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## Week Twelve

1/12/01 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus  
Closing time: 11:38 p.m. C.S.T.

**complementarity** The concept that a single model may not be adequate to explain all the observations made of atomic or subatomic systems in different experiments. For example, \*electron defraction is best explained by assuming that the electron is a wave (*see de Broglie wavelenth*), whereas the \*photoelectric effect is described by assuming that it is a particle. The idea of two different but complementary concepts to treat quantum phenomena was first put forward by the Danish physicist Niels Bohr (1855-1962) in 1927. *See also light.*

*A Dictionary of Physics*  
Alan Isaacs, BSc, PhD, DIC, ed.

The assassination of the Archduke inflamed Europe with a joyful passion for war. *Vorlust* as prelude to the swelling violent act, or something like it, had made the trivial pursuits of fornication and gambling seem pale, and the new passion emptied Trouville like a bucket *sans* its bottom. The grand hotels were deserted, but Dr. Izard lingered on after his clientele had departed for Paris, London or Berlin. He was heartsick, but not about the possibility of war. Austria and Serbia, two weak old women, had been bickering at the edge of European politics for far too long now to be taken seriously, Russia was a creaking anachronism, and Germany was not going to tip its hand for a trifle. If the Germans were really serious, the Kaiser would have postponed his annual cruise to the Norwegian fjords. No, in spite of the general lust for some cleansing violence, the consummation devoutly to be wished was going to be postponed. Dr. Izard, in any case, cared nothing about politics. They seemed as dead to him as that horrible mound of mysterious globster-flesh, which had washed ashore to despoil Trouville's beaches. He cared only about Francis, who was missing and feared drowned. As a consequence, the Doctor was as forlorn as a boy whose has lost his faithful dog. The doctor kept wandering around the hotel or along the beaches as if he were entranced. He spoke to no one, although he did speak, causing the chambermaids and groundkeepers to titter as he kept muttering under his breath: "Francis, Francis." The locals had always thought that the English doctor was eccentric, now they were convinced that he was thoroughly daft. After all, the freak of nature that he exhibited was more like a scientific experiment gone wrong than a son; it was perverse to regret the monster's disappearance. For his part, the Doctor kept the lone recovered shoe in hopes that its mate might turn up, if not its owner. To him, it seemed intolerable that the pair was split — from Herrod's of London they were, or was it Binder's of Paris? One shoe was a travesty against fashion,

a blow to civilization, but in his heart of hearts, Dr. Izard feared that the pair would never be reunited.

This vacuous desolation, which Dr. Izard always referred to afterwards as “the interregnum,” might have drifted into a genuine state of catatonia, had not the danseuse appeared. Just past sunset, she was discovered, dazed, on the beach, her fashionable wrap laced with sea-salt, the slit in her hobble skirt torn to the hip, as if she had been running, or leaping. She cradled a tide-ruined shoe as if it were her miscarried fetus, whispering some sweet nothings into its cavity, which were neither Russian nor English nor French, although her words were otherwise a garble of these three tongues. She seemed to be in a strange state of possession, which catapulted her in one moment to the pinnacle of elation, only to plunge her in the next to the pit of the damned. The local doctor made the obvious diagnosis of hysteria, and thus referred her to Izard. Izard himself was not so sure. At first, he thought her rambling was a hopeless babble. But then, oddly, it started to seem like sense. Perhaps the locals were right. Perhaps he too was mad, and this was a secret communication passed between the enemies of the rational world, a conspiracy far deeper than the Serbian one that the Austrians were willing to go to war to uproot. The woman was beautiful, even luminescent, and although she was unwilling or unable to account for herself, Dr. Izard recognized her at once, as Grace Maryanka, the *prima ballerina* of the *Ballets Russes*, the wonder that he had taken Francis to Paris to witness. She seemed not to recognize him, or even to know that she was an adult. Timorous as a mouse, she sat on his green silk divan, twitching nervously, and alternately kissing the shoe, or bringing it to her mouth to mock-nibble. He thought she might be hungry, but when he offered her some sweetmeats and wafers, she knocked the tray to the floor and glared at him as if she were a wild beast, and he was about to become her prey. For a moment, he thought he might actually be in danger, but then a look of recognition flashed into her eyes, and she began, incongruously, to sing. The song was, he believed, Russian, and sounded folksy and childish, like a nursery rhyme. As she sang, she danced slowly and gracefully, not like the acclaimed genius that she was, but like a little girl. Clive Izard was a doctor, but he was also a man. He wanted to cry. Her troubles seemed his troubles. After her dancing and singing, she primly returned to the couch, smoothing her skirt demurely, in the best finishing-school manner. She was looking squarely into his face now with a straightforwardness and lucidity that was even more frightening than her former wildness. This staring continued for hours, then suddenly she began to speak, and Izard, always the professional, always the Monsieur or Herr Doctor, carefully transcribed her curious ramblings.

The Monad provides energy to all. This energy is not unconscious, but the volitional intentions of filament or bead-like beings, each charged with a delicate mission on the Earth. These messengers inform the agents of their tasks. The wisdom and the power of this system’s Monad are inconceivably vast, but not infinite, for there are countless others like it, as numerous as the stars in the firmament. The Monad sustains this planet and its life with the radiant stream of its attention. The Monad’s attention stimulates stupendous reactions in its brain, the core of which consumes 4.3 million tons of physical matter and liberates  $3.89 \times 10^{26}$  of angelic ecstasy for every pulsation of a human artery. This angelic flux

is rapidly transformed into the heat of thought. It is spun centrifugally, initially in a seemingly chaotic re-radiation, and then in an ever faster and more purposeful convection, it attains continuous apotheosis. In the mind of a connected agent or adept, this radiation transmits its information across the entire spectrum of light, transforming every chemical cellular reaction into a photosphere of cosmic intention. As the agent or adept gravitate towards the Monad's will, his or her own luminosity comes to equal that of this particular flux of the Monad's, that is to say,  $3.89 \times 10^{26}$  of angelic ecstasy. Yet always the scale of input is proportionally fitted to the more limited capacities of the recipient. These numbers have thermal equivalents in this vector's space/time continuum, but it is best to view them metaphorically simply as vibrations. The purpose of these vibrations is to refine the Monad's generations with its own level of gladness. But the generations have choice, and have created a distance between themselves and the Monad. Some even create static by interacting inharmoniously with one another, thereby disrupting the angelic messages. Corrections are sent out at regular intervals. These refining adjustments stream forth as vast pulsations of affection, which elevate some of the generations and annihilate others. This is the work of the Collective, its agents and its adepts. In periodic cycles, they sweep across civilizations and ignite explosive renaissances or instigate collapse. Humans represent one of two severed strains of the generations in the earth vector. As such, their actions are entirely self-directed, and unless a particular individual learns the discipline of Monadic communication, their lives invariably create static in the system. Hence, the seeming fierceness of the effects of any correction. These corrections, though often devastating, are not conceived as punishments. Rather they are the results of the homeostatic processes of the Earth as it receives the constantly radiating affection of the Monad. The cataclysms of climatological changes, mass extinctions, crashing cultures, famines, plagues and wars are rhythmically coded in the songs or poems of the Monad, which, being in resonance with It, impart something of It's glory. The Monad pairs agents or adepts to severed waywards, who then proceed by mutual attraction to oscillate at certain nerve or nadi points throughout any given body or body-politic in need of correction. These pairs act medicinally and can cleanse whole societies of disease, but often the severed generations pollute the elixirs of their benefactors and squander the opportunity to be elevated. Of course, these affected, affectionate pairs are only lower-vector tertiary analogs to the primary Monad/adept pairing. The most successful pairings are accomplished by means of a discipline that reconnect the halves of the brain divided by the *corpus callosum*. The culmination of these austerities stimulates the unification of those synapses that have veered off into the chaotic oscillations of self-aggrandizement at the expense of the generations. These insane gyrations of personal desire can eventually be subdued by certain psycho-pneumatic therapies (read: "arts"), and by this means, the degraded internal moderm is resurrected. At the instant of this resurrection, colloquially known as "the conflagration of time," the spinal chord, *medulla oblongata*, *amygdala*, *cerebrum* and every other physicalized attribute of the nervous system "flame out," uniting themselves in a blue spurt with the luminous angelic flux. This resurrection is the death of the separate human being,

whose unraveled filaments are once again rewoven into the moiré of the Monad. By this means, and this means alone, the aspirant is freed.

At the word, “freed,” the patient fell silent, her eyes closing, her countenance richly glowing. Dr. Izard hypothesized that she was conscious, but he could not say of what or of whom. The clock had long passed the meridian of midnight and was dipping down into the small hours when the Doctor fell asleep. At dawn, Grace awakened him, showing herself fully recovered, fully lucid. The calmness she exuded allowed the doctor to sink deep down into the cushion of some preternatural, atemporal restingplace. It was if he were suspended in an ocean of mellow radiance, a marriage of sun and sea, where all the crushing atmospheres of his mundane existence were dispersed in tranquil surrender. They breakfasted on tea and scones. She thanked him for his kindness, and offered remuneration, which he refused. Her graciousness mingled with a fresh sea breeze had restored his balance of mind. The morning light came like butter into the room. He tried to insist that she remain a few days at the hotel under his observation, but she assured him that she was perfectly recovered, and he knew that this was true. It was his own wavering health and sanity, which prompted his desire that she remain, and he was, at this point in his own rehabilitation, still too hidebound by convention to admit how much he needed her. When she told him that she had urgent business to attend to in Paris, he fought back tears, and answered in his practiced professional manner: “Quite right,” knowing, of course, that for him, it was quite, quite wrong.

He rode with her in a motor taxi to the station. The station was nearly deserted, the only other passenger was a soldier returning to duty from leave, linked with a girl who appeared to be his lover. A pair of pigeons searched for leavings in the boardcracks. Two porters leaned against an empty baggage cart, idly chatting, one enjoying the butt of some gentleman’s discarded cigar. Grace had only one small piece of luggage, which she condescended to let him carry. He noticed with wonder that her appearance was as fresh this morning as it had been disheveled the evening before. ‘Even her garments,’ he thought, ‘like living things, seem to have been revived by her catharsis.’ Neither of them spoke, but when the train arrived, she did not hurry to board. They stood so close to one another that he fancied he could hear her heart beating, but then he realized that it was his own. The conductor cried his cry, and as she left him to climb into the carriage, steam from the locomotive enveloped them both in its fog. As the train departed, she remained on the gangway between the cars to speak consoling words, but a sudden hiss of steam obscured their meaning. What did she say? “I must leave.” No. No. Then she repeated it: “Do not grieve.” It seemed irrational, but for an instant, he was certain that she was referring to Francis, and he seemed to see the innocence and intensity that he remembered from his ward’s wild eyes replicated in her cultivated ones. Then she added, or he thought that she added: “His mission is interrupted, not completed.” The train was picking up speed, and suddenly he found himself dashing along the platform, as if he intended to run all the way to Paris.

### Nervous Gnawing

Demands of sense or discipline’s demands,

One siphons off our gifts and one expands them —  
The ash of burning or the green of sun,  
The war of bondage or the breath of freedom,  
The choice to keep on sleeping or awaken.

The sun has sent the mouse in search of seed,  
As tiny hungers spawn eternal needs,  
And little mouths make heliotropic roars,  
We gather little in our search for more.

These powers scorch us with vast appetites  
Condensed within convention's tiny goblet.  
We serve the Lords of Commerce, suck the pit,  
Reject the fruit that ripens in the heart,  
And wallow in the churnings of the gut.

The banker and his thimbleful of spit  
Diverts our search for fountains of the spirit.  
We nibble until time creates a rift —  
Demands of hunger or demands of art,  
Some mice at last bite light and worship it.

### **Week Thirteen**

1/19/01 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus  
Closing time: 11:49 p.m., C.S.T.

The mind of the hysteric is a mind trapped in time-past, a time imagined, or a time that was real, and from this trap reliving, in everyday life, no matter how pleasant the current circumstances, the horror of a former sexual trauma. Now, since the disease is a fixation on past biography, the cure derives from the mesmerist's ability to release the mind of the sufferer from its rigidity, to go back, as it were, and reshuffle, re-interpret or utterly transform the oppressive past. The doctor must lift the patient out of organic time, that vortex of trauma, vulnerability and threat, and, through the skillful use of *illusio senso*, regress the hysteric back to the point of the original trauma, and there transfigure it. Often this process results in a grown woman re-enacting, not solely in imagination, but in actuality, all of the physiological and psychological characteristics of an earlier stage of development. We see menstrual cycles reverse themselves or cease, breasts lactate or retreat to their prepubescent morphology, vaginal orgasms convulse the frigid matron. Taken to its extreme, even the trauma of birth can be refashioned, and the organism redirected in life on a wholly different course. In this timeless flux, both mind and body surrender to suggestion, and the sensitive mesmerist can do what so many remorseful humans have longed in vain to accomplish, that is, reshape the past. Might not this same treatment be used to curb or reverse many other maladies: those caused by old age, by past injuries, by aberrant lifestyles or

by accidental infection? For are not all of these physiological and psychological ravages the calamitous children of Time, and therefore, subject to eradication by the physician for whom Time has become plastic and malleable?

Dr. Clive Izard  
*Illusio Senso in the Treatment of  
Hysterosyntonic Females*

*In which a well-meaning imposter and montebank endeavors to decipher a healing book*

Dr. Izard's life treating Europe's elite hysterics at exclusive resorts was dead. It died when Gavrilo Princip's two bullets bled out the lives of Ferdinand and Sophie in Sarajevo. It died in the mud of No-Man's land at Ypres and at the Marne. Ostensibly he was in England, but an England that had become for him a vast field hospital where mutilated boys home from Flanders writhed in agony, cried for their mothers, felt the ghostly lacerations of lost limbs, and died, died, died, of trauma, of gangrene, of infection, of influenza and of unspeakable melancholia. The country had become the anteroom of hell. Recruited for his psychiatric experience, Dr. Izard roamed the hastily assembled and starkly understaffed psychiatric wards of hospitals across the country. Everywhere he was called to the bedsides of soldiers whose blank stares and dissociated shrieks could not be brightened or calmed by talk or drugs. "Mutism and trauma," were the professional euphemisms given out to describe the condition of the most severely psychologically lacerated, but no diagnostic label could bandage over the enormous chasms that had opened in their psyches, and no bedside manner could hope to elongate its touch to salve the sanguine and ghastly depths of their mental wounds. The Doctor entered a time-disjointed realm of train rides terminating in various grotesqueries of institutional madness. He disappeared into an explosion-cloud of vicarious nightmares, trying to absorb the horrors of the trenches from the effects he saw of them in these mangled revenants. He was too busy to consciously despair, but despair seeped like this winter's debilitating cold and malevolent fog into his very bones. Any one who had seen the confident *auteur* and guardian of the wild boy, Francis, lecturing to the continent's intelligentsia would have been shocked by this zombie-like *semblable*. Dr. Izard, the man, what little there ever was and what little remained of him, retreated into a small, frigid grotto deep inside his exhausted body, a grotto bored into some black stone whelmed in the depths of the mind's dark sea. At night he dreamt of battles, by day he fought them, his only respite, his only hope, glimmering from the transcript he had made of the *ballerina assoluta's* dementia. The strange vocabulary and the scientific tone of the text haunted him. He felt that these words might be some kind of encoded epistle sent to him from a swirling, but precise ocean of knowledge, which might, if he could only decipher it, assuage these tides of agony.

In Trouville, he had a reputation. He was a "person to know." But now he was anonymous. A rover in a strange branch of the service and in an odd and disrespected medical discipline, he drifted everywhere, but belonged nowhere, his name arising upon the lips of hospital staff and patients for a few hours or days, and then subsiding into the general flux of "No-Man." Yet, in spite of this, perhaps because of it, he felt "chosen."

He began to have faith, in the midst this faithlessness, in the Monad and in the Monad's assigns. In the swirl of these endless multiplications of horror, he began to see signs of the work of light, infinitesimal, yet portentous sprouts of green in the damp and slate immensities of winter. Some drop gleaming from a day-lit gaslamp and catching the back of a starling or a pigeon, some distant memory of a regal swan, the glint of his bright black eye, the white of his breast, these minutia impaled him. They hooked him like a fish, and dragged him, not to the surface, but rather into the very depths of his being. When Izard was not on duty, he would walk, often into a field of private perceptions, where even the dreariest object glowed with fire. At these moments, these intervals of suspension, he became aware that he was receiving messages, messages from beyond the stink of war, glyphs slipping from the fissures that so much violence had cracked into the crumbling edifice of his reality. Somehow he felt he that he was guided. He knew that a signal was forming in the abyss, something as subtle as a leaf-fall or as booming as an artillery barrage. Then, on January 19<sup>th</sup>, 1915, the Doctor received a sign. On that date, the *East Anglia Times* ran a small column on one of its back pages. It read in part: "an exceedingly hairy man was apprehended by police in Lowestoft. In spite of the cold, the individual in custody was innocent of any clothing, and when questioned by authorities, could not or would not account for himself. The man's sole possession was a large, antique-looking portfolio. At first it was feared that he might be an enemy agent. But an examination of the folio's contents persuaded officials that the person was only an unfortunate lunatic. Anyone who may have information regarding this man's identity is urged to come forward." Dr. Izard immediately entrained for Lowestoft.

The institution housing the Wild One was packed wall to wall with soldiers nursing both physical and psychic wounds. As did all hospitals of the time, it more closely resembled pandemonium than a place of rest, the crowding, noise and stench daily inundating the exhausted staff's best efforts to maintain an hygienic and therapeutic order. The Chief of Staff was a priggish chap, a Major, more military than medical, who greeted Doctor Izard (without, however, removing the elaborately carved pipe from his mouth) with a snap-to salute, and called him Captain, not Doctor. Izard noted the aberration squeamishly, but responded correctly, saluting as smartly as he could manage. At most hospitals, the doctors generally maintained a superficial military demeanor, their uniforms the thinnest cloaks of patriotism hiding the obvious lumps and bulges of resentment at having been and pulled away from their lucrative practices to intern in hell. This man was different and maybe, Izard casually surmised, a bit dotty. The COS led the way, marching, yes, marching and cutting square corners, the urinous smoke of his pipe trailing behind them as they bullied through a maze of maddened and maddening corridors, which, except for the mud and the shooting, were as crowded with death and dying as the trenches. The marching was accompanied, through pipe-clenching teeth, by the COS's perfunctory account of the unidentified inmate. "He appears to be a young man in his early thirties, and except for his hypertrichosis, quite healthy, one might even say, robust. Upon removal of a layer of fine, reddish colored hair, the patient's hands were found to be quite white and delicate. So certainly he is not of the infantry or of the lower classes. He bears a smallish, blue scar on his jugular, and there is a slight accumulation of scar tissue in two places on the crown of his head, and at a third spot at the base of his skull. Past blunt trauma remnants, one assumes, which are very likely the origin of his present mental

condition. Other than that, his left hand reveals the vestiges of an extra digit near the little finger, no doubt a congenital abnormality. But, Captain, as you can see, we are quite occupied in assisting with the war effort here, and it is unlikely that we will have the luxury of further investigation. We will treat him as best we can, but under the circumstances, I doubt that we will come to a more definitive diagnosis. I, for one, fail to see why the authorities are wasting so much time with him. If it were up to me, and in a few days, I daresay it will be, I would have him transferred to Bedlam straight away, or cast out on the pavement from whence he came. The man is mad, and that is that.” As the COS concluded his remarks, they found themselves standing before an iron cot with a young man strapped to it. The man had been thoroughly depilated (including his skull and eyebrows) and heavily sedated, but he was still conscious. He was handsome, actually, and reminded Izard of a photograph he had once seen at the Explorer’s Club of some Burmese Buddhist monks: unflappable, unencumbered and serene. The Wild One eyed Izard with what the doctor thought (imagined?) was a look of recognition. Dr. Izard turned to the COS and attempted to explain to him his experience with Francis, while the Major’s tiny ice-blue eyes roamed about, assuming various attitudes: incredulity, contempt, indifference. Izard completed his prelude by asking permission to interview the patient, which, the Major, smirking, granted, leaving the two together, and remarking that surely he had better things to do.

They sat a long while together, Izard and the Wild One, as the surrounding chaos threatened to engulf them. Dr. Izard took the young man’s wrist, at first, professionally, merely to check his pulse. Neither spoke. The pulse was slow, but strong, and the minute of measurement extended itself, until the doctor was simply holding the patient’s hand. Izard had the odd impression that the Wild One was trying to communicate with him through their breathing patterns. He loosened the man’s straps. The man sat upright, and through a series of gentle, tentative, but mute gestures, indicated the posture he wanted Izard to assume. The Wild One took the doctor’s left hand in his own left, and his right in the Doctor’s right, and they sat there, knees touching, hands crossed, and breathed in unison. They breathed until the tumult surrounding them subsided, like the sounds of the sea might subside, as one sunk deeply below its troubled surface. The Doctor found himself in a blank space of utter and perfect quiet. It was boundaryless. It was bliss. This could not have lasted more than a few minutes, and then they were back in the torment of the ward. The chaos swirled around them, but the doctor now seemed suspended in its calm center. He thought of Grace on the station platform in Trouville, and of Francis strolling beside him on the boardwalk. Izard was perfectly calm, but perfectly heartbroken. He was also perfectly aware of what he should do. He asked with his eyes and the Wild One answered with his. Doctor Izard then went to the COS and inquired if he might study the “portfolio.” The COS bared a row of small, tobacco-browned teeth in an ironic smile, and said that he thought the idea “was perfectly balmy.” But he consented. “Go ahead, man, take it with you. I am quite sure that we will be glad enough to be shut of it. I daresay you will find it utter gibberish.” Dr. Izard thanked the COS for his courtsey, clumsily saluted, and departed with his treasure.

The Lowestoft Portfolio (excerpts)

Any physician who endeavors to treat *Homo sapiens banalus* and *extravaganzus* with a view of developing methodologies to heal their severance from the Collective would require a knowledge of thermodynamics, particularly the interchange of entoptic and negentoptic states. Knowledge of tidal mechanics, local gravitational effects, space/time continuum coordinates, the communication devices of eusocial insects, luminiscent filament theory, wavicale theory and the poetic and musical techniques of the troubadours would also be essential. In addition, the effective healer would need to be cognizant of hemoglobin's and myoglobin's internal magnetic orientations, of low-energy plasma theory and also of general and special field theories. The physician would have to be familiar with the gravitational attraction of nuclear particles and non-charged particles, with Manichean theological heresies and with probability functions. They must know how colloidal trace elements react (in accordance with the laws of fluid dynamics) as they tumble through the human circulatory system, and they must be able to combine their knowledge of indeterminacy and folklore with the intricacies of quark-quark relationships, vector analysis and insect, fish and bird migrations. Expertise in energy transfers, and the various conversions from magnitude to complex states, as well as non-Euclidean geometric functions, topological functions of complex-connected volumes, heat-frequency oscillation, meme generation, and cross-cultural mythologems would also be critical. They must also understand how aetheric-force is transmitted through the psychode and how the electro-magnetic relationships (and mutual conversions) of the light and sound spectrums transmute hypnogogic imagery and influence olfactory chemistry. They must be able to mathematically express the whole range of concepts related to the impingement and interactions of dissimilar electrical fields. It is also necessary that they know how to dream.

Even the most elementary grasp of this complex array of convergent and disconvergent forces requires that the practitioner shift from *Phrenos* — the Perceiving Mind, and *Nous* — the thinking mind, to *Aphrenia* — or No-Mind. The Monad infuses cosmospheric guidance into the physician, artist or mystic, but can no longer reach, or, to be more precise, no longer cares to reach, the matter-imprisoned *Ideophrene*, who has become infected with *Entomorphenic* hive consciousness. This work (Sh)(H)eIT leaves to the multitudes of lower echelon agents, with occasional interventions from illuminated adepts, a.k.a. the *phosteri*. Through these living channels, the connecting and healing energy of the Monad can be brought to bear on even the most dissected portions of human awareness. For it must be understood that the Monad and even the lowliest of his agents (ants, mites, larvae, human saints) are connected by the same energy, the difference being only the relative orders of magnitude and of hierarchical complexity. The Monad's magnitude (i.e., ITS physical energy) and ITS complexity (i.e., ITS spiritual purity) are inconceivably vast and minute, simple and intricate, explosive and calm, but ITS resonance only differs in degree and not kind from that of the lowliest maggot. For example, only an infinitesimal fraction of the Monad's energy (both magnanimous and complex) bathe the upper atmosphere in this planetary vector. Yet that mere fraction measures 5,500, 000

exajoules per second. Yet the Progenitor energizes every physical organism in the vector by only .00003636% of this output. As even the most primitive mathematician can calculate, the life force of a single human being, or a horse, or a cow, or a dog, or a bird, or an ant is inconsequential when measured against the life-force of the Monad. And yet, to the extent that that individual is attached to the Collective (viz, emptied of subjective desire), (Sh)(H)eIT may dwell in the *Aphrenic* state, and channel all the force of the Monad through its being. The energy density and the power density of agents and adepts increases as this emptying becomes more complete, the cosmic rule being: “The more free, the more useful.”

When the individual is severed from the Collective, its conductivity is dampened and eventually clogged by cultural conditioning and/or physical or psychological selfishness. These are the so-called “waywards,” also known as *Homo sapiens extravaganzus* and *Homo sapiens banalus*. All *Hses* and *Hsbs* are by definition ill. All are severed from the Collective. All endeavor to reconnect to something that might heal them. Unfortunately, nearly all of these misguided ones attempt this reconnection through the embrace of their own cultures, enormous scavenger conglomerates composed of egregores, whose sole intent is to foment the worst dysfunctions of their human creators, which they then devour as their food. Hence waywards become trapped in runaway positive feedback loops, which lead to more waywardness, more sickness, more individual calamities and more ecological disasters and cultural wars. Thus these severed attempts of waywards to reconnect through religion, politics, economics and the like, distorts, not only their own resonance fields, but also the resonance field of the vector. Every wayward act leaves an imprint in the data storage of the muscle, fat, and even the bony tissues, which then enters into the foodweb of the vector, cycling its pollution even through the bodies of agents. Military training, educational curricula, parental and religious instruction, biological illness, physical birth trauma — all these increase the severance and distortion. And although the Council in its infinite wisdom, patience and compassion, has assigned each wayward an agent or agents to help clear the distortions, these interventions are often only marginally successful, owing to the Collective’s adherence to the doctrine of free will. In other words, waywards must choose to reconnect: no choice, no help. As a result, waywards often become more clogged, more constrained, less useful, until finally they reach a state where they have no use, no individuality, no harmony. They are static. At this point they have degenerated from being a wayward and have become a conversionable. Conversionables are utterly useless dissipative structures. Highly complex (though infinitely replicated), they consume or otherwise destroy every agent of the Collective that comes near them in their insatiable and distorted need to be fed, to belong, to be special. They are, to be brief, mere pathogens. As such, they are only breathing to convert useful energetic states into highly entoptic ones. Now, pathogens not only destroy others, but they also destroy themselves. The fields of Flanders are (were) filled with them, all being mercifully decomposed.

Death breaks, at least temporarily, the grip of the distortions. Waywards may become ill, and even murder one another en masse, but each one dies alone. The physical body, as it is disintegrated, rapidly achieves a state of high entropy, but also, conversely, is converted from the robotic, distorted “life” of cultural static into a kind of fluidity. Humans call this invigoration decomposition, but the Collective calls it, perhaps more poetically, “the gathering of ephemera.” Thus the Collective makes use of death to free energy entrapped in the body armor of waywards with the intent to restore it to the negentropic condition of connection, *i.e.*, joy. The manner of freeing is specific to the causes of distortion, just as a knot must be unraveled along the lines or pathways of its entanglement. At every stage of this disentanglement, the dissolving wayward reviews his or her misspent life, but often, the strength of desire is yet so intense, that the consciousness is still attracted, even compelled, to revert to its former rigidity, and the cycle of severance, waywardness and conversion begins again. The Monad makes use of the cyclic nature of this process to train agents and adepts, since the cycle exhibits bifurcation points that can be utilized for successful therapeutic intervention. The artists/physicians assigned to this particular Earth vector are none other than those same conversionables who have escaped entanglement and who have chosen, through death and discipline, to reconnect. Thus, even the most degraded conversionable eventually becomes a seed of resurrection, as they realize that reconnection comes through compassionately touching others.

All artistic, all healing acts (the two are interchangeable) work to reestablish resonance. The physician/artist has a nearly infinite number of treatment options, one each for each particular form of waywardness. These treatments include, but are certainly not limited to the following:

1. Aerotherapy — cure through exposure to spiralizing air currents
2. Animotherapy — cure through exposure to animals, *i.e.*, agents or adepts
3. Aromatherapy — reconnection through exposure to fragrances
4. Arttherapy — cure through exposure to poetry, music, painting, dance, sculpture, etc.
5. Botanytherapy — cure through ingesting or cultivating medicinal plants
6. Cellulotherapy — reconnection by fasting
7. Culturaltherapy — (rare) treatment by exposure to cultural values
8. Dramatherapy — cure through role-playing
9. Dynamotherapy — cure through physical movement or dance
10. Electrotherapy — reconnection through the use of electricity
11. Epidermotherapy — cure through stimulation of the skin
12. Gametherapy — cure through game-playing and pastimes
13. Geotherapy — cure by exposure to earth
14. Gustotherapy — reconnection through the therapeutic use of the taste sensation
15. Heliotherapy — cure through exposure to certain angles or certain seasons of the sun
16. Herbaltherapy — cure through the use of herbs
17. Hydrotherapy — cure by internal or external applications of water

18. Hypnotherapy — cure through the exploration and manipulation of trance states
19. Isolationtherapy — reconnection through hermitism
20. Labortherapy — cure through the application of a therapeutic occupation
21. Legnotherapy — reconnection through the therapeutic use of wood, specifically, the sight and touch of living trees
22. Literaturetherapy — cure through the reading of books
23. Lithotherapy — cure through the therapeutic use of stones
24. Magnotherapy — reconnection through the ingestion or external application of magnets
25. Magustherapy — cure through the practice of magical arts
26. Osteotherapy — cure by means of the manipulation of bones, muscles and connective tissues
27. Pantherapy — (highly effective) reconnection through the application in consort of a panoply of healing techniques
28. Philosophytherapy — (rare) treatment through the therapeutic use of philosophy
29. Phonotherapy — cure through the use of sounds
30. Pneumotherapy — reconnection through the use of respiration exercises (most efficacious)
31. Psychotherapy — cure through the exploration of the mind (generally contraindicated in intellectuals)
32. Religiotherapy — (high-risk, nearly obsolete) therapeutic use of religious practice
33. Sciencetherapy — (cumbersome) exposure to objectifying methodologies
34. Sociotherapy — (rare, perhaps apocryphal) exposure to healthy social environments
35. Sextherapy — (high risk, but exhilarating) treatment through the exploration of sexual postures, practices or perversions
36. Somatherapy — cure through sleep and dream
37. Sportstherapy — (high risk, chiefly used to hasten the dissolution of hopeless waywards into conversionables) treatment by the practice or observation of sports
38. Traumatherapy — cure through the judicious application of calamity
39. Vitamintherapy — reconnection through the use of vitamins and minerals
40. Vocaltherapy — cure by the therapeutic vibration of the vocal chords

Reading the Wild One's portfolio made Dr. Izard realize that for all his seeming erudition and experience he knew much about disease, but virtually nothing about healing. He was bereft, but also intrigued. These boys dying around him were in need of something that no hospital, no physician had yet been able to provide, and perhaps he could find the key to helping them in these bizarre amalgamations of syllables and figurations. So much of the Lowestoft manuscript was indecipherable — strange words, strange glyphs, odd drawings, maps and graphics. Sometimes they seemed to refer to cosmology, sometimes to physiology, sometimes even to myth. Whenever the Doctor meditated with the Wild One, so great was his love, so immense his feeling of joy, that he almost seemed to intuit the manuscript's meaning. But when he was left on his own, he was drowned in a maelstrom of befuddlement. As best he remembered it, he endeavored to practice the Wild One's pattern of breathing. He endeavored to find the silence, the emptiness, to be,

if he might be, could be, a thing “of use.” But the suffering around him was distracting. The screaming was horrifying, and whenever he tried to focus on the calm, he found that his thoughts were all too often wayward.

### Dangerous Curricula

The visible is a controlled, degrading fire.  
We see the elements of its bright power  
Through the clouded membrane of a vivid sleep.  
What do we see when we look; sleep or the sun?  
The ever-emerging sphere of radiation,  
Or simplification, the greening of one leaf?  
Our dreams evolve complex interpretations.  
Their long, fine filaments unspool the sphere  
And tangle us in troubled knots of hours.  
Now all the rivered veins within the leaf  
Become the jostling mirrors of the sea.  
We burn in sleep, obliterate the sun,  
Each one a slave to love’s complexities.

### Week Fourteen

1/26/01 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus

Closing time: 9:27 P.M., C.S.T.

The experience of life in a finite, limited body is specifically for the purpose of discovering and manifesting supernatural existence within the finite.

Pythagoras (attributed)

Clive Izard had seen the crystal icosahedron of the planet’s core, traveled to the anaerobic bathysphere on the floor of the sea and heard the wondrous music, which creates and regulates the pulsating vascular system of the singing earth — at least in his dreams. But what part of his life could be said to contain the least degree of solidity? In the nocturnal labyrêve of sleep, his boy Francis had returned to him, and christened him with a new, ironic name: Dreamstone. Izard’s logic told him that it was all escapism, all the merest fantasy, the product of his mind’s desperate struggle to abscond from the impinging horrors of this God-awful spawn of unspeakable frightfulness: the war, the ever-present war. But after his dream, Clive Izard’s life entered a new phase, a phase that he described to himself as “a training.” At night, returning to his quarters from the terrifying wards, he would lie in his narrow, iron-framed cot and whisper “Francis, Francis,” trying to match the breathwork that he had learned from the Wild One of Lowestoft. Sometimes, when he was lucky, or maybe just overly exhausted, he would achieve that exact tilt of mind, which he so sought. Call it a sleep with a slight tinge of consciousness seeping in around its indeterminate edges. Call it a trance. But whatever its linguistic

categorization, to Clive Izard it was more than a state of mind. It was a geography, a place. This is what it was like: Always he would begin on the straight white road, always he would meet the Lowestoft Wild One, always he would enter the conical Tor, and always, with that celestial (terrestrial) music and Grace's dancing guiding him, he would descend underground. When he reached the crystalline chamber, Francis would meet him, and then the "training" would begin. They would always commence by looking at the portfolio. The glyphs were shown with their English "equivalents," and he was told, no, he actually experienced, that each glyph was a specific vibration, whose shape and sound contained a healing power. Francis would show him the glyph, then make the sound, and Dr. Izard would repeat it. The effects of each sound were astonishing. The doctor learned particular phrases, which enabled him, as if he were visiting a patient on his rounds, to stand before that iron cot which contained his own sleeping body. By this means Izard was able, if not to completely heal himself, at least to render his poor unconscious mortal coil functional for the work at hand. The recitation of other formulae allowed him to traverse certain physical distances. At first he was limited only to the hospital and its environs, but even this limited aetheric mobility was tremendously useful. It permitted him to visit the suffering soldiers as they slept, and to infiltrate their dreams. He saw that their sufferings, their wounds, whether physical or psychical, were bound into filaments of what seemed to be an electrified energy, an energy that was distorted and knotted by cultural conditioning, by childhood memories, and, of course, by the rigors of military training and the horrors of war. He saw — or did he see at all? Wasn't it more like a proprioceptive absorption that tingled his very nerves and was only later translated, like the mysterious glyphs, into a visual equivalent? He felt/saw that this healing, or what Francis simply called this "communication," was affected by the impingement of his own, relatively more healthy energy field on the energy field of the patient. It was as if two strains of music had collided and destroyed each other in a welter of aftertones. With Francis's gentle training, Dr. Izard learned to internally speak the formulae in a harmony, which precisely acted upon the other's dissonance. It was an excruciatingly delicate procedure, often carried out in the midst of the most horrifying of nightmares, and often interfered with by dark and malevolent cacophonies. On many occasions, perhaps on every occasion, Dr. Izard would find himself wounded among the wounded, and only the saving appearance of Francis, or to speak more precisely, the interjection of the wild boy's music, would keep the doctor from going under himself and being lost in what can only be termed a roiling cesspool of perpetual agony. It was harrowing work, to be sure, but it was *useful*.

When Doctor Izard awakened (if it could ever truly be said now that he did awaken), he would walk his rounds, visiting, once more, a patient whom he had previously treated in his dreams. Very often, he was astounded by the man's improvement. He found that his insight into every sufferer's specific biography exponentially expanded his compassion and skill. He seemed to be able to adjust a patient's diet, recommend a book, prescribe a simple movement, or shift the patient's bed an inch or two, and that night, when he visited the man again in the light of the dream, he could see how the knots of the filaments had been loosened. This whole treatment regimen involved a subtle, intricate and highly disciplined set of procedures, which required precise modulations of the voice, of the breath, of the posture of the body. He found, too, that he had to adjust his own

diet, abjure from eating meat, and whisper certain invocations above his food before partaking of it. He also had to learn how to move, how to walk in a slightly more fluent manner, how to sit, how to hold himself more erectly, how to stand. And all this had to be accomplished in the most casual and unobtrusive manner, so as not to draw the attention of the other doctors, or especially of the priggish his Chief of Staff, the insufferable bombast, Major Doctor Haig-Dunnen. Doctor Izard was required to wear the mask of his recognized professional persona, while at the same time undergoing the most radical of inner transformations, and he had to make the recoveries of his patients seem like the natural course of traditional treatments, which were in themselves either worthless, or more often than not, deleterious. More than once, in fits of temporary hubris, Izard lost sight of this need for subterfuge, and had affected seemingly miraculous cures. These incidents at first drew the admiration and astonishment of his colleagues, but always this admiration would sour into silent opprobrium. They gossiped among themselves, disparaged whatever they noticed about his unorthodox methods, and even, in the face of so much direct evidence to the contrary, *i.e.*, the cures, wondered if Doctor Izard were not actually a menace. To them, it was better to preserve the overall integrity of the profession, than to sacrifice centuries of science for the benefit of a few, decidedly oddball patients. Whenever Izard became overly flushed with success, Francis upbraided him. "The work," he said, "is the Collective's, not your own. And you have no right to jeopardize its success by attracting personal attention." Doctor Izard had to relearn the attitudes of his former ineptitude, to act smug when things went wrong, stunned when there was a "scientifically inexplicable" success, and depressed and hopeless in the face of so many "incurable" cases. In a word, he had to resume wearing the mask of the era's medical professional, exactly as he had worn it before the commencement of this unorthodox training. This was not easy, and the temptations to stray from the strict requirements of the discipline were almost erotically alluring. There were so many patients that he could heal, that he knew that he could heal, that were exiting the wards in boxes, or were invalided out of the service in a ghastly mangle of psychic and physical wounds. But worst of all, were those pitiful cases which were declared fit, and required to return to the screaming atrocities of No-Man's Land. Dr. Izard saw all this from his new and "elevated" perspective, and it enraged him. Why should he have to waste so much time and effort every moment of every day re-calibrating his vibrations downwards just so as not to over-illuminate these medical numbskulls? Patients were dying, and these unimaginative dolts were bludgeoning them with their crude treatments just as the unstinting brutality of the artillery barrages of the enemy had once bludgeoned them at the front. It was obscene, and it engendered in Izard a nearly unbearable tension, a tension that always threatened to tangle and tighten his own metaphysical knots to such a degree as to render him un-useful. But the mystery and wonder of the work's allure always proved an antidote. How could he resist that radiant body dancing before him, leading him on and down? It was intoxicating, and in this oscillating state of despair and exhilaration, he continued to lurch forward on his path.

And yet, for all his transformation and his training, Izard too often remained a bumbler. He would forget the formulae. The music would become jumbled or absurd. And the portfolio, which seemed so lucid when he viewed it in his dreams, remained an enigma whenever he was awake. It seemed to him that if he could crack the code, read this

alphabet in the clear light of day as Francis read it to him while he slept, he could affect even more cures in the waking world. This possibility haunted him, and drove him, in spite of the wild boy's warnings, to take bold chances on the ward. Ironically, it was an abysmal miscalculation arising from just such a bout of hubris that led to one of the Doctor's first real breakthroughs.

Izard had been "nocturnally" treating a young aviator whose aeroplane had been crippled while he was conducting the photographic reconnaissance of enemy positions just prior to an Entente offensive. The young lieutenant managed somehow to crashland his machine, and was trapped in the shambles that killed his photographer. Added to this catastrophe, was the happenstance that the poor blighter had come down in No-Man's Land, just as the BEF gunners were laying down a rolling barrage in preparation for an infantry attack. Enemy positions had remained mostly intact and their machine gunners repulsed the offensive with withering effectiveness. Thereupon, the Germans began a barrage of their own, in preparation for a counter-attack. The result of all this mayhem was that in the midst of the general carnage, no one was in a position to tend to a lone pilot, assumed in any case to have been killed, as his crewman's leather-helmeted head could be clearly seen, separate from its body, perched atop of the broken fuselage. But the young flyer was not dead, although not far from it. He was, in fact, teetering precariously on the knife edge that separates death and life, with neither his body nor his soul yet able to decide which flight to continue. Severe leg and head injuries prevented him from escaping the wreckage. But perhaps more appallingly, the downed pilot remained conscious during much of this *melée* — appallingly, because the horrors of being submerged, as it were, in the oceanic Tartarus of such brutal trench warfare were more lacerating to his psyche than the effects of the crash had been lacerating to his body. He had lost his crewman and his best friend in the grizzliest of manners and the anguish of that loss was buried under an avalanche of increasing horrors. At one point during a lull in the shelling, he heard the voice of a Scottish infantryman calling to him. But in the next instant, he was deafened by a huge explosion, and saw, although hazily through his battle-smudged goggles, a slow motion spectacle that at first puzzled and then stupefied him. Splatters of mud and large clumps of earth were sent aloft and then proceeded to rain down on him. In the midst of this earthen pelting, he distinctly remembered seeing two dark spots that turned and fluttered as if sentient, and then he realized what it was that he was seeing: these were the carrier pigeons that one of the infantrymen had been harboring to communicate with the General staff. They had been blown free of their wicker mews by the impact of the explosion and were now trying to right themselves and fly under their own power, struggling with their delicate bodies to escape the percussive shock wave. This they did. And the pilot, his heart suddenly gladdened by this moment of life and exaltation in the midst of so much annihilation, watched as these two angels turned and wheeled back towards the calm fields that still grew green behind the lines. But in another instant, the wounded flyer was just as suddenly mortified by the remainder of the shellburst's rain. These were the body parts of what had a moment before been the birds' keeper. A leg fell upon his own wounded legs, and a dismembered hand slapped his already raw head wound as gravity brought it down in a slow-motion arc. No hand afterwards could touch the poor man's body without recalling again this hand of death. Now this ravaged lieutenant was in the ward, where even attempts at treatment reenacted

some scene of his primal terror. This grounded flyer, whose entire story was revealed to Izard in his nocturnal perambulations, was the patient, not whom he would save, but who would save him.

What Izard faced, as he stared down helplessly at this revenant, was not so much a man, but a fear-animal. The pulse beat. The breath came. But all these autonomic life processes served only to feed the Great Moloch of terror, the beast that ate the mouse that trembled there. The extremity of this poor lad's experiences had left him nearly comatose, and his subsequent fits of melancholia or hysteria were inhibiting the healing of his physical wounds. The slightest things would set him off — the sound of voices speaking a Scottish or Irish brogue, or the smell of blood, or the sound of music — all these things, and more, might send him diving under his bed, where he cringed in gibbering convulsions. After the COS finally admitted that the man was not merely another "malingerer," as officer in charge, he pronounced the case hopeless, and urged a discharge for the boy. This would have resulted in the pitiful blighter being sent home to his Mum in some little village on the Salisbury plain, an outcome which Izard would have ordinarily considered a blessing. But in this case, he knew that without some kind of dramatic intervention, the boy would be dead in a fortnight from infection or suicide. Whenever Izard looked into the flyer's eyes, he saw, not the now cringing and hidden human, but the fear-animal. And what was Mum going to see, when she sought her boy in those broken blue chips of glass that once were eyes? Izard could not bring himself to imagine such a thing. For as one whose duty required writing death letters home, he knew that as many mothers as soldiers were being destroyed by this war. When he thought of discharging the boy, a pall would steal over his heart. For some reason this one young man had a grip on him that seemed familiar. It was as if Izard had known this lieutenant in a previous incarnation, or needed to know him better in this one. The boy, for all his own mangledness, yet seemed to hold out the frayed and twisted rope that would enable Izard himself to climb back into the light. Perhaps it was the pall of death, preventable death, and not just this one aviator's, but of untold numbers of others. But for Izard, the flyer was special. To think this way was irrational, he knew, but he could not shake the premonition that this boy's life was somehow a lynchpin for countless others, and Izard could not bear to let him go. But the COS, despite Izard's remonstrations, remained adamant. Izard always had the feeling that the Major perversely enjoyed these administrative squabbles. They seem to give him a sense of power and importance and caused him to puff more vigorously on that absurdly carved pipe. Thus, with the boy's discharge being immanent, Izard breached the temptation to ignore Francis's many warnings. Cautionary precepts aside, Izard felt duty bound to try to affect a more efficacious and speedy course of therapeutics. This wasn't his first plunge into messianic waters, but in this case, the Doctor wildly miscalculated the extent of his powers. His enthusiasm and ineptitude awakened a hitherto dormant cosmic malevolence, whose virulent attack nearly cost both doctor and patient, not only their lives, but quite possibly their souls as well.

Under what he conceived of as the immense pressures of time, Doctor Izard went to work on the flyer, each night intensifying his chanting of the vibrational formulae. At first, he was elated to see how the knotted filaments unwound. As it developed, however, this

very elation, or what Francis afterward censoriously referred to as “misplaced pride in the work,” triggered the notice of what Izard later learned was an “apostate.” The calamity, if that was what it was, happened like this. One night, or to be precise, on the sixth night of his efforts, and the night before the flyer was to be released from the hospital, Izard, alone in his quarters, and in deep concentration, reached what he felt to be an apotheosis. He had arrived at the pinnacle of his strength, the breathwork, the internal chanting, his visualizations of the bound body of the patient all had converged in a curative music that seemed to admit to no limitations. But just as a crescendo of coalescing harmonies was about to culminate, Izard’s internal hearing was torn by a sudden, hideous shriek. In an instant the filigree-citadel of healing sound collapsed, and a monstrous, choking stench poured out of the flyer. It seemed as if the dispossessed agonies of many tormented spirits had blackened into one sentient and enraged mass. The smell was gut-wrenching, emetic and blinding, like festering wounds, feces, vomit and death all packed into one enveloping stench. The Doctor fell back, stunned and sputtering, forgetting, in that first terrible instant, both his purpose and the healing formulae. Immediately, the creature swooped down upon him, enfolding Izard in smothering leather wings, and whirling the doctor’s aetheric body down and down in what seemed to Izard to be the enormous pressures of a frigid deep-sea canyon. It was utterly dark, abysmally, cuttingly cold, and Izard could at first neither hear, nor see, nor speak, nor breathe. Bundled thus in the monster’s depraved embrace, they reached the flume of a dark caldera. And into this black, smoking maw, the Harpy attempted to jamb Izard’s horribly constricted body. Izard was stripped of everything, his identity crushed down to a single, searing sensation: pain, and repeated pain, pain everlasting.— the pain of being frozen and burned at once. Frantic, unable to speak, Izard’s tormented mind coughed up a desperate insight: a strange and exceedingly abstract image stormed into his head. It was the image of one of those strange glyphs from the portfolio, and Izard had the saving instinct to trace, with his mind, for no other part of him could move, this figuration on the monster’s wing. Six times the Harpy stuffed him in the cauldron, and each time Izard mentally retraced the glyph. And although with each attempt, the pain increased, with each enactment of the sign, the monster’s grip weakened. On the sixth attempt, just when the Doctor was about to succumb, the hard embrace released him. Izard awakened to the sound of his own throat screaming. He was drenched with sweat; his heart was tearing a jagged rhythm in his chest; his breath was tight and short and hot and wild, but he had been saved from immolation. His first sense of anything but the pain was the sound of crying, as if a child standing close to him was wailing out the terror of abandonment. The child was Izard himself. His nose and his eyes streaming, his head lost in the cradle of his hands, his whole body shaking with grief’s convulsions. This weeping continued throughout the remaining hours of darkness, moving relentlessly through every crevice of his body, every recess of his mind, as if, like breathing or digestion, it were an autonomic function, something far, far beyond his conscious control. But after a time, it became like a meditation. He began to notice its subtle variations, its interweavings of the sounds of inspiration with the movement of the diaphragm, with the hollow, muted drumming of the heart. This was the music of grief, more terrible and more beautiful than any symphony that he had hitherto experienced. And this music, with all its intricacies, its landscapes of pity and horror, its bombed out buildings, its charred and spindly forests of sooty trees, its No-Man’s Land of pasty mud and death, now carried him forward, hour

after dark hour, unto the gash of dawn. It was then, in the first light, as the music of grief unmade and made him, that he saw the marks. There were six of them, like fresh brands, arranged along his left forearm. He understood Francis's warnings now, but it was too late. There was also the crescent-shaped wound of what appeared to be a human bite mark on his left hand. He was terrified, or, to be more precise, he was terror. Afraid to be awake, afraid to sleep, afraid to go on living, afraid to die. Somehow he got up, went to the hospital and attended the morning staff meeting. But the man who had existed the day before was gone. What was left clung like an insane actor to his mask, nodding, speaking, sipping his morning tea, and knowing that whatever happened he must make small talk, comment on cases, carry on his role in the petty swirl of professional politics, in short, he must, *must* act normal. This actor had attained the mastery of make-up, the false face that no longer even hid a true one, but was itself both actor and role, a performer who had plumbed the depths of horror, and could never let his colleagues know his secret.

The training of the Sea Alma had left its mark. Izard was no longer human. But was that a tragedy? As he looked at the COS, thought about the politicians and generals on both sides of this infernal conflict, saw the shattered bodies and minds of all these boys heaped about him in the ward, the human, which had before seemed to him the pinnacle of creation, now seemed its destroyer. He thought of the great swan that all those years had warded the fountain at the grand hotel in Trouville, and now the one here in the pond on the hospital grounds, their wild jet eyes, their majestic forms, their unspeakably untainted whiteness, and they seemed not two birds, but one, one seminal spirit whose vastly spreading wings could some night lift him into starry freedom. Because now, Izard had also felt the imprint of wings, leathery ones, from a Harpy, and he knew that between the majesty of the swan and the malevolence of the Harpy the body-human was formed. If he had escaped that contention, and had slipped out of the noose of the human woven between these two opposing forces, he could only account himself fortunate, in spite of his pain, in spite of his six, fresh brands. It was this inhumaness, with his new sun-like concerns, that sustained him, and the human, terrestrially bound and at war with itself, began to sink into the vast ocean of that roiling light. Incredibly, Izard managed to make his rounds. He knew that no human could do that. Incredibly, he managed to continue acting human, and to walk through the wards, just as though hell were normal. He even mustered the strength to examine the flyer — incredibly. That examination, although innervating, even to the newly-non-human doctor, led to Izard's first waking discovery. In a routine cognitive test, Izard held up six fingers to the poor man's harrowed stare. The aviator had been nearly catatonic for weeks, responding only to voices with Scottish accents. At the sound of those hyperborean rolled RRRs, the lad would dive under his cot, his teeth chattering like an epileptic's, his jaundiced eyes rolling back in his head in pupilless horror. But this time, as Izard held out his fingers, the flyer simply and matter-of-factly answered "six." Any human doctor at this point would have been stunned. But Doctor Izard was not stunned. Not yet. But what happened next did stun him. The flyer took his hand, and gently opened his palm, touching him just as remembered that poor wild man with the portfolio doing. And then the flyer, very carefully, very precisely, traced the glyph that had saved them both the night before. In that moment, the new sun dawned on him, or rather *in* him. Izard had always assumed that the glyphs were letters.

Perhaps they were numbers! And this was the new-born non-human thing's first excursion into conscious meaning.

But what was this glyph? Izard had seen it often in his dreams, but awake he could only sense it, awake, its sigil was only known by touch. The New One needed to make it a key for the eyes as well. But Izard was like a child pianist who has learned to play a complicated piece on the piano, by imitation, by ear, with the wisdom of touch and hearing only — the dark, wise senses that know nothing about the task of writing and musical notation. Yet now he was required to consign this euphony to paper. As a young resident, he had treated infants and watched their struggle when they reached out and tried to grasp an object for the first time. How disobedient the hands and eyes and intent were to each other, how the child had to struggle and concentrate to coordinate all these wayward synapses. It was an epic battle, and an epic achievement, and this was the reverse of the problem that Izard was now confronting. It was as if the visible and tactile sensations, child and mother, had been separated for too long, and now, meeting, they could scarcely recognize each other. Torn by longing, tormented by the fear of disappointment, they tentatively, most tentatively reached out . . . so, Izard, trying to write the glyph, to make it alive for the visual cortex, the illusionist, repeated, over and over again, with his pen, the lines and marks that he had made so spontaneously when in the Harpy's grip, his life dangling in the balance. At last, by dint of much repetition, he discovered the form. The glyph was comprised of six marks. The first mark was a line drawn left to right at a 45-degree angle from the horizontal. Call this plane *a*. Plane *b*, a second mark, was a line twice as long as the first and connected to it. It was drawn at a right angle to plane *a*, and was also pitched 45-degrees from the horizontal, but moving right to left. Both of these lines were terminated with small reverse spearheads, two minute pyramids, as it were, comprising marks three and four. On plane *a*, halfway between its termination and the bend where it intersected plane *b*, the fifth mark was made. It was a short line surmounted by a tiny pyramid, its point inverted like the others. The last mark, the sixth, was a line intersecting at right angles plane *b*. about one-fourth the distance between its termination and the angle *a* and *b*. This sixth mark was a small line terminated at both ends with more inverted spearheads. But these spearheads were flattened on the bottom so that the line of their base was continuous. It looked like a small pair of dumb bells or a tiny bow tie. These were the six marks, the primal six. Izard slowly and laboriously came to understand that these six were not so much a letter, or even a number, which had been arbitrarily assigned to signify something in the world, but were rather a kind of nexus or vibrational node. They were music made visible, and only apparently in stasis, but ready to spring into action as soon as a living hand or mind united the six marks again. To Izard, this process was seminal — the papal bull at the beginning of creation, the hierophant seated on his chair of beryl. Tracing this glyph, Izard remembered the numbers in the Book of Revelations, the 666 that stood for the name of the Beast. He looked again at the six strange brands burned into his forearm, and at the crescent of the bite mark. Then, then he knew that his own flesh was the Beast's golden throne.

Incantation

Confined by the extreme selfishness of love,  
The vast, exuberant freedom of the sea  
Consents to slip through a capillary's thread.

A monster wails its life out on the rocks,  
Breaking its green into momentary diamonds,  
Reducing its crude desires to delicate foam.

Beneath that satin skin seethes a volcano.  
Touch it, and life ignites a starry engine,  
Shapes air to sense and breeds a sun with words.