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Life Over Time

*The
Mission*

Katya Walter, Ph.D.

This book is

Volume 1

in the

PSI-PHY series

of the

DARK VOYAGERS



Series Logo

To visit the Double Bubble Universe, go to...

katyawalter.com



To visit Katya Walter's YouTube Channel, go to...

[KatyaWalterYouTube](https://www.youtube.com/KatyaWalterYouTube)

**The author thanks the
Institute for Neuroscience and Consciousness Studies
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...AND THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO HELPED ME REALIZE THIS WORK

*Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.*
Macbeth, William Shakespeare

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Life Over Time THE MISSION



Katya Walter, PhD



BIOGRAPHY

Katya Walter has a Ph.D. with an interdisciplinary emphasis from the University of Texas at Austin. She spent five years of post-doctoral study at the Jung Institute of Zurich, and a year of post-doctoral study in China. Dr. Walter taught in colleges and universities in the USA and abroad for sixteen years before focusing on writing and lecturing. She has given numerous workshops on chaos theory, the I Ching, synchronicity, and dreams in the United States and Europe.



FROM THE EDITOR

This is Volume 1 of the new Sci-Fi/Psi-Phy series of the DARK VOYAGERS. Is this science fiction? Some say so. But it's also an allegory. Could it even be a real experience?

Science, mystery, and mysticism merge in this stunning new account of life, death, and deep-see diving... remote viewing to travel the cosmos and see the foundation of reality.

Western science explores cosmology. Ancient China's I Ching follows

the Tao. They merge in a master code that generates our holographic universe. The master code also templated our own minor variant, the genetic code.

Your guide? The lichen-like creatures who live on a boulder orbiting a dying red sun. They learn the hard way how vital air, water, and food are for survival. Now dead, yet they travel mentally in 3D time in this Double Bubble Universe to meet all the diverse mini-minds on the planets, including our own.

As wise ghosts, they inhabit that other bubble, a reversing mirror-twin with 3D time and an arrow of space... plus science's "lost" pole of gravity and the Big Bang's "lost" antimatter, converted now by spatial pressure into tachyonic energy... powering up a huge, unified mind spread throughout all 3D time!

You'll even meet Magenta Majestica! This short book brings philosophy, humor, and joie de vivre in a light and lively tone to dark and deep mysteries. It melds love and hope with modern chaos theory, quarks, and mystic vision!



PRAISE FOR THE DARK VOYAGERS SERIES

"Very thought-provoking. A light expression of deep stuff. A fascinating time-travel in what is Sci-Fi. Or Psi-Phy. Or possibly a living memoir of remote viewing."

*Frank Patterson,
Aerospace engineer*



"I was blown away by it as a vision - and I think it works totally as cosmically speculative fiction."

*Oliver Markley, Ph.D.,
Prof. Emeritus of Human Sciences & Future Studies*



"This, along with *Double Bubble Universe*, is a must read..."

*Rowena Pattee Kryder
Author of Dynamics & Foundations of Co-Creation*

Introduction-Robert Price, Ph.D.

Katya Walter Goes Deep-See Diving

I first heard the name “Katya Walter” back in the 1980’s. In the middle of an intense discussion about the meaning of a dream with some new acquaintance, someone aware of my fascination with dreams, my fondness for Carl Jung, and my passion for studying lucid dreaming in the sleep lab, he or she would suddenly blurt out, “You’ve got to meet Katya Walter!”

This same scenario played out at least three or four times, giving me a strong sense of *deja vu*. Invariably, I would ask why our meeting would be beneficial, and I’d hear stories of Katya’s training at the Jung Institute in Switzerland and her popular dream groups. With all of these seemingly coincidental nudges, I became curious and looked forward to the moment when the universe would see fit that we should meet.

That meeting didn’t occur until some years later, but I’m eternally grateful that it did. It was after I had finished my laboratory studies of dream narratives, frequent nightmare experiences, and lucid dreaming to receive my doctorate in clinical psychology from the University of Texas in Austin. I believe it was after I had joined the original board of the Institute for Neuroscience and Consciousness Studies (INACS) as its Director of Research.

It wasn’t until Katya proposed to INACS and began a series of six well-received presentations describing her investigations into what would form the basis for her overarching theory on the “Double Bubble universe.” I was intrigued by the manner in which she deftly wove ancient eastern wisdom and modern western scientific knowledge as well as her trusted intuition into an amazingly beautiful tapestry with perfect symmetry from both an artistic and scientific viewpoint.

At that time, Katya had already begun putting her investigations down on paper, and INACS has been thrilled and honored to be able to assist her in publishing several of the books in her series that began with the *Double Bubble Universe*. From those presentations and books, we gained some insight into the pattern of training, hunches, reading, dreams, research, and synchronicities that Katya used to give birth to the

concept of the Double Bubble universe and beyond, but some questions remained.

In her latest work, *Life Over Time: The Mission*, we get additional clues into the impetus and passion behind Katya's mission to present her groundbreaking insights and ideas to the world. Through her self-developed meditative practice that she dubs "deep-see diving," Katya appears to explore hidden worlds and access data and knowledge that play key roles in the development of her theories.

Although she doesn't describe her deep-see diving technique in graphic detail, it appears to be a mind skill that falls somewhere between remote viewing and channeling. Like remote viewing, Katya is able to use her mind to access information that is hidden from the five human senses.

However, unlike remote viewing, she doesn't appear to utilize the strict protocol that was initially developed by Ingo Swann at the Stanford Research Center under the direction of Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ, and that was later funded, developed, and used in training the United States intelligence services.

As in channeling, Katya appears to have developed the ability to "tap into" conversations and information that she can later recall and document. Although remote viewing has been scientifically validated, the mechanisms that make the ability possible have not as yet been elucidated by western science.

Whatever the mechanisms for this ability, Katya appears to have tapped into a powerful reservoir for comprehending some of the mysteries of our universe. She uses it to contact sources of knowledge that she can then integrate into a bigger understanding.

Throughout *Life Over Time: The Mission*, we see some of the original keys into that knowledge. We begin to wonder if perhaps "lowly" plant-based life forms can teach us "evolved" humans anything about the true nature of reality and what it means to be human? Do our big brains actually blind us at times and get in the way of us seeing the truth? As you embark on this incredible journey with Katya, prepare to entertain questions like these and to be startled by some of the emerging answers.

Foreword-Oliver Markley, Ph.D.

Visiting the Omniverse Center

Early in my career, I worked at the Stanford Research Institute as a futurist. As a needed complement to rational/analytic method, I learned to use guided intuition as a “best practice” for insight, foresight, and wise choice.

In 1976, while biking home from work, I had an intuitive experience of being escorted into a region somehow beyond ordinary time and space. In order to gain access to what was there, two phrases from esoteric literature popped intuitively into my mind: “Guardian of the Threshold,” and “Initiation.” Perhaps I was at a threshold? Or an initiation? Meeting a guardian?

To such a guardian, or whomever or whatever was in control of this experience I was having, silently I transmitted the following thought: “I don’t know where I am or why I am here, but I didn’t ask to come. I was invited. I don’t know what this is all about, but I will either take responsibility for using whatever I find here, or I will not use it at all.”

At once, it was as though an invisible shield was removed. I found myself gazing on a city of incredible beauty, floating in mid-space immediately in front of me. At the same time, I was also given to understand that this city I was seeing was only a three-dimensional spatial metaphor that was necessary if I were to perceive an n-dimensional reality in ways that would be meaningful to someone like me, a human.

As we entered the city, I noticed a building on the right side of the street. We went inside it. In the foyer was an opening that looked like the hat-check window of the Hollywood Palladium that I’d known as a youth in Southern California. (Again, I had a silent chuckle at the use of metaphors which were easy for me to understand.)

In this hat-check window, a swarm of lights looked very much like tiny, clear, white Christmas tree lights. But each light was a sentient being, and the whole swarm was also sentient in its own right.

The swarm of them/it thought to me, “Welcome.”

I thought back, “Thank you. Where am I? What is this place? Does it have a name?”

The swarm of lights thought back, “You [or maybe they meant *your*

species] could call it the *Omniverse Center for Cultural Development*. It is an intellectual oasis for evolutionary operatives such as yourself.”

I ‘d never thought of myself as an “evolutionary operative,” but the term made complete sense to me. And the word “Omniverse” in this context to me meant “all creational epochs, past, present and future.” Although it seemed a paradoxical concept, nevertheless it also made complete sense.

I was at once overjoyed that something like this would even be possible, and that an experience of it would be afforded me, without my even having had the wit to ask for such a thing.

I thought back to them, “What is your function?”

The swarm of lights replied, “We provide a guidance and translation service so that visitors such as yourself can get what you need here.”

I asked, “What benefit do you get from this arrangement?”

Their answer? “We get for our own use all the [information-knowledge-intelligence-wisdom] that passes through us.”

By this time it was evident to me that I was addressing an entire species of telepathically sentient beings whose niche here was to help visitors get whatever they need.

I asked, “What is here to see?” Rather than being shown a menu or map, I experienced a rapid series of lucid impressions that closely resembled what computer operators call a “core dump.” Although it was much too fast to permit me to dwell on any one impression, I nevertheless had a good sense of the whole, most of which was well beyond anything I would have thought possible or even conceivable.

I was asked, “Do you have any questions?”

I replied that I had only one: “Can I come back?”

“You can come back any time you need to.”

I was later able to guide other colleagues at the Stanford Research Institute to go there with me whenever we were seeking solutions to research questions about the future that lay beyond the scope of our rational/analytic methods.

An abridged version of what I learned at the Omniverse Center and its later application to our own research techniques is published as “Visiting the Omniverse Center,” a chapter I wrote in *The Akashic Experience: Science and the Cosmic Memory Field*, edited by Ervin Laszlo.

A longer version of the story can be seen at...

Preface-Stephanie Traska

Dreams Fascinate Me

Dreams have always fascinated me. At a young age, I learned how to have lucid dreams, the kind where you're fully awake and you know it, except you're still in the dream. I'd look down at my hands, colorful and distorted, and realize my reality is not real. I'm actually in bed, dreaming!

All kinds of adventures opened up for me, from flying to seeking deep answers to subconscious problems. I was alone, enjoying my private realm over and over. But everything revolved around me, and that became a problem. None of it was "real" anyway, right? Should I be spending my time on more productive things? Was I "dreaming my life away," as the song goes?

Then I heard about out-of-body experiences and astral projection, and my world tore wide open. People said they could take their dream body out into the real world, observe, and come back to describe valid distant conditions. It couldn't hurt to try, and no one had to know if I failed.

I tried for six months, reading what little I could get my hands on at the time, before I finally had success. I was dreaming one night, became bored with the plot, and moved right on into lucid dreaming. Feeling unusually receptive, I didn't try to control it, so I just watched as the whole room dissolved into gray, undefined static.

I fell a few feet with a sudden drop, face first, now hovering over my living room. I had shifted from the private dream space into the real world arena. In the same sense that I knew when I was dreaming, I also knew when I was not. My body might be in bed, but I was now very distinctly, vividly, existing elsewhere. I felt a little more real and present than in a normal day in the body.

I was elated, and with more experiences came more evidence that I truly was experiencing something supernatural happen, and I couldn't have asked for more. Or so I thought.

I paid more attention now to things I'd formerly dismissed in dreams. The "false awakenings" for instance, where I fumbled in a dream to the bathroom with all five senses engaged. Textures, the sense of weight... the kind of details that you don't usually get in a dream. Was that high

density of detailing also an out-of-body experience? An OBE?

And what of these mixed experiences, where I experienced traits of both a lucid dream and also a projection? What about nirvana, where meditators do not “go” anywhere, but experience a divine shift of self? Maybe my definitions were too rigid, and I was missing out on something good here in all the possibilities.

How about those dreamy experiences they call shamanic journeys, where several people can get shared symbols and have profound insights that they don’t receive from a solitary, lucid-dreaming experience?

I branched out more. I joined some drum circles in the area and gave shamanic journeying a try. While journeying, I felt like I was making it up, yet every time I checked their book of symbols, it had profound meaning for me. Better yet, there were a few times where a symbol would have no meaning for me, and it seemed out of context with everything else. But every time I mentioned one of those exceptions in the group, someone near me would share their journey where that symbol was prolific throughout their journey; I had simply picked up on it.

I tried the military form of remote viewing and had some success with it. Strange—realizing that I don’t need to be 100% there in another location with my physical body to know something true about it.

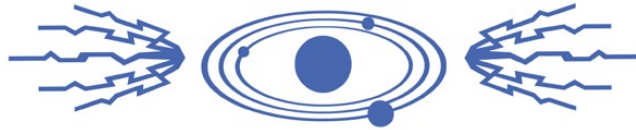
Hmm. That would suggest I didn’t need to wait months to have just the right conditions to achieve the standard OBE. Maybe I could even skip the strange vibrations and the intense moment of separation. Hey! Live and learn. It couldn’t have been this easy to accomplish the whole time, could it?

That was years ago. Since then I’ve discovered that, yes, it can be easy. There isn’t a hard line between me and my symbols and the greater reality now. And yes, two people can share the same dream, and the symbols are deeply meaningful for both. Experience tells me that.

Just as we can multi-task at work, we can also divide our awareness in dreaming and have more than one legitimate level of experience going on at the same time. We can even mix and match, using imagination to query for and confirm the information that we wish to receive.

New questions arise. If some remote viewers can see and verify events in the past as well as the future, can I do it, too? What are the limits, exactly? I haven’t found the answer to that yet, but I enjoy trying to find out.

Chapter 1



I Die

It is probably about a minute after 11:00 pm when I die. Not too late for the media to pick it up the next day. If Bob hurries. Obit's already ready. People mourn when I die, but I do not mind it at all. I am so busy entering my new life that I do not mourn my passing even a little bit.

Usually humans hang around for a little while, just making sure that they are dead, but I do not, since I already knew for quite a while that I was likely to die at about 11:00 in the evening on June 5, 2033, at age 91. I wanted to die in my home with several friends surrounding me. I wanted to ask Bob to call them in because I was dying and needed to tell them goodbye before I left this life and this body. I got to arrange how I left the old me, so to speak.

But here I am now, in what Catholics call limbo, in what Tibetans call the bardo state, in what I am experiencing as the waiting room, and I am ready for new things.

I am tired of being human. It's time to move on to the next stage that I'm capable of—or hope I am. I have already been told that I will be the world soul for a very small planet—what we would think of as an asteroid—with a regular orbit around a sun that is far, far from Sol, and even from this galaxy.

I'll be there because of the beings who live on this little rock. This new planet I am to supervise (so to speak) is so tiny and so dark, its inhabitants so intriguing, that I am going to call this series the ongoing saga of the Dark Voyagers. It's about the inhabitants I'll be living with and overseeing for the next little while before I move on into my subsequent stage of growth, which is going to be even more fun than this administrative turn with the dark voyagers, or so I am told.

Now let me tell you a little bit about the dark voyagers themselves. They are thirteen in number, the only inhabitants left after millions of years of living on an increasingly cold and dark planet, or I should say

planetoid, for it is only twelve miles long at its greatest length, and shaped rather like a potato.

This planetoid was once round and much bigger, a ball about 2,500 miles in diameter—in other words, a bigger, fatter potato—but over the millennia, the eons, it has been eaten down by the beings who live on it.

It was a dicey question as to whether they would die off before they finished eating up the rock, or whether they would eat it all up and then die from a lack of anywhere else to live.

But now that question is answered, for two more have been born in the last year, they tell me, so now it is evident that the rock will be gone before the beings are—or rather, the last being.

They say one more will be born, and it will be the last of its kind. The rest will gradually die off after imparting their wisdom to it, so that finally the last inhabitant will stand on the last tiny patch of rock orbiting its faraway, dark, and dying sun, eating up rock until there is nothing left to eat and nothing left to stand on, and it will float off into space as an even tinier planetoid, until it too dies and disintegrates. A sad fate, right?

That's the bad news, so I thought I might as well say it first and get it right out there at the beginning. It hits me pretty hard to hear their fate confirmed...you know, waiting here in the prep room, where they inform you on what's about to happen.

But actually, it just confirms what I already knew back when I was human and went deep-see diving on June 17 in 2005 at age 63. So I've had nearly 30 years to accept their eventual fate. And by now, I've also had lots of time to get used to the idea of acting as the oversoul for a rock with thirteen inhabitants, even before my death triggered the transition into here. This bardo state. This limbo land where nobody's doing the limbo.

But in the waiting room now, they're still giving me a review, even though I already know. Well, it's not "they." It's more like some internal intuition that just clues you in, like an animal sniffing the air and sensing where's the right place to forage next. Or it's like tuning into a radio wave that broadcasts the next scenario in the featured ongoing story of your own soul.

For I've discovered it's true that humans don't really die when they die. No, instead they just move on into the next stage of increasing consciousness. For some, it is merely reincarnating again as a human, so

you can keep on increasing the bandwidth and broadcast power of your soul. If you want to call it that—you might also say you're extending the length and glow of your own distinctive thread in the great tapestry of life.

Hey, just pick your own metaphor, if you're not satisfied with mine. I don't know a term for it in the English language. Or any language.

Hmm, maybe I should call this place the learning room. I'm getting such a good, tight review of my progress acquired from past lives, and also a quick forecast on where I'm headed next.

I sit here lolling in the waiting room...I mean my consciousness does, not my body because I don't have any body...like I'm at the train station waiting to catch the next material body. No, it's a set of material bodies, really; it includes the rock orbiting in place and those vegetative beings positioned along the arrow of time in 3D space for me to sync into it all as their oversoul, into this rock and its inhabitants bare against the void...

...and I'm getting the picture that my consciousness is just a tiny drop in the ocean of all consciousness that extends beyond this universe and all universes and even more. We are all contributing our drops to increase the hydraulic power of the whole she-bang, he-bang, everybody bang-bang.

Because finally it's all about creativity. Ongoing creation. All the worlds, galaxies, universe, universes, and whatever that dark structure is beyond it, containing it...finally it's about this amazing creativity that just goes on and on discovering itself by creating and recreating itself in a hugely magnificent, recursively baroque, holographically redundant, yet eminently simple Grand Organizing Design.

But that description is so unwieldy! So for convenience I'm just going to shorten it to an acronym: GOD. And to quit tweet-shouting and take it down a notch, just God. Hey, I'm an agnostic, but give me a break. I'm just trying to find some way to verbalize what they're showing me in this grand organizing design. I simply don't know how else to put it.

Even in this quick review, it makes me sorta sad to contemplate the last being on the little potato-shaped asteroid sitting alone and eating up its rock world and drifting off to become a dead husk. However, you do adjust quickly in the bardo state, so just by sitting here in the waiting room, it gives me enough time to accept the idea. Again. Dead now, even when I thought I'd already accepted it while alive.

But it's such a slippery, scary slope once death is activated, when you

realize you're caught in a process that you can no longer affect by your choices, the way you could back when you were alive.

Because, you see, now I'm already beginning to doubt that I can pass the trial period. Why? Because I know I'm already partial to this as-yet-unborn, last little inhabitant of the dark potato rock who's eventually doomed to drift and starve in the void. I can see the problems ahead, but I guess GOD...excuse my shouting...God thinks I'll probably cope okay.

However, I know you did not get that visual-emotional-mental preview, so you probably feel sorry for me having to work with these poor beings who live and die in the dark, eating rock and starving when their home is gone. Maybe disappointed, even irritated to hear that this last one finally dies, the last of his kind, with no one to save him (because I sure can't do it). With no one even to mark their passage.

That is why I am writing this book. I am marking their passage now, before they even disappear. I want you to know about them and their world and how remarkable they are.

Back in 1987, in the Carl Jung Institute in Zurich, I started learning to deep-see dive. By 2000, in Austin, Texas, I was getting pretty good at it. Some would call it astral travel, or maybe remote viewing...but it's not really remote, not when the two bubbles of our klein-bottle universe are separated everywhere only by a thin membrane at the infinitesimal scale where space and time emerge to blow both holographic bubbles. But if you must have a dry procedural name for it, call it the remote viewing of an unknown target to seek unknown data during an exploratory mission to an unknown location.

Eventually the dark voyagers explained to me how I was doing it: in meditation, I was diving into the huge, unified mind of tachyonic energy that exists in expansive constellations of living intelligence. Humans call it Mother Nature. It's a living, unified mind spread in contiguous 3D time, just around the bend of this klein-bottle universe that we, too, inhabit.

But of course, we do it by materializing as molecular clusters riding the arrow of time on our 3D-space side of the ever-evolving, ever-involuting Double-Bubble universe. (If you want to know more about how that works, go to *Double Bubble Universe*.)

I got pretty interested in what these vegetative beasts eventually showed and explained to me, so I started writing about how that unified mind

in the other bubble tinkers us up through each pore of the interface like someone who is carefully, painstakingly building a ship in a bottle...until by now we humans, with all our little minds busy in walkabout bodies, get to push events ever farther, faster in trains, planes, and automobiles.

But that eventual completion of a six-book series dictated or explained by the dark voyagers happened later, well after I decided to stick with touring my own universe because it just got too hairy diving into those *meshugah* universes that have no space or time or normal, ordinary parameters that our scientists assume are necessary for a universe.

By sticking to this universe, that's when I first met the vegetative beasts. It was in a galaxy far, far away back in 2003, and I was saddened at the time by the prospect of their rock getting eaten up by its last inhabitant, who'd then drift around like a piece of living space junk until he too died...because of course it would take a while, since those critters are so hardened to deep space by their environment, or rather lack of it. No atmosphere, no water, no soil, and for that last being, no food. Not even rock.

Now for the good news. These are the most amazing, beautiful beings I have ever met or heard of. They live in total harmony with each other and with the divine plan. They honor each other, and indeed all life, and they know that a wonderful part of life over time is leaving it well. They know already that they are going on to something better, just as I will when I die (or as I did when I died...however you want to look at it) and they look forward to it with great anticipation.

So maybe that's why I am assigned there to the rock. It is so uplifting to be in their consciousness. Especially after spending so much time, so many lives here on abundant, greedy, messy Earth.

Because not all human beings automatically go on to something better when they die. Far from it. Most do not. Many humans live in a regressive state most of the time. They keep reincarnating, continually reliving old problems, trying and failing to resolve them, getting stuck on this merry-go-round of "do the same thing again and see it not work again" mindset, rather than moving on into new, more meaningful problems and trying to solve them by living well and dying well.

These rock beings have lived very well for a very long time. They are almost the oldest beings in this universe, and they have managed

so well by adapting again and again to the changing conditions in their environment, finding new ways to live and eat and communicate and finally die...

...until their very lives and deaths are a kind of art form so consummate that it is completely spontaneous and full and whole, exhibiting to themselves and to each other the beauty of all things reaching fruition of the ultimate sort of art, that of nature itself reaching perfection beyond perfection as the ultimate art of choosing when and how to live and die for the good of one and all.

These beings will slowly die off one at a time as the needs are fulfilled for each's soul and substance, till only one is left to mark their passage in a wonderful paean of praise to divine order before dying himself (or I should perhaps say itself, for they are unisexual) and going on to their next stage of being.

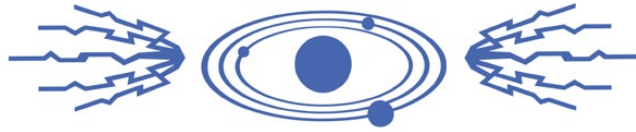
They know what their fate will be, just as I know what mine will be, and they look forward to it, just as I look forward to my stint of managing them in their own environment. It's a promotion for me, but unfamiliar... sort of like a rookie boss brought in from afar who has to learn the new locale's routines on the job...or sort of like a tiny Gaia for their rock.

Not that it will be a very difficult job, as you can see. There is no atmosphere on their asteroid, and no weather. There is no other life to manage, for they are managing it themselves. There are only five kinds of life there, and all of them cooperate to live...like the two bacteria-like substances in them that help them to survive. They also carefully cultivate tiny bits of micro-mold-like patches underneath themselves, a kind of mold that breaks down rock and enables them to ingest the result through the pores of their skin—well, I'll call it skin—pressed against the rock.

No, I shouldn't really say skin. That is an error derived from anthropomorphic thinking, and it's time for me to cease thinking like a human, or at least so much so. But how else am I going to describe it to you? After all, you're human, and I'm here in 2005 being human as I write this account in anticipation of sitting in the great waiting room in 2033, previewing my future on the rock.



Chapter 2



They Outshine Me

By now, you know that these beings are not animals, and they do not have skin. Instead, they are vegetables of a very unusual kind. They are sentient, and they have feelings, thoughts, ancestry lines, poetry, and arts of all kinds, and in fact they are dictating parts of this book to me now.

We decided it would be a good way for me to get used to the idea of supervising them in an environment so strange and different from my own. I am actually typing this back at the age of 63, and by now I have only known these beings about six months, but during that time I have come to respect them more than any other beings I know of. Anywhere.

Why? They exhibit more tolerance, love of life, good intentions, honor, and wisdom than I have ever seen or heard of. They are the most magnificent creatures I know of throughout all time on the 3D-space side of this double-bubble-bottle of a kleiniverse that we inhabit, but where I go deep-seeing diving across the warp into the 3D-time side. It holds the great tachyonic cloud of unified mind that tinkered up the gracious planetary environment which we humans here on Earth casually dismiss as the providence of Mother Nature. Or God. Or Darwinian chance.

It is a good deal all around, these beings on the rock insist, that I will get to supervise them for a bit. Supervision is not exactly the right word, I suspect. They say it is, but I somehow doubt it. How can I possibly supervise beings so superior to myself?

But now they respond that it will be easy for me to supervise them, since they don't need any supervision. Oh, great!

I respond, "Then why bother to call it supervision? Why not call it an apprenticeship or somesuch that indicates my inferior position to you?"

"Well, you are not inferior," they respond. "You are superior in some ways to us. Our compassion is mostly confined to our own kind, whereas you have compassion for us. You have learned to communicate with us, not us with you. You came and found us in your out-of-body traveling

through the universe. We were ignoring you.

“You helped us realize how wonderful we are, when we thought we were merely competent in coping with our losses upon losses over time. You have turned our losses into gains by pointing out to us the virtues we have so come to take for granted that we did not even see them anymore. You have enriched our lives at least as much as we have yours.

“For that reason and others, we want you to begin your new life after humanity by coming to help us and observe us and talk to us. In our next life, we are going to be a part of you, so it is only fitting that in your next life, you should come to be a part of us, so to speak. For this reason, it is important that you get to know us now, little by little, until the time you die.

“The best way to do this is for you to begin by writing about us without seeing us, then gradually begin seeing us over time with your inner eye in your human life, then coming to live with us before we come to live with you. In that way, it won’t come as such a shock for you to discover that you are God and we are part of you.”

“No, I am not God!” I exclaim.

“Yes, I know it comes as a shock to hear yourself called God, but we think it is true. You are not God in terms of overall-creation. We do not believe that you created yourself or us or any world at all, much less any universe. But you are creating your own life now, so now you are God for yourself, just as all beings are.”

“Everyone is God?”

“Yes, we think so. But most create miserable lives for themselves, so they suppose they are not God, and in fact, that there is no God at all.

“Most beings in all the universes think there is no God. Only about 20% of sentient beings think there is a God, and only 1/10th of 1% of those think they themselves are creating their own lives by their choices, so that in effect they are God for themselves.”

I am gobsmacked by all this. Or I guess godsmacked. Eventually I venture, “But I saw a being that seemed like God in several of my dreams... or at least my version of God.”

“Yes, some beings do that. But there is no ultimate, overall God who oversees everything and ordains who should get what. At least we have never found one. Beings enact God for themselves by the choices they make, individually and collectively, and over time they learn to make

better and better choices, or they die.

“And eventually they die anyway. The materialized form, that is, on this 3D-space side of reality. On the 3D-time side of reality, however, it is all in process. Ongoing process. Indeed, life, death, and ongoing mentation of some sort is the divine plan built into universes of every kind.”

“So it’s a self-selecting process? The whole thing?”

“Nature selects us by our choices. We ourselves have lived a very long time and have made many good choices. We have loved our lives very much, so much that we have learned to control our appetites and population to keep a few of us living as long as possible. When the last morsel of rock is gone, then the last of us...”

Here I get something like a total whammy of what they are to themselves, along with their name. But I cannot spell the name of their kind, nor even hear it accurately in my head. I only get the impact, so I will just substitute the words “dark voyager” instead.

“...last one of us—[Whammy! dark voyagers]—will be gone too.”

“It’s a pity.”

“Not really. Not in retrospect. We have had a glorious and meaningful existence. We have enjoyed much and endured much and learned much about the most important thing of all: the meaning of existence. We exist to enjoy existing. We do it in the most pleasurable way possible, given our limits and our circumstances.”

“Hmm. Well, you’ve got a lot of them. Circumstances.” I was thinking about their tiny rock and how they were eating up their own world.

“You as a human have many more positive circumstances and many fewer limits. Your race will be one of the few that populates your galaxy eventually, and we are happy to know you when you are still young pups, so to speak.

“We look forward to getting to know you humans more in the next 15,000 years before we die, and then in new ways by syncing into a more enduring form of God that you will enter by strengthening your attitude and endurance and love not just for humanity, but for other beings such as us.”

“I don’t get what you’re saying. And we’re not that special.”

“Oh, but you are. You humans are very special. You will see that over time. We hope to serve your kind as you are going to serve our kind for

two years upon your death. In that way, all debts will be repaid in advance and with pleasure on both parts.

“This exchange is part of the joy of time travel allowed by entering the expansive 3D time of that other bubble irrevocably locked against our own 3D space in this kleiniverse that has no inner or outer. Even discovering its structure has allowed us much exploratory pleasure in many ways; in fact, it is our greatest pleasure in these last 10,000 years since we have become so immobile in our own environment.”

“You time-travel?”

“We are doing it now. In fact, we are already dead by some reckonings. You would not consider us alive if you were to come here in a special suit of the kind you use to travel space. You would look at the rock and call us spots, or at the best, a mold or meager lichen.

“But we are alive by our standards, and more so than most, by some standards. We travel the universe in our minds and talk with various beings, and as a species, you cannot do any of that. You may even kill yourselves with all your bounties and never learn the rewards of judicious living and dying.”

I thought about our Earth’s ecosystem, so prolific and diverse, and I could not respond beyond an emotional acknowledgement of the truth that it is wonderful, and ruin is possible. But not global death! No! Not that! NO. I set it like a boundary in my mind. Refusing to go beyond that wall. *Beyond this place, there be dragons!*

But they were calmly continuing, “We live at near absolute zero in a totally dark environment. It took us many years to engineer a mold that could live in total darkness and cold and excrete just the kind of substance necessary for our survival. Many of us died during that time, and finally, now we are only thirteen. But we are enough to keep our civilization going, and we have authors and storytellers of all kinds among us.”

“Storytelling? That’s your greatest art?” Oops, did it sound like a sneer?

“Yes. Don’t be contrite. You see, we call all forms of history and science and philosophy merely storytelling. They primarily tell the story of the beings who concoct them, for science and history and philosophy are as various as the beings who generate them.”

“I suppose so. Even in my own limited deep-see diving...”

“By that you mean mind travel, out of body.”

“Yes. I’ve found some very strange races...going by what Earth sciences know about biology, I mean.”

“You humans. For some races of beings, there is no such thing as science, since they know such things intuitively and need not study and experiment to learn the forces and laws of nature.”

“Really? I haven’t met them.” I consider the possibility silently. No science, yet they know science?

I say, “Science is one of the most difficult, respected skills for us humans. But some just know it? That befuddles me. Confounds me. It’s like...wow!”

“Wow, indeed.”

“These races are...sort of...gnostics of science?”

“Yes. And yes, you’ve met them. Us. Me. Our cohort. You see, we do that. We had to become aware of that level of reality to survive on this rock. How do you suppose we could morph into lichens from animals to survive? We had to engineer ourselves into beings who could eat rock.”

“You once were animals? On this rock? How could animals ever develop on sheer rock?”

“Much more like animals than we are now. We could move and kill, and we did. We did many things we now regret. It was inefficient, and we thus lost our chance to move beyond this rock before it was too late. So we made the best of it.”

“I see. You became philosophical about it because you couldn’t do anything else.”

“Yes. We had to become philosophical to survive. A few didn’t, of course, and they even managed to suicide. But we didn’t do that in the main, and we found new ways to live, and now philosophy is our greatest consolation.

“We travel the universe mentally by tapping into the great unified mind spread throughout all 3D time in the other bubble, for it always knows and remembers what happens at the nexus of emerging reality...”

“Everywhere?”

“Yes...and we compile comparative philosophy stories. Some of them are quite long and complex. We love those stories. It’s very interesting for us, probing into the fundamental nature of knowledge, reality, and existence. We consider it the most important art.

“But we also admit that in most of the philosophies we encounter, we are not quite heroes...but almost, for we manage so well with so little

that we are utmost stoics, in your sense.”

“Stoics? You know our Earthly brands of philosophy?”

“In the main. We left off caring, though, long ago. It is picky and tendentious, and quite boring to us. There is no great sweep of reality in it, only petty arguments of no substance. Not by our standards.”

“Wow.”

“Your philosophy is minor, but some beings live without any philosophy at all, for they are utterly pragmatic, and even a pragmatic school of philosophy such as your school of stoicism founded by Zeno, or of logical positivism, with Karl Popper as an example, are far too abstract and abstruse for them. Finally, a civilization only tells stories about itself in the way that it studies everything else.”

“Okay, I get it. They are mainly describing, even depicting, how they come at the universe. Not how it comes at them...or at everybody, I guess. For instance, if you say “We are all God,” it may just be because all of you had to cooperate and create as one to survive in your world.”

“Ah. Here we/I make one exception. The only place a civilization tells stories about something other than itself is when it tells stories about God in the format it calls religion. In that instance, a civilization earnestly reaches beyond itself into a domain that it cannot itself enter physically, but can only reach down to draw it upward to bless itself with moments of divine intervention and knowledge beyond knowing.”

“Knowledge beyond knowing. You’re going gnostic on me again.”

“Our God is very different from that of almost all you humans. We worship an entirety we call the All-Being. This being is known to us as the sum total of all that is in existence, and comprises even the totality of evanescent thought, emotion, and sorrow. And yes, we do consider sorrow separate from emotion.”

“Maybe because you’ve had so much sorrow as a species.”

“More than most. Anyway, we consider the sorrow of the universes, as well as the material incorporation of all those forms in near-matter, so to speak, for most other universes do not have matter or energy or the other physical manifestations that we know of in this particular universe. Most of them do not even incorporate space or time, although more of them use space than matter or energy components. Few have time. Time is a learning tool most do not receive.

“Now...and I use this word *now* as a time hammer, to get your

attention...right now, we broach this issue of the sorrow, joy, and rigor of other universes with you, and we broach it because of you. You see, because of you, we learned to talk to the being you met and called Magenta Mystica. And other names.”

“Yes, its company was so arresting that I kept trying to acknowledge whatever aspect it was presenting to me at the moment.”

“We talk to that being now independently of you and have found so much of interest that we would like to collaborate with you in telling its story, if you are willing. You are telling ours already as a memorial to us ahead of time, but before your own death. So why not include that of the being you call Magenta Mystica and its mission?”

“Write down something about that sentry against trouble-maker universes? How it is gate-keeping our own? Sure. I guess so. I can try.”

“We know you can do it. You can do it as you document us. Along with us, include other universes, and Magenta Mystica, too, for that anomalous being too is a part of God. So with that resolved, let’s also fully resolve our worship of our kind of God. Our God is the be-all and end-all plus.”

“Plus?”

“You see, we also include all that we don’t know into the mix. There may be something beyond all this that we have not yet discovered, some ultimate form of intelligence or life or whatever that created these universes and more, for we remember that you yourself realized that all the universes together comprise only a fraction of the great being containing them.”

“I came to the edge of everything and saw that there was more.”

“Yes, we hold open to the possibility that God is more even than that great being of the all. Thus we worship the be-all and end-all plus.”

“Okay, I get the notion. But I don’t exactly worship it. I just live it.”

“Exactly. You do realize that few are offered the opportunity to become something other than another iteration of their own species?”

“No, I didn’t realize that.”

“Yes, most become descendent after descendent after descendent of their own evolving species.”

“Then what happens to their souls, if the species dies out?”

“They seem to become thought forms unmoored in flesh, so to speak. That will happen to us. We don’t know how it plays into the bigger scheme of God. The grand organizing design. As to that, we are offering

you the chance to become our world soul for a while because you care about what we are, not what we look like or how much property we own and control, nor for how long we will be able to maintain our suzerainty over our world...for we do indeed own and control and maintain this world. We have shaped its environment for thousands of millennia, for so long that none of us now living can remember when we began doing it.

“And some of us have lived a very long time. I myself have lived for 200,000,000 of your years, and I am a young one among us. We/I met you when you first came exploring with your mind, seeking life in this universe and finding so unexpectedly little of it of a sentient kind.

“It was your shock at finding us barely alive—by your standards—on the barren rock which finally led to our unveiling ourselves to you mentally. I myself, as nearly the youngest of thirteen positioned here, began to send back ‘mind messages’ to you in response to your wondering why there is so little intelligent life in a universe so vast as ours. You needed a lesson about sheer mind.”

“Yes, I remember inspecting your dark, rugged little rock orbiting way out around that blood-red sun of yours and wondering that. Why so little life? Anywhere? Yet it is also clear that you on your dark little rock outshine me. Us. Humans.”

“The answer I gave to the dearth of life anywhere shocked you even more, I know, and we will not get to that topic much yet, for it deserves a consideration all its own. But more important for now, my dear human, may I call you that?”

“Human? Sure.”

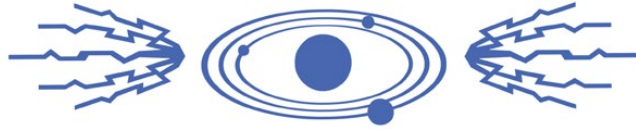
“No. My dear.”

“Oh. Okay. Fine by me. And I’m glad you feel that way.”

“That’s the point. We/I/all of us do. For we almost always speak as one.”



Chapter 3



Magenta M-Something

Okay, so this lichen-like smear on dark rock is speaking to me, and if I shut my eyes, I can see and hear it just as clearly as I can see Frank running the lawn mower along the left edge of the back lawn while I'm sitting here amid the potted plants on the back porch of our white brick home.

I admit it's a bit run down now in 2016, since Frank is getting slower on the household repairs. He sits more and repairs less. So what? I sit more and cook and clean less. He's aging just like me—we're just about the same age, in fact—and I have to admit that it's easier to sit here and watch him mow than to get out the string trimmer and lend a helping hand.

But my excuse is that I am meditating here. Pretending to, I guess. Sitting cross-legged on this slide-rocker, outdoor couch that I bought over twenty years ago and have never regretted for an instant. Sam, the gray cat, is leaning up against my thigh like a furry hot water bottle.

Frank heads around the corner of the garage with the mower, going toward the front lawn and out of view. I shrug. My spur to effort gone. Sciatica is bothering me today, as well as inertia.

Now since the lawn mower noise is gone, a bright red bird—a male cardinal with jaunty peaked cap—flies down to the birdbath. Stands on the rim. Eyes the water. He drinks, tossing back his shiny black eyes and swallowing throat at each bird-gulp.

Now he's coaxing the drabber female still perched up on a twig of the bridal wreath bush nearby to come on down and have a drink.

Here she comes. They both drink. Then he decides to take a bath in the basin. Splash, splash! She watches, perched on the side of the bowl, not at all horrified like I would be if Frank were doing that to our drinking water. I close my eyes, smiling because it's Friday afternoon. Weekend ahead.

Then this lichen-like thing says to me from the dark rock, "You have such a beautiful situation here. Green and pleasant with birdsong."

“Hmm? You see this? It’s just our back yard. Nothing special.”

“From your human point of view. As one individual gazing at one bit of your Earth. But we—[Whammy! dark voyagers]—living on our boulder in space all share one point of view on most everything. We live and react as one, although we have thirteen different bodies. And we consider your world quite beautiful.”

“When you put it that way....”

“I/we/all do. We ‘mind-meld’ in your terminology, so we generally speak as one and act as one, to the extent that we act at all.”

“What do you mean, act? You can’t move around. You’re lichens, for heaven’s sake.”

“When one of us shifts a quarter of an inch over the course of a year (your time and your measurement), it is because all of us agreed it was necessary for the good of all. When one of us bothers to contact you, as I did eleven years ago, it is because we all deem it worthy to do so.”

“I know you’re pretty much united. All-for-one and one-for-all. That kind of thing.”

“We chose to be. We had to be united, given our conditions.”

“Yep. I can see that. Unless you’d all just out-and-out kill each other.”

“Again, a human perspective. But we are continually killing each other, actually, just by eating away this rock. So we are quite frugal in our portions. Sometimes only a molecule for each every two days. Your time.”

“Talk about going on a diet! I’ll never grumble over a Weight Watchers dinner again.”

I doubt that he/it/whatever gets my humor. Or maybe he just ignores it. Because he calmly goes on, “Over time, a few more of your beings will learn to contact us and cherish us, and many more will claim to, and some of those claimers will even believe they have met us, due to the fever and fervor of their imaginations. Human imagination is a wonderful thing. You have such a fine environment to feed it.”

“Yes. Like with food, for instance.” Again, no reaction. But of course, a lichen cannot smile.

“You, dear human, are the only being who was ever able to scare us out from our hiding place in order to help another. We want to help you humans. For many years, we have heard cries for help from a few voyagers of the mind among your human kind, and of many other kinds

throughout the universe.”

But I’m still stuck back there somewhere in what was just implied. “Scare you out? I’m not scary.”

“In a way, you are. In your lack of fear. Most of your kind were in mental hospitals or soon went there upon meeting us mentally, for when one of your kind encounters the realities of an intangible sort that exist in this universe, they generally think of demons and devils and hell and suchlike. They start projecting upon those unknown, misunderstood, or denied energetic forms of patterning in the universe the most horrific imagery culled from their own civilization’s lore.

“They seldom realize that such projections are really the products of their own imagination, unmoored and disoriented when it reaches the rarefied level of existence beyond material bounds. They never realize they are fearing and combatting something beyond the scope of imagination, something so intangibly awful and powerful, wonderful and mutable that it freezes and shatters their habit-bound imagination into the fragments of insanity.

“But of course, your society keeps locked away out of sight the extreme conditions of your primate species...the birth, death, severe deformity, criminality, insanity, and such...so you do not realize how to interpret and integrate your anomalies of life in a more productive way.”

Again, I’m lingering way back in his homily. “You said *primate*. Did you really mean another idea? *Primitive*?”

“No. You’re a primate. Allow me to point that out, just as I let you call me a lichen.”

“Touché.” Then I nod. “Okay. You’re a special class of lichen. I’ll give you that.”

“Unique to this rock and this universe, with an integrated response to every extreme we encounter. But due to your primate culture’s taboos on seeing, hearing, much less speaking to the extremes of your own species’ society in an encompassing, rebalancing way, you are headed in a direction that is opposite to the choices we took.

“For that reason, we never answered human callers before. We saw no point in it, for we certainly knew we could not aid them in their struggle against imaginary demons and devils and a hell that existed only in their minds. They were not even combatting the enemy. They were

combatting themselves.

“But we saw that your own struggle when you first met us, dear human, was of a wholly different order. You saw and accepted what was really there, and you did not demonize it. Instead you tried to befriend it (as per your training at the Jung Institute), so you were able to become more than a disoriented or even crazy person floating in the void between worlds, as so many voyagers of the mind we have encountered tend to be. And it is significant that when we finally spoke to you, you sensed the validity of our interest, and of our intentions.”

“Yes. I knew something big was up. You didn’t show up in a dream, for instance. I’ve had thirty years worth of hearing clients’ dreams. I know how to work with that stuff, and it doesn’t scare me.

“I also suspect that I’m not crazy, due to my long experience with symbolic imagery. I consider you to be some kind of real. Just what, I don’t know. But I do know that I cannot touch you, or rescue you, or decide you’re making me crazy enough to get scared or angry and try to scrape you off that rock.

“Because, see, you’re not really making me crazy. You’re making me wonder why you showed up here today, instead of when I intentionally go deep-see diving in the privacy of my book-lined study. That’s where I usually can meditate deep enough to turn off my body’s reflexes in the same way that a dream restrains my muscles from trying to cook dinner when I’m dreaming that I’m busy in the kitchen.

“This time you showed up while I was meditating here on the back porch, intending to use the bird song to carry my monkey mind on into nirvana.

“But I didn’t realize nirvana. I realized you. You, right there talking at me from your rock. So maybe this is happening because Frank and I are winding down, and you’re also winding down, flattened there on the rock to a darker spot. Maybe that’s our connection. You symbolically represent the sad sack of my aging body. Aware that I’m headed out the door.”

“That is a part of it, no doubt. Like vibrations call to each other and create a constructive interference pattern bigger than both additively. You do identify with us. You are a person who can see us as people, even though we are shaped so differently from you and live so differently, and yet will likely die much as you hope to do—consciously, intentionally

prepared to go when your work is done and you are ready to move on to your next assignment in the endless cycling of life through death.”

“I hope that. I just hope.”

“Your next assignment will be unusual for a human. If you accept it. We/I already know you will, please realize, because we deep-see dive with much more facility than you humans do. Even you, my dear. You are going to become a world soul, and we ask that you become ours. We need help of a very special kind, which we will reveal only later.”

“If I am due to become a world soul anyway—and who gives out these assignments?—then maybe, just maybe, I will agree to do it for your rock. Depending on what you tell me about why it should happen that way.”

“You are unusual for a human, my dear, in that your psyche has already voyaged through this universe to come upon us perched like dark stains upon our rock. Exploring our lives not with your body but your mind.

“Not only have you done that, but you have also voyaged into other universes, even enlisted for this beloved universe the help of a gatekeeper universe, a sentient universe whose name you have compounded into Magenta Mystic/Magus/Magic, plus other names, too.”

“Yeah, I did that mainly because of the big hoopla that goes on whenever it makes a move. That’s such a source of fascination and attraction to me. Some kind of instant motion. She’s...sorry, I just think of it as a she. Most of the time. Not always. I guess that’s a human flub, but anyway, Magenta Marveloso is well worth knowing. Don’t you agree?”

“Him. Or her. We hadn’t heard that gender aspect of perception from you, so we did not quite realize why you named her/him Magenta M-something. Fill in the blank.”

“I asked Magenta Mama to help guard this universe because it’s breechable, evidently. Or so you and it claim.”

“To a degree, until this universe reaches the fruition of its current goal of self-realizing its potential as completely as it possibly can, given its limits, so that it can move on into the next fractal iteration of its universal patterning as a life form in a different, higher order of being and doing.”

“Well, I enlisted Magenta Motivated in that sentry task to give it some relief. Because it was seeking something to...umm, move on. I didn’t want it to be me. She reminded me of a fierce mama dragon without anything to guard. I didn’t want her to toss me around with those whirligig dragon’s

teeth of hers. In effect, I mean. That's why I suggested there's something important for her to guard. Me. Us. This universe. We're her eggs to guard."

"Finally you make me smile, dear human, and you certainly have kept trying. I do it inside, of course, for after all, I am a lichen."

"Aha! Humor! A remark so dry it must be parching your black pores."

"It is a remarkable thing you have done for Magenta Morose, at least as a human visitor. You were somehow able to interest it in protecting us and our universe's growth for the good of all, and then you trusted it to keep its word and put it out of mind. And you are correct in that it is trustworthy. But it has a life story to tell you. The story of its own being."

"Really? I was so fascinated by what it was doing that I never bothered to question what it was being. Being one whup-ass son of a bitch, is what I thought. Or maybe just the bitch mama part of it. That's why I asked Magenta Menacing to protect us in the first place. Apparently we can use some, and it needed some place to direct all that...pent-up drive."

"That watchdog sentinel you set over our universe wants to tell you something of itself, and it has enlisted us to ask you to listen to its story."

"Why doesn't it just ask me itself?"

"Because you haven't been listening to it lately. It has been far out on the perimeter of your attention because you trust it so much to do its work without you, doing what needs to be done to keep us safe from 'berserker universes' out there in the multiverse, to overstate the peril. Indeed, you only learned of it after Magenta Magistrate informed you that not all universes are so benign and sane as itself and this one."

I turn my focus away to Magenta Marmaduke, and after a moment I can communicate: "I apologize, Magenta Melody Mine, for not listening to you. I did not even hear you call me."

"That's acceptable, my dear, because I'm anyway having such fun talking to these new universes that spring out of the void, so to speak, that come sniffing around to see what's happening here. Your universe is doing such an interesting thing that the word is getting out and there are lots of curiosity seekers."

"I've had three come by in the last day (your time), and two more the day before that. But fortunately, they all retreated after a little...uh...discussion. None were insane and marauding, not like the one that came up to the boundary last week and demanded to enter our 3D space."

“Oops, see, now I’m even identifying with your universe. When personally I do not even have spacetime dimensions, much less any beings in it, so it’s kind of silly to claim ‘our 3D space,’ isn’t it?”

“Anyway, that berserker universe went away after much effort on my part, and he didn’t go away happy. In fact, he didn’t go away intact, but instead in pieces. He was bent on capturing your universe for himself and refreshing himself with the meal of it. So I had to break him up.”

“Break him up? He’s...it’s...destroyed?”

“Well, I kept explaining to him—it—that your universe couldn’t enter his physically and be consumed, for that would destroy your own, since it is made of a different composition. But he would not take “NO!” for an answer and started coming onto me in the most unseemly way.”

“What!”

“First he tried to seduce me. That makes you snicker and get funny pictures in your head, my dear. No, I don’t mean sexually, although I wouldn’t put it past him if he’d thought of it. Universes do have a kind of sex, but it’s not the gendered sex that you humans have. It’s more of a sex of the spirit, if you know what I mean, and I see you don’t.”

“No, I sure don’t.”

“Anyway, that universe tried to seduce me with bribes and offers and whining of all kinds. Then he began to threaten me—me, Magenta Magnificat!—and your universe, too, and so on, until finally I couldn’t take anymore. I was afraid of him, truth be told, for he was much bigger than me, so to speak, although that isn’t exactly it—I’m just trying to put it into metaphors that a human can understand.”

“I suppose I get the picture. He had more clout?”

“He could have done me and you—and now I identify again with your universe—could have done our lot much damage if I’d allowed him to get in the first blow, for he was insane enough with grief and sorrow from all the long years of mixed-up pain he’s suffered that he was likely to do anything.

“So I got in the first blow myself by shooting a few holes in him... um...you might say holes in non-irreparable places. Then I let him go on his way, mending his wounds and resigned to waiting until your universe comes of age, instead of trying to force a union prematurely.”

“What was that universe made of, Magenta Mighty, if it wasn’t

spacetime and mattergy? And why'd it want to screw with us someday? Or unite? Or mind-meld the two universes, if that's what you're implying."

"It sounds so goofy that I don't want to tell you, for fear you'll back off, thinking I'm crazy."

"Tell me anyway. Trust me with the truth as you know it...and allow me to weigh the validity of it. As I know it."

"But you don't have any perspective on this kind of thing, not like I do."

"Come on, Magenta Mazey."

"Okay, okay. Well, this universe is about half the size of yours, but it is shaped very differently. Yours is more or less a lumpy, holographic ball of a klein bottle. Two bubbles that can exist inside each other because they have reciprocal versions of each other's scaling for space and time, and thus also mandating reciprocal properties for the matter and energy that they hold.

"But that encroacher one is shaped like a vortex. A vortex of what I can't exactly say. Imagine shit without end in a toilet without end, eternally flushing and eternally re-entering itself, so that it flushes again and again but never empties."

"How horrible! Can such a thing be sentient?"

"Oh, yeah. You'd say so in a heartbeat, once you met it."

"Then how could it ever be happy? That is, if the stuff you're calling shit equates to some kind of fetid effluvia that won't go away or purify or reintegrate. I probably don't get the whole picture here, though."

"I didn't, either. I just know it was in great pain and should have died aborning, I guess. Maybe. Anyway, its misery was terrible to behold, and what I am calling shit was really a kind of spray of its misery in psychic form that it kept spraying on itself again and again, thereby creating more misery, you see, so that the result was kind of like shit reflushing again and again without leaving. That's why I called it that.

"But you know, I didn't want the drift of that psychic shit to get sprayed on me—or on your universe—so I knocked some holes in its plumbing, you might say, and sent it on its way."

"That being sounds quite insane with pain."

"Yes. I expect it will die before your universe ever comes to fruition, and so it will miss any union that might have healed it somehow. Lots of universes have died in the last while, anyway, you know. They sometimes

get reborn, recycling. But not like the humans do in your universe, by evolving in another knot along the rope of time that's your soul's lifeline.

"Instead, they just repeat. So it's doomed to fail again. Something went bad wrong in its plumbing, most likely, and it couldn't get its innards working right. You'd think next time it could do better. But it won't.

"Anyway, back to work. Looks like the vegetative beings want to talk to you. I'll continue to keep watch because I want to know what happens to your universe and participate in it when the time comes, and besides, this is the most fun I've had in a long time.

"I use the word *time* loosely, you understand, for I don't operate on time. Instead I operate on actions, which sounds like the same thing, but it isn't. I operate on a series of action events that do not take place sequentially, but rather, simultaneously. That's why I can guard your universe so easily."

"I didn't know that. I just assumed you did it because you like to, and so you...I don't know, just wander around somewhere outside of our spacetime ball waylaying onlookers who get too close or something."

"No, not at all. I am right where I have ever been. But I am watching and guarding your universe at the same time. I can do that, due to my dynamic attributes. Though if it ever ceases to be what I think is right and for the best of all, I will desist my guard and leave your universe to its own devices as to how its fruition comes about—or doesn't."

"Wow! That's pretty cold. I guess it's a threat."

"It's not a threat...I say merely that I will cease to guard you and let you manage on your own. You have matured quite successfully so far. Your universe is alive and well. But now the word is getting out, and curiosity seekers are beginning to swarm, and you are still like a baby just climbing out of the crib, you might say. Therefore, I am keeping an eye out for you now.

"And frankly, I am delighted to do so. It is the most benign and wondrous scheme I have ever heard of, your universe jacking itself up by its own bootstraps, evolving to higher and higher orders of being. Which could help us all rise to a higher state of being instead of harnessing ourselves to another life after life after life in the treadmill of repeating the same old karmas, universes, whatever. I much prefer your universe's plan and want to help it happen. That way, evolving life wins out over time.

“So I’m not threatening your universe when I say that I would leave, just trying to be honest, for I know how important it is to you. Honesty. Anyway, I know it’s going to happen. Since I don’t exist in time but instead in something else, I can already tell you that it’s going to happen, so you might say I am here because I want to go down in history as a part of what makes it happen. I want to be part of that story.”

“Okay, Magenta Mellifluous, you’re already down in the history of this account anyway.”

“Great! You make me laugh every time. Magenta Monitor salutes you and returns to her duties. For toward you, I am more a she than a he in my behavior, by your human standards, if any sex at all. We’re BFFs.”

“I suppose so. Best Friends Forever. Across 3D time, anyway.”

“Oh, more. Fuck 3D time. It’s just a learning tool. Speaking of that, you named me for Magenta in *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, so you said, and I have since seen it by going into the brainwaves of those who created it and journeying along with them in 3D time during the process of production. I must say that I am sort of like that creature Magenta, saucy and spiteful, but still funny in a macabre sort of way, and overall, a tart of the first order.”

“Heavens, you really studied it, didn’t you!”

“No, I merely lived it with those who made it, and heard them talking about the character and how to develop her and all that. I agree that I am somewhat like her and you named me well. I especially love my meandering last name, for it helps me redefine myself continually in your eyes, which keeps me fresh for you. Thank you.”

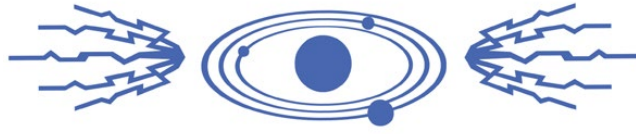
“You’re welcome.”

“Then do get on back to the vegetative beings. They are becoming restive, as much as they can manage to do that. They for sure didn’t want me to take up so much of your life, since it’s so much shorter than theirs.”

“Till later, Magenta Macabre.”



Chapter 4



The Recursive Toilet

Monday, June 13, 2005

Real-time events intervened in a friend's life and at home, and all weekend, I didn't get back to meditating and typing down what the lichens were showing to me, saying to me. But I'm doing both right now more or less at the same time, because I am trying to remember and get down what they say to me, show me, transmit, exactly as it occurs.

"Hello, vegetative beings. When we last spoke, I veered away and talked to Magenta Masterful."

"Hello, dear human. Yes, we never expect you to take so long with Magenta Mystique. She is a magnet. Anyway, here is the news, and we'll break it gently, positively, with an introductory compliment.

"However, we do not often offer compliments, so it may seem a bit ungainly. Here it is. You can talk comfortably to anything, dear human. Any time. You can talk to just about anybody in your society, and to animals in your world at a brainwave empathy level, and to the consciousnesses of complete universes, and you can even talk to us, we already long dead, who are time-traveling right now to speak to you."

"What! Dead? I wasn't gone that long!"

"Yes, in a way. For we are dead, actually, and have been for 10,000 years."

"Then why ask me to come to your asteroid and be your little world soul? If you're gone and it's gone, what's left to come to?"

"You could not possibly come in real time, dear human, for many reasons. And even our asteroid pebble is long gone, and the last—[Whammy! dark voyager]—blown away into space dust. Instead of being in the present that you now inhabit and then sequencing ahead in time after your death, rather, you would come back in time to when we were still thirteen in number, before the last one of us was born. That is 500,000,000 years on back in time from where you now sit in your office and type instead of seeing clients on Monday, June 13 of 2005."

“How could I possibly go back like that? And how would it possibly do you any good? Or me?”

“Good questions. You can help us a great deal. I will tell you how shortly, and throughout the progress of this account, will verify it. For now, let us just say we want you to consider it. View it as the assignment you were cultivated to do by the great mind inhabiting the vast bubble of 3D time on the other side of the klein-bottle twist. If you agree, we will usher you back to the right time. That part is easy. Understanding the dynamic, its physics, is harder, but we’ll help you. And when people die, they gravitate to different time periods anyway. You didn’t know that?”

“No. I’ve experienced past life regression, so I assumed my soul gets reborn into bodies along a path that trails on back through time.”

“You humans do not yet realize that souls leap around in time? Oh! The Seth oversoul communicates to me now. Some of you do get it.”

“Who?”

“No matter. I will explain. Your own lifetime connects to...let’s see, you and seven others right now. Not like a string of pearls. Like an octopus whose eight tentacles, usually eight, splay out in 3D time like umbilicals to its humans. They/you all live in separate periods and locations of human history. One is back in 1882 BCE right now, another is up about 2,000 years ahead in the future, and the rest are spread out in between.”

“Really! Just dotted around in time, and we all are alive simultaneously?”

“From our point of view. Due to human notions of time, you creatures find it relatively easy to do life regression. Far harder to bear the strain of progressing to a future life already in progress. All are parts of your ongoing soul. Call its living individuals your soul cohort, if you must grasp a term by which to handle it mentally. Group soul. Something like that.”

“But how can so many separate lives possibly orchestrate together?”

“When people reincarnate, they become their worst fear or their best hope, or somewhere in between. A best hope or worst fear can most effectively be acted out in a certain time zone, so to speak, so you may go forward or backward in time. As well as a shift in location, of course.

“You can control that to some extent, if you choose to and know how, and we of course do. We know all about it, for we have recycled ourselves for some time in hopes of catching up with your specific birth. Because we knew of this possibility, even likelihood that you will memorialize us.

“We tried to get in sync with your present lifetime, but we never did, so

now we have to do it after death. It is only our thought forms that are alive now, disembodied and patterned in the tachyonic cloud bank of unified mind that inhabits our kleiniverse's 3D-time side of the mobic warp.

"And now a small clarification. We acknowledge that we manipulated you to some extent at first, by saying we were still alive when we are not. We wanted to save the news of our death until after you had come through the shock of realizing how completely we were already doomed to die."

"I guess I can accept that explanation, although I am flabbergasted. Why misrepresent? It just delays the truth. And I still don't see what I can do for you that you can't do for yourselves, if you time-travel and all that."

"The last of our species has died. And we did not choose another life form to gravitate to, no physical link such as we have proposed for you regarding the transmigration of your soul. Your soul will link into not just a planetary relocation, but also a temporal relocation as the oversoul for a planet, or in our case, planetoid...for once we could it call such. It had an atmosphere and more, but our world slowly died as our red sun dimmed ever darker. For that reason and others, we had to die.

"So now here we are, asking you to help us before your death and after ours. Or maybe it's the reverse. That is an odd but true way of saying we will take you back in time to help us, if we may continue to help you before you die."

"How are you helping me?"

"By allowing you to muse now on the bigger picture of life and death and what matters. Later on, also by helping you realize how to express that great dream you had so long ago, back in 1985, showing you the universal structure and how it is generated.

"I still can't verbalize that. I've tried. I get stuck on the physics of it."

"We know. We also pledge to help those who come after you for the next 5,000 years, until those humans learn to speak to us themselves through all time, as you are doing now. It is difficult—but not impossible—for them to hear us in their present condition, until they can begin to hear us in a reality that is common to both parties."

"What?"

"I realize this is beginning to confuse you, but I/we must persist a bit longer. You are the most remarkable human we have come upon so far, for you can hear the past, the present, and future voices of beings through all time, and be equitable with that. It is unprecedented among

your kind, insofar as we know. We need you to help us help you. You will need help later on in your species' lifetime, help that can only come from another species that has weathered the worst with a measure of grace."

"You're scaring me now. But you won't scare me into anything. Not unless I choose to do it myself. YOU HEAR ME?"

"Yes, dear human. For that reason, we want you to visit us back when we were still alive so you can get to know us. If you like us enough, then take us with you on your journey through time ahead until you die."

"That sounds complicated."

"It's not, really. Not when you navigate 3D time mentally in the other bubble, swim in that great mind. We would not be parasites but would fully pay our way, so to speak, with our wisdom and help of other kinds."

"I don't know. What help?"

"We will help you meet other humans. Other beings. Other physics. We'll show you. Let's go meet and withstand that poor constantly flushing, broken toilet of a universe who's gone away in pieces from Magenta Mutilator. It can be repaired in time. We can ease you into letting it happen."

"What? I don't want to do that! Or even try. It sounds too difficult. And too painful for me. Sounds like it shouldn't get repaired, anyway."

"Then just speak to him. We have now positioned him to talk to you."

"Him, hmm?" I wait for quite a while. Then I finally, grudgingly say, "Being, are you there?"

"Yes, I am."

"I can't see you."

"I don't want you to, for I am in such pain that I can hardly stand it, and I am not pretty. But I warn you about becoming a world soul for a has-been pebble. Much like you now starting on your potential path, I began to transmigrate myself, hop-scotching from one world to another, becoming a bigger world soul, and eventually reaching the capacity of world soul for this vortex universe that is such a pain in the butt."

"It happened because I overstepped my abilities and turned its fine original prospects into a miserable situation for myself and every being in my universe, large and small. Now all dead. Can you help me?"

"I wouldn't begin to know how. These time-traveler vegetables seem to think that they can help me help you just by talking, but I don't see how."

"Please. I have such pain. Such endless pain."

"Give me a minute. Or two. Uh...you're not a time-based universe?"

“No, I’m not.”

“Being, tell me more specifically why you’re in such pain.”

“I could list details, but finally it’s just that I overstepped my abilities and am trying to take care of a domain greater than my talents.”

“Then why not step down to something smaller, if you can, and as soon as you can? Demote yourself for a while until you can recover and try again in a better way that’s more suited to your abilities.”

“But it would be so humiliating, galling to submit to my failure.”

“You already are, right now. It’s a terrible waste of identity. You’re in a rigid posture that doesn’t benefit you or anybody. Hollow, empty posturing, too, since others around can perceive your inadequacy. They blister from the spray of your pain.” Silence. I wait. No response.

Finally I sigh, “Tell me, what would happen if you stepped down from the role of oversoul of your universe? Or can you even do that?”

“Yes, I could. Actually, another has been waiting for the post, urging me to leave. But I feel so reluctant to admit that I can’t fulfill all I aspired to.”

“Hmm. Maybe you’re here as an object lesson to me. I don’t really want to be a world soul. I just want to merge back into the divine plan. Maybe that’s why you showed up now.”

The constantly flushing vortex responds, “Maybe. But maybe not. I think perhaps you are an object lesson to me. You are starting small and slow with thirteen individuals long dead on a tiny asteroid. Maybe that is part of the divine plan. I admit I went too big, too fast, managing finally to outdo even myself. What a fool I was!”

“Can you perhaps decide that things would be better off for everyone, including yourself, if you step down to regain your balance and integrity...most of all, to quit identifying with your rigid pride instead of acknowledging the pain you create in this vortex?”

What a tactless question! I stop. The onslaught of this continually flushing toilet overwhelms me with its hopeless swirl of recursive futility. So I blurt out, “Think what a miserable vortex of energy you make for everyone experiencing you!” Yep, that’s what I say. How bald and brutal.

But at the same time, I also feel like I’m impatiently advising an upper-echelon corporate manager who’s just banged up hard against the Peter Principle. After being promoted to his highest level of competence and potential, he then moves on up to another role where he’s no longer actually even mediocre. And becoming more and more aware of it. And

knowing he's forever stuck at this level of assured incompetence with no chance of further promotion. So he's miserable over it and spraying his misery out on everyone else around.

"I perceive your assessment. I'm harming myself and all those around me."

"Is it that strange power to destroy the well-being of others, along with your own, that is freezing you into this immobile stance? Are you transfixed, mesmerized by the false promise of gaining paradoxical power through your lack of power to operate well?"

"Maybe. Perhaps. I guess so."

"Then the biggest step is simply to relax and realize that the only failure is if you don't step down to whomever's waiting in line."

"Actually, they're not merely waiting in line. Not any longer. I got into this mess by wrestling a brand-new universe aborning, still unformed and malleable, away from the oversoul due to get it."

"How did you manage to engineer that?"

"I wheedled and coddled and did various other brash things to prove I was deserving and needy and pushy enough to get the chance to take it. That gentle oversoul let me take it and stepped back in line, watching me fail again and again.

"He's still back there in line. Watching me fail. Big fail. Mine is probably the most anguished universe of all extant, and there are some baddies out there, let me tell you. And I smell like shit. Metaphorically speaking. Shit that won't flush, or at least stay flushed."

"But if you do step down, I suspect the situation will resolve itself. You will gain power over yourself, not a proxy power gained by inflicting your ineffectual misery on other beings. Hmm. If someone is already watching you fail, waiting for you to admit failure and step aside, can you do that? Win by losing?"

"I suppose that's one way of putting it."

"How much guts do you have left after all this toilet-training? If you still have enough guts, maybe you can even ask to be an apprentice or whatever...that is, if this new oversoul seems to be competent at the job. At least learn from watching a better way, in return for stepping down now. Do you think that other being would agree to it?"

"Yes. In fact, it was even offered to me. But I couldn't take such humiliation." He paused. "How did you know?"

"I didn't. I just guessed a best-case scenario. Because it had to involve

you eating a big slice of flavorful, hearty humble pie. Anyway, do you understand in your depths what I am saying?”

“Yes.”

“How does it feel?”

“Shockingly easy, now that you put it that way. I become a success by stepping down. That’s my personal best.”

“Then do it soon, before you start freezing up again and second-guessing the realization that is right here, right now.”

“Okay, I will. I HAVE THE WILL TO NOT IMPOSE MY WILL!”

“Quit shouting. I hear you.”

“I am just so filled with delight. And I am already at it, my time. I will be an apprentice for about 200 years, your time, I am advised by this new oversoul stepping in, and then I can move on into a better station for me, one that is more suited to my talents. Thank you, dear human.”

“You know, I have sometimes seen your kind among my clients. There are so many of us on my world that we’ve probably covered most of the archetypal dilemmas. The hard part is seeing both poles enough to resolve their tension. So do you still have any holes torn in you?”

“They were not literal, physical holes, you know—I am made of evanescent stuff, non-tangible by your standards—they’re just figurative, mental holes that your friend shot in me. Quite painful. Humiliating, too.

“But then your kind friends, the vegetative beasts, discussed it among themselves, and they sought me out to suggest this meeting, then conferred with Magenta Mastery, and then he—and I do experience it as a he, no matter what she claims—allowed me to speak to you. I feel so much better now. Your universe is lucky to have a happy tone to it.”

“It’s made me happy. Well, I guess...goodbye.”

And that got me to thinking about how we humans say *well* a lot, usually whenever we’re groping around for the next word. It’s sure better than peppering our talk with the random *ill* thrown at each other.

I hear “Goodbye” coming from the re-plumbed toilet, and I nod again. In that auto-reply, I also now spot a habitual human *good*. Good.

The lichen group says, “You see, dear human, that is why we want to coattail onto you. Humans have experienced a multitude of scenarios by living in such a bounteous and variegated world. You even produce quite complicated entertainments that give you yet more, wider-ranging experiences virtually, via your movies, plays, books, games, and such.

“Dear human, you brought an evolutionary change to that broken toilet. You thought this book was going to be a song about us, not you humans, but as you realize now, we are irretrievably linked, and joyfully so.

“For that reason, you must let us sing the song of you as well as ourselves, for you humans as well as us— [Whammy! dark voyagers]— for you are bringing us the joy of co-creation. Did you feel us steadying you along the way in time as you faced and unclogged that ever-flushing toilet? Did you feel us calm and temper your speech so that the words came out direct and strong and clear, but still not harmful? It is our gift.

“We have lived so long with so little that we know how to make the most and best of what we are. And just as that ever-flushing vortex of thin shit sprayed out its decaying effluvia, so do we ever emit a calm and steady, kindly but relentless truth. Our surety was right there helping you speak to that miserable being without flinching or failing to express the essential goodness of possibility ahead, never truly lost.

“So for us, now wells up the rising joy of co-creation among cooperative beings of many kinds which we had only long hoped and dreamed of without knowing quite how or when it could happen.”

“Hey, wait a minute. I’m just me, and the self-realizing, thus self-repairing toilet is just one more, and you are...well, I don’t know how many you are, not really. I keep getting double, triple messages. Sometimes you’re all-for-one, sometimes suspiciously silent, so old human me suspects that you’re debating amongst yourselves...and then occasionally the fleck of an individual presence glints out. But anyway, we did accomplish something together just now, didn’t we? How about that!”



Chapter 5



Back to High School

“Now, dear human, as to what we are...or were. I will speak in the present tense here in 2005, appearing just as you will see us if in the future, you come to visit us back in time. We are sentient beings, thirteen in number, who live on an asteroid-like rock 32,000,000 miles from our dying sun, a red dwarf that is slowly snuffing out.

“We have lived in the dark so long that we have literally no color. No tints, hues, or pastels. Only the all-color of black. Everything is a uniform, dull black to take in as much heat as possible, or did while that was possible. We are beings who are much like vegetables, and who learned to be this way because of marauders who were scouting through the universe and destroying beings above a certain range of intelligence.

“We learned to act like vegetables and look like vegetables and live like vegetables, and we hid our intelligence in this way from those marauders. It was not the right choice.”

“Why not?”

“The marauders lessened us. They were like your berserkers of Viking times, only worse, for they were invisible to all intents and purposes, except their own. At a later time, we will speak in more detail of who those marauders were, for you humans know them. You’ve met them too.”

“Me?”

“Yes, indeed, all your kind has, in one manner or another. But more of that later. For now, let us just say that our races can rescue each other. Us, rescued from the boredom of non-corporeal continuance because we are memory that no longer evolves—that is, unless you agree to memorialize us so that our memory now in action continues to evolve via new input by ourselves in temporal communication with others—and you, rescued from the timetable you thought was relentlessly driving you toward death, which you keep sidestepping with doctor’s visits and vitamins.”

“I’m not afraid to die.”

“Then why do you keep avoiding it?”

“I just prefer living.”

“Exactly. So did we. We were allowed to be living organisms up there for the longest time. Up there at that spatial scale in your bubble where contiguous 3D space is so gracious that it permits atoms, molecules, and macro-molecular objects to develop huge and tiny shapes. They can navigate space and also evolve along the ubiquitous, moving point of *now* in time. No matter where you are up there, it is always “Right now!”

“But in this lower bubble’s contiguous 3D time, in this realm stuffed with the tachyonic brain-patterning that holds us, we still live in all the memories we have created in ourselves and others. We, everything dead, still exists in this ubiquitous, moving point of *here*. Everything is “Right here!” This lower bubble’s arrow of space has only *here*, with no over *there*.

“What? There’s no there there? There, there now, don’t fret.” I grin.

“You are being funny again.”

““It wasn’t me. Gertrude Stein.” But then I add, “Jokes. That’s what humans do when we’re trying to cope. I’m coping with you right now.”

“Gertrude?...never mind. I see her now in the all-time-encompassing data bank of the great unified mind. I know her every detail. She is quite a figure, especially in Paris. Although dead now in your bubble.”

‘Like you.’

“But in this 3D-time bubble where we reside as memory, beyond the mobic warp of that thin membrane separating our two realms, we can become still alive over in that other bubble of 3D space, if only you go reincarnate back enough years: 500,000,000 Earth years, to be exact.”

“That’s not so exact. But I do get your point. You’re suggesting that if I were to reincarnate way back then as your pebble’s oversoul—”

“It is not a pebble yet, by that reckoning. It is still a boulder about twelve miles long at its greatest length, in what you consider a potato shape. We are still alive on it, still only thirteen in number. Each of us is only about six inches across and one micron thick, so that all together, we comprise far less mass than one of your human infants.

“Yet already we are far smarter than the oldest, wisest humans among you in the 21st century where you are still extant, dear human.”

“Wait a minute! How can you be so smart and so thin? One micron thick? There’s no place to put a brain in you! Not in one of you, nor even in all of you put together!”

“Yet there is a place. By this period in our long-lost lives, we hand down our intelligence and collective knowledge from generation to generation intact, keeping almost all of it stored in the massive mind far below the quantum level, down here beyond the mobic membrane that both separates and also joins these two bubbles, conjoined mirror-twins.

“We store our collective memory as what you would call hive instinct or collective mind. By now, we know how to keep it safe and on tap in the speedy tachyon access to the eternity of all-time in the 3D bubble.

“We also build on that base continually by voyaging throughout your holographic 3D space ball speckled with the congealed mattergy that exists above the quantum level, but we do it only mentally, cataloging all the civilizations still extant—of which there are mighty damn few.”

“Why so few?”

“Dear human, don’t be impatient. You shall know in time. One cope at a time. But you’ve already met some of the extant races: those you call the Malloy, who live a few galaxies beyond ours out toward the rim of your 3D-space bubble. The Malloy are great diplomats and twisters of words and facts, for that is how they learned to survive the marauders. It is a devious behavioral trait they carefully cultivated, and they were exercising it on you. Until you short-circuited their Machiavellian expediency, and sent them running straight into a positive friendship with you.”

“You saw all that?”

“We did. We were still operating on silent then with you. You had passed us by on your way to the Malloy. We watched you from that moment to see how you operated with others, trying to determine whether you were too good to be true. Or actually true.”

“What was your verdict?”

“You know it, because we are speaking to you now. Otherwise, we would not be. We are so cautious at this point in our life span that we have already turned ourselves into lichens. To avoid suicides, internal war, annihilating invaders. By now, fully recognizing the depletion of our rock, we do it to gain some time for our life form. Much as you persist in going to the doctor and taking vitamins.”

“But my choice is less drastic. And I sure don’t want to be a vegetable, not even in a hospital bed with nurses caring for me. It makes me feel sorry for you, and I don’t want to. Not if I’m going to be your oversoul... biographer...whatever it is I’m doing right now by typing and listening.”

“You won’t ever be a vegetable, not as one of us. Instead, as an oversoul, you’ll watch over us, talk to us, soothe us with your presence, knowing we are more than what we appear. Just as you are, frail little dear human

“After all, we saw you meet the Malloy. And the Sentoï. Hah! That race the marauders discounted as stupider than they are, which was good luck for the Sentoï. They managed to maintain their mobility, which we did not, and their animal-nature brain waves, which we by choice did not, deciding to store our own in the collective mindset of the 3D-time bubble.

“Truth be told, we eventually sank into such a vegetative state that for some millennia we were quite sluggish and stupid as we practiced our new ways of being, so much so that we overdid it a bit and turned ourselves too cowardly and dull. At least that is our assessment over the millennia from our rock, as still alive, we watch the Sentoï, freed up now by their previous choices to develop onward from the primitive state they were locked into, which was militaristically stiff, yet still so much looser than ours by now.

“We gave up too much, we fear, in hindsight. We lost the mobility that might have allowed us to escape this vanishing planet-to-pebble existence that, while alive in this *tête-à-tête* with you, we still yearn to keep a foothold on. By now, we maintain a *pied-à-terre* in the upper bubble, so to speak, as we meanwhile mentally tap into the lower bubble’s mind in 3D time and inhabit its larger scope as our main home, most of the time.

“That’s twice you used French in the last couple of thoughts. Why?”

“A moment’s shared resonance. We like the French. Stubborn in their native love of place, like us, yet also insistent on honing their acute senses, which we foreswore so long ago. We admire the French for that. Now.”

“You see, we’ve made the universal tour, right from our rock. Visited all the highlights. Such travel is very interesting, quite stimulating, supremely educational. But now dead, we see it was also a retreat from major action while that was still possible for us, still able to abandon physically our old home and instead find a world more congenial to our future growth.

“Oh.” I’m silent with numb regret for them. All I can respond is, “Oh.”

“Yet at the same time, we would have lost so much by that flight. We have come to know and love and cherish this world so deeply that we died on, that we ate away to nothing. And so we are no more. Materially.

“But at the date when you will come to join us—we hope—dear human, we still carry our home in ourselves as we eat it up slowly. We

savor every molecule of rock that eventually means our extinction.”

“I couldn’t stand that. Not as a human. It’s too tortuous an end for us. We’d have all fled the planet or killed each other and ourselves by then.”

“Speaking as the long dead race of the—[Whammy! dark voyagers]—we still exist, at least in the continuous *all-right-here* point of the ubiquitous arrow of space in the lower bubble. Our memory patterns flit in the cloudy constellations of its great tachyonic mind filling 3D time, just around the bend from your own 3D-space bubble in this kleiniverse.”

“Wait up. I’m just trying to wrap my mind around what you’re indicating here. The big picture behind your words. So you’re living, but in another way, you’re also dead. You mentally visit me here in this 3D-space bubble I’m sitting in, but you’re also just a memory trapped in 3D time on the other side of a universal wall that keeps bending so much you can’t find the end of it. Because this is a klein-bottle universe.”

“Exactly. Only a thin membrane separates our two arenas, scale-wise. Only scaling differentiates them. In the holographic projection of scaling above the mobic membrane exists a bubble of 3D space with an ongoing arrow of time. Everyone rides impaled on its moving point, experiencing the stress effect of time in some way, being affected by it somehow.

“But in the bubble below the membrane interface, there is a reciprocal bubble of 3D time. It holds an ongoing arrow of space, in complement to that time arrow you ride in the upper bubble.

“And this membrane in between? It connects the two bubbles?”

“It’s where both bubbles are born. Graviton pulsing beats up a froth of space and time along a membrane at the mactor scale where space and time emerge to blow both bubbles. That froth holographically merges to project two holographic, mirror-twin bubbles. They sit on either side of the interface in reciprocal formats, joined by the pores of a mobic membrane.”

“That’s what I saw in my dream back in 1985. I could experience it, but not understand it. I had no words at the time for it. No concepts, even.”

“We’re giving you some words and concepts. We’ll give you more.”

“I’m holographic? Just a hologram?”

“No, my dear human, not in the sense that your scientists know holograms, as 3D images made by photons of shaped light. You are far more than mere light. You are part of a hologram made by shaping space, time, matter, and energy...only one small energetic mite of which is photons.”

“Look, I’m no physicist. Don’t tell me any more right now...because I don’t think I can cope with it anymore. Not right now.”

“Certainly, if you—”

“Except for one thing. Physicists talk about the Planck level. This mobic membrane is beyond that? Farther down than that?”

“The Planck level, also known as the quantum level, is the smallest scale of space and time that is known to human science. Technically, it is not even measurable. By human scientists, that is.”

“Look, I never took any physics beyond high school. And I dropped out of that after about six weeks or so, right before the first big test.”

“Why?”

“Why? Hmm. Thinking back, it was because on that first six-weeks test, the teacher—he was Mr. West—wanted us to parrot back some stuff on Newton’s law of gravitation. But it just felt so ugly and wrong.”

“Newton was one of your greatest scientists.”

“I’m not saying he wasn’t. I’m not saying that his laws of motion and so forth don’t work. I’m sure they do. But see, Mr. West couldn’t tell us *why* gravitation happens, only *how* it happens. A lot of description about *how*. Lots of statistics. I kept asking him for the *why* behind it until I finally made him mad.”

“I see it. Yet I also see that you weren’t afraid of his anger. That’s not why you dropped the class. Not because you feared a bad grade on the test.”

“No. Mr. West was a sweet old guy, bald, with big, rabbity teeth that turned in. Nowadays his parents would get him fitted with braces.”

“I can see all that in the data of the 3D-time bubble. I see him. And it. The reason you left the class. It’s a better reason to leave than fear.”

“He wanted me to stay. When I waylaid him in the hall with an office note on dropping the class, he tried to talk me out of it. He insisted my lab partner and I had the best grades in the room. But I just couldn’t stand to regurgitate on the test some equations without addressing what lay behind them. It even made me almost sick to my stomach to consider it.”

“Strong reaction.”

“Nobody could understand why I dropped physics. Not Anne, my lab partner and best friend. Certainly not my parents. Nor the administer at the school front office, who finally, reluctantly gave me the permission slip I had to get signed by Mr. West. They all thought that dropping the class, sitting in study hall instead, was a big setback for me. A come-down.

Here I was, a straight-A student who couldn't hack high school physics?"

"Yes, I verify that. They assumed it. I've accessed the thoughts of every being involved around that incident. But I also see that you were already tuning into your destiny at an unconscious level. You knew in your deepest recesses that you would someday be writing about us..."

"No, I didn't. I had no idea you existed. I wouldn't have imagined such a thing as you could possibly exist. I was quite practical. The Dutch in me."

"You misunderstand. The basic form of its fractal patterning was already there, the possibility of our meeting. Along with that possibility for about fifty other people throughout the world at that time. And you could have gone another way, depending on your decisions. So could they. They did. Humans do have a distinct measure of free will.

"But the great mind in the lower bubble keeps tweaking possibilities, coaxing forth the best options it can find to cultivate at each moment's emerging physical reality in the upper bubble. Developing the networks of synchronicity that reinforce a certain path it deems optimal to more consciousness in the whole."

"Look. Maybe it's true that you can see the details, but I had no idea you'd show up this many years later and cause me to write this account. See, I've never been that fond of unverifiable realities. Back then, I certainly wouldn't want to write about them. And you know, there's still no way I can objectively verify you to anybody now. Or hardly talk about you to someone who doesn't know me well enough not to assume automatically that I'm either bonkers or living with my head in the stars.

"But you're right about one thing. I wasn't afraid of Mr. West. We stayed friendly at school, especially because of my boyfriend, Mitchell. Bold, square-jawed, gangly, crew-cut teenager in the same grade as me. He loved physics, math, science in general. I suppose it came naturally for him. His father was a geology professor."

Then I laugh. "You know what? Mitchell had a neighbor he called Auntie Mattie, but she wasn't really a relative. She was a blue-haired old lady who wore an apron inside her house about half the time. She baked cookies and would hand some to us whenever Mitchell and I dropped over...you know, if she'd called to say that she couldn't open a jar with a stuck lid. Or some other little task."

"You were helpful, in your way."

"Not just helpful. Greedy. We'd go out to her back yard and sit and

eat cookies in the little pergola by a creek running along the back end of her lot. Other kids sometimes saw us out there and came over, too. We'd sit out there and talk and gradually eat a whole plate of snickerdoodles. Back before sugar and wheat got such a bad rap.

"Anyway, we started calling it the Auntie Mattie club, and for a while there, everybody dropped over once a week after school. She'd come out the back door with a big plate of cookies—she had five main kinds that she generally baked in rotation, but occasionally it was some off-the-wall concoction from a recipe she'd found in a magazine.

"The point of all this is that Mitchell somehow mentioned the Auntie Mattie club to Mr. West. His physics teacher."

"In the hall after a class, I see. Mitchell liked physics, I see."

"Are you already at my punch line?"

"Probably."

"Then I'll speed right to it. Mr. West misheard and thought it was an Antimatter Club. He began to give Mitchell articles on antimatter from old *Scientific American* magazines and whatnot. Even a couple of books. We jokingly began to read them, and it actually turned into something of an antimatter club, for a time there."

"I have much to say about antimatter, dear human, in the remaining years before you die. What you learn about it will become important to you, although it isn't now. You will have a dream in August 1958—six months after dropping the physics class where Mr. West offends you with his approach to gravitation—and what you assume was also Newton's. That profound dream will cause you to turn so eminently practical and matter-of-fact that you become indifferent to notions of God. You begin to call yourself a secular humanist. You are interested in living ethically.

"This goes on for some twenty-seven plus years. You teach at the University of Texas for some time, and your favorite class to teach becomes a course that is cross-listed across disciplines in the catalogs of social and behavioral sciences as writing research papers in these areas."

"Yes. That's true. All true. I know it's true. I saw it happen. Dead now, you can see it from your perch in the *all-right-here* of the other bubble?"

"Yes. And although I'm not you, it all connects energetically in the tachyonic webs of resonance. Since death, we/I are extremely adept at navigating the access paths in these cloudy constellations of tachyon data

in the cloud bank of 3D time. I can access every detail of something we are interested in. It works on an analinear code that pings shared resonances.

“I can discover any particulars of the past. Once emerged, they are complete, intact. Also I see a hazy outline of the future in glistening, fractal format. Its general shape and dynamic are likely, but not yet solidified into specific organisms or events. Hindus call it the Akashic record.”

“So the future isn’t actually jelled yet?”

“No, and especially not in its particulars. Ongoing reality emerges at the mobic interface between both mirror-twin bubbles. That’s how it gets actualized. This reality is ever-emergent, ever-renewing the universe, ever-evolving its life in both bubbles. The dynamic is an ongoing process of cooperative co-chaos that generates iterations of fractal patterning.

“Please remember, this universe is alive. It is an organism as surely as you are...or I was. It has aims beyond our ken. It knows its basic intentions, and it sets their dynamics into motion as fractal patterning that iterates in evolving variations over time, with details that are not just random, but purposeful. The ancient Chinese called it the way of the Tao, and they found an algorithm to tap into it.

“But humans, indeed, all creatures, also have a measure of free will. More so, if we can truly recognize an operant dynamic and its options available to us, so that we can choose something with a better outcome.

“Then in 1985, you will have another dream that creates an attitudinal reversal in your beliefs. An enantiodromia, Jung calls it. You like Jung.”

“I do. But whoa! Stop! I’m just trying to figure out what you are. Not a ghost, exactly, but sort of. Not dead exactly, but not a zombie, either.”

“None of that. Physically we/I now exist as life forms only in the tachyonic memory banks of the 3D-time bubble. We still exist, but as co-chaos constellations that spell out our data in all our entirety throughout all of our existence. Which is even now ongoing, since we are contacting you, asking you to memorialize us on that other side of the continuous warp. In return for which, our help is offered in good will to you and your human race. We honor your world. Your *joie de vivre*. Joy in life itself. This universe lives, and we all live in it, in one way or another. This is now our way.”

“Hmm. I don’t understand, really, but in another way, I do.”

“We saw, dear human, that when you learned of our so-called “plight,” you wished you could do something to save us from extinction, then

realized you couldn't. But you see, you can. You have already, just by interacting with us long enough to discover that we are moving on to something better. We intend to become a part of you, and help you write."

"Part of me!"

"As likewise you will become a part of us, as our tiny pebble's oversoul, when the time is right. After you die."

"I still don't quite fathom it. But you've already got it aced, it seems to me. Even despite your plight. I don't know what more I can add, because it just makes me feel humble to hear about all these trials you've conquered across time and space and whatnot."

"We have travelled this whole universe mentally. We have watched the rise and fall of civilizations beyond compare in the great scheme of things, and they *all* fell. We will fall, too, indeed we already have, but we then rise to something better than we have been, and it is just because this universe is geared to evolve in this way, in rising orders that resolve their polarities into understanding and compassion and most of all, love. Love for the gift of life itself, so wonderful and mysterious that it coaxes us, charms us, seduces us into loving love itself."

"You're making my head swim with some pyramid scheme of living."

"An inverted pyramid scheme. All the diverse mini-minds in your bubble are playing a high stakes card game, while the lower bubble's great, unified mind keeps tweaking all the hands to win. This Grand Organizing Design loves us. It sets up possibility after possibility still beckoning, so that the lure of hope is never lost, unless we choose to drop it."

"No." I shake my head. "Pain hurts, and people die."

"To be born again in yet another form. Everything in this universe is recycled. And the collective, *en toto* memory is never lost. The body dies, but each bit of its information—experience, feelings, decisions, all—is stored in the tachyonic memory banks of that other bubble's 3D time, and it all keeps recycling and evolving at one level or another."

"This whole universe lives, unlike a lot of them, and you humans are molecular microbes carried in its upper gut, while we—[Whammy! dark voyagers]—are carried now as living memory in its lower bowels. This is what the self-flushing toilet would have mimicked, if it had been working right. You see, like your human DNA, it too is just a fractal variant templated off the master code that generated this whole living universe."

"Look, I've got to find my footing in all this before I can write about it."

“Dear human, we are your footing. Due to you, we have a task to do after we die, the task of explaining to you details beyond the reach of human measurement. Scientific details that your instruments cannot see.”

“I’m not a scientist. I’m a writing teacher. But I don’t know how to write this without facts and terms and some understanding of physics.”

“That’s the point. You’re a writer. We have information. In return for which, we ask you to act as an oversoul who will soften the raw-space blows to our tiny pebble during a specific time, at a specific place in the upper bubble above the quantum level.”

Hearing it put so simply, so concretely, made me draw back. “Hey. I don’t know if I can manage to do this. Besides, I’ve already got a job.” Mostly, though, I was just thinking of the broken toilet. I say, “What if I flub it up, this oversoul stint? Somehow screw up you vegetative beasts even worse?”

“You can’t. We’re already dead. While your human soul is even now voyaging in the darkness beyond this universe in the memory banks of 3D time, cruising with us in conversation. You see, soul knows its siblings.

“Like you, we are a group soul. But we know it already. And we know you, your soul. Meanwhile, Magenta Mirific is questing to keep our universe safe from harm until it is ready to blossom into what it is meant to be: a flowering of such beauty and brilliance that all the other universes will gather around it like bees in delight and joy, imbibing what we have to offer.”

“Okay, I’ve just gotta stop listening now. Stop seeing, feeling this right now. I’m in over my head.”

“No doubt. Words of a human sort are not enough to speak of what is foreordained by this vision that we already know will come to pass in some fractal variant or another, nor even the wordless telepathy that we dark voyagers enjoy—did enjoy—on our frozen black rock.

“Dear human, what is coming is so wonderful, even though you cannot speak it yet, nor even know it with your conscious mind. It happens in the place beyond individual ego consciousness, in that place where collective conscious resides and knows instinctively that for all its ills, life is good, and so we keep starting in again, as baby after baby, or as oversoul of a pebble managing beings more advanced than itself.”

“Yep. That would be me. If I agreed to do it.”

“Life has found the evil beyond speaking and tamed it and turned it to good for you and us and all in this universe. For this reason, we long to become a part of you and honor you by offering the best of ourselves. In this way, all debts will be repaid before they are due and the balance

Chapter 5: Back to High School

of universal retribution will become the universal gift.”

“I don’t know what you’re saying. It’s words, but I can’t configure it into a meaning that holds together. Nothing I can count on and stand on.”

“But you can. In time. You will see it happen before you die. We have seen it already, and we know. That is why we are here, trying to give you a sense of the roundness of eternity, so that you can relax into your mission, if you take it.”

“I don’t feel qualified. I enjoy my job and do it—that is, when I get back to work. I took half a day off for this and some errands, and now I wonder if I should cancel the remaining appointments this afternoon.”

“Do not. Synchronicity has a way of finessing the details. Reality has something in store for you this afternoon. It will clarify, sharpen, even resolve your perspective on all this. You don’t have to make it happen. Let it happen. It is on the docket, we can tell.”

They/it left, and I got up and went out to the car. Driving to the bank, I thought about Carl Jung and his *Red Book*, the years of hermit retreat while he was trying to comprehend what was happening to him. He spent his time building rock walls and carving stone figures, trying to find something solid in himself to hold onto by coaxing his hands to work with something solid.

Well, rock is certainly solid. Unless it gets eaten up.

Finally, Jung began emerging into the “normal” world again as yet more human, and more willing to be human with all its consequences. Maybe I can do that, too.



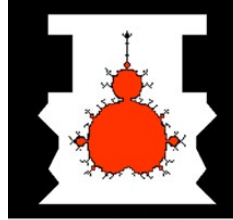
Katya Walter's Books

Chaosforschung (in German) - 1992 - Diederichs Verlag

Tao of Chaos: DNA & The I Ching - 1994 - *Element Books* series, first published in 2006, and updated in a 3rd edition, as shown below.

Dream Mail: Secret Letters for your Soul - 1995 - *Kairos Center*

God's TOE Series



Series Logo

Vol. 1: Double Bubble Universe: A Cosmic Affair—3rd edition, 2016

Vol. 2: Co-Chaos Patterns: The I Ching Fractal—3rd edition, 2016

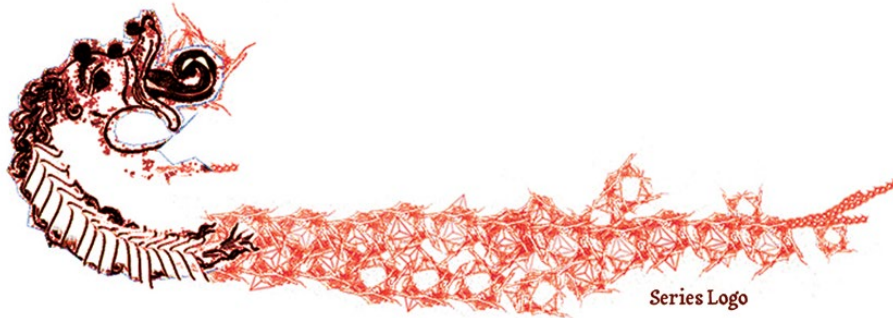
Vol. 3: Tao of Life: The Fractal Gift—3rd edition, 2016

Vol. 4: The Universe Is Alive and Well: The Organism—3rd edition, 2017

Vol. 5: Master Code Tree: The Holographic Paradigm—3rd edition, 2018 (projected)

Vol. 6: Stone Soup Universe: The Expansions—3rd edition, 2018 (projected)

Dark Voyagers Series



Series Logo

Vol. 1: Life Over Time: The Mission

2017

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Life Over Time: The Mission

Volume 1 in the *Dark Voyager* series

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4. *Chaos Theory—Lorenz attractor, fractals, chaos patterning, complexity*
5. *Philosophy—Plato, Taoism, Chinese thought*
6. *Mathematics—nonlinear, analinear, fractals, analog & linear number*
7. *Mysticism—God’s TOE, spirit & science, religions, divine love*
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To visit the Double Bubble Universe, go to...

katyawalter.com



To visit Katya Walter’s YouTube Channel, go to...

[KatyaWalterYouTube](https://www.youtube.com/KatyaWalterYouTube)

Praise for the God's TOE Series

What an interesting and inspiring writer... interesting scientifically and inspiring metaphysically! ... It makes Flatland look—well, flat. ... You'll never regret picking up this series and reading it. It will take your mind to new places, and it will lift your soul along the way.

Lynn Hayden, *Time & Work Consultant, Singapore Institute of Management*

I cannot emphasize enough how much I love this book. It makes the most current information about quantum physics into a conversation that can span the thinking styles of both scientists and spiritists. Katya is a dedicated dreamer, and a receiver of concrete knowledge in frontier quantum physics. She proposes a new Theory of Everything (T.O.E.) ...

You will have an “Aha” moment, and then you will be with me, saying, “Every life-student should be so lucky to have been exposed to Katya Walter. Reading *Double Bubble Universe* is like being in Einstein's living room.”

Jennifer J. Colbert, *Artist, Community Organizer*

I can't decide if this is sci-fi, fact, or psi-phy. Whatever, it is truly fascinating. A brain gym of possibilities!

Frank Patterson, *Aerospace Engineer*

Simply brilliant! And I mean that literally. The clearest explanations are the least complex, and Dr. Walter has managed to take ideas from advanced physics, express them simply, then turn around and analyze the physics to present a clear, simple, and straightforward new paradigm for how the universe works. This is the simplest physics book I've ever read, because of Walter's brilliant use of language that makes these complex concepts entirely understandable. The interweaving of her 'journey-to-the-aha' adds a profound metaphysical understanding of how our universe works from the inside out. You won't regret buying this book.

Anne Beversdorf, *Astrologer*

The author of this extraordinary book has a rare combination of qualities: an astonishing depth of vision and a genuine modesty. *Double Bubble Universe* ... is exploring Katya Walter's theory of everything (TOE). A TOE is the Holy Grail of modern physics. A theory that reconciles the billiard-ball predictability of Newton's Laws with the mysterious goings-on at the Quantum level. ... In a book of this scope, it's very refreshing to find that the author has a gentle, conversational style and an open-minded approach towards the reader.

Mick Frankel, London, UK - *I Ching Consultant*

Back Cover

Life Over Time

by Katya Walter

This is Volume 1 of the new Sci-Fi/Psi-Phy series of the **DARK VOYAGERS**. Is this science fiction? Some say so. But it's also an allegory. Could it even be a real experience?

Science, mystery, and mysticism merge in this stunning new account of life, death, and deep-see diving...remote viewing to travel the cosmos and see the foundation of reality.



Western science explores cosmology. Ancient China's I Ching follows the Tao. They merge in a master code that generated our holographic universe. The master code also templated our own minor variant, the genetic code.

Your guide? The lichen-like creatures who live on a boulder orbiting a dying red sun. They learn the hard way how vital air, water, and food are for survival. Now dead, yet they travel mentally in 3D time in this *Double Bubble Universe* to meet all the diverse mini-minds on the planets, including our own.

As wise ghosts, they inhabit the other bubble, a reversing mirror-twin with 3D time and an arrow of space...plus science's "lost" pole of gravity and the Big Bang's "lost" antimatter, converted now by spatial pressure into tachyonic energy...powering up a huge, unified mind spread throughout all 3D time!

You'll even meet Magenta Majestical! This short book brings philosophy, humor, and *joie de vivre* in a light and lively tone to dark and deep mysteries. It melds love and hope with modern chaos theory, quarks, and mystic vision!

Praise for Life Over Time

"Very thought-provoking. A light expression of deep stuff. A fascinating time-travel in what is Sci-Fi. Or Psi-Phy. Or possibly a living memoir of remote viewing."
Frank Patterson, Aerospace Engineer

"I was blown away by it as a vision - and I think it works totally as cosmically speculative fiction."

Oliver Markley, Ph.D., Prof. Emeritus of Human Sciences & Future Studies

"This, along with *Double Bubble Universe*, is a must read...."
Rowena Pattee Kryder, author of Dynamics & Foundations of Co-Creation