

Interest in developing a 3D atlas of the human brain *vis a vis* its function in processing chronology has received surprisingly little attention considering the enormous potential such research has for humans trapped in unfortunate time sequences. Because little is currently known about the anatomical structures of the brain involved in these processes, our research team has therefore focused our initial efforts on identifying regions of interest (ROIs) in multiple brains, starting with ROI identification in one brain.

Dr. G. G. Bernole
*The Argentinean Journal of Brain
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12/8/00 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus

Since the brain can be said to be truly “floating” in the cranial cavity, its tissues saturated with fluid and surrounded by the body’s inner sea, it has, like the oceans of the planet itself, a low albedo. This means that the brain’s absorption of solar and cosmic radiation is extremely high relative to the surrounding area. The relatively shallow surface structures, where the so-called higher cognitive functions reside, are constantly stirred by electrical storms, emotions, survival instincts, everyday, immediate preoccupations, and cosmic energy. These are the electromagnetic and chemical tidal fluctuations that generate our usual chronological envelope. We experience this more or less constant storm as time, a walk (or a stagger) in a meandering, but more or less unidirectional flow, from birth to death. But below this surface agitation, there is a deeper and more stable column of calm, leading down, if we may use that metaphor, into subsurface currents of time that are far from being unidirectional. These ROIs — Regions of Interest — make their presence “known” to the individual during periods of apnea, for example, or REM sleep, or even while deeply absorbed in some activity such as reading. It is during these physiological and/or psychological hiatuses (or soundings) that our habitual chronological orientation may be disrupted, and in extreme cases, other chronologies may be experienced.

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Although warm-blooded like ourselves, some adepts are able to regulate their breathing and vascular functions by exercising unique forms of internal control. By such practice, these adepts decarbonize the blood while simultaneously oxygenating muscle tissue at a rate which far exceeds the capacities of most landgoers. Mastery of these techniques enables the adepts to "dive" to extraordinary depths, penetrating to levels of reality unknown to ordinary seekers, even to those who are highly practiced in similar esoterea. Upon surfacing, these masters spout few if any remarks concerning their dives, and stalkers, as the adepts' devotees are sometimes called, make only the most metaphoric and unscientific references to these dimensions.

According to stalkers, these adepts are unlike dreamers or other clairvoyants who descend to archetypal domains by means of "reading" images. Instead, they make use of an echolocation or sonar technique, which is applied through the coordinated action of the cochlea of the inner ears and of the sinus cavities. By this means, the adepts are able to zone-in on certain species of truth, which serve the function of physical food, sustaining them even through the most unnaturally prolonged periods of diving. The stalkers claim that these truths, or "prey," are rendered palatable by means of a "stunning" maneuver which is accomplished by transmitting a very high-frequency sound that creates a short-term spike in the local intensity of pressure. This abrupt increase in pressure incapacitates the prey and makes it available for assimilation. How the adepts adapt their own bodies to withstand these intense pressures is not definitely known, but stalkers maintain that adepts protect themselves by regulating temperatures throughout the body, and especially in the head, while expanding and contracting inner cavities by melting or solidifying viscous bodily substances. Also, during diving, or even on the surface, the cycloptic "bindu," or single eye of the adepts atrophies, or perhaps evolves, to an atypical physiological state, unlike that of any other mammal. The anterior chamber is almost non-existent, being reduced to the narrowest of slits between the pupil and the cornea. The eyeball is thus fixed in its socket, seemingly making peripheral vision impossible. Notwithstanding this physical limitation, stalkers claim that the adepts possess a perfect 360-degree spherical vision. Perhaps this is so, considering the other savage talents displayed by them. That being acknowledged, it can only be stated that the eyes of these adepts remain closed or "glazed" while diving, and it is not known if they can process images at all. These physiological mutations have not prevented stalkers from maintaining that the adepts possess an inner vision related to their echolocation abilities, which, the stalkers claim, are more sensitive than optical receptors, and therefore render surface sight superfluous. Beyond these unverifiable and contradictory assertions, all transfigurations in the metaphysiology of the eye must merely be noted as scientific anomalies.

None of these speculations regarding the various feats of prowess attributed to the adepts have ever been definitely proven, and there appear to be no current methodologies which would permit an unbiased scientific verification. The stalkers simply say that of the three possibilities — the known, the unknown and the unknowable — the capabilities of the adepts must always remain in the last category, since they are beyond the investigative powers of ordinary human sensory apparatus. This is so, and must always remain so, say the stalkers, because the reality-dimension of the inquiry takes place at a "smaller" and more "surface" level of consciousness, and the small and shallow can never comprehend the large and deep.

In the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, stalkers, who ironically claim to love the adepts, became so numerous, so determined and so sophisticated in their activities that it was feared that this particular family of adepts, already rare, would become completely extinct on this plane of existence. Alarmed by this development, international metaphysical associations enacted regulations against their own vested interests to curtail the most egregious of the stalkers intrusions. As a result, the decline in adept populations

was slowed, although not altogether halted. These protections have at least stabilized the existence of the adepts within our vector coordinates, and, for the time being, it seems that a of few them can still be made available to the predation of stalkers. However, most stalkers must now content themselves with observations made at a safe distance, which has, predictably, made stalking far less effective. Whereas before, stalkers "would kill" to know, now that very knowledge is itself dying out.

This circumstance has brought about a fresh set of perhaps insoluble problems. Because of their rarity and distance, this family of adepts has been removed from the awareness of ordinary men and women, who have, as a consequence, relegated these species to the domain of legend. The adepts are still with us, but the vast majority of humans will likely spend their entire earthly sojourn without enjoying even the most tangential contact. This is tragic, since without at least a shadowy knowledge of diving, it is unlikely that these unfortunate individuals will ever taste the deeply flowing elixirs of primal truth.

11/26/00 Sunday's Rock, Fergus's Druid Dreamstone

Metaphors of unity and integration take us only so far, because they are derived from the finiteness of the human mind. If we are to expand our vision into the genuinely infinite, that vision becomes decentralized. We follow a "way" or direction until we reach the state of innocence symbolized by the sheep in the twenty-third Psalm, where we are back to wandering, but where wandering no longer means being lost. There are two senses in which the word "imperfect" is used: in once sense it is that which falls short of perfection; in another it is that which is not finished but continuously active, as in the tense system of verbs in most languages. It is in the latter sense that "the imperfect is our paradise," as Wallace Stevens says, a world that may change as much as our own, but where change is no longer dominated by the single direction toward nothingness and death.

Northrope Frye

The Great Code: The Bible as
Literature

(Note: Perhaps it was bound to happen. Today, I took a hammer to a stone, not one of the seven, but to another of the same constitution. I wanted to see inside, to learn about the constituent parts, to discover the infinite in the infinitesimal. So the scientist kills the poet with a chisel. He must atone. — R.D.)

The heavy green light of the cloudy morning pressed against the small panes of the well house windows, recording the scene with interest. Dr. Izard turned his attention away from the large open tabulae of the portfolio to drop a lump of hard brown sugar into his blackest of black teas. The sugar hastened the thermal convections in the cup and brought burgeoning swirls of heavy cream blossoming to the surface. "Another emblem

here,” he thought, entranced for the second time this morning. ‘Some message again from Francis, no doubt,’ delivered in this own inimical fashion.’ Gradually Izard became aware of the accumulating weight of Dr. Bernole’s gaze, and without raising his head, he turned the portfolio around and slid it across the bumpy surface of their makeshift kitchen table. “If you please, Doctor, excuse my impertinence, but you must know that I am bound to ask. Is this your work?”

Dr. Bernole read.

F.D.D. — Having told this story before, there is no reason to tell it again, and yet one tells what has been told because of the compulsion. No one speaks of it openly anymore, but it is the compulsion that raised the rock dolmans at Glastonbury, at Slieve Pris, and at Stonehenge. It is the compulsion that caused the ignorant boy to stick his finger in the crone’s forbidden brew, and afterwards, flee through the year, in shape after shape, until he found the maiden and his death.

R. D. — Is the compulsion alive in the adman’s sirens?

F.D.D. — The compulsion is alive inside of rocks. Women and men adore it equally, though women are its vessel, men its fluid. For men are women disguised as warriors, and women are men disguised as weavers. The dream said as much in the loops of the alphabet. This knowledge is written in the skies and is embedded in the wheel of the seasons, and therefore is embodied in each stone. But to humans, the skies are disheveled and the scripts are scrambled. That is the work of politicos and admen and corporate moguls caught in the compulsion, as pebbles catch in eddies of the surf, bashing together thoughtlessly, until each thought is granulated into sand.

R.D. — Is this, then, the time foretold, the time of the end?

F.D.D. — The compulsion cannot be ended, it can only be channeled. Here is a garbled version of those answers the questions to which are spinning in the eddy:

For each day five items of knowledge
Are required of every understanding person —
From everyone, without appearance of boasting,
Who is in holy orders.

The day of the solar month; the age of the moon;
The state of the sea tide, without error;
The day of the week; the calendar of the feasts of the perfect saints
In just clarity with their variations.

R.D. — That’s the tenth century Irish, *Saltair Na Rann*, Graves quoted it while mooning for the goddess.

F.D.D. — The answers to those questions is the hand that cups the curves and eddies of her form.

Dr. Bernole finished reading and rubbed the page carefully between his thumb and forefinger. “The paper is different.”

“Yes, the paper is different. But did you write this?”

“Dr. Izard, I am surprised that you have to ask. ‘Though the subject skirts close to subjects which might interest my mother.’”

“A charming woman, I am sure, ‘though I’ve yet to have the pleasure of her acquaintance.’”

“Someday soon, Doctor. It is surely ‘in the stars’, as she would say.”

“Quite.”

“But your question?”

“A mere formality, Doctor, a test of my sanity, not your honesty.”

Dr. Bernole tightened his lips understandingly, taking no offense at his senior colleague’s obligatory inquiry. “You know, Dr. Izard, Haig-Dunnen is stalking us.”

“Yes. Yes. Mucking about in that absurd countryman’s outfit — the boots, the wig, the bent-spoked bicycle. It’s too ridiculous to take seriously.”

“But maybe we should take it seriously. He’s bloody mad, but damnably well connected.”

“Dr. Bernole, you’re not suggesting that this is Haig-Dunnen’s handiwork?”

Both men laughed.

“Haig-Dunnen perhaps on drugs,” sniggered Bernole.

“But Doctor, how did this get here? For I can assure you that it was not in the portfolio before, as I have poured over this document for far too many hours than I care to admit, and until this morning, this page was not a part of the Wild Man’s monument.”

Doctor Izard’s junior colleague read over the document again, his brow scrunched quizzically. “It’s damnably strange, and no two ways about it.”

“I have a theory,” Dr. Bernole.”

“Do tell.”

“I think it grew there.”

“Surely you’re joking?”

“Perhaps I am. But it’s no stranger a phenomenon than all the others: your Stonehenge incident, the regeneration of these poor boys’ blasted limbs, and, for that matter, the existence of the portfolio itself, it’s indecipherable contents, the bizarre manner of its delivery. . . .”

Dr. Bernole heaved a heavy sigh. “No, Doctor, no stranger.”

“But I don’t mean that it’s growing in an organic sense, as say, a seed or a cell grows.”

“What then?”

“I mean that it’s growing inorganically, as for example, in the manner of a crystal.”

“A book that grows?”

“Quite.”

Week Seven

12/8/00 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus

Since the brain can be said to be truly “floating” in the cranial cavity, its tissues saturated with fluid and surrounded by the body’s inner sea, it has, like the oceans of the planet itself, a low albedo. This means that the brain’s absorption of solar and cosmic radiation is extremely high relative to the surrounding area. The relatively shallow surface structures, where the so-called higher cognitive functions reside, are constantly stirred by electrical storms, emotions, survival instincts, everyday, immediate preoccupations, and cosmic energy. These are the electromagnetic and chemical tidal fluctuations that generate our usual chronological envelope. We experience this more or less constant storm as time, a walk (or a stagger) in a meandering, but more or less unidirectional flow, from birth to death. But below this surface agitation, there is a deeper and more stable column of calm, leading down, if we may use that metaphor, into subsurface currents of time that are far from being unidirectional. These ROIs — Regions of Interest — make their presence “known” to the individual during periods of apnea, for example, or REM sleep, or even while deeply absorbed in some activity such as reading. It is during these physiological and/or psychological hiatuses (or soundings) that our habitual chronological orientation may be disrupted, and in extreme cases, other chronologies may be experienced.

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Interregnum: Fourth Week's Summary

At this point, there are no two ways about it. Preliminary research strongly indicates that as an individual brain develops ROIs in parallel chronological sequences, EEG patterns begin to synchronize with other brains and it becomes possible for a single individual to make a consciousness "leap" into the experiential realm(s) of one, or perhaps several, other individuals. Data seems to indicate that these synchronizations may leap backward and even forward in time (not unlike certain quantum entities). They may even cross species' boundaries under favorable circumstances whose perimeters are not yet well understood. It seems clear, however, that the physical brain is some kind of communication modem which has at least a latent potential for connecting with other brains in a way that dramatically expands the awareness of all those "in synch." The scientific and political implications of this cross-linking phenomenon are

incalculable, and lie beyond the scope of this paper. But it is perhaps safe to say that the first individuals who are able to expand their ROIs beyond the confines of their own bodies (and therefore escape their habitual chronologies, becoming, in effect, immortal) will possess an enormous evolutionary advantage over those whose minds remain fixated in a single body — unless, of course, and this seems likely given the connecting nature of the phenomenon, the early adapters entrain the rest of us with their own expanded state. In which case, a state an unprecedented state of oneness would prevail on the planet, ushering in who knows what sorts of new possibilities.

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Before writing the following, I was awakened from a very intricate and frightening dream, in which the doctor I had met at the Hep-U-Sef was explaining, in minute detail, something about brainblood volume. There was lots of technical stuff, like a download almost, of a program that I might never be aware of consciously, but would nevertheless change my life unalterably. Words flashed by, or flashed *in*, like *glucose combustion*, *brain metabolism*, *Liquor Cerebrospinalis*. Snippets of phrases were worming their way in, too: “worldwide ancient ritual”, “the importance of allowing the brainblood volume to expand”, the necessity of “regaining the creativity we had as children”, “the ease of attaining ‘surgical’ enlightenment.” While speaking, the Doctor arranged various instruments matter-of-factly on a tray: a scalpel, pads and bandages, a brown bottle labeled *carbolic acid*, sutures, various hemostats and clamps, a mirror, a large plastic squirt gun and a drill. In the corner of the room, there was a mop and a scrub bucket, whose presence made me shudder. As he spoke, the Doctor was shaving the front part of his head, and when he had completed this procedure, with the help of the mirror, he dabbed the area with a sterile pad. Then, serenely taking the scalpel, he proceeded — without for an instant altering the rather monotone timber of his delivery — to make a crescent-shaped incision in his forehead. Blood bounded forth, and the Doctor pointed the squirt gun at his head and irrigated the wound. Then I knew what the mop was for. The Doctor was as calm as a stone, but I was sweating buckets. I awoke with a shriek just as he picked up and activated the high-whining drill . . .

12/17/00 Sunday's Rock, Fergus's Druid Dreamstone

This find, if validated, will represent an archeological breakthrough perhaps even comparable to the Sonoran papyri, in so far as it definitely establishes, for at least a select number of waywards, a reconnection with the cosmos through the internal physiological modum. The illusive “Dr. Dreamstone,” and perhaps a few of his devotees, were clearly aware of the omnipresence of the Collective, the omniscience of the Council and the omnipotence of the Monad — a connection which seems inconceivably remote when viewed in the context of the hellish events of the late 20th and early 21st centuries’ space/time vectors. This, of course, is an astounding enough discovery given the violent squalor of that distant

episteme. But more astounding, and more puzzling yet, is the other, more disturbing evidence gleaned from the “Dreamstone Epistle” by palaeo-hermeneutists. Their textual interpretations incredibly indicate the *resistance* of waywards to their own re-assimilation, a recalcitrance that defies all accepted precepts of awareness, especially given the obvious extent of their sufferings. This would mean that in the lower, more erratic rates of oscillation, there are beings so deeply severed from the Collective that they actually constitute a race of anti-aspirants, a species that deliberately chooses to devolve! Of course, some archeologists believe that the Epistle is some prankster Time-Rover’s idea of an internecine joke, some artifact derived from the future and malignantly (or perhaps beneficently) interpolated into a distant past stratum in order to prompt awareness seekers of the present into a new evolutionary spurt. Still, the overall encryption of the “Dreamstone Epistle” (the , or simply the *Dee*, for short) jives with the yet earlier Blakean or pseudo-Blakean precept: “God is everywhere, even in the depths of Hell.” Skeptics of course decry the use of one spurious document to support another, and investigations as to the origin and purposes of the D.E. are proceeding. The text is reproduced here in its entirety, but obviously its completeness cannot be vouched for.

Paleo-grammarians’ *Prefatory Notes
on the Dreamstone Epistle: From a
Colloquium of Post-Severance
Wayward Studies*

Thirty years of police work told him that the lock of his great scrolltop secretary had not been tampered with. Of course the key had been safely stowed in his own vest pocket, so there was no possibility that it might have been pinched without his knowledge. He had clasped enough highclass pickpockets by the wrist during the commission of the nefarious act to be quite easy on that account. Besides, they would have had to filch, use and return the key, as well as having had his bedsit’s latchkey, to accomplish such a feat, and no criminal in the East End, or in all of London for that matter, had the wherewithal for such an affair, even if they had motive. Dash it all, but the whole business, including the “visitations” by those uncannily lifelike dreams, not to mention the constant intrusions of the former Widow Ratchet’s sagacious ebony cat, was a splapdash, makeshift, irrational mess. But here was the evidence, tremblingly held in his own well-manicured fingers, as clear as the light of day and as solid as a lump of Newcastle coal. It was maddening to find it in among all the other papers, as if it had been there, unseen, during the entire investigation.

The Dreamstone Epistle

Given that human beings and other life forms are born and continue in good health by virtue of their ability to resonate with the energy flux of their environment, it behooves every sentient person, and especially those who designate themselves as Scientists of Awareness, to investigate the principles of the Environmental Luminosity Flux (hereafter E.L.F.). Naturally, any knowledge of those principles or any instrumentation that can be used to beneficially

influence the ELF would be of utmost value, not only to humans, but to the entire domain of Nature. Dr. Dreamstone's (a pseudonym) *oeuvre* represents one of the most original and successful endeavors to explain the general principles of the ELF and his invention of various Resonance Enhancer Facilitators (hereafter REFs.) for specific treatments warrants the utmost praise and support. Unfortunately, the reputations (not to mention the fortunes) of certain unscrupulous and unwise members of the current medical and political establishment depend upon the promulgation of false doctrine and the suppression of true, so that now the champions of the scientific and spiritual breakthrough of the age must disseminate this vital work furtively to avoid both professional censure and criminal prosecution.

But all lovers of truth (and it is hoped that the present reader is one) and lovers of life and health, however maligned, must continue to clandestinely circulate as much information as possible about the ELF and about any REFs that can render these ubiquitous radiations more fruitful. That being said, the current punitive environment forces the writer of this text to adhere to certain protocols, *viz.*, these explanations must be brief, and also necessarily sketchy. It is urged, therefore, that the receiver of this epistle will commit the ELF principles to memory, as well as any fundamentals concerning the fabrication of REFs. The sad truth is, that just as knowledge of the ELF can enhance health and well being, it can also be utilized to destroy those very same commodities, and the villains who are presently harassing Dr. Dreamstone, and who wantonly manufacture opportunities to denounce him as a fraud, are also hypocritically bent on perverting his work to devious ends. As such, this document will provide only hints, but *precise* hints, and from these it is hoped that attentive researchers can flesh out the particulars for themselves, and thereby verify and put to good use the extraordinary discoveries of this singular creative genius.

Technical terms will be kept to the barest minimum, so that the talented lay person with no more than a solid public school scientific education can make use of the information contained herein. Blessedly, very effective REFs can be constructed out of simple, and for the most part, readily available materials, and can be used either privately or distributed to trusted individuals. REFs are inconceivably powerful, and will prove to be a veritable panacea for physicians, nutritionists, artists and spiritual seekers, since improved resonance with a healthy ELF harmonizes the disequilibriums of all known diseases, diets, lethargic mental states and moral deviations. The very simplicity and effectiveness of REFs has made them anathema to those who gain power from the sufferings of the world. And it is for these very reasons that REFs, and the knowledge of how to fabricate them, are so vigorously and ruthlessly suppressed.

The basic principle:

The ELF is the combination of flowing cosmic potencies, which include electrical, magnetic, gravitational and strong and weak nuclear forces. These flows may encompass rays, beads or spheres, waves, eddies, vortices, spirals,

ellipticals or ovals. They may travel as great rivers originating from the sun or even from distant galaxies, or they may be the momentary mists or showers fomented by localized subatomic phenomena, the ghostly immissions of thought form, or seepages, accidental or intentional, from other dimensions. Their motions and states can best be compared to the motions and states of water, *i.e.*, gaseous, liquid or solid. And indeed, their influence on water is one of the primary ways that they affect human bodies and the physical environment. When the ELF of a particular field domain becomes perturbed, all things enveloped by its flow gyrate out of resonance, and a host of calamities may ensue: cancers, infections, chronic diseases, insanity, social violence, wars, servile allegiances to repressive conventions, virulent political ideologies and persecuting religious fervors. A healthy ELF, and our resonance with it, creates the opposite conditions: radiant health, social harmony, peace, high levels of artistic achievement, individuation and spiritual luminosity.

Dr. Dreamstone's genius is sparked by his insight into the behaviors of the ELF and his use of that rapport to invent simple and effective Resonance Enhancer Facilitators.

Here is the main point to be assimilated: the ELF oscillates, and all Resonance Enhancer Facilitators utilize some version of an oscillating circuit to capture, shape and harmonize the cosmic flow.

Dr. Dreamstone, in his seminal and repressed work, *Life Flows*, describes the oscillating circuit thusly:

“An oscillating circuit embodies two features: inductance and capacity. When this circuit is supplied with energy from an external source, *i.e.*, the ELF, it begins to vibrate in resonance. In brief, it enhances and harmonizes the surrounding flow.”

For those not familiar with the terms inductance and capacity, we can further define them. A conductor is described as having “induction” if a current flowing through it causes the emergence of an energy field, *i.e.*, magnetic, electrical, gravitational or strong or weak nuclear forces. For example, a straight copper wire has inductance and some capacity, but if that same wire is coiled, the capacity greatly increases. Further, if that wire is shaped to the oscillation pattern (rays, beads or spheres, waves, eddies, vortices, spirals, ellipticals or ovals) of the local ELF, that wire comes into resonance and creates an harmonious energy field, sometimes called the “bliss optimum domain”, or the BOD.

Dr. Dreamstone created many simple devices to generate harmonious energy fields, but the principles for all these devices are the same.

1. They are constructed from organic and/or inorganic materials arranged to oscillate.

2. They are constructed and used at times and in places where they are most likely to absorb favorable cosmic influences.

Some Simple REFs.

The REF Cover

An REF Cover can be assembled by alternating layers of wool (organic) with layers of steel wool (inorganic) and sewing them together to create a blanket. In general, the more alternating layers, the more enhancement. However, one should be cautioned that exceeding seven layers may cause perturbations rather than harmony and could therefore reverse any beneficial effects.

The REF Egg

A room or booth may be fabricated by alternating wood or natural fibers with layers of sheet metal. Square shapes are effective, but spirals, ellipses and ovoids calibrated to the surrounding ELF are the most beneficial. One end of this “egg” must remain open to an harmonious environment — a lake, a forest, a garden, a seashore, *etc.* For those confined to urban, or worse, industrial, spaces, one can still find relief by occupying the egg at propitious times. Sunrise, high tides (even if one lives far from the sea) and new moons are most favorable, and the solstices and equinoxes offer brief, but highly curative doses of beneficent ELFen. Certain chants are also propitious, especially those which mimic healthy respiration and pulse rates, the songs of birds, or the rhythmic lapping of waves.

The REF Personal Polarizer

Since the body itself is a natural REF, it follows that by strengthening the body’s circuitry or polarity an effective personal resonance field can be produced. Dr. Dreamstone experimented successfully with a simple jumper cable device, which he insouciantly named “the gripper.” This gripper is constructed of two sets of copper handles connected by alligator clips and insulated copper wire to a pair of one-foot square copper wire meshes. (Note: for those familiar with electrical engineering, it is not the fact that copper is an electrical conductor which makes it an effective REF, but rather because copper is a one of the small family of noble elements. Gold, rhodium, silver, platinum *at al* would work as well or better, but in most cases they would be prohibitively expensive.)

The operator (O) of this polarizer lies in a supine position, and depending on his or her own polarity, *i.e.*, right or left handedness, the O places one handle or grip in one hand and attaches this handle by means of the wire and alligator clips to one of the wire meshes placed under the base of the spine. The opposite grip is held in the opposing hand and connected via the insulated wires and A-clips to the second wire mesh, which is placed under the base of the skull, specifically at the *medulla oblongata*. The gripper’s circuit is completed when the left leg is crossed over the right or visa versa according to the O’s handedness. The O then proceeds to breathe regularly and deeply 18 times per minute. This rate of

respiration would equal a total of 25,920 breaths per solar day and thereby creates a resonance with the physical sun, which takes 25920 solar years to accomplish the zodiacal circuit. While using the gripper, the O should endeavor to relax every muscle of the body (let it flow!) and keep the mind empty of all mental static: worry, anger, desire, *etc.* By this means, the O harmonizes the breath to the pulse on a 1:4 ratio or 18 breaths to 72 pulsations per minute. (Note: this respiration/pulsation ratio will also augment the effectiveness of the REF Cover and the REF Egg.) Many Os amplify the gripper's effectiveness by the application of small gauss magnets to the seven "celestial" nodes on the soles of each foot, a magnetic strip at the base of the spine, and a magnetized skull cap covering the fontanel.

Operators of any of these devices should feel free to conduct their own experiments. With the principles of the ELF in mind, it should also be possible for those with even a modicum of time and technical expertise to fabricate REFs of equal efficacy and attain the Bliss Optimum Domain. The potency of ELF harmonization has been verified through many double-blind clinical trials, and has, as well, proved its nearly miraculous curative powers in the successful treatment of many seemingly hopeless injuries and illnesses during the Great War. One caveat should be noted, however. Since the operator's own mental state generates a powerful local ELF field, an unscrupulous Operator who attempts to utilize an REF for any but the noblest of purposes may well find himself enhancing his own cacophonous oscillations, becoming in the process, as the dying Learles laments in Hamlet, "a woodcock to {his} own springe." The by-words are selflessness and love, two characteristics that Dr. Dreamstone possesses in abundance, and two of the most powerful REFs available to anyone, with or without technical training.

The state of the world is precarious, time is short and the pressures impinging on ELF Harmonizers are enormous. The author of these notes, being a protégé of Dr. Dreamstone, is, like his mentor, responsible for many supplicants and is likewise subject to many risks. No doubt he (the author) has unwittingly subjected the reader/listener to dangers as well, in so far as it may subject the unwary to a level of happiness and health that may prove too conspicuous to jealous and malevolent authorities. Unfortunately, that is the way of this world in its current vibratory state. Suffice it to say, Dr. Dreamstone is fully cognizant of the present political, social and scientific climate. A compassionate, enlightened man, the Doctor realizes that even these simple devices might prove difficult to construct and operate in the necessary state of concealment. Therefore, he continues to experiment clandestinely with many subtler methods in order to expand the circle of euphonious resonance. After many trials, he has found that closely compacted sedimentary stones containing colloidal matrices of a wide variety of trace minerals can serve as powerful REFs, especially if the operator ingests minute quantities of those same minerals on a daily basis. The colloids act as tiny ELF transmission/receiver discs, which collect and generate healthful energy fields. The well-chosen beach pebble carried in the pocket, kept in the

bedroom, or in a desk drawer can often enhance the Operator's resonance sufficiently enough to counteract the more malignant effects of the perturbed general environment.

It is Dr. Dreamstone's aspiration to create more than simple personal resonance. As of the date of this writing, the Doctor, while remaining underground, continues his enlightened experiments, assiduously working on methods to harmonize larger and larger areas of perturbation. Poisoned farm fields, despoiled rivers, hospitals, law courts, seats of government, military bases — all these disrupters of the cosmic harmony — are being subjected to the Dr.'s benevolent attentions.

He is working with composers to generate inaudible REF "music," which can be broadcast from strategic underground facilities and along ancient terrestrial ley lines. He is collaborating with scientists and artists to construct subterranean and subaqueous henges, pyramids and bathyspheres, whose emanations could cleanse whole continents and oceans. He is teaming with herbalists and the elementals of the vegetable kingdom to spread beneficent seeds, pollens, viruses and bacteria. He is being trained by species of migratory birds, mammals, insects, fishes and marine mammals to assist them in resuming their ancient dissemination of BioREFs throughout the various ecosystems of the planet. His research with sparrows, pigeons, sewer rats and other animals still operational in perturbed urban environments is most promising. His work with ants, bees and the numerous hosts of eusocial insects is beginning to bear fruit in certain historical subvectors. He is receiving advanced schooling from cosmically attuned domestic cats and dogs in the art of fomenting curative dreams. He is collaborating with scholars and linguists on the reinterpretation of history. Also, he daily conspires with poets to create word and letter sequences that are being codified into government regulations, advertising slogans and industry memorandums, and whose subtle vibrations have the power to secretly pervert the perverted back to a state of health. Dr. Dreamstone has been chosen by certain curandos to facilitate through myclieal ingestion the highly beneficial transmission of extraterrestrial REFs, and through the agency of psychoactive spores he is disseminating their messianic progeny in the damper, darker regions of neglected rural areas: dead tree stumps, weedy areas around abandoned railroad spurs, the flop of domestic ungulants serving as launching pads for what he and his confederates have come to call "The Global Golding." The results of all these untiring exertions, although at this time limited, may yet prove decisive. But every new outbreak of health and sanity inflames the suspicions of the authorities, and the forces arrayed against ecstasy in the present earth vector, although clumsy and gross, are yet exceedingly truculent. Who knows but that the balance between apotheosis and apocalypse may hang on some act as subtle and as seemingly innocuous as the reading or hearing of these words?

Chief Inspector Connell Eyehole read over this strange document for the umpteenth time, nervously combing down his immaculate white mustaches with thumb and forefinger as

he did so, and wondering if the miraculous recovery of the Penal Cases Registrar was in any way tied in to the fantastic medical claims purported by the unknown author. It was all too devilishly odd. Eyehole had kept the papers of the Penal Cases Registrar sealed, and had gone over every epistle, including his own interview and investigative notes, page by page, comma by comma, with an almost missionary fastidiousness. The Chief Inspector knew his business, and he knew how to secure evidence, thus the interpolation of this document was but another bafflement in a case that was all baffles, a case that had defied — so far — even the most astringent application of his practiced and impeccable ratiocinations. And yet, and yet. . . his axiom: “Crime is emotion gone mad, and its solution is reason grown sharp,” seemed not to hold in this case, and Connell Eyehole was worried. And not only about the strange twists and turns that this Lowestoft matter was taking. True, it was no longer a criminal investigation, the case being officially closed as far as the AC was concerned. Izard was dead. Bernole was in Argentina. And the truth was and is, there was never the slightest hint of any criminal or even libelous wrongdoing attached to the Haig-Dunnen shooting. A panicked farmer fired by accident in the twilight at a man in a rather ridiculous disguise. So why this ongoing concern? Even that much-lauded butcher, Sir “Lucky”, that is Sir Douglas, belying his notorious pigheadedness in the face of the facts, had dropped the matter. It was over for everyone. Except for himself. For Chief Inspector Connell “Connie” Eyehole, the Lowestoft Case was in no way dwindling down. On the contrary, each day, and each night — especially each night — its vast corrupting stain spread further and further into the erstwhile orderly, well-lit avenues and boulevards of the Chief Inspector’s mind. Superintendent Higgins was insisting that he “take a bit of a well-deserved leave, Connie, ol’ darling. The War’s over, and the seaside is quite lovely. No need to keep tiltin’ at windmills, what?” But the windmills of East Anglia still haunted him. Eyehole could not let it go. All these loose threads still unraveling from his investigation, and this letter now adding considerably to the tangle, threatened to annihilate the well-woven bachelor patterns of his mental tartan. He read over the strange epistle again and again, until his fascinated and appalled cogitations were interrupted by a familiar scratching on the door, a scratching perfectly synchronized with the tolling of the bells from Saint Mary Le Bow’s. Eyehole dutifully rose to allow his visitor, the Widow Ratchet’s Cat — ‘have to quit calling the ole girl that, now that she’s married’ — privileged entry into his bachelor citadel. He opened the door and the cat stared up at him, calmly opening and closing — once, twice, thrice — his golden eyes.