

## Experience on the Mountain 1982

I once heard it said that we partake of the vortex of every abyss and of the stars of every heaven. I admit, this is not the kind of statement you will be likely to find in the average fortune cookie, but please bear with me.

As you can expect that bit of wisdom stuck with me and it surfaced in my thoughts this day as a preamble to what I felt it might hold for me. I was tired and feeling unwell and was very much inclined towards climbing to my special place at Stony Point.

My destination that day was an area I called “the stars” which, as you’ll recall, is a group of rock formations where someone had painted stars years, if not decades, before my arrival there. The stars are set out in the form of a square. My technique had been to sit close to one star while meditating on the others, thereby creating psychic patterns between the stars, each pattern generating its own brand of energy for powering my entrance into other dimensions.

I placed myself in close proximity to star number one while focusing my attention on the fourth star, drawing energy out of the rock, through the star, and mentally pulling it down into my own being. This produced one of my desert landscapes, a beautiful one, with sky of blue framing the conjunction of three planets so positioned as to form a triangle with the point facing downward, an obviously feminine symbol. At the bottom point was a mountain that looked to be in contact with it. From the center of the triangle came a fountain of light. There was also a canyon in the landscape with jagged mountains and tall cliffs and a flat valley between. The sides of the canyon were guarded by extremely tall beings; I figured their height to be some two hundred feet from ground to crown of head. Those on the left were male, on the right female.

Their faces were white, their mouths closed and silent. In a way their very silence was their message, for I felt they were inviting me to tread the path that passed down the center of the canyon, through the flat valley. I agreed.

They continued to regard me in absolute silence as I made my way through the cleavage between the mountains. My movement was slow, cautious, deliberate. They seemed in no hurry and I did not want to be either. I examined the high, craggy mountains of the canyon, thinking that just from the standpoint of its physical features, it was a frightening place. As I walked I looked to and fro until at one point when I turned my head, the craggy peaks were gone.

Everything had vanished, save for the path I was walking. While looking at the side of the path it suddenly snaked its way up into the clouds. I could now see naught beneath me but blue sky and feel nothing but a wind blowing across the path.

The cloud formations to my right were aflame. Sections of mountain were free floating alongside the trail, also blazing with fire. Everything was alight yet nothing was being

consumed. Turning my attention to the middle of the path, I noted a tree floating before me, under which was a green face. The tree itself was tall and slender, willowy if I might be excused a necessary pun. At its top grew extraordinary looking flowers. It was a most beautiful example of foliage and imparted a sense of tranquility even as its appearance gripped the eyesight. At the base of the tree was a huge face, perhaps sixty to seventy feet in diameter. Despite tree and faces, I knew I needed to push on and besides, by now I was so used to these faces and other apparitions it now required something truly shocking to jar me in any way.

The wind sweeping crossways over the trail was gaining in strength and I had a vague thought that it might blow me over the side into some sort of endless fall. But I was resolved to continue my climb and did so for what felt like hours.

The path led to a staircase, nine steps in all, that rose up to black mountains. The terrain had undergone a significant alteration, including now being devoid of color. Dark mountains, blackened atmosphere studded with brighter particles but these stars were also dark, visible only because of the contrast of their darkness with the deeper shade of the sky. The first quarter moon hung over the midpoint of the canyon but it, too, was black. I turned to see what was transpiring behind me, finding the trail still bore color but all ahead was black, blacker, and blackest.

I went on through the black rocks, black trail, black sky with its black stars and black moon. I was approaching some sort of aperture about two hundred feet ahead of me. It looked as though on the other side there was a source of illumination, a ray of which gleamed off of one of the black stones. I hoped that on the other side I would emerge back into a world of color. Kansas would eventually have to give way to Oz.

The anticipation caused me to quicken my pace through the canyon, but as I turned a corner on the path I slipped and fell which did somehow unstuck the color control as there were now various shades and hues bursting all around me, greens, reds, browns flowing as rivers throughout the scene. Of course, there was more.

A feminine gargantua probably over five hundred feet tall stepped out from between the mountains and she seemed to be composed of the terrain itself. A green moss-like material grew from the groin up the torso and between the breasts all the way to her neck. Along the collar bone, above the shoulders and below the base of the neck was a covering of trees, moss, and leaves. I realized later that I was wrong about the moss; because of her extreme size what I had thought was moss were actually trees, out of which arose six moons, each displaying a different lunar phase. One of was first quarter, one half, one three quarters, one full, and so on.

With impossibly long arms outstretched, she lifted up praise to the heavens for whatever it was she was experiencing. She didn't speak; the prayer was wordless.

The entire day seemed afire, smoke cascading up from an unknown source located somewhere behind her and hidden by her immense form. Moments later, a savage blast of wind broke this mind-numbing sight into countless shards of crystal, her fate being instant obliteration. The smoke remained, gray plumes still arising from a source outside my range of vision.

I had to see what lay beyond that smoke. Passing between two peaks that had flanked her, I peered down into a huge pit where the valley had split into two, the separate halves receding from one another slowly but steadily. On each side there was a fire, sending up clouds of smoke but not consuming anything. Within the flames were thousands of eyes peering out into the valley.

Up ahead I saw gigantic blue faces sitting on the rocks, the fires burning all around them. There were six of them in all, three on either side. They reclined quietly, looking up into the sky, their eyes pits of fire.

Then I found myself within the flames, the eyes all around me on the ground, all of them burning. The faces, twenty to thirty feet high were floating through the fire while looking at me intently, their pupils dilating and contracting. It was a mesmeric panorama.

Then, everything condensed into a solitary eye, its movement describing a circle. As the circle grew in circumference, the landscape disappeared and the split in the valley floor healed. There were no blue faces, no sky, nothing but that cyclopean eyeball, which grew in size as it circled before me, somehow making me its very pupil. I was inside the eye, I was part of the eye.

It spun round, throwing my awareness back to Chatsworth where I lay on my back between the star-inscribed rocks, the formations now connected by rainbows, the bows of light uniting with the stars in a way that can only be described as tender.

I found myself transfixed by the sight.