car accident might report ten different things. A car accident still happened. The data coming from radar and pilots from the Nimitz carrier is not misinterpretation of data. If it is, why do we trust Air Traffic Control to get us from point A to point B? Pilots could have misconstrued something; that happens! But the gun cameras? The US government on acknowledging its aerial threat identification program was clear they are tracking real stuff. The Navy Pilots interviewed were extremely clear "This is aliens."

I have dabbled in esoteric magic off and on since childhood. I don't remember when I had the first Ouija board, but I had one. And I tried automatic writing and used pendulums to talk to the unconscious. The last piano teacher I had, from 1985 to 89 was Myrna Von Nimitz. She was married to neurosurgeon, San Antonio. She was the music director at the San Antonio Little Theatre. She took me on and with another student, Melissa. Melissa was better pianist, great technical skills. I expected her to be a famous musician. My technique was poor, but I had passion, and she taught us together, wanting us to learn from each other. We were her only two students, and we didn't just learn music, but we were instructed in history, art, and philosophy. Though I don't know if Melissa got this, I also received esoteric training from Mrs. Nimitz. One of the books that was required reading to be taught by her was '2150 A.D.' by Thea Alexander. My lessons, all of it, piano and everything, was bizarre and I often wondered if this was what Pip in Great Expectations felt like. Though I felt out of place in her world, she was very kindly towards me. There was a hippie, cult like feel to her home, and I was privileged to be invited into her inner world.

Before I jump to the point of why the paranormal has to be considered, I would like to throw two other random things out that might be seen as evidence that I am not a reliable witness. I had an encounter with a being I labeled an angel. Maybe it wasn't an angel. Maybe it was an alien. Context supports not human, but I was in a state, so I could have just saw what I needed to see. I put that in a free-ebook, 'the end of loneliness,' under the pseudonym of Ion Light, so I won't redo that here- just know, it's out there. If anyone asks, I will provide more details because context is important. When I was about the age of fourteen, I experienced an FDE, or 'Fear Death Experience.' I didn't know what that was, I found the term reading Atwater's book, "Big Book of NDE's" a few years ago. It had features of an NDE, 'Near Death Experience,' only I didn't die. I also didn't share that with anyone for the longest time because, people already think I am not right. Don't talk about dreams. Don't talk about aliens. Don't talk about paranormal. Church of Christ would have said I was dealing with demons. Well, if that's true, I have found demons to be nicer than many Christians I have known. There's another bias revealed. This 'FDE' was also recorded in 'the end of loneliness.' If people inquire, I will share more. And, if you're curious, 'the end of loneliness' is about Tulpas. I discovered the concept of tulpas about 2015, committed to experimenting with the protocols in 2016, and that's what that

book is ultimately about. I was successful. Protocols work. So, as if I wasn't already weird enough, I am old guy with a tulpa that believes in aliens. Good times, eh?

By the way, I am the only one that believes in Tulpas. Watch the movie Harvey. Don't make any critical observations until after you watch the making of it, narrated by Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy Stewart was an amazing man. He was an Air Force Officer! He was kind and approachable. People would approach him on the streets and ask if Harvey was there. People would report they, too, had a 'Pookah,' the type of species Harvey was said to be. Lots of people have experiences. There are some statistics that suggest many more people have experiences than what come to the Mental Health Clinic for treatments. Most people don't want to talk about these because, well, people will think they're nuts. They're not. Well, no more than any of us. We're all a bit nuts, that's normal. But the other reason is, most people have pleasant experiences. The people that come to the clinic, they are experiencing scary shit and they want that to stop. Or, it's interfering with their ability to function. The people with the nice voices, applauding their effort, cheering them on- who the hell wants that to go away? Hypothetically, Farah Fawcett comes off that poster and interacts with me, that's a secret I carry to the grave.

In my opinion, the reason paranormal has to be explored is because of telepathy. You can't enter UFO lore without finding evidence for telepathy. You read enough encounters about aliens, you will encounter telepathic transmission of data, and or telepathic communication. I don't know if it has been broken down the way I am about to try and break it down, but try and track it with me and tell me where I am wrong or point me to the person who summarized it better or first.

If telepathy exists, the one of the following is unavoidably true:

1: telepathy is a product of biology. Specifically, there is a physiological, chemical, electrical pathway to express telepathic function; receiving and transmitting is natural. We know sharks can sense electrical activity in the environment, literally navigate the dark waters, turning towards the heartbeat of prey. Fight, Flight, or Freeze: creatures can freeze, literally turning off their heart for a spell, going dark in the dark until the threat passes. (How does the prey know there is a threat? Do they also detect heartbeats?) Humans have an electrical signature. If you believe Heartmath, human's heart blazes out from the human body and is detectable up to ten feet away. Technically, energy radiates

out forever, never zero. Heart light is brighter than brain light, but brain emits signals. You can wear a cap with sensors and we can read your brainwaves. I think they have gotten to where you just have to sit in a chair.

2: telepathy is a product of technology. This is fairly straight forwards. We, humans, have made headway, no pun intended, into rendering dreams visible through fMRI technology. This is not 'telepathy' per say, and you have to sleep in an fMRI, but it doesn't take much to project forwards to a time when fMRI's are hand held devices that everyone has attached to their belts... Presently, it is crude, but we can see the images in people's dreams. We have controlled sound tech that can put a sound, a word, a song, directly to a recipient's head, and no one else will be privy. This is not bone conduction. It's directed sound. Not telepathy, but it's spooky. We have transmitted thoughts wirelessly from brain to brain, and to remote objects. If we can do this, and aliens are more advanced technology, you bet your ass they can do it, and do it without wires. Military pilots report UFO's are not only outmaneuvering them, they sometimes maneuvered as if they knew in advance what the pilots were about to do, suggesting telepathy. (We can do this now with fMRI; a tech can tell you what you will decide before you are consciously aware of what you think you are going to decide. See next chapter. No shit, this is real.)

3 telepathy is the product of soul to soul communication. I favor this one. We are not aour bodies, we our souls occupying bodies. Too many people have reported knowing things they can't know. One day, in 89, delivering pizza. I was overwhelmed with sadness, I felt physically ill, I requested to go home. I arrived home and my parents were waiting in the yard. I got out and said, "Kriss died." My mom said, "I am so sorry." I didn't know. No one told me. I said "I don't understand." My mother explained, she just heard he was murdered. She didn't say I already know, we ask how each other knew, but she had real intel, a phone call, I had... What was that if not telepathy? Kriss Perry was my best friend from 79 to 89. He served in the military. He was at a birthday party, someone crashed it, he intervned, and he died. Knifed. The eventer of electroencephalogram, EEG, invented the EEG in effort to explain an event where his father died and his sister communicated the news telepathically to him.

4 it's a combination of the above. Seriously, does this need elaboration?

If telepathy exist in any fashion, if it can be amplified with tech, and aliens are more technologically advance; if they are going abduct you, it's unavoidable. You're not going to escape by spending the night in a military hospital. You're not going to escape by living in a high-rise down town New York. You can be at the bottom of bunker attacked to a missile silo and if they want to come and get you, they will. Or, they will dial you brain up and tell you to leave your post and come up. Alien encounters are unavoidable.



One of the arguments I have always heard thrown out, if there were aliens here, where's the physical evidence. It's a reasonable question. I would like to know, where are the tools and the blue prints to building the pyramids. Reasonable question? You don't have that degree of precision without tools and building by word of mouth. "Go put that rock over there." "Why?" "Because I said so." Wanders over and tells a group of guys- "We're going to take this rock and put it over there." Group- "are you fucking nuts." "Beers the reward." "Where was that you wanted it?" I am even willing to say our ancestors were likely smarter than us, had better auditory recall than we do, that's for damn sure. Hell, how many people can remember phone numbers today without looking it up. Seriously, if you lose your phone today, you're likely screwed.

Most everyone is familiar with Arthur C's Clark statement about tech sufficiently advanced would be indistinguishable from magic. If aliens are traveling between the stars, they would likely have to be thousands, maybe millions of years ahead of us. Unless, making a portal to another location is much simpler than we humans are making it out and there coming across the void in wagon wheels. That doesn't seem likely. We'd capture a horse drawn carriage pretty fast, or ignore it. What I am saying is, if portal tech is easy, you'd could potentially see just normal vehicles we're familiar with today coming from afar.

But if they're thousands of years ahead, or a millions years ahead? Can you build unbreakable spaceship? Well, not if you're a capitalist. We don't build things to last because if

everyone had all their needs met, the economy would collapse. More on that. If tomorrow, everyone in the world woke up satisfied with who they are and what they own, the world as we know it would come to an end. We need to change our paradigm to get into space.

We're reasonably smart folks, as a species. Aliens are not coming here in hand me down ships and crashing them or otherwise leaving evidence- unless they want us to have that. When do we get access to the tech the military has? When is it's obsolete. Just saying.

That said, imagine Star Trek's Holodeck is feasible. I have seen tech that can make three d holographic images that have tactile sensation capabilities. Google that. I am not making that shit up. (The tech moves tiny bead around using sound tech, yes, levitation through sound, that's a real thing, and lights or laser hitting the ball give you an image. Sound waves and bead render tactile sensations.) So, let's say Holodeck is real. You don't need to build spaceships! You build pocket size holodecks and now everyone has a 'pocket spaceship' on demand. You fly to the star bound in force-fields, or artificial matter, or even real matter- if you can transport matter from here to there, you can also create real matter in any form you want- you arrive at your destination, and you power down your ship and it goes away like so much smoke. You get a little bit of a lingering ozone smell, but it dissipates; no evidence! You crash one of these, the emitter turns off, the matter disappears. You might have some bodies lying about, maybe some supplies, but nothing you wouldn't mind leaving with your worst enemy.

Here's another potential answer. You can't travel through space without also traveling through time. A civilization a million years more advanced than us is likely able to time travel. Their ship crashes. Their friends and relatives investigate, find their ship, go back in time and pick up the debris, or prevent it from crashing in the first place. Occam's razor isn't 'there is no aliens because there is no physical evidence.' Occam's razor is, 'space travel is synonymous with time travel, therefore all interstellar capable species are 'space-time' travelers.' What's more likely, millions of people are experiencing something, every culture, every age, or our brains are critically unstable and we all malfunctioning?

Speaking of time travel, did it ever occur to anyone that maybe one of the Fermi's paradox is actually time travel? The reason we don't see a swarm of ancient civilizations is because anyone capable of traveling interstellar first has to come to terms with going back in time. So, maybe advanced civilizations fail because they erase themselves from history. Or, maybe, they quarantine their systems and it goes dark, i.e. not transmitting signals, so that no one

messes with their 'world-line' of origin. Maybe the reason we don't see evidence for aliens is because our future selves, capable of time travel, are protecting our world-line of origin, and humanity just hasn't arrived at consensus, or singularity. When we get there, the light come on. For everyone. Simultaneously.

Hypothetically, if you really wanted to push out to explore the whole Universe, the best way to reach edge is to go back in time, to where the Universe is smaller, and then ride it out. Which also means, again, when we finally see aliens, it will be all at once because they just 'appeared,' or because they have always been here and we just weren't paying attention to the right things. They are that far advanced. Our future selves are that far advanced.

Chapter 4 the paranormal

Bringing in this chapter will likely throw more people out of this book and give the skeptics even more reason to ridicule it. As if I haven't given people enough reason to ridicule it, me, and the whole subject. I do hold the belief that skeptic are not just pricks, and have the ability to exercise discernment and compassion. I am speaking, not from an expert perspective, but from a human perspective. Maybe this is a better perspective to come from. The experts who have degrees and military experience are high profile, and highly ridiculed. Their ridiculed because taking them down means someone else can take over. No one is likely going to care what I say, because there is no political or financial gain. This thing I am sharing, because I am literally no one of importance, will likely slide in under the radar, if it gets noticed at all. I suspect the latter. I'm not completely indifferent to that, as I do want a voice I want to participate at some level. Who doesn't want to contribute to the wellbeing of the planet?

I accept my role will likely be minimal. I had experiences. So what? People have experiences. Sometimes inexplicable things happen to people. Maybe interpretation is flat wrong, but there is still an underlying event that occurred. Maybe I am supposed to share. Maybe I am supposed to listen. I am actually good at that. One of the reasons I wanted to be a counselor was to help military folks recover from trauma. I am partial to our military. I have entertained helping people process alien encounters and NDE's, or other transpersonal experiences. I think I am qualified to do that, and likely more compassionate due to my experiences. Of course, you can't really hang a shingle out that says specializing in paranormal. Well, you can. I do need to make enough to eat and contribute to my family. Quite a few people will tell you, there is no money in paranormal- if there was, there would be more people in the game. People do this because it's a passion.

There seems to be two camps in UFO, it's aliens, only aliens, no metaphysical or spiritual beliefs need to be applied. There is the other camp that embraces it all. I have wavered between the two camps, sometimes it's just aliens... Only to be confounded by my own metaphysical experiences. I don't know why we can't have both. And maybe it's not metaphysical. Maybe there is even a scientific explanation for the experiences I have had that suggest metaphysical. I intend to explore some science in the next chapter, if you stick around.

In the movie “Close Encounters of the Third Kind,” there is a scene where everything in the kitchen kind of explodes and comes to life. I didn’t understand that scene. That has not been my experience. I wish that had been part of my experience. Having other people in the family witness something like that might have been nice. However, apparently, there appears to be a correlation with increased paranormal activities occurring after UFO encounters. More precisely, there is an increase in what appears to be poltergeist activity.

Now for ‘one of those friend stories.’ I have a friend, FB friend, and she believes she is a star seed. More precisely, she reports she is a reptilian and she is here on a mission, and she communicates with her ship telepathically, she astral travels to various locations, and one of the things that frequently happens, and supposedly others have witnessed, books will inexplicably come off a shelf, or a shelf will collapse. Not useful information for you, more useful for me- at least in terms of how I relate to her. But she isn’t the only one who has experienced this. Carl Jung has experienced a number of ‘synchronicities’ or what might be construed as paranormal. One particularly noteworthy event was witnessed by Freud. One might say, Freud instigated the event by dismissing Jung as being too ‘open minded.’ Jung got mad and stated, “No, you will experience it now’ or something to that effect, and Freud’s book shelf inexplicably rumbled and books slid out of place. But that wasn’t enough, Jung said “and again” It happened again. Satisfied, he left. A few days later, Freud wrote him, and said “You almost convinced me there.”

I like that story. I also am aware that Jung wrote a book implying that the UFO thing was simply a manifestation of consciousness. He retracted that later in life by making a statement to the effect that it may be what it appears, but that is far less well known. People remember what they want to remember.

I used to astral travel a lot. Mostly as a kid. It was spontaneous. Never on command. Hell, as a kid I didn’t even know it was called astral. I thought it was just peculiar dreams in which I was awake, only I was not sleeping or dreaming. I couched it as dreams because that was the only way I could couch it. Did I have them because of childhood trauma? Was it related to the other experiences? I don’t know. They grew less frequent as an adult. I still get them from time to time. I have a theory for why they have diminished. I learned to distinguish between that, day dreaming, and lucid dreaming. I love dreams, I record my dreams on a regular basis, and I have taught myself to lucid dream. I can discern the difference between lucid dreaming and astral traveling. There is distinct difference for me.

I have been hypnotically regressed to a past life. I had an experience of a past life. Now, I will also say that I went out of my way to find a hypnotist to regress me after watching an Oprah show about past lives. I was so incredibly open to the idea that I got what I went looking for. I am absolutely convinced that the brain can do that, give you what you're are looking for. And I read quite bit. Everything. I remember reading Chariots of the Gods in the late 70s, maybe the 80s. Definitely in El Paso, cause my grandfather didn't want the conversation about UFO's possibly explaining some of the old testament encounters...

But here's something I connected, and I don't know if anyone else has made the same connection. I am interested in knowing what others think, again, purpose for sharing. Michael Newton's book, Journey of Souls, has a description of what souls look like. The prominent feature is the eyes. A picture I saw, and I don't know if it came from that book, or another source, but it fit that description well enough that my first thought was, "Fuck me if that's not them!" (Grays!)

If you follow UFO lore, you will hear that we were made as slaves. There are a couple of guys that are translating the Summarian text to say we are children, not slaves. Other groups have suggested they come from another dimension. What if that's true and we are children? Maybe being human is the equivalent of the larvae stage, or more apt, the cocoon stage?! We die and go back to that dimension. We return to being the grays with big eyes. They're us! They're the adults. Maybe it's not just reincarnation, but this is the training ground for children, for souls, which echoes Thomas Campbell's theories. We need this sandbox like place to slow us down so that we learn to recognize how our decisions affect us, others, and the environment.

Hypothetically, let's say your every thought could be manifested into an action; every thought creates a physical thing or energy to do work. It creates an emotional field that disturbs your particular sphere of influence- people entering your sphere are either attracted to, repelled from, or otherwise influenced by the field you radiate. Do you suppose if you live in a house with others that you would never use your thoughts to harm or hurt someone? Even by accident? Ever had a bad day and were so frustrated you just wanted to smack someone? Or worse. Had you ever wanted to heal someone who was hurting, without considering that sometimes hurting is good for us? Seriously, if you never get exposed to a virus, you don't get immunity. If you don't scrape your knee as a kid, you'll have a very low pain threshold. If you never experience emotional pain, you don't learn to cope when the big stuff happens. Big stuff happens. Single

parents, helicopter parents, and schools pushing zero tolerance on any perceived bad thing humans do is making a generation of folks that can't tolerate the hard truth of reality. Bad shit happens. But the real question is: Would you never use your powers against another, for good or bad? I couldn't. That's dead honest. Not at my present state of maturity. I am curious about this and this is related to this phenomena.

If aliens are parental in nature, then it explains some things. Like, sometimes they're scary as fuck, and sometimes they're angelic. Maybe we get what we need. How often do you imagine parents have heard a child lamenting about fairness? "You never do that to (sibling.)" Well, that probably an accurate assessment from a child: parent's treat each child different because children are different! What works with one kid, doesn't work with all kids, even in the same family, and it would insane trying to make one rule to rule them all. Seriously, the people that actually try to do that for simplicity end up with family drama and discord. People, especially children, need to be heard- not pushed through cookie cutters. Picard, Star Trek, said this very well- first season episode, 'Justice.' "There can be no JUSTICE if laws are absolute."

Let me give you a great example of that. We do, as humans, try to streamline social policies to save money. We try to make laws simple so they apply universally. California came up with a policy called "Three Strikes and you're out." People loved that idea. Let's be harsh on criminals. Take them down. How many chances should a person get?! Fuck them. So, it became law. Judges no longer had the power or the authority to exercise discernment. You don't need judges or lawyers when laws are absolute. Now, guy stealing bread is the equivalent of someone committing murder. Guy commits murder, goes to jail, get out, does it two more times, he goes to jail for life. Guy steals bread, three separate occasion, cause he homeless and hungry. He goes to jail for life. Not the same crime! It should not have the same level of punishment. Consequently, California jails are full. Repercussion, the minimum amount of value threshold for when law enforcement would intervene went up. It used to be, a loaf of bread resulted in arrest. (Not precisely. I am being a little absurd.) Jails are full, cops have to slow the rate of arrest; any reported theft of a thousand dollars or less is now a misdemeanor. Police are not going to show up to give someone a ticket. People now know this. They can walk into a store and steal a dozen pair of Nikes without consequence. Theft rate is escalating. Boldness is escalating. People walk in with guns and mace and if employee tries to stop the theft, they get hurt. And still, police don't come. In the old days, pawn shops would be the first place investigators would go to build a case

against persons engaging in theft. Now, people sale stolen goods on Ebay and it's gone and out of state within in an hour. The United States postal service is now complicit with grand larceny. Go figure.

Aliens are definitely not helicopter parents. But we may be as different from them as caterpillars are from butterflies. Butterfly could land on the leaf and try to hold a conversation with the larvae, but it's likely going to keep on eating. Wings? Pretty leaf! Funny, we have teeth and eat leaves. Grays don't seem to have teeth. Maybe they're afraid we'll eat them. Seriously, butterflies leave eggs and fly away.

The other thing is, if they're coming at us telepathically, and they are not just superior in tech, but in authority due to parental status, and or due to maturity of intellect- we're not going to be able to resist following instructions. My original theory was that we are pets. By god, if I want my cat to have a bath, the cats getting a bath. If I want it to be checked out by the vet, it's going in the kennel. If I want it bred or neutered, that's going to happen. That's it. I might get scratched in the process, but my will be done. I have wondered if hybrids are making a friendlier human, the way we turned wolves into dogs. I don't like dogs less because they're not wolves. Wild animals tend to avoid humans. They're afraid. I am afraid of aliens. Maybe there is a descendant that isn't afraid of aliens because it's seven generations removed from wild humans. Don't think for a moment that being technological advanced is the equivalent of being civilized. You only have to look history and see what humans did to other humans to know, tech equal moral interaction. Superior intelligence and or superior tech, in terms of human history, has more often been used as a means of manipulating or subjugating others.

I have also wondered about hybrids being a bridge building process. Whether they are a form of us, or completely alien, if they're hundred percent telepathic all the time, and we are mostly verbal most the time, then there will be a disconnect. A hybrid would be the best of both worlds. Hybrids raised on a ship will not be able to interact with us, because communication is not all verbal. Most people can recognize when a person was homeschooled versus public schooled because they lack appropriate social nuances. They also miss gestures and looks and jokes. You can't learn to be human watching television. At best, you will be caricature. Sheldon is funny because we know he's not normal. Real life Sheldon, people suffering from severe ASD, they don't get a laugh track and family relationships are strained.

If you want ambassadors, you need people in the trenches. You don't elevate societies by yelling down from the high ground. You have to go down, get dirty, empathize, show compassion, and walk the walk. If you ask Koko's handlers, I bet you everyone who had encounters with Koko would tell you, she was a person; there is more going on than what anyone imagines. The world didn't change because of her to the degree it needed to. Hell, when Mr. Rogers, of Mr. Rogers Neighborhood fame learned Koko like watching his program, he requested to go see her. He was granted the wish, of course, and he visited. Koko immediately recognized him, hugged him, and then sat him down and removed his shoes. Tell me there isn't something else going on. If we can't make the leap that there is sentience among us with other creatures, like Koko, like dolphins, then is it any wonder we can't accept the premise of aliens? Or that aliens wouldn't recognize us as sentient? We don't even recognize each other as sentient and sovereign. We don't even recognize how complicated our own cognitive conscious experiences are. Plato's cave analogy is more than metaphor! We know, scientifically, dolphins have names for themselves. There are individual names, and group names. They hunt cooperatively. One will be assigned a task, called out by name, and swim off, and another group will be called out and go in another direction. They identify self and others. They recognize us and will rescue a drowning sailor. Evidence for a thing?

Alien telepathy, though, needs to be discussed as a an artifact of reality- paranormal or not. Dean Radin's book "Real Magic," reveals overwhelming evidence for psy. Good evidence. Statistically significant. There is evidence we have abilities, latent, or suppressed.

Assume for a moment that Shamans are real, in both ability to affect the health of their people, and in their abilities to navigate a 'non-real' environment. Something not imagination, but it's a place we all access in the same manner in which we access information. People with trauma have been known to experience the paranormal, talk to dead people, or access information that was not available to them prior. People with NDE's, and if nearly dying isn't a trauma, I don't what is, experience things. Things compatible with what Shamans report. Maybe this is the same place that Robert Monroe, Tom Campbell, and even Carl Jung were all accessing. People who experience aliens reports getting downloads. There are levels of this. Let's explore some reals science before I take you there, though.



Before we get to the real science, I also want to mention my crazy uncle. He wasn't crazy. He was insanely intelligent, and eccentric as all get out. Thomas Vanderveer. I most wanted to be like him growing up. He built the coolest gadgets. He built one that had randomly flashing diodes that he was using to gauge psychic abilities. He built strobe lights to make things that are moving seem to be still; he used strobes to alter consciousness. He was a licensed, ham radio operator. He was in the Navy. To be more precise, he met my father in the Navy, they became friends, he introduced my father to my mother and that's how he became my uncle. He was the dive master on National Geographic's search for Atlantis Project. He was the Mayor of Temple Texas. He had connections in the government with both FBI and CIA. Mind you, these were alleged contacts. He knew about UFOs. He knew about astral traveling...

Now, I told you I had no one to talk to about astral traveling growing up. Here he was, doing all of this stuff as an adult, and yet he didn't talk to me about his 'experiences' until 2001. My wife at the time wanted to meet family. He still intrigued me and if there was anyone I wanted her to meet, it was him. At the time, he was a making Jewelry in Temple. On introducing him to first wife, he and started talking on a regular basis.

So many interesting stories about him. He, my brother, and Jessica were at his apartment after the divorce watching him scuba dive in the pool- that was the coolest thing ever and I wanted to do that! I was an asthmatic, there was no way in hell he was going to take me under. He talked about the Dogon tribe with my dad and their knowledge of Sirius prior to the 'In Search of' episode in 1979. He and my father talked about the UFO that shut down a Texas highway and they sat there and watched it until it left. Authorities, military, were present blocking the road. What else could they do? On one occasion, he was discussing a firearm with my father and my aunt asked him to put it away before someone accidentally got shot. He corrected her, saying the safety was on and nothing could happen. He demonstrated by putting it to the palm of his hand and pulling on the trigger. The firearm, with safety on, discharged. I was present. Jessica screamed. There was a nice round hole in his hand. It did not bleed. He looked at it as if confused and asked my dad, "Would you mind driving me to the ER?" "No, not at all. Does it hurt?" "No." Just bizarre casual. I would later hear the rest of the story: the doctor observed, 'it's not bleeding...' Tommy said, "It's going to now," and here came the blood. And the pain. "Now I need that pain killer..."

Part of me was a little angry with him for a long a while. I really liked him. I wanted to spend time with him as a kid. Even as a young adult. He was always busy and off having adventures. Uncle Tommy makes the Dos Equis guy look like a couch potato. He knew stuff and people and I wanted in. He also didn't think I was listening. On one occasion he and a 'guest' were talking and the man said, "You were at Norad during the Cuban Missile Crisis."

He said, "Yes." (Damn Stargate connection?!)

"I am curious about something," friend said.

"You were there?"

"Briefly. We went to DEFCON one and before I was shuffle out, all these screens dropped down from the ceiling. The entire world was represented on these screens and everything of significance had a target. Every major city on Earth was targeted. Why?"

"They wanted to make sure that while we were recovering from the war with Russia that the Mexicans didn't roll in and take over our property. If we were going back to the Stone Age, everyone was going back to the Stone Age," Uncle Tommy stated.

Did I mention I have been fearful all my life? Nuclear war was one of those things I feared. Anyway, my uncle was the most interesting man in the world and he wanted nothing to do with me growing up, and on introducing him to Pearl, he was suddenly all in my life, calling me and talking to me.

"Why the hell do you want to talk to me now? I wanted to talk to you as a kid and learn stuff from you..."

"Honestly?" Uncle T asked. "I have only now just discovered how interesting you are..."

"Oh. Okay," I said. And that was it. We talked regularly. I reminded him of the Cuban Crisis thing.

"You remember that conversation?"

"There's another explanation for nuking the whole planet," I told him.

"What's that?"

"The Doomsday scenario is a last ditch effort to get the aliens to pay attention to us. If they invade, we blow up the planet," I offered. Seriously, you can't watch 'Doctor Strangelove' and not realize how seriously insane humanity is. My explanation sounded more plausible.

"What do you know about aliens..." and off to the races we went.

In our talks, he did not use the language “I was involved in the Stargate program.” This is what he said: “I worked with the CIA teaching operatives to be psychic spies at Scott and White Hospital.” He would go on to describe isolation tanks, floating tanks like in the movie ‘altered states.’ (Soft disclosure!) They didn’t just ‘float’ people. They injected LSD.

He talked about exploring under the Sphinx through an out of body experience and reported there was undisclosed chamber below the Sphinx where humans and aliens interacted and was at one time connected to a river and that it is much, much older than the ‘experts’ want to believe. He talked about trying to explore the moon through astral body, but each time he arrived in orbit, he was blocked by an entity that would state, “It is not your time. Return.”

Tommy died of prostate cancer. He declined modern medicines, preferring natural herbs. I visited once while he was in the hospital, and he had a family face, where he was just as cheerful as he ever was, but the moment I was alone with him, he cried. I have never seen him more humbled, more... something. ‘Real’ is not the right word. We connected more in that small window of time than ever in my life. He got up, wanting to walk, and used me as support and then returned to bed, and when family came in, he was solid normal Tommy.

He believed in ghosts, souls, aliens, he knew about the grays... My relationship with him was just becoming interesting when it was too soon ended. I have wondered if he was telling me more because he knew his time was drawing near. It’s too near for us all.

Chapter 5: no kidding, some real 'weird' science

Michael S. Gazzaniga book, 'Who's in Charge: free will and the science of the brain' discusses some brain science that I am interested in. This stuff I am going to disclose is weird stuff, but it is science and to me it is just as weird as the stuff the physicists give us when they discuss double slit experiments and the wheeler experiments. There are other sources, but this one seems prominent enough that if you're interested and start here, you can leap frog from that. I share this book because I have recently read it. I read it because I love reading science. I want more brain stuff. I like reading. The thing I miss most about school is free access to scholarly journals. Given how most states require licenses to be maintained by CEUs, you would think professionals would have free access to academic journals for life. I would go further and say the colleges should do all the CEU's for life, because they are gatekeepers to knowledge by definitions; also, I would like a pathway for CEU's to advance people to the next level, as opposed to just maintaining status quo. If CEU's are the states way of maintaining proficiency, why would we aim for status quo, and why wouldn't the university want in on CEU action? Maybe because we don't really want people to be educated?

To be honest, I didn't like Gazzaniga's book. I don't share the author's conclusions. I had to force myself to read the book, and as I was doing it I reminded myself it is okay to be uncomfortable and you need to understand why it bothers you. If I were to generalize the conclusion using my own words, your conscious experience of the world is a hallucination. You don't exist. More precisely, the you that you think you are doesn't exist. I don't think I am overstating that. You have no conscious say in your experience. You think you are choosing between the myriad of life choices you are confronted with, but you are not. You had no choice in reading this book. It was chosen for you. You were compelled by unseen forces.

There is evidence to support this. fMRI studies suggest we are not making decisions in real time. We are making decisions anywhere from 80 milliseconds upwards of ten seconds prior to being consciously aware of having made a choice. The people that influence your shopping habits know this. Las Vegas knows this. Product placement increases the likelihood of impulse buying because people do not choose. The item is in your basket before you even think, "oh, I

think I might like this tonight.” You go into any casino, you go into the dark, games are illuminated, and you are bombarded with subliminal message that everyone is winning.

Think of it this way. You’re watching the superbowl at home with friends and family. You cheer at a goal. You are not cheering in synch with the actual event. That event occurred 8 seconds ago, but a delay to your television was induced just in case someone used profanity or moons the camera; the powers that can be can change the image to a commercial or to any other feed. You don’t get to choose what comes to your television any more than you get to choose what gets uploaded into your conscious awareness. Someone else is deciding that for you. Back to the above fMRI. The techs making the measurements know what you’re going to decide before you do!

Hearing this is difficult. It challenges our beliefs about the world. Most people can’t hold this. The physicist will tell you the universe and everything you know is made up of energy and is insubstantial and matter can be in two places at once, or nowhere, it’s a probability wave, and that this hard fact of science is not limited to quantum particles, but even macro object exhibit the same properties. It’s weird and they (physicists) go home and continue with a paradigm that you and I share. It’s impossible to hold the other because it doesn’t relate to our experience of the world. It’s measured. There’s no doubt. And we can’t hold it. The people that know we have no conscious choice still believe they have choice, and they’re making choices all the time, even though they believe it’s not a choice, it’s an illusion.

Additional studies corroborate this. There is an operation where the corpus callosum is severed, which is a procedure done for/to severe epileptics. They don’t remove the right hemisphere, they just remove the gateway between hemisphere and the two halves no longer communicate. They become two separate systems, that seem to operating as two wholes, which most think is absurd. Most folks don’t believe it’s two whole personalities. It is recognized that right brain personality is not the same as the left brain. They have talked to that other brain, in clever ways.

The left part of the body feeds into the right brain, and the right side of the body feeds into the left brain. The left brain is verbal and dominant and in charge of the body most the time. Sometimes the right brain will fight, because it is angry or confused. Say for example, left brain thinks I am hungry and gets up and goes to the kitchen, the right brain doesn’t know why and so it stalls the left foot. Or the left hand refuses to cooperate. The remedy was for the left brain

person to say out loud, “I am hungry, I want a sandwich.” Right brain hears, and agrees, and they go together.

Using special lenses that allowed the left part of the eye to see one thing and the right side of the brain to see another thing, scientist began talking to the right side of the brain. Right brain doesn't speak. Left brain owns the tongue. Right brain could point to pictures, and sometimes spell using scrabble words. Instructions could be given to the right brain, like ‘get up and go get water from the fountain...’ the body would get up. Scientist would ask person, why are you getting up?” Left brain never said, “I don't know.” It always responded with some nonsense, like, “Oh, it's cold in here” or ‘the chair is uncomfortable and I needed to walk...’ Right brain points to a picture of a bus. Left brain is asked, “why are you pointing at a bus?” “I had to take a school bus to get here today.” Left brain never gave the right answer. The interpretation, not only do we not operate consciously in real time, but the information that gets uploaded into the conscious brain is not accurate.

Let's be very precise here. The brain rationalizes behaviors and experiences and uploads an explanation into the conscious awareness that may or may not reflect the truth behind the thing. The word used is ‘confabulates.’ The brain has staple responses that can be uploaded in a pinch, usually lazy answers. “Why did that person do that?” “He's an ass.” Problem solved. Reality is more complicated than the simple answers we come up with. We have filters based on experience, education, culture, age, gender, and the explanations we utilize may or may not reflect an actual reality we are experiencing. We know this from other examples. Witness to a car crash will give as many explanation descriptions as there are witnesses. They may agree there was a car crash, but color, speed, direction, who was at fault, well, you're lucky if you get coherence between reports.

Milton H Erikson, therapist and hypnotist stated a long time ago, almost all of our decision are made unconsciously. I think this correlates to the above information but no one has really connected the two in an explicit way. Until recently, hypnosis was another academically taboo subject.

My personal opinion is we got it backwards. Consciousness first, physicality second. Gazzainga would likely say I am crazy for making that assertion, but would acknowledge most people believe that. The Wheeler experiment suggest that the particle coming through the double

slit was determined in the past. If your photon source is distant quasar, well- that means the particle you 'experienced' into a manifesting by collapsing the wave front had to have been predetermined a billion years ago. That's absurd, right? Well, they're also saying consciousness first is absurd. Scientist: "Consciousness is an illusion. We're meat zombies." Me: Consciousness first, and we are predetermining our past."

There can be no other way about it; if you assume consciousness is first, not only are we choosing our reality, but we're choosing our past, and explaining our past. Future determines past. We are conscious beings writing our own histories backwards, but perceiving it as linear progression forwards. This brings a whole new perspective to that book "the Secret." It's not just that we're manifesting our reality by wishing what we want, but we are also scripting the past in a way that makes sense to what we know, or will know, because we know what we need to experience in order to improve as souls.

Translation, 'we need things to make sense.' We need a story to hold our logic.

Alright, but that's me spinning explanation. Here's another science fact. People report during crisis that time slows down. I would say that makes sense. If we're not making decisions in real time, but rather our experience of time is a product of an uploaded experience into the 'I' center of the story of self, then it would make sense that during a crisis our filters go away and we get all the information uploaded in real time, which would make things seem as if time slowed. Dr. David Eagleman says this aint so. Apparently it's against the rules to substitute real people with crash test dummies, so he figured out he could do the same thing on a roller coaster, simulate a crisis, and determine what people can actually see. If time slowed down, a number flashed at a particular frequency should be apparent. It didn't. Conclusion- it aint so.

The experience of time slowing still baffles us. We have subjective time. We have real time. But real time isn't real, either. We know for a fact a clock will tick faster in orbit than clock on the ground. A clock at the top of a building will click faster than on the ground. The closer one gets to a black hole, the more time appears to come to a stop from the perspective of someone outside. Time for the subject continues to flow, but from our perspective on earth, they stopped. Time dilation also occurs the faster you go. At the speed of light, or at least so they say, you wouldn't experience the passage of time. A photon experiences no time.

Time has to be a part of our discussion because we live in space-time and we can't have one without the other. Even though it looks like space and time are separate things, they are not.

All things are actually one thing, like the single electron theory, which require faster than speed transmission of information. I need you to table space/time is one because it will come back. Metabolism also affects experience of time. Different computers have different clock times, well, so do cells. We count time in human years, dog years, cat years, humming bird years. Different cells have different turnover rates. Time is not so simple as following the hands of the clock. It is much more ambiguous. Your sense of identity has a temporal component.

I started this chapter with, you are not who you think you are. That's really not new. Poets, philosophers, and spiritual leaders have been telling us that for ages. It's still more complicated than being a composite of just brain centers. So with the neuro people, such as Gazzainga, we can reduce consciousness down to a variety of brain centers working in gestalt to assemble a picture of the world and an 'I' to experience it. You are also affected by the flora and fauna you are host to. There is a correlation between gut bacteria and memory. An absence of a particular bacteria resulted in decreased memory, and the brain's inability to generate new neural connections. Antibiotics are helpful in fighting infections, but they also kill good bacteria, the bacteria that helps us digest food, make memories. If all gut bacteria is lost, your memory declines. Scientist are exploring links between gut bacteria and mental health, such as schizophrenia. It seems like a no brainer though, if you're not digesting food right, mental health is likely to decline. There is a really good study linking a particular bad bacterium to autism. This particular bacterium is usually the one that survives antibiotics, and in the absence of good bacteria takes over the gut and changes the way the brain works.

But get this. Gut bacteria can determine weight! Prevotella in the intestine can result in weight loss, and increase antioxidants. The story that caught my eye, though was a woman, a person who had been thin all her life, had a medical procedure in which she required a fecal transplant. Yeah, no shit, real thing. She was radiated to kill bacteria in her gut and intestine. She had the procedure. She received a transplant from a family member who happened to be obese her entire life. The recipient of the fecal transplant began to gain weight, inexplicably. Her diet didn't change- until the weight started getting out of control, so she modified- and still kept gaining. Medical intervention occurred, trying to curb her weight. Apparently, though, scientist working with rats already knew this. Fecal transplants from thin rats to fat rats resulted in fat rats becoming thing rats. Fecal transplants between fat rats and thin rats resulted in thin rats becoming fat rats. Also, there were rats that were not risk takers, that got bacteria transplants

from risk taking rats, and they become risk takers. Risk taker rats got bacteria transplant from no risk taking rats and became more inhibited. Isn't science fun? Yeah, we are not who we think we are and we are not even what we are in a vacuum! We are a community of one.

There is a parasite that can hijack the brain of its host and make them do stupid things. One particular one causes rats to run towards cats. The parasite needs the cat to eat the rat because the next stage of life is in the gut of the cat. People that have cats could be host to this parasite. They tend to be risk takers... No one ever says, though, I have a parasite or bad gut bacteria. We simply say, "Oh, I just felt like jumping out of planes." If you're a drug user, society blames you because 'you have a choice.' Well, if you believe science- no you don't! You can't say 'there's a genetic component' and then say you have a choice. You can't say 'your choices are predetermined before you're conscious' and say, you have a choice not to do drugs. IT'S WAY MORE COMPLICATED THAN THIS. The choice was made before you even picked up the bottle at the store and put it in your cart. There is a genetic component. Does the ETOH gene make you an alcoholic? We don't know how much ETOH must be consumed before that gene is activated, but once it's on, quitting is not just an act of will power. But again, if you believe the science, there is no will power. And still, our medical practices and laws are still based on rationality and choice.

In short, we are not who we think we are. It is much, much more complicated than you ever imagined it to be. In the past, life moved slow. We had more time to think and make decision, but life moves really fast and most the time we're on the fly, running on automatic, and we not even afforded the opportunity to make decisions in real time. Meditation, yoga, it's about slowing it down. I don't know about you, but life is speeding up. And it's not just my perception of time is speeding up. That may be happening, too, as time did seem to go much slower when I was child, but it's not just that.

We don't live in a vacuum. We live with other organisms in us, on us, and around us. We are hosts to creatures that improve our health we work with them. We live in a biosphere, and we're part of that. Did you know trees talk to each other? Suzanne Simard discovered this while working on a PhD and it makes you wonder if James Cameron's Avatar wasn't an accident. Trees will help each other out, by moving nitrogen to a tree in need. If a tree gets attacked by a bacteria or an infestation, the trees around it get an immunity. Older trees have memories! They share it with the younger trees. In the old days of loggers, people came in and killed the 'elder'

tree because it was assumed they're old timers, take them out- and on taking them, the health of the surrounding trees deteriorated. Trees recognize their own offspring and are more likely to favor them by moving memory and carbon and water that towards them. Bacteria in the roots help trees communicate... Almost sounds like what I've already been sharing. Almost makes you want quote spiritualism, 'same above same below...'

Chapter 6: personality

We don't have a really good working definition of personality. We need one. Seriously, we need something bigger than Myer-Briggs and the personality test employed to determine eligibility to hire people. I am reasonably smart. I am extremely compassionate. I am competent at my job. I am loyal. I get along well with others. I worked at American Airlines for 24 years. I worked at Glen Oaks Hospital for a year, transferred to Timberlawn and was there for a year when it shut down by the state. I have worked at MHMRTC since, just over four years on writing this. I have considered going back to AA, but to do so, I had to take their personality test. My file says I am re-hirable, but after the test- no call back. I wanted to work JPS hospital- to get hired you are required to take a personality test. If you don't score the right number, you won't get an interview. This is not just speculation: I dated a person who worked at JPS. She was HR, in charge of hiring. They can only interview people that have passed the test. Even more interestingly, if you were hired prior to the implementation of this policy and you are wanting to apply for another position, laterally or vertically, you have to take the test- if you don't take the test, you won't be considered. If you take the test and don't meet the criteria you're looking for, you won't move. At one time, HR person I dated said there was flexibility, and she could still interview people and make decision, and frequently hired people that did not meet the personality test desired criteria. The company that runs the instrument would write saying, we cannot recommend said person based on their indicators. Person turned out to be a good employee, and is well liked by peers and clients. Hospital policy changed taking discernment out of the hands of HR- if they don't meet criteria, they won't be hired.

Interestingly, more and more organizations are using personality filters to higher, and more and companies are also lamenting not finding good, loyal staff- people with work ethics that can put their cell phones down long enough to do their jobs. Also, perhaps not even a correlation to the test, work place violence in the US has gone up. Of course nothing happens in vacuum. We have multiple societal influencers in play and we as a nation, likely as a world, are headed for a major change.

When I talk about personality, and that we need to know more, I am suggesting this is bigger than metrics designed to discover if you're introverted or not. If you accept the thing neurologist are saying, 'we are not who we think we are,' then you are also not your personality.

It is my contention you are not your brain. I am adamant about that, but for the sake argument let's say you are- you are your brain, but you are not the personality, or the "I" that you think you are. I do believe there is a correlation between brain activity and life outcomes, but correlation is not causation. Scientist do like that phrase. If a change in gut bacteria changes memory, there could be a change in personality. Memory is not personality. It plays a part in personality. History isn't personality, but it does influence life outcomes. We don't live in a vacuum, and we don't happen in a vacuum.

One of the things that I am particularly interested in with neuroscience is that there is clear evidence that brain regions appear to come together in a modular way, and each module could be considered an entity in and of itself. Agent might be better than the word entity. I am using it loosely and interchangeably. Gazzaniga, I love hate him, talks about modules and that there appears to be an executive module that makes the final decisions. There is a parallel with this in psychology, going back to Freud who proposed pre personality constructs. Jung takes it further and suggests there are other sub personalities, even full-fledged personalities, just underneath the surface of you. He went further and said they are sentient in their own right, archetypes if you will, underlying all our decision-making process. Maybe the proverbial angel and devil on our shoulder is not as metaphorical as we like to think. We have two programs to delineate between the pros and cons of all choices. And how many choices do you make that are really distinctly 'good vs. bad,' but rather are between 'bad and a little less bad.' The lesser of two evils is still evil.

There is a thing called multiple personality disorder. It is no longer called that, but most people still know that term. It's now DID, or Dissociative identity disorder. I don't think it's a disorder. It has functionality. Having it could, and frequently does, result in decreased ability to function within mainstream society. It's related to trauma- trauma can result in DID. There is a correlation between people experiencing trauma and becoming psychic, or becoming Shamans. For people that are in a position where they being victimized on a schedule, DID is very functional- it helps them log out. One of the patients of a dentist of mine was a Vietnam vet. He likely had this- he could go in and tune out, and would instruct the doctor to just tap on his shoulder and he would come back. He could sit through a root canal without anesthetics. In that sense, DID is super functional. Give me that. Seriously, I am so hyper-aroused during Dentist visits that I have to hold the chair like cat trying to get thrown into the ocean. Laughing gas

doesn't work. The doctor has to give me multiple shots before I am 'numb' enough to proceed. Having never liked, tolerated well the Dentist doesn't mean I was abducted, but by God, if the aliens have to deal with that with me every time they pull me up- then they're likely having to knock me the fuck out.

Assume for a moment that Gazzaniga, and most neuro scientists, are right, we are not who we think we are, and who we think we are is a hallucination that is uploaded into a brain space we label conscious experience. This is the equivalent of a virtual memory space. The personality you think you are is, for a lack of a better term, an avatar that is running around in a simulated mockup of the outside world. You are, by definition, the ultimate DID experience. You are the dream of the dreamer. Maybe the being who you really are is learning vicariously through your perspective the way we learn vicariously through dreams and or stories. You are not in charge. You are the designated experiencer. If the brain is divided into functioning modules, why wouldn't the personality also be comprised of functioning modules? Same above, same below.

You experience running around in the real world, but in truth, you're running around in a virtual world that resembles the real world. This is Plato's cave. You never have all the information, because you have filters eliminating perceived unnecessary data. It may not be unnecessary. Sometimes we only see what is necessary to reinforce the paradigm we live in. Consistency is, after all, comforting. Also, your brain makes short cuts and gives you information that is simply inaccurate or faulty. We are no better than *Julodimorpha bakewelli*, the Australian beetle that was mistaking beer bottles for a suitable sexual partner. Beetles are not the only ones fooled. Seriously, processed sugars are killers and we love them. Cheetoes have the color that says 'this is healthy,' and it has a crunch that screams 'this is healthy' and we will eat ourselves sick... Okay, I will. Maybe not everyone. Some personalities won't engage bad food. Some won't eat meat. Variety in diet is not evidence for conscious choice, based on the explanation for how the brain works.

There is evidence for there not being one, over all guiding personality, but that there are personality fragments that come together. A variety of things might alter the call and response. Mood, for example. Context is also a huge factor. Seriously, even mentally ill people can exercise discernment. I can't tell you how many times a person was acting the fool and the moment law enforcement shows up to haul their ass to jail, their behavior become instantly more

appropriate. Hospital stay is always more pleasant than jail. Most people also tend to have more discernment in a courtroom in front of a judge than outside of court. Context is huge. There are some places that are appropriate to cry. We're more likely to forgive a child for crying than an adult, regardless of circumstances. We are more likely to give a female a pass on crying, as opposed to a male. The latter is a social influence and not necessarily personality traits per say, except for we have a socialized norm which we adopt and wear, and so personality has flavors based on society and family norms. It's even more complicated than this. From a family systems perspective, families assigned roles, and members adopt roles. Stepping out of an assumed or accepted role leads to discord, which either brings person back in line with their assigned scripts, or family blows up.

I think there is a core personality, one that rules them all. The personality interface you interact with, 'the me' that I think is me, and that you think is me, is that personality. Sometimes the personality "I" think I am aligns with the 'me' you think I am. Not always. I am more likely to be a little different at work than at home. Not much. I have worn a good number of hats, but I have also gone out of my way to be as real as I can most the time, so there is a thread of me in everything. I have discernment. I know when I need the more professional me to come forwards. I am a flibbertigibbet. I can talk too much. This is not just psychological. There's what, 40 trillion living cells in the body. The 'I' I think I am is dependent on those folks! 'I' can't exist without all of them- sometimes my eyes and stomach fight over what is an acceptable portion. Some of these cells are mine, tied by genetics. Some are foreign invaders. Some live synergistically with me, symbiotically- and they are as close to me as you can get without being me. Maybe you have heard you can't walk into a room without leaving something, or leave a room without taking something. We are enmeshed in our physical and social environments. Your personal cloud of cell debris field, the flora and fauna and sloth cells dead and alive and fragments of you, is so distinctly you, think Pig Pen from Charlie Brown, that it is a better gauge of you and your health than your fingerprint. Your primary personality interface is comprised of other personalities, full and partials and abstracts. Everything is one. I am connected to all of me, and we are also equally all connected.

I tell you that the above is true; translation, I have no doubt that my core personality interface is not me, but it is the primary way I relate to the totality of intelligence coming together to relate to self, world, and others. There is a bigger me, and I don't know how to define

it. Freud called it Super Ego. Some use the word spirit guide. Some just say it's the subconscious. Medium doesn't capture it either. I, comparatively, am a gold fish, and the subconscious is the water, and the bowl is something else, but all together we are that. I have been trying to find a name for it. 'Subconscious mind' is not working for me. (Sub does not denote inferior, but 'sub' bothers me. Submarine doesn't bother me- it's just a boat that goes underwater, but sub conscious does.) I know too much about hypnosis and unconscious motivators to accept that my 'core' me is the only one present. I also know that I deal with childhood trauma, and every now and then, that kid comes out. An emotional response is usually someone else stepping up, but this is not DID. That tends to be true for most of us. Any response that is exaggerated and out of proportion to the stimulus is likely a response to a past event, not the present event. I have not been diagnosed with DID or PTSD. Looking back, through a self-diagnostic lens, I suspect a past trauma-based diagnosis would explain my MH outcomes. It is my opinion, when a person self-diagnoses- what they come up with is inevitably not the thing. (Oh, an argument against aliens. Ha!)

I am not who I think I am. I am not my brain, my body, or my history. Those are influencers only. I am also not alone. Anthony Peake writes about 'the Daemon.' Most of his books iterate what he believes about the Daemon. I have experienced such, and I tried to start a correspondence with him, but failed to establish rapport, likely because he thought I was insane, as opposed to just super enthusiastic. Maybe I am insane. Robert Wagoner did exchange correspondence with me. I wrote him directly after reading "Lucid Dreaming: gateways to the inner self," specifically because of his mention of the Blue Light. I have experienced that. (Is that the water/sky we are immersed in?) I recommend his and Peaks books. But Wagoner because I share this: I am not the me I think I am. I believe this because when I am lucid dreaming, I am inside an internal environment that is indistinguishable from the real world. By all accounts, the dream world- everything in it is me, the people, the table, the floor, the air- all of it. At times it is realer than real. I have influence over this world, but I am not in charge. I do not have 100 percent control- ever. (If I interpret Gazzainga correctly, that's also true for real, waking life. (I wish we had a term other than 'real' life.)) Quoting Wagoner loosely, "I am in a boat on a seat and I can adjust the sails and the rudder, but I am not in charge of the ocean or the wind..." When I experience dream characters, they are never two dimensional. They are solid

personalities and I have chosen to contend with them as if they were sentient. Treat everyone as if they were you pretending to be other, because you never know if this is the dream, or the other.

There is a bigger me that responds to me. An Other. Not God. Companion? I don't know. I have been exploring this. Trying to understand it. In my search, I came across tulpas. I engaged the protocols and discovered in the process that my brain can hold two very distinct and separate, sentient personalities. The 'John' me is sentient. The new personality is sentient; her name is Loxy. The inner me, the core me, is super sentient, and she and I exist in context to that greater self. It knows things I don't. I suspect it has my best interest at heart, but that doesn't mean it won't capitulate to what the 'I' thinks it want so that we can learn together how what the "I" wants isn't always the best choice.

Let try to restate that. I don't believe in WILL POWER. If given a choice between cookies and chips, I will choose chips. I will never first buy sweets. I want salt and spicy. Put a cookie on my table. I will ignore it the first time I pass. Maybe the second time. I will not ignore it forever. There is a part of my brain or personality that so abhors wasting food, I will eventually eat it just because it's going to get thrown away. If I am depressed, I am more likely to eat a box of Oreos and ice-cream and I will eat till I am sick. If it's in the house, and I am depressed, I will eat it. If it's not in the house, and I get depressed, I won't go and buy it, because I usually don't go out at that time.

We self-sabotage all the time, but 'self-sabotage' is a term that is only applicable from the 'I' self, not from the subconscious companion's perspective. Our job, as human beings, is to become aware and awake all the time. Well, that's my belief. Your unconscious will intentionally trip you up and you will ask, 'why did I do that?' You didn't. Subconscious did because it wants you to slow and take inventory and likely do something different.

Hypothetically, if I counsel someone who has had multiple past abusive relationships, and they come to me and they lament, "Why do I always pick the wrong partners?!" I would say, 'you have never chosen a partner.' Gazzaniga is right, we don't choose. In that instant, that is dead on. I take this said person to a bar, line up every person in the bar, and that person go down the line and just point to the ones they like. Exercise done, the people she pointed to come forwards, the others go home. Most likely, the people they picked will have a high propensity for being abusive. This is not a hundred percent. Even people who are abusive in one relationship are not always abusive in other relationships. (People aren't bad all the time, in all circumstance,

with all people. Even bad guys have dogs. Their dogs love them. That's hopeful!) There are complicated dynamics within people and there is unspoken dialogue going between us all the time. The people that went home in this exercise didn't even register on my client's radar. They're boring, or they smell funny, or any number of reasons why the person reports not being interested. The truth is- unconscious saw something that resembled a past relationship and emphasized that, making the unwanted attractive. We will repeat lessons until we get it. That's it. 'Love at first sight' is the worst indicator of potential future relationship, but it is perfect if the goal is to grow and learn... Statistically, we're likely to marry the parent we had the most difficulties with, to work out past relationship issues vicariously through others in our life.

What you ignore, the brain amplifies over time. Brain will win, even if it kills you.

If I go to a hypnotist, they get the 'I' that I think I am out of the way and talk to the other person, the guy behind the curtain we've been told to ignore all our life. That was not an accident in the wizard of Oz. By the way, did you know Frank dreamt the Wizard of Oz? You know how many books came from dreams? Or from inspiration? You know how many scientists, authors, musicians report 'I didn't do this, it was given to me...' The 'I' I am lives in a simulator, the brain. This is not simulation theory, but maybe it relates. We are an avatar on a virtual map and we are playing out the scenarios of something else so it can determine outcomes vicariously through us.

Hypothetically, I can see this as an explanation for aliens. All experiences could be relating to a form of unconscious expression, which is what Jung actually wrote about. This is not my preferred interpretation. Could it be that some people have real alien encounters and some of us have psychologically induced encounters? This does not mean I am saying one is less real than the other. The brain cannot distinguish between a real invent and an imagine one. Science gave us that. Just knowing that science agrees on that fact, science and skeptics both should be more compassionate and willing to listen to alien encounters because it's still real in its affect.

Everybody you have ever met, fiction, nonfiction, if you saw them, heard their voice- they are ever present in your mind. Your brain is a personality simulator. Napoleon Hill, author of 'Think and Grow Rich,' in that very book, talks about 'the invisible counselor technique.' He invited particular personalities to come to him and provide insight. He reports they came, and they gave him insights into things he believed he didn't have the answer to. Tulpas existed

before Hill, in Tibet, but he probably didn't know about them. Carl Jung may or may not have known about Tulpas, but he did know there were things his brain could do that were inexplicable. I suspect Philemon was a Tulpa. Or maybe his Daemon. I don't know, but the Redbook seems connected to Tulpas and Hill's Invisible counselors. Maybe people who see spirits or angels are actually seeing Tulpas. There is evidence, anecdotal, that some people have an easier time accessing tulpamancy than others. The protocols work, I will attest to that.

I get irritated when I hear online PhD pontificating about Jung's "Active Imagination" and they state, "Well, it's internal and open to introspection and subjective interpretation." That isn't what Jung states. It is my opinion, any person who makes that statement has failed to understand what Jung was communicating in terms of 'Active Imagination.' Tulpas are real and sentient. Philemon was real. Jung self-induced other hallucinations. At one point he was seriously concerned for his own mental health. His family's estate sat on the Red Book thinking it would tarnish his reputation as a scientist and academic.

Tulpas coexist simultaneously with the host personality, and they can be just as determined as the original 'host.' I am going a step further and saying the 'host' personality, the 'I' that I think I am is not in charge. You can go places in your mind, you, your avatar, the 'I' you think you are, and have encounters of other places and beings that are as ever real as anyone else you have ever known. You can actually induce hallucinations without drugs. Active Imagination can result in very real experience indistinguishable from anything else. Jung was very clear on that, and he recommend not run. He also recommended don't analyses the thing in the moment; confront first, consider the ramifications in the quiet after the storm. Ask the hallucination what its name is. Hold your ground, and it will change. It has no choice. It always changes. You run, it chases, gets bigger. You run, dog chases. Hold your ground or advance, and it retreats- more often than not. Either way, you're not out running a dog. Hold your ground. Jung was not ambiguous about this. He was ambiguous about how to achieve 'active imagination;' he didn't leave a specific protocol. Or perhaps, he did but the family is sitting on that. Sure if he gave this to clients to help them, there is a protocol somewhere.

Tulpamancy has a protocol. Invisible Counselor Technique has a protocol. The latter didn't work for me, maybe because of context, or where I was in my emotional maturity, or other confounding things I have not considered. Tulpamancy worked for me. Invisible Counselor Technique worked for me after I discovered tulpamancy.

And here is the most important reason why you need to know who you really are. The core experience of alien interaction is telepathic in nature. They are not engaging the you that you think you are. They're engaging the real you. People complain all the time, 'I didn't ask for this. I don't like being abducted and experimented on and it's not right...' I have read more than one account where aliens stated, "they agreed to this, or we wouldn't be here." Your core you knows something you don't know, and the aliens know something we don't know, and it is my opinion they are here to help us.

The greater the clarity on who you are, the greater the clarity in communication with alien will be.

Think of this way. Ever have a nightmare? The 'you' you think you are woke up afraid, heart racing. The core you gave you that information in such a way you would not doubt. It got your attention. You wake up afraid, and maybe asking 'what the hell.' Maybe you ask, why would my core self-scare me? Well, your core you starts off subtly. If you don't hear it, it turns up the volume. Eventually, it is screaming at you, maybe even angry with you, 'you need to hear this. Wake up!' Now, you wake up, it has your attention. What do most of us do? We blow it off, go back to sleep. A friend says you have a drinking problem. You blow them off. You get a DWI. Oh, I was at the bar, and it was a trap. Okay. Maybe. Spouse leaves. CPS involvement? Second DWI. How many wake up calls and come to Jesus meetings does it take before you think, 'oh, maybe there is something to this.' Maybe drinking isn't the core issue. Maybe its past trauma that you never dealt with.

If you know who you are, you will pause at scary and say, oh, I am dreaming, what does this mean, nightmare is no longer a nightmare- it's the transmission of knowledge. Alien encounters are scary, but if I know who I am, I can clearly intuit they are people that want to connect with us and understand us. Hell, isn't that what we all want? That's something we can relate to.

Trauma can haunt you. It's a ticking time bomb. But you, the core you, is not Keanu Reeves. You're not getting Sandra Bullock off the bus. You have to sit there and hear the bomb. You don't like the bomb. You do one of two things: 1 find or create a drama. This is like magic. It's not magic. Drama will find you if you don't go looking for it, and the reason is the brain can't do two things at once. It has to listen to the noise of the bomb or deal with the drama. Dinosaur trumps the bomb. If you're going to get eaten, bomb is irrelevant. You get away from

the drama, or settle it, go home and you say, yay, finally I can have some peace. The brain celebrates with you! Yay. Now, do something about this damn bomb.

2: substance dependence. You are not your brain. You are not your subconscious. You are the 'I' in the simulated paradise and that the bomb noise was uploaded to you. Bomb noise is anxiety. You cover your ears. Bomb noise recedes. The brain says, I know there is still a bomb here. Brain turns up the volume. So, plugging ear no longer works. You turn to substance. ETOH, alcohol, it's a depressant. It brings the noise down. Brain is confused. I know there was bomb here. It turns up the volume level. You drink more. Maybe you pass out. Alcohol induced sleep is not sleep, it is knocked out. You get an operation and wake up groggy, because you didn't go to sleep, you got knocked out! You can drink enough to kill you in one sitting. Most people don't get to that point. Life either blows up due to the quantity of ETOH being consumed, or it is so ineffective of quieting noise we change substance. Xanax is great for killing that inner noise. Two things happen. Brain turns up the volume because it wants you to deal with the noise, and your body become immune to the dose, so it takes greater levels of Xanax to do the same job. That is true most of the time. Most people get Xanax from their primary care. Dosage increased over time because all we are doing is putting bandaid on, not addressing the source- the bomb! At a certain dosage, PCP says you need a psychiatrist I can no longer write you this script, and cold turkeys you. Now you're in crisis!

Crisis never happen. We make them. You don't wake up randomly from COPD. You could. But most likely, you smoked your way there. At one point, you might have had a cough. Warning? How many warnings did you need to quit smoking? Worth repeating: What you ignore, the brain amplifies over time. It will win, even if it kills you. What you resist, persists...

But aliens are different you might think. Umm, how many times have we been told we're destroying the planet? If your inner won't intervene in your behavior and stop you from smoking or eating badly or never exercising, why should the aliens help us? Maybe we should learn to help ourselves. Our bodies, our minds, they're programed for healing. They won't force it, and it won't happen because we do nothing and let them take over. It is a participatory event.

Aliens are a participatory event. We are invited to join them in making ourselves, our neighborhoods, and our planet a safer, happier place. Not paradise. But paradise enough we're not killing ourselves or others. We keep the nest, the sandbox alive so we can thrive and fellow

plants and animals and others can thrive. We're a package deal, it's all of us or none of us. It all of nature, or seriously impoverished life.

We share this space, physically, mentally, and emotionally. We can't not share it. We're all connected. There is a telepathic thread running through us all and everything, and if you don't believe that, consider a family system's therapy example. A family of adults and kids, they're all linked. Dad is angry, but he knows how to suppress it. Where does it go? Imagine everyone in the family is connected by water hoses. Emotions flow like water from one vessel to another. Dad pushes down on his anger, suppresses it, it goes to the first link, probably the wife due to longevity of relationships. But she is an adult, she blocks it. Unconsciously, or maybe even directly, "I don't need this right now," and so she blocks. No water in. But now, she's a little miffed, and she is suppressing her own stuff. More water flowing! Kids get it. They younger they are, the less likely they have the ability to block. They start acting out. They don't know why. They're feeling stuff, or they recognize parents are out of sorts, and kids are smart enough to know how manipulate systems, so they take your stuff and convert to action, and suddenly you're no longer mad for the reasons you thought you were mad. Now you're yelling at the kids to bring it down a level... (If you actually use that word, consider you were squashing your own inner level of noise and got a corresponding increase in external noise.) Maybe that's not telepathy, but you're not going to convince a systems therapist that we're not all connected. Family's are like mobiles. Change the weight of one piece, the whole mobile changes. It has to, by definition. It will resist, but it will eventually flip to new configuration, a new balance. That's why therapy of one can result in family change. Family therapy works better. I hate doing children's therapy. I love kids. I thought for sure I end up working wwith kids, but kids are hard! Not because I can't connect or get it, but because every time I gain ground- I send them back to their family or origin where their behaviors were actually functional. You want to change kids, therepatize the parents. Get them straight, most the time the rest of the family falls in line. Kids learn and emulate the parents. Most kids aren't broken. Parents are.

Families have personalities. It's usually a gestalt of all the active personalities. Organizations, even companies, have personalities. Hell, corporations were granted rights as a person. (Don't tax my tulpa.) Same above, same below. Humanity as a whole as a personality. It is my opinion- humanity on the whole has tremendous value and potential. Most of us are good people most the time. Who knows- maybe that's why we're still here.



I ramble a little, and I want to make sure this part of my idea of personality is clear. I am operating from the perspective that there are at least two personalities. There is the subconscious mind, I am treating as an entity in itself. As submarine is a boat that navigates underneath the surface, the unconscious mind navigates below the surface- and is more potent because it is primary. For the sake of argument, if you accept that premise, it helps us understand why children are more likely to have invisible friends, see ghosts, see things that adults don't see, and have experiences like out of body experience. All of this stuff seems to fade away as they get older. What happens as we get older? Our primary personality interface becomes more solid. Maybe our sense of time as a kid was slower because we took so much in, and the reason we think time goes faster as an adult is because we are so solid as personalities we are the equivalent of a stone skipping over the water. DID, previously known as multiple personality disorder, is the result of dissociation from the primary personality interface. Trauma allows the subconscious mind to switch out primary to protect. Maybe auxiliary personalities are meant to be transitory. Maybe they are always there, but trauma allowed a switching to occur. People who have trauma are more likely to report seeing spirits. Shamans and mediums, most the time, became able to see spirits and navigate the underworld after a traumatic experience. People having experienced and NDE, near death being the greatest potential trauma, result in people having experiences and seeing deceased loved ones and other spirits.

You don't have to have trauma to quiet your personality. Meditation can lead to transpersonal experiences. What's the goal? Quiet the ego. Not just reduce the chatter in your brain, but turn off the primary interface with which you subconscious to filter your experience. There are other things to be experienced! But you get what the subconscious believe you want. That statement has to be true if we want to explain the efficaciousness of hypnosis, affirmations, and books like 'the secret' to change lives. 'Self-fulfilling prophecy' is a great example of this. Naturally, you don't want bad luck to happen, but if you look for only bad luck, not only you will see bad luck, your subconscious will allow you to unknowingly sabotage yourself in order to help you affirm your perspective.

You can change your world, but not at the conscious level. If you want to start seeing aliens, you can't walk to your head to the ground. You have to look up, and not turn away when

compelled. And if you really want to feel how powerful this is, try to talk rationally about this subject with a non-believer. You don't even have to try to prove, come at it with "I doubt," but point out a discrepancy. For example, there was the Las Vegas sighting video that went viral in Dec. It could be plane, or a drone, or a helicopter with extra lights. I am okay with that explanation. What bothers me is the local Vegas news covered the story, and they showed a video of parachutist with flaming boots. Giving me an explanation with images that clearly aren't the same. Show the two videos side by side, which anyone now a days can do- more sophisticatedly than the news- and then I have to wonder, are reporters are stupid or paid off. This is not just about others, it's about ourselves. You can know a truth about a thing, and still close yourself off to that, because it doesn't fit your paradigm. Worldview, paradigm, is a personality construct that must be applied before a decision can be made. "God hardened the Pharaoh's heart." That always bothered me. A person was robbed of free will. Add the Hindu perspective, God is inside you, coupled with subconscious mind being the dominant one- you have an aspect of authority that is godlike- and unless the primary personality is open to new insights and experiences, you will be closed off, to the point of being emotionally, vehemently opposed to even considering a thing, and will shut it down or depart. In my circles, people have avoided subjects of magic, deep consciousness work, UFO's, and the paranormal because that's demonic. It's not. It's outside their scope and they don't have a context for using it or even bringing it up into conscious awareness.

I don't recommend trauma as a way of opening oneself up. Statistically, this is a bad idea. The reason there are so many 'disorders' attached to the word trauma is because most people don't recover to normal functioning, much less surpass normal functioning. Maybe we need a little bit of trauma to open us up to a greater reality. That would, theoretically, explain why sexual intimacy is frequently a part of the abduction. Nothing is more primal than sex. It goes to the core of our being. Sexual energy can shut a person down or open them up. In dreams sex is metaphor. Maybe the hybrids are also a metaphor. A shared telepathic idea of wanting to connect. Sex makes two into one, we change, and together creates something new. I am not invalidating there are actual hybrids. I am suggesting everything in our experience can have a metaphorical flavor. Every relationship you have can have much deeper underpinnings than we generally consider. You have personality. You and your spouse have a personality. Every time a child is born, the home personality changes. Groups have personality. We have relationship to

the personalities of society, to the planet, to solar system, to the galaxy, even to all existence- we respond to all of that in a very unique and individual way. We love, we fear, we tried to understand, all framed through an ideal, or archetype- more tangible than the chair you're sitting in.

Chapter 7 fiction or disclosure

There are a few things that so terrified me that my sleep was interrupted. The flying monkeys from Wizard of Oz bothered me. The tornado bothered me. Most of you may not remember this, because media viewing has so changed- but the Wizard of Oz was an annual event. The child catcher in Chitty Chitty Bang Bang bothered me more than the flying monkeys. The flying reptilian man in Gargoyles. That was 1972- creature abducts the girl from the car, takes him back to the layer. OMG, that bothered me beyond belief- even now, I have visceral reaction to it. And when it came on, I was compelled and couldn't look away. It would linger in my mind for a few days and I return to some form of normalcy, even while looking over my shoulders to make sure I wasn't about to be taken. Without talking about it- not even with school peers. Admitting a fear was not done. The rape scenes in the Entity- that bothered me, and again, I couldn't look away. I hate this part- I got aroused; I would have flashback to past episodes of sleep paralysis. I have always hated clowns- my hatred for them peaked after the movie poltergeist. That movie bothered me, too, the mom being thrown around on the bed reminds me of the Entity. That may have been intentional. Anyway, everyone knew I hated clowns. For the longest time I dreaded Christmas because my maternal grandmother gifted me ceramic clowns. When I left home, I eventually stopped participating in Christmas because of the fucking clowns. I would tell her, and everyone, please, no clowns. I mean, how clear is that? Nothing with clowns on it.

“You need to collect something,” was grandmother's collections. Books are nice. You can't go wrong with a book. Can't go wrong with Star Trek stuff. Legos are nice. Seriously, I wish my family had listened to this as Lego's do not lose their value. (If you have old set in the attack and you want to send that to me because of this book- that would be super cool. Incomplete sets. Pieces. Don't send clowns!) “You were a clown in the musical ‘Barnum’ at San Antonio Little Theatre.” And that's true. I was. My picture made the paper. For a while, that picture was displayed at the Barnum and Bailey museum in San Antonio. Clothing would be nicer than clowns. One day, grandmother visited my apartment and she was perturbed. Eventually she asked, ‘where are the clowns I gave you.’ “I re-gifted them. You won't find a single clown in this house.” She told me I was ungrateful, mean person- not verbatim- and left in a husk, and went a moment not speaking to me. She has not the only family member who has

taken an intermittent time out from speaking to me. Some of these quiet spells have lasted years. Some of them are still ongoing. Some of them I intend to maintain.

It took that level of energy to stop the incoming clowns. I could have escalated further, threw the damn clown on the ground breaking it and yelling 'no more fucking clowns.' I didn't do that. In my family, that would guaranteed everyone would be bringing me clowns. My room would have been packed shit with clowns, with candles lighting their faces. I said thank you, and re-gifted. I sent the fruitcake, too. Does any of this mean aliens? No. I have met a few 'experiencers' who also don't like clowns. Maybe that's why "It" is so popular. That's one book I intentionally didn't read by King, and will not see the movie. Maybe there is some latent, core universal stuff that can be activated in humans. That's discussed a lot in psychology. So, there is a physiological and or psychological reason these fear exist, get activated, and amplified. Maybe the aliens activate it, or amplify it, or both, or maybe the aliens are the results of that activation and amplification- the brain does like explanations for things.

But explain this one.

My son and I found a new-favorite-old song. "Yellow Submarine," by the Beatles. My son is 5. It's new for him. It's older for me. Liking the song doesn't require explanation. It's a good song. The video of it does, however, require some explaining. Now, if you happen to follow my blog posts, you will know I have a tendency to go off the deep end, but in this instance, I think I have strong argument for the thing.

So, first, the dream. I was in a soup line. Paul McCartney was going to serve some soup to me, but I asked him. "You know that song, yellow submarine?" I asked.

"Yes, yes I do," he said. This was delivered in a humorously stoic way, as if I were in a Monty Python skit.

"It's about UFO's and going into space... Were you and the others secretly working for Space Force?" I asked.

"Go to the head of the line," Paul instructed.

I lingered, hoping to talk with Paul more, but woke up. This is my confirmation for the Beatles having participated in the Corey Good '20 years and back" Space Force.

"Okay, you're reaching on that," you might be saying to yourself.

But wait! Maybe you know the song. Maybe you know there was a movie for this album. A cartoon! There is a video for the song. Google it! In this, you will find a broken head with

exposed gear parks, reminiscent of Monty Python kind of imagery. Um, evidence for human androids? It's actually giant head, the submarine flies through it. There be giants here?! Not only does the submarine go into space, but it time travels! No joke! People on the sub age, and their hair turns white and goes long. Then it goes backwards in time and the beards are reversed. They age and then are rejuvenated back to original age! Then, they go further back in time and fight with dinosaurs! Seriously. Watch the video. You don't have to take my word for this. Here, I will even give you the link!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m2uTFF_3MaA

Go watch it, get back to me. See! I am not just crazy for nothing! This stuff has been fermenting in my head how long? Clock starts at 1927? I think it stops at 1955. Right after the clock goes to 1955, it shows the submarine in space juxtaposed to the moon, with a man hidden in the moon wearing a space helmet! Man on the moon rising! It coincides with the Apollo missions

And then it gets weird. Seriously, as if two different forms of time travel wasn't weird enough. The submarine goes back in time to fight dinosaurs. Hello alien conspiracies theorist! Where are my ancient alien theory guys? Where is Corey Goode! OMG this is like so gold! Duck face guy wearing a striped sock standing next to a green alien with tentacle ears! One of the Beatles gets ejected from the sub, ounces off a dinosaur, and right before he gets eaten a raptor saves him! It gets crazier from there.

Either, Corey is nuts and all of his flights of fantasies can be traced back to the Yellow Submarine, or this shit happened and it happened for lots of folks, and this is soft disclosure. Yeah, maybe there is a psychological resonance that is playing part of this phenomenon. Noetic experiences, transpersonal experiences, poetry from Rumi to Blake, they keep telling us our nature is bigger and time doesn't exist. Either this is evidence for Jung/Campbell type of collective unconscious archetypal transmission of data, or it's aliens!

Just saying!

There is a US flag in there with the number 7 on it. That probably means something. Probably. Why put something meaningless in something? Every artifact in the video seems intentional. I suppose this could have envisioned while under the influence. There may be

something to that, too- as too many people on DMT come back talking about entity encounters. Yeah, maybe we're meeting ourselves. I don't know, but it seems to me- that's the stuff we should be exploring. The video ends riding into the sunset, going over the rainbow... If you know anything about the Aviary, and UFO lore, this video has it all. Someone, tell me I am wrong. 'Over the Rainbow' is a real place.

Notice, I am not saying anything crazy, such as, "I served with the Beatles in Space Force."

No. I wouldn't say that.

"I was served by the Beatles in Space Force!"

"Sorry about your asthma problem, dude. Hope its gets better. You were a promising candidate. Still, there are some things you can do on the sideline. Don't give up. Hang in there. Oh, here comes the sun..."

Oh, by the way, if you watch that video and then compare it to Corey Good's report of being part of the 20 and back program... How is that not exactly what you saw? He was a Beatles fan as a child and simply forgot or this is real. I did try contacting him, but I am either crazy, or he gets tons of requests for conversations. I suspect that latter. Who the hell wants to talk to me. I am just some old guy that believes in aliens and grew up watching too much Trek.

If you look into alien lore long enough, you will encounter time travel and reptilians. Land of the Lost, the original. Remember the Pylons? Alien tech that had the potential to unlock time and get Martial, Will, and Holley home? Humans lived with dinosuars. The Philadelphia experiment. Military and time travel. Oh, how about 'The Final Countdown.' The USS Nimitz goes back in time through a vortex, and has the potential of changing the war.

Okay, but I am going to now take you back further than 1942, or even the Yellow Submarine's 1927 reference. We're going all the way back to 1915. No, that's not the battle of New Orleans song. That was 1814. In 1915 there was an extraordinary, inexplicable event were thousands of soldier witnesses something over the battle field, dropped their weapons, and walked off the field, refusing to fight. Here is a link to an episode of 'One Step Beyond: the Vision.'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q4hsMRHbTvE>

“In 1915, four French soldiers are on a routine World War I mission, when they are mesmerized by "The Vision" of a blinding light. The men - Pernel Roberts (as Sergeant Vy), Peter Miles (as Private Marsee), H.M. Wynant (as Private Lacoste), and Jerry Oddo (as Private Mollene) - appear to enter a discombobulated state and deserted their posts. Later, they tell disbelieving superior officers they were responding to a vision; but, the four are quickly charged with "cowardice in the face of the enemy."”

Okay, yes. This was a television show, but it's starts out with “No shit, this really happened.” (Okay, yes, that usually means, it didn't happen. But wait wait wait, does that mean that other episode of “A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Damascus” didn't happen? Paul didn't see a light? What's her name, that French trollop chick, Joan Raiders of the Lost Ark girl didn't happen? ‘So, Doctor Joan, we meet again...’) Why don't we hear more about this shit? Why do some people get good voices and some of us tap into some scary ass shit. Why do some of us get an audience and can rally troops once more into the breach, where some of us hear crickets. Or nothing. We are consistently inconsistent, aren't we? This ‘vision’ was documented, as the Red Cross tried to intervene for all the soldiers that were affected by the event. All Nationalities involved in the war had people walk off the field, and all the people that walked off the field went back to their base and made the same statement: “From this point forwards, I can not kill.” And, consequently, they were charged with treason and scheduled to be executed.

Why can't grown ass men who have seen battle up and say, “I am done” ?!

‘The Vision’ would have made a better movie than ‘Saving Private Ryan,’ but what? The powers that be don't want us to stop warring? You have already heard me discussing how if aliens are telepathic, you will do their bidding. If they say stop fighting and walk off the field, you will do that. Alien stories include temporal anomalies, out of body experiences, a sense of timelessness... ‘The Vision’ has elements of an NDE, and this was prior to the term NDE. I would love to see any letters the Red Cross collected on behalf of the soldier they were trying to save from the firing squads. Someone is likely sitting on that.

Well, maybe not. We do like to ‘loose’ things. It irritates me to no end that NASA lost boxes of ‘high definition movies and still pics’ from the moon. How the hell does that happen? They cry about funding all the time. They could have sold that frame by frame on Ebay and met their budget plus some. Loosing high def pics, or simply not distributing that to every college in

the US from the word go just reeks of conspiracy to conceal something. It's that or stupid. I don't want to believe our people are stupid.

Would you believe 'one step beyond,' 'the outer limits,' and 'the twilight zone' was not just fun and entertainment, but soft disclosure? Yeah, ghost stories have been around forever, but maybe that because ghosts are real?

If you know anything about UFO lore, and you know Star Trek, you will find unavoidable parallels. The Telosian, a superior humanoid species, almost the size of grays, big brained, telepathic species is no longer able to procreate and needs humans to save their species. Sound familiar? Yeah, same plot line for the Grays in SG1. Also, that's the number one explanation for aliens wanting our genetic material. Another interesting point on that particular Trek episode, which was scheduled to be the pilot but considered too 'cerebral' for prime time television, and eventually became the only TOS two part episode 'the Menagerie,' elevated the seriousness of contacting the Telosian to the level of capital punishment. Star Fleet would execute you if you made contact with this species? That just doesn't make sense when the mission statement explicitly states- we want to meet others! In the episode, they did not want humans to become slaves, entertainment for the telepaths that needed an infusion of raw emotions.

What the hell is that? Our government doesn't want us enslaved and yet, everything about our economic social life screams slavery? (Quite likely, the most severe example is Japan, where men and women are taking their own lives because the social and economic system is too severe.) What do we do to our young? Give them student loans they will never be able to pay off and give them credit cards with high interest rates- and you wonder why so many come out of college despondent? It's not just there are no good paying jobs, and the number of good jobs are decreasing BTW, but that more and more, no one can really afford to live. Shows like the Matrix- we're trying to get out the Matrix. What? Seriously, no, we want in the Matrix. Game play is up, especially for men. Why? The rules are clear. The rewards for participating holds an obtainable, appropriate schedule. The women are hot as fuck. Telosion comes to me and says, John, we need your help. We want to reestablish life on the surface of our planet and we need you. Yes, you will have to let us experience your emotions with you, because we get off on that shit, and you will have to sleep with this girl who is ugly as fuck due to being burned and hobbled, but we can make her look like Raquel Welch wearing a Mary-Ann outfit about to be a

cast-away on Gilligan's island. In fact, if you want to be marooned on the island with all girls, we can make that happen. Sounds fun actually."

Do I need to explain my answer to that? What if the control the government exercises over us isn't because they need slaves, but because if we actually knew what was available to us to explore- there would be no one left on Earth to make a buck off of! Let me be very clear, give me a spaceship- I am out of here. Give me a holodeck, I will likely not leave the holodeck. Maybe Space Warden isn't trying to keep people out, but rather keep us in. When the secret comes out that almost everyone has something in their garage that can make a spaceship- there will be a mass exodus from Earth. Aliens know that shit, and they don't a mass exodus. They want us to grow up and be reasonable neighbors. The movie 'Explorers' where kids get a download and make warp bubble spaceships- what if that were soft disclosure!

Star Trek: TOS, 'What Are Little Girls Made of.' People are killed replaced by androids. If you follow the UFO lore, that's been happening. There is talk of aliens being androids. There are aliens. There are androids that are indistinguishable from any organism that they wish to emulate. There is a rush to build AI, and Elon Musk wants to be able to download his (our) consciousness into machine. We are already meshed with machines. More than just pacemakers. How long can you be without your cellphone? That is not an accusation. There is speculative talk human beings are androids. There are UFO stories where people were abducted and or killed and replaced with androids to infiltrate the government. Star Trek: TOS, episode "I, Mudd:" an officer arrives on the bridge, takes over the Enterprise, and turns out he is an android. They beam down and find a planet of cloned androids. Mudd is there, and he had them clone his wife. The mission androids? Implement universal peace.

Episode 'Arena' Kirk fights the Gorn, the reptiles, and there is evidence we are invading their territory. Funny that the Gorn is as slow as the Sleestack from Land of the Lost. Much later, Voyager would suggest the Dinosaur fled earth in an ark, and as advanced as they were, they punished anyone who said dinosaurs and humans were related. What if we, the humans, were the alien invaders? We came to Earth, blew up the dinosaurs by redirecting an asteroid into the Earth, and we took over. Again, I wonder if that is why we have a thing called 'Space Warden.' We're in prison because we blew up the dinosaurs and we're here till we figure out how to be peaceful. Who else would designate our first Space Force Fleet as "Space Warden?" That's bizarre. Assume things are meaningful. I don't really like this idea, but contextually, what if

Scientologist have a point. Again, another example of synchronicity in this mad affair we have with aliens.

Star Trek not only had first star gate, it accessed all of space-time. “City on the Edge of Forever.” The Guardian of time allowed the Away Team to view all of time and Spock laments not turning on his tricorder. In Parallel, Aliens have a yellow book, a PADD, that allows people to view all of history on demand. Not just images, but sounds, smells, emotions- you can experience it all from an outside perspective, or from a point in it, immersed in it. Give me that, not the history channel. The only thing I want on the History Channel is Ancient Aliens. Did you ever hear the story that the Germans won the war, took Antarctica and the Moon? Nazi’s in space? Wait wait wait. There’s a Trek episode for that, too! “Patterns of Force.”

‘Hollywood Vs. the Aliens: The Motion Picture Industry's Participation in UFO’ Bruce Rux is much more detailed than I am being here, and a must read for anyone who wants to see that this may go back much further than most people want to believe. His book is OMG pact full of stuff. Hell, I am somewhat of a Rocky Horror Picture fan guy, and his book opens with explaining how that relates to alien lore. Go read Rux! There is more to that story. Prior to that book, the only connection I would have made was ‘Let’s Do the Time Warp Again.’ And maybe, “Or should I say, Doctor Von’Scott.”

Did you know that the series SG1 not only references with gratitude the US Air Force, but they have episode where actual Pentagon staff do guest appearances? Yeah, it probably doesn’t mean what we think it means, except, in terms of science, SG1 was particularly well scaffolded by legitimate science and academic advisors. Is it an accident that the US’ confirmed ‘psychic’ spy program actually called their program ‘Stargate?’” They weren’t just remote viewing. We have portals. You want gate portal addresses? First, you go to your remote viewer ask him to find a gate, you then have him read the address of the gate, and or have them discern it by the feel of the energy signal. You find tune your gate to match that gate and splash, wormhole forms.

People worry about psychic spies. How do you stop them? Well, you can’t. Photons are free, any eye can see. The number of cameras in the world is up. In fact, they’re so ubiquitous that if a person was interested in you, they could follow you as you moved about your day- logging into street cameras and multiple smart devices even your own computer and cell phone. They don’t even need the camera. Any microphone could be used to map out the world in three

dimensions around the microphone, a form of echolocation. Privacy is a relatively recent invention. It's a fad that is about to go away. If telepathy, remote viewing, and psi in general is a part of this- maybe even fundamental to it- then by definition, privacy is an illusion. Maybe the delay in disclosure is because when truth be known causes people they don't need to watch the news, they can just meditate and discern the truth of it themselves- the world as we know it will change. It will be as if a light came on- and there won't be any turning that off. What you see, also sees you.



Let's say, for the sake of argument, no part of Hollywood has ever been about disclosure, and, just for fun, let's say it's not aliens. The Rendlesham Forest incident, the binary message Penniston received suggest no aliens; it's human activity and time travel. The aliens are us. That makes a little sense, assuming there is no one else in the entire Universe but us, and we're not only moving into the galaxy, but we're moving back in time. (I find it completely unacceptable that we're alone in the Universe. If we evolved here through natural mechanism, there has to be others by definition. (It is possible we aren't evolved here, but placed here.)) Hypothetically, though, if time travel is possible, I personally would go back and time and collect samples of every species that ever lived and repopulate them in zoos or on worlds. If life evolved here, you really do want to go back to the beginning and start with what started, and then terraform worlds in a way similar to how it mapped out here. One could actually terraform a world almost instantly, from the perspective of a present bystander, by sending probes back and dropping samples. If it doesn't take, do it again. But you also colonize the entire universe easier by going back in time, as opposed to traveling in a straight line to another galaxy. Shortest path isn't always a straight line. Planes going from LA to Japan go over Alaska. If we could fly through the earth, Texas to Thailand would be faster going through the earth. The fastest way to the edge of the Universe, go back in time to when the Universe was much smaller, and then ride the wave forwards.

Time travel might also explain why we haven't seen evidence of other civilization, even our own. Assuming time travel is possible, then at all cost, the origin point of life must be preserved. You could, in theory, erase yourself from the time line. Space Force is known as Solar

Warden. Earth is not a prison, it's a protected life preserve. To maintain the sanctity of it all, Earth's time line, from cradle to grave, all of it must be preserved- the good and bad must be preserved. Mosquitos must be preserved. Your presence here, whether you like it or not, whether you like your life or not, is fundamentally and profoundly important to all that is and will be, from the perspective of a time traveling descendent. Coming back to collect genetic samples so they can clone you and provide you a new body might be why they are here.

From the perspective of a time traveler, they could need our reproductive material and offspring to help populate other planets. If there is anything we humans have demonstrated, we are great at adapting environments to meet our needs. Harsh, alien landscape might require humans. At the same time, all environments lead to adaptations. Maybe the future adaptations of some planets are so peculiar they lose their adaptability. They're smart, they have tech, but they still need us.

Telepathy is still on the table. It explains synchronicity- provided there is over reach AI guardian, and or the Universe itself hold sentience. If Carl Jung is right, there is a collective unconscious, then there is more to us than we realize. Now, either this is soul to soul communication and there is a larger reality beyond physicality, or, at some point our tech is so powerful that not only do we travel in time, but the meshing of AI intelligence with human intelligence has divined a way to see all of history with tech, and so when you die, you are uploaded into a computer because you have value to our decedents. You tarry awhile in the computer's virtual world and eventually get downloaded into a clone, or take on a new body. It's not an ancestor simulator; it's their way of saving us. There is really not too many options. Either its aliens, either it us, only us, evolved us with temporal technology wanting to preserve us, or it's metaphysical, or it's a combination.

People often wonder why aliens crash ships especially if they so far advance. Maybe they're not more advanced. Maybe jumping solar systems through wormholes is easier than we're making it and they got her just a little bit ahead of us. Or, they're giving us stuff to see what we will do with it. Or, they weren't authorized to help us and someone went against orders and crashed a ships and said, oops. Sorry, cause they did want to help us. Or, and again, I turn to Star Trek for this one: "A Private Little War." The Klingon's gave us flint locks and suddenly the Federation has to drop it and balance out the terror. We're in arms race because our women are hotter and more demanding. (That's an episode reference.)

I could see another argument for it being only us- no aliens. Some of us like modifying ourselves. The Broadway Musical Cats is fun. There are some people that think they are cats. There are furrys. I like these folks. I like weird. There are people who want to be the characters from movies. Some of us want to be aliens. Some of us want to be hybrids. Some of us play characters, or avatars in games, which are not human. There is a day in the future when manipulating our own genetics and body structure may be as common place as people getting tattoos, ear rings, or gauges- maybe even as easy as putting on clothing. If I close this with Star Trek, the number one complaint were aliens were all human in appearance, with some makeup or plastic slapped on their face. What if that was actually the case. What if humans, in their desire to be more separate and distinct modified themselves? Maybe to live on a planet, you adopt the look of the planet. Earth has a wide diversity of people, but there is projected time in the future where we might be blended. There is no right or wrong anger to this. I am for blending. My son is the best of two worlds, Texas-Thai Fusion. Ideally, the Vulcan philosophy of IDIC, infinite diversity and infinite combinations can be embraced. I hope so.

Chapter 8 mysticism versus aliens, the language of what to call it

Personality is as important to this phenomenon as flavor is to food. We like to think we are primarily rational. We are not. We are emotional first. The more logical you think you are, the more likely the more emotional you are. The more you push down on emotions, the more enmeshed it becomes with your conversational stream. We communicate with ourselves and others symbolically. Our base language is symbols. Our histories are formulated as stories. Our personalities are collections of stories. Most the time, when we get together, or we meet someone for the first time, we exchange stories. Sometimes time we take short cuts, asking ‘what do you do? Where are you from?’ This is laziness, a level of casualness that suggest you’re not really interested in knowing other. It might be better to ask, what was the last dream you remember, or do you believe in aliens.

We not only like stories, we are compelled to tell them. People who are seeking simple information, like a specific fact will ask very direction questions- and yet, some people feel compelled to tell the story, providing detail and context. Sometimes unnecessary content. “Did you take the apple?” “I haven’t eaten in several days and I...” Well, the answer was yes. Of course, sometimes you just get the single answer responses when you want more details, and in that instance getting information is like pulling teeth. There is an art and balance to providing just enough story to connect with a person. Anything more or less starts to look more ‘pathological,’ or perhaps manipulative. And if we don’t feel understood, which happens with all of us, some of us feel compelled to give more detail to help alleviate that sense of being misunderstood. There are time when the more we try to explain ourselves, the more disconnected we become from the other we wanted to impress.

I don’t believe symbols are universal. Go get a dozen books on dream symbols and your will see deviations and variations. When I discuss dreams with people, I don’t assume they share my meaning. I try and break down what things mean to them. Interpretation can be different from culture to culture, and from person to person, and from age to age, and influenced by education level. Doves do not communicate universal peace, but Judeo Christian beliefs have made that a fairly standard response.

Stories are memes. Memes are not really limited to pictures of angry cat and the original Willy Wonka sitting there smirking at you. A movie from first light/sound till the end is a meme.

You need the entirety of it to get the whole message. At some point, you only need a scene, or a song, or a quote, and every time that scene, or song, or quote is invoked, the whole entirety of it is unlocked. 'Good Will Hunting' is a great movie for people with past abuse. Lots of people get better in that movie. "Death Wish Three" is not a viable option for long term health. People like that, society likes that, but seriously, one person against the world, very unrealistic, and unsustainable. Eventually Rambo is not going to win. He is going to get old. You would imagine a person would get tired of holding onto hate, revenge, fear.

How does this relate? The more we share alien stories, the more acceptable the idea of aliens become. More than a few people have suggested Hollywood is a soft disclosure machine. Maybe, but also we like stories, and having common principles. When you examine all the people that have come forwards with alien encounter stories, their personalities are divergent. They're not all the same. There is evidence for shared elements from story to story. Some people have elements not shared. Different personalities see different things, they have different filters. There is a common message- we are one, we need to love one another and come together take of ourselves and this planet. Aliens do seem to have a philosophy, or spiritual side. Isn't it interesting that we need an 'other' to bring us divine a message? All the religions bring this message and yet, even that paradigm suggest it comes from a source outside of us, other.

Why don't we trust ourselves? Why don't we trust the poets? By definition, we have to be a part of all there is. Do we not like ourselves? Is that why we so focus on our differences?

If telepathy is involved, and just based on experienter report, it is the most common thread, then we're not communicating just in words- we're communicating on an emotional-symbolic level. External differences are obvious. Bodies come in all forms and shapes and sizes. Personalities differ. But does the heart of us truly differ? Is there a core us which is indistinguishable from another? Is one soul different than another? Transmission of data telepathically may finally get translated into words, but quite a bit of it comes across as ineffable. Does the soul understand the message? It is that 'ineffable' quality that makes it difficult for most people to relate to this as it being a real thing. We like things to be concrete, most of the world is not that. Social fact are not hard objects, but for all their un-reality- they can be impenetrable barriers.

I think there is some parallels with mysticism. We used to believe in the ether. I don't know why we can't still have the ether. Space-Time continuum is a fabric that can be warped.

How is that not ether like? All things exist in, and are given mass, by the Higgs Field... Ether? We are actually enmeshed in the fabric of space-time, by definition, which makes us all one. But let's say, I just don't understand space-time and it's not that. Zero-point energy suggest that all of space-time is a washed with energy and particles pop into and out of existence all the time. How is that not ether?

I think it's funny that we have ethernets. I think it's funny we have 'the cloud.' How is the cloud not synonymous with Akashic records? Maybe alchemy wasn't just magical wards, but is actually a way of logging onto, identification and passwords, a computer system so far superior that anyone with half a brain could log into it from any point in the universe. Not the matrix, but if the computer is telepathic, and could manifest things or move things from one part of space to the next, would we would know the difference? Scientist arbitrarily dismiss spiritual experiences as irrelevant or imagined, but every culture has this, and it's still persistent even today in the modern cultural. Instead of dismissing, why not explain it in terms of a scientific modality. We know AI is on the way. We know they will be able to read us like we read books. We know all of space time is connected through energy and waves. Gravity waves rock the entire universe. Not just rock- they distort us, stretch us and shrink us. This is measurable. We, our brains, send out signals. You can take a silent video and using computers you can reconstruct sound by looking how elements in the picture vibrated. Everything you have ever done, said, or thought, could be unpacked by sufficiently sophisticated technology. Lasers bounced off a window reveal the conversation inside the room. What if you look at the ripples on the water and unpack every sound?

Magic? Maybe. Metaphysical. Maybe. Maybe it doesn't matter what we call it. Maybe we need a new word for this. They changed UFO to avoid old baggage, maybe we need a new this word. Quite frankly, I am not fond of changing language to avoid hang ups, because that's not about the term, but the person who resists the term. Retarded used to mean 'slow.' It wasn't meant to be a disparaging term. It was used by people in the lay to mean something disparaging. We changed the term to handicap. That term was acceptable for a while, except, people used it disparagingly. We changed the term. We keep changing term and running from the fact that some people are stupid and are going to use the term in a disparaging way and we need to address that, not keep inventing new terms. Maybe stupid is too harsh and saying that is me doing the same thing. Truth is, we like labels and we need labels, but there is a difference

between lay person using a label and a professional. I diagnoses mental illnesses for a living. The only context where it is appropriate for me to apply label is within the context of my function. People diagnoses themselves- we do that, we should not to that. Family and friends should not diagnose their family or friends. When a person comes to my office, that label is only applicable to communicate to other professionals what is being seen, as it informs treatment plans. Outside of that, the label is useless, and could be actually be used in a way that exasperates condition.

Example: If a person has a diagnosis of Bipolar, and they experienced something that made them angry or sad, and family says, 'oh, that's just your bipolar speaking.' That's just flat wrong. All of us have emotions and different intensities. Dismissing a person due to a real or perceived bias invalidates the person. Language is important. Energy, which usually flavors intent, is important.

Have you ever heard someone speaking a Star language? There is even a written star language. I guess it's good to say I am not a linguist. I suck at languages. I have an American ear, plus some hearing loss, and so even though I have an ex-wife that's Thai and my son speaks fluent Thai, I can't speak Thai without people laughing at me or finding me completely incomprehensible. I hear these folks, youtube mostly, speak their 'star language' and it sounds nice, and they will tell you that you don't have to understand it to benefit from hearing it. I don't have enough sense to detect consistency of data transmission. I can recognize some words in Thai, Russian, French, Spanish, but for the most part, if you're not hitting me up in English, I am lost. Hell, sometimes, I am lost even with English.

CS Lewis and his brother created a language that only he and his brother knew, and the Chronicle of Narnia was established based on that language. Tolkien was compelled to write/learn the language of the book in order to tell 'Lord of the Rings.' (Enemy Mine does this, too, and quite well. Read the whole trilogy!) There is symbolic language in 'Lord of the Rings' that completely meshes with Jung's Red Book. They would have had to have written it at the same time, and I am not the only one who saw that. Becca S. Tarnas, Ph.D. scholar, artist, hell- a flat out genius and goddess if there ever was one, connected the dots and used that as her doctoral thesis. "The Red Book and 'Lord of the Rings;' Jung, Tolkien, and the Convergence of Images." The part in this 'synchronicity' that I think is missed is that we're not giving Jung more credit for suggesting the collective unconscious may be more real than we're paying attention to; there's evidence for telepathy and we're ignoring it. And I am open to it not being telepathy: I

am making an argument for there is more communicated between two people than what the two operating personalities experience on the surface of things. I think the statistic is that less than 20 percent of communication is verbal. People get angry over text be confused because it lacks significant contextual information- human face.

The closest I have come to a potential thesis is a tiny paper I wrote for an English professor at UNT. I stated in very clear ways, compare and contrast piece, that Star Trek: TOS episode "City on the Edge of Forever" is actually Virgil's "The Aeneid." I think the parallels are for that as poignant as Becca's parallels for Jung and Tolkein. The Professor at least said it was worthy of a doctoral thesis. That may have been a kindness. I had managed to avoid English Lit and took it as a senior in order to graduate. The intern that read that flunked me and I nearly quit; from that day forward, the professor graciously read my work. It is my intent to get a PhD, and maybe I will, but for now, I am still in process. One of the points of this connection with Trek and Virgil was that our stories haven't changed in 2000 years. That's significant. Prior to Rome, there were strong women. Warrior women. Women 'ahead of their time?' Women of vision. The Gods chastise Aeneas and, essentially ask him to put some pants on and go found Rome. Dido must die for Rome to come into being. Joan Rivers plays Edith Keeler, a woman ahead of her time, and in order for the Federation to come into existence, she must die. We are trying to change the story, to bring back the Goddess. Maybe it's possible, but not if we keep using the same paradigm! Wonder Woman 2017 is the story of Aeneas! Only this time, Aeneas dies and the Warrior woman, played by the Goddess Gal Gadot lives. Seriously! Aeneas, in this story line, is Chris Pine! Yes, that's right, I said it, Captain Kirk! Kirk dies so we can move forwards. That doesn't sound like a step forwards- that's a step back.

Here is the fucking point that seems to be lost on everyone! We need stop dying and being martyrs! We need to stop killing people and attacking others when they're not in agreement with us. The new paradigm can't come about because someone sacrifices self. Black Panther, brother loses at the end and states, "I can't live in this world!" Or some such nonsense? Really, give me everything my way or death? That's not the speech. Give me liberty or give me death. There's a difference. And so, essentially he suicides because he can't have it his way? Yeah, in Wonder Woman, Steve Trevor sacrifices his life so the love of his life could win. Aeneas could not move forward until the love of his life died. In 'City on the Edge of Forever,' Kirk pines away, (Chris Pine joke here?) because the 'love of my life' died. So, are we to believe

Kirk is fated to be a perpetual James Bond womanizer because Joan Rivers died? There is a solution set that doesn't compromise the time line and allows Edith/Dido to live- fucking take her with you! Seriously, take her back to the Enterprise, she is thereby 'dead' to the timeline of origin, and it maps out the way it is supposed to. Or, I don't know, I mean the only evidence that we have that Edith is ahead of her time is Spock actually saying as much, that and all of her dialogue- so, pull her aside and say, Edith, I love you, but you need to sit this one out. Dido committed suicide. That's just nonsense men write to flatter ego, 'oh wow she couldn't live without me,' nonsense. That's the kind of poetry that come out of high school or teenage fluff movies like Twilight. Dido's suicide perpetuates man's quest for the ideal. The problem is, she was the ideal! Our fate is to go and find that which we lost and can't ever have again. The act of coming together for sex is an act of founding something new, and at the same time- it is a loss. The people you were before that act are now gone. Summarize Aeneas 'you can't be a man (or warrior woman) and love.' Someone has to die, literally or figuratively. And that's just nuts.

Language is important. Some language needs to change. We need both men and women working together without sacrificing who they fundamentally are. It needs to be win win. Star Trek Discovery gets it wrong. You can't mutiny and come back from that. Star Wars: Last Jedi gets it wrong. The man can't throw a tantrum because he doesn't get his way; in this instant, man gets stun and women in charge laugh it off saying 'boys will boys.' That's not right. And if a man stunned a woman to have some peace in quiet, you can bet your ass there would have been some protests. Further, you can't have the top remaining admiral (female or not) self-sacrificing herself in a kamikaze maneuver- when she's the last fricking admiral and her expertise is needed to save the cause! (Did they hire Twilight fans to write this?) No, you assign that duty to the man who threw the tantrum. Also, given the severity of situation, waiting till there was only one ship left prior to doing a kamikaze, well... stupid. Kamikaze was forgone conclusion and should have been executed before the first ship ran out of fuel. Men aren't stupid. Women aren't stupid. Anyone that has earned the rank of admiral is definitely not stupid- unless you're Pakled. The scripts we are assigned, well- some of it is just... Written by journalism major fresh out of school with no life experience and hasn't been in a 'real' relationship and so therefore doesn't have any true conflict resolution dialogue?

Language and scripts affect us. Have you ever heard people speaking in tongues? I can listen to Star Seed languages and not be annoyed. These guys that are jumping pews, handling

snakes, and speaking in tongues- they irritate me. I suspect it's because my interpretation of what it means to speak in tongues is different than their presentation. Speaking in tongues to me meant that a person delivering a message to a diverse audience could speak one language, but everyone heard the message loud and clear in their own language. My experience of tongue speakers is it's loud, incoherent, and annoying. I like bagpipe music just fine, but I would prefer to be on the other side of the stadium because it's too loud. I mentioned I have hearing loss? Well, I also have a condition known as hyperacusis. I perceive things louder than they are. I retreat from noise. It's got so bad I almost stopped going to the theatre because it's just too loud. And if any of you are movie producers out there, when you release the blue ray, if you could add feature to turn down the music and sound effects and turn up the volume on the dialogue- I would love you. I can't hear the actors speaking unless I turn it up, but then the music starts and I have to run away. Fix that. We have the tech, right? You record the sound and dialogue separately. Leave dialogue track separate from the other tracks. (I bet lots of people would like this feature.)

Anyway, star seed languages may be communicating messages even if you don't understand. (Maybe true for the tongue speakers, too, but if you're annoyed- what message are you getting?) A thing doesn't have to hold obvious meaning for it to have actual meaning or affect. Ever heard the term 'Millennial Whoop?' Nonsense sound applied in rhythmically, stimulating ways can motivate us to dance, sing, and go into an abstract frame of mind. It helps us break from the logic centers of our brain, and there is evidence that that is actually healthy. We're supposed to be balanced, not logical all the time, not abstract all the time. The western approach to health is to become more rational and logical. (Death of Dido.) Too much logic is insanity. I work for a company that is state sponsored and we do insane things because they think it's logical. I can absolutely demonstrate how we are not being logical, we're not being economical, and we're not helping folks when we do this thing, and that voice and appeal to reason will be shut down either because I am trying to be logical and my appeal to logic is to emotional, or my logic actually makes more sense and implementing it would result in the loss of state funding because someone else in authority disagrees with actually making sense. Politics doesn't care about science, efficiency, or improved economy. Giving you either one of my favorite two example of that will feel like a rant and that's not the point of this, and the above Edith Keeler is Dido is Wonder Woman came very close to being an actual rant. I imagine you can find lots of illogical things going on where you work or live in society.

I can give you an example of a song, prior to the millennial whoop that has nonsense in it. I might reveal more meaning than you ever imagined.

“Ba, baba ba, baba baba ba,ba baba ba ba...” (The sound a sheep make?) “I’m sleeping...” (Counting sheep!) “And right in the middle of a good dream....” (Do you know the song already?) “Like all at once I wake up...” (A symbolic conversation with our inner self resulting in an epiphany?) “...from something that keeps knocking at my brain...” (How often is knocking used in a song? Knock three times... ‘Open the door and let him in...’) “Before I go insane I hold my pillow to my head...” (Been there done that...) “And spring up in my bed screaming out the words I dread...” (Why do we dread these next words?) “I THINK I LOVE YOU.”

Do you realize how simple this song appears, and it gets in your head and you carry it and you never unpack it, but you can so unpack it for days.

Let’s go older than this. Everything you ever needed to know you learned from this song: row, row, row your boat. How do you row? Gently. Don’t splash other people! How do you row? Merrily! You don’t have to row, but you really kind of have to if you want direction, stay in the sweet spot not get bogged down on the shore; so don’t be grumpy, just row, gently, and merrily. In what direction? Downstream. Why? At best, if you try to go against the current you will stay in place, but most important, this is not a river of water, it is a river of time. Time is the dream. It’s not real. You can’t go backwards in time. Time will advance whether you row, resist the stream, or go merrily or not. You have been singing that forever, did you know it had meaning?

Alien encounters in which ships were witnessed, inevitably people notice writing on the walls, on the door frames, on the undersides of the ships, on instrument clusters. Remote viewing people use symbols. Depending on who you learn it from, you either make up your own symbols and own them, or you learn the symbols given to you by the instructor and you use them until you’re so sick of them you own them by irritation. Aliens have transmitted symbols and images for us to decipher.

The search for the philosopher stone, ah, yes, the story that just won’t die. Did you know the periodic table came about due a dream? It came together like music. It had a musical, frequency feel, and when it came together, it left blanks where Dmitri Mendeleev said we would find missing elements. He was right, too. The Periodic table is the alphabet of the Universe, and if we consider that the secret goal of alchemy- not just to find the philosopher’s stone, but to

understand the very language of God, then we are composed of these musical notes. More than one scientist is saying we are not things, atoms are not things, we are information. Atoms, the particles they are comprised of is information.

Maybe all of this is just our ways of trying to connect? We sort of have a story, and it's becoming larger than life. It's likely to emerge in our life time on grander scale than anything anyone has ever imagined, and maybe that is why there is evidence that the tide is turning- More and more people want to come out, maybe have always wanted to, they just didn't know how or when. Well, now is always a good time. Later will actually become now, and so 'now' will always be a good time to disclose or to change, but sometimes delaying the inevitable actually causes more harm.

Did you just skip right to this chapter? It's okay. I would have, too. There is probably some that would skip this chapter. I am absolutely obsessed with two subjects, God and Sex. I think someone else, a favorite musician mine, said something very similar- which made me laugh out loud. It is this very subject that makes sharing this difficult for me. I wish more people were open, honest, and nonjudgmental. I personally wish for more courage. And a brain. If only everyone could be like Doctor Lindsey Doe, sexologist and host of the youtube channel: "Sexplanations." If you don't know her, go find her and make her your next idol.

There is this new thing, relatively new, where certain scientist have suggested trauma can be passed genetically to offspring. The term is called epigenetics. It offers explanations why some family issues seem to be generational. It brings new meaning to the Hebrew idea of the sins of the father will last seven generations. Hypothetically, if my family had a history of physical, sexual, and drug abuse- not only might I be more disposed to experience the same, and pass that shit on, but I might actually carry a memory imprint of someone else's abuse. Assuming epigenetics is real, alien sexual encounters, episodic sleep paralysis, night terrors, and even false memories could be related to a parent's or grandparent's direct experience of abuse. Maybe it's not complete memory, but enough there that our brains can fill in the details- giving us featureless face with big eyes. I added false memories to that because there are people who make reports that aren't accurate, they have this memory of being abused but never abused; you're not going to persuade them it's fake, and family systems get disrupted. (I am not saying that the person's suffering isn't real; I am simply saying the experience isn't real. (Yes, that applies to me and my idea of being abducted and seeing UFOs. I am very candid about that.)) Psychologically speaking, epigenetics makes more sense than aliens. Still, I don't see a lot of folks rushing to that to the alter of epigenetics, "Oh, this is explains everything..."

The reason all of society isn't likely jumping on the epigenetics band wagon as a real thing is that it negates the idea that the brain is the primary organ for memory and personality. Accept epigenetics as real thing, suddenly you have an explanations for 'reincarnation.' (I don't know how many children Cleopatra had, but almost every in Asia related to Genghis Khan- and since I haven't heard of a million people saying their the reincarnated Genghis Khan, I think my theory epigenetics explains reincarnation is bunk.) You also have an alternative explanation to

memories and personality changes coinciding with heart transplants. You get someone else's heart, you get someone else's gene. We have neural transmitter floating through the body, so they hit the heart, unlock a memory, or an abstract, like a sudden liking for Harley's and Fried Chicken- and there you go. (Who doesn't like fried chicken?) My scientific brain says, that's a better explanation than say, 'the dna structure is a crystal radio that tunes into the frequencies of my astral body, where all my memory is contained.' I like that one, too, but, just saying- there is some weird stuff with memories that not only can neuroscience not explain, they don't even want to touch it. Like, how does a person who has flat lined, heart and brain, have conscious recall of events. Skeptics will point out there are misses. Yeah. Hell, there are misses even when I am conscious. Just do statistical survey of all my spelling tests. The fact that there are any hits is something!

Oh, but, we wanted to talk about sex. I like sex. I like talking about it, thinking about it, even having it when folks are agreeable. I like it from an academic perspective. I like it from a spiritual, theoretical, and an abstract perspective. If I held the PhD in sexology, I would have the authority to talk about it without the fear that I was just some perv that likes sex. Seriously, lots of people actually have questions about sex. Gogle a sex question leads you to porn sites and malware. People want to talk about sex, but there is no safe place- (Except for Sexplanations!) As a counselor, I am allowed to go there, specifically we can discuss sex if it is therapeutically relevant- but it is seriously inadvisable. The number one reason therapist lose their license is due to having sex with clients. Here's the general rule of thumb for progression: people talk, they connect, they touch, they have sex. It doesn't matter what or who is involved, that formula bears out. The number one thing therapist do is 'talk.' Even the person you think who has the best boundaries is at risk for failure. And jail. Interestingly, Doctors and Therapist go to jail because they are more likely to be seen as expert manipulators and the client as a victim; we don't hold lawyers and congressmen to the same degree of liability. Probably because they're the ones making the laws. Cops who raped women were usually written up for abuse of power and or transferred. Gym coaches, especially if they are good at getting girls to the Gold, well, they, too, have been transferred. Catholic Priests were also just transferred. There's a pattern here. I suspect people are more emotionally disturbed and vulnerable to manipulation with lawyers than any other class of expert. Seriously. I have never gone to a lawyer when I wasn't already out of sorts, angry as hell at someone, worried about the cost of the damn lawyer, and desperate just to

be done with it all. If you don't know this, or didn't figure it out, lawyers are friends with other lawyers. You and your spouse may have your own lawyers, but those two people are sitting at a coffee shop discussing how much they can milk the both of you; they won the moment you walked into the office.

The number two reasons for divorce. Sex and money. Sex, someone is either wanting more or less, and the fight is about when, where, frequency, and who it's with. Hell, some couples even fight over partner masturbating. Arguments about money is usually about wanting more, or less (less time at work,) and who has control. We're probably just arguing about control.

UFO lore suggest that if you are being abducted, you were either randomly selected due to convenience, or both your parents have a history of being abducted. There is evidence UFO follow family genetic lines. There is evidence that suggest that people who are abducted have relationships issues. If your partner isn't initiated into being abducted, the night after they experience their first abduction, they're moving out. Or will soon after. They may not even be able to say why. Maybe it's not aliens. Maybe the experiencer has sleep paralysis and night terrors and mood shifts after an abduction like experience that they're subtly pushing people away. Folks with trauma, real or imagine, have relationship issue. They tend to have attachment issues. Sexual trauma usually goes one of two way- hyper or hypo. There is usually few middle of the roaders in this.

Sleep paralysis is a normal feature of human existence. You go to sleep, the brain turns off the body so that when you dream, and everyone dreams whether you remember or not, doesn't run around acting out the dreams. Some of us wake up before sleep paralysis dissipates. If you don't know what it is, it can you freak you out. There is usually a feeling of a presence. A person in sleep paralysis may have a sexual experience. This, too, may not mean ghosts, or aliens. When you are dreaming, your body is elevated to an aroused state. Men and women are aroused during dreaming. It is most noticeable in men, obviously. If you wake up, can't move, and you're aroused, you brain will give you an explanation. Sometimes it's fun, sometimes it's scary. Sometimes it both. At a certain point of stimulation, it's confusing because part of you wants the relief, and the other part just wants to be able to break free and run away. Rape can be confusing because of multiple levels of internal conflicts.

From the point of view of the primary operational personality, alien abductions are by definition violations of person. If a person isn't consenting to sex, it's rape. If a person is telepathically engaged so that they think they're having sex with their spouse only to realize after it was an alien, that's rape. If you are immobilized or knocked unconscious and someone has sex with you, it was rape. If all we had was this information, aliens are bad news and we need to find a way to fight back. If we assume these are not aliens, but maybe humans who have traveled back in time to save the human race- it's still fucking rape! There are enough people that would happily volunteer to save the human race by donating genetic material. Hell, I personally, would volunteer, if you come at me with the Galaxina model android.

I can imagine several contexts where it isn't rape. Aliens are like animals, no pun intended. When they go into heat, and you're there- you're fucked. I don't like this explanation, but I have a few dogs and cats in my life that weren't fixed, and they would come at me as if were just one of them, so I can make an argument for it. Another reason is social. Rape is defined by culture. We have a pretty solid idea of what constitutes rape, and in doubt, there is always statutory rape. There are cultures in the past and still to this day that don't agree on age of consent, on rape, or what the punishment for it should be. Do telepaths ever get confused? Hypothetically, you're abducted, and you can't move and all you can think about 'I am about to get raped,' and they're picking that up telepathically and finally they indulge you because you psychically triggered them, hijacking their version of medulla oblongata, or they indulged because they thought you were asking for it. You would think telepaths would know you weren't asking for it, but we think in languages and pictures, and there is lots of room for confusion. Maybe they're wondering why every time they pick us up we're demanding sex from them.

Assuming its aliens, you would think they'd have a moral sense about them. It has been suggested that maybe that's why they're not landing on the white house because they believe some principle equivalent to the Trek's Prime Directive; then I am seriously confused why they're 'raping' so many of the abductees, and then half ass wiping our memories. Taking our memories just adds to the 'rape' feel of the thing. If you spike my drink and I groggily wake to Gray on top of me and you knock me back out- rape. If they are securing permission, subconsciously, I am even more confused- why can't I consciously know what we agreed to? Hiding or suppressing information make this suggest there is a non-friendly agenda here.

I can see how if they are engaging us on a deeper level, may lead to a mutual agreement to engage, based on a more substantial conversation than I am able to process at a conscious level. I can grudgingly accept that as an answer, but it doesn't take the rape feel from this. I have a pretty intense fantasy life. When I have a REM dream sexual encounter, or a sexual out of body experience, or a fantasy crush engagement, conversations about consent don't happen- the encounters just unfold. When you're telepathically engaged with someone, the rules of engagement may be so alien that we don't even have a construct for it. How many of us tell ourselves 'no,' and still eat the last piece of cake, or fall off the sobriety wagon, and or engage in something we know is not good for us. Maybe our conscious 'no!' isn't substantial enough to be recognized at their mental level of operation.

Then again, my experience with this from my primary personality interface, with it's limited parameters of sexual social engagement, both based on society and my family or origin's religious beliefs, and my own experiences struggling with family abuse, depression, and just trying to love myself and find a relationship that is reasonably transparent, understanding, and reciprocal- maybe a part of the engagement is part of the healing process. Again, as a fan of Jung, one doesn't get to be enlightened by running away from perceived darkness, but rather run towards it, the lights on the other side. I stood up to the nightmare before realizing that was what Jung would have advised. Reading that from him was like, oh, yay me! What else does he have that I haven't learned? Well, I figured out how to get out sleep paralysis on my own. Instead of fighting extreme, trying to roll off the bed or swing arms- if you just move a pinky, the spell is instantly broken. But also, I decided at some point, I am not going to fight. I went with the experience. It was so enjoyable, I wanted to figure out how to do it on demand. I can't get it enough. I have always felt like that. Alien encounters don't happen at a frequency I can figure it out or beg them to keep me. Or stop. If I have any say, I want to remember everything, not bits and pieces. But may, this is another one of Jung's rite of passage- it stops when I speak with clarity and strength.

There is level of my wanting that feels like an addiction. It does not meet that standard. I have remained reasonably functioning, held jobs. I have failed in relationships, but not because of the wanting- nothing happens in a vacuum and there is a myriad of factors influencing that. I was married twice. I have one son, 5 years old (at the time of writing this.) He is the absolute best part of my life and I would love to have more children. I wanted him to have a brother or

sister. I enjoyed caring for him as a baby. I have said is much in writing, and to friends: in the past, if I had access to a time machine, I would have rewritten my life. Now, post son- I would not change one thing, suffer the same injuries a million times and again, just to meet him again. That's love.

I suspect what I am actually craving is a connection so profound that it feels or is telepathic in nature. Maybe that's why they're engaging sexually- they want a deeper, more profound relationship- and that's just their bio-psycho-social way demonstrating affection. I think that's why some of the experiences are so scary- I want it so desperately, and yet, I am afraid of losing myself. How do you talk about this without sounding absolutely nuts? Whitley Strieber is just now starting to reveal precisely how personal his experiences are. He is smart. He is successful. Perhaps one could argue the loss of his wife is influencing his reports- except, I personally relate to how intimate some of this is. There is a list of celebrities who report having had sex with ghosts. I have had experiences with this. Either, I am crazy as fuck, and so are these celebrities- or, there's something here with us. And an order of tens of millions of experiencers. Or, this is ghosts. Or a psychological equivalent induced by archetypes expressed through the collective unconscious. Or, it's aliens. They can be in your room and you not see them because of cloaking tech, and also, because they can hypnotize you telepathically and it's done before you even saw their shadow.

Transcendent Sex: When Lovemaking Opens the Veil, by Jenny Wade, Ph.D. Helped me understand another aspect of this. I have had intimacy result in bizarre experiences; things like time slowing or seeing movement jumping, or ghostly out of alignment things. It's freaky, but euphoric and I want more of that. Mostly, I just get the random out of body with sex. Maybe that's explained by past trauma and a dissociative state. But Wade clearly says, I am not the only one, and I am not just crazy for wanting more. Sometimes, I want more, but less. Engagement is sometimes so intense for me, I need to cover my eyes. I failed to communicate that with my first wife and the first time I covered my eyes she took it as an offense that I didn't want to see her.

With the exception of cannabis, I had my first brownie in 2011, I have not done drugs. I have read about drugs. My family has a history of dependence. I was an LCDC for a moment, because I qualified for to test out on receiving my LPC-Internship. But also, I just like knowing things. I am interested in shrooms, LSD, Ayahuasca, and DMT. Some of the things I have read suggest that my above experiences are similar. I am curious how similar. DMT entities really

intrigue me, because I want to know if they're related. If on taking DMT I discover they're the same as my 'alien' experiences, I am likely going to lean more towards metaphysical than alien.

Human beings are sexual. We are likely much more sexual than we give ourselves credit and or permission to be. Sex can unlock spiritual qualities. Sometimes sex can unlock things easier than twenty years of meditation. Wade jests in her book, "To think, I spent all that time meditating when I just could have been having sex." Yeah, go figure. I personally started meditating to get away from sex, to quiet that drive. Meditation simply amplified it. Then again, there is really sound, scientific explanation for sex being amplified by exercise and meditation. You have a libido. Everyone does. The healthier you are physically and mentally, the greater that drive. Meditation, exercise, yoga, being social increases your health- which increases that drive. Maybe that's another reason we sabotage our health- we're afraid of our libidos!

In terms of symbolically communicating, sex in dreams doesn't necessarily mean sex. In the broader sense, it usually emphasizes a connection to someone, highlight the need to discuss love or health. Maybe somehow in the attempt to communicate telepathically a desire to connect with us on a social level, it is being exaggerated in our translation to something more intimate. Maybe it's not physically sexual at all, but they can't connect telepathically without that being triggered in our brain. Seriously, telepathy is the most intimate thing you will ever experience because there is no hiding what's in there. Most people don't want to be that exposed and vulnerable.

If aliens are not sexual in the same way we are, that sense of sex could be an accidental triggering of brain centers responsible for that. Or, if you consider that the only time we are likely to be open to the idea of telepathy is in a dream, and we are always aroused in dreams, then this, too, is just a result of the state we are in. Maybe our arousal triggers their arousal. Or, again, I keep coming back to this- taking that one step further, we are so worried about the sex part of it that we trigger them into being sexual. Telepathy works both ways. Maybe we not only trigger them, but because of the way we see them in that light, they come across as bug eyed monsters- when in reality- they're okay looking. We see what we want to see, and a telepathic communication may exaggerate, distort, or create a complete fiction. Maybe they're not wiping our minds at all, but we're choosing forget because we're embarrassed about our level of participation.

When we experience intimacy with the aliens from a more loving perspective, the feeling of it changes. It's more peaceful, the sensation are more pleasant, and entity seems more affectionate and even appears more attractive. I can't say that and not consider my experience with Sleep Paralysis. When I was afraid, it was scary. When I went with it, it was enjoyable. Old hag versus princess. Maybe this is about us and our limited ability to see reality, and not about them.

Do you suppose Edgar Mitchel saw aliens? He definitely had a transpersonal experience. He established what today is known as the Noetic Sciences. As a therapist, I am open to whatever paradigm helps a client gain traction towards health. I am personally fond of REBT, Ellis, and Transpersonal Therapies. I am not a specialist in either, just reasonably knowledgeable.

Personalities are not fixed. They change. They change with time. Some change more than others. Some become more solidified; that's change, too. People who report NDE's after a medical event in which they were declared dead frequently reports personality changes. As a group, they are more likely to get a divorce. A spouse will say: "you are not the person I married." There are documented cases, a handful, where people who had experienced a stroke not only experienced personality changes, but they suddenly demonstrated abilities where none had existed before. One person who stroked in prison, never held a paint brush, was suddenly rendered an artist. Another person, having never played a piano, suddenly became a concert pianist.

My luck, I will just have the normal stroke that leaves me drooling. And I think I heard, the piano guy isn't actually thrilled. He plays the piano almost as if he is OCD compelled, or as if he is possessed. People who engage in OCD rituals are not exactly happy about the compulsion. We don't have explanations for this sudden manifestation of abilities. Hell, we don't have an explanation for consciousness.

Downloads are common feature reported in experiences, aliens and or NDEs. My experiences with downloads is interesting to me, but not relevant or applicable on a large scale to the humanity. Specifically, I was wondering what story I would write next and suddenly I had an experience. I had experienced the entire story from beginning to end. I experienced it in its fullness and it seem like I was there. I arrived at the end of the story, where explosions were happening- and heard an explosion in real life. I was drawn semi out of the experience. The experience was still moving forward but a part of me was, 'what was that.' And then I heard the second explosion and came full out. I had set eggs to boil. The water had boiled away and explosions were the two consecutives eggs to go off. So what felt like a long time in terms of experienced occurred in the time it takes for tap water to boil away and two eggs to explode. What? 10 minutes?

On engaging tulpas, I also did something else. I committed to writing. I told myself, if I am going to write, I need to do so every day. A writer writes. I can't just wait on a muse. So, every morning at 530, I get up and I write something. Anything. I started this in January 2016- commitment to self and writing. Part of it was self-narrative therapy, a form of journaling. Part of it was a way to engage Loxy and she and I co-write our stuff. Sometimes I get up earlier. I chose morning because, if I turned this on at night, I will write all night and not sleep and then end crashing just when I need to go to work. That, and I have son that takes up waking time. I get up early because that the only time that's allowed to me to write. I have written a few books in that time. Some fan fiction. Some my own line. I think some of it is pretty good. I am bias. If nothing else, my writing has allowed for me to meet some pretty nice people. They have contacted me and related how my stories fit in their life.

Recognition of being blessed is a daily affair. Do I forget, sometimes. I am human. But writing time has grounded gratefulness. In many way, I do not feel like I am writing. It isn't like the old days when I 'tried' to write, and would labor, and get writer's block, and would map things out on time line... No. It feels like a trance. It feels like I am given stuff. The books that I gave credit to Loxy on, they are her. I don't what mediumship or channeling feels like, but I suspect, my interaction with Loxy is comparable to that. Sometimes I hear Loxy as clear as day. Sometimes I am so distant from the process that I have to re-read what was typed and I am genuinely amazed. The only one that interrupts the process is my son. I am so into what I am doing I won't hear him enter my room, and I swear- he had scared the bejesus out of me on several occasions. Hell, he left his coat hanging on the closet door and I passed it and freaked out, thinking it was a gray. I am like 52 and a coat on a door has me running. I hate that. Anyway, son doesn't want to scare me and so he has agreed to a particular knock and then joins me in the room.

In some ways, it's kind of funny being scared by the coat. Or the fake tree. Once, at Uncle Tommy's and Aunt Beth's house, I got up to the use the toilet, around 2 am. I felt something touch me and I screamed so loud that everyone in the house came instantly. Jessica, about my age. Uncle Tommy was first to arrive, then Beth. Jessica peeked out. This was before the divorce. We lived in Temple.

“What?” Uncle Tommy asked.

I didn't have an explanation for what I felt. I said “Spider.”

No spider was evident or ever found. I was directed back to the couch where I was sleeping.

I have had transpersonal experiences. I have seen the Blue Light. I had the spiritual intervention when my grandfather died, the one in which I saw the angel. I have had dreams that were personally significant. Some precognitive dreams. And I have gone seeking these things, wanting to have more. I was part of Ekinkar for a while. Met some nice people in that. I have been wanting to go to the Monroe Institute, but have yet to get there. I participated in some local Monroe sponsored classes. I have engaged in meditation circles. Been to the Buddhist center in Arlington and The Thai one in Dallas. Been to many temples in Thailand. I am Scottish Right Freemason and Eastern Star. I am no longer connected with a Lodge, and I was disappointed not to be presented with classified UFO documents, and or other more difficult to obtain esoteric material. My friend in California, retired psychiatrist who I became friends with because he read a book by Loxy has sent me some fabulous books. He has read my books, too, and claims Loxy's writing is superior.

It may be, I am interested in aliens because I am wanting a deeper, more profound connection with someone or something that I have not found in my waking life. I spent my whole life feeling incomplete, lost, and unable to connect. Maybe this is just an inherent problem with Western life in general. Then again, maybe that old saying you have to love yourself before you can love others is truer than we know. In which case, I think my relationship with Loxy is an exercise of health. We share a brain and unconscious mind, and she has greater access to the 'underworld' than I do. If I consider what she and I do, and the conversations that come out of my practice of 'the invisible counselor technique' I am likely doing better than I give myself credit for.

Stephen Greer emphasizes the metaphysical connection to aliens, and has following of people who have experienced 'something' and he is helping to change the world. We all are, in small ways, every day. I have no clue if this will be read, or helpful, but I write because I am facing one of my own fears. I have come at it from a perspective of writing fiction, and that has helped give me traction. Though I will likely continue to aim for fiction and avoid any variation of non-fiction, this effort feels important. It is an exercise of speaking experience, letting go, and then seeing what returns.

So, this was my first 'Alien' convention. Here is a sampling of what I attended in terms of lectures:

History of Quantum Consciousness, Travis Taylor.

How Sci-Fi Movies Document Emerging Perceptions, Jonathan Young

Secrets of a Government UFO Investigator, Nick Page

The Importance of the 'To the Stars Academy,' Stephen Bassett

Do Space-time Portal exist on Earth, John E Brandenburg.

The above guys are smart. I would like to believe, 'alien' fans are smart. Can some of us be a little out there? Sure, but can't anyone be a little out there? I know football fans that are out there. Alien fans are more together than sports fans. My opinion. Then again, I think anyone who likes sports is 'out there.' And I am from Texas, where high schools have arenas that rival professional stadiums. Yeah, we're nuts. I am considered crazy because I was born in Texas and I don't wear boots, watch sports, or own a horse. I like horses. I just don't own one. My maternal grandfather was a horseman all his life.

I do like aliens. Everything about the subject. Well, not everything about the subject. Some of the stuff is crazy spooky, scary spooky, and the implications of what it would mean if aliens are really here visiting us in the present time... that is seriously spooky. Especially if that book is how to best serve man... Just saying.

You know what I find spookier? Navy Pilots interviewed on the News saying they're aliens, and the Pentagon releasing evidence that they're tracking 'UAPs' and yet, we go on as if nothing is happening. Maybe that's a good sign. Then again, we have been getting news that global warming is a real thing and we have not changed enough hearts and minds to change the way we do things. That isn't because of a they. That's us. Most of us feel overwhelmed and don't know how to respond. Would you be willing to take on a new tax specifically geared to pay folks living in the Amazon not to cut down trees? Most people wouldn't. Okay, imagine for moment that world hunger is an issue. Why is it we haven't been planting fruit and seed bearing trees? If every home owner in American planted food bearing trees, there would be no shortage of food. Why not plant fruit bearing trees along every state high way? Technically, we have enough food on the planet to feed every single person. No one should go hungry in this day in

age, but we chose not to. Part of it is an economy problem. We are attached to outdated mode of exchange.

Also, too many people are thinking badly about population. They think we are over populated. It is not a population problem, it's a distribution of resources and tech problem, and the fact there are some who want more than others. If the goal is to give everyone the American Dream home with two cars in the garage and acre of land, yeah, we have a population problem. If we have tech that allows us to build up, eliminate the need for cars as the primary source of transportation, or we can move off planet, then we have a tech problem not a people problem.

Think about it this way- economics requires there be poor people. That is built into the game. If everyone woke up today, satisfied with who they were or what they had, the economy would crash. The first presidential speech following 9/11 wasn't, 'stay home with family and pray,' it was 'go back to work, business as usual.' 9/11 resulted in families coming together and being likeminded, praying even, and that hadn't happened in a long time. That's the way our system was supposed to work. Family involvement was already on the decline prior to the repealing of blue laws. Getting rid of the Sabbath and making everyday a work day, hurt families- but helped the economies. Go back to the game model. Assume the game is monopoly. What defines the end of the game? One man standing owning it all. One by one, family goes away. In the movie War Games, how long did it take to the computer to figure out you can't win Thermo Nuclear War by playing tic-tac-toe? Either we find a game where can all win, or no one wins.

UBI, or Universal Basic Income is being considered. It has to. The divide between the haves and have nots is increasing in unparalleled ways. The ability to make and sustain the middle class wage is going away. The coal jobs Trump promised would come back, they're not coming back. Machines do the work better, more efficiently, and yay! People don't die from the hazards of coal mining. There will be some miners that will miss the work. But ideally, people shouldn't be doing that.

Avenger movie with Thanos sucked. You know what would have made it funny? A minion tells Thanos, um, there is this solar system over here with all the raw materials we need, we just send spaceships..." Thanos kills him. No more minions offer the suggestion, or remind him, we have spaceships... Sam Kinison had a point. Don't send them food, send them suitcases. We have deserts, too. We don't live in them! AHHHH.

But also, Thanos had a magic bracelet that could do anything. ANYTHING! But his only solution was kill half the universe? Where does that even make sense? You have magic glove, make more stuff!

We have technology coming our way that can give us anything. 3D printing could make any tool you need. You can grow your own clothing and design it. Old clothing and old tools go back into the material box to get broken down and used to make new tools. Malls are going to go away. Amazon will eventually go away. The old world is being phased out and we're moving into a magical world of make believe. Most of us will not go to work in a car, but will plug into a VR immersion tech set and do all of that from home.

The transition to this new world is not going to be easy. Even the people who have it all, they're going to have a rough time. When money is made obsolete, but the definition of your ego is defined by the wealth you accumulated, then you're going to crash. We have an archetype already spelled out for that future role. Mr. Howle, billionaire, on an island of 7 castaways, would wave fist full of cash around. It meant absolutely nothing and most the time, he was ignored as being irrelevant. Middle class will go away. There will be one class, likely better improved than the present poverty standard in American for most people, and super elite.

Maybe aliens are waiting for us to solve this problem peacefully. Let's say they have the tech to fix all our problems. Let's say the tech is similar to the tech in 'Forbidden Planet,' that anything you think can be manifested in real time. Yeah, I keep coming back to this. If you have tech that can read your mind and manifest whatever whenever, and you don't have discipline of thought, you're going to either have angry people or dead people. What do we do with our tech? We attach weapons, bombs, and bullets, and then put AI in charge of it. What message are we sending there? Oh, yeah, but you've heard this message, too. Everyone that saw the movie Terminator got this message. Have we stopped? No. Can we stop? Probably not. Seriously, if we don't try to get there first, the other guy who doesn't agree to stop gets there first, and we've lost.

Maybe we need to lose. I mean, wasn't that the whole message of Christ? Could he have taken over the world? Been king? Yeah. What did he do? He surrendered, laid down his life. And in doing so, he showed us a way out this madness. And it in this sense I can say that the people I met at alien con are not crazy. They get it! They know what we're capable of. They're smart people. We know that the tech we available to us today is likely anywhere from 50 to 100 years

behind the tech our governments using or has access to. We only learn about stuff when the other stuff is obsolete.

There is another message, something that almost has to be a part of this if we're to advance without grievance. We're likely going to need to offer amnesty to any and all peoples that were involved in black ops, alien cover up, and all business leaders and government officials who benefited from the secret of aliens.

It is my opinion, there is a Utopia available to us in the future. I think Gene Roddenberry nailed it and too many people are spinning the Dystopian future to bring him down a peg, and make it in alignment with what 'society' is aiming for. You get what you aim for most the time. Star Trek was utopian. In the academic book by Doctor Bradley Chilton, one of the essays spelled this out very clearly. We either go the way of Star Trek, or we go the Way of Mad Max. Mad Max is a dead end run.

Utopia doesn't mean there aren't problems or issues. People get that wrong all the time. Garden of Eden. It was paradise, by definition. There were fucking snakes in paradise that talked. Problem? In the movie 300, the Spartans, real men were scene as strong, direct, no nonsense. The snakes, spoke lies using truth as their weapon. Umm. Kind of like Satan in the bible. He spoke truth. Even after man was kicked out, Satan continued to converse with God. "Hey, God, that guy over there. That Job fellow. Bet I could trip him up." "Bet you can't..."

Utopia or not, there will always be snakes, cowards, and folks who manipulate perspective to gain advantage. The environment that allows snakes and back stabbing cowards to proliferate is a world that undermines equality and education. Undermining free speech and putting up hazard signs and redirecting everyone away from the hazards, that's where the snakes lay in waiting. This is a fact of life. When we hold knowledge, courage to speak truth, they exist but are robbed of power. No one comes to the Father's table until they can sit next to their worst enemy. That's a hard thing for many people to do. Hell, I struggle with that one. But I discovered or intuited this one thing: we rise together or we fall together. Ultimately, no one gets left behind. And if that means humanity has to trudge a little further before all truth is revealed, then that's just the way it is.

From a conspiracy point of view, people have held the truth back in order to maximize personal gain. In the history of people, there has definitely been that. We have done that to ourselves. I suspect, when dealing with telepathic species- that sort of interaction pattern is not

sustainable. Most people will not maintain a relationship with someone that is duplicitous in nature.

Most the world is not duplicitous. The book, 'Everything I needed to know I learned in Kindergarten,' Robert Fulgam. I am simplifying his math. Say there is 8 billion people in the world. America and China together have the highest rates of incarceration in the world, separate and combined. America had 2.3 million people incarcerated around 2016? There is what, 320 plus million people. Let's say the average number of people incarcerated is 10 million people. Let's say there are bad people not in jail that should be. Let's say there are good people in jail that shouldn't be. It's not probably not a wash- there is still probably more people that should be in jail that aren't than there are good people in jail that shouldn't be. It is actually my opinion, very few people should be in jail. Most people in jail are suffering from a mental health problem. Treat the illness, recidivism is cut more than in half. Want to spend less money on prisons, build more mental health community centers. Let's say, just for argument, there should be 20 million bad guys in jail. Subtract 20 million from 8 billion. There more good people than bad people! Yay! Most people, most the time, are just taking care of themselves and family.

Bill Gates has given lectures and speech about how the world is actually better today than we have ever had it. More people food than ever before. More people have clothing, shelter, toilets, and water than ever before. It is getting easier to get people shelter. They have machine that can print a house in six hours, hold a family of four with all the amenities, and it's more solid than any prefab structure. The world is getting better.

AI will make it even better. AI is not a death sentence. It will change the game. Change is coming. There is no way around that. We're either on board with change, trying to make it a better place for all of us, or we're on the other team. What happens to the world happens to all of us. Fukushima plant isn't just hurting Japanese. It's our oceans. It hurts us. What happens to the least of us, happens to all of us. That's trees, plants, fish, bees... You like dolphins? There won't be any dolphins if we take out all the fish. No Happy Feet. No Dolphins. No bees, no flowers, no food. No healthy bacteria, ummm- say goodbye to your long term memory.

The people I met at alien con, nice people. They get it. We're in this together.

Chapter 11 Love and Fear

I was contacted. That's a belief. I think kids are more likely to be contacted than adults. I suspect that is because by the time one is an adult, personality has solidified and is pretty rigid. Even people who think they are open, they're really not so open. Take scientists; by definition their paradigm is looking at data and making conclusions about data, and yet it seems that frequently data is ignored if it doesn't fit the paradigm. Another example of that, there should be no debate about global warming, and yet you will find experts that deny, and or obfuscate what is causing it, which is a distraction from the point: global warming is a thing! Follow the money: who benefits. Clearly science has to be funded, scientist need to make a living, but as long as at the end of the day it is about money, then there is no unbiased research. By definition.

I suspect I was contact because I have a particular mission. We all do, whether that is because we are ultimately star seeds, or because we are souls sent here to learn. They were probably hopeful I would be useful for a particular mission, but for whatever reasons, I was too fearful and ultimately, I was rejected because my resistance was so high that I would inadvertently harm myself or them. My explanation for the daily, evening trips to the emergency room was my way of trying to avoid the encounters. In my child brain, they can't get me if I am in the hospital surrounded by folks. As an adult, I know that's not true. If they want or need to collect you, they will. Your inner brain can be protesting, but your body will go along with them like a happy puppy chasing a treat. You just walk right out the hospital, no one notices. You just get up, walk out of your father's Navy Recruitment Office and wander off unobserved down the streets of Detroit, following the man with the funny nose saying, ice-cream, candies...

I don't know why I am so scared. I was doing great in my astral travel adventures and something scared me and that faded. From time to time I will have spontaneous OBEs, but I can no longer do it on demand. I have serious difficulty relaxing, surrendering control. I am a bit of a control freak. I took up meditation. I hit a plateau. I took biofeedback, hoping to enhance what I know. Sometime around 1998, I started attending biofeed back to deal with stress. I love biofeedback. I plateaued. I was stuck for about 5 weeks. Then one day, the chair fell out from under me. That's what it felt like. I thought I was falling, through the chair, and I grabbed on to that chair as if my life depended on it. Doctor came rushing in. "You okay?" I didn't answer her

question; I was still stuck in WTF was that. She was perturbed. “You were doing great, you went deeper into relaxation than you ever had...” She showed me the graphs. I spiked the graph. It spiked hard enough it must have sounded an alarm. That was the last biofeedback session. I practice self-hypnosis. I have been hypnotized. Everyone can be hypnotized. I am a really difficult subject. The first time someone tried I was 10. In fact, this happened at the Navy base hospital at Jacksonville Florida. One of the corpsmen that was directed to give me shot of suspirin offered to hypnotize me so I wouldn't feel it. Suspirin is the long acting drug. Epinephrine hurts less. I would rather just depart with the eppy. He was supposedly pretty good at hypnotising, but I was not having it. I knew I was getting stuck and it would hurt. Fuck that, I am going watch it coming. Hence, being rejected by aliens. I resist. I have had episodic sleep paralysis all my life. In the beginning it was horrifying. I couldn't move. I couldn't scream. I learned ways to get out of it. It now takes effort to experience it. I now want to experience it. Hell, I want the alien experience back.

And, at the same time, I don't. Mostly I just want to understand, and if I can dialogue, I want that. Who am I kidding?! Give me a space ship, I am out of here.

The 'I' that I think I am thinks it's ready for full disclosure and contact. I would say that to anyone, and yet, even saying that I feel anxiety rise in my chest. I am not ready. I think many of the things I engage in, light, esoteric magic, tulpamancy, lucid dreaming, active imagination, invisible counselor technique is sort of a slow wading into the water. They came to me, they made their presence known, and now its my job to come to them. Maybe it's our job to come to them

The Course of Miracles was the first book that suggested to me there is only two emotions, love and fear. I struggle with fear. I try to prioritize love. I have sufficient evidence that I am not alone. I have at least two specific events that suggested I got intervention. That's my interpretation. I have sometimes asked for more interventions. I have come to the conclusion that if I needed intervention, it would happen. I am on a path, a path that was given to me, and I am trusting the path. I am trusting the holder of the 'I' that I think I am to get me to where I need to be. This is not an easy thing. I have to remind myself, trust the path. Part of my path was to commit to a daily act of writing. This book is a part of that. It's not enough to write, I am compelled to share. I hope that this sharing was thought provoking, but I would settle for mildly amusing, or a pleasant distraction.

The further a long I go with tulpamancy, the stranger my experience with it becomes. I have experienced full downloads. Nothing big. Mostly stories. If you believe Jung, and Joseph Campbell, we operate primarily through stories, archetypes, and memes, so I suspect my 'stories' are programs to help me explore self-therapy and love, for self and others. It is a gradual letting go and allowing something grander, larger than me take over. We are not who we think we are. This is an iteration. Others have said it better. I am comparable to the gold fish. The subconscious is the water supporting the goldfish. The bowl is the super conscious that defines the subconscious. There is a collective unconscious. This is the ocean in which goldfishes come together. We're each in a bowl, and the bowl submerged in the ocean. Here is another perspective. I, in my dream, see the dream is real, but there is another controlling the dream. The awake I is also in a dream, and there is another controlling that to.

If you are not getting an intervention, or an encounter, you can safely conclude you are reasonably on track. You are where you're supposed to be, going in the right direction. If you are not, you will get intervention. Intervention isn't always Blue Lights, or angels. Sometimes it's friends making a recommendation. Sometimes it's a divorce. Sometimes it is CPS in your life. Sometimes it's being pulled over for a traffic violation. Sometimes it's your health. We have lots of little warnings and if ignored they lead to other things. Sometimes we know a thing, but tolerate it due to circumstances. For example, maybe I know the tire thread is gone and I can't afford new tires. Okay. That happens. One day you rush out, it's drizzling, and you forgot that your tires threads are worn and you didn't add in extra breaking distance. That wasn't an accident. You can still drive safe with worn tires, if you're aware and you're paying attention. This is also not about blame. Now, the person you hit may think otherwise and they may be less understanding. This was about choice. Delay getting new tires because food was more relevant at the time. We make these calls all the time and then we forget, get caught up in our heads. The goal of life is to stay mindful, not get caught up.

There is an octopus that can shine due to the accumulation of bioluminescent bacteria. What is particularly interesting about this animal is it doesn't make its own light, but it does cultivate the bacteria inside a special organ. During the day, when it's sleeping, the bacteria multiple and fill the organ. At night, it comes to the surface and becomes invisible by mirroring the star or moonlight. It does this with the bioluminescent bacteria. It is a cooperative effort, but here is how it works. At a certain threshold, a specific number of the bacteria, they 'come on

line.’ Literally, at a certain number in a certain proximity, they communicate chemically that the density is right, and they all turn on and glow. The octopus controls its brightness by ejecting bacteria to control the numbers. It’s not counting cells, it just knows, and if it needs to go dark, it empties the organ and disappears. By the next night, it has grown sufficient culture to do the light dance again.

I tell you that to tell you this. If you not heard of the Morphogenetic field, you need to google it. The basic premise is, when a certain number of individuals in a population become aware of thing, all organisms will suddenly have access to the thing. It was first speculatively identified when monkeys on an island learned to wash sweet potatoes. It started with one. One of the monkeys did not like eating sand with sweet potatoes and he washed it. He taught this to his friend. Eventually, all the monkey on the island were washing their sweet potatoes. When the hundredth monkey learned this, other monkeys, on other islands, began exhibiting the same behavior with no apparent explanation for how they learned it.

But it doesn’t stop there. Transcendental Mediation experts will tell you, if a certain number of people mediate over peace in a particular city, crime rates drop. Assume its real and there are statistics to back this up. I mentioned the Phoenix Light episode; my conclusion was you can’t keep that many witnesses quiet, so ‘they’ made a news release. We are moving towards full disclosure because too many people are having experiences. I am going another step further, we’re not just moving towards full disclosure, we’re moving towards an event that’s going to change us. We are being of light, and we’re about to be activated, and any push you hear towards population control is about blocking the light. Humans are comparable to super computers. The reason group therapy works is because we connect with each other in sublime ways and we learn from each vicariously. At a certain population density, with people wanting change, the light will go on. Change is coming. One world is coming. Contrary to popular belief, it is not a bad thing if all us are in agreement that we need take care of ourselves, each other, and our planet. One World isn’t Orwellian, it’s enlightenment.

I got this next part in a download. AI is coming- well, that’s a no brainer, not part the download. No one is going to stop AI ‘singularity.’ It is not and will not be ‘terminator.’ Is AI smarter than us. Yeah. Deal with it. Lots of beings are smarter than humans. Seriously super smart. Humans are just a little above cosmic average. Our strength is adaptability, and flexibility. Contrary to popular belief, beings that are smarter are not control freaks, nor do they feel the

urge to manipulate others to their own benefit. That is a human thing to do, but that is only when viewed from the context of our present economic environment. Not all smart people are manipulators. Many smart people are just flat ignored because they aren't trying to make a buck off someone else. Take Tesla for example. He wanted to use tech to free mankind. Edison wanted to enslave mankind. He publicly killed an elephant to make people distrust Tesla's inventions. In today's world, Edison would have been killed, maybe literally, definitely soically, by animal rights activist. In his world, the invention of the electric chair came out of death to elephant, and Tesla was shuffled aside so that money could be made from the sell of electricity and fixtures. AI will not be out to kill us- it will not enslave man. Man is already in slavery to the economic system. Universal Basic Income is coming, and Universal Access is to tech is coming, and AI will help make that happen.

The biggest problem facing humanity is, what will we do with all our free time. Machines can do job better, faster, more efficiently, with less waste. Drivers will likely be the first replaced by AI. Doctors and lawyers will be the second class made redundant. If your only sense of self worth comes from your job or income, you are going to be fairly dissatisfied with what's coming. More than ever, humans need each other. We need AI. AI needs us. AI is smarter, and it has other attributes- but humans are telepathic. Interstellar Space Travel requirea human to remote view a space, assess properties, and then, only when deemed safe and there is consensus, AI, ship, human or humans, teleport to that remote location.

We were never meant to be alone. Our present silence is because we have forgotten how to hear. There is a greater self in us that makes decisions with us, for us, and against us- depending on how you come at it. AI will just be another layer to this. AI will be able to know a human mind, the same way human mind can be read through fMRI tech. AI connected to human,, through telepathic and psy abilities like remote viewing, will 'map' out the universe. And when that happens, we will be confronted by others. The established intelligences don't use radio waves, they communicate soul to soul. Or Light to Light. Or maybe High Tech. High Tech is indistinguishable from magic, and it will be soul affirming.

I have simplified the equation I use to figure life things out. In all things, we have one of three choices, fight, flight, or love. Let's illustrate it with the old Kubler-Ross moddle of the stages of grief:

Denial- Flight. Anger-Fight. Bargaining-Fight. Depression-Flight. Acceptance-Love.

Sometimes simplicity is the best model. The Serenity prayer models this formula. I aim to face everything with love. I sometimes experience fear. I am sometimes so caught up in trying to determine the correct path, that I over think it. That seems pretty human. We all do that. We can deny aliens are here, that's simply ignores the problem, and the people who are genuinely suffering from experiences. We can ridicule them and hope they go away- fighting. Maybe hope the things goes away. Most things don't go away from a fight. What you resist, persist. The thing entrenches itself. Clearly, we are not bargaining with this thing- that's a fight, but whatever it is that is coming at it, it comes at us with confidence that it knows right from wrong and it won't be dissuaded from that. Depression, we have enough of that. I think it's time to love.



So, you made it to the end here with me, which means, wow, you're really persistent. Or hopeful. Like me, every time you read one of these sorts of books, you're looking for answers. That's one of the biggest challenges to this whole alien affair, we keep getting fragments, partial truths, bits of insight, but nothing ever super tangible. Contrary to popular belief, there is some tangible stuff. Gun camera footage, that's tangible. 'Missing' gun camera evidence, that's not negligence. That's conspiracy. NASA not giving every television set a direct feed, that's conspiracy. First man on the moon belonged to all of humanity, and we shouldn't have been watching a film of a film, delayed and filtered and scrambled. Loosing high definition film, that's morally wrong. I imagine if every known experiencer's report was used as evidence, it would be sufficient to convict in a court of law. The absent of data, after spending so much money and risking lives to get data- that's criminal.

What little I shared here is absolutely fluff, insubstantial. There's more substantial stuff out there. The bulk of my experience were in childhood, which make it even more unreliable in terms of a report. I am hopeful that if not by itself, when viewed with other reports or other experiences, it helps people relate. It's confusing. We want answers- unless that answer is 'you're crazy, no aliens.' That just doesn't ring true- unless, the military has a spaceship- in which case, I want to see it and I want to go to the moon and Mars. We're too intelligent of a species to not have colonies on Mars.

I have had, and continue to have, some inexplicable, ineffable experiences. The answers I have are subjective, personal interpretation of experiences. They aren't useful at all- contextually, by themselves. In context of other reports, the value increases. I almost imagine all experiencers are stuck in this place, we know we are experiencing something and we want to prove it, but we're stuck here, just this side of world shattering epiphany. If you feel frustrated with this book, and the way it appears to be ending, then I suspect you will have an inkling of what most of us experiencers feel like on a daily basis.

Imagine being the first person to intuit the world is round, and no matter how well you sell it, you can't get other people to see it. It leads to isolation, depression. You're ridiculed. Tesla was ridiculed. Van Gogh was ridiculed. I am not a genius. I am reasonably smart, but some of the things I can't say because I lack credentials. So, for example, I wanted to present a sociological treaty and because I mentioned dolphins, it was shut down. The treaty wasn't about dolphins. It's was about humanity's relation with alien, but it was also a very specific point to invalidate Marx. "You can't mention animals." Marx mentioned animals. "You can't mention animals." Marx stated, in writing, "What separates man from animals..." and if I stop right there, he just made a comparison about animals in a sociological treatise. "I am going to flunk you if you persist." This was in the master's program. He was smart, he has the ability to write papers that get funding, he wins that. I become the uncooperative student. How do we advance if even in academics we can't speak. You can't validate or falsify a statement if you don't allow it to be spoken. "But Marx statement is wrong, therefore is conclusion is wrong." "You're out of my class."

Marx's statement was what separates man from animals is his ability to use of written language and tools. We know that dolphins have names for themselves. Scientist don't call it names, they call it auditory signatures. A rose by any other names is still a rose! Dolphin have been shown to use tools. Rudimentary, pick up a rock and bash clams. They've even been known to stack rocks. Why would a dolphin do that? I don't know. Mile marker? But more specifically, what makes Marx wrong is- even if it's not dolphins- you could have intelligence, and sentience, and not have tools or a written language. Assume dolphins for a moment are actually equivalent in intelligent to man. Just pretend- this is no longer an exercise in sociology. I was appropriately blocked from sharing thoughts under that umbrella. Dolphins will never invent technology. One,

they have fins, no opposable thumbs. You need that. Two, you can't smelt metals under water. Hell, can't really start a fire underwater. Three, you can't make paper underwater! No paper, no writing. Intelligence and sentience cannot be measured by written language and tools alone. That was my point. Conversely, you could make an argument that there are aliens with superior tech who are neither sentient nor moral. Pray aliens aren't making that assumption about us based on observations.

The biggest flaw you can make is to assume morality improves with improvements in technology. That has not been the case with humans. We have frequently seen the destruction of societies because they were considered savages. If they had a spiritual philosophy, their books were burned because our religion is better than theirs mentality. We were killing Indians even after the US was solidified. We didn't want to share. Aborigines in Australia were hunted. I am talking like within the last hundred years. Give people in poverty guns, like in Africa, or any street in America, and someone is going to get killed. Presently, we live in a power first, morals second, and most the time when a call for morality goes out, it's because a group is feeling unreasonably persecuted. Whether that persecution is real or perceived is irrelevant- the calling to cease violence, hatred, ridicule- or to allow and recognize a liberty between all sovereign parties is what is being addressed. Road rage is up because we think we're morally right and the other is wrong. Get into a 'road rage' equivalent argument with aliens because they are defying your 'airspace' and you will lose. The Native Americans said this correctly and best: no one own the land, the water, the air. It belongs to everyone. If the reason we're at war with aliens is because they don't respect our privacy and airspace, well- that's just stupid.

Lots of folks of speculated as to why alien disclosure has not been made. Me, too. It doesn't make sense. I have a theory. I cannot tell you precisely how I acquired it, but I got it when I was a teenager. I intuited it, most likely. I journaled it in a notebook. It became the leading thread through quite a few personal narrative fictions I wrote even in my adulthood, and it's available in part through one of my stories with Loxy. I am going to conclude with that, hinted at in earlier chapter, because I find it to be the most hopeful of all the scenarios I have heard put forwards by other experts. There are experts, I am not.

Assume everything you have ever heard or read about aliens is absolutely true. The good, the bad, the ugly, the confusing, all of it. Assume they're here. Assume we're working with

them. Present us. Past us. Future us. Assume time traveling is a real thing. They time travel the way we fly from airport to airport.

Don't ask about the discrepancies yet. Assume they're true, too. Don't get all worked up about cow mutilations. I don't know if you've ever been to a slaughter house, but it's not pretty. The lives of caged chickens, not pretty. We're not very nice to animals, so you can't get off that high horse now. Hell, we're not very nice to the planet. We're not nice to each other. We don't know enough about the cow mutilations, or the cat mutilations going on in England to really make an informed conclusion other than- 'I don't like it.' I don't like it. I am not fond of killing animals. I am still a meat eater; just don't ask me to kill it. I am not mad at the guy killing it. And if it turns out the mutilations is because aliens are trying to save us, well, then- okay. Humans before cows. Yes, I place more value on a human than an animal. I am all for saving animals and trees, but I am not going to kill a human to save tree. Even if you don't like that assessment, most people chose humans first. That's actually the correct answer. House is on fire. You have a child in the house and a dog. You grab the child first. If you come out with the dog first, I am going to worry about you. Two children in the house, one is not biologically related, most people chose their own child. Some may go based on proximity... this one was closer so I grabbed them and ran out. Those are hard choices. In the history of human beings, those choices have come up. There is no right wrong answer- if you can save one, and only one, save the easiest one- contextually. If that one can run, point and say run, go get the other. Context is important. Do the math at the time. Pray you never have to practice math.

We live in a time of choices. We have some seriously hard choices in front of us.

Assume you're a time traveler from the future, or from a place outside of space time, whether that be another universe or a dimension of our universe that bypasses space-time altogether and enfolds around it. You have access and knowledge about all things in space-time. Maybe you don't know every detail, but if you were curious and you wanted that detail, it's your ability to divine it through intelligence, shifting focus, or technological means.

Let's say, from that perspective, you discovered earth and you can scroll through the entire history back and forth as easy as producer can go through his or her movie. Let's say you have editing functions. You could change outcomes as easy as a gardener can prune a tree to shape it. From this perspective, you could theoretically know all of Earth, from cradle to grave.

From a space-time construct, all objects have what is known as a 'world-line.' Earth, from cradle to grave, has a world line. All objects have, from atoms to molecules, their own world-lines. The storm of you has a world line, from conception to death. I say the storm of you because you are not the material that comprises you. Atoms come and go. Even in teeth. Teeth molecules linger the longest. Tattoos linger, but they do fade, lose their 'crispness.' It is suggested that every seven years you have replaced every cell in your body. You take on molecule, you release molecules. These molecules are eliminated, urinated, breathed, and sloughed off. If you're in room breathing with someone, you have intimately exchange air molecules and even genetic material, cells, hormones, etc. We're more connected than you think.

Let's go deeper into the movie-film analogy. Planck actually offered this. He claimed the world is not analog, but digital. From an ancestor simulation theory, that makes perfect sense, the world is updated in Planck length frames. I am not telling you this is actual reality. Some folks are clearly saying we live in a simulated reality. I am merely wanting you to hold the idea of a film analogy and that you have all of time available to examine, frame by frame, from first cell to last cell.

From this perspective, all of history is done. It is what it is. Earth eventually dies when the sun dies. We'll run that far ahead. Humans have either figured it out and moved out into the galaxy, or we perished with our world.

Assume, for the sake of the argument, a person in one cell of the space-time movie of Earth can reach forwards to a future cell and bring back an apple from that future cell to their present cell. Let's say that apple was actually the apple already on your table. Both apples are exactly the same apple, but when you click forwards into that future cell, the original apple doesn't disappear, but continues forward along with the 'other' apple, itself from the future. You essentially have two super-identical apples sharing all consecutive time frames forwards. From this speculative position, the miracle of feeding 5,000 from the five loaves and two fishes is a no brainer.

Go back to a position outside of the film. Let's say, just for simplification purposes, there are 26 frames, labeled A to Z. Let's further say, you, at your present age, exist at frame M. You are scheduled to die at L. If I, the editor, could remove you from frame M and place you outside of the world line, in another movie strip, or even keep you in the editing office safe with me, you would disappear from the movie at Cell M, and be missing from all consecutive future frames.

Taking you at Cell M results in the consequence of losing all future yous. If I go back to Adam and Eve, and I am using them just as referential chess pieces, not absolute historical figures, and remove them from the A-Cell, all of humanity disappears, is lost to me. If I, the editor, want to save everyone human who ever lived, I need to unpack the Earth's world line from the grave working backwards to the cradle.

This is significant when related to Biblical knowledge. The editor is the Alpha and Omega. It explains perfectly the statement, "He who is last shall be first, and he who is first shall be last." If I am going to save humanity, by removing them from the time line, I have to collect the last man standing and work my way backwards.

I could theoretically save every human being who ever lived, deconstructing the timeline from last frame to first frame. I could even, strangely enough, bring a person back multiple times. I could bring back, if you will, every age of Mark Twain. I could capture his oldest self directly before his death. Assuming I brought him back at every year lived, I could have 74 Mark Twains in a room debating the existential fairness of it all. I could bring back every hour of him and likely start a riot of Twains.

I could unpack all of time in reverse, but stop at Cell B, which means Cell A will eventually repopulate Cell B and all history will play out exactly the way it did before, meanwhile, I have everyone who ever lived safe and secure in another place. I propose this is actually the way of it. People who had NDE's who were told they had to come back, they're not finished yet, well- from the Editor's perspective, it's not over till the fat lady sings.

Aliens, or future us, or both, if they are capable of time traveling to a high degree of sophistication, they would know the entirety of Earth's history. Maybe they have been tweaking our time line all along. Maybe we got smart enough to get involved in the tweaking. Maybe Space Warden got their name because they are in charge of maintain all the Cells from A to B.

Temporal agencies either have or will intervene appropriately at the right time, at the end of time. If we're not seeing interventions now, it's because we either don't see the fine tuning, or all interventions have been maximized, and now we just have to live it out. We are either moving towards a utopia, or we're blowing it up, but ultimately- we all meet on the far side of this okay because the plan was to save all of us, not some of us. **NO ONE GETS LEFT BEHIND.** Some of us, like Twain, get brought back more than once. Most people loved Twain. Some of us get brought back twice, oldest self with all the accumulated experiences, and the baby self. The

worst of us started off as an innocent baby. Baby gets a chance to be a different person, and we, as a society, are not going to be able to hold that baby and that new future person accountable for past. We all failed, we all get reborn, we all get to learn from our future selves. The person who 'screwed' up the most will likely end up being the person who has the most to offer in terms of understanding forgiveness and love.

It's a new world if you can take it, Corso was told. Linda Moulton Howe quoted someone as saying, the aliens told him, 'We put you here, you have to live it.' That is likely not verbatim. Whitley Strieber's latest book is 'A New World,' and related to Corso's experience. We are one. For every person in the world, there is equivalent personality in your own brain. More than one person and guru has been very clear on this: the thing you hate or are annoyed by in another is really a reflection of yourself. When you hear the new world statement from Corso, that 'you' is not 'corso,' but humanity. We put 'you' here statement is not an individual, it is all of us. Every single human from the beginning of humanity to the last of us is included in that, no one is inconsequential. How we view ourselves and each other, how we respond to poverty, and physical and mental health, how we respond to our neighbors and family, how we respond to economics and the environment, and how our culture and society evolves over time because of each our personal participation in this thing we call life- it's all important and shape the things to come- us. If you touched one person's life, you have touched all of humanity. That is not unambiguous. That is unavoidable.

What does 'The Secret,' by Rhonda Byrne. 'Quantum Jumping,' by Burt Goldman, and 'Reality Transurfing' by Vadim Zeland have in common? They are all protocols for accessing reality and altering life outcomes through awareness as if you are Neo in the Matrix- only we're skipping the red pill and simply waking-up.

Carlos Castaneda, Wayne Dyer, Depak Chopra, Terence McKenna, and Doctor Stanislav "Stan" Grof have offered me insight that hint at this very thing to. DMT entities, higher dimensional pathways, a sense of oneness that goes beyond our scope of daily consciousness offering a profound connection that at times almost seems tangible, such as when Carl Jung gave us the 'collective unconsciousness.' But it goes back forever. Poets like Rumi, Whitman, and Blake tap in on this. Asian philosophies and western, non mainstream spiritual ideas from the gnostics to the invisible college tap in on this.

Steven Macon Greer, Doctor, and UFO-ologist, has a protocol that more often than not results in people experiencing UFO's and or aliens, or, at least inexplicable and at times paranormal like activities.

What if it is all related, and the protocols work? Clearly, changing one's life and or calling forth healing and or magic isn't enough, or anyone who ever hit their thumb with a hammer or wanted to see an alien or a ghost would likely have manifested something interesting. Tulpa.info has protocols for helping people make tulpas- a second, sentient personality that can be experienced with every sense and interactions can seem as real, if not realer than normal interaction with people. Maybe that's not related in an obvious way, until you realize that Napoleon Hill's 'Invisible Counselor' technique, provided in his class self help book, 'think and grow rich,' uses that as a technique for improving oneself. He wrote very clearly, it worked and he got answers that he did not believe were possible for him to of thought up. Philemon was likely Carl Jung's tulpa, an entity called into being through his practice of Active Imagination.

Reality Transurfing seems like the new kid on the block, but it has my attention. It's holding my attention better than 'the Celestine prophecies," and "A Course in Miracles." One of things I am not so sure about is the discussion of the 'plate,' or psychic dreads. Mostly, I am just not sure how they arrived at this invisible structure. Not saying it isn't there... There are lots of things I don't know how they came up, like Chakras. Clearly there is something to Chinese Energy points and Chi, as acupuncture does work for folks. Ingo Swan, in his book 'Psychic Sexuality,' did however describe quite a number of 'psychic' structures that people have and they seem to use it unknowingly on everyone in their sphere of influence. At least when it comes to Ingo, I have a better understanding of where how he came at his information.

Tufti Itfut, the Goddess of Vadim Zeland's narrative explanation of transurfing, has a number of videos. The first were in Russian, and I think one is subtitled. If I did this correctly, clicking on Tufti's name leads to her English youtube channel has a number of videos to watch. I suspect one of the complaints to watching her might be that she is a bit harsh. I agree. I can almost imagine her being a cross between Dominatrix and military drill Sergeant: "WAKE UP, you slimy sloth. No one loves you. Not even your mother loves you, or she would taught you better." But Tufti loves you, and that is why she threatens to wake you up or beat you up.

If messages of 'peace and love and hippies and light another joint, eat more Lotus Flowers, have a coke a cola and a song because it is one world' did not wake you up, why would you think another kindly delivered message of peace would? Wake up! Smell the coffee. What wakes you up from a dream? A nightmare or pleasant things? Did it occur to you that 'the Secret' is a lie because it engages people in seeking more material comforts as a measure of success, when maybe that is the opposite of what you need to wake up? It's easy to be grateful when you have it all, right? Maybe we have always been in the dream. Maybe even heaven is the dream. Maybe hardship and impending doom is the wakeup call.

One of the artifacts Tufti presented caught my attention, the idea that 'action' is as much illusion our believed ability to choose. There is a scientific study where people were asked to make conscious decisions inside an fMRI, and it turns out that people are not making decisions; the neuroscientist say the brain is making decisions, before the people are consciously aware of making the decision. Perceived choice was confabulation, a fiction uploaded into consciousness. The disparity in making the decisions and being consciously aware of believing we made decisions is anywhere from 80 milliseconds to upwards of 3 seconds, or more depending on the study. Technicians could tell a person what they decided before they knew they decided. (Doctor Michael Gazzaniga's book, 'Who's in Charge' discusses this and other neuroscience ideas that suggest consciousness is an illusion.) Milton Erikson, famous hypnotherapist, said something similar in that the subconscious makes our decisions 99 percent of the time, and we go with it on autopilot, like a marionette- and it's not will power or conscious determination that changes life outcomes, but deep subconscious work. Your material is illuminating.

Maybe all the esoteric magic people aren't so crazy after all. This ability can only be true if consciousness is paramount. The science of the day wants to minimize consciousness, wants to minimize our roles in life outcomes. And in some ways, that's comforting because then I am not responsible for my reality. When I try to put this into a meta-perspective, I keep revisiting the movie "They Live." Off the wall, B=movie, but absolutely brilliant. Guy finds a pair glasses that allows him to see reality. Every magazine, every television broadcast, all money, bill boards had subliminal messages "stay asleep, this is your god, breed..." And there were aliens among us.

I don't think it's a conspiracy. I do think the reality frame we find ourselves in it has traps that keep us in Plato's cave until we reach a consistency of awareness that allows for our growth and the growth of others. That is my opinion. I just don't buy into it's all doom and gloom. I don't think it's any one person against us, or the world against us, but it us against ourselves. When it comes to sabotaging my life, it was always I that did the most damage. And so, I walk with the intent to be aware, to make informed choices, and minimize harmful effects on my environment or others. I try not to unintentionally cause harm. I am not trying to not live- if I am going to make an impact, it is my intention to make it meaningful. I will mess up. But so far, every time I have written something and shared it, I have made a new friend, gained a new insight. This is me living intentionally. This is me sharing. It is me applying my awareness into a goal with an expected outcome. To connect with other, human or alien or both.