

January 14, 1987

I was comfortably ensconced in my big red armchair, concentrating on the rug, using it as a focal point for the shifting of my awareness into an altered state of consciousness. As often happened my best effort was none too good; nothing was happening. The actuality of my study was as three-dimensional as anything gets and my thoughts were still rooted to the everyday world.

I don't remember how long I kept at it, but I finally threw in the towel and ceased trying to manipulate my inner mind. When it wanted to speak, it would I decided with a little nod of finality. I went to the desk for a generous brandy, then turned my efforts to my latest journal.

I was recording my visions from the previous weekend on the mountain, displaying a particular adeptness in the execution of the drawings. In fact, it was almost as if the imagery itself was alive, conscious, and directing the movements of my hand and arm, using them as its instruments to produce its own rendering. I watched as the charcoal produced subtle shadings and shadowings, bringing forth an image at once both illusive and strikingly clear.

I felt as though the image was drawing me and, of course, the finest art (in any medium) is really that which produces itself, the artisan being merely the medium for the expression of the independent form. After about an hour or so I set my drawing materials to one side, wanting to rest my eyes and take a break.

I settled back in the chair to enjoy a pipe of cherry blend, watching the smoke curl its way out of the light and into the darkness of the room. The combination of pipe and brandy was comforting and made me feel arty and sophisticated, whether I really was or not. I playfully swirled my hand through the spirals of tobacco smoke, stirring up trouble in their midst and breaking up their lazily drifting forms into crazily dancing patterns that quickly ignored me and reassembled themselves into more civilized displays.

While watching all of this, I was taken by an unexplained sense of unfulfilled longing. A pain developed in my stomach and my head began to feel strangely. At first, I thought the combination of strong tobacco and potent brandy was making me giddy. Then I was felled to the floor as a hundredweight sack of potatoes, face down on the rug, which began to split apart.

The patterned chunks of carpeting rocketing up the walls was all I could see, my eyes following them as they moved across the ceiling and strode over the tops of books. I turned away, intending to focus on some known, stationary object, something familiar to act as a centerpiece for my concentration. It was no good; I was engulfed in darkness.

Remaining on the floor, I reached for the arm of the red leather chair that was still perched beside the Nineteenth Century bookcase, but I couldn't make contact with it. Then I realized the chair was no longer in the study and had taken the rest of the room along with it.

I was alone in a field of grass, the rays of the rising sun glinting off the deep green of each blade. This presented two questions: why was the sun rising at night, and where was I? I was initially afraid but the fact I felt very well physically mitigated the feeling of being adrift in an unknown state of consciousness.

I stood and walked a short distance, hoping the stroll would calm my jangled nerves. My hands were trembling and they refused to steady themselves.

There was a wind blowing across of the field but it had no effect upon me. In a way, I was not even there even though I was. It was a borderline state of consciousness, I was floating between worlds with an anchor in neither. This condition made it impossible to reach home. As I considered this, a new thought arose, namely that I was not alone here and that someone was about to establish contact with me.

I concentrated on trying to facilitate the process but nothing happened. Once again, I felt absolutely isolated.

The sun crept upwards in the vision, its heat spreading out over the grassy veldt and warming me through. As I familiarized myself with my surroundings, I couldn't help noticing the unsubstantial nature of the various objects in the scenario. They all seemed to be in a state of continuous flux, their appearance altering in a ceaseless display of shape shifting.

Rocks became animals, trees threw themselves into the air and transformed into birds while pools of blue water sent forth human-like forms that walked the land. I became dizzy attempting to walk over the constantly changing ground, each step forward engendering some new shape. I could not be certain what it would do, or become, from one moment to the next.

I stopped and sat down, trying to select some sort of object on which to focus in the attempt to get back to my study. I finally chose some sort of unidentifiable undulating surface of in the distance, far enough away to be indistinct. I hoped this would boost my concentration. Just as I began, a man turned up in my field of sight, some way away from me. Oddly, his form remained constant even as everything about him continued its metamorphosis.

He walked towards me without difficulty, seemingly very much at home with the shifting sands all around us. He strode towards me purposefully; there was no doubt I was his destination. The rolling waves of sensory imagery was beginning to take its toll on my gastrointestinal tract. He stopped about ten feet in front of me. Knowing he intended to speak, I remained silent.

“You have been brought here to witness the birth of a new and special nature, that has been created for you and you alone. You must internalize this new nature and accept it before you leave this dimension.”

Although uncertain what any of this meant, I agreed.

He lifted his hands heavenward, toward the sun directly overhead, then gestured for me to approach him. I got up and moved toward him while he turned back away from me to face the ever-changing hills. When I stood alongside, he instructed me to face the hills and hum a tune Charon had taught me years ago.

My spiritual protector had informed me that someday I would need this special song to release myself to the vastness, whatever that had meant. However, I obeyed and learned the song by heart.

The humming of the song wrapped me in a cloak of comfort. As I continued, I felt a sudden shift in my inner consciousness. My mind was opening, uniting with the magical power of the tune. The music penetrated to my depths, joining with my every thought, emotion, and sensation until I was overflowing with this unified energy. From all directions came to me a fusion of sounds harmoniously blending with mine until we all sang with one voice, producing one sound.

I was at one with all creation, immersed in absolute peace, completely at one with the moment.

Then I was back in my study, aware of the last faint sounds that had accompanied me over from the other world as my eyes closed and I fell asleep.

When I awakened later I heard my soul singing a new song as the day that had begun with pain ended with the lovely strains of a song of love.