



book two

25th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Conversations *with* Seth

Susan M. Watkins

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Preface to the 25th Anniversary Edition](#)

[CHAPTER 1 - Love Thine Ego As Thy
Self: Drugs, Religion, and Other Wages
of Sin](#)

[CHAPTER 2 - Togetherness in Space:
Class Dreams and Co-Creations](#)

[CHAPTER 3 - Further Expeditions: Out-
or-Bodies and the Gates of Horn](#)

[CHAPTER 4 - Roads Not Taken:
Probable Systems and Possible Selves](#)

[CHAPTER 5 - Them As Us: Characters
Who Passed Through Class](#)

CHAPTER 6 - Who Else Do You Think
You Are? Counterparts Are
Comparatively Encountered

CHAPTER 7 - If It Isn't Fun, Stop Doing
It! (And Other Revelations)

CHAPTER 8 - The Girl on the Old
Purple Mountain: Does All This Stuff
Really Work?

CHAPTER 9 - Nobody Does It Better:
Class and Un-Class Ever Since

APPENDIX 1 - An Alpha Journey

APPENDIX 2 - Selections from "The
Great Hall" by Theodore Muldoon

APPENDIX 3 - In Search of the Cosmic
Dear Abby: Personal Advice and Kicks
in ...

APPENDIX 4 - Comments on the Christ

Consciousness

APPENDIX 5 - On Time in No Time:

The Incident of the Train

APPENDIX 6 - Natal Therapy and the

Joy of Becoming

Notes

Index

About the Author

Conversations *with* **Seth** book two

Susan M. Watkins

illustrations by George Rhoads

Moment Point Press
Needham, Massachusetts

25th Anniversary Edition, 2006

Copyright © 1981, 1999 by Susan M. Watkins

Preface to the 25th Anniversary Copyright © 2006 by
Susan M. Watkins

Moment Point Press, Inc.

PO Box 920287

Needham, MA 02492

www.momentpoint.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information, please address Moment Point Press, Inc.

“Buddha Slumped,” “A Tudor Song,” “The Green

Man,” “Caught Up With,” and untitled poem, copyright © 1981 by Dan Stimmerman, used by permission. “Repetition of Our Constant Creations,” “Rule #1,” and two untitled poems, copyright © 1981 by Barrie Gellis, used by permission. “Joyful Rain,” and “The Inbetweens of Time,” copyright © 1981 by Richie Kendall, used by permission. “Children of Always,” “Somewhere,” and “a man i don’t know,” copyright © 1981 by Jane Roberts, used by permission.

Cover Design: Susan Ray and Metaglyph Design
Typesetting: Graphic Details
Printing Transcontinental
Distribution: Red Wheel / Weiser

Library of Congress has cataloged the 1999 combined-volume edition as follows:
Watkins, Susan M., 1945-
Conversations with Seth: the story of Jane Roberts’s
ESP Class

by Susan M. Watkins; illustrations by George Rhoads.
p. cm.

Originally published: Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1980-1981.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 1-889828-04-1

1. Spirit Writings. 2. Reincarnation—Miscellanea. I. Seth (Spirit), 1929—. II. Roberts, Jane, 1929-1984. III. Title.

BF1301.W226 1999

133.9'3—dc21

99-070189 CIP

ISBN: 0-9661327-2-6

2006 25th Anniversary Edition:

ISBN-13: 978-1-930491-09-0

ISBN-10: 1-930491-09-3

Printed in Canada on acid-free, partially recycled
paper

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ALSO BY SUSAN M. WATKINS

Conversations with Seth, Book 1

What a Coincidence!

Speaking of Jane Roberts

Dreaming Myself, Dreaming a Town

Garden Madness

Preface to the 25th Anniversary Edition

WHENEVER I LOOK BACK ON the times I shared with friends and strangers in Jane Roberts's ESP class all those years ago, the thing that stands out in my memory is how thoroughly connected that class was, on all levels, to current events and practical everyday demands of life. This was not some esoteric ashram demanding that we deny ourselves and our worldly attachments for alleged higher good; nor was Jane a mere conduit for abstruse theories delivered by a voice from afar. Jane was

no “mere” anything, as you quickly found out if you showed up expecting otherwise, and Seth’s comments and replies were part of the banter, never obscure. But the central idea, the heart of everything that we hashed and hammered every Tuesday evening in that rumpled living room, even when we thought we were arguing about something else, was that you are no “mere” anything, either.

What you are, what each of us believes to be true about the self and existence in general, and how those assumptions translate into the reality we know, is the cornerstone of Jane’s lifework, and nowhere did it take on flesh and blood more vividly than in that ESP class. There we were, Jane right

along with the rest of us, debating these ideas against the storyboard of the 1960s and 1970s, nobody willing to settle for the same old shopworn pronouncements whatever the source. By the time I wrote the original first volume of *Conversations with Seth* in 1979, regular classes had been over for nearly four years, but its deliciously impertinent immediacy hadn't faded a bit for those who recalled the goings-on for me so well.

Moreover, here in book 2 there's a sense of acceleration in all this, as if we're determined to test-drive these fantastic new models of the psyche before we let them roll out of Elmira,

New York, and into the world. Probable selves, counterparts, equations of belief and reality, trusting spontaneity and impulses—aarrghh!—even the shared group dreams we recorded almost weekly sent us into flurries of astonishment and dispute. How did this stuff apply? How could any of it make a difference? What, in that regard, did each of us and our presence in Jane's class represent in a larger sense? Were we asking these questions only for ourselves?

To our credit, none of us—certainly not Jane or Seth—pulled any punches on this score. “Your religions are based on the idea that you are basically bad,” Seth says during a discussion of authority

figures, and this remark is one of many that reverberates so disquietingly into the troubled present. You have to wonder: Is our species incapable of learning anything; are we doomed to make the same mistakes forever? Yet all that we grappled with in Jane's class, radical ideas of limitless possibility, seem to be migrating into official thought in a very interesting way—not as another set of rules about how to think and act, but within the creative process itself, much as they emerged in the first place. Mainstream books and novels (and even a few memoirs), not to mention television shows and Web sites and the overall vox populi, have incorporated

multidimensional realities as a given topic of discussion. Physicists are exclaiming proof of probable universes and simultaneous time; the notion that thoughts and beliefs change cellular structure has become part of medical and scientific literature; a popular documentary film talks about the unplumbed elastic properties of consciousness. Most satisfying for me, a movie of Jane's life is in the works as of this date (tentatively titled after my book, *Speaking of Jane Roberts*).

In short, and much to my own surprise, *Conversations with Seth* captured a moment in time and space where something began, some evolutionary spark in consciousness, and

who can say where it might lead? The reality is yours to choose. The experiment, indeed, continues.

Susan M. Watkins
December 21, 2005

CHAPTER 1

Love Thine Ego As Thy Self: Drugs, Religion, and Other Wages of Sin

Buddha Slumped

*Buddha slumped,
Like an oak tree that is lightning
struck,
his straight back*

*crumbled and snapped.
Buddha's face on my balloon
burst in just an afternoon.
Fruited Buddha
dropped one by one from off the
bunch
and rolled beneath the couch to
lie with the dust.
My Buddha used to drive a truck.
He used to sell vacuum cleaners.
My Buddha loved children and
dogs
but cats would just confuse him.
In sacred books
and photographs,
he wouldn't recognize himself.
Buddha slumped and
cracked the imitation bronzes.*

*I would die of laughter when
my roly-poly Buddha slumped.*

—Dan Stimmerman, 1969

*I have said to you before, using—
if you will forgive me—your terms,
that you are the black sheep of the
universe, because you no longer
blame gods nor devils nor
circumstances for those effects in
your life that you do not like; nor
bow down to gods, devils, or
circumstances in praise for those*

good conditions that you have yourselves created. That therefore, you will become conscious co-creators with an All That Is that has little to do with the puny concepts in which God has been entrapped for centuries, as far as your religion and myths are concerned. For those myths have also entrapped you who believed in them.

—Seth in class, March 26, 1974

THE WAR BETWEEN THE EGO and the intuitions often cast its refugees onto

the shores of Jane Roberts's ESP class. Particularly during belief-assignment readings, people would confess to agonies of guilt in one context or the other. Many were afraid to even experience emotion, let alone express it. On the other hand, some (especially those studying Eastern religions) struggled to suppress the ego so that "pure" emotion could "just How." In one of his first classes, for instance, Ira Willis described his journey to India—where he'd joined a religious sect that required a severe initiation whipping by the guru leader. Ira had submitted. Later, he'd returned from India and tried Rolfian therapy—in which his body was punched, pounded, and squeezed to "get

out the bad vibrations,” in Ira’s words.

By the early ’70s, the drug scene was touching everyone’s life in some fashion, and was a frequent topic of class debate. Were you wrecking your body, or were you delving into the rings of magic? Were drugs a filthy evil, or were they no different from the wine we sipped on Tuesday nights? Did they allow you new freedoms from the confines of the ego, or did they turn you into an antisocial nitwit? And although neither Jane nor Rob used marijuana or other drugs nor permitted their use in class, it was the format of this ongoing debate that provided us all with our first real insight into the rise of the drug culture: through

the LSD trip of class member Lauren DelMarie.

It was a cold Tuesday in January of 1973. Class had been discussing violence and aggression, fear and anger, guilt and retribution. "Violence begets violence. Peace begets peace," Seth had admonished earlier. Several hypothetical situations were spun around the notion that beliefs form reality, and that violence was never justified. "Yeah, but what would you do if a rapist came into your house and grabbed your wife?" Warren Atkinson demanded. "Offer him a cup of coffee!" someone giggled. "No, really. What would you do? Let him go ahead and rape your wife rather than commit violence?" Warren pursued, a

little heatedly. “I mean, how can you not justify self-defense?” Warren’s wife, Camille, grinned at us. “Oh, brother,” she sighed.

Seth then entered the conversation with words we’d heard before. “Do not get so piqued!” he told Warren. “A gentle reminder: You form your own reality. If a rapist comes to your door, then your own fears and anger and aggression have brought him there. You have broadcast your feelings, and he has picked them up ... There is a reason—there are no accidents.”

Seth withdrew, and class started discussing accidents, anger, and all the little violences committed daily against

the self. It was then that Lauren launched into the description that he was to allude to many times in the following months: a year before, Lauren had bought a tab of LSD from a New York City street dealer—and in a half-hour, his universe had gone insane.

“I laid down on my bed, and let me tell you, the walls were holes in space,” Lauren said. “I looked at the dresser, and it was alive. I knew it was going to come across the room and get me—and then it *was* coming across the room, with the drawers opening and shutting, opening and shutting, to chew me up...”

Lauren said the trip lasted for hours, or days, or weeks; he couldn't tell. Time bent awry, and space warped before his

eyes. “I screamed and screamed—I couldn’t stop,” Lauren said. “I didn’t even know I couldn’t stop until a long, long time afterwards, when I could feel how raw my throat was... I knew I was dead, worse than dead. I looked in the mirror and saw the flesh melt off my face. I saw the bones show through and my skull laugh at me. I saw my skin hanging rotten. I tore off my clothes and threw myself against the walls. Then I saw it: the ceiling fan. It was going around and around and around up there over my head. I couldn’t take my eyes off it: I knew what it was going to do! It was going to come down and cut me to ribbons. And it did! It came right down

and it started slicing right through me, *hack! hack! hack!*—and I was being sliced like a roll of bologna, in pieces, and I could *feel* it, I could feel those blades slicing through my skin and muscle and my bones and my guts! I could see my blood and guts flying all over the room and splashing on the floor and the bed and the walls, and I screamed like a maniac—and I started smashing the mirrors with a hammer because that was the only way to save myself...”

When Lauren started smashing the mirrors, his mother called the police; by the time they arrived, Lauren was standing (in one piece) in a sea of broken glass, wearing nothing but a

motorcycle helmet and cowboy boots, yelling, “Fuck you and the atom bomb too! Fuck you and the atom bomb too!” and swinging the hammer in all directions.

“The police didn’t dare go in and get me,” Lauren told a hushed class. “Finally my mother went into the room and punched me in the stomach and got the hammer away from me and they dragged me out—but all the time, I knew that I was in slices. I was screaming in agony and they tried to grab me, but when they touched me, it was like they put their hands on all this raw and bloody flesh—and I couldn’t stand it! I couldn’t stand it!”

The police took Lauren naked and screaming to the hospital, where he was confined for two weeks. “I didn’t come down and I didn’t come down,” Lauren said. “I couldn’t get out of the trip, and even after it finally wore off, I’d turn my eyes just right or think about what I’d seen and there it would be again, all that pain and torture and fear...

“I wanted to kill myself,” Lauren admitted, “and the only thing—the only thing, *the only thing!*—that kept me from jumping through a window or tearing my own throat out was the thought that I’d kill myself, and be dead, *and still be tripping*—I couldn’t stand that thought, that there was no escape, no escape

anyplace...”

Lauren stopped, swallowing back tears, his fingers digging into his knees. Nobody said a word. Finally, Richie Kendall spoke up in a church whisper. “Some of us understand what it took for Lauren to talk about that...” he started, reverently.

“Oh, bullshit!” Florence MacIntyre’s voice banged down like a gavel. “I’m sorry, Lauren,” she said. “I just can’t work up any sympathy for you at all. You knew what you were doing when you took that drug! You didn’t have to take it. You knew what could happen! I don’t understand why you expect us to feel sorry for you. You risked destroying yourself when you knew better, and

that's why LSD is illegal. If you wanted to expand your consciousness or whatever, there are certainly other ways to do it."

Hmmm, I thought, wasn't that just like Florence, irritatingly pragmatic? ... Yet, I had to agree with her: Why take the stuff and then whine about being victimized by it? Not like an earache, surely, where the pain was innocently encountered in the soul's marketplace.

"Now!" Seth's powerful voice boomed out, and we all jumped. Lauren turned pale; his throat muscles convulsed and his eyes seemed to bulge right out of his head. Jeeze, I thought, he's terrified! What could Seth possibly

say about any of this that could scare Lauren in anticipation?

“I have a few words to say to our Lady of Florence, and for some others here who may not understand,” Seth began. “First of all, he [Lauren] is embarked upon the same search that you are embarked upon, only his methods were different,” Seth told Florence. “You must try, gently, to understand this.”

Lauren Del Marie



Florence wrinkled her nose. “Well,” she said, without enthusiasm, “I suppose

I could try.”

“Now, you can take on penance and retribution, if you want to,” Seth continued. “You can believe that you are sinful and evil and that in order to be good you must cleanse yourself; and you can then accept a method that will cleanse you. You [Florence] chose a hard road on your own of guilt and retribution; of torture quite as severe as his. You chose your own framework. You [Lauren] chose your own! Neither would be necessary, if you understood the basic beauty of yourselves—the basic integrity and joy of your being. But when you do not understand that, then you will look for it through whatever doors are available and open. You will

search for it as a [thirsty] animal searches for water in a desert.”

Seth made an elaborate sweeping gesture to the rest of the class. “And now, I will let you continue. You are all on a trip! You have been on a trip since your birth, in your terms!”

Seth withdrew, and Lauren gave Jane a frantic explanation of his words. “I still don’t understand—I mean, it just blows my *mind*—why I did it,” Lauren wailed.

“That’s what I mean!” Florence said. “I don’t understand why you did it either.”

“Yeah, but,” Lauren shook his head. “I mean, if I create my own reality, and

there's some big Super-Lauren out there who knows what's going on, then why in *hell* would that whole self, or entity, or whatever, want me to go through all of that? I mean, what did I get out of it? Terror and agony. I mean, I flashed back into that trip for months after..."

Lauren looked up at Jane and stopped, giggling nervously. For several minutes, Seth had been sitting there quietly, just listening.

"I think that Lauren solved all of his problems in a very short time," someone remarked.

"He has not solved his problems in *that* quick a time," Seth answered. "He has learned what they are—but, continue!"

Conversation went on for five or ten minutes, with Jane in trance, Seth listening quietly. Finally, he turned to Florence.

“He looked to his drugs as you [Florence] look to your religion,” Seth said. “When you turned to religion in the beginning, it was something you trusted; and yet, it seemed to open knowledge of other realities. It intrigued you. Today, let an old man like me tell you—the ideas grow a different way, but the reasons are the old ones.”

Seth looked down at Lauren, sitting on the floor, tears filling his eyes. “He went where his friends went, as you went where your friends went,” Seth said to

Florence. “But, you are looking for the same thing. And you are accepting the same burden in order to do so. You [Florence] faced ideas of guilt in your own way, and he in another. You thought you were doing what you should do, and, in his own way, so did he.

“This has nothing to do, however, with the fact that there are dangers in both endeavors, or that with the use of drugs, you automatically change the physical being of which you are a part. *And you are lucky*, for you [Lauren] are making your knowledge a part of you. But there is a dilemma with the use of such drugs, for part of the being knows what other portions do not know.

“But when you believe that you must

test yourself, and when you believe that there must be demons, and good and evil, and contests, then you form them in your reality. But you [Florence] made a contest as he [Lauren] did, and many of you in your own ways have done the same.

“Now, because Lauren looks so long-faced, give us a moment,” Seth said, his jovial nature returning. “There will be, then, a ‘Song of No Contests.’” Jane slipped into a gentle Sumari song to Lauren and Florence; the sounds were soothing and loving toward both. As the song ended, Jane wavered for a moment, half in and half out of trance, and then Seth’s facial expressions were there

once more.

“What do you mean by your use of your word ‘lucky’ when you spoke to Lauren?” Florence immediately demanded.

“I was saying that usually, in your physical life, you have a balance of knowledge,” Seth said to her. “You operate with a group of beliefs. These beliefs seem to be consistent, so you operate—in your own mind at least—with some consistency.

“Now,” Seth roared to us all, “I am not telling everyone to go out and get grass [marijuana], but grass is a natural ingredient, and acid [LSD] is not, in your terms. There are those who go on fasts and will not touch liquor or

cigarettes and will not look an egg in the face, and who will take acid without a qualm! [But] it has various effects—few that you understand—and it brings to the forefront knowledge of the self with which you are not, at this point, equipped to deal. The resultant lack of balance can be disastrous.

“You were lucky,” Seth repeated to Lauren. “I use the term ‘lucky’ in that you were graced to assimilate that knowledge in a way that you could at least bear, if not understand. But when you have mental experiences of the same kind of nature that are *not* brought about [by LSD], then *you* draw out from the cells that knowledge, and you are

prepared to face it. And, drawing out from your cells that knowledge, you bring about, on your own account, certain changes in those cells that are otherwise brought about without preparation. Only those changes occur, then, that are natural to your stage of development.”

Florence never did approve of Lauren’s methods (“I still think you should have been smarter than that,” she repeated later); and Lauren himself would wonder aloud again and again why he’d done it. “How bad can your beliefs get, putting yourself through something like that?” he’d ask. It was a good question, and one that underlined our reactions to most bad experiences.

Actually, this wasn't the first time we'd heard Seth remark on LSD's effects. About a month before, Ronald Runyon, an author of occult books, visited class from the West Coast, and told us that he'd been offered a guided LSD experience by the administrator of the only hospital in the country where LSD could be legally given at that time, under controlled circumstances. "He thought it would be an extremely valuable spiritual experience for me," Ron says. "At the time, all my acquaintances in the Human Potential Movement were extolling LSD as a panacea."

Ron, a former member of the British

Society of Psychical Research, had up to then refused to take the drug, although he said that he was tempted to try the “controlled” trip. Ron was describing the lectures he’d given on the unconscious, psychic, and drug related phenomena, when Seth came through with several minutes of “telling analysis of my conversation,” as Ron remembers it. Among other things, Seth cautioned Ron to stop using terms to hide from his own subjective experience, noting that, “the terms you dislike—the terms that anyone dislikes—you automatically dispense with, and you say, ‘they are terms.’”

“The terms that appeal to you, however, are the trickiest, for you very

seldom examine them, and they become invisible beliefs, and you use them as lenses through which you then perceive and color your experience... and this applies to all of you and your beliefs.” Seth concluded his advice by saying that Ron didn’t need to take the LSD. “You do not need to find the answers from acid or from me, even when I am being acidy!” Seth finished, punfully.

“Subsequently, and consequently, I did not visit [the hospital] for the LSD, nor have I had a single drug to this very day, which now seems wise in view of what Seth says in *The Nature of Personal Reality* on how LSD alters the cellular structure of the brain,”¹ Ron

says, adding that he went on to experience vivid dreams and other revelatory material on his own.

Later, however, in March of 1973, a class visitor described his work with a psychiatrist who administered LSD to patients suffering from certain psychological disorders. (Interestingly, Lauren didn't come to class that week.)

Ronald Runyon



Matthew, the doctor's assistant at this particular institute, described the LSD treatments to us as a method of "purging nightmares," and that each patient was

briefed beforehand on what he might encounter on his guided trip. At this point, Seth was in the conversation, pointing at Matthew with Jane's glasses.

“Now, I have a remark here to add in line with beliefs,” Seth began. “The trip will get rougher and rougher, particularly when you believe that it will. And if you tell a patient that he can expect to face the deep problems and nightmares of his being, so will he meet them in exaggerated forms; not only using LSD of course, but in many therapeutic situations.”

“Well, Seth,” Matthew said, “if you don't warn the people about the possible difficulties in advance, when they do occur—as I think they would anyway to

some extent—it might be even more difficult to reestablish contact with them. That’s why we say, ‘If something bad happens, remember that I’m here with you.’”

“Make sure, however,” Seth replied, “that you reinforce the idea of a friendly helper there, not the idea that you are going to expect to have such material automatically arise to be dealt with. You are taking for granted that there is only one way to get out of a bad place. It is also important that you realize the nature of the ego.”

Here, Seth leaned back in the chair and started rocking, one foot on the blue rug and one foot on the top rung. “While

you think that the ego is a stepchild of the self, while you think of it as an outsider who must be swept aside so that this great energy and knowledge can flow through you, then you set up a situation of opposites that need not apply, for the ego can learn far more than you give it credit for and it can assimilate that kind of experience when the individual realizes that it is able to. There is no need for what you *think* of as the ego to be swept aside and annihilated, even in a symbolic death.

“Now, there are two schools. One says that the intellect... must dissect and rip apart and that... the intellect is all and everything, and that all can be understood using the mind alone. You

think of this school as the American school, as the Western school; and it is the school that most of you, to one degree or another, try so desperately to escape.

“On the other hand, there is a school that says the intellect and the ego are nothing; [that] we would be better off without them; [that] the truth is not known to the ego or to the intellect or to the mind; [that] it is all feeling—and both schools are equally wrong! And as long as you have systems dealing with one or the other, the poor physical person is caught in between. Either his mind is tended to, *or* his feelings.”

Seth leaned forward and beamed

gleefully at Matthew. “The latest—if you will excuse me—*caper*, is the Eastern one,” Seth said loudly, with a sly emphasis. “And while it seems to you that I should go along with this because you think I am not physical and therefore must be so spiritual, the fact remains [that] it is just as distorted as what you all think of as the Western idea of the dominating intellect. Each of you knows that you are creatures of mind, consciousness, feeling!

“I have said often to many of you: If a man tells you that you are guilty, he is a false prophet; if he tells you to look to him and not to yourself, he is a false prophet; if he tells you to ignore your mind, turn aside from it and trust only

your feelings, he is leading you astray; if he tells you to ignore one portion of your being for another, regardless of the portion, he is cutting you up into pieces and you are letting him do it and smiling and saying, ‘Allah!’ the whole time—or whatever the word might be.

“You are entire beings blessed with consciousness and feelings, with intellect, with thought—and meant to use them both and all, joyfully!”

The conversation between class and Seth continued for nearly half an hour, with Seth at one point returning to Matthew’s therapy technique. “Now, for the record, and simply in my opinion, I would not recommend high doses of acid

to anyone, regardless of the therapy involved,” Seth told Matthew. “Small doses with supervision and a good guide, yes. But I also think that your good doctor will come to these conclusions on his own, and I think that what he is doing is teaching him many things, and others involved with the group; and because he believes in the framework in which he is operating, he has done some good. But he has done some good in *spite* of the method and because of the goodness and strength of his own personality, which could be just as effective without these methods.”

Grabbing the chair and placing Jane’s feet firmly on the rug, Seth pulled the rocker around to face Matthew squarely.

“Now, people oftentimes live through personal disasters, natural disasters, in which they are pitted against nature as they know it: hurricanes, floods, earthquakes,” Seth said to him. “There are no accidents, so on other levels they chose those circumstances, whether they realize it or not, with their conscious beliefs.

“Those who encounter the mental or psychic equivalent of a natural disaster, then, also know what they are doing and have their reasons. And so your patients accept acid for their own reasons, which may not be the reasons they tell you, or the reasons you think they have accepted! And so there is a give-and-

take between the beliefs of the therapist who gives the acid and the beliefs of the patient who accepts it; and so there is a common meeting ground that you think you are aware of but have not as yet even encountered. I say, 'you,' meaning everyone involved.

“In a bad trip, you have—using, now, an analogy—a forced psychological disaster in which two agents are necessary in terms of the therapy in which you operate. One of course is the therapist, and the other is the patient. Now, no matter how nicely you speak to the patient and say, ‘My dear friend, this is all for your own good: *take this medicine, it is hell and you will die!*’ he knows what you are offering him and he

takes it from you—” Seth made an encompassing gesture to the rest of us —“as Ira took the beating from his guru, because he believes in guilt and he believes that this magic will remove it.”

Before closing his evening’s remarks, Seth then looked around at the Boys from New York. “Where is my friend the Pied Piper [Lauren] this evening?” Seth said. “Tell him that I asked.”

“Yeah, he shoulda heard this!” one of the Boys replied. And so any other group might have considered it coincidence that a year later, when class was reading aloud from portions of Seth’s *The Nature of Personal Reality* manuscript, Lauren innocently volunteered for

chapter 10—which turned out to deal with the effects of massive doses of LSD on the psyche. As he read, Lauren started to garble words, cough, and otherwise react so strongly to Seth’s pointed dissertation that he finally had to pass the material to Will Petrosky, who read but a few sentences before Seth interrupted the narrative and turned his dark, intense eyes to Lauren:

“Now, instead of the next massive dose [of LSD], there are many people who think that the next occult school will do it; or the next religion; or the next political party; or the next new medicine; or the next wonder drug; or the next new improved god will all do it,” Seth boomed. “Excedrin will do it if

you believe in it! Acid will do it if you believe in it, but *you* will do it if you believe it!

“And each person... will for himself see what he has put up before himself instead of himself—what beliefs, what god, what product, what medicine man, what father, what mother—”

“What diet!” interjected Jean Strand.

“—what diet,” Seth continued smoothly, “what vitamin; and each [of you] will follow [your] own journey... yet, the magic is you. And if you allow others to believe that magic is, instead, an idea or a pill or medal or a god, then you will spend your life searching for it. And if you find a medal, and you say,

‘This is my magic, and it will protect me,’ you are safe until you lose the medal or until you question it. And then you think, ‘There is no magic, and it has fled from the world, and where is my protection?’

“Now, I want to make a note... what I said applies to massive doses of acid. The same chemical disorientation, however, can also occur with quite accepted medical drugs, where the messages are literally scrambled on a biological basis. The self tries to solve a particular problem. In so doing, it may end up with a physical difficulty. The physical difficulty is meant to remind the personality of the inner problem behind it. The difficulty will be cleared up

when the inner problem is.

“If, instead, a drug is used to camouflage the ailment—or in your terms, to heal it, to cure it, to get rid of it—the inner self is in a quandary, for it knows the problem has not been solved though the symptoms have disappeared,” Seth continued. “The drug used to cure the body *may*, in many instances, obscure the problem, and confuse the body and the mind. Therefore, another ailment must be taken on that will symbolically, and quite practically, materialize the problem in your reality. So the patient will get another ailment. If this ailment is also obscured or cured through the drug, whatever it may be,

then the inner self is in a further quandary, and it will continue to try to materialize the problem so that it can be solved. The communication between the mental, psychic, and physical portions of the being can, in such instances, be obscured.

“Now, that does not always apply: for someone with a severe difficulty, believing in the effectiveness of your doctors, may be given a wonder drug and believe in it so [fully] that when the symptoms are completely annihilated, he ... feels secure enough to solve the inner problem. In such a case, however, he has effectively *used* the drug to heal his mind and his body. The drug has not done it.

“This does not mean that you cannot take advantage of such drugs. It does mean that when you do, you are operating within a framework of reality that still, to some extent, divides you from the reality of your own being.

“Peyote, used naturally by [certain native groups], had an entirely different idea behind it than most of you have about [that] drug,” Seth added. “It was not expected to annihilate an ego. It was used within a social framework in which it was perfectly natural. There was no paranoia connected with it.

“So the reason [why] you use a drug is highly important. When you use peyote, you expect it to give you, again,

a new occult, forbidden knowledge. When the natives used it, they expected it to give them the wisdom of the leaves and the flowers; to activate within themselves the nature that they *know* they possess; and it was as natural as when you eat bacon and eggs. Therein lies the difference in your beliefs.

“And, you are safe,” Seth said, turning again to Lauren. “Relax, all of you. You do yourselves no good by rehashing the past in a negative manner. It would do each of you good, in fact, as you go to sleep at night, to say to yourself, ‘I am couched safely in the pool of my being; therefore, I am secure and I can move with the greatest ease and freedom in all the dimensions of my reality. The past

has no power over me, for I will live secure in the power of the present and in the knowledge of my own power and reality.’

“We have spoken of massive doses of acid. There are some of you who have taken massive doses of religion. The results are the same. You have taken massive doses of guilt in whatever framework. There are people in this room who have had experiences quite as frightening as any of [the New York Boys]. They did not take a pill. There were no physical injections involved. Yet there was an assault upon the foundations of consciousness.”

And during a class soon thereafter,

following a discussion on beliefs about the body, Seth added: “You plunged into your creaturehood at your birth. It [your creaturehood] keeps your eyes open and your lips smiling as you look at me. It is the essence of your being. It keeps you alive. If you cannot trust that which keeps you alive, then what can you trust? It keeps your fingers wiggling. It is the unknowing knowing that rushes within you at every moment, and you can trust it above all things. It does not come from others. You will not find it in books, or concepts, or precepts! It comes from the intimate experience of your own being. When you are alone, *feel* it. Go along with it joyfully, and say, ‘I give myself up to my life!’ And with that attitude, all

other things that you need to know will come to you.”

Seth then sat back in the chair and closed Jane’s eyes. “Another small point—to some of you,” he said dryly. “This is not to Florence. This is not to Arnold. This is not to Harold. This is not to Helene—because they know better! But it is to some of you—and I will close my saintly eyes so that I give no naughty, great, ponderous, dangerous secrets away; far be it from me! But for some, it is always fun to have a crutch about.

“Now, the crutch may be grass, or it may be acid. But it says: ‘I will only experience my creaturehood fully when I use this... and, the way I use this, I can

turn on, and I can feel the reality that surrounds me—and that is my being! But... I cannot do this by myself. It is not a part of my being. I need this, or this, or this. Only then will the magic work.’

“A squirrel is filled with the reality and present joy of his being, and none of you today has seen a squirrel with a hypodermic needle up in a tree! He does not need it, either. He does not need peyote. He does not need acid. He does not need grass—because he is that which he is, and he is full of the joy of his being, and not afraid of it. And as he scampers through the branches, he is not afraid of falling down, either, because he trusts his own being. And he knows, without your fine intellect, that he has a

place in this universe, that a place was made for him, and that his being is sacred and joyful and alive.

“Now, if religion separates you from the joy of your being, then it is detrimental. If you think you need a particular religion in order to justify your physical being, then it is detrimental. If you think you need grass to do the same, then that is detrimental. If you think you need to justify your existence through whatever means, for whatever reason, then you do not understand the joyful, playful, spirituality of yourself or of your being!”

In spite of the emphasis of their questions on drug use, however, none of

the New York Boys ever came to class in a “stoned” condition, and despite their nonconforming protests, almost all of their group held regular nine-to-five jobs. But because of their experiences, class dealt with subjects that had been relatively untouched before their arrival. Oddly enough, the New York bunch also precipitated some of Seth’s most intriguing comments on religion, religious hierarchies, and the divisions between intellect, intuitions, and emotion created within such systems.

Before they’d started attending Jane’s class, most of the New York Boys had belonged to a Manhattan Gnostic study group run by a charismatic man named Arturo. Before students could enter his

class, Arturo, like Ira's guru, demanded certain "initiation" rites: according to Rudy, Richie, Lauren, and the others, people had to be "ready." But since Arturo's class goings-on were kept secret, exactly what one was supposed to get "ready" for was largely a mystery. After Arturo thought enough progress had been achieved, he directed his students to read specified books at specified stages, and warned participants not to share their gleaned knowledge with anyone. In Arturo's universe, a person was filled with evil, as were dreaming, revelation, and even thought itself—all part of a cosmic setup fraught with danger, demons, and

potential annihilation.

The New York Boys were strongly affected by Arturo (“He scared us shitless,” as Richie put it), and during their first classes in Elmira, they talked about him at length. The contrasts between Arturo and Jane especially fascinated them, as though such contrasts were an astounding thing to find. And while some members of more conventional religions might have wondered (and did, aloud, in class) how anyone could go along with Arturo’s brand of nonsense, it was the New York group’s preoccupation with him that, like the “druggie” stories, brought our ideas out of the hushed whisper of theory and into the realms of immediate daily

experience. Despite all of Arturo's dramatic impact, his intent was not that much different from the Sunday-morning Jehovah who habitually rained hellfire, floods, and infanticide upon dissenters.

“Listen to your own being,” Seth told Richie one night in 1972. “He who lords it over others makes himself into a false god. And he who drinks with gluttony the tribute of others needs it worse than drugs. And he who confuses you, confuses himself. And he who speaks in ambiguous terms [as Arturo did to his students] does so because he does not see clearly!

“The man who says—or the spirit who says—‘I alone have the truth, and

these are the maps, and this is the only way,' or implies it through his teaching or his actions, does not have the way. The man or the spirit who sets himself up above you, is not above you. There is no above or below, in those terms... Any man who tells you, 'The knowledge is secret, and I will not tell it to the violets, or the roses, or the clouds, or the sea gulls,' does not have the knowledge. It is as free as the air that flows... through your cosmic cheeks. It belongs to you. He who sets up closets of secrecy has nothing worth hiding.

“The joy of vitality should not be hidden, nor the ways to use it. The wind speaks the secrets constantly. Who is there, therefore, that would enclose them

in a cult or a book? The secrets are all about you. Who is there, therefore, who would dare say, 'They are for a few'—or would teach you that? The secrets sing through your blood. They are your heritage! Let no man call himself priest, or semi-god, or demigod. You are the gods! Do yourself just honor.

“In one of the Sumari songs, it is written: ‘The gods do not come kneeling; therefore, do not kneel.’² The gods sing within your own being. My voice is no more than the truth that the leaves sing, or the sound that the flowers make as they grow. But you do not listen to the leaves. You do not listen to the flowers! So I speak in their behalf, and not my

own. And in your behalf, for yourselves. So do not enclose yourselves in closets of personalities or beliefs, but open up the doors of your being. There [are] ... no lords of the universe ... *you* are the lords of the universe. Stride out bravely through your own mind and claim your kingdom.”

Richie had been listening to all of this with studied intensity. “Does that mean that whatever knowledge I gain, I can impart to whatever friends I feel I should impart it to?” he asked.

“You can indeed!” Seth answered. “I have never put boundaries of secrecy about what *I* say! It is published!”

Yet the hold of Arturo’s personality was strong on those who had known him

—and seemed to call to his former students even more after he dropped dead on a Manhattan sidewalk not long after his former group had started commuting to Jane’s class. The manner of Arturo’s death frightened them more than ever (but again, the strange deaths of men claiming to be gods have affected a lot of people throughout history).

“There is no difference what guilt you are told [to believe in],” Seth told Lauren one night when discussion had turned again to Arturo and his teaching methods. “As long as *you* believe in guilt, then you are trapped by it. And whenever you meet anyone, king or pauper, who says that you are evil, then

run fast! They may say you are evil because of Original Sin. They may say you are evil because you are possessed of a demon. They may say that you are evil because your stars are not right, or because you are human and filled with flesh!

“Whenever anyone tries to make you feel less than you are; when they make you believe in your deficiencies and enforce them, rather than encourage your strengths and your abilities; then run as fast as you can. When they encourage your dependence upon a group instead of your dependence upon the glory that is yourself, then run as fast as you can!”

In another class conversation, Joy Mankowitz, who had also studied

Gnosticism, remarked that Arturo believed in “a rigid structure of reality.” To this, Seth bounded into the discussion: “It is easy to give you a rigid structure,” he said to her. “Then someone says to you that reality is such-and-such a way, and all you have to do is follow the proper path!

“But I am far more insidious than your Arturo. For I make you find your own reality and your own way, and I take away all the comfortable and the uncomfortable rules and laws, and I return you to the authority of yourself. And how you all try to avoid that authority! And how you say, ‘I hear nothing,’ and ‘I see nothing,’ when that

authority speaks!

“It is easier to listen to others who say you must crook your nose, and wiggle your thighs; or you must say, ‘Allah!’; or you must wiggle your ear; [or] speak to the gods in the silence; you must breathe properly; you must eat in the way I tell you; you must sleep in the way I tell you; you must visit with the people [whom] I tell you you must visit with—*because you are all evil! And you are evil because you are alive!*

“Now, how can you beat that?

“If someone tells you that you are evil because you are alive and you believe it, then you are indeed in a quandary. Now I tell you [that] you are blessed because you are alive. And I am blessed because

I am alive! And my vitality is your vitality, and it speaks through your gut as it speaks through your mind and your being, for it is your own. I merely let you taste the vitality of your own being so that you can draw sustenance and knowledge from yourselves. And that is your own joy, and your own right to be, and your own vitality, that is as secret as a trumpet, that is as dignified as a squirrel. It is the magic of your own being—the knowing that you know—the Is-ness of yourselves!”

Seth withdrew. “What was this?” Jane asked, lighting a cigarette. Listening to the explanation, she pursed her lips a little in exasperation. She was only too

aware of how people tended to set up new gods: new drugs, new religions—new spirits.

“Well,” Richie was saying of Arturo, “I suppose that if you believed yourself to be evil as long as you’re alive, then there’s only one way out of that, which is to die—and Arturo did exactly that, didn’t he? But in the meantime, he filled us with all of these unanswerable questions about the—”

Seth reappeared so suddenly that his first few words disappeared in the frantic tape-recorder scramble. “... whenever you sacrifice yourselves, or make yourselves unhappy, miserable, ill, and filled with questions that you cannot answer, [it is] because you do not *want*

answers, to put yourselves in ... positions that are impossible,” he told Richie and the others. “All of this because you have been taught that you are guilty because you are alive!

“Whether you get this idea from religion or science, the results are the same. And so my message is, simply, *you are blessed because you are*. You can be joyful because you *are*. You have a *reason* here because you *are* here.

“Whenever anyone tells you that authority resides outside of yourself, do not believe him. When anyone tells you, though the world tells you, that your joy resides outside of you, do not believe them or the world. Your salvation does

not depend upon another. You have never lost your soul. You are your souls. You are your souls in flesh.

“Your bodies are your souls in flesh. Do them honor. Whoever tells you that the body is soiled, do not listen to him. You can trust your bodies as you can trust your soul. In your reality, the body is the garment that the soul wears.

“Now,” Seth said, loudly, a wry grin on Jane’s face, “I will have to tell you some jokes or return the class to Ruburt to get some decent laughs and giggles out of you!”³ The New York group, most of them sitting glumly on the floor, didn’t—for once—react. “You look as if you have been in a church!” Seth concluded

humorously.

More than a year later, Seth added to this body of material on gods, the ego, and physical reality as he commented on a class discussion on man-animal relationships and ancient Greek myths. “The source of your reality, as you understand it, lies within your psyche,” Seth began. “Gods—as you understand them, in your terms, at your present state of development, and using your terms—represent the level of your consciousness. Your psyche is a mirror of the gods.

“Until you understand to some extent the miracle of your own existence, then you will manufacture gods who are beneath your own greater capabilities.

While you think in terms of one self, then you will create the idea of a one-line [or linear] god, confined by your ideas of personhood.

“While you think you are being plunged into a life of sin and denial and of lower vibrations, then you will be forced to think in terms of being saved from that life. Then you will need to manufacture a god who must be killed for your sins, because you believe in the necessity of sacrifice. Symbolically, that is important—that in Western civilization as you understand it, you would find it necessary to create a god who must then be physically betrayed and crucified. You would not do that to

your [own] children!”

“Why *would* we do such a thing as that, as crucify a Christ?” asked a student.

“The framework of your beliefs and your consciousness brought you to that impasse,” Seth answered. “When your consciousness seemed to be stuck inside your head, then you must think in terms of one personhood, and you must project outward a god who was greater than you only in degree. If you could be cruel, that god with his greater power could be far more cruel. He could annihilate thousands and cause floods. He could send all of you to an eternal hell. If you could be kind to those that you love, then this god could also be kind and bless

you—as long as you followed his rules, as you blessed your children as long as they followed your rules.

“As you begin—and you are [beginning]—to catch a glimpse of your own greater reality, however, so will you be able to glimpse an even greater reality in which your existence plays its part, and perhaps begin to conceive why godhead is multi-personal: a multi-personhood large enough to contain not only your species, but others.

“Your religions are based on the idea that you are basically bad. You are afraid of your feelings because you think that your being is evil, and yet most of you, with some exceptions!—” Here,

Seth turned a mock-severe glare on Pam, who earlier had been confessing that she hated insects, hard as she tried not to “—[most] will look at the animals and grant them the greatest of moral superiority and say, ‘That is good, and that is natural,’ and deny to yourselves the same goodness and the same rightness and the same nature.

“Therefore, again, after this jolly chat, do I return you to your own beings—but realize that the free vitality that leaps in this room is your hope. The free vitality and the unstructured nature of these classes has a reason. Spontaneity does indeed know its own order. When you grow from a fetus to a grown adult, you grow spontaneously and truly. You are

not part frog, with a dog's leg and an ear of corn! Spontaneity knows its own order, and when I say 'unstructured,' I really mean that the spontaneity of yourselves will then flow into its own natural structure—one that is not put upon you from without, but the creativity of your own changing forms."

In a following class, the subject of prejudice among the races of humankind came up. One member spoke of his childhood Hebrew schooling. "Something that always made me wonder if God was playing with a full deck was this business of referring to the Jews as His Chosen People," Gary said. "I mean, how 'chosen' can you be if God

lets you be wiped out continuously over the centuries, right?”

“Yeah, Gary,” Jane started, “but what about—oops, just a minute,” she said, “somebody’s got something to say on that.” Off came her glasses.

“Now!” Seth roared at his loudest, “when the god said to me, ‘You are my chosen child, and therefore, you must suffer,’ that is when I would look around for another god, and say, ‘I thank you kindly, but take your gift someplace else! There must be someone else you like better than me! Indeed, I am unworthy of such great benefits!’ And I would run and hide, if I had to run through the centuries!”

Shrieks of laughter nearly drowned

out Seth's last words. He waited patiently until the laughter and banter died down. "Now, I have been quiet [tonight]," he continued at last, referring to the late hour, "because it is good for you to listen to yourselves, and encounter your own beliefs, and see your feelings and your ideas in motion. The ideas of the gods change, as consciousness changes, and, for all of my jokes, you cannot, indeed, blame the gods—as you think of them—overmuch, for you projected them out there, and then responded; and they always were exactly what you wanted them to be at any given time.

“This has nothing to do with All That

Is, or All That You Are; but the gods as you have understood them through the centuries represent comfort blankets with shapes and forms and designs that came alive and danced through the framework of the universe for you, given vitality by your own beliefs.

“That is all right! It is great, creative play in its way! And, looking outward at those gods, you could see your own psyche projected. That has nothing to do with the energy within you that enabled you to create those gods, or the greater All That Is, from which you came.

“So, do not blame the gods overmuch, for the same great God of which we spoke earlier [of the ‘Chosen People’] might indeed look down and shake His

head and say, ‘What kind of people have thus created me, that they want Me to whip them and take all of their sheep, and cause floods and tribulation? When will they learn, that I might grow?’

“But always there was, and is, the energy of your own being—if you want to think of it that way; the great source psyche from which your own psyche springs; the great exuberant energy by which your gods were created as you work out the nature of your own being and creativity.

“And so at least, then, theoretically, there are gods still yearning to be born; [who] say, ‘I await my people who will expect me to have the honesty and

fairness that I would expect in a decent parent; the honesty and the decency I would expect if a flower could speak; a people who will not tell me to slay their enemies; a people who will not tell me to destroy; but who will instead say, 'Bless [thy] people and bless the Earth, and all the creatures upon it.'

"I would, then, if I were speaking for those unborn gods, request with their voice, a people who would not say, 'Set me then in domination above all the creatures of the Earth,' but instead say, 'Let me understand all the creatures of the Earth and see their own sacred individuality and meaning.'

"And those gods are still unborn and awaiting your desire."

CHAPTER 2

Togetherness in Space: Class Dreams and Co- Creations

A Tudor Song

*The morning rose in mist,
The sleepers rising from their
beds—
went out with still their dreaming*

going on inside their heads.

*It is not strange,
the light remains
in darkness as in day;
and weaves a spell
in dreams that tell
of lost forgotten strains.*

*White the royal color once,
then Red, the royal hue,
My Lord, the knights in armor
come on horses two by two.
I woke—it was a misty morn—
my dreaming was not through!*

*My Lord was once my enemy,
to whom my love is due.
My Lady was my serving maid—
I'll serve her as I'm true.*

*The Circle's swung,
my life is done—
I bid you all adieu.*

—Dan Stimmerman, 1973

*I am in class and I ask Jane a
question I had wanted to ask Seth:*

“Having two conflicting sets of beliefs, how does one go about getting a decision?” Jane answers as Seth. “You can’t put an egg in soup overnight,” he says.

*—Class dream of Dan Stimmerman, October 5,
1973*

In Elmira, Jane has a new apartment. We look at this thing that looks like a washing machine but is a fish tank. I say, “But there are no fish!” Then there are loads of fish, seals, crocodiles, all

*around... Seth materializes,
“Now!” he says to me, “You are
doing very well. But I have one
piece of advice: You should not
put detergent in a fish tank!”*

—Class dream of Will Petrosky, April 24, 1974

*When I speak of dreaming, I am
not speaking of something that is
less real or vital than the reality
that you know. So when I say to
you, “You are dreaming when you
think you are awake, ” I am not
[implying] that one is a more
valid reality than the other. I am*

saying that when you are constantly concentrating in the manner that you understand, that you are also doing dream work—that you are involved on other levels of consciousness beside the one that you know.

—Seth in Class, August 7, 1973

SCIENCE ASSURES US THAT EVERYONE DREAMS, whether or not we remember doing so; and that a person who is kept from dreaming will rapidly become psychotic. (You have to wonder just how psychotic scientists let their

subjects get before this heady conclusion was reached, but never mind.) More passionately, humankind has variously regarded dreams with awe and fear; as literal portents of the future; as nonsensical fantasies; or (as in Freud's smooth updating of ancient anxieties) as doorways to the dungeons of the unconscious, filled with unholy ghosts of repressed desires.

In the self-awareness surge of the sixties, bookstores began to blossom with dream-interpretation books, dream analysts appeared on television talk shows, and dream-therapy seminars sprang up everywhere. Unofficially, at least, it seemed that subjective experience was gaining some sort of

conscious recognition. Then, in May of 1979, a Cincinnati car rental manager made the most famous dream “hit” of the decade. For ten nights in a row, David Booth’s dreams were filled in detail with the gruesome crash of an American Airlines DC-10. In his dreams, Booth saw the jetliner take off, but sensed that it was in trouble “because its engines did not sound right.” Then, in his dream, Booth looked across an open field, saw the plane bank to the right, turn over, and crash to the ground in a ball of orange-red flame and gray smoke.

“There was never any doubt to me that something was going to happen,” Booth told reporters later. So sure was he of

impending disaster that he called Federal Aviation officials with his dream story three days before the actual crash, on May 25, of an American Airlines DC-10 at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. Nobody treated Booth with disdain—but nobody ran out to check DC-10 engines, either.¹ On the day of the crash—when the jet lost a wing engine on take-off, banked sharply to the *left*, turned over and exploded upside down in a field—Booth's disaster dreams quit.

Precognition, especially the foreknowledge of disasters, has always been the main fascination of dreams; and even though none of the dreams recorded

by class members over the years achieved the notoriety of David Booth's,² we all had our share of precognition. Humorously enough, a flurry of these occurred just before I sent out the questionnaire forms for this book in January and February of 1979: Several former class members dreamed of the project before they were consciously aware of it.

“You might be interested to know that I had a dream in which I foresaw my participation in your writing project,” reported Geoffrey Beam, whose dream experience during class years was practically nil. “In the dream, I was assisting Jane with some work she was

doing, and was also doing typing for another writer—a woman [Geoffrey’s questionnaire response was typewritten]. I could not identify the woman, but knew she was working on material connected with Jane’s work. I also saw the opportunity to give vent to some of my rather gawky humor. This was fully three days before the arrival of your letter in the mail.” And the night before she received my questionnaire, Betty DiAngelo reports, “[I dreamed] of class members singing to me ... in very loud dramatic voices. The song was ‘Blue Moon.’ I still don’t believe it—I don’t even know the words to this song or particularly like it—it’s not quite from my time era. The song was a spoof-

type thing; I was being indulged, as I ... [had been] feeling sorry for myself. I was duly chagrined, while they were having a great time over the whole thing. Well, the next day Tim and I were driving down a back road in Vestal. I saw a bar that had a huge sign in blue cursive writing: ‘The Blue Moon Lounge!’ I had never seen this place before—not since it’s been the Blue Moon; it used to be O’Hara’s. And that day, your letter came in the mail, asking me to remember things from the past, and changes I had made, involving class.”

Still, class members did record some clear-cut precognition over the years.³ “I look outside—I discover that while I

had slept, it had rained so that all the land was flooded,” Bernice Zale wrote in her dream notebook on June 19, 1972, four days before “the flood that couldn’t happen” inundated New York’s Southern Tier. “The school was floating like the ark on the flood waters... New York State expected to go under the sea...” Interestingly, the Chemung River reached its flood stage during the *night* of June 23—while people slept. (At 5 A.M. police and firemen woke up riverside neighborhoods, delivering evacuation orders through bullhorns.)

Similarly, Joel Hess reported, “In April or May of 1972, I had a vivid dream in which there was a very bad flood. A river or a stream that ran

between steep banks overflowed when it rained several days [as it did that June: Hurricane Agnes "stuck" over the Northeast and sent down more than eleven inches of rain in less than four days]. Water ran through streets, cars and trucks were washed away, all commerce stopped, utilities were shut down, people became refugees like we are always seeing where there is an earthquake or volcano...

"Families were walking alongside washed-out roads, carrying household furnishings, packs of clothing," Joel's dream continued. "Then there was martial law and soldiers armed with guns patrolling. I also saw people trying

to leave the community by water, in boats, and pulling up to ... a school or other public building in boats, as if it were a dock or wharf, and getting out. The water was brown, chocolate-colored ...

“This was a vivid dream of the type that, once you start to write it down, more and more cascades out of your memory so that you write and write and become imprisoned by the task of writing... You begin to wish you hadn’t had the goddamn dream in the first place,” Joel says. “Well, this one was clearly loaded with symbolism: fear of the awesome power of nature over an insecure, uncertain, paranoid me ... surely the dream had been all

symbolism! Little did I realize that a month or so later, all those things would happen, literally, in Elmira...

“P.S. Did you know that Marsha [Joel’s present wife] had a flood dream about a week before the second flood [a less drastic hurricane-induced flood that washed through parts of Elmira and Corning, New York, in September of 1975]? We are standing on top of the big hill behind our house on the [Chemung] river and saw the entire valley flooded, animals and vehicles floating by. It was a clear, sunny day with lots of fluffy white clouds in the sky. Well, when [this flood occurred], the sun was out and there were clouds; the rain had long

since stopped. But the trailer part of a tractor-trailer truck floated past our house, a rabbit [which Joel rescued] was trapped in the rising waters of our cellar, we rowed over our [flooded] car in our rowboat, and we had some [dead] cows wash up into the yard. Another ‘symbolic’ dream turns real. Both accounts are written down.

“We are not into ‘tragedy’ dreams or impressions as some people are and do not normally pick up on negative stuff,” Joel concludes. “These were blockbusters, though!”

It would be interesting to find out how many people in the New York/Pennsylvania area dreamed of floods in the weeks and months before the

physical fact; or if anyone acted on the advice of such dreams. Holly Palmer, who with her husband Don attended class three times, reports a precognitive dream of Don's 1977 death that had very definite messages of action in it: "In the dream, my husband and I were attending a party at what seemed like a country club," Holly writes. "Many standing around, talking, eating, etc. Don was not feeling well and was lying out on a library table, and I was frantically trying to get help—looking for a telephone to call a doctor—but was frustrated, moving from room to room without finding a phone. Woke up.

"Discussed this dream the next day

with Dr. Ann Faraday [an author of dream and other “psychic” books]. We came to the conclusion that it may or may not be precognitive, but that I was asking myself to write down some phone numbers... Well, I didn’t do it, and when Don had his very quick attack, I was lost on who to call—we had been in the community only a year, knew very few people, and had no doctor. Don, having always been a practicing Christian Scientist, had told me several times not to call a doctor if he decided to leave. So finally I called a neighbor. My neighbors got there in ten minutes and *they* didn’t know who to call. Call to the only Doc in town was answered by a machine. Finally called the sheriff. It

was an hour and ten minutes before the authorities got there and pronounced him dead.”

Matt Adams says, “I *expect* dreams to alert me to major developments—to prepare me as it were—and so I was, when my mother died [in 1977] ...

“My mother had been suffering from emphysema for some time and was generally weak and lethargic, but hardly on death’s doorstep. In the dream, I woke to the sound of the telephone ringing. The bedside table was not to the right of the bed, as it is in the ‘real’ world, but on the left... On it was the telephone (which in real life is in the kitchen) and a clock, whose dial read 5

A.M.

“It was my father calling, to say that my mother had died. In the dream, I hung up and began to cry, when I heard my mother’s voice. I then realized that if I put myself into a light trance, I’d be able to hear her better. She walked in, wearing a dressing gown, and sat on the side of the bed. We talked for a few minutes. She explained to me not to worry; that she did intuitively understand the survival of bodily death (something she did not ever discuss in life; didn’t believe in it) and was well on her way to a new incarnation. In fact, she began growing a dark bluish-black beard! When I expressed surprise, she said it was one of her past aspects bleeding

through her present image. When she departed, I woke up, *bang*, and was quite amazed to see that the bedside clock in the real world read exactly 5 A.M.!

“The dream was so vivid and precise that I called my father later in the day, just to make sure things were okay. He explained that my mother was going into the hospital later that week for some tests to see what could be done for her edema...

“It was all her choice, of course. On her way out the door to the hospital, she remarked to my father that she might not come back, and once in her private room—with oxygen at hand, with all her

needs taken care of—she literally relaxed to death and was gone in ten days' time. When my father telephoned to tell me she had died during the night, he did wake me up—but at 7 A.M., not 5:00. Yet from what the doctors said, I later estimated that the time of death was between 4:30 and 5:30 A.M....”⁴

Other kinds of precognitives, involving symbolism or odd exchanges between waking and sleeping selves, also abound in dream journals. “The reason I came to ESP class was because I had read Jane’s books, *Seth Speaks* and *The Seth Material*,” says Derek Bartholomew. “I called her from a phone booth along a busy highway... As I

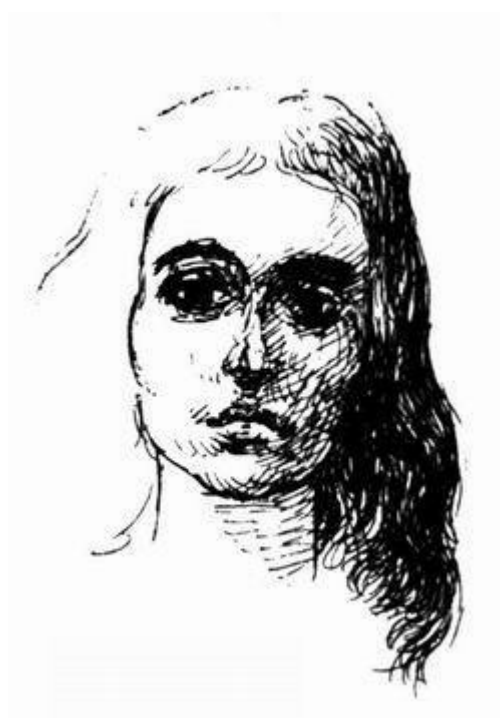
was talking to her, I realized that by coming to one of her classes, I was fulfilling a dream episode in which I attended a class of hers. I was already keeping a dream notebook, and in one of my dreams, I was in a class situation. I was nearly overwhelmed when I first met her in class and she so closely resembled the teachers of my dreams! Just in repeating that event, I still get a sense of energy in it that is continuing.

“When I was about nine or ten,” Derek adds, “I recall looking out a window in our house that faces the east. The sun was still low on the horizon, and above it were some clouds. Somehow in front of, and in a way superimposed over, the clouds above the

sun was a great shining, golden castle. It had high domes and towers rising into the air, with flags waving in the breeze above them. After watching the scene for a minute, I called excitedly to my parents and brothers. When they came to the window, all they saw was a sun with a few clouds in the bright blue sky. When I tried to describe what I had seen, my mother made some comment about clouds looking like animals or other shapes, but they couldn't see what I was seeing. To me it was as real as the sun shining or some tree or rock or a house, but they were blind to it." In October of 1974, when Seth first challenged us to start forming our own "inner"—but "*not*

imaginary”—city, Derek’s first thought was of his childhood city-sighting. Was there an element of precognition in his experience?

Betty DiAngelo



“I’ve had so many extraordinary

dreams ... since classes have ended,” Betty DiAngelo, says. “But on September 22, 1976, I had a precognitive dream that I’d completely forgotten until doing this [book] questionnaire. In the dream, Tim and I were at an amusement park where there were crowds of people and many children. There was one child—an infant really—on a roller coaster. The child was crying and was animal-like in some way, as if it were a combination monkey/child, or some other small animal. It had lots of dark hair.

“I became upset over the child’s crying and stopped in front of the roller coaster. Finally I said to a group of people standing there, ‘Whose child is

that?’ They looked at me disgustedly, and one of them said, ‘Why, don’t you know? It is yours!’ At which point I picked up the child, and Tim and I walked off.

“I had this dream a year to the day before my daughter’s birth. At the time of the dream, I had no interest—or thought I didn’t—in having another child. In fact, the idea was not intellectually appealing.... A few months previous, I had been having weird physical ailments. My doctor had suggested a mammogram, and I stopped going to him, hoping to figure out my health problems by myself. What I uncovered was that part of me wanted to

have another child and another part didn't [and note the rollercoaster imagery]. I was completely ignoring my feelings on the subject. This dream perhaps helped me to make up my mind—though at the time I didn't see any connection and had even forgotten it. And now I see many coincidences... my daughter did have lots of dark hair when she was born, even on her arms and shoulders; it eventually went away. She is also very tiny and quite affectionate.

“Tim and I used to laugh, especially during her crawling stage, when she seemed more like a little puppy than a child...”

“I started having clairvoyant dreams and psychic experiences frequently after

beginning the Seth/Jane classes,” says Charlene Pine. “They must have gone on for years before, but class drew my attention to them, and also helped me change some limiting beliefs about my abilities.

“Since that time, and in the present, I have class dreams involving Jane, Seth, Rob, and others. I get a lot of helpful information; and especially at stressful times, Jane or Seth delivers a ‘heavy.’ I realize, of course, the nature of my inner self working, but very often these dreams are right before (the very night before) a letter arrives from Jane. I do feel that the classes, or call it the relationship, continues... Sometimes

myself, Kurt, Richie, Rudy, and others still have class dreams in the same week or night...”

My own dream notebooks include numerous little examples of precognition that evoke the class “predictions” experiment more than portents or warnings, but specific examples of precognitive material do appear. In 1972, I was working in an Elmira print shop, setting up forms for the local hospital’s operating room supply requisitions. One night, I dreamed that a man my parents had known for many years died during an operation. In my dream, the man expired while lying in a pool of his own blood. The next day, my mother called to tell me that this man had

indeed died during an operation the day before—and that he'd hemorrhaged to death; doctors had been unable to stop the bleeding. Had my hospital-form typesetting job helped fine-tune my inner senses to the man's predicament?

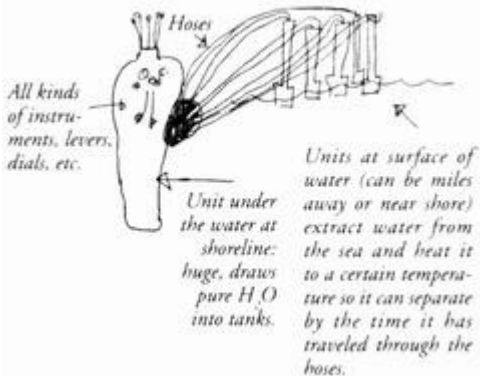
Also in 1972, I had a dream in which Jane and I “saw” a new kind of power plant: an apparatus that would float in the ocean and somehow use the flow of ocean water to provide energy. I told Jane that this might be done through the separation of water from the salts and minerals. Upon awakening, I drew a picture of this setup (see figure 1). Five months later, an article appeared in the “Technology” section of the April 1973

Saturday Review/ Sciences magazine on the proposed FLOPP (“Floating Power Platform”). This device, being developed at the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, was supposed to generate nuclear power in offshore clusters of “floating pop bottle” vertical holding tanks. This supposedly earthquake-proof mechanism would use cool sea water, the article explained, for necessary circulation within the plant. The diagram accompanying the article (see figure 2) has a startling likeness to my dream drawing, even to the hoses, or cables, between the tanks and shoreline.

Another little precognitive dream appears in my notebook for Monday, August 8, 1974: “Jane and Rob tell me

they're having trouble with the roof of their apartment. Their landlord has offered to put in a drop-ceiling because water is leaking through." The next night, I noted, "It was raining as I drove to class. As soon as I arrived, I used the bathroom. I then wandered into Rob's studio [which was off the bathroom] to look at some paintings. Water was leaking through the studio ceiling and onto some photographs. Jane and Rob hadn't known that the roof had developed a leak."

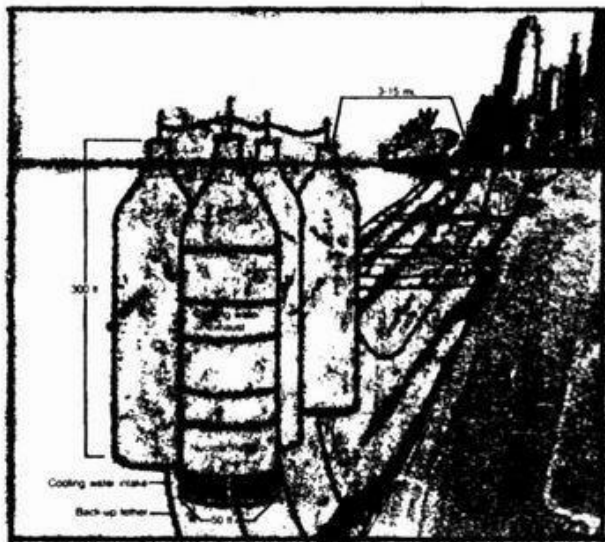
Figure I. My drawing of a power plant as glimpsed in the dream state.



The actual phenomenon of “class dreams”—sets of remarkable coincidences in which we dreamed about one another in class settings, usually with Jane or Jane-as-Seth at its head—started to occur almost as soon as class began (as any group will tend to dream of itself). By fall of 1971,

however, there was a steady acceleration of these dreams that sprang from more than Tuesday-night togetherness. Sometimes one or two class members would simply dream about each other, or one person would dream of another in a situation that turned out to have actually happened in the physical world—a bit of clairvoyance. As time went on, though, we'd discover that during the week, anywhere from three to four members to nearly everyone in the class had recorded dreams that correlated—right down to settings, dialogues, issues discussed, activities, symbolism, and events.

Figure 2. Corresponding drawing of a proposed nuclear plant.



From the earliest days of class, dreams and dream interpretation occupied much of our discussion. Personal dream analysis was offered by class members, Jane, or Seth; but more than avenues of self-help, dreams were treated as an area of consciousness that held the most fundamental clues, questions, and answers to the nature of identity. Who is the dreaming self? Do dreams go on without the dreamer? How “real” is a dream? How universal are dream events? And always, Seth coaxed, teased, and admonished us to remember our dreams and write them down; and in particular, to suggest that we might meet in the dream state and be wide-awake

and aware enough there to experiment with our consciousness—with our dream consciousness.

“Our regular students have been experiencing an extra bonus,” Seth explained early in 1971. “You are beginning your own dream classes, as you know. Some of you already know the evenings in which you will work and the area in which you will be involved. As you learn to live spontaneously on a physical level, so automatically you will be able to build up [dream classes] ... You are all multidimensional realities. You are learning to use your consciousness to become conscious co-creators of your own reality. And some of you ... after [physical] class will be

involved in some adventures that I hope you will remember!”

One week in the fall of 1971, not long after the appearance of Sumari, Janice Simmonds reported “a significant-feeling dream of an apple tree being pruned.” That was all there was to it, she said—just an apple tree being pruned. “Doesn’t sound like anything, does it?” she smiled shyly. But then Rob, who had started to come to a few classes now and then, said that he’d had a dream on the same night as Janice’s in which he’d seen huge peeled apples growing on a tree. “I was also told that ‘kito’ is the Sumari word meaning ‘apple,’ or one phase of an apple’s appearance,”

Rob said. “In this case, I guess it means ‘apple ready for eating.’” Rob had hardly finished speaking when Pete Sawyer, an artist, burst into a description of the painting he’d been working on all week—a still life of an enormous blue apple! None of the three had communicated with one another at all during the week—in the usual terms.

“Around this time,” says Nadine Renard, “I participated in a ‘class’ dream. In that week’s class, out of twenty-six to twenty-eight people there, thirteen people including myself had [recorded dreams] that included three or more points in common, [including]: (1) an Oriental person in a prominent position; (2) having to go into a

basement or downstairs; (3) orange or yellow flowers someplace [in the dream setting].” During that fall, Bernice Zale and I recorded many similar dreams involving the two of us; an Oriental teacher appeared in many of her dreams; and both of us had numerous dream settings down in basements or fallout shelters. She had not been to class in several months. And even though Ned and I were separated by this time, we still recorded similar dreams: in his dream notebook (which he lent to me for this book), Ned notes a dream for March 5, 1971, in which the two of us were being held captive in a garage by threatening men. In his dream, Ned

managed to keep the threats at bay by forming a circle of class members. I looked the dates up in my dream books for that time: on March 7, 1971, I had a dream in which Ned, class member Alison Hess, and I were defending ourselves—from inside a garage—against “Mafia-types”; in my dream, we managed to escape—to Jane’s class—by car. Both Ned and I had noted that we’d realized during the dream that it *was* a dream.⁵

In the same time period, I had a class dream in which Seth discussed the “creative inner meanings” of destruction, decay, and aging. In my dream, I sat next to Joel Hess and muttered asides to him

as a movie of an H-bomb explosion was shown as a demonstration. A few days later, my notes state, Joel described a class dream to me that he'd had on the same night as mine—and in which Seth had lectured on the meaning of destruction. Joel specifically remembered talking to me in the dream about the Bomb. On the night of August 8, 1971, I found myself with Jane and another class member, sitting in a field. Unexpressed fury that I'd felt on the Tuesday before for this person rose up inside me until I felt choked. "Go ahead, Sue," Jane said—and I really started to let the person have it; in fact, I woke up with a loud yell. Later that day, Jane called to tell me that she'd remembered

a class dream in which we were all sitting outdoors and that we'd dealt with "the nature of emotion." But by then, it wasn't unusual for Jane and me to find ourselves dreaming about each other. Many times, we would also discover that I'd record a Seth-session dream containing specific information to me, or to someone else, on the same night that Jane remembered dreaming about *having* a Seth, session. Sometimes, she would recall bits of the Sethian conversation—which would correspond with my notes. "Sometimes I wake up and feel as though Seth has been carrying on all night long," Jane says, while adding that she's only dreamed once of

Seth from an exterior-observer point of view (and even then, he was in disguise). And this Seth-session dreaming also happened with other class members—again, with specific information recalled on both sides.

“I don’t recall any class dreams,” Matt Adams reports, “although I do remember a most unusual one that involved a cocktail party on the roof of a fairly tall building in, I assume, New York. I spoke briefly with Seth, who was dressed in a three-piece suit, very elegant and prosperous and quite out of keeping with Rob’s more informal portrait! This was not a class, exactly, but a reception for people interested in Seth and Jane’s work.

“Once, Jane and I dreamed of the same city—a dusty, dry place where large signs with gold letters on a black surface were hung out like battle flags over the street. But we concluded that each of us had been in a slightly different part of town! The streets were long and straight, and few if any buildings were over two stories tall. It was not earlier than the nineteenth century, or it could have been just ‘now-time’—I really don’t recall much except those black signs, each with only a few letters upon them.”

Class dreams were a fascinating part of our ESP experience, but we never fully investigated their implications—if

that were indeed possible in a lifetime. And time *was* the crux: there simply wasn't enough of it. You could literally spend the entire Tuesday night analyzing one tiny dream detail that we'd had in common. Where class dreaming would have led to over a period of, say, twenty or thirty years is anyone's guess; my speculation is that Seth's challenge for us to "dream an inner city" (see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 10) was meant, in part, to propel us into something long-term and heretofore unheard of, whether class continued or not. Certainly, Seth made constant references to "the experiment" and its relationship to our dreams.

For instance, one August night in 1971, Seth punctuated a lengthy

discussion of dreams with some surprising remarks about their directions. "We mentioned some time ago an experiment," he began, interrupting some salacious speculations on the "meaning" of sex dreams. "Now, the visitors that have been here until this evening had a part to play in that experiment. Other portions of the experiment, however, are concerned with your dream states and those individuals that you are meeting [in dreams]. Besides the associates and friends that you know in your daily waking life, you also have quite a legitimate relationship with people that you do *not* know as you go about your

daily concerns. And you perform work of which you are unaware as you go about your daily way.

“Now, some of you are ready to meet these other associates. They are people living on the face of the earth at this time; people that you have never met physically and probably will never meet in those terms, but you are involved often as apprentices in joint endeavors, and it is time that you become aware to some extent of your relationship.⁶ Therefore, I want you to take particular notice of people in your dreams who are strangers to you. You may encounter them in class dreams. You may also encounter them, however, in dreams that

seem to have no great meaning. These people cooperate with you as you cooperate with them. You are involved [in] many activities: helping people who have died, in your terms; speaking to others who are quite alive, in the dream state; learning to understand and manipulate subjective realities.”

Seth rocked back in Jane’s chair, crossing Jane’s legs with delicate grace, as if he were naturally familiar with the mechanics of a miniskirt. “Now, there are two main possibilities that can emerge here,” he continued, “and these people can become quite real to you. You have begun to become aware of some of your own reincarnational existences [in dreams]. Because of this,

you have been able to relate to yourself and to others in a more effective manner and understand others from a different point of view. Now, however, you should also become aware of other personalities who work with you when your normally conscious ego is quieted. Some of you already have clues.

“This requires some study and means that you will have to remember your dreams much more effectively than some of you are doing!” Seth scowled his familiar mock-stern scowl, pursing Jane’s lips and scrunching her eyebrows together in an expression that Jane herself never used. “And I am giving you the impetus!” he roared. “When

possible, think of these persons ... so that in your daily waking life you can receive some more intuitional information as to the kind of work and endeavors in which you are all involved.”

Seth paused, closing his eyes. For a moment, Jane’s body sat motionless, hinting of the Seth II personality. Besides, that mysterious “experiment” had been mentioned again—a favorite word of this other personality.⁷ Was this going to slide into a Seth II speech?

“We want you to become aware of all your activities, not simply your conscious ones,” Seth said finally, opening Jane’s eyes and staring out in his usual animated manner. “You are

using abilities in that work that you are not using, as yet, in your conscious lives, and I want you to become aware of what these abilities are. They can also help you deal more effectively with physical reality, and help you understand it far better. You may find, several of you, yourselves involved in the same work in the dream state. And so, also, keep track of whatever class members may appear within these dreams. Then, when you are doing well in class, you will be able to relate not only to some reincarnational selves [which we had been experimenting with at this time], but to the inner self and to its activities; and use these activities to enrich your normal daily encounters and to increase the

nature and extent of your perceptions.”

Joel Hess cleared his throat. “You said, ‘*We* want you to be aware,’ et cetera,” he repeated. “Would you explain the ‘we’ a little bit?”

Seth shook Jane’s head, grinning at Joel. “Not at this time,” he replied. “I will, however, later.”

“After we think about it a while?” Joel offered humorously.

“Indeed,” Seth said dryly. “I notice it did not miss your attention, however.

Gert Barber spoke up. “In the dream state, these, ah, *strangers* or associates—would we put on them a face that we would be able to relate to, say a member of our family?” she asked.

Seth stared at her with a small, tender smile, holding the room in silence. It almost seemed as though Gert's question had reminded him of something else; some memory welling up in his Sethian mind that momentarily distracted him. "They will appear to you as strangers, and not as people that you know," he said after a moment. In closing, he advised us also to watch out in our waking life for "strangers who approach you without effort, concerning mutual friends—and for clues, awake and asleep, on the nature of 'the experiment.'" Was this tricky, evocative dream challenge reflecting Seth's knowledge of, or "memory" of, the

impending Sumari development that Jane would deliver that November?

Whatever it comprised, Seth's "experiment" hint worked its usual understated charms: class dreams seemed to explode upon us. Suddenly our dream records were filled with correlations; strangers virtually overpopulated our dream landscapes; odd waking encounters leaped into our awareness—were we actually meeting more "strangers" than usual, or were we just more conscious of them now?

For example, on August 9, I had a class dream with many strangers in it. Each one of us, familiar members and otherwise, were supposed to list all unknown people who'd appeared in our

dreams lately. In my dream, Joel Hess described a dream with strangers and their concern about a winter coat. I described—in my dream—a similar dream involving a coat that Seth took off and handed to Joel. To my dream self, it seemed that we were actually describing as yet undiscovered layers of perception, and that the “strangers” in our midst were dream selves from other probability systems.

The next day, a typewriter salesman came to my house to discuss the machine that I was going to rent for the in-home typing business I had for a while. During the conversation, the salesman stood up and removed his topcoat with a

humorous flourish, saying that the cool breeze that morning had fooled him into wearing it. Later on, he mentioned a minister who'd been preaching in a small church near his home. The minister turned out to be Joel Hess. And I also discovered in the course of our conversation that the company secretary who had been taking my calls about this machine was a friend from my high school class—the salesman, of course, “a stranger who approached without effort,” for an encounter that included mention of two “mutual friends.”

That Tuesday, Joel remembered only that he'd had a class dream the night of August 9. But at Jane's that night for the first time was a woman who had

graduated with me from high school. Upon checking my records—we usually brought our dream notebooks with us to class—I discovered that I'd had a class dream on August 10 in which several members of my high school class appeared. I hadn't seen any of them since 1963.

Several weeks later, I had a dream in which I found myself stopping at a gas station on my way to Jane and Rob's. Instead of paying the attendant—a man whom my dream self observed as “a stranger”—I handed him a book with the name of a family friend written on the first page. I hadn't seen this friend in more than ten years. The station

attendant immediately pointed to the name and said, "He's dead."

"My gosh, is that telepathy or clairvoyance?" my dream self said. I told the attendant to call Jane Roberts about coming to ESP class and then drove there myself, where conversation centered around the "sound" of molecules. A wind was blowing hard against the old house. We then discussed the death of my friend and how he would adjust to his new state.

On the afternoon of the day I recorded this dream, my mother called to tell me that, unknown to me, this friend *had* died the day before. All Jane remembered was a dream in which she could hear Seth giving information to someone she

didn't know on how to manipulate one's consciousness.

Just after the appearance of Sumari that November, I wrote down a dream in which Jill Ryan, a woman who'd been to class once and disliked it intensely, was attending a Seth session. In physical life Jill was a stage director, costume designer, and choreographer for a theater troupe; in my dream, Seth seemed to be telling her why she disliked ESP class and its apparent lack of structure. Seth then gave me information on Sumari and the accomplishments of this "family." On the same night, Bernice Zale had a dream involving a group of people dancing in a strange place. In the

dream, I told her that she “has often been connected in some way to dancing.” Bernice then walked to her town’s elementary school, where a professor—i.e.. a male teacher figure—gave her some information about the Sumari family and another family, of consciousness, described in Bernice’s notes as “Beverly, or something close to it.” Besides the immediate correlations between the dreams, it’s interesting to note that one of the families of consciousness Seth listed four years later in *The “Unknown” Reality* is the “Borledim,” which he says provides the parent, or Earth stock, for the race.

It was typical of these class dreams, as they began to snowball, that we often

recalled them in vast, involved detail, dialogue included, sometimes for dozens of notebook pages. Class members who sent me their dream records—Betty DiAngelo in particular, who hand copied a thick sheaf of dreams for me—said that they'd chosen representative dreams out of their records; it was all they had time to do. "Sue, how can I?" Camille Atkinson responded to my request for class dream material. "There were hundreds. A lifetime of dreams. Where would I start? I had had dreams of class in and out of all my life—of course I didn't know it, but I knew it once I got to class!" And then there were members who didn't remember class

dreams—or many dreams at all. Yet the dreams that I did collect, particularly from 1973 and 1974, intertwine in detail after detail. Some of these occurred on the same night; many others during the same Tuesday-to-Tuesday week—which we considered correlating hits.

For example, in the class of August 14, 1973, we compared notes and discovered that more than half of those present, at least a dozen people, had been dreaming during the week about policemen. Several of us had dreams in which we were in jail cells; others remembered spy-story scenarios of trying to steal secret government documents; still others found themselves being searched by the police for

unnamed crimes. Specifically, on the night of August 14, George Rhoads and I compared these remarkably similar dream situations: In mine, George and I flew to Hawaii, where a man met us in the airport and demanded to know George's name. I immediately told George not to divulge his name to "just any old person on the street," that it would be dangerous to do so. But then I discovered that the threatening man had gone to Syracuse University when I did, and that he was doing an Urban Renewal study in Hawaii. As he told me this, the airport turned into the Newhouse Journalism School complex at S.U. George and I then walked away and

found some friends living at the bottom of a snowy, slushy crater, where a wild moose was running around and around the edge.

George's dream began with his arriving, by plane, in Argentina, "with a friend to visit her parents." He wrote, "Part of this was a trip around the world that I was making alone. I went down a long hill in the country, and as I went it turned into a city. I saw some policemen holding ragged-looking men—making an arrest. Then the road went through a zoo, and I drove on what appeared to be cobblestones. It was dried shit, though, and creatures were burrowing beneath it in the liquid part. They popped up, but the surface hardened again." And

according to my notes, two other class members' police dreams that week included notes on slogging through layers of slushy manure.

“Now *you* choose the theme for your dreams—I do not!” Seth burst in as we were discussing these dreams that Tuesday. “And, for a while, class will provide the theme for your class dreams—that is, *you* will provide the theme, as you have done. Each of you, in your own way, will interpret the theme and develop it and learn your own lessons from it. And you did very well. Most of the correlations are obvious. Let me make, however, a few remarks.

“Creativity is permissive, it is free,

and it is playful. And, out of the playfulness and its permissiveness, it finds its own joyful structure, and that structure is spontaneous. But, it is a structure. Now, a dance forms a structure. Creativity does not find a *rigid* structure.

“Authority and the police, and the police state, represented many things to each of you individually; and yet, if you police your ideas and your beliefs, you put yourself in prison. And if you are afraid to listen to the beliefs of others to which you do not agree, you make your own bars. And, if you cannot react playfully to those who hold other beliefs than [yours], then you have a lot to learn about being Sumari!

“The dream state is a free, creative state. Yet, even in it, you can experience rigid barriers and beliefs; but facing those, and realizing what they are, you can also realize the power of your own creativity. See how well you took one theme and elaborated upon it in your dreams, for your own purposes, and then for class purposes! For what you learned, you communicated to others, and many of you who do not remember class dreams had some!

“The rigid, authoritative image—you can project it outward, or you can see it as a tendency within yourself. If you are able to treat it playfully when you meet it on the outside, you will be able to treat

it playfully when you meet it on the inside! And you will not feel the need to pin [anyone] to the wall!

“Now, the Sumari are creative. They are creative, inventative [*sic*], joyful, and they are sometimes impatient. As I did say, they do not stay around to mow the grass. But mowing the grass in certain levels of reality is quite important. And to stand around and laugh at those who mow the grass, and tend to what *you* have begun—to laugh at the caretakers—is never anything to be proud of.

“As last week you chose the theme for your dream, so you shall this [forthcoming] week. And I will not tell you what the theme is, for it will be your

own. But there will indeed be—with your enthusiastic cooperation!—a time when you will transcend yourselves, and your abilities in your ‘now.’ and clearly have a dream experience in which the events and the circumstances and the environment all agree. *You do not seem to understand completely that your dreams are real, and have their validity.* Or even ... that your intent—your intent—itsett has a reality that builds up in energy at other levels of existence, and works for you.

“Now, not only are your dreams individual, and individually important; as far as class is concerned, there is a mass gestalt in which your individual

dreams have an even greater meaning, and in which each of you are doing your part in erecting realities that you do not as yet understand.

“Now ... I return you to this dreaming class, and I hope that your other selves wake up and remember what *they* dreamed of, and the dream class that *they* attended; and when they are asked what dreams they had, and on what night, in your terms, they remember *this* class!”

Continuing in its ongoing fashion that following week, class dream recall once again had dozens of points in common—but this time, not so much between people, places, or things, but with symbolism and ideas: a kind of mirror-

image correspondence. My records note that several of us reported dreams dealing with the relationship between the physical body's cells and the cellular structure of the dream-image body, while five others had widely varying dream encounters concerning the nature of self-discipline and how much of that elusive quality one must have in order to do anything at all—"In order not to become a bum," one student finished his dream description, a worried frown wrinkling his brow. In each remembered dream, there seemed to be a reference to a foreign country.

By then, of course, we were expecting some kind of collective dream analysis

from Seth.

“Good evening!” he began, removing Jane’s much-handled glasses. “The first lesson that you have taught yourselves in the dream state has to do with the continuity of your own *experience* in the dream state—the simple fact that so many of you had experiences using the same symbols and the same ideas; that you agreed upon so many objective issues appearing within your dreams. You did not agree upon the same room, or the same people, but the similarities were obvious to each of you. You can see for yourselves how, in the dream state, you were working with issues that concern you. You can see also a great correlation and give-and-take as you

created your own images, allowed others to borrow them, borrowed some for yourselves. And out of the whole cloth, each of you made original dreams that were, on the other hand, like no other; and yet, the same issues were often found—and as you spoke, they became obvious.

“Now, there are certain things that you must agree upon in physical reality: the tables, the chairs, yourselves as you look. There are many things upon which you agree, and when you speak, you agree upon what is said—generally. What I want you to understand is that in the dream state also there are agreements. There are things upon which

you agree. There is order in what may seem to be chaos. And, [to Camille, who hadn't remembered any dreams that week] there is memory in what at times may seem to be amnesia! I want you to see the similarity, the give-and-take, and the communication, the order, that has appeared in your dreams. Then I want you to see if you can decide what the individual issues—such as the foreign nationalities—mean.

“You have witnessed a very simple demonstration that you have given *yourselves* about the nature of the dream state, and your own continuing work and play and validity within it—the continuity that exists between the waking and the dream state as you think of it.

You are not momentarily insane—not when you are asleep! Some of you [to Rudy] may be insane when you are awake and walk through glass ... but you cannot say that you are insane when you are asleep, or that there is no order!

“Now, our regular students recognize my humor,” Seth continued, “so they know when I am joking and when I am not; so I am not saying that you are ‘insane’ when you are awake! I want you to recognize the continuity of your consciousness as it passes through these thresholds of activity, however.

“Now, oftentimes, dreaming, you are not aware of your waking self; but waking, you are not often aware of your

dreaming self! Try now, for example, without any [dream] record, to remember your dream activities; but when you are dreaming, try to remember your waking activities! And yet, there is great continuity, in your terms, for of course both exist at once.

“I have something to say to each of you, and all of you. In many areas of your lives, you go to learn discipline. You are taught by another and by a teacher and by a great authority. You are taught to become disciplined. In this class, there are other issues involved, and now I will tell you the terrible truth!

“For I am an un-teacher. And an un-teacher un-ravels you, or lets you unravel yourselves, back to the truths of

your being. An un-teacher helps you un-learn your ‘discipline.’ An un-teacher, hopefully—and it is a difficult task that I embark upon, playfully—an un-teacher, hopefully, lets you lead yourselves toward the freedom of your being. So, when you are used to discipline, you may, for a while, feel un-done, or without a foundation. And then, when you let your disciplines go, you feel the great foundation of your own being, and its greater freedom.

“There is a purpose to this class, as all of you know, and for all of my talk, you see, you still have not un-learned enough. For when I tell you that you create your own reality, none of you are

really sufficiently secure in that belief to take advantage of it as yet, to grasp this great creative freedom of yourselves and use it to make the life that you presently [live] be the most creative and joyful for yourself and others. And so you give yourselves and others excuses, and you are in this position because of that, or you are in this position because of that person, or because of your background.

“Now, this applies to everyone here, Ruburt included—to each of you. When you thoroughly recognize the majestic freedom of your own being, and your own creative power, then you recognize yourselves as creators, creating your daily life and joyfully helping create the mass experience of the world as you

know it. And then, you are ready to say ‘I act out of the full joyful knowledge of my creativity.’ Then you do not blame events or others or circumstances. Then you are able to thank yourselves for the joys of your being, and the glory of your days. You are able to say to the smallest cell within the ear, ‘I give you greeting. I am thankful for our joint creativity, for our eternal knowledge which is ever new ... ’

“And your dreams will help you point the way to your own freedom—and they are pointing the way to your own freedom.

“Again, from my reality to yours: If there is one gift that I would give you, it

is the reflection of yourselves as I see you, returned to you so that you could sense, as I do, the miraculous joy and freedom, and trust it. If you make mistakes, they are your own mistakes, and you can learn from them. If you make decisions, they are your own decisions; you can make new ones. If you are afraid of making decisions, you cannot learn from them.

“Your dreams for this week will clarify the issues involved in your past week’s dreams. So, bring all of your records. You are piling up dream goodies for yourself. You are your own teachers; these are your dreams, not mine. Mine are like winds that blow about the universe, and that are seen in

different shapes and forms, according to your perspective, and upon which hilltop you happen to stand.

“I give you, each of you, my deepest regards; and through my knowledge of your integrity, reassure you of that integrity, when you doubt it—for there is no need to doubt it. In the dream state, you will be reassured, and by yourselves; the selves you *think*, again, you have forgotten; the selves you hope you are, but the selves you are afraid you will never be. Those selves are, and they will speak to you and reassure you in the dream state, as they speak now when you are awake—but you do not listen.

“And your dreams also, in their way, nourish worlds. There is no waste. Your dreams and your thoughts have reality.”

During that next week, as we discovered the following Tuesday (August 28), our dreams seemed to be filled with debates and lectures delivered by class members. On August 25, for example, I dreamed of Jed Martz giving a speech on how dumb basketball was compared to the academic “rightness” of classroom learning; Rudy Storch kept interrupting with a sermonette on *The Bhagavad-Gita*. My dream self finally told Jed that there was no real difference between a mental activity and a physical one; but *I* was

interrupted by Bernice Zale, who wanted to tell me the story of a new bathroom innovation—in which the toilet seat was changed weekly by a traveling toilet-seat changer. That next Tuesday, several of us related dreams involving the relationship between mental and physical activities; and all of them seemed to include one class member or other lecturing the rest of us on the fine points of some hilariously silly topic. “It’s getting to be like the *Oversoul Seven* dream tribunal,⁸ you know it?” Phil Levine remarked during the discussion.

“Good evening!” Seth interjected. “And before class is finished, you will

discover what good teachers you all are, and how wily you carry out your own themes in the dream state, and how they correlate. You see, finally, that your inner self is a friend. You will also discover that you are the self. Each of you, in your way, will come to your own realization ... and when your own inspiration and experiences come to you, then they teach you in a way that I cannot teach you. For it is your own experience. It is your self meeting your self.

“You [Phil] used the word ‘dream tribunal.’ And some time, you will each realize the true, deep, dark secret and hidden aspects that lurk within *Oversoul Seven* and how it so insidiously works upon your psyche, and leads you to

dream tribunals. What do you think you are heading for with your dreams in this class? And that is the only clue I will give you.

“And ... if you think you have trouble explaining this class to your friends, you should imagine the difficulty I have with *my* colleagues!

“Some of my colleagues are also very serious and given to hard work; and they all have their own ideas of teaching, and of training, and they all think they have the way that works best. I think I have a way, and so I do not bother them. They think they have the right way. So my way always changes. *That* way, sometimes it must be the right way! I speak

humorously in terms I think you can relate to about my colleagues, for of course they do not exist in that way at all. But, it is a good way to get an idea across. I do not exist in that way either!

“Now, you come here, and you listen to me speak,” Seth continued. “You hear a voice. Certainly you all agree that you hear a voice. And your instruments [tape recorders] pick up a voice. Yet, if you try to find me—*this* loudspeaker—you cannot find me. You cannot find me in your reality in the same way that you *think* you can find each other. In rational, intellectual terms alone, and using the terms the way [they are] usually used, you are learning a lot from someone who has no reality, and that is a

good trick on your part!

“Finding yourselves is something else, and yet akin to what I am speaking of. For, you see, your physical images are reflected in a looking glass. And yet you know what you are looking at is not the self you know, but only a part of the self that you know. For where in your body are you—in your nose, or your toe—in all of it? If you cut off an arm, what happens to the part of you that was in the arm? Where did it go? If you are in the cells and atoms and molecules that compose you today, what happens when those atoms and molecules change completely and your physical organs are composed of entirely new atoms and

molecules? Where has your self gone then?

“You perceive omens. What are you but omens of your self? Creations felt from the inside? But to try to look at yourselves from the outside, [you] therefore never recognize who you are. You are apports. You come from other dimensions of reality into this one. Then why does it bother you so if you imagine a bird coming from another reality into this one?⁹ Where do the new flowers come from each spring?

“It is a fairytale to tell yourselves that they come from the seeds that were put here last year, which came from the seeds that were put there last year, that

came from the seeds ... et cetera. For you are left with the old question of where the first seed came from, or the first apple. What is to prevent—what *is* to prevent—a mysterious bird from entering into your reality and forming a new species? Only your beliefs that that isn't possible. Yet again, if it is impossible, then where did the first bird come from, or the first seed, or the first before the first?"

Seth turned to Kurt Johns, whom he'd affectionately called "the Indian" ever since Kurt had reported dreams and other intuitive glimpses of an Indian self he thought he might have been. "Where is your Indian?" Seth asked, smiling at Kurt. "He has his own joyful reality, and

his own being. And as I have told you often, your own thoughts materialize in other systems than your own. You seed other realities of which you are not aware. You form aspects of yourself, and so are you also aspects—while being your own individual selves.

Kurt Johns



“When you open the doors to your perception, you see *this* reality more clearly. You also begin to glimpse

varieties of possibilities inherent within this system, not usually perceived. You see the form that your thoughts take. You project them outward as omens, and then follow them. They are joyful and friendly. Inner symbolism becomes real, and varied, and alive. Living signs that you then follow, but that form their own reality.

“Now, I return you to your own Indians!”

Class Dreams and Notes: A Sample of Correlations

For the week (Tuesday to Tuesday) of
December 8-15, 1970:

December 9

NED WATKINS: With a group of people, plus Seth. People are ancient cave dwellers. Place was cave-like, no windows or wood. Seth explained meanings, and later I re-explained everything to someone.

SUE WATKINS: With group of people at a cafe; Jane there. Huge map of the world on the floor. Seth comes through and explains where there is evidence of ancient civilizations—he says some is buried in caves in Spain. We stand on the land area on the map. Seth explains this location in detail. Later, we disperse and re-explain it

all to others.

For the week of March 31-April 7,
1970:

April 3

NED WATKINS: Sue and I are swimming naked near a McDonald's. Another girl is there. I tell her to write to me—she's an old girlfriend. I talk to her for a while. A giant had told me that he would help me go out-of-body.

SUE WATKINS: Ned and I are swimming naked by Pudgies' Pizza place. Another girl is there. She is wearing glasses. Ned seems interested in her. We try to go out-

of-body.

For the week of November 20-27, 1973:
November 20

DAN STIMMERMAN: I have a room in a very big house that turns out to be Jane's. We are tending to a small white unicorn and her baby, who live with me. Sue W. comes to visit. Before I can tell her about them, the unicorns get out. A large gray cat and her kitten threaten them.

SUE WATKINS: We have a tame lion in my parents' large house. Class is there. The lion does something he shouldn't.

For the week of February 5-12, 1974:
February 8

SUE WATKINS: A dream in which I was put into suspended animation by a group of oddly dressed twenty-first-century people for a voyage into space. One of these people was dressed like a cowboy ... Later, we were all on a yacht and a Greek gangster character threw us into the water. We didn't drown, however, but managed to get to shore after many trials. At the end, my grandmother Mullin [dead for two years by then] appeared and I couldn't figure out how she got

there—was she dead or not? Had she died, or was she about to?

PRISCILLA LANTINI: I had a dream that my husband and I were shot and killed by gangsters. We were both dead on the spot, but I couldn't die. I got right back up again, although I knew I was dead.

[Priscilla also notes:] Eddie Feinstein, one of the Boys from New York, had a similar dream [during that week] in which he was in a war and killed and could not die. He told of this at class that week and [said] he thought he heard Seth say in the dream, “The Mona

Lisa is very, very heavy.” Seth came through and told Artie that that was *his* interpretation of what he thought Seth might say ...

[“And so, you should, by rights, tell *me* what it means!” Seth told Eddie that night. “But, for now, I will give you a clue: ‘Sweetness and light come hard.’ It is my interpretation of your interpretation! But,” Seth went on, “it is easy for others to talk and tell you it is easy to be spontaneous, and easy to get out of your body. Therefore, the responsibility, it seems to you, is stronger. If there were trials put in front of you; if I said it is difficult to get out of your

body; if I gave you trials and said you must do thus-and-so, and then get out of your body, you would feel safe because, after all, it would not happen right away! You may not pass the trial! But when I say it is easy to do so, and tell you that you have the ability, then you face, in yourself, your own obstructions and your *own* fears—and they are heavy!”]

[Priscilla continues:] Then, Eddie asked Seth about a dream he'd had during that week in which he'd been participating in a war. [However, Eddie said, the weapons used in this war seemed

to be shooting a liquid rather than conventional bullets. “I was shot,” Eddie said, “and lay down to die—but I couldn’t! The result was sort of like not being able to get out-of-body ...” Eddie stopped and laughed, light dawning on his face.

“Do you need me?” Seth roared.

“I didn’t see the connection before,” Eddie said. “Of course!”]

For the week of February 19-26, 1974:
February 20

BETTY DIANGELO: While going to sleep, I picked up that a class is going on. I see Richie Kendall very clearly. We are speaking in Sumari, and there is a greeting that sounds

like “Shamah.”

SUE WATKINS: A strange class dream at a party. Carl Jones is running around kissing the girls. A new *Oversoul Seven* has come out. Sumari says this, meant for Jane: “S’ventala mendala vertu.”

For the week of March 12-19, 1974:
March 12

BETTY DIANGELO : Class in a large dim hall that was separated, with large double doors. In the other half was a large group of people also having a Seth session—a different “family of consciousness.” Theirs had

religious overtones. I sneak into their meeting and hear them ridiculing us.

[Note: Betty did not attend the March 12 class, which featured a Sumari “initiation” song to newcomers.]

March 13

GEORGE, RHOADS: Has to do with a class. A race; people on an elevated conveyor, or little swings, standing up. Some parts are dangerous and speedy ... We end up in a kind of dark, dim supermarket. Large. An exhibition hall. Paintings by friends. I stop at one. An empty

skin, white with big nose and bald head—a fool. Maybe that was the title. An airplane model hangs nearby.

March 19

BETTY DIANGELO: I am having a discussion, argument really, with a new girl in class over organic versus inorganic food [an issue that was of prime consideration to George at the time]. The dream seemed filled with strange happenings ... Mary Strand, Tim, and I leave together ... remember crossing some water that was near a roller coaster. Also cutting

through a car dealer's lot with models on display.

For the week of April 16-23, 1974:

April 20

SUE WATKINS: A strange sort of dream correlation. I recorded for last night's dreams, "mystical, deep; something about June and Joyce [girl-friends from sophomore year at Syracuse], and the Engadine Valley in Switzerland. Strong feeling of communication with past, present, and future. Convoluted physical event."

The next day, I received a letter, dated April 20, from my college

roommate, Ellen R., who lives in Manhattan. The two of us went on a trip to Europe after our sophomore year at Syracuse. We worked for two months in the laundry room of a Swiss resort hotel, located in a mountain pass in the western part of the Engadine. We'd reminded one another many times of that trip, of course, but had never spoken about the strange kinds of *inner* journeys that European junket had awakened in us—I remember, for example, a vivid sense of absolute familiarity as we stood in the Innsbruck train station, our first stop after leaving Switzerland.

Ellen records few dreams and

has never been to Jane's class or read her books [in 1974]. Here, I'll quote from her letter:

Dear Sue: The oddest thing just happened, and I know of no one else to tell it to but you, because you are the only one who will believe me—at least I think you'll believe me. I swear that it is true.

The day that we [Ellen and her husband, Max] moved into this apartment, on July 14, 1971, two things were stolen from us during our move. At least we assumed they were stolen because we packed

them on the moving truck at 87th Street, but they never arrived here. One was a green carpet sweeper my brother had given us a few weeks before, and the other was my 320 Polaroid camera, my wedding gift from [Max and friends].

Well, the losses were sad, but not the end of the world. I use my regular vacuum cleaner to do the floors, and we bought me a Square-Shooter Polaroid camera to replace the other.

Today [April 20th] I was hanging up clothes in my

closet, and my 320 Polaroid was there, hanging on a clothing rack right next to the door!

Sure, you're thinking, Ellen is a slob, and she probably hung it there when she moved in and didn't notice it until today. BUT THAT IS NOT WHAT HAPPENED!! I always use that clothing hook and I have cleaned my closet lots of times, and even Max has cleaned my closet, and when we first moved in we searched the entire apartment, including my closet, for the

missing articles.

So, now I have two Polaroid cameras and I don't believe my eyes. The only believable explanation for me is that some other-worldly being borrowed the camera for a while, and now returned it! Can *you* think of another explanation? I really am *not* putting you on—this really did just happen to me! And I am reeling from disbelief!

L, Ellen

To compound this odd bit of telepathy, or whatever it was—had I picked up on Ellen's camera

hijinks in my dream?—when I called Jane to tell her about this experience, she told me that during her nap that afternoon, she'd had a brief dream of me in Europe, a context in which Jane never associates me at all. Jane and I agreed, though, that if there were truly no other explanation for the camera's sudden reappearance—if it didn't turn out that someone had found it and put it on the closet hook without comment, for instance [and no other such explanation ever did arise]—then it seemed like a kind of portent, or symbolic event, of new directions, or probabilities for Ellen and Max; “the

intertwining of past, present, and future,” Jane said. [And indeed, they did take new directions together; in 1978 they moved to another city, where today they each have new careers; the series of events that led them there started about the time of this incident]. And for whatever reason, it seemed that Jane and I had tuned in on this inner and outer “turn” in Ellen’s life.

By the way, this explanation [much of it deleted here], sounded “right” to Ellen at the time, even though I hadn’t discussed such things as probabilities and simultaneous time with her before

...

For the week of June 11-18, 1974:

June 12

BETTY DIANCELO: Class very crowded and in a different place than Jane's apartment. Tim and I were told we had missed G. [a local poli-sci professor who specializes in the Mideast].

June 13

DEREK BARTHOLOMEW: Diane Best and I were with Ira Willis and the rest of the class at an ocean beach. After we had walked along

the sand for a while, Diane and I went off with some of the others to watch a movie. I don't recall what it was about, but there were a lot of people in the auditorium.

SUE WATKINS: Long, long dream in which I have a small-animal veterinarian clinic. Strange stainless steel surgery objects appear. Many people come to the house. A horse walks in to see me, on his own. Several members of class come in from a camping trip. George Rhoads and I dance to a waltz in the kitchen while a meal is being prepared.

June 16

SUE WATKINS: A long dream about Diane Best and Ira Willis. Ira sits down in my strawberry patch and talks about the school for “famous” people he’s teaching in. Diane appears, larger than life, over his right shoulder, her hair covered by a tight cloth scarf, carrying a tray of biscuits. The three of us, along with [class member] Deeana Bowman, take a journey in two small red children’s wagons. Much talk about Diane and power (particularly physical power) and her interpretations of Sumari. We discuss the Mideast

and the tense situation there.

June 18

DEREK BARTHOLOMEW: Class dream, but only unusual detail I recalled was that Willy, Jane's cat, was allowed to attend too.

GEORGE RHOADS: I notice [William] Styron [author of *The Confessions of Nat Turner* and *Sophie's Choice*, and a friend of George's] in class. He is there with two similar friends. A houseful of people. A meal prepared by some women. Big white biscuits and

butter—a different kind of meal, but I eat it. Large biceps on Geoffrey B.—that Seth gave [him]. I sit around with special new things I got from dream—stainless steel barbed wire? Un-material flowers

...

For the week of September 17-24, 1974:
September 20

BETTY DIANGELO: In class we are discussing animals in connection with humans. A couple from San Francisco relates an encounter in which a large snake crawled through their bedroom window and their goat promptly did it in and made a messy job of it.

I then related that Tim and I had a similar happening, but it was our cat that killed the snake.

September 24

SUE WATKINS: A mother poodle is being persecuted by everyone. She comes in my bedroom window. I try to save her, and end up only saving her two pups. But they look so much like her that I have to get them away fast so no one will shoot them. I go into a needlepoint store and see a huge book on medieval needlepoint patterns. I see tapestries with unicorns, goats, mermaids on them. Then I come to

an elevator to another universe. Class members Phil Levine and Pete Sawyer [who moved to Elmira in the early '70s from his hometown, San Francisco] are running it. It's crowded. I think of the messy end scene of the Jack the Ripper movie I once saw, in which J. the R. gets squashed under an elevator and blood runs out from underneath it.

[Note: Tim and Betty were not in class at this time—they were taking a cross-country vacation.]

September 26

DEREK BARTHOLOMEW: The

class was moved into a large building where we were to be shown a movie of diabolical understanding (I'm still not sure what I meant by that). The movie was made in 1916 and was in black and white. We couldn't understand the language of the movie, so a large man brought out a scroll and began to read from it. Soon this became incomprehensible because of the man's accent ... We left shortly after the movie was over.

SUE WATKINS: In a large house with ornate, overcrowded antiques, polished floors, bright blue wallpaper with goldweave designs, scrollwork on doorways. A party

going on for many people, including class members. Then I find myself, George Rhoads, and another girl bailing out of a World War I airplane. We land near a theater and go in. A large audience is watching an X-rated movie made in WW I era. This seems to culminate in everyone's feeling sexy except me, and I feel that I must not have understood what was going on.

For the week of December 16-23, 1974:
December 16

SUE WATKINS: My mother and I are in Peru when a volcano erupts [I have a cousin, a Catholic priest,

who lives in Peru]. I see this clearly. Lava flows; ash fills the air. We find a little fancy car. The ash touches our car and it's magic; we escape to the Old City section of Luxembourg, where we see hanging gardens, vines growing on the old houses, et cetera.

BETTY DIANGELO: Seth is telling us that the atmosphere is very heavy with unhealthy contaminants, particularly dangerous for small children. The class is outdoors—the atmosphere here is one of arbors, passageways, and gardens.

December 23

WILL PETROSKY: Class. A giant party. Some magic dust is sprinkled. A giant Kali [a Hindu goddess] appears and does a dance.

For the week of March 4-11, 1975:

March 4

GEORGE RHOADS: Excavation of a cellar to reveal ancient bas-reliefs, sculptures, and texts. The group meeting there made other writings as well. I meet there with a group, my father included, to see some objects brought to us for our inspection—long pieces of steel rod with mirrors at either end and in the middle. I guessed rightly that

these were truck mirrors, double periscopes, allowing the driver to see behind him from high or low ...

March 5

DEREK BARTHOLOMEW: I was driving along the road with some class members, stopping to visit various museums to look at the artists' works.

GEORGE RHOADS: A group of several people go to a field where there is a sort of tacky Stonehenge made of plywood and cardboard. People are hang gliding in the distance. We want to take some of the plywood and make hang gliders.

Then in a big room—apartment?—somebody helps us make hang gliders out of a two-by-four fastened together at one end with a bolt.

SUE WATKINS: Two airplanes zoom in circles over the house. Oddly shaped, like hang gliders, they are from another time and space, I think. One rams the other and threatens to crash into the house. I run down the driveway. I see that the house and property are really carefully maintained museums, illusions preserved in the middle of a giant and filthy city. It occurs to me that this is a pretty tacky way to preserve history—to

make a “Looking-Glass Zoo” out of us.

For the week of December 31-January 7, 1975:

January 5

SUE WATKINS: In reality, on January 3, my father was rushed to the hospital for emergency surgery, suffering a perforated bowel and peritonitis. He recovered, and on Sunday, January 5, I recorded the following dream:

“I am part of a research team teaching animals how to read. A shot of a substance called KGB gives their brain cells the ability to

do this. Mice and then possums write letters. I say something to someone about consciousness having freedom to take great leaps. All this seems connected with my father's symptoms and reasons for the emergency situation."

Unknown to me, George Rhoads recorded this dream on Sunday, January 5: "I put a hole in a fence to let animals run through and away from a car fire on the other side of the fence. The fire was then put out with sound."

As I was driving back home to Dundee that Sunday afternoon, I saw a fire truck pull up, sirens blaring, next to a car with a flaming

motor. Later, in class, I thought how the two dreams and the incident with the truck could connect with my father's operation—the hole in the fence (abdomen?) that is opened to let the animals (emotions?) out, away from the fire (infection?) which is then put out with sound (as George's car motor fire was—motor equaling the body; truck equaling technology?). In my dream, the animals' cells were given a shot by medical researchers to make them more intellectual—to bring their natural animal (emotional?) instincts and the human quality of intellect (as my

dream defined it) closer together.
Was this the unofficial intent behind my father's physical troubles?

Seth did give some fascinating dream interpretations in class—sometimes before the person had explained the dream to anyone, including Jane (an interesting example of trance telepathy). But more than interpretations, Seth, and the entire class context, gave members invaluable help in learning how to dream; in learning how to open up, and interpret for ourselves, that entire sphere of consciousness. For some of us, this was no easy feat.

One June night in 1973, Seth came through with an eloquent soliloquy on

the “reality” of dreaming. It was, as usual, pertinent and profound, but as he finished, Florence MacIntyre spoke up. “If this is such an important part of our life, then why can’t we remember more of that part?” she asked. “I remember nothing of it.” Even recalling a tiny portion of a dream in the space of months was an achievement for her, Florence sighed.

“Now, you asked the question in a general manner, but it cannot be answered in that way,” Seth said, smiling at her. “So, the answer that we will give our Lady of Florence will be a personal one. But each of you had better apply it to your own lives and beliefs.”

Seth sat back in the chair, closed

Jane's eyes, and cupped her chin in hand. "You are still afraid of the inner self," he began. "You still do not trust your dreams, and you are afraid of them. You do not *want* to remember them. When you give yourself suggestions that you will remember your dreams, many of you do not mean it—" Seth opened his eyes and looked at Florence "—as *you* do not mean it. You are afraid of what you might meet, and you are still afraid of one particular dream, and you know the one to which I am referring.

"You *can* change the ending of the dream by understanding the nature of reality: that *you* form it. While you are afraid of dream reality, you are afraid of

what you think of as ‘real’ reality. The dream [of Florence’s] beautifully poses your dilemma in physical life, but you are afraid of solving it or even facing it either in physical reality or in dream reality.

“Now, this applies to many of you. You can give yourself suggestions for centuries, and say, ‘I will remember my dreams,’ while at the same time you think, ‘Dreams are dangerous. They are a part of me that I do not want to know.’ And if that is what you really believe, you will not pay any heed to your [own] suggestions!

“You must believe in the power and energy and strength and glory of your being, and know that problems are

challenges for you to solve. They are there to be solved! Then face them joyfully, and yourself, knowing that when you know your entire self, waking or sleeping, you will be pleased—as in the old legend, God was pleased when he created the world.

“It is only when you do not know yourself that you fear [that] you are evil, and [are] afraid to look within yourself. But when you open up those doors, you are amazed by the immensity and grace of your own being.”

“What,” asked a student, “is beyond our dimension of consciousness?”

The class burst into laughter. As if we didn't have enough troubles grasping this

one! “The laugh,” Seth answered loudly, “is the answer!

“Now, practically speaking, of course, there is a solution,” Seth continued to Florence and the rest of us, “and it is this: Stop cowering! Do not cower before your own belief that the inner self is frightening, or that you are a bad person, or that while you are good, there are bad things hidden down there. Tell yourself, and convince yourself, that since you are a part of All That Is, you are, in your own way, now, a unique expression of All That Is; and there is nothing in All That Is to be afraid of; and there is nothing in yourself to be afraid of. Tell yourself that often, and think and feel that, and it will get through to you.

But the more you tell yourself that you are frightened of your dreams, while telling yourself that you want to remember them, you are in a quandary. And again, this applies to all of you.”

Stewie Gould spoke up. “When I dream, and then wake up, I sort of take it all for granted. It’s so obvious that I’ll remember the dream that I don’t even write it down; and I go back to sleep and then I wake up and realize that I don’t remember it and should have written it down! How come that happens?”

“That applies to everyone,” Seth answered. “The problem and the solution. The problem is simply that you fool yourself. You know very well,

because it has happened many times, that if you do not write it down you will forget it—and only part of you wants to.”

“I usually tell myself,” Stewie said. “But then, I seem to make a judgment, like, if it’s good, I’ll write it down; if it’s a bad dream, then I won’t.”

“That is your problem!” Seth stated. “You should not make the judgment! Simply write [the dreams] down!

“Now, Ruburt has said this often, and it applies again to all of you. The very habit [that is] set up as you write down your dreams and recall them, opens up channels between what you think of, now, as your conscious and unconscious selves. The training teaches you to

switch from one level of reality to another, and to bring back your goodies in both hands. Whether or not the dream is important in your terms, you can use this training.”

And in the course of this dream “training,” it was perhaps inevitable that Seth appeared in our dreams with such punctual frequency, either as the cherubic gentleman depicted in Rob’s painting (reproduced in *The Seth Material*), as Jane-in-trance, or in some dream-scape combination of the two. Seth was, of course, such an outstanding feature of class that it would have been unnatural if he and Jane had been missing from class dreams. Yet, did

Seth, as an independent entity, actually walk into our dreams in the way that we walked into Jane's living room? The question is a tricky one, since it deals as well with the questions of how "real" were our own appearances in class dreams—and again, with the "reality" of mental events.

I think, of course, that we freely used Seth—as well as Jane and Rob—as easily recognizable, reassuring, and consistent dream-symbols: direction, self-knowledge, and personal power neatly wrapped up in familiar personae. And as he cautioned us so many times to do, this was one method of following the "Seth in ourselves." The difference, in my opinion, between these dream

appearances and the kind of report that Jane so often gets—wherein Seth has spoken to, or through, someone else, or materialized at a seance in Chicago—has to do, in part, with the assumptions of the perceivers.

True, people anywhere can use Seth (or Jesus, or Mr. Spock, or most anyone) for a meeting with their own inner knowledge—and successfully, with good and valid insights. But the Seth-Jane-Rob phenomenon, as it develops and investigates the realms of consciousness, is only partly an experience in mediumship (as the term is usually defined). Group dreaming, the exploration of probabilities, the

“building” of an “inner city” (see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 10) and other such exercises challenging the boundaries of physical reality were tried out in class for a reason: our experiences gave an immediate reflection of how inner logic, turned outward into the daily world, can give us a real understanding of the underpinnings of existence, and some practical reassurance that the individual can indeed make a “difference” within his private moments.

“Now within yourselves, you each have your wise old man,” Seth told us once of his image in our dreams. “You each have within yourself your eternal child. You each have within yourself windows that open into your own

realities, even those realities that you cannot translate in your terms. I am a vehicle, as the wind is a vehicle. I am a window, as that window is. I am composed of what you are, and what I am.

“And it is true to say, as I have said, that the flowers speak with an eloquent voice, if only you would listen, and that the flowers are also what you are, if you knew it. Part of a rosebud a month ago may now be something else entirely. And the cells that now glow through your arm may have been the cheeks of a Chinaman, or a waving twig in the wind. You speak for the twig, as you go about your day. And I speak for you as I go

about my quite different day.

“But each of you grows out in all directions. You ... send out feelers, and communication and energy comes back to you as you send out communication and energy. And more comes to you through my voice than the words, as many of you know by now. The words make sense to you, and you listen to me. But within the words, where the mind finds no reason, there are also communications; and you accept those also and acquiesce to them, because they are a part of your own greater reality.

“And when I speak, I rouse the grand old wise man in each of you so that you will listen to him, for he speaks within your dreams in whatever guise you want.

But do not forget there is [also] the wise old woman!

“Your dreams are the other side of your waking life, as your waking life is the other side of your dream life. Remember that whether you are awake or dreaming. If you remember that when you are dreaming, you will become awake and alive; and if you remember that when you are awake, you will become dreaming and alive!

“You are now dreaming that you are awake. In your dreams I speak to you—in your dream of wakefulness. When you dream, you dream that you dream; and you dream that I speak to you in your dreams. You are awake, whether you

believe you are awake or dreaming. You are creating realities, whether or not you pretend that you are *dreaming* realities.

“The atoms and molecules within you dream that there are people. How real their dream is to you! How deep a trance is your life! How deep a trance, in your terms, is the life of a dream!

“How real is a dream? What makes you think that there is any difference between what you think of as a dream, and what you think of as reality? You assume that a dream is less real; yet through what you think of as your dreaming life, you make your physical life. You do the work in your dreams that allows you to survive in physical terms. You choose in a dream state the

probable realities that you will then make physical. You work harder in your dreams, but playfully!

“I will not say more. I want you to feel what I have said. *Where would you be but for the atom's dream?*

“If atoms dream their joint dreams of you, who do you dream of, and what realities do you form? Now, the dream of the atoms is a gestalt dream while still individual, and you dream individually; and yet you meet in dreams, and there are mass dreams. I am asking you questions now, but unlike you, I do not demand instant answers!

“What I want you to tell me is this: How aware are your atoms of your

individual lives, and how aware are the products of your dreaming lives of your realities... and you of them? Do stars dream?

“That is your assignment. The entire group of questions. Look for the answers through your intellect, your intuition, and address the questions to yourselves before you dream.”

CHAPTER 3

Further Expeditions: Out-or-Bodies and the Gates of Horn

Repetition of Our Constant Creations

We are the changes of life blinking in and out so quickly we don't notice the repetition of constant creations massaging us to sanity.

*We are one big happy who-done-it
wonder people cruising thru our
selves shaking hands.*

*Extended penis and intended
vagina puzzle-fit interlocking
minds weathered smooth from
timeless tumblings.*

The dream of what we are we are.

—Barrie Gellis, 1972

*I am out-of-body over green
countryside—fly over a smoggy
city.*

*I try to get to Elmira... with
Lauren. Seth is three feet high
and gives a rap on probable
realities. Then I meet a probable
Jane—who lives with her mother
and daughter!*

—Will Petrosky's out-of-body, November 21, 1974

“TRUE DREAMS FROM THE GATES
OF—wha-a-a-a-t?!”

Once again, those old red flags were waving in my brain. Fire alarms, air-raid sirens, and Don't Walk signs were sounding off, too. Just the night before, I'd happened to see part of a television documentary on a Meher Baba clan—in which his disciples were dancing around a large photograph of Baba while throwing rose petals and rice (organic wild, most likely) at the picture's feet. I'd nearly screamed with embarrassed horror: Is *that* what our ESP class looked like to other people? Were *we* just sitting worshipfully around Jane/Seth's feet, throwing symbolic rose petals in hopeful exchange for the Answers to Life? Were we just another

squawk in the general roar that some had disdainfully labeled “Me-ism?”

Actually, I’m sure that this kind of feeling, in less exaggerated form, crossed every class member’s mind at one time or another; and basically, it demonstrated the sense of balance that we were learning to achieve. But this *thing*, this new dream suggestion that Seth had just made to us, had really set me off—even though I would soon discover that I related easily, as most class members did, to its dreaming impetus.

We had been discussing our beliefs about “true responsibility” and love on that May Tuesday in 1974, when Seth entered the conversation. “When you say

‘I love you’ because you think you have a *responsibility* to say, ‘I love you,’ when you do not feel the emotion behind those words,” Seth reminded us forcibly, “then you are a liar, and the other person knows it! You are not responding to that person, and it may be that alone—your private response—was what they wanted, and not your lies.”

Ah, love! That great, eternal, perplexing, consuming, belief-ridden, self-rending subject! Lies and truths, loves and hates. “If there are no divisions to the self,” someone had remarked earlier, “then why is it that you can love and hate a person at the same time?” An old question, endlessly drawn

and quartered. “If there are no divisions to the self,” someone else had retorted, “then why is it that you never feel just one simple thing about anything or anyone? You mean to say we’re all doomed to feel twenty thousand ways about everything because that’s the way the ‘undivided’ self *is*?”

Then, without preamble, Seth gave us the dream hint that had tripped my warning bells: “During the week, before you sleep, tell yourself, if you want to, that you will have a ‘True Dream from the Gates of Horn.’ Now, that is an ancient suggestion, given by the Egyptians: The Gates of Horn. I do not want to tell you what it means yet, simply to ask you to give yourselves the

suggestion—those of you who want to! —for a True Dream, that will help harmonize the portions of your being. That is part of the suggestion! Ask for a True Dream that comes from the Gates of Horn, [and] that will help harmonize the portions of your being.”

Seth closed Jane’s eyes; Jane immediately opened them. Someone filled her in on the “Gates of Horn,” while I sat sullenly, feeling lousy. Everyone else had taken to the idea at once. All I could think of was the Baba group, dancing around that huge, ridiculous photograph. I didn’t respond this way very often to things that went on in class, but when I did, it tended to be

toward the extreme. Right then, I wanted to quit class and go home. And yet... always, that annoying “And yet.”

“Well, that sounds interesting,” Jane said of the Gates of Horn, lightly, without much enthusiasm. “I’m all for harmonizing portions of my being, you know?” Then she looked at me and smiled, instantly discerning the nature of my grumps, and shrugged. “Who knows?” she offered me, laughing. “Sometimes I *depend* on you to react like that,” she added affectionately, then turned to answer someone else’s question.

After class, I drove home alone, trying to sort out my doubts. What difference did a dream suggestion make, after all?

If you didn't really like the suggestion, then no matter what you told yourself before falling asleep, you wouldn't use it. Your self protects yourself very nicely that way—except, another part of me noted, in the case of nightmares... well, even nightmares were edifying ... But what portions of my being would be involved? What was meant by “harmony,” anyway? What in hell bothered me so much? Faced with the possibility that True Dreams from the Gates of Horn, or wherever, could actually help harmonize the warring parts of my being, was I balking, preferring the clashes of indecision to resolution? Was I simply getting too

introverted lately, too analytical?

Odd, I mused, that the day before this class, I'd had an irritatingly persistent buzzing sensation in my left ear. I'd gone to the local hospital emergency room to see if an insect or something were stuck in there... but there was nothing; the noise had finally just stopped. This was the same ear that I'd had abscesses in twice before; and—funny thing, really—who had shown up in tonight's class but Juanita, who'd also had ear problems that Tuesday in 1971, when Seth had given us both hints for the symptoms' causes—which, in my case, had involved love and/or the warring portions of my self. Hmmmm. And then—oh, but this was too much—I'd found

out *that morning* that the doctor who'd treated me that last time in 1971 had died of a lingering malignancy the Tuesday before. Like a waking correlation. Like a strange harmony of circumstances. Well...

As usual, I shouldn't have worried. "True Dreams from the Gates of Horn" became indeed some of the most ecstatic, joyous, and profound dreams that we recorded. Used particularly in times of stress, and interpreted in light of our daily events, "TD/GH" dreams were labeled by all who experienced them as "different—*completely* different" in their emotional intent and relationship to you, the waking/sleeping being.

“I realized,” says Betty DiAngelo, “that my TD/GH dreams all deal with nature in some way; the two realities always kept merging and I would have a difficult time writing [the dreams] down because of this... I think the fascination I have for paintings by Rousseau... is because all those throbbing jungle scenes are TD/GH-type inspirations...

“On May 29, 1974 [the night following Seth’s first mention of TD/GH],” Betty says, “I had a dream of my sister; that *she* had a TD/GH, discovering her inner self, being close to nature and her roots as a human in physical reality. Impossible to describe, but the feeling was ‘the source she

springs from.’ Then on June 19: Throughout this dream, I kept waking up ... seems it was late at night and I kept awakening (also) within the dream, as motorcycles outside kept annoying me. At one point I went out on the porch, only it was a large patio, cluttered with chairs. My neighbors were there too—the noise was keeping them awake. I went back inside and went to bed, then awakened again, as I heard loud radio music from [my daughter’s] room. I went to check... someone was staring in her window—a girl. I told Tim.. and also thought, ‘I must figure out why this is happening.’ Then I woke up for real. It was 2 A.M. and it was pouring out: a beautiful summer rain. I shut the window

because the [rain] noise was too loud, and fell back into the dream.

“I found myself outside. [There was] a large plastic dome on the lawn. A firefly was trapped inside. There was one on the outside too, fluttering as if to get at the other firefly. I watched, transfixed. Before [I could] free the trapped firefly, it got out on its own. The two fireflies then went off together—a beautiful scene. Then it was raining, in the dream.. [then] Tim and I were back in bed, watching people flash on our door...an Indian chief, very dignified—all historical people. All the time I was aware of the unceasing rain outside.

“Then I heard something in our

kitchen, such as a cat scratching on the window screen, but it was a strange girl... then the front door bell rang. Tim and I looked at each other: this was peculiar, all these visitors at 3 A.M., and we were somewhat alarmed. [But] there was a crowd outside... and the feeling was that I knew the purpose and message, but it was elusive. Half of the crowd were the neighborhood children; they all had glowing and shining faces and... they brought me gifts. The rain had stopped. There were puddles all over; the night was misty and magical—yet the rain stopping had something to do with a matter resolved, or completed. The mystery unraveled, the children went home. There was singing...

“Then I awoke from the dream and was lying in bed, mulling it over, when I heard my name spoken very loudly—and very slowly, like a record on the wrong speed. The voice was not human, but more like a computer would sound—very deep. Then I walked [for real] out on our porch. It was almost 5:00 A.M. The atmosphere was the same as in the dream. I looked up in the sky and saw two stars (in Gemini), and I knew they had some connection with the two fireflies in the dream.. Also, later in September, I gave myself a TD/GH suggestion. [The dream began with] something about white slave trade... another girl and I escaped down a

deserted road. We found refuge in the basement of a dilapidated old house where others were also hiding. There were several old people, two young girls, ages thirteen or fourteen, a toddler of three years, and a nurse. Tim came in to warn us ‘the attack’ would begin soon...

“I was dismayed to see that the basement wasn’t entirely underground, but most of the foundation was exposed. The walls were whitewashed. Each person seemed to be very quiet and in his or her own shell. The teenage girls were dancing a ballet quietly and then put on an old record. I said to myself, ‘I know there must be some reason why I am here with this particular group of

people whom I don't know, but what?' I was almost overcome with sadness upon looking at the beautiful three-year-old child, who had lots of dark curly hair. I picked her up and crouched with her behind a piano—as if that would afford us some protection. The bombs started up, and it was a constant, horrific noise like a huge machine gun. I knew, as did everyone else, that we were the target and had no chance of survival.

“I felt my consciousness being obliterated and wondered if I were dead. I no longer felt the child next to me—I knew my body must be hurt, but I felt nothing. When I awoke from the dream I continued to hear the noise of the bombs

and sense what I felt like—that the person who died sort of became alive, or awoke again, within me.

“The actual death was not as traumatic as I supposed death to be,” Betty concludes.

On that Friday, May 31 (after grudgingly making the TD/GH suggestion), I recorded this set of dreams, many with strange feelings—many indescribable: “Class is in a strange cottagelike room. We are doing beliefs that somehow have to do with a large plastic turtle. Eddie Feinstein reads his beliefs from the turtle’s shell and hands it to me.”¹

“I half wake up, and feel something

like a large animal running up the side of the bed, along the headboard, and down on the floor next to my feet and back again. I fall back into the dream, and walk through some woods into a huge underground area. I come to a desk, behind which sits a receptionist. ‘Is this the True Dream of the Gates of Horn place?’ I ask.

“‘Yes, it is,’ the receptionist says kindly.

“‘Can you tell me if Jane Roberts has been here?’ I ask.

“She looks through a register of names. ‘Nope—no Jane Roberts,’ she says.

“‘Well, how about a Jane Butts?’ I ask. The woman looks again. ‘Oh, yes,

she was here a little while ago with about twenty-two people,’ the woman says. ‘And what is *your* name?’

“I tell her, nervously. She turns some pages. ‘Yes,’ she says, ‘you were here also.’ She smiles rather mysteriously. I go down the hall and finally see class members walking along and catch up with them. We all seem headed for this ‘True Dream’ event, up ahead in this tunnel. Before we get there, however, we come to a man sitting by a fingerprinting machine. He tries to get me to put my fingertips on a series of circles on some special paper for recording purposes, but I won’t do it. ‘I don’t put up with this kind of junk

awake, so why should I have to when I'm asleep?' I snarl. My four-year-old son Sean catches up with us. He's still in his pajamas and won't get dressed.

“We end up sitting around in a garden. Jean Strand and I discuss leg shaving. We go to class through a rabbit hole. I tell Jean that this is how *Alice in Wonderland* was written—from a dream through the Gates of Horn. Seth is giving a talk on ‘masks’—meaning divisions in the self.

“To me, Seth says: ‘You put your mask on and off like a moth before a flame.’ To Tim DiAngelo, he says, ‘You are only beginning to see that you wear one.’ And to Florence MacIntyre, ‘And you, who wear your mask proudly, as a

mask of distinction.’ The scene is repeated several times.

“Then this dream falls into another of ‘deep inner rooms,’ with the same people there. The house we’re in resembles my grandmother’s old house on Elmira’s west side. My aunt takes me aside and shows me a room in this house that she says was mine years ago. For an instant, I don’t recognize this room—I realize that it wasn’t ‘actually’ in the house—and then I feel this room being created in my past. I *feel* it spilling out of this dream, my dream, and backward into physical ‘fact’ where it becomes a familiar memory, and deeply comforting. My aunt hands me a white rag doll. I

hold it and it ‘becomes’ familiar in the same way. I know that there is no way to describe this once I wake up, because the room and the doll will have become factual, logical circumstance for everyone in my family, too. The room will have been there always, and to say otherwise will seem crazy. But I *know* that both were—are—created Now, in this TD/GH. Class members agree that this is the nature of reality, awake or asleep.”

“Around the end of September 1974,” recalls Priscilla Lantini, “I had a TD/GH that involved a city I was landscaping. It was beautiful, that week of class. I found that others had dreamed

of a city they were creating.² We ended up [in the dream] calling it ‘Sumari City,’ but it was my house and I created it. To get in the front door, you had to slide down a tube or cone, maybe eight or nine feet high, ending in a large white door with a gold knocker. Also in this house was a sunporch with a babbling brook running underneath it. You could see looking through the windows where it went under and where it came out. The sunporch was full of mattresses and pillows, sheets and blankets. The room was full of the wonderful smells of the forest...”

From these beginnings, “True Dreams” came to be used by class

members as the infallible call-for-help dreams; as a special “signal” to the inner self that direction, answers—harmony—was needed. TD/GH requests always seemed to result in vivid, direct information: “You don’t ask unless you *really want to know!*” a student once remarked, a little incisively.

An extension of these TD/GH dreams was another suggestion, or “present,” given by Seth that December. “I have, in my way, a Christmas gift for you,” he told us. “Now, when I give gifts, I ask something in return, so between now and the first of your new year—I am giving you leeway—each of you will have, if you want it, a gift: a particular dream that will stand out from all others; that

will have meaning for you alone, and set you on your own path, and help you find your own tone. But you must be willing to accept it. I give it to you on behalf of yourself.”

Class members who reported a “Christmas dream” did indeed feel that it stood out from other dreams during those December weeks. Betty DiAngelo recalled a “mystical class dream” set outdoors on a friend’s farm in Pennsylvania. “It’s a self-sufficient farm—the symbolism was parallel and obvious,” she says. “I carried the meaning of that dream in my head for months.”

“The Christmas dream—very real,”

Ralph Lorton notes. “Very clear; more real than life. I have not pursued the meaning enough. In [the dream], I was three to four thousand feet over a section of the Mediterranean Sea. I saw a map below, with three rivers flowing into the ocean and the names of tribes of people who moved slowly inland and mixed with others: Pinces and Cimre. I never worked hard enough to follow up this meaning...”

“My Christmas dream,” says Rudy Storch, “was [about] a man of nobility ... doing something magical. People were trying to ally themselves with planets. Me and someone else allied ourselves with the moon and another planet. This man ‘of good position’ was manipulating

(or setting up) marbles in a specific way on an object. The marbles (or stones) corresponded to the planets in some way. The man explained to me that since I was allied with the moon, and due to his manipulations, that I would be **ABSOLUTELY SAFE** from all harm forever.

“As he was explaining this, I felt incredibly safe and powerful, and began to *understand* with certainty that I was indeed safe.

“The setting altered somewhat, and we were now in England. The man was now reciting incantations. A throne appeared on a platform with a lance beside it. The man said to me, ‘Well,

I'm not sure, but I think if you step right over there, you will be the King of England.'

"The next thing I knew, I was riding on horseback with the lance. Everything was extremely detailed and vivid. I was feeling incredibly exhilarated and powerful. Up ahead, I saw a magical good knight about to pierce a magical barrier (like a force field). He pierced right through it with his lance. With a feeling of reckless confidence and power, I sped after him and pierced the barrier myself. The knight then proceeded to ride through a second barrier. I hesitated, and then attempted to follow him. I had a little trouble piercing this barrier, but succeeded. Up ahead

was a brilliantly glowing area which I knew to be the ‘Galileo Lion.’ As I approached, I saw an exquisitely carved statue of a lion—large, textured, silvery, glowing, and awesome to behold. I knew that it was a magical lion and that if I said the word ‘Gold,’ I would animate the seemingly inanimate lion. I said ‘Gold,’ and the sculpture sprang to life. But it would not go beyond the boundary of a circle that surrounded it.”

Rudy—who had done some physical “barrier-piercing” on a restaurant’s plate-glass window nearly two years before (See *CWS*, book 1, chapter 6)—assessed this dream as one of “great personal import” for him. “Seth often

urged us to feel the ‘magic of our being,’” he says. “Indeed, Seth’s concept that we create our own reality is as magical as you can get! Although this [Christmas] dream sounds like a cross between an Errol Flynn movie and *The Seven Voyages of Sinbad*, it helped to put me in touch with a feeling of my own magic power and the ‘magic’ of the universe. I also felt that the dream helped put me in touch with the unlimited energy available to each individual. In addition, it provided me with a valuable intuitive experience: a ‘direct knowing’ that I was safe.”

“True Dreams from the Gates of Horn come whenever I suggest to myself that I have them,” says George Rhoads.

“These always produce important revelations or experiences that reflect a shift in perspective, an expansion. Daily events take on a dream aspect, and I am able to interpret these events as I would those of a sleeping dream. I am more attuned to the weather, animals, other people, and my own body. All these speak through [an] inner voice.

“Several times in class I have entered a different area of consciousness in which my focus widened to include all sensations equally, my own thoughts becoming one small event among many at once. With this came an inner quiet, a calm and crystalline attention.”

“Now, the suggestion that I gave you,

was given, of course, for a reason,” Seth told us of the Gates of Horn dreams. “Those dreams will involve you with beliefs *behind* your daily reality; and, in certain form, you will see *how* you form that reality, and your most intimate living relationships. There will be, therefore, a correlation between those dreams, your beliefs, and your daily experience.

“I want you to continue the suggestion as given, and then to interpret the dreams in the light of your beliefs and your daily private experience. Later there will be other suggestions, dealing with other levels of reality, as you will interpret them in the dream state.

“Each of you must do this work—this play!—for yourself. It will teach you

invaluable information *if you* allow it to. We are beginning a new series of exercises that will involve the dream state and your waking reality. And those of you who are able to follow will later be able to make appointments and keep them in the dream state. But the work—or play—however you consider it, must be done. You must therefore become intimately acquainted with the particular dreams that come to you from what we refer to as the Gates of Horn. Both the Gates of Ivory and the Gates of Horn, historically, in your terms only, were used by the Egyptians. Their idea was that dreams from the Gates of Horn were ‘true,’ and dreams from the Gates of

Ivory were ‘not.’ But we [in class] are dealing with different definitions!

“Now, listen. As you meet here in the waking state, so you do indeed meet, many of you, in the dream state, at other levels of actuality. You exchange ideas. You help each other. You have, in those terms, an interior family. Now, for those of you who do not like the idea of families, the analogy may not be a pleasant one!

“However, the fact remains that in the dream state, many of you meet each other. You have a common bond, for you understand that you create your own reality. [And] each time you remember to wake up and record a dream, you are doing something with your

consciousness, and it is important. For you think enough of your interior life to consciously record it as a physical event in your time. And with your beliefs, that is important...

“Now it seems safer, in your terms, to become aware of dream experience than it does to become aware of waking experience. Yet, in any given five-minute period of your life, you perceive information that you do not accept—it is not official information. You are aware of realities, and instead of accepting them, you say, ‘No, you do not fit in here.’

“So you do not have to dream in order to become aware of other realities. You

must simply allow your consciousness some freedom. Then in the middle of your ordinary activities, you can become familiar with other kinds of reality that are, in other terms, quite familiar to you. You are simply in the habit of blocking these out, and they represent strong portions of your own reality and being.

“You may find yourselves with a random thought that does not seem to fit in with what you are doing or thinking at the time, and so you dismiss it. It seems random because it does not appear to fit in with your organized picture of reality, but it is an important mosaic that you throw away.

“So I also joyfully, and playfully, and creatively challenge you (even Jed over

there!) to become more and more aware of your waking experience, and of those stray thoughts that come, like thieves in the night. They are not official. You do not accept them. The intellect says, ‘Oh, no!’

“*Listen* to those thoughts. Open your mind a mite further, in your ordinary waking life, in the middle of your ordinary pursuits, and see what miracles are there; and I say *miracles*. Miracles, because they can help you transform your own understanding, and your own reality. And you have been blind to them because you fear you will lose your identity. Your identity, instead, you see, can grow and include such experiences.

“Now I told you that class was quickening, so the time is ripe for each of you. So ... be gentle with your own experience. Do not be such a disciplinarian that when stray thoughts or intuitions come to you, you dismiss them. The fields of your own being are filled with flowers that you do not recognize. You do not stop to look at them or smell their odors. They are not official flowers or official thoughts. Sometimes you try to be too practical!

“There is no disagreement between your official reality and those unofficial realities that sometimes sneak through!”

Another dream-related area where class members experimented with pre-

sleep suggestion and inner “training” of a sort involved the phenomenon of consciousness projection, or out-of-body states. We assumed from the beginning that our consciousness, or self, was expressed through the physical body but not dependent upon it for existence, so this “training,” or experimenting, was not so much concerned with proving the so-called impossible as in maintaining a balanced, aware stance and seeing what was possible: what we could get; how far we could go.

Many class members reported that after falling asleep, they frequently found themselves in fully alert out-of-body states. Others struggled with “trying to get out” and got nowhere, or achieved a

half-in, half-out dream-like stage with ghostly arms and legs sticking up above physical ones, strange crackling and snapping noises roaring in their ears. But when the out-of-body happened, it was unmistakable: it was a conscious, coherent perspective of objective and subjective attention.

“In college [while out-of-body] I climbed over my bunk bed and saw myself in the mirror,” Nadine Renard recalls. “I was very frightened as I didn’t know what I was doing—difficulty getting back in my body. This happened on about five occasions in the same room. [I also] had a boyfriend who had the ability to leave his body at will

and describe what I was doing in Hornell [New York] when he was in Buffalo... he ‘visited’ me once at my* sister’s in Philadelphia and later described it...

“[During class] Jane wanted us all to meet OOB [out-of-body] at her apartment at 2 A.M.,” Nadine recalls. “I arrived (airborne, I don’t know how) at the door and entered [her] living room. No one there—room was straightened and clean. I waited a while for the others [and] ... decided to go home. I entered my body easily with no fear, but [was] mad because nobody else came! I was no longer afraid of OOBs, but had much more difficulty leaving [my] body at will. Sometimes I couldn’t and got a lot

of ‘static’ in [my] head. I entered easily on return, but I was usually disappointed because I couldn’t find people!”

“I seemed to have had a few successes with conscious out-of-bodies,” Betty DiAngelo says. “I didn’t work with it a lot—was kind of uncomfortable with it, seeing my body lying there while I was out of it. But I’m aware of OOBs—a lot of OOBs—as they seem to occur quite frequently. I always experience the tremendous speed and [a] roaring sound—it’s at that point that I usually become aware of them: when I’m journeying *back*.

“[For instance], on January 14, 1974, I fell asleep [in the afternoon] by

mistake—I meant only to rest my eyes a few minutes. I realized [my daughter] Ivy was awake and playing in her bedroom. I tried desperately to wake up and couldn't, so I tried to go OOB and check on her. I did. Her bedroom in the OOB was an incredible mess, with piles of clothes and toys strewn all over. Ivy was on the floor playing, but she looked like a little old man and had a white beard! The shock made me wake up. I ran into the bedroom and she wasn't there—but happily playing on the living room floor and looking out the picture window...

“[In] our very first class in July of 1971, we did an exercise... Jane led us on a mental journey. I saw a beautiful,

straight, tree-lined road that looked the way I imagine the lush English countryside does. On two other occasions when we did the same thing, I felt myself climbing a hill, crossing over a shallow stream to the other side, where there were many pine trees. It was very much like the property where we live now...”

On January 18, 1975, Rudy Storch decided to take a nap, with the suggestion that he'd go OOB and receive some reincarnational information. As often happens in the moments preceding a projection experience, Rudy fell into a dream scene. “Me, Richie, and a few friends were at an amusement park,” he

recalls. “A woman was running an attraction that went through time... We rounded a corner where they had two signs, ‘Jazz’ and ‘Classical.’ I thought it was going to be the music we heard on our journey. I went rushing through the entrance (a portal) and found myself flying. I realized that I was OOB.

“I felt extremely clear, alert, and full of energy. I told Richie that I knew for sure that we were OOB because I did it all the time and it felt the same... I saw... a big burly pirate... [who] looked at me and said that his name was Charles Ansen and that he took over the Panama Canal. (Later, I looked up Panama in an encyclopedia and there is a city called Ancen there.) [Then] I met an aristocrat

(man) dressed in fancy clothes from the past, English or French... I think he was afraid of me ... Then I was outdoors, in the woods. I met a big, friendly wilderness man. He knew that I was OOB. We embraced. I recognized him on some level, but when I woke up, did not know who it was.”

For me, out-of-bodies usually start from a half-awake state, in which I can feel myself “sliding” out of my physical body. This is often accompanied by a loud buzzing noise that seems to come at me across the room, ending with a *snap!* behind my right ear and an immediate *whoosh!* as I’m propelled out. One of the most vivid, and poignant, OOBs I

experienced was on August 30, 1974, just a few days before my son started kindergarten.

From my notes: “Terrific series of out-of-bodies. I go back and forth, out of body, in bed. At first, I raise my (non-physical) legs up out of the bed, and feel the two ‘sets’ of legs clearly and consciously, and the two ‘sets’ of movement within them. I pull myself away from the rest of my body and wander out into the yard, where a voice says, ‘Class members are being called!’

“No moon, but a dark and velvety landscape. I think: What are the dreams of other consciousnesses? Of men on other planets? The blind? Animals? I fly through the night, see Seneca Lake

below, and dive down into it. It is wet, but with a touch like warm oil, not wet in usual terms. Dark under the surface. I sense the presence of fish. Do they dream?

“Back in my body. I open my eyes, close them. I let that electric-charge feeling overtake me again and I sit up, OOB. Sean is sitting on the end of the bed, also OOB.

““Sean,’ I say, ‘I am flying out the window now. Will you come?’

““No, Mama.’ he says, ‘I want to stay with your body, here, while you go.’

““It’s safe,’ I say, looking at it, but I don’t coax him. I float out the door and over the hills again. Am aware of class

members—Jean Strand, Gert Barber, Ira Willis.

“Then I’m aware of the weight of my sleeping cat, Tyrone, on my body’s knees, even though I’m not *in* my body. I’m suddenly standing next to the bed again. Sean is still there, waiting. ‘Let’s go now,’ I say. He gets up, and we fly out the window together. To my surprise, this time it’s a sunny day out. I think, ‘This must be symbolic for both of us.’ I look at Sean as we fly over the hedge. He is fifteen or sixteen. He grins. I realize, in a rush of nostalgia, that my baby is grown. ‘Don’t worry about it, Mama,’ Sean says. He pours water from a small glass into a large container, a symbolic gesture that I understand,

having to do with the accumulation of years and its purposes.

“Still, I am wistful. ‘So soon?’ I say. I look down at the cornfield passing below us. ‘Mama,’ Sean says, ‘that once never leaves you.’ He goes in another direction. I see him drift over the lake, exploring on his own. I am glad, though sad also. But I feel more secure, knowing he has this kind of understanding.

“Just then I find myself in front of a wall of some sort. It’s strange, out here in the fields: another symbolic object? I do what I’ve done before in front of walls while OOB: I ‘line up my molecules, consciously meshing the

molecules of this body-self with the wall's, and go through it. It's very thick, but I feel myself pass through, or among, its atoms and molecules, and I come out in a stand of young trees. I feel ease and confidence ...”

“I am still trying for out-of-bodies,” reports Priscilla Lantini, “but I can brag of one in my lifetime and that was one night at class when Jane said that anyone who wanted to follow her out [during an expansion-of-consciousness exercise] could go. I waited to see if I could. I knew something was happening when all of a sudden I could not hear the breathing of people around me. Then my body seemed to blow up like a giant balloon and first thing I knew I sailed up

through this giant body and out through its head, which seemed to be like a cone.

“I was in the night sky, looking down through the tree branches to the street. A few minutes later, we all returned. I loved it and hated to see it end. When the class discussed it, I found out that some of the others went way up and picked stars. I thought that must be great, but I’m still tickled to death that I went as far as I did.”

George Rhoads says his impressive out-of-body experiences have been in the dream state. “Awake, I did once leave a sickbed to fly in circles and loops around the room. This was amusing, but did not have the

consciousness-expanding quality of certain dreams. In these, I enter worlds or atmospheres densely rich with association. These places evoke a lifetime of memories, maybe many lifetimes.

“One such place,” George says, “is a campus: old ivied buildings, tall trees. Here I wander through familiar halls, each room, each door like an old friend. Memories seem to reside in the very wood and stone and soil of these places. Maybe they are windows to experiences that are outside of the full awareness of the focus of this lifetime.

“During class years, I developed abilities I now use routinely. I ‘receive’ beneficial material, mainly during my

dream interpretation sessions. At first this material came in the mental voice of Seth, startling and amazing. Now it just comes to mind with an easy shift of consciousness. This was part of the training in out-of-bodies and TD/GH sessions...”

One cold March Tuesday in 1973, a visitor in class followed our reading of some body-belief papers with some descriptions of his out-of-body experiences; in the process, he commented that he used the OOB state for problem solving and for “leaving the burden of the body behind” to find “pure” information. You hardly needed a

course in Sethian cues to know that these remarks were almost guaranteed to bring him forth; and when Seth finally did enter the conversation, it was a profound one, indeed.

“It is quite an esoteric idea to play around with the out-of-body state, and it is fun,” Seth began. “But in order to find the reason for your own beliefs, you must look into the contents of your sardonic, conscious mind! For the answers are known to you, and they are not buried in the deepest recesses of your being—only if you think they are! You know, consciously, much more than you let yourself know you know. The closets are in your *conscious mind*, and these closets are formed when you say,

‘I know it, but I will pretend that I do not know it.’

“Now sometimes, in dreams, you will receive your answers; but not if the conscious mind is still allowed to hide its own contents,” Seth continued. “*You* are the one who must open the door and accept the dream information; and you will not do so unless you are ready for the encounter with yourself. And the encounter with yourself is a bold and exciting one; and it does not look to others, but to the knowledge within yourself as a species. In those terms, you have a developed and self-conscious mind for a reason!

“Few people are aware of the

abilities of that consciousness, and the ways in which it directs your unconscious knowledge. For it directs great power, but that power is released according to your beliefs about yourself, and the world that you know.

“I invite you to be truly self-conscious: to accept your creaturehood. For within that creaturehood lies all the secrets to your spirituality and the doors of your awareness. It is why you have a conscious mind, and bodies.

“You come here and you are going to understand and investigate the nature of reality. Now, you hope that this includes out-of-body encounters. You would be willing to deal with demons, even, who

come out of the blue to greet you. Some of you have been willing to encounter cosmic monsters! But! *All* of you show some reluctance in encountering your own creaturehood—facing life and death, and birth, and the moments that *seem* to flow one before the other. If you have not the courage to encounter your own emotions and the reality of your own being *now*, what makes you think that you can cop out and meet the gods out the window?

“You must meet yourselves as you intersect in the flesh and the seasons. You must know yourselves as you are, and understand the beauty and uniqueness of your own being. Using that

as a threshold, you will understand your own spirituality. But denying your creaturehood, you will never fully comprehend either creaturehood *or* spirituality! Denying the beast will not show you the gods!

“What we are doing—what you are doing with yourselves—is far more important than you know. To go out of body is not to deny your flesh. It is to allow you to mix the wisdom—the corporeal wisdom of your being—with the spirituality of your being. It is quite natural to leave your body, and you do it all the time. But when you do so in life, you are also connected with the physical body that you know; and you use that, in your terms, as a launching pad.

“When you are out-of-body, in this life, you still use the attributes of the brain. When you come back to your body, you must interpret the knowledge that you have received *through the brain*. You think, even out-of-body, in human terms. When you leave your body, in your terms, for good—when you are operating outside of it—then you do not even think in terms of passing moments, or time. You live whether you are in the body or out of it, but your corporeal expression is your own. It is for a reason, and the soul expresses itself in flesh in a way it cannot do otherwise. The earthly experience is entirely different from any other, as all

experience is. And the mind is for a reason, and the emotions are for a reason; and together they form the road of your experience.

“You could not dream in the way that you consider dreaming—the peculiar thing called dreaming—*unless you were physical!* There are chemical releases within your body, and many interactions that result in the thing you call dreaming.”

“Yes,” Rudy Storch chimed in, “then right *here*—right here!—is where the knowledge is that we’re looking for. We don’t have to look in other dimensions.”

“It is indeed,” Seth answered. “It is in your living, in all of its aspects, and there is no difference. You are as

physical when you are dreaming as when you are awake. You are as spiritual when you are awake as you are dreaming. You have the ‘truth’ whether you are sleeping or awake.

“You may look at the animals and envy them their great and knowing ease. Yet, you perform far more activities with the same bodily grace—and the answers are within your own consciousness.

“You have been told for so long that the answers are beyond you that many of you still refuse to realize that you have the answers. That is why you ask the questions! Creation always comes from within, and from that portion of All That

Is that is within you.

“Dreams are a characteristic of your creaturehood! Now... cats dream. Monkeys dream. And, *you* dream. In their own way, in the dreams of animals, they explore and expand the dimension that they know. And they reach, in your terms only, now, toward other dimensions of actuality, but through their creaturehood. And so, in your way, through your creaturehood, you do the same and you step up through those levels of actuality, again now in your terms, and actualize them. But do not forget that the animals dream, and they are also creative; and from their creaturehood springs experience that you do not understand—experience that has

its own biological spirituality.

“I wanted to tell you that I am returning you to the sanity of the animals from which, in your terms, your journey began. That journey still continues, but not by denying your heritage—but by building upon it, by becoming *more* what you already *are*, and not by trying to deny your reality. You cannot find one reality by denying another. You end up by denying all realities.

“You are the spirits that roam the earth, and haunt the centuries, as much as I am. Yours are the voices that you hear as much as my voice is. I am an echo of your creaturehood, of gods couched in flesh. And within you, through your own

creaturehood, are your own questions and your own answers, and the unique journey into reality that belongs to each of you and to no other.”

CHAPTER 4

Roads Not Taken: Probable Systems and Possible Selves

*Somewhere
do cat people
Feed us pet food
and write books
On people-care?
And do they wonder
if people dream?*

—Christmas card drawing and poem by Jane



“IF THERE WAS ONE THING I never thought my reading audience would relate to, it was probabilities,” Jane says. “Somehow, I just didn’t think that people would take to that in an everyday, practical way. But they surprised me, they really did! Our mail is full of letters from people who *instantly* caught on to probabilities, and with deep intuitive understanding.”

If Jane’s readers responded easily to the concept of probabilities, class—oddly—often treated the whole idea with a mixture of oppressed fascination and worry. “But which probable self am I?” someone would frequently wail. “Do probabilities mean that you never make a

decision?” Allan Demming once asked angrily.

“I just can’t figure this out,” someone else sighed during a probability discussion. “It seems as though it doesn’t matter what I do—because no matter what I do, I *don’t* do it; or if I don’t do it, then somewhere or other, I did it anyway! Why bother?”

“You, the focus personality, are always yourself, and no other,” Seth commented dryly. But the possibility of probabilities seemed to make many class members doubt that anything definite could be said about who any of us thought we were.

Although not an entirely new concept—for decades, scientists (and science-

fiction writers) have theorized the existence of probable systems of reality — probabilities were explored in class as more than conceptual rhetoric. During alteration-of-consciousness exercises, dreams, and in other kinds of encounters, members glimpsed the reality of probabilities and their magical intersection with the moment-by-moment world. Jane's class, then, was *probably* the first place where the boundaries of identity were stretched far enough to admit probable selves and systems as practical portions of existence.

Jane and Rob were introduced to the idea of probabilities in June of 1969, when, as Jane recalls in *The Seth*

Material,¹ Seth announced that one of Rob's probable selves, a medical doctor in another system of reality, was attempting to contact Rob. In the doctor's universe, according to Seth, the exploration of consciousness was more advanced than in ours, and Dr. Pietra, Rob's probable self, was experimenting with consciousness projection in drug-induced trance states.²

Interestingly, as Jane notes, Rob had once done medical artwork³ and "was amazed at his proficiency at it, and with the medical procedures and terminology, which were quite unfamiliar to him when he began."⁴ In a wry turnabout of probabilities, Seth said that Dr. Pietra

paints as a hobby.

“There are, in fact, infinite varieties of matter, existing in what *you* would call one-space framework,” Seth said in these first explanations of probable realities. “Action is action whether or not you perceive it, and probable events are events whether or not you perceive them. Thoughts are also events, as are wishes and desires. The human system responds as fully to these as it does to physical events. In dreams, often portions of probable events are experienced in a semiconscious manner... A portion of your whole self is quite involved in these probable events, however. The ‘I’ of your dreams can be legitimately compared to the self that

experienced probable events. That 'I' would consider itself fully conscious and view the waking 'I' as the probable self.

“Let us consider the following. An individual finds himself with a choice of three actions. He chooses one and experiences it. The other two actions are experienced also, by the inner ego, but not in physical reality... The results are then checked by the inner ego as an aid in other decision making. The probable actions were definitely experienced, however, and such experience makes up the existence of the 'probable selves' just as dream actions make up the experience of the dreaming self...

“There is a constant subconscious interchange of information between all layers of the whole self... The package of experience upon which you can focus is indeed composed of many small packages, but the whole package of reality is much larger than this. A portion of the self can and does experience events in an entirely different fashion [than the ego does], and this portion goes off on a different tangent. For when your conscious self perceives event X, this other part of the self branches off, so to speak, into all the other probable events that could have been experienced by the ego.”⁵

Although Rob didn't consciously

perceive Dr. Pietra during this time, probabilities became one of Jane and Rob's chief fascinations. Discussions and experiments began in class—with one mobility-of-consciousness “trip” pulling the reality of probabilities right into the room with us. As Jane describes it in chapter 4 of *Adventures in Consciousness*, Seth had suggested that evening that it might be possible for us to tune in on a “probable” ESP class—of ours—that was, he said, simultaneously dabbling in an effort to perceive probable classes.

We closed our eyes, following Seth's directions to “climb the vowels and syllables of this voice as if they were indeed a ladder, and let them carry you

into dimensions that are native to you, dimensions that are yours by right, that are your heritage; dimensions of awareness that you carry within you both day and night, beneath the level of your ordinary days... and I want you to sense that identity that is your own and the purposes that are yours, the joy that is a part of your being: and hold that feeling of exhilaration and experience, hold it and remember it to the end of your days.”

As Jane recalls in *Adventures*, the results of this experiment were immediately, chaotically real for nearly everyone. As we opened our eyes, several of us had the impression that one

student's face was changing, or sliding, in and out of its familiar form, as if it didn't know which place it was supposed to be in; at the same time, the woman remarked that her face seemed to be "made of rubber." Helen Van Dyce, usually a serious, dour person, suddenly started giggling and singing. "I feel just like dancing!" she called out, coming rather completely out of character.

During Seth's monologue, I'd felt a long, cone-shaped figure tugging at the back of my head—similar to the image Jane had mentioned at the start of the class. Mentally, I plunged backward, down the length of this figure, seeming to travel faster and faster toward a dot of light at its far end. As the dot grew

bigger, I could see “myself,” another Sue, sitting in the “same” blue chair in Jane’s living room, eyes closed, and a cone-shape pulling out of the back of *her* head, rushing up to meet *me*. At the instant the two cones met, I felt a brief, lightning-like exchange of Information—more like an exchange of self-sense. Abruptly, the experience ended; I was sitting in the chair, my eyes wide open, feeling as though I’d just jolted awake from a dream. Had I fallen asleep? Did it matter if I had? Because in those brief seconds, I’d experienced a sense of myself gone a different direction, a Sue who was (or is) highly proficient in mathematics (which I’m most assuredly

not) and the physical sciences. I also knew that *she* had sensed *my* world, abilities, and purposes. In addition, I'd felt (as had others in class) a tingling, evocative hint of what *that* class was like, and how different versions of ourselves formed it.

They, of course, would consider our class the “probable” one.⁶

If all that we did in that class was exercise our collective imaginations, then it served as a good demonstration of how “imagination” can affect one's life. Helen never forgot the sense of fun she'd picked up that night; another student found it much easier to express herself after sensing that probable ability; others

had experienced a mental agility that surprised them. As for myself, I'd felt my own form of "math anxiety" as the psychological belief-barrier that it was: a method of disdaining what I thought of as the rational, logical, "male-oriented" world. In objective terms, of course, our physical room was the same: flower vases and tables hadn't slipped around corners; no strangers had mysteriously appeared in our midst. But subjectively, something *had* happened to the characteristics we called ours; something more substantial than chairs had whirled through the substance of space; and how consistent was our physical universe from one moment to the next?

Again, it was another step in our reconsiderations of subjectivity. And probabilities were definitely coming alive for all of us: hardly a week went by without someone reporting a dream “about a probable self who’d become the teacher I thought I wanted to be,” or a dream “in which I saw what would happen if I decided to take that job offer.”

In August of 1973, probabilities took class by surprise when Matt Adams showed up for one of his infrequent visits. Although I’d known Matt for several years by then, he’d walked into Jane’s living room, greeted everybody, and gotten halfway to the sofa before I

recognized him at all. Wha-a-at? I asked myself, astonished.

“Is that Matt Adams?” Harold Wiles said in a loud stage whisper. So, it wasn’t just me having this vertigo. What was it about Matt that was... different? More than different. Was he thinner? Well, maybe, but... was it just because he’d shaved off his moustache? Well, maybe, but...

“Boy, has he changed!” I heard Camille Atkinson say to Harold. Oh, well, people just change, I shrugged. But swiftly, Seth had appeared and was in a lively conversation with Matt about his editing job.

“I also want to tell you,” Seth was saying to Matt, “not that you do not know

it, and to inform class, that what you are seeing—those of you who know Matt, and who have met him before—is a new probable self!”

A self-conscious gasp rustled around the room; everybody was staring at Matt, who just smiled at Seth with his usual nonchalant composure.

“Now,” Seth went on, “in my books I have said, that often when this occurs, people will say, ‘You seem almost, but not quite, like a different person,’ or, ‘There is something so different about you, and you have changed in a way that I cannot explain.’ But the theme is picked up at once!

“Now, approximately—

approximately—seven months ago, the change began, and Matt, then, made certain decisions,” Seth said to the rest of us. “He decided to embark upon a different road of probabilities. Now, since all selves are one, another Matt, who was the same Matt, decided to do something else. And none of these things has anything to do with physical events—but opaquely, it had to do with growth: directions of growth; directions of vitality and energy.”

“I hope in terms that you would approve of,” Matt responded, grinning.

“I do indeed, I do indeed,” Seth replied, “but, then, I knew. Now, part of this... had to do also... with new probabilities embarked upon by our

friend the Seagull, Richard Bach, and by Ruburt, and you, and Joseph, in the approximate same period of time, in your terms.⁷ And various affiliations came about. There were probable intersections; in various realities, other events are occurring. But in this reality, new probable selves blossomed!”

“Throughout that class,” Matt remembers, “I kept trying to recall any significant, ground-breaking decisions I’d made six or seven months before. To my disappointment, I simply couldn’t think of any. At the time, I figured that Seth had vastly exaggerated the importance of some idle whim I’d once entertained, then promptly forgotten.

“Now, however, I suspect that any major shift between probabilities *usually* appears seamless, ‘natural,’ and inconsequential. Of course, everybody can recall certain dramatic ‘chance’ events that led to a new job, say, or a dramatic and sudden love affair. In those cases, the intersection of two probabilities is obvious, especially in retrospect—we can see just where the graft occurred. But for the most part, I think, probabilities blend and flow into one another with much more ease and grace, just as one season progresses into the next. And it makes sense that any ‘strong’ probability should *naturally* create a corresponding probable past

from which it ‘logically’ and ‘inevitably’ sprang.

“About a year ago, I read in *Science News* that paleontology had been forced to revise its reconstruction of the brontosaurus. Apparently the first nineteenth-century scientist who tried to assemble a complete brontosaurus skeleton used the skull of a different species by mistake. The ‘real’ brontosaurus had pencil-like teeth and a flatter head than the beast we’ve seen depicted in those murals and sci-fi movies.

“But did that scientist *really* make an error? Could it be that a probable Jurassic dinosaur came into being just last year? Of course, our beliefs simply

don't permit the past to rearrange itself spontaneously. And so that nineteenth-century academic error may be just a convenient alibi—a classic example of how an emergent probability covers its tracks and makes itself appear legitimate.”

Indeed, in *The Nature of Personal Reality*, Seth treats probabilities as the basis of choice and action, as the bones upon which the flesh of the moment is grown. “There is creativity in your past waiting for you even as there is in your future,” Seth says of the process of changing your daily reality. “To utilize such experience [means that] you must learn to alter your beliefs, and to some

degree escape from the particular kind of limited conscious focus that you habitually use...

“The fact remains that there are probable past events that ‘can still happen’ within your personal previous experience. A new event can literally be born into the past—now!

“On a grand scale *this rarely occurs in such a way that you perceive it...* A new belief in the present, however, can cause changes in the past on a neurological level. You must understand that basically time is simultaneous. Present beliefs can alter the past. In some cases of healing, in the spontaneous disappearance of cancer, for instance, or of any other disease,

certain alterations are made that affect cellular memory, genetic codes, or neurological patterns in the past...⁸

“All of your present experience was drawn from probable reality. During your life, any event must come through your creaturehood, with the built-in time recognition that is so largely a part of your neurological structure... In a manner of speaking, each belief can be seen as a powerful station, pulling to it from fields of probabilities only those signals to which it is attuned, and blocking out all others... Each condition is as real or unreal as the other. Which you? Which world? You have your choice...”⁹

Probabilities, and the choices within

them, are thoroughly explored in *The “Unknown” Reality* on both a mass and personal scale, particularly in the coincidences that Jane and Rob encountered during their house-hunting expedition in 1974. But for Jane and Rob, and ultimately for me, the most personal and electrifying sense of probabilities sprang from the episode of the York Beach couple.

“In late 1963,” Jane explains in *The Seth Material*,^{[10](#)} “some months before our sessions began, we’d taken a vacation in York Beach, Maine, hoping that a change of environment would improve Rob’s [bad back] ...

“On the night in question, we went to

a nightclub in search of a festive atmosphere. Rob was in constant pain, and though he didn't complain, he couldn't hide the sudden spasms. Then I noticed an older couple sitting across the room from us. They really frightened me by their uncanny resemblance to Rob and myself. Did we look like that—aloof, bitter—only younger? I couldn't take my eyes off them, and finally I pointed them out to Rob.

“Rob looked over at the couple and groaned with another back spasm. Then something happened that neither of us had been able to explain. To my complete amazement Rob stood up, grabbed my arm, and insisted that we dance. A minute earlier, he'd hardly

been able to walk... We danced for the rest of the evening, and from that point on his physical condition improved remarkably. His whole outlook on life seemed brighter as of that moment.”

According to Seth’s earliest sessions, the mysterious “York Beach couple” represented a common phenomenon: “fragments of yourselves [Jane and Rob], thrown-off materializations of your own negative and aggressive feelings... The images were formed by the culminating energy of your destructive energies at the time.

“While you did not recognize them consciously,” Seth continued, “unconsciously you knew them well.

Unconsciously you saw the images of your destructive tendencies, and these images themselves roused you to combat them... Your dancing represented the first move away from what those images meant... a subtle transformation could have taken place in which you [Rob] and Jane transferred the bulk of your personalities into the fragments you had yourselves created.”[11](#)

If they *had* “transferred the bulk” of their personalities into that couple, Rob asked, what would have happened? “If you had accepted them, you would have ended up as replicas as you transferred into the images,” Seth told him. “You would be recognizable to friends, but

changes would be noted. The remark would be made that perhaps you didn't seem the same, and with good reason."¹² Again, Seth emphasized that the York Beach incident represented a common occurrence.¹³ Jane and Rob thought about people they knew who'd suddenly seemed "different" and wondered: psychological symbolism? Probably. Practical truth? Well, maybe.

I'd always been fascinated with the account of the York Beach couple and had discussed them many times with Jane and Rob. By 1970, I'd also been having numerous vivid dreams and out-of-bodies that dealt with probabilities. In one, I'd floated down the cellar stairs

and walked through a doorway that obligingly opened up in one wall for me and into a “reality” where linear consciousness had developed through the feline, rather than the simian, form. It seemed as though hours passed while I walked the streets of a city there, awed at how wide awake I was, talking with the people—people who stood upright and wore clothes, but retained their catlike, oval eyes and soft, compact fur. “I think it sounds like a good science-fiction story,” I laughed when I described this one to Jane: yet something about a probability of cat-people was intuitively satisfying to both of us. And why not? Seth was constantly emphasizing that the reality we know

represented but one line of development; and that all species, including animals and humankind, had taken other, coexistent directions.

I was spending that August weekend in 1970 with my parents. Ned was out of town pleading his Conscientious Objector application before the district draft board in Buffalo. He hadn't harbored many hopes of winning his case, however: Ned was of no particular religious sect, and was basing his CO stand simply on his feelings, without an "acceptable" framework to justify them. It was a position that many young men found themselves in during those years. What Ned would do if he were

eventually drafted wasn't really clear in his mind—but then, neither was it clear to him what he'd do if he got his exemption.

It was a difficult time; I slept uneasily. Finally, I drifted off into a light dream of poling a raft down a slow, muddy river. Suddenly, the river turned into a roaring waterfall, and my raft plunged ahead. The faster it traveled, the more alive and vivid the dream details became—although I was fully aware that I was dreaming and could feel myself coming more and more “awake” within the dream state. Then the waterfall unceremoniously dropped me on a sidewalk, in what I could see was a small town, not unlike Elmira. I was

fully conscious and aware that this was an extraordinary dream, or an extraordinarily lucid state of attention on my part, at least.

From my notes:

“I walk along the town’s streets and enter a pavilion-like outdoor restaurant set in a municipal park; grass and trees are all around. I notice all the details, even the salt and pepper shakers on the large common picnic table in the middle of this building. I’m fascinated by my own state; there is no strain to stay here at all.

“Then I see, to my surprise and joy, that Jane and Rob Butts are sitting at the other end of this table, talking to some

other people. Or *are* they Jane and Rob? I stare at them. They are older looking and they're both acting very cynical about whatever it is they're discussing. I wonder if this town is Sayre, Pennsylvania (where Rob grew up), and if we're "really" there, in a physical park. The other people go away, and I sit down next to Jane. To my complete surprise, they do not recognize or acknowledge me at all.

"Are they just my own dream materializations? I concentrate on getting a clear focus, but there they sit, as three-dimensional as they were last Tuesday in their living room. Then all at once, I'm struck with the knowledge that I've entered a probable system of reality, that

these are probable selves of Jane and Rob's. In a rush of excitement, I say, 'My name is Sue Watkins, and my husband's name is Ned.' They give me a rather nasty so-what? look.

"I look up and notice that an older, short, stout man in a dark robe is sitting across the table from us—and realize that it's *Seth*. 'Hey, do you know him?' I say, pointing. Jane laughs. 'You mean old Saint Nick over there?' she says derisively.

"I then observe how haggard they look. Jane is much heavier; her hair is quite gray. Rob looks extremely tired and is sitting in a slouch; his face is not fat but fleshy, almost dissipated. He is

smoking one cigarette after another. They both look bitter; not happy at all.

“Now I feel very protective toward them. In whatever probability we might meet, Jane and Rob are still my friends. Somehow, I start a halting conversation with them about Seth’s ideas on the nature of physical reality, et cetera. To my amazement, Jane tells me that a few years before, they’d received ‘some strange messages’ through her, ‘from someone claiming to be a dead spirit.’

“‘But it was ridiculous,’ Jane says, ‘so we dropped it.’

“‘Look,’ I say, hardly knowing where to start, ‘look around you. You two and I are in the dream state. I am from another probability system. You know me there.

In that system, you kept on with the "messages" and found—I glance at Seth, who is smiling, rather indulgently '—and found that they were from *him*, and you went on to discover fantastic things about life.'

"They seem to be listening. I plunge ahead. 'In that probability, you, Rob, are a professional artist and Jane had published a bunch of short stories, a novel, and poetry before all of this other stuff even got started. Is this your work now?'

"Jane and Rob glance at each other and laugh—a nasty, bitter laugh. 'She still works all day at the taxi company,' Rob says, 'and I work too. Want to come

see some of the paintings I've done?"

"We walk out of the pavilion—Seth trailing along behind—down a quiet, shaded street to a large white house with a screened one-story porch. There is a large tree to the left of the porch, and a weedy driveway leads back to a large white barn or garage with double top-hinged doors. We go up a set of outside stairs and into a second-floor apartment. Rob is about to haul some paintings out into the large living room when he groans in pain—"from a bad back," Jane says. He lies down on the floor. I try to suggest some exercises to him, but he brushes me off.

"At this point, I hear a chorus of voices calling my name. At first I think

they're outside the house, out in the yard; but then I realize they're calling from within *me*. Instantly, I wake up in a strange room. This is a 'false awakening,' I realize, and I'm filled with the urge to wake up and write this whole experience down. I close my eyes and concentrate on my own bedroom and finally wake up, for real, in it ..." [14](#)

That morning, I called Jane and described this dream, or whatever. "I've got the feeling that I was in contact with the York Beach couple," I said, "but what does that mean? Why should I—instead of one of you two—stumble across probable selves of yours?" Later that evening, Seth brought up the

experience in their private session, and his comments on those questions, and on the nature of probabilities in general—along with Rob’s notes—were so evocative that I’ve included excerpts from it here; they also shed light on some of the probability experiments we’d done in class.

“The experience of your friend Sue Watkins, and its connection with the probable universe ... was quite legitimate,” Seth began. “It was meant as a lesson on many levels.

“First of all, it is apparent that there is communication between various systems of probabilities, and that actions in one system can and do affect the other. The couple [of Sue’s dream] do exist,

probable selves of your own in a different system. [Sue], in developing her abilities, has become involved with activities in probable fields and was drawn to the couple emotionally because of her emotional connection with you in *this* system.

Robert F. Butts



A Probable Rob



“The couple involved will recall portions of the experience, and it will serve to remind them forcibly of abilities that they are not using; acting

therefore as a stimulus in that system, coming however from this one, and through the agency of a friend. The affair is also a lesson to *you* when you think negatively, showing you the results of such negative thoughts, followed without letup, and in fact followed in spite of redeeming actions that would change events. The other couple, for example, ignored the contact with me [through Jane]. The negative and bitter qualities of personality came fully to the fore [in that couple], uncompromised and unredeemed by the fulfilling and creative functions that they had also smothered.

“They, you see, quite envy you. They were, however, unable to take advantage of your knowledge because of the

condition of their own psyches. The affair served to remind them once more of my contact with them [which the probable Jane mentioned as ‘ridiculous’], to make them think twice; and it also serves as a new stimulus for further contact.” (“Seth gestured humorously enough,” Rob’s notes state, “but then quieted and leaned forward in a mood of emphatic seriousness.”)

“We attempt to save even the shadows of ourselves,” Seth continued, “and we create light in even the darkest recesses of our own hidden fragments. To that extent, and in those terms, we are our own redeemers.

“To a large extent, also, you see, you

and Ruburt were responsible for the contact, for were it not for your own present experiences, your relationship with me, and your friendship with [Sue], the help would not have been given to those probable selves of yours. So one portion of the self lends a helping hand to another, in the same way that I give you a helping hand.

“What I want you to see here is that the communications do not just operate in a vertical—ascending or descending—fashion, but horizontally, in those terms.

“At the same time, the experience was meant as a moral lesson to your Sue Watkins. She sees you in physical reality as people she respects and admires.

Through the probable experience, she was able to see what could have happened to you in *this* system, had you given in to negative thoughts and feelings and had not been persistent in your work and efforts. By comparing the two couples, therefore, she receives an object lesson both for herself and her husband. More than this, however, all of you through the experience learned that help is extended from one system to the other. The other couple, the probable couple, have also helped you and [Sue], though quite unknowingly at conscious levels, by serving as such object lessons.

“Now, Ruburt has also done the same

service for a probable Sue in *another* system of reality, though in an entirely different way. And you [Rob], incidentally, have helped a probable Ned in the same manner—[to use] his creative abilities. The probable Ned, in other words, has strong creative abilities, and you have helped him understand this.

“The experience brings up several points that have not been discussed in connection with probabilities. Because you are physically born into this system, you take it for granted without thinking about it that you are born in the same manner into other systems. This may or may not apply, but it is definitely not applicable to the systems of

probabilities as a whole.

“The couple, the probable Robert and Jane Butts, came into being at York Beach, as given in earlier material. They disappeared from your view, but energy created in such a fashion, as you know, cannot be negated, but must continue along its own lines of development. From this standpoint, these are ‘fragment’ personalities, therefore. They have your memories up to that point of their initiation, and they continued on from there. They were seen by you as far older—as you interpreted, created, and then perceived bitterness and negative attitudes. To them, however, they were the age that you were at the point of their

breakoff. Such personalities can be created, and are created, under too many varying circumstances to enumerate.

“In this case, however, you both sensed your lives at a period of crisis, and projected your fears outward into the formation of the images.”

“You mean at York Beach originally?” Rob asked.

“At York Beach originally,” Seth replied. “They contained, therefore, all of your fears, for you foresaw that in this system you could become such people—not that this was inevitable, but definitely probable and more than possible.

“At the same time, however, you must understand that these probable selves

were also created because of your own great hopes—hopes you felt you could fall far short of; so they were ‘born’ with the same hopes that you had at that time, but they were personalities that were overburdened with fears.

“Having created them, because of your abilities you then perceived them as objectified apparitions in physical reality, when Ruburt immediately made the conscious comparison, and resolved that you should never end up looking like them, or [become] filled with the bitterness that was written in their faces. The conscious notice, therefore, was all you knew of the deep unconscious creative endeavor and psychological

mechanism that brought them into existence.”

“Even today, we remember these images well,” Rob noted. “The scene was a smallish dancing room, with a band, in the Driftwood Hotel in York Beach, Maine. The room was filled with smoke and active bodies; all the tables were full; the band blared. The Twist was the rage then. Jane and I had never danced it, but after we sighted the images, I suddenly had the urge to dance—I dragged a protesting Jane onto the floor, and we danced the rest of the night.

“Jane noticed the older couple first. They were like bloated copies of us at a later age. The woman was much fatter,

but bore a striking resemblance to Jane. The man was thinner, I believe, but looked enough like me to be my brother, or father—or myself. His hair was snow white. The couple didn't smile during the time we observed them, nor do I recall them speaking to anybody, or each other. I couldn't swear to this last statement, however.

“Jane was fascinated by them, I remember, and kept calling my attention to them. I believe I was somewhat reluctant and embarrassed to stare at them as openly as she did. I remember that when we started dancing in the noisy, hot, crowded room, we were very close to their table at times, possibly

even brushing against it ...”

“Even weighed down by fears and negative attitudes, they [the York Beach couple] retained their own close relationship,” Seth said, “but they were not able to help each other, and were united by bitterness against the world as much as by love for each other.

“That Robert Butts did not continue his painting with any purpose, trying to be ‘objective’ and ‘sensible’; lacking the understanding of his parents that you have achieved through sessions, he put security in financial terms above everything, took no chances at all along those lines, and despite this, of course, is not making much money because his heart was with the painting most largely

abandoned.

“Ruburt’s creative ability quickly deteriorated, for bitter attitudes shriveled up the source of the creativity. In that reality, you returned from York Beach, gave up your apartment in Elmira [on West Water Street, where Jane and Rob were living at the time of this session], returned to Sayre, lived for some time with your parents, commuted to your Elmira job [in a greeting-card company] to save money.

“You had planned for this as a temporary arrangement—six months at most to save money; then you were going to paint full time. Instead, however ... you stayed, supposedly to aid your

parents, but this was largely an excuse because you were afraid to take the chance and paint full time ...

“There is no need to go further into their history, but I assure you that it was in keeping with the characteristics that you gave them—and remember, these were your own strongest fears. With all this ... they had your potential. I was able to make an inadequate but definite contact, and their existence can still be changed and altered, for they have free will, as you do.

“Unconsciously, you are aware of their progress, as unconsciously, they are aware of yours. You saw to it that they would be helped. Remember that regardless of anything, you gave them

existence and consciousness, a gift of creativity, and potentials that they will try in their own way to fulfill. Their experiences have been different from yours. Their fulfillment, when they achieve it, will therefore be of a different nature, bringing out facets of activity that will not exist in your circumstances—their meeting with your friend [Sue], for example.

“Now, in the life of each personality there are, of course, moments of deep crisis and decision, where a personality decides upon one of various possible choices. These moments are not necessarily conscious at all, and the choices are not necessarily conscious,

though often they rise to consciousness. But by then the inner work and decision has been done.

“The two of you were therefore freed largely of the most volatile of your bitter attitudes and tendencies when you thrust them out from you in such a way. You [Rob] began your [physical] improvement from that point. You got rid of a dangerous accumulation of explosive negative energy, and freed yourselves to that extent. You had not learned to change your attitudes, however, nor learned how to prevent a new buildup, you see.

“This was your next line of your development, however. You cleared away debris. You gave yourselves

psychic breathing space so that your creative abilities could arise, and saw that the way was open for our sessions to begin.

“The sessions quickened your development, gave you much more flexible attitudes and made you conscious not only of psychic reality, but of your physical personalities, which you then began to change ... ”[15](#)

During the next several months, I dreamed many times of this York Beach couple, but none of these had the quality of clarity and immediacy inherent in that first one. In my last dream of them, we sat around a large table in the West Water Street apartment, which they'd

obviously just moved into—or *back* into, as they indicated. They seemed much more jovial than before; several stacks of Rob’s paintings were there in special moving crates and Jane—*that* Jane—showed me some short story manuscripts based on these dreams with me! Reluctantly, not wanting to discuss it, *that* Jane admitted that they’d “had contact from this Seth business,” but she wouldn’t elaborate.

“My feeling this time was that they’d somehow become more conscious of the activities of *this* Jane and Rob,” I said in class, after explaining the dream. “They should, anyway, since I told them a dozen times that I was from another probability!”

Jane had been listening, grinning at my enthusiasm, a cigarette in her slender fingers; but swiftly, Seth's "Now!" rang out.

"You did a very good job indeed!" Seth exclaimed, waving Jane's glasses in my direction. "There is of course a bleed-through. No system of consciousness is ever closed! Only *you* pretend that they are closed."

Seth turned his gaze to the class. "Now, personality has no limits," he began, softly. "Each of you, in this reality, have decided upon emphasizing certain characteristics and forgetting others. You have allowed, therefore, certain characteristics to come to the

surface and you are aware of them, and you use them, and you think, ‘These characteristics are myself.’

“The ego is a king with a very precarious crown, and you think you are what your ego is. It does not occur to you, however, that there are literally countless, countless probable egos within yourself; numberless abilities that could come to the fore[front] of your consciousness to be latched upon and used. You are unaware of these buried selves; these buried abilities; these buried creative functions and combinations. And yet in other layers of reality, these come to the forefront and you allow these their play; and the characteristics that you think of now so

securely as your own are buried.

“But while they are buried, they are not unaware; they are in trance, and you *can* become aware of them.”

Seth leaned forward, placing Jane’s glasses on the coffee table, and her cigarette in the pearly abalone ashtray. “Within the self that you know are countless combinations of selves that you do not admit,” he continued smoothly. “In other layers of probable realities, these selves have their say and live out their potential. They are sleeping within you in this reality, but in those realities, *you* are sleeping within *them* as latent potential.

“The trees that you see outside the

window you see simply as trees because you perceive them only through the physical viewpoint; and yet even these trees have potential abilities and potential combinations of consciousness that you do not perceive and that exist in other probable realities.”

Seth turned again to me. “Within you, for example—and everyone in the room—there is an unlimited amount of what you would call identity. Now, all you do when you have an identity, and focus upon it, is grab out of your own bank of potentials a *group* of potentials and say, ‘These are the ones I will settle upon for now, and these I will call my identity and so I will use these and I will ignore anything else.’

“But another portion of the self says, ‘Ah-hah! *These* potentials are not used—they are freewheeling, and I will adapt these, and these will be those potentials with which I will work.’

“There are no potentials within you that are not being realized, and no creative abilities that are not being used ... This does not mean that you need not use [your abilities] ... and ... say, ‘Ah-hah, well, they are being used in another period of reality!’”

“Now, development is a journey within creativity,” Seth said during another class discussion on probabilities. “You have at your command literally infinite amounts of

energy. In your terms you are, if you prefer, latent gods. You must learn to handle and use this energy ... as mentioned earlier this evening, you will create. You cannot help creating any more than you can help breathing; and when you breathe no longer, you still create.

“You cannot escape your own creations. It is not death any of you have to worry about—it is your own creations, and you cannot blame your own creations upon any god or any ‘fact’ or any predestination! If you want to speak in terms of God, then from that infinite gestalt you receive the energy to create. But because you have free will, you create what you choose and you

learn through experience ... If, however, one portion of your personality has not learned from the experience, other portions may well learn ...

“I want you to understand a few points along [the lines of probabilities]. First of all ... as I have said, you are not tied to a neurosis from a past life; but also I wanted you to know that your present thoughts, feelings, and emotions not only affect you, but affect your probable selves. And yet, no probable self is at the mercy of negative thoughts of yours!”

As he made this last remark, Seth stared directly at me. Earlier, I'd been wondering if somewhere there were a whole *universe* populated by the

offshoots of pent-up fears and angers. “Think how they must picture *their* gods!” I’d groaned, only half-joking.

“Each consciousness,” Seth continued, “has its own responsibility for those thoughts and emotions. The [probable] personality in its entirety includes, therefore, probable selves of which you are presently unaware.

“This does nothing to negate the validity and integrity of the self that you know. The divisions are illusions, and when you wake up to yourself—to your true self—then you are aware of these other portions of your personality.

“Now,” Seth boomed out, grinning all the while, “in terms of growth and development, and speaking, now,

simply, to get the idea across—theoretically, you are working toward a time when the ‘you’ that you now know will be aware of the entire personality and accept it as your identity! The whole personality is not like some super-self in which you are lost; in which the identity that you know is gone. You must simply accept the fact for now, until your experience begins to prove it more and more, that the inner identity ... is far more than you presently realize, and the best way to work toward such realization is to accept the self that you are now, as you are; to feel the movement of the spontaneous self.”

“Is each personality aware of itself

and the other selves also, at the same time?” asked Pete.

“Time is basically meaningless, so that the question cannot be answered in the framework in which you asked it,” Seth told him. “Each personality to itself has continuous consciousness. Its consciousness is continuous, and it knows who it is and it experiences no lapses. Do you follow me?”

Arnold Pearson, who earlier had been talking about the pulsating nature of Seth’s EE units,^{[16](#)} spoke up. “Either I misunderstood before, or I am misunderstanding now, but I thought each personality, each portion of a whole self, went through pulses,” he said.

Seth nodded. “To explain [probable selves], that is [the analogy] I used; but the *feeling* of continuity is continuous. Now, it is also true that for each moment that you exist, in this universe, you do not exist in it. This is not an analogy, but for you there is a continuity of experience. You only accept as ‘real’ those moments in which you are aware within physical reality.”

“Yes,” Arnold said, thoughtfully. “I understand the feeling of continuity, certainly. ”

Nadine Renard raised her hand shyly, like a schoolgirl. “Seth? Is it possible to experience some of these personalities while you are still conscious of the

personality you have at the moment?”

“It is,” Seth answered dryly. “When you are doing Psy Time¹⁷ and when you relax your ego enough, and when you are spontaneous enough, and when you realize that these other realities do indeed exist—then it is.”

“Well,” Nadine pursued, “how can we tell probable selves from past reincarnational selves?”

Seth stared at Nadine, an impish grin on Jane’s face. “Now, I knew that sooner or later *someone* would bring up *that* bugaboo!” he roared gleefully. “It has taken me some time to get the idea of probable realities through your heads, and I knew that someone at some time

would ask me about reincarnational selves, and so I suppose it behooves me to try to give you an answer, and it is this:

“You are presently within one system of reality: one probable reality, the reality that you now know and form physically. Now within that one reality, you have reincarnational selves. They belong within the concept of that existence. All probable systems do not have reincarnational existences. Some do and some do not, so that these exist only here, as far as you are concerned for the moment. And I know I am only going to confuse you, but if you have probable selves, then you know there are probable universes and probable earths

and probable histories of your earth; and you see what this is going to do to your concept of reincarnation as you hold it.

“So within the system that you know, you also have probable reincarnational selves within those probable historical earths.”¹⁸ Now, this does nothing to deny the basic integrity or validity of what you may prefer to call the soul. It simply means that the inner self is far more creative, far richer, and far more varied—and much different—than you originally supposed. Some of you could meet yourselves coming down the street and not even say hello!“¹⁹

Seth looked around at all of us, sitting in somewhat boggled silence. “You

stand, or you sit, in the middle of forces that are a part of you,” he said, softly. “These are not alien forces of which we speak; these are not things that happen *to* you. These are forces that emanate from your own being and you can, to some extent, become aware of them. The methods have been given, not only by me, but by others through the centuries. You are not nearly as lonely within yourselves as you suppose that you are. You have only shut out the other messages that come to you all the time. You are not divided from your fellow man unless you choose to be.

“Remember, you call this your universe and your reality, and it is indeed, for you form it; and yet within

you is also the knowledge of other great experiments that are being tried, and other probable systems are aware of the experiments that *you* are trying. In your terms, and I am speaking now in your terms only—which to some extent means that I am hedging the fence—other civilizations have gone your route. Some have failed. In your terms, the inhabitants of some earths, however, have succeeded very well, and your future, in your terms, is not set.

“You can follow any road that you choose, but until each individual realizes that he *practically* forms his own personal life and has a part in the mass formation of reality that you know, then

there is much learning ahead, for this is a lesson you are meant to learn within physical reality. You are meant to judge physical reality. You are meant to realize that physical reality is a materialization of your thoughts and feelings and images. You are meant to realize that the inner self forms that world.

“You cannot be allowed, in your terms, to go into other dimensions until you understand the power of your thought and subjective feelings!”

Seth leaned back in Jane’s chair and closed her eyes. “And so even when you think you destroy, you destroy nothing. And when you think that you kill, you kill nothing. And when you imagine that

you can destroy a reality, you can only destroy a reality *as you know it*. The reality itself will continue to exist.

“You think a thought and because you cannot follow it, you think it disappears, and you wonder where it has gone: Has it fallen over some invisible cliff within your mind? But because you cannot follow the thought, and no longer perceive it; because you can no longer hold it in consciousness, does not mean that that thought no longer exists and does not have a reality of its own—for it does indeed.

“And if a world escapes you and you cannot follow it and you think it has been destroyed, then the same thing applies to

the world as to the thought. It continues to exist. And what I have said should inspire questions within you.

“I bid you all a fond good evening, and—here, Seth opened Jane’s dark eyes and turned directly to Joel Hess ”—if you cannot follow where I am, then you have trouble following where *you* are, and when you find out where you are, you will not need to ask where *I* am! And what blessings I have to give, I give to you,” Seth finished in his usual fashion.

“I accept them with gratitude,” Joel replied, “and such blessings as *I* have to give, I give to *you*. ”

Seth grinned. “And those *I* do not have,” he answered humorously, “I must,

of necessity, withhold!”

CHAPTER 5

Them As Us: Characters Who Passed Through Class

Caught Up With

*Sometimes we have to wait
for trees and sparkling waters
to catch up with us—*

*It takes a sudden windy blast
to place us in the sites of Here—
his trembling scene of earth
and shaken wind-blown light.*

*And then it comes so fast
we're thrown upon the ground
and there we're met face up with
leaves that have blown away;*

*a mushroom that's about to burst
above the surface of the sand.
Two dragonflies arrive and
compass
point an eastern and a western
hand and knee.
And finally you're caught up with.
Your world again has come to be.
But that's what it takes sometimes
to see.*

—Dan Stimmerman, 1976

“THE CANNIBALS,” SETH WAS telling us, “in one way were far more discerning, far more religious, and far more sacred in their attitude than many of you here in this room.” “Ulp!” mumbled the enormous woman visiting class that November night in 1970.

“They ate, for example, both human beings and animals, but they did not eat indiscriminately; nor did they eat without a knowledge of what they did,” Seth elaborated. “They realized that their life was a portion of all this life ... they gave thanks to the body that they

consumed; they hastened the spirit that had been in the body on its way with thanks ... many of them, in their own environment, knew that those who were not eaten by them—for example, other warriors—would die of hunger in any case. They ate them, then, with thanksgiving and joy.”

The woman, wedged firmly in her chair, was suddenly dripping with sweat. “Ugh,” she said aloud. The poor lady must have weighed 350 pounds; when she first arrived in class, Jane had gently directed her to the sturdy armchair by the kitchen door, and with good reason. The old chair’s legs were now sunk into the rug. How had we gotten onto the subject of eating things? A

minute ago we'd been talking about the evolution of the dinosaurs ...

“You, however, eat indiscriminately, with no thought of the living animal that you consume!” Seth was saying, rather pointedly in this woman's direction. “Now, as you consume the animals, so one day will your physical body return to the earth and help form other animals. And portions of the atoms themselves that compose your body will run across the fields in Iowa a hundred years from now, changed ... but remembering their backgrounds.” Seth stared directly at the woman with his penetrating gaze.

“There is a sacrament here that you do not understand,” he said, “and when you

gobble down food indiscriminately, and when you do not give silent recognition to the fact that what you eat once lived, then you lose part of a cycle in which you rightly, as physical creatures, and as spiritual creatures, have a part.”

“Oh-h-h-ggghh,” the woman gurgled.

“Is this not true whether we eat meat or vegetables?” Arnold Pearson asked.

“It is, indeed,” Seth answered.

“Then,” Grant Sayles spoke up, “should people get pleasure out of killing, like people do for sport, instead of killing for food?”

“In your terms and in the way you are asking the question, the answer is that no, they should not; and they will have to deal with this,” Seth replied.

“In what way will they have to deal with it?” Grant pursued.

“It is a lack of development, spiritual development, and so it will automatically lead them into trials that they will have to face—not in terms of punishment, but in terms of understanding. The ignorance will cause them sorrow until they learn to rid themselves of it.”

“This would be the same thing as if I went out and chopped down a tree for no reason at all,” Grant stated.

“It is, indeed,” Seth agreed. For a moment, Seth stared again at the woman, who was now sweating profusely, her eyes bulging as she gasped for air.

“Well, *I* don’t think it sounds like the cannibals were very religious,” Florence MacIntyre remarked from the sofa. Florence, who had a weight problem of her own, was dwarfed by this woman tonight.

“You were never a cannibal!” Seth answered. “The cannibals knew this sacrament subconsciously [and] it was built around a religious ritual. Their rituals were as strict as they are in your church, and they were as religious [in following] them.

“They ate the brave and the strong. Now, some tribes ate the elders. When the old could not care for themselves, if they were very wise and brave men, then

they had a dance around them, and this was [understood] by all involved. Then they killed and ate the wise elders ... Both as a method of ending their lives, in a quiet manner, for they killed them easily, when they were too old to run from jungle animals or from hunters or from warriors from other tribes; [and] so that the wisdom could become a part [of the tribe] ... In one way, immortality could be achieved, in that the elders would then feel that they were a part ... of the flesh and the blood of the tribe, and this was believed by all and not feared by the elders. The elders preferred it rather than to be banished and left the prey of animals or to die of starvation or slow death outside of the

tribe.”

The huge woman covered her face with her hands. “I need a drink of water,” she groaned. Jane came out of trance just in time to see her guest heave herself up out of the chair and stagger toward the closet-sized kitchen.

“Uh ...” Jane said. “Well, I guess it’s time for a break, unless somebody wants to fill me in on—”

CRASH!

The room shook with the sudden impact: glasses rattled on tables; Rob’s paintings flapped in place against the wall. Willy, Jane’s cat, shot wild-eyed out of the closet and scrabbled for the safety of the bathroom.

“Oh, my God!” Sally Benson wailed. “That woman’s fainted dead away in there!”

Joel Hess, who had some first-aid training, ran into the kitchen ahead of several others. The woman had indeed passed out, and was stuck good and tight in the tiny space between the refrigerator and stove. Her short, thick arms were caught up over her head. Her face was purple.

Joel grabbed a glass and filled it with cold water. “Here! Drink this! Drink this!” he yelled, waving it under the woman’s nose.

“Joel, you jerk, she’s out cold!” I pointed out. “Slap her wrists or

something.”

“That’s not going to help her now!” someone said from behind me. “How are you going to get her out of there?”

“We’ll just have to move the stove out,” Joel offered dramatically.

The woman’s eyelids fluttered. “Oh, sweet Jesus,” she mumbled. She looked up at Joel, still standing there with the glass in his hand. “Get me out of here!” she wailed, panic pushing at her voice.

“Now, now, don’t worry; it’s okay, we’ll help you,” Joel soothed. He looked the situation up and down and made helpless gestures. There was hardly enough room in the kitchen for any one of us, let alone enough people to help her. I started to shake with

repressed laughter. This was awful—the poor woman must be utterly humiliated, as I certainly would have been, and here I was suffocating with stopped-up giggles.

I left the kitchen. Arnold Pearson replaced me, and there was a lot of grunting. Something ripped. The oven door banged open and slammed shut. Finally, the woman emerged into the living room and walked straight out the door, muttering something in passing about having to get home early. We never saw her again, which isn't surprising. Jane explained that the woman had told her on the phone that afternoon that she wanted to come to

class for some insights on how to lose weight.

“And Seth goes and talks about cannibals?” Jane groaned, rolling her eyes toward heaven. We really felt like dogs—the lady must have been devastated. Had Seth gone too far? Yet, his remarks on food and “indiscriminate” eating had sprung from our own conversation, and were certainly applicable to all of us. Obviously, they’d hit home for that woman—and we sincerely hoped she would find some help through them. But from then on, whenever someone in class started complaining about a weight problem, we’d remember the lady who fainted in the kitchen over the

carnivorous habits of the cannibals.

“I remember so many incidences with people who came to class that demonstrated the nature of beliefs,” Betty DiAngelo says. “There was the guy who wanted Seth to do card tricks: we were seeing extreme and rigid ideas [and] it was pretty obvious that he wouldn’t have trusted the outcome of the tests anyway, as he really didn’t trust himself. I suppose we’ve all done this in some area; I was almost embarrassed for the guy ... and yet he was being completely himself. I remember Margaret, who wanted to help someone, [even though] that person did not want Margaret’s help ... I know I recognized

my own tendencies in these kinds of incidents and while I may not have been able to recognize them [in myself] if someone pointed them out to me, I recognized them or saw their reflection in others. And experiencing others creating their reality in a particular area and the beliefs involved, pointed out the way to me to examine my own beliefs.”

Indeed, some people who came to class wanted Seth to be a new god; and when class overreacted to these ideas, Seth would point out (sometimes none too gently) that we were seeing in them our own hidden desires to set him up as a new comfort blanket—“but I take your comfort blankets away,” he would tell us. There was Martin Crocker, the

gentleman spiritualist,¹ who said he'd seen cups fly through the air during seances, and who insisted on set definitions for all experience—including the Seth phenomenon, which he saw as the perfect example of a “spirit guide” in action. I was furious with the man and cowed by his expectation of “respect” for being older—and male. Yet how often had I yearned for well-defined answers to all my problems, perhaps whispered in my ear by spirits dancing through the room? And there was the young student of Eastern religions who sat with a never-changing smile glazed on his face the whole evening; whose only comment (repeated several times)

wound through hopelessly sugared Zenisms of non-thought: yes, Seth was bliss; all was bliss; bliss was Be-ing; all we had to do was Be. I was infuriated that time, too. Yet how easily in the past had I passed off the implications of my own experience in favor of words from Jane or Seth that might show me how to find ... bliss?

Then there was Don the parapsychologist: the scientist come to analyze the medium.

Don was a trained parapsychologist who claimed to have studied under Dr. J. B. Rhine at Duke University,² and who wanted to add an investigation of Jane's psychic abilities to his record, he told

us. Ironically, Don admitted to several startling subjective experiences of his own, including an out-of-body that he said had cost him a government research grant. According to Don, he'd made the suggestion one night that he could "travel" to the federal office that would handle his grant request; he thought that a description of a room that he couldn't possibly have seen physically would give his psychic research proposal more "punch." To his own surprise, Don said, he'd found himself in the out-of-body state, standing in front of an office desk piled with official-looking files and folders. In his grant proposal, Don described these folders with some precision. Within days of its receipt,

Don's request was rejected without explanation, and he was told to abandon his project immediately—no questions asked!

But in spite of this kind of personal experience, Don tried hard in class to be impersonal and uninvolved, so that he could discover the truth, or non-truth, of Jane, Seth, and I suppose, the rest of us. One night, though, class got out a couple of end tables and started some riotous table-tipping, yelling and laughing and dodging each other as the tables danced around the room. Finally losing his carefully honed air of detachment, Don stopped his note taking and left his chair to join the five or six of us with

fingertips on Jane's little green lampstand, which was happily thumping back and forth on the rug.

Don placed his fingers on the table with great care. "None of you've got your thumbs underneath this, do you?" he joked loudly. He was really trying to enter in the fun of it all, but the instant he touched the little table, it began tipping violently around on its legs, from one side to the other, crashing down dangerously close to our toes.

"Jesus!" Don shouted, jumping back. The table stopped dead, thumping down on all four of its legs. Carefully, Don touched it again—and immediately, the table was tapping around in a circle so quickly that we could hardly keep in

contact with it. And then, just to polish it all off, the little table seemed to leap at Don, whumping right up against his legs so that he hopped backward in self-defense. Almost gleefully, the table tapped forward again, nudging Don's thighs with firm, continuous shoves. Our fingertips brushed its surface lightly, but stayed in touch.

“Hey!” Don wailed. “The goddamn thing's chasing me!”

“Whoopee!” Daniel MacIntyre whooped. The table seemed to leap forward in a fresh burst of energy—and pinned Don right up against the bookcase, a *thud!* rattling the books and vases as Don's backside hit the shelf.

With that, Don yanked his fingers away, pushed the table aside, and sat back down in his chair.

Immediately, the little table lamp next to him blinked off.

“What the hell ... !” Don stammered, staring at it. As if in answer, the lamp blinked back on.

“Sorry about that,” Jane said, with a straight face. Everyone in class knew that the lamp was defective, but Jane liked Don and couldn’t help teasing his serious demeanor a little. “That thing just doesn’t have any manners at all. Lamp, you stop that.”

Smoothly, the lamp blinked off again.

Don gaped at it in shock, apparently so devastated by the marauding table that

he'd forgotten the jungle of electric plugs jammed in the loose wall socket behind his chair, and how suspiciously the plugs jiggled when anyone sat down near it.

Another group continued to tip a three-legged table on the other side of the room. Don just sat in his chair, nervously rubbing his hands together. Eventually, when everyone quieted down a little and put the tables back in the closet, Jane said, "I think someone has something to say to our scientist," and removed her glasses.

"You must realize the vitality that is within each of you and not be afraid of it—as you are," Seth said, turning to Don.

“Now you are controlling it and disciplining it, but you are also afraid of it. You simply bottled it up out of fear of your abilities and of the power that resides within you.” Seth also told Don that there was a great contrast in his attitudes toward such phenomena as the table demonstrations: “On the one hand [you have] the determination to show up all fraud, and on the other hand, the fear underneath that your own experiences could somehow be fraudulent. Therefore, you could not trust yourself.”

Jane came out of trance and asked Don to explain what Seth had said. “He was talking about my underlying fear of psychic matters,” Don began—just as the table lamp beside him snapped back on.

Don stopped in mid-sentence. Soon thereafter, he left—and never came back.

It would be easy to poke fun at Don and his “scientific” approach to Jane’s class—if it weren’t for all the times that any of us have trusted a set of definitions more than our own experience. And how many times have we been scandalized by irreverence, confusing what is “serious” with what is “true?”

The ideal balance in class, achieved under Jane’s watchful eye, was one of its principal lessons: how to combine the intuitions, emotions, and intellect as we were naturally meant to do. I say “ideal” because it didn’t always happen

that way. We were groping for something, without really understanding what it was. And the characters who appeared in class (often at weirdly appropriate moments) acted as living illustrations of what we were exploring—usually by showing us our own extremes.

In May of 1971, after several hours of class debate on good versus evil and the psychological origins of heaven and hell, Seth abruptly announced that one of his physical lives had been spent as a “minor Pope” in 300 A.D.; therefore, there was an “authority” present on the subject of heaven and hell. Amidst the chaotic reaction to this statement, Seth went on to explain that “the rigorous

concepts of good and evil are themselves highly distorted, and when you find such a dilemma where goodness is one thing and evil another, and both contrary and separate, then you automatically separate them in your minds and in your feelings and in your fantasies.”

“You do not seem at this point able to realize that what you call evil works for what you call good,” Seth told a somewhat incredulous class. “Both are a part of energy and ... you are using energy to form your reality, both now and after this life. This is because you deal with effects physically, as you see them. And until you divest yourself of

such psychological behavior, it will always seem to you that good and evil are opposites and you will treat them as such in your feelings and in your concepts and in your myths.”

At this point, Ron Labadee (the intensely “intellectual” fellow in the playing-card incident described in *CWS*, book 1, chapter 3) sat forward in his chair and interrupted Arnold Pearson in mid-question. “Is it ever justified to do evil for the sake of good?” Ron asked.

“In the terms in which you ask the question, the answer is no,” Seth answered benignly.

“In other words,” Ron continued, “in this reality, we are faced with decisions. In that context, is it true that our

decisions can be only constructive and good, or destructive and evil?”

“Only in the terms in which you ask the question,” Seth said. “In larger terms, there is no such thing as destruction; and your second question does not follow logically from the first one. If you will look at the script when you receive it [the following week], you will see what I mean. You ask questions without considering the answers that have been given. Think of the answers before you form your next question.”

“Yes, but I don’t necessarily agree with the logic of your answers,” Ron said.

“I do not *need* you to agree with my

logic,” Seth replied. “I need you to understand the faulty quality in your own logic, and that must come from yourself and not from me.”

“Yes, but—”

“Now, wait,” Seth said. “Part of this is due to the fact that you form questions before you comprehend the nature of the answers that you have received. Read the script. Find out the answers I have given you, and then form your questions.”

“Well, I have a question that I know I’m going to form after I read the script,” Ron said, oblivious to the glares and groans from those around him. “It is that *your* response was that *my* question was only meaningful in the terms that *I* use;

so what I'm asking is how do *you* conceive of good and evil in *your* own reality?"

"There is no destruction, and there is no evil," Seth answered emphatically. "But while you believe that there is, then you must act accordingly! While you believe that to murder a man is to destroy his consciousness forever, then you cannot murder, and in your terms it is an evil."

"Well, Hitler could have used that justification for wiping out six million Jews!" Ron cried.

"He could have indeed," Seth agreed.

Ron was beaming with satisfaction.

"Well, then, I disagree with you. I think

that even in the way we look at it now there is destruction, which is evil.”

“*I know* that you do!” Seth roared. “You live within that reality and while you live within it, you must deal with it—and so you are!”

“So ...” Ron mused, coiling for another pounce, “is there such a thing as a moral decision for someone who exists in the next plane of existence?”

As Seth, Jane sipped some wine and placidly returned Ron’s gaze. “There are *always* moral decisions,” Seth stated. “They involve the use of creativity and development. They involve the use of spontaneity.”

“What system of values do you use to choose in your moral decisions?”

“I have told you. My last answer implies that answer.”

“In your words, it would be whatever is the most creative in terms of what you want to do.”

“We will ignore the last part of your sentence and agree with the first part,” Seth answered, grinning impishly. “And I shall certainly see to it, if I have any abilities to do so, that in your next life you are put in the position of answering someone whose mind works exactly as yours does!”

“I feel like I’ve made contact with you very well,” Ron said. Irritation among other class members, with whom Ron rarely talked about anything, was turning

the air sharp as daggers.

“You have indeed,” Seth answered dryly. “However, the intuitive rapport that you need to contact others within your environment is at least to some extent lacking. Reach out to them with feeling rather than with the guise of probing words.”

“I don’t necessarily deal with physical entities the same way I’m dealing with you right now,” Ron said, rather loftily.

“You should learn to!” Seth replied. “I egg—listen to me—I egg you on. It is good for you and good for the class and very good for this one over here,” Seth waved Jane’s hand at Florence MacIntyre, “because you ask questions

that she is already thinking of, and for some reason she has suddenly grown timid about her questions! Now, continue.”

“Well, I was just going to say that no evil can be justified on the basis of the greater good,” Ron said.

“That is what I told you operates in your reality, and you did not listen to my answer. When you read the text, it will be simply clarified. In your reality, the stance that you adopt is a necessary one, and you must hold to it. The fact that it *does* apply only to your system need not presently concern you.”

“Hmmm.” Ron placed his hands in front of his face, fingertips touching.

“Are there instances in which a spirit from another reality would intervene in this reality, and we would call that a destructive act but the spirit would say it was creative?” he asked suggestively, a thin hint of a smile on his lips.

“Oh, for the love of God!” Arnold exploded, but Seth merely answered, “I do not like your term. Any such intervention would occur only on the part of a personality who was, for the present time, physical: as the villain in a religious drama would be a creative figure. But he would exist historically in your time and not, for example, be a ghost whispering in the night. There are no creatures whispering evil in your ear.”

“There are no intervening entities?”
Ron repeated.

“Not in those terms.”

“But in the terms that we are all spirits acting out our own inner drama, the term ‘spirit’ has some meaning?”
Ron probed, with one of his few smiles ever.

“Sometimes—but only occasionally—I think you are catching on!” Seth yucked. “There are no forces outside of yourselves that in your terms cause you to do evil. Unfortunately, what you think of as good and evil reside within yourselves and you cannot blame an evil force for the destruction that runs rampant across the earth.

“Again, in these terms, these are your problems, and no god or devil put them upon you; and there is no one to blame but yourselves,” Seth said to the rest of the class. “On the other hand, for the seasons and the [flowers], you have yourselves to thank. You are learning to use the creative energy of which you are a part, and you are indeed quite isolated, so you cannot do much harm, in your terms! And so that the evil that you think you do is an illusion ... And if you destroy your planet, you will have others to work with, and those that are destroyed are not destroyed. You are in a training system. The mistakes in the long run, and in your terms, will not

count, but they are very real to you at this time.”³

Ron stayed in class for about six months, but without participating, holding his presence to himself like a weapon, relentlessly following Seth’s words through every twist and turn of logic, picking up truths and casting them down like imperfect artifacts. And it was here that Ron lost the real experience of Jane’s class. He wanted answers on a platter, according to his definitions; answers that would answer all the questions ever asked and that would erase all the doubts of human existence. And for that, who could fault him? Who had not wished for the same?

Yet, as Ron sat there, cold and severe as a brittle wind, you could see that such demands would not work. You would only ask and ask and probe and discard in your serious scientific garb until you dried up trying. You had to feel your answers, and the feelings had to rise up out of your own experience, and fall back into it with warmth and joy and acknowledgment. But Ron's posture of intellectual criticism was crushing the other portions of his psyche.

On the other hand, whatever obstacles Ron manufactured for himself in the name of intellectual probing seemed like nothing compared to the messes people got themselves into as a result of credulousness—if only because it was

more fashionable to be cynical.

Allan Demming started coming to class in 1974, during his student years at a nearby law school. He was soft-spoken and discoursed with reason and compassion; just what you'd expect in a budding lawyer. What nobody would have suspected at all (particularly, perhaps, of someone in Allan's career field) was the reason he gave one night for coming to class in the first place: an occult group he'd once joined in California had told Allan that in a past life, he'd traded away his spiritual freedom while under the influence of hypnosis. This West Coast group's leader, Allan said, had given him the

procedure that he had to follow in order to negate this trade-off and get on with the business of “uplifting his karma.” With a complete lack of embarrassment, Allan concluded this story by saying that he hoped that Seth could fill him in sometime on how he was doing with his renegotiations.

Sighing bravely, Allan raised his eyes to Jane.

“A-L-L-L-A-A-A-N-N!” Jane screamed in outrage, nearly leaping out of her chair. “Wha—how—you mean—Allan?!” She stopped to catch the words. Giggles drifted around the room, but Allan sat quietly, proudly. “Allan, for chrissakes, you can’t trade away your freedom, spiritual or otherwise!” Jane

sputtered.

Allan frowned, puzzled. “But it explains things, problems I’ve had for so long,” he said. “The guru out there gave me methods to destroy these psychic structures that they said have been confining me in this lifetime— and that once I do that, I can get out of ... ah ...” but Jane’s glasses were tossed on the rug.

“Oh-oh, here goes!” someone said, and with his wide, dark eyes close to Allan’s, his voice low and intimate, Seth began.

“Now, before they can give you a method for destroying psychic structures, they must con you into believing that they

exist in the terms of their school!” Seth told him. “Now, you do not believe in Original Sin, in conventional terms. So you simply switched your beliefs into another area of activity!

“When anyone tells you that your power is not your own, and you are not your own person, then run! This has been done through the centuries.”

Allan straightened his own dark-rimmed glasses and shook his head; he was plainly confused. “But Seth, you’re saying that ... I mean, uh, are you *familiar* with these people out in San Francisco?”

“I am familiar with those people, and with all people, who tell you that you can trade your soul, or your energy, or

your free will, or that another can take it from you,” Seth said. “People who then give you a code that will enable you to regain the self that you have never lost; who lead you into a system of beliefs that appears quite valid, once you accept the basic precepts.”

“Then, I mean, uh, you’re saying that —” Allan stammered.

“I am saying that you are free!” Seth replied loudly. “That you have *always* been free, and that no one can hypnotize you against your will; that any ‘deals’ you make in this world, or any other, you make of your own free will, and can break of your own free will!

“You need to use the common sense

that is yours as a human being—and this applies to each of you, to whatever system of beliefs you have allowed to use you!”

Allan sat quietly, considering these words.

“Now, in a great display, I could, though I will not, frighten you out of your beliefs, or snap my fingers and say, ‘Oh, thou demons be gone, and set our Allan free! Let whatever evil possesses him go on its way!’ But I give you a greater truth. There never was any evil that possessed you, and you never sold that which you cannot give away!

“You are free, as you have always been free, and that also means that you cannot blame anyone else for anything.

So accept that freedom!”

Seth withdrew, and Jane blinked back into the living room. “What was this?” she asked Allan.

“Why,” Allan said, his voice filled with wonder, “why, Seth said that ... that I’m free! That I never traded away my freedom at all!” He was wide-eyed with amazement. “It just must be a lot of negative beliefs that I’ve got that cause me all the trouble,” he concluded.

And you knew that Allan was discarding the San Francisco system for the Sethian Technique, right in front of us, with as little thought given to one as the other ... Well, at least here, Allan might learn to start using his lawyer’s

head. Unfortunately, Ron Labadee had left class by then; the two of them might have helped one another out. But nobody put Allan down too hard, because obvious as his form of idiocy was, it haunted more old closets than Ron's belligerent attempts at scientific cunning. How many of us had found it easier, at least for a while, to declare ourselves as weak, sinful, or fat, as failures of the flesh or victims of society, and so placed our power in the hands of the rigors of confession, diets, drugs, astrology, or religious dictates that denied fun, desire, and eclecticism in the name of salvation from the physical world?

There was Ira's guru for instance; the

whipping that Ira had endured to be “cleansed” of his existence in flesh. Even though Ira’s search for the esoteric had apparently strained his common sense at that point, what he’d submitted to wasn’t overwhelmingly different from any other system that reflected beliefs of worthlessness. But when Ira first described his guru initiation, I had to laugh at myself: a year before his trip to India, Ira had shown up unannounced in Jane and Rob’s living room one Friday night, a complete stranger to all of us. Immediately, he’d unsheathed his guitar and started singing religious hymns, which he kept up for hours. I’d felt like whacking him one myself; for one thing,

underneath his veneer of happy spirituality, he was so damn deadly serious, pinning us to our chairs with Jesus! But at the time, it seemed too ungracious to tell him to knock it off—even humorously.

Ira Willis



In class, however, the pitfalls inherent in rigid seriousness were probably best illustrated through a group of people that

for a year or two regularly flew to Elmira on Tuesdays from another part of the state. These five or six likeable, good-hearted men and women lived in a community dedicated to the philosophy of G. J. Gurdjieff.⁴ They'd started attending Jane's class with the permission of their community leader, Eugene Nyland; and their pursuit, as they saw it, of Truth, was a serious endeavor indeed. In 1973, Nyland himself, by then an elderly man, arranged to have some of his students drive him to class.

“That group was so ungodly serious!” Jane recalls. “Nyland had known Gurdjieff personally, it seems—I think he was one of the national directors of

these study groups. To Rob and me, the funny thing about it was that when Nyland came up to talk to us the day before that class, he made the student who drove him wait in the car! His position was that the ‘students’ and the ‘leaders’ didn’t discuss things together, that you let only the most advanced ones in on the ‘information.’

“But Nyland was a delightful man—sort of European, I guess you’d call it, in terms of expectations of tribute. He wanted to be addressed as ‘Mr. Nyland’ in class, but I told him that we didn’t kowtow to titles here.

“His thing, his group’s thing, was that ‘The Work’ had to be *literally* worked at, like you had to work at ‘The Self,’ or

you'd just fizzle out. It was the complete opposite of spontaneity.”

And unknowingly, without an explanation from Nyland of his beliefs or purposes, that class managed to get onto the subject of play, and playful behavior. About halfway through the evening, after several appearances, Seth turned his gaze to Nyland and his group.

“Now, Gurdjieff loved to play,” Seth announced to them. “He was a playful man, and what came to him so beautifully and so naturally, and with such brilliance, was his own vision, and he tried to communicate it to others. He expressed what he believed in. To him, however, regardless of his words, there

was an easy transparency in what he did, a joy of vitality that no words could destroy, a spontaneity and a great vitality. But many others do not understand that spontaneity or joy. Now, you [Nyland] do, and you have. The trouble is, you see, you want people to play seriously, and want them to work playfully. There is, after all, not that much difference!

“The grasshopper leaps out of the great vitality of his being, but when he tries to tell others how he leaps, others listen and say, ‘Aha, yes, I do this!’ or, ‘I do that!’ or, ‘But I am not a grasshopper.’ Or, they do not understand the miraculous presence and immediacy of a grasshopper or, more important, a

grasshopper mind.

“If you know how to play, you do not need to know how to work; if you know how to play, then you understand what play is, and you know that it is not chaos. You know that games have rules. You know you make the game; and therefore, you make the rules. And you can, like a grasshopper, or like a child playing hopscotch, skip from square to square. Gurdjieff did, in Ruburt’s terms, ‘do his own thing.’ And his message is, ‘Do your own thing.’ And my message is, ‘Do your own thing’—only I make you make up your own rules as you go along, and Gurdjieff gives you more help!

“If there is one thing Gurdjieff did, however, that many have not done [was to work] with the mobility of the intellect and of the mind, and not ignore it. And this also I want you to do—but playfully! For ... *the only real work is done in play*, and if you realize that, all ‘work’ is done, and you do it.”

“I was wondering,” asked Jerry, one of the New York Boys, “is it true that rules were made to be broken?”

“Rules are made to be made, to be followed and broken,” Seth told him. “Rules are made to be rules. When you need them, you make them. When you want a new set, you find a new set, but always you should follow your own

inner dictates.

“Now, let us clear up a point—occult point—for some of you do not understand something that is important,” Seth said, turning again to Nyland. “Ruburt understands that work is play, because for him, writing, which is work, is also play.

“When you think of work, you think of something that you must do that you do not want to do, and therefore imagine a great resistance. We are speaking [now] of the situation where work and play are one, and that is the nature of creativity. You are not doing something because you must do it, or because it is the right thing to do, but because it is a part of your nature. It may require, in your terms

now, certain framing. It may involve many things. But it is play to you because it is so natural, and ‘The Work’ does not involve the same kind of resistance that you encounter when, say, you think of going to a job that you dislike, or tackling a chore that is beyond you. You may think of work-play or play-work, but it is a creativity in which there is a birth of spontaneity and inner structure that goes so in hand that it is impossible to separate one from the other.”

Margaret, one of Nyland’s students, raised her hand at this point. “Why did Gurdjieff call his methods to teach people to play ‘work on one’s self’? she

asked.

“He used the terms that he believed made sense in his time and circumstance. Seth answered. ”He also believed in the seriousness of high purpose, and so he used the terms that he thought would help others. He also hoped to use the terms, quite trickily, that religious people used. They would play better if they believed they were working harder! He understood that many people with guilt complexes could not be told to play. They would feel too guilty, and so he told them it was work—and it worked!

“Now, you see, I would say that what Gurdjieff wanted *in* was culture. That is, he was fighting against cultural beliefs that still exist, where I do not fight them.

I am telling people to play, and through play they will discover their purpose.”

“I think they can find out, by play, what is lacking in them,” Nyland commented.

“They can, indeed,” Seth replied.

“And that is why,” Nyland added, “when they wish to play, they must know first what they can play with, in order to reach what they wish to create.

Seth paused, smiling affectionately at Nyland. “Now, it is a matter, first of all, of vocabulary,” Seth said after a moment. “Secondly, [it is] that I have perhaps, now, a greater trust in what you are. For I believe your playing, of itself, will lead you to your own answers. You

are simply adding a helpful structure, through which people can test themselves, and there is nothing wrong with that. It is a structure that many people need.

“But, from one old gentleman to another, encourage them, then, to show their emotions, to be themselves in that way, and even to lift their heads out of the structure of words,” Seth continued. “Gurdjieff understood the structure of words. He gave you words and structures because he understood what structures were; but he wanted you, then, working with structures, to go beyond them—*playfully*—and when you learned what play was, to throw those structures aside and emerge awake, *above* the

structures ...

“Now, excuse this voice which comes through so loudly, simply because energy has its own way,” Seth added humorously, in his best booming tones. “So if I sound—though I am sure I do not!—loud, it is because of the mechanisms involved. And what you are witnessing now is playful work and creativity, and a breakthrough, the kind, incidentally, with which Gurdjieff would have been happy, and he would have jumped up and down with unholy glee!

“Now, I did not mean that our friend Gurdjieff would be jumping up and down with joy because there was

another group with different ideas! What I meant was that the great vitality and joyfulness of Gurdjieff would be happy to see this particular kind of breakthrough, for he would recognize its highly creative nature, and he would recognize it as a breakthrough—a giant grasshopper leap! [But] there is nothing wrong with the physical structure through which all vitality, in your space and time, sings—as Gurdjieff himself did. That spirit, when you think of Gurdjieff, knew itself through corporeal knowledge, and through the joy and the vitality of the atoms and the molecules that compose the body, as you know yourself, *in*, now, *in* this space and time through your corporeal image. You exist

independently of it, and you know that.”

“Yes,” Nyland agreed. “Sometimes concepts of that have to be put in certain words to make you understand. But it does not mean one has to take the words for the concept.”

“One should never!” Seth answered. And he and Nyland seemed to come to some meeting of terms. But the following week, Seth once again addressed the Gurdjieff group (who continued to attend class without Nyland). “Did it ever strike you as strange that a man [Gurdjieff] so given to the ideas of play should initiate a system that was so concerned with work?” he asked them. “Or, indeed, how playfully was he

pulling your serious legs?

“Now, if you take a dead frog, and stimulate it, the dead limb will move. That is what [Gurdjieff] was doing, and you react very well to him. His seriousness of idea and doctrine was like bait that he dropped down to all serious fishes to swallow! But he was a playful fisherman, and he hoped to end up with playful fish! I am not a fisherman, I am a fish, a playful one, swimming through realities that change, in your terms, in every moment; peering down with huge fish eyes at this strange reality that you call your own. And you peer down into your own reality and find it strange!

“Oddly, I play a trickier game than

Gurdjieff—though you may think I am so straight, in terms of integrity ... for I then turn you all back to yourselves, and let you look into the eyes of your own authority, and your own playfulness; and from that seeming dilemma between your own playfulness and your own authority, you come out with fine music [a reference to Warren's cello rendition of the Sumari 'Song of Creation,' which he'd performed that week], excellent dreams, some good insights, and the creativity that is your own."

Throughout class years, Seth warned us repeatedly to be alert for the appearance of strangers, both those in our dreams

and in waking life; that those who played out dramas before us in either state were connected with us in ways we did not guess. “You choose this place and time for your own reasons and your own challenges ... and so this planet is not peopled with strangers, but those who are already psychically united, who then come to this planet in your time,” he told us in late 1974. “Your world is far more extensive than you realize, and your concepts have limited your experience. So, here, we knock the old concepts down. You knock them down as you encounter your own living psyche.” And so, as it developed toward the end of class, strangers and characters who passed through those Tuesday nights

were as entwined with us as the symbols of our dreams.

But out of all the unique people who appeared in Jane's apartment (many of whom probably thought we were all crazier than hell), the one most "unforgettable character" in my communications with class members was Florence MacIntyre.

Florence was an open, loving woman who took great pride in intellectual achievement. In class, it seemed that she was always at odds with the more liberal viewpoints—and yet she was not a prude: she and her husband once invited the whole roomful of us to their backyard swimming pool for some after-

hours skinny-dipping. But while apparently unperturbed at the sight of twenty-five naked people running around her suburban lawn (blocked from the rest of the neighborhood by a seven-foot fence), in Jane's living room, Florence was a consistent and volatile traditionalist.

In October 1972, I told class what I thought was a wickedly humorous story: my three-year-old son had happily yelled, "Lookit that ole fuckin' bug!" at a bee buzzing through my parents' kitchen. In spite of my parents' understandable surprise, I ignored Sean's words, and after a few moments, my parents also shrugged the whole thing off.

An appreciative chuckle rippled

through class, but to my dismay, Florence immediately registered strong disapproval.

“You don’t know what you’re doing!” she admonished. “Sean is going to be in big trouble when he gets to kindergarten and starts using those kinds of words! He should be corrected now, before he gets there. You know, you could give him substitute words, possibly something like ‘ding-dong,’ so he doesn’t cause a problem.”

A dozen voices leaped into the fray, abruptly cut off by Seth’s swift appearance. “For Sean, the word is not loaded!” he said to Florence. “He will not feel the need to show off to his

contemporaries—in his fucking kindergarten class!”

Billows of giggles fluttered like nervous birds around the room. Florence scowled, her expression pained. There she was once again, fencing philosophies with Seth.

“Children who will come up with the word in kindergarten class, our dear Lady of Florence, are those who have a charge behind the word, and will try it out in front of you to see if your reaction is the same as their mothers’,” Seth continued, oblivious to class reactions. “And they will know that ‘ding-dong’ or ‘ding-a-ling’ is a safe word for ‘fuck’! And they will know that you know ... but the children who would use the word to

shock your class, or to shock you, are not the ones who can use it readily at home and have it pass by unnoticed.”

Seth turned to the rest of us, his voice slow and serious. “When will you learn that your bodies are good, and that what they do is good? And that the words to describe the bodies’ activities are good? You have fucking bodies! It is the method by which you come into this existence! It is a glorious term except when you think that it is wrong. And when you accept from others the *idea* that it is wrong, then when they use it, they use it to be nasty, because they know it will have that effect upon you.

“In this life, you come from the sperm

and the womb. You come from the meeting of flesh and flesh, and you come from it singing.”

Nobody was giggling when Seth finished this time; we all knew how many times we’d used (or thought about using) “Fuck you!” as the ultimate insult. But in the following week’s class, the New York Boys again brought up the subject of “forbidden” words—and actions.

Eddie Feinstein (who’d established a reputation for driving all the way up from New York and snoring all the way through class) recalled the first time he’d used the word “shit” in school: he’d been paddled by the principal. “I suppose I’d been okay if I’d used the

word ‘doody’ instead,” Eddie laughed, “but what’s the difference? We all know it means that same brown stuff, right?” Florence sat without comment, and looked plainly relieved when Seth came through.

“You can take the word ‘Mu,’ thinking it, speaking it cautiously when you are sure that children are not present, whispering it behind closed doors,” Seth began. “Whenever anyone hears the word, catch yourself short and do not speak it. Before you speak it, look in all directions, and soon, in Florence’s kindergarten class you will have some smart alec say, ‘*Muuuuuuu!*’ and you’ll have to find a new ding-a-ling, or ding-

a-long. The *words* are meaningless.”

Seth’s voice softened as he turned to Florence, his eyes wide and dark. “Now, Florence, our Lady of Florence—and when I use the word ‘Lady,’ I know what I mean—our Lady of Florence has come to this class longer than any of you, and with much greater yearnings and reservations. With much greater hopes and despairs. And she has tried to translate, in her own way, what I am saying.

“And when she speaks, she speaks your own deepest fears! And you listen to her and sometimes you snicker, and sometimes you laugh, *but they are your fears!* And yet her yearnings are your yearnings also, and do not forget it!

“And so she faces, in a very practical way, the problems of putting the material into daily use. And with all due respects, you [Florence] have not always been brave! But you have always been sincere and done as much as you felt you could do at a given time.

“And many of you do not have that impetus. You do not have to! You [Eddie] do not have to translate this material in the terms of conventional society, and our Lady of Florence does. And so, what she learns, she learns for all of you. And the fears that she speaks, she speaks for all of you. And the yearnings that she has, she has for all of you.

“You [the New York group] think yourselves apart from the so-called Establishment. And you find, in our Lady of Florence, someone quite ensconced within it. Yet she comes here and tries to translate what she learns into those terms—to change [the Establishment]. *And if you do not communicate with it, you cannot change it!*”

Seth withdrew, and class erupted into a lively debate on what he'd meant by people in the “so-called Establishment.” Eddie, who was struggling with his newborn New York restaurant,⁵ said that he thought this venture had put him at least to some degree in the leagues of the Establishment.

“I was speaking in terms of people who think that the word ‘fuck’ is wrong!” Seth responded suddenly.

“Yeah, but I deal with people every day who think that way,” Eddie said, defensively.

“You do not so far as your friends are concerned, or the people with whom you are intimately connected,” Seth said. “You have a freer lifestyle, and so the translation is not that necessary. They will understand the sacred quality of the word ‘fuck,’ but Florence’s students, and their parents, do not. Now, do you follow me?”

“Yep,” Eddie grinned.

“I am glad!” Seth cheered. “And I do

not intend to speak as if I came from a barroom, but a barroom can be more sacred than a church—and none of you forget it!”

None of us did, I’m sure; nor do I think that any of us ever forgot Florence’s position on our behalf. And her example will apply to the reader: Think of people in your social circle who always seem to contradict the norm, or who bring up viewpoints that you’d really rather not think about. “Our Lady of Florence, very nicely for each of you in class, personifies the feelings that each of you have, to whatever degree, involving your inner self,” Seth put it once. “She shows them in an exaggerated fashion for you to look at,

and so when she speaks, she speaks not only for herself, but for everyone in this room, including Ruburt.” And it says much for the peculiar orientations of class that while Florence and the New York Boys, for example, could disagree so fervently, nobody seemed to confuse the arguments with the individuals. “They always seemed to contribute so much to the class,” says Priscilla Lantini of the New York group, “and when they weren’t there, it wasn’t quite the same. I feel a strange affinity towards them. I had a class dream once in which I went down city streets with the Boys and ... jumped on Big Jed’s shoulders, and he carried me around and they were like my

brothers. The feeling of unity between the guys and me was great. I especially had a strong affinity for Lauren [DelMarie], when Seth called him ‘Pan.’”

“Most any yarn about class characters,” Matt Adams notes, “could illustrate beliefs in action: Often, individuals (me included) were so wrapped up in his/her system of priorities that other wave lengths simply did not get through; clues that others might have picked up immediately were missed completely, often to sad or funny effect.

“My father came to class only one night; it was the same night a new member arrived. She was plump, with

black dyed hair and a black dress, bright red lipstick, looked very much like a slightly bloated Pola Negri—or a female impersonator, as someone said later. Anyway, she was extremely interested in attention. She was reading, somewhat dramatically, from a list of beliefs she'd extemporaneously scribbled down, when Jane took off her glasses and Seth began with his characteristic 'Now... ' 'Now what?' she asked, misunderstanding, and a trifle miffed at being interrupted.

“Toward the end of the evening, she noticed my father there alone—the New York Boys were far beneath her notice—and she asked him to help her carry a suitcase, typewriter, or something down

to her car. Her interest was very evident, though I'm not really sure if she wanted action or just attention. She was very enjoyable, in a kind of garish way, but Jane told me later that she had to have the woman stop coming—she was just not fitting in. Too bad she didn't last for the transvestite class!

“I mention my father because that particular class night, Seth did a quick series of transitions that floored him. Jane was in her rocker, and when Seth departed the first time, Jane's head flew back against the back of the chair with an audible *crack!* Jane came to, rubbing the back of her head, and said into the air at large, ‘That was a dirty trick!’ *Zap*, Seth was back, to say, ‘Tell Ruburt

that there will be no pain in his head.’ Seth gone, Jane back. ‘Jane, there’s no pain in your head,’ we dutifully repeated. ‘Hunh?’ Jane said, with apparently no memory of the intervening episode. ‘Boy,’ my father remarked later, ‘that was really amazing.’

“I also recall a particularly attractive blonde girl and her mother,” Matt says, “and was rather disappointed to see that they were totally unresponsive to efforts to have them join in conversation. This must have been the week following the nude class [see *CWS*, book I, chapter 9], since Jane told me later that each woman was having some kind of problem in her marriage, and that the previous week had

been the first time either of them had seen penises in a nonconfronting manner; impersonally, as it were. These two women were rather grim and intent, two adjectives that never seemed to characterize other class members. I do recall that I had worn clean underwear, just in case.

“My point is that the fewer restrictive, narrowing beliefs there are, the less prejudiced is perception. I try to maintain a ‘maybe’ shelf in which there is no absolute ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ but only degrees of maybe. Using that system, it’s easier to accommodate practically *anything* that comes along.”

CHAPTER 6

Who Else Do You Think You Are? Counterparts Are Comparatively Encountered

On Building Fence

(Love Poem to a Counterpart)

*I am perpendicular,
not plumb,
sticking out awry,*

*trees gawking branches
at angles impossible
to the sky,
and fence posts letting slip
your animals
through corners meeting
parallel and senseless
to the eye;*

*For your plumb
depths, I would
have traded sense
of tree-thoughts stranded
in good time,
and merided fences
by your side, conten*

*with playful angles growing
sideways off the hills;*

*And how we would have
zig-zagged, you
and I:*

*Across the fields
in fencelines
all practical
in harmonies of wire,
letting slip
our questions in
through corners invisible
to the senses;*

*But you must mend your fences
plumb—*

*And I must follow angles of no
worth—*

*And we string wires
around the thing
our nature is,
And see the other
as fenced in,*

*Forgetting
how parallel are the senses,
how playful
are the corners of the Earth.*

ROB STARTED IT ALL, OF COURSE.

Rob, the “mystery man” who painted undisturbed in his studio through some of the most riotous class events; whose canvases whispered images of other selves, other times; whose watchful sensibilities led him to spend years perfecting his notes for Jane’s books. That it should have been Rob’s experiences that begat the counterpart information seems like the natural order of things. And once it was explained, this revolutionary concept of personality

also seemed like the natural order of things, couched within our unknowing awareness; its attributes unrecognized in the one-line order of logic.

Rob had been coming to class for several months in late 1974 when, in the fall of that year, he reported a series of altered perception experiences of what appeared to be other lives.¹ Two of these involved two distinctly separate deaths of two Roman soldiers in the first century A.D., people who would have lived in the same historical “time” as his Nebene character (see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 7 for an explanation of Nebene and Shirin). A third perception was of a Jamaican woman in the 1800s. Rob told

class that his impressions of these people had a validity and brilliance about them that he couldn't deny. Some of the details (including Rob's minute description of the fishermen's long-roped nets that had pulled one of "his" Roman bodies ashore) were corroborated by George Rhoads, who'd lived during the 1940s in a Spanish fishing village, unchanged in many ways since ancient times.

Yet, Rob wondered aloud, was this some kind of contradiction? Or if these personalities had actually lived (or were now living, in terms of simultaneous time), what did it mean? Could several "selves" exist in the same time?

"What it *could* mean is a literal

revolution in our concept of identity,” Rob offered in his quiet way. “It demonstrates again how limited our notions are of personality and how vast the facets of consciousness might be.” He went on to describe more of his Jamaican woman impression.

“I get the feeling,” Jane said in the uncharacteristic silence that followed Rob’s remarks, “that something new is up, you know?” In book dictation for *The “Unknown” Reality*, Seth had explained, Jane said, how Rob had helped the Jamaican woman in her “now—another example of across-the-board reincarnational oneness, like the Nebene-Shirin encounter between Rob

and me three years before.

Jane had brought Seth's most recent "*Unknown*" passages to read to us. "'You live more than one life at a time,'" she began, from Rob's carefully typed session notes. "'You do not experience your century simply from one separate vantage point, and the individuals alive in any given century have far deeper connections than you realize. You do not experience your space-time world, then, from one but from many viewpoints.'" [2](#)

As Jane finished reading, Seth came through, removing Jane's glasses and placing them—and the session notebook—on the coffee table in front of Rob. In

an elaborate congratulations to Rob on perceiving the Jamaican woman, Seth told him, “You are neurologically tuned into one particular field of activity that you recognize. [However], if you could think of a multidimensional body, existing at one time in different realities, and appearing differently within these realities, then you could get a glimpse of what is involved.”

Well, we could tell by now that this was all leading up to something—we’d learned to understand a certain kind of “cue” in class, and in Seth’s words. And the following week, as we were vigorously exchanging ideas on probable selves and their relationship with past lives, Florence remarked that there had

to be “some kind of a balance” among what we were still calling “reincarnational selves.” Swiftly, Seth was in on the conversation.

“Far be it from me to disturb your ideas of yin or yang, or Jung, or good and evil, or right and wrong, or good vibrations or bad vibrations!” Seth told us humorously. “What I hope to say is that your world exists in different terms than you recognize, and that reincarnation is indeed a myth and a story that stands for something else entirely!

“Now, you take a part of your world as you understand it, in your time as you understand it, and all of the creatures on

the earth, in your terms, in the century, participate. And so each of you works out challenges and possibilities, creativity and fulfillment. And so you are born in different races, in different cultures, with different, but same, desires. And each in his or her own way participates in what you think of as the history of your time.”

Seth turned to Florence. “Forgive me ... I will use you as an example,” he said, with affectionate apology. With that, Seth announced that Florence had a counterpart, a living “version” of herself, who was a young man, alive right now, in China “who does not weigh even seventy pounds. He has starved for years. He feels very vulnerable. It does

not particularly help that young man when our Lady of Florence piles weight up because she feels less vulnerable and more protected from the world.

“On the other hand, our young man dreams of being overweight, and it is one of his most satisfying dreams,” Seth continued. “Now, in his own way, those dreams are going to be a help to him, because he is already working on some concepts involving the planting of fields that will help the people within his village.

“In this particular village, the elders believe that there is some merit to being underweight. Our young man hates the Americans. He believes that this is an

opulent, luxurious, and wicked society; and yet he yearns for it with all his heart.

“Now, our Florence, in her own way, is working with ideas of good and evil, searching for what she *thinks* of as an aesthetic and moral code that she can rely upon. Her counterpart has that code, and he found that he could not rely upon it. Each in their own way are working on the same series of challenges, but there are also two other counterparts, and between the four of them, the century is being covered ...

“Now, in your terms only, these other counterparts, and in your terms *only*, these other counterparts are like latent patterns within your mind—echoes. How many of you have actually thought

of what the ‘unconscious’ may be? Or, the voices that you hear within your mind or heart—are they ‘yours’? To what counterpart do they belong? And yet, you, in your own identity, have the right to do precisely as you wish, and to form your own reality ...”

Connections began to light up: you could see it in everybody’s eyes. “Opposites attract,” someone remarked.

“I did not mean to imply that you were on a teeter-totter, with a fat self up here and a thin self down there, or a good self up here and a bad self down there, or a yellow self up here and an orange self down there,” Seth replied. “Merely that each of you, in your own way, works out

your ideas of good and bad, of ‘opposites’; that you are working with the same challenges, and that—” here, Seth’s voice boomed out—“there are no opposites!”

Sitting back in the chair, Seth shut Jane’s eyes and tapped her foot on the chair rung. “I will give you [another] example,” he said. “There is a member of the class—and I will close my innocent eyes so that I do not give the secret away—but there is a member of the class who is indeed a fine Jesuit ...”

Several people giggled. Seth had called Warren Atkinson “the fine Jesuit” (as well as “the Cardinal”) many times, in reference to his Catholic background.

“... working out problems of great

weight, dealing with the nature of religion,” Seth continued. “Now, there is also a man who has been to this class, a ‘renegade’ priest, who ran off to the West Coast; who likes to put the boot to theology, and do his own thing.”

“Collin,” Harold Wiles said, remembering the defrocked priest who’d come to class once and conversed at length with Seth—in Latin.

Seth nodded. “There is also a woman. The woman lives in England, and she is extremely devout. All of these counterparts are working with the nature of religion. They are experiencing versions of religion because it interests them, taking different paths and roads as

if, indeed, you had a great, bright red apple, and you bit in here, and here, and here, and you said, ‘Aha, it is sweet, oh, no, it is sour over here, and here—I do now know!’ But it is the same great, delicious red apple! And that is the only hint I will give you!”

“So,” Lauren DelMarie asked, “you’re saying that if someone believes in good and evil, or health and sickness, that will be translated not only in individual life but into the different lives?”

“I am saying, my dear friend,” Seth answered patiently, “that the attributes of reality that interest you, you will create in your own way. And if you want to experience [for example], your ideas on

the nature of religion, and ... do a good job of it, you must be a skeptic and a believer, and an Indian, and a Jew. Otherwise you will not understand anything at all, and have a very lopsided picture. And you cannot know what it is to be white in this culture unless you know what it is to be black in this culture, and you cannot really—and [to a black student] you may not agree here—understand what it is to be black in this culture, unless you are white in it.”

“Question, question!” shouted Rudy, waving his hands to get Seth’s attention. “Uh, what happens if you’ve learned to trust your being, and then you’ve got a counterpart that mistrusts his being?”

What then?"

"Your being is your own," Seth replied.

"My being is my own?" Rudy repeated, mystified.

"Your being is your own," Seth answered back. "And your counterpart's being is its own. Now, in the dream state, so to speak, you compare notes."

Rudy looked up at the ceiling, down at the floor, back up at Seth. "I don't see how that answers the question," he admitted.

"It answers the question insofar as it is the only answer you are going to get!" Seth said with great ironic humor. "You are here a great, creative group. And because you are, you delight in finding

your own answers. And I know precisely, when you ask a question, when you expect an answer and when you do not!”

So: “counterparts.” The word stuck. The concept seemed to explode upon us. It was so natural, yet almost terrifying, too, in its portent: the most pregnant idea we’d heard yet, about to give birth endlessly. “First, I got myself to understand that the self wasn’t dependent on my physical body for existence,” grumbled one slightly exasperated student. “Then there was the idea of reincarnation and simultaneous time. Okay, okay, I finally caught onto all of that, and the next thing you know, there’s

the bit about probabilities and all directions not taken existing someplace else. Then probabilities and reincarnation got all tied up together as the same thing. Now there's this idea of counterparts! It gets to be more than I can handle!"

Jane sat quietly, out of trance, her face a combination of fascination and disquiet. Seth's remarks about Florence and her counterpart were certainly astute, but then we all knew that Florence's stepfather had been Chinese. On one hand, this fact fit in with the "logic" of the counterpart information Seth had given to her: she said that it connected with all kinds of personal facts and emotional "correctness." On

the other hand, did this mean that every single detail of your life connected in some fashion to other levels of physical activity, with parallels that followed through right down to the mole on your cheek?

During the week, I recorded five or six dreams featuring complementary-type relationships with friends and relatives. In one, I'd published a science-fiction trilogy and was giving copies to the characters that I'd created in the story—yet these characters were people I knew in daily waking life. I gave volume 1 of this trilogy to Joel Hess, who'd stopped coming to class in 1971; by 1974, he'd been editing an

Elmira weekly newspaper for a year. I gave volume 2 to class member Zelda Graydon, a writer who in those years was beginning a career as journalist. Volume 3 went to Jane. It was crystal-clear in this dream that I had created these three people. Yet, of course, I hadn't. What did it mean?

The Tuesday of December 3 was cold and gray. A taste of winter things to come rattled the big bay windows throughout class, as gusts of wind whirled around the dark Elmira streets and dashed against the house. About thirty of us sat, warm and cozy, talking about Seth's latest book, *The "Unknown" Reality*, and this new counterpart thing. Late in the evening,

Rob told us that he'd had another experience that week like the Jamaican woman and Roman-captain-in-the-fishing-nets perceptions. This time, Rob said, he'd apparently tuned in on the death of yet another Roman soldier—making this the fourth person that he'd identified as living in the first century A.D. “time” of Nebene.

As Rob spoke, it seemed that corridors were opening up inside my head. For one thing, I recalled Seth's constant warning to be aware of “strangers” in our dreams, and his remarks about our relationships with these strangers, some of whom, he'd said, existed now in other parts of the

physical world. Then there was that question I'd pestered Seth with for weeks in early 1971: Could one entity have two personalities alive at the same time?

"I was wondering when you would come up with that question," Seth had answered (maddeningly). "Indeed! I am answering in the affirmative." But at the time, he'd refused to elaborate, and the finer implications of his answer were lost to me in the excitement of possible romantic applications. Love at first sight explained! Soul mates defined! But now, as I listened to Rob, I remembered that old question of mine—and something else.

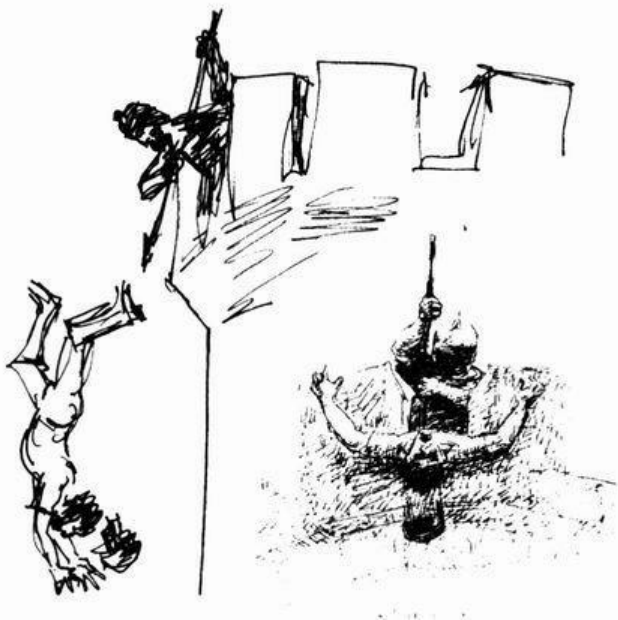
I'd met George Rhoads on Martha's

Vineyard in the summer of 1968. Neither one of us had heard of Seth, but we both habitually recorded our dreams and were aware of paranormal events in our lives. Many were the Vineyard evenings when we'd sit on the porch of George's Lagoon cabin, eating kelp salad and homemade clam chowder, listening to the call of the whippoorwills, and swapping dream events. George's dreams were something like his paintings—in brilliant, super-realistic color. He also experienced, he said, vivid and immediate visions while meditating; and one of these visions had recurred disturbingly often during the past year. It was the death scene of a

Roman soldier standing on a high wall, with a round parapet nearby. In this image (strangely absent of color, he said) the soldier was shot or hit in the back of the head and fell backwards, or was pushed, off the wall, to his death on the ground below. George said that the details were perfectly clear, that in the background he could hear a murmur, or low roar of human voices, chanting or wailing. He said that he knew the soldier was himself (the emotions were personal and direct) and yet he seemed somehow to be both victim and assailant. He could also “remember” coming up the steps of the tower to attack the soldier. The strange duality was subjectively certain—yet

impossible, George acknowledged. He drew two pictures of the scene in pen and ink for me (see figure 3), expressing the scenario's somber quality in sparse, shadowed lines.^{[3](#)}

Figure 3. “Here are two versions of the tower incident...”



Now I listened to Rob tell about his perception of the Roman soldier atop a wall with a parapet nearby, and of how

the man fell to his death after being struck or somehow attacked. Rob, too, had sensed the low wailing of thousands of voices, had seen the event in dark and somber tones. Rob had watched the scene from a point above the soldier; but again, he said that there was no doubt in his mind that the soldier was himself.

Was this reincarnation in some strange fashion? Or two men of similar mind and bent, unconsciously recalling the same history book they'd read once? And even if you accepted past-life (past-death?) memory, well, lots of Roman soldiers must have fallen off walls in their day. Except that ...

I looked at George, who was sitting on the floor, smoking a smelly cigarette,

waiting intensely for Rob to pause in his exposition. Odd, that George had talked about that meditation experience again just a few months before this class ...

“Rob,” George finally blurted out, “that’s the same thing that happened to me! I have the exact memory as you do!”

It was funny, almost: George hastily telling the same soldier story; Rob reacting with bemused astonishment. I’d known both these men for about six years, but never had it been so obvious how ... connected they were. Physically, they’re of about the same age and general appearance and have similar backgrounds: Rob growing up in an ordinary Pennsylvania small town;

George in a midwest family of middle-class means. Both are professional artists and excellent draftsmen; each had done lucrative commercial artwork in New York City before turning to his own painting; each made a living at one time doing anatomical drawings for medical books; each had worked in the comics. Both studied and used the techniques of the Renaissance Masters. Not an overwhelming set of coincidences, I acknowledged, for artists of their time: plenty of others had done the same stints. And after all, there were some pretty obvious differences between them. To start with, George had been married several times and had two children, and Rob wasn't actively pursuing a gallery-

sales career, as George was.

But even these differences were ... I groped for it—like complementary opposites. Was it any coincidence that George and Rob and Jane and I related to each other as we did? Both men were at least ten years older than the women, who were both writers. All four of us here, in Jane's class, like a Sumari quartet. And now, this falling-soldier thing. It all ached with something; the mind yearned to turn a corner and catch it there, elusive as it was ...

I recalled Seth's recent remark about Warren's "counterpart" connections with Collin, the renegade priest—who had come to this class, who had been

here, face to face with Warren. This wasn't some theory, then, about selves who in our terms were long gone and far away. This could mean *you* looking at *you*, living mirrors of identity; self seeing self and discovering something truly intimate, something quite unsayable. Were Rob and George counterparts, portions of the same self? Did this mean that they'd once "shared" this same Roman soldier? Or were they sharing memories (or perceptions) across a kind of spiritual synapse? But then, their entity names, as given by Seth, were different. Wouldn't that tell you something? Or was trying to define counterparts through entity names like trying to translate the Sumari songs on a

literal basis? I felt dizzy, whirling with ideas I struggled to contain.

As George and Rob were exchanging details of this Roman-soldier scene, Seth removed Jane's glasses and listened, smiling, for a few moments. "I cannot tell you about the reality of your own psyche," he finally said. "You can only experience it for yourself ... But in your terms, the population of the Earth is made up of counterparts, and so there is, indeed, a relationship; and when you kill an enemy, you are killing a version of yourself.

"There are deep spiritual and biological connections also, as I have hinted in one of our recent book

sessions,”⁴ Seth told Rob. “For, as members of a physical race, so you are also members of a psychic kind of counterpart reality, and this straddles races or countries, or states, or politics.

“So, counterparts exist, in your terms, at any given time in history; and so are you indeed related, and there are no strangers, in deeper terms, upon the face of the Earth.

“You form your history. You form your reality, and no one is thrust into a position which first was not accepted as a challenge. And so you work out your problems and your challenges in whatever way you choose, historically, again in your terms; so that you and the

Roman are connected; and the Arab and the American; and the African and the Chinese; and so are your identities intermixed with others that may seem to be strangers, but others that speak with your own voice—others who communicate with you in your dreams as you communicate with them. You have comrades, and you come, in your terms, to the Earth in a given time and place of your choice; and so do you reap and form the great challenges of your age.

“You are each individual. You are each yourselves.”

So, we wondered after Seth withdrew, does this mean that you could literally have hundreds of counterparts? “What if you ended up being every

solider in the whole Roman army?” Rob laughed. But in January of 1975, Seth named a series of counterpart relationships that existed among class members: including Rob and George, Rob and Jane, and Jane and me—a logic that certainly didn’t surprise anybody. “Counterpart relationships appear when it suits your purpose,” Seth says in volume 2 of *The “Unknown” Reality*. “They mix and merge.”

That January, Seth explained to class, “You have specific counterparts that are more related to you than others. It is not up to me to tell you who they are, only to let you know that the reality exists. Once you know that, it is up to you to discover

your own counterparts ... for you can all do so!” And so for class member Fred Lorton, this counterpart challenge from Seth became a creative exercise in perception, like his discovery of “reincarnational” selves.

“Counterparts—I sat stunned when I heard this!” Fred says. “About two weeks later, I tried self-hypnosis [with the suggestion of seeing a counterpart]. My first experience was quite interesting: one of my counterparts, who is between sixty and sixty-five years old, lives in Turkey on a poor farm, knows all about raising and selling drugs and is responsible for some of my feelings about people who sell drugs to people, especially young people. She appeared

to me, about twelve inches in front of my face, and stared at me for at least two minutes, and then her face softened a little when I realized who [this person] was.

“Counterpart number two—about one week later: a cocktail party scene in Los Angeles, mixed crowd, well dressed, socially well-to-do. Suddenly, a girl about five foot eleven turned to me, drink in hand, and stared, long and hard. When I realized I was staring back and that it was counterparts again, the scene faded ... again, self-hypnosis, six minutes.”

In session 732 for January 22, 1975, of “*Unknown*, volume 2, Seth had this to

say about Fred's counterpart visualizations: "Many of the [class members] became deadly serious as they tried to understand the [counterpart] concept. Some wanted me to identify their counterparts for them ... Instead, during the last week, [Fred] let his own creative imagination go wherever it might while he held the general idea in mind. He played with the concept, then. In a way his experiences were like those of a child—open, curious, filled with enthusiasm. As a result he himself discovered a few of his counterparts.⁵

"Most people, however, are so utterly serious that they suspect their own creativity ..."

On another level, Harold Wiles had felt a strong “recognition” when a young man from Boston walked into class in 1972. The fellow gave Harold his name and address so he could receive Seth class sessions, and the two struck up a correspondence. “We come from completely different family backgrounds and don’t share the same interests or any of the things which one might think would tend to bring two people together,” Harold says. “But the fact is that he was someone I ‘knew.’ We meet and communicate in the dream state and out-of-body states and have had an amazing correlation in our dream activity. We communicate telepathically,

and none of this activity is ever planned —it's completely spontaneous. It wasn't until Seth brought up the counterpart information that I began to wonder if that is what's going on.

“As an example: At noon one hot July Monday in 1977, I was out walking on our farm. I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I was just wandering — enjoying the sun and the heat and my apple orchard and woods. Gradually, I became aware that I was not alone. My counterpart was ‘walking’ with me, and we were conversing.

“The only way I can describe the situation is that I seemed to move outside of myself, and there I was, walking along in the sunshine, listening,

as a third-party eavesdropper, to a conversation between myself and Greg. I was fully aware of what was going on. I heard me speaking with my physical voice, and I seemed to hear Greg's in my mind. I was aware of the 'alteration' and was able to lock onto it.

“Our conversation was quite personal and very specific. We talked about communication between people—communication in all of its forms. We talked about people whom we both knew and situations about which we are both familiar. The alteration lasted for about thirty minutes and then it faded. Again I was alone, walking through the fields.”

Harold says that he wrote a letter to

Greg that evening, describing the whole experience in detail. He later received a five-page letter from Greg that described his activities on the day before Harold's Monday walk. "He had been involved with many people about whom we had 'talked' on our walk, along with a multitude of other experiences," Harold says. "Our two letters —my report to him and his description of his Sunday afternoon—could have come from the same script. They meshed in detail after detail. It was uncanny. Greg's closing remark was, '... so while working on Monday, and thinking about the events of the day before, I'm not surprised that I communicated them to you!'"

Harold rarely recalls his dreams,

never had any alteration-of-consciousness experiences in class other than several door experiment hits, never liked Sumari, and rarely had any type of paranormal experience. That he should have a communication of this sort with Greg, who lives in a distant city and doesn't share Harold's general interests (and is a poor letter writer besides, Harold adds), once again raises more questions than it answers. Do these two men "share" a common psychic ground? Yet of Les, his class-named counterpart, Harold can only shrug and say, "I don't know." Harold manages a shopping mall near Elmira and lives on the same farm that his great-grandparents worked a

century ago; moreover, Harold's house is located a few miles from the third-generation farm where his wife grew up—a solid tradition of roots if there ever was one. In comparison, Les moved from New York to a small horse farm near Elmira in the early '70s and recently left the area to manage a horse ranch in Colorado. Harold and Les didn't communicate at all in class ... outwardly.

In fact, it appears that you aren't even obliged to like your counterparts: none of the class-counterpart trio of Richie Kendall, Ben Fein, and Will Petrosky has any great affection for the other two. Richie, a restless, aspiring songwriter “dreams of being spontaneous,” as Seth

puts it, but hampered his own abilities with endless worries about creative responsibility and the sins of fame and fortune. Will was a compulsive talker with impulsive gestures (as witnessed in the wig incident described in *CWS*, book 1, chapter 11) who is now writing articles on science-fiction for a West Coast newsletter. “He is very intellectual, proud to be one of the Boys,” Seth acknowledges. Richie and Will grew up in the same New York City suburb; neither one could ever warm up to poor Ben, who attended class for a while in 1974.

“He trusts his intuitions fully and relies upon them; he is utterly

spontaneous,” was Seth’s comment on Ben, “but his spontaneity was embarrassing to adults; he was afraid of his intellect.”⁶

“What does all that say about me?” Richie writes. “[Ben’s] energy was strong but scattered, and he got on a lot of peoples’ nerves ... but I remember that ‘Everybody’s somebody’s counterpart’ ... so I should be kind, at least in my mind.”

In exploring the counterpart relationship between Jane and me, it’s obvious enough that as writers, we’re both exploring inner landscapes; both of us wrote prose and poetry from early childhood. At twenty-four, Jane’s first

published works of fiction were science fantasies;⁷ the first stories I ever wrote, at age eight, were science fantasy-type ventures (and starting in the mid-'80s after this nonfiction debut, my dark fantasy stories appeared in magazines and anthologies). Jane was born sixteen years before me, an only child in an upstate New York town, as I was. She grew up on the threshold of poverty; my childhood was comfortable and idyllic by contrast. Jane grew up a Catholic; my parents were agnostics and I held a different religion: that anyone who went to church was guilty of perpetuating humanity's most blatant crimes against itself and the rest of the earth—this even

though I was an avid reader of Bible stories as a child and was deeply moved by them.

Jane Roberts



Physically, Jane tends toward the lean, I toward the plump; yet our beliefs

about food and nourishment are much the same (we both, for instance, have always felt a sense of furtiveness about eating). By choice, Jane has no children; neither of our childhood fantasies about our respective futures contained traditional homes and families (“I will *never* marry a nine-to-five man!” I pronounced fiercely, at age six, to my mother). Jane’s quite specific career dreams were backed, however, with a great focused will, while my writing ambitions were much more ambivalent until my early thirties. We both went to college on the basis of our writing abilities, though: Jane winning a poetry scholarship to Skidmore; me honing my talents in journalism school.

In 1971, I started to write my first novel, a fantasy called *The Mediumship of Zachary LaRue* (unpublished), which initially was dictated to me in my dreams while characters acted out the appropriate scenes. I wrote down what I could remember and put the notes aside for two years. The book concerns a man who dies and then learns how to communicate with the living—and in the process discovers what I now recognize as counterparts of himself, alive in “his” time and in other times. I didn’t mention the book to Jane until I finished it in late 1973; she never did read it. In 1972, Jane wrote *The Education of Oversoul Seven*, about an entity and the problems

of his earthbound personalities. Also in 1971, I had a series of vivid dreams involving a library that opened up from a corner of the woods behind my parents' house, and in which I could either do research on the nature of consciousness or travel out other doors into probable systems of reality. In 1974, Jane began encountering her own "library" in a corner of her living room, from which she wrote her brilliant *Psychic Politics*. Again, I hadn't mentioned my library dreams to her before her experience—in fact (as of 1981), I still haven't sent her transcripts of my library dreams. And then, in its way, my experience of letting Shirin "peek out through my eyes" reflects some version of mediumistic

ability.

Jane and I have vivid dreams in which we often find ourselves aware of being in the dream state. To some extent, we can direct the focus and intent of our dreams. Frequently, we dream about each other, and recall coincidental details of dreams from the same night. In late 1969, one of my dreams beautifully foretold the counterpart exchange without my conscious knowledge of the concept: in the dream, I was trying to find a place to live in Jane's neighborhood, but the rents were all outrageously high. As I walked around the block near Jane and Rob's apartment, I looked up through their bay

windows to see not one but three Janes standing there. One was a flighty, giggly version of Jane; the other was heavyset, aggressive, and mannish. Jane “herself” sat at her writing desk, which was piled high with her work. The three Janes gave me lectures on how to develop my writing abilities, then expressed their fears to each other about their contrasting characteristics, particularly between the “flighty” Jane and the “real” Jane. My dream self listened, but woke up without finding a place to live. “You see,” Seth said, pointedly, after I’d related this dream in class, “Ruburt’s way is too expensive—it is too expensive to follow another’s way, and that is the message of the dream.”

In the same fashion, both George and Rob have had double dreams⁸ and inner experiences involving painting that correlate in surprising detail. Several times, for example, George would feel the urge to paint geometrical designs of intricate color and pattern, and then discover that Rob had taken a break from his usual style to paint geometric designs. Recently, Rob has been doing a series of small, evocative “dream” paintings in connection with notes he’s been compiling on dream recall. At the same time, George impulsively interrupted his sculpting to do some surrealistic paintings that are somewhat different from his usual methods in that

these involve scenes from his own recorded dreams. Neither one knew what the other had been doing until several weeks passed by. Moreover, at one point in *The Seth Material*, Seth gave Rob some information on a probable self—a doctor who paints as a hobby.⁹ As mentioned earlier, George has recurring dreams involving a Scandinavian doctor who deals with conflicts concerning “the man in the marketplace,” conflicts (as noted in *CWS*, book 1, chapter 5) that also affect George as an artist. George recorded some of these dreams, which he interpreted as having to do with probabilities, before he read *The Seth*

Material or met Jane or Rob.

And then, remember *The Chestnut Beads*—in which “Sue Watkins” was the main “Jane” character’s child. If, as counterparts, Jane and I are dealing with the issues of creativity and womanhood, I can hardly think of a more appropriate way to pluck the concept out of the air and give it “life”!

Again in the context of class, Seth named Richard Bach (author of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*) as another of Jane’s counterparts. Richard attended class one August night in 1972 and exploded forever some of my worst fears. At the time, I was working in an Elmira printing company. I wanted to quit and write full time, but was terrified

of poverty and failure. During break, Richard and I talked briefly about the risks of writing. “Don’t hassle your job,” he finally said. “When the time comes to quit and go out on your own, you’ll know it—because you will have done it. And until then, it won’t be the right time.

“But be true to what you love,” Richard added, “because if you are, then it will take care of you—because that is the nature of love.”

“Thunderstruck” fits my feelings at that moment about as adequately as “newsworthy” might fit the Second Coming. I gave notice at my job soon thereafter and began the real

apprenticeship of writing, which led to my weekly newspaper work and this book.

Jane's fourth class counterpart, Zelda Graydon, worked briefly for that newspaper and exhibited some reporting abilities. Later, she moved to the West Coast and entered a school for Unitarian ministers—not your typical Jane or Sue choice of careers, but a parallel one, you might say. (Zelda was also determined by then, at age twenty-three, never to have children. And as of this date in 1999, she is the author of a fantasy novel published in 1989 by Ace Books, New York.)

Oddly, Joel Hess, the third recipient of my “counterpart” dream’s science-

fiction trilogy, co-edited a weekly newspaper in Elmira during the same years that my co-editor Susan B. and I were publishing ours in Dundee, New York. For a while he lived in Florida and has written a book about sailing. His writing background grew out of many years as a radio announcer—and for a while, I was a news reporter for a local radio station. During his various careers, Joel was also an airplane pilot (as is Richard Bach), a minister, and an assistant teacher at Cornell University where I held an assistant teaching position for two years.

I'm omitting many personal details that fit throughout, of course; but by now,

counterpart situations and their emotional interplay should be springing into the reader's conscious recognition. "Generally speaking," Seth says in volume 2 of *The "Unknown" Reality*, "your counterparts are born in the same psychic 'family' [and are] your contemporaries." Since class ended shortly after the counterpart idea was introduced, however, we didn't have the opportunity to explore those relationships as a group. But I do believe that this awareness can make a profound impact on anyone's personal, day-to-day life, and on the world that he or she knows. For if your counterparts populate the world, then that sweet old adage of self-sacrifice, "Love thine

enemy,” becomes instead a simple acknowledgment that the world is not filled with strangers.

However, I am personally suspicious of slapping the counterpart explanation, Band-Aid style, onto every facet of human give-and-take, even when other connections might be involved. I’m fascinated and cautious in the same way that I’m fascinated and cautious about reincarnation (which I suspect is the accepted parable for what counterparts might be hinting at). Each person must discover the ingredients of his or her own subjective experience, and not limit that experience to a psychic score card of past lives, counterparts, or any other

list of terms. I do think that the essence of the counterpart concept escapes the preliminary definition Seth gave us in class—as it was meant to do. If the reader can allow the counterpart ideas gathered here to blossom inside the scope of his or her own life, it can impart a kind of maturity all its own within human relationships, and within the personal identity sensed inside each individual.

“To me, it’s obvious that counterparts work in areas we would like to have experiences in, and vice versa,” speculates Betty DiAngelo. “I suppose this is a desire for many experiences which aren’t possible in one lifetime and cause communications on many levels.

The counterpart thing was one of the ideas brought out in class that I understood when first confronted with it; and strangely, I can trace the idea back to my parochial school days.

“In a classroom, there was a picture of Christ’s mystical body—it was an outline of Christ filled in with people of many nations. It gave me the feeling that we were all part of one another, and I had the secret idea that we shared souls. Also, it seems that by tuning into counterparts and becoming aware of them, we become closer to our multidimensional selves, or at least recognize different aspects of them. It is not an egotistical thing, but an

exhilarating realm to delve into.

“I’m aware of many non-class members who are counterparts,” Betty says. “I have—or had—a male counterpart I haven’t seen in thirteen years; but over the years I’ve had numerous dreams concerning him and feel it’s a way of keeping in touch. Our first meeting (I was nineteen) was a recognition on many levels for both of us—a Gates of Horn feel to it—unreal, yet super-real. From the first time we were together, I started seeing the world in a different light, and I had a curious occurrence along with it ... I began seeing a small geometric symbol impressed on things, especially in nature, like in the sky, or on trees. I

knew it symbolized the two of us together; it was a timeless sort of symbol ... I encountered the same geometrical symbol on one other occasion, after the birth of my first daughter [who died shortly after birth]. And again, the feeling was that it symbolized our relationship together. On both occasions, [the symbol] was accompanied with a beautiful and exhilarating feeling of having recovered something precious that had been lost. I didn't think seeing this symbol an odd happening—if seemed a normal happening that heightened the experiences ...

“Seth on one occasion pointed up a connection between Renée Levine and

myself,” Betty remembers. “I recognized its validity at once, and yet it is something very difficult to verbalize ... She seemed like someone from my childhood, a more spontaneous and frivolous me.

“I’ve come to think of the counterpart experience as becoming aware of certain qualities [and bringing] them to fruition, [so] it affirms our own existence and keeps it growing. An analogy that comes to mind is a flower, just coming into bloom.”

CHAPTER 7

If It Isn't Fun, Stop Doing It! (And Other Revelations)

Rule #1

*dig your wings into the
roots of night and
fly madly scattering
buildings & sidewalks*

—Barrie Gellis, 1973

*The universe is a casual place, not
a suit and tie affair.*

—Barrie Gellis, 1974

When my buddies ask me *what you*
are like, then I remember *your*
dialogue, and I say, “Now, you
will not ever, in a million years,
believe me, but there is a Sue, and
there is a Cannister Man, and

there is a Florence, and Steve, and Lauren, and Fred ... They are each at the center of the universe! They are each creative! "Now, [my friends] want me to speak for you sometime, because they find you all so unbelievable. But they want the lights out, so that the vibrations are good!

—Seth in Class, December 17, 1974

THE DISCUSSION HAD SOMEHOW turned quite serious. The new spring air of 1974 wafted through Jane's apartment windows, hinting at apple blossoms, but

nonetheless, we'd managed to turn ponderous and dour. It was Diane Best's turn to read from the yet-unpublished *Nature of Personal Reality*, and for some reason, all thirty-five of us seemed to feel a great weight falling upon us from the eloquence of Seth's words. The book was dealing at that point with the source of beliefs and the assumptions that create our private and public world.

"Oh, god," Richie Kendall groaned as Diane paused for a sip of wine. "What really gets to me about this—what really, really gets to me—is how simple it all is. Your beliefs form reality, right? No bullshitting around—that's it! But if it's that simple, what happened? Why did we forget it all? Why aren't people

aware of it? I mean, so much of the world is so fucked up! And Seth is saying that *all we have to do is change our beliefs ...*”

“Yeah, right—all,” Jane yucked. Her chuckles fell like a shower of rocks.

“Just think about it!” Richie hurried on, caught up in the throes of thinking about it. “Just think about it! *This* is what the whole world comes from and *we forgot it ill!*” His voice rang out with real passion, and the rest of us were feeling it too. “How the hell could we have allowed ourselves to do that?!” Richie wailed. “How could we have allowed ourselves to create a reality with all the pain and suffering, and wars

and starvation, disease, cruelty, the whole bit? It's insane, that's what it is—its just insane! I mean, how could we have allowed it to get this way? What justification can there possibly be?"

Silence, for once, reigned supreme. Jane shrugged; what could she say? "I don't know, Richie, who knows? But maybe it's that we wanted to—"

"What it means is that we all have a great responsibility now," Allan Demming suddenly pronounced. "It means that we have the responsibility of disseminating Seth's ideas to the world at large, so that people can understand the truth."

Jane screwed up her face in protest. "No, I don't know, Allan, I just figure

we do the books, and if people want to read them and use the ideas, fine,” she said. “I certainly don’t feel ‘responsible’ about it in the way you mean—and I’m not about to start a crusade that I’ve got the truth and nobody else has.”

“But you do!” Allan wailed, ignoring the expression of dismay on Jane’s face. “You say that we create our own reality, and I think it’s up to the people here to get others to read the Seth material! It’s our responsibility to the world, before it’s too late and we destroy ...”

Swiftly, Jane was yanking her glasses off, Seth’s voice ringing out loudly in his familiar, “Now!”

“Uh, oh,” Richie grinned, “here it comes!” He leaned forward in anticipation of a Sethian scorch. What actually followed has been labeled by those members who heard it as one of the most belief-shattering “milestone” Seth sessions in the ten vean of class.

“Listen to me!” Seth roared at us, “I thrust no responsibility upon you to carry my message to the world! I have, in those terms, a responsibility that I give you—if you must start thinking in terms of responsibility—the responsibility of being yourselves to the best of your capacity; and if you fulfill that responsibility, the things within your lives will be right, and your actions and

your feelings in the world will speak for themselves. For in being yourself, you bring forth the message of freedom and creativity!

“The world will go its way. It may not be your way. It may not be my way. But, it may! The world will take these ideas as it will. I give them playfully, joyfully, and humbly, that they may fall as the seeds fall from a gigantic oak tree. I do not say that every man must pick up one of those seeds for himself and use it. I say merely, ‘I am.’ And, to you, I say, ‘You are.’

“And whenever these classes are not fun, do not come to them! And whenever you are doing something yourselves that is not fun, stop it!”

“STOP IT?!” Richie screamed, shutting Seth off in midbreath, “Stop it?! You mean, just like that—just stop it?! Anything—anything that’s not fun?! Just like that?! Just—stop it?!”

Seth nodded, smiling broadly at Richie. “Creativity and the joy of the gods does not involve responsibility-in your terms, now,” Seth said. “Being knows its own actions, and when you are yourself, you fulfill any responsibility that any god or man could lay upon you from the outside.

“Now, back to the book, or your questions,” Seth said, and blithely withdrew.

“Anything that’s not fun—just quit

doing it?!” Richie was screaming as Jane emerged from trance. Everybody was talking and yelling at once. “Anything?! But the only thing that’s fun for me is playing paddleball!” Richie shouted. “So does that mean I should just drop everything else, don’t bother getting a job, and just play paddleball for the rest of my life? That’s it?!”

“Hold it!” Jane finally yelled above everyone. “Hold! It! What *was* this?”

“I don’t believe it!” Richie yowled in exaggerated disbelief. “Seth just said that we should stop doing anything that isn’t fun!”

“Well, I’ll go for that,” Jane said lightly, reaching for her wine glass.

“Yeah, but—” Richie looked around

at his friends and forced a loud, nervous laugh. “But—anything? What if nobody wanted to work anymore? What if you just wanted to screw all the time? What if you decided it wasn’t fun being a parent anymore and you threw your kid out the door? What if... ”

“Yeah, or what if you had to take care of your old mother or something, and *that* wasn’t fun anymore?” chimed in Rudy. “What if you thought it was fun to be a flasher in Central Park? What if *life* wasn’t fun anymore and you decided to kill yourself?”

In a way, it was really funny—the group of people among us with the least number of responsibilities,

conventionally speaking, were protesting this dictum of fun the loudest. Was it because they feared that fun was only a right of the chronologically young, which they couldn't hold onto? Or that the world really was out to get them in its jaws?

Jane lit a cigarette. "I don't know; it just seems to me that if we really were spontaneous enough to follow our impulses, that we'd just naturally do what was necessary. I mean, maybe if people were really spontaneous and understood the inner self, the person who'd thought all along that being a parent wasn't fun wouldn't have had kids in the first place. Or maybe when you got to it, some things you thought

were so much fun wouldn't be. Maybe screwing would turn out to be a lot of work." Jane rolled her eyes and laughed. "Maybe, Richie, after you played 800 games of paddleball you wouldn't want to anymore; you'd find that you'd worked through all this pent-up desire from being too afraid of the impulse to let yourself go and play paddleball for three hours, or whatever."

"Well—" Richie began, doubtfully. But with that, Seth appeared again, with the advice that each of us explore our beliefs about fun versus responsibility by writing down our definitions of these terms during the coming week.

"In some instances, you will find that

you feel one way, it seems, and believe another,” Seth said. “In those instances, privately follow your feelings, for they will lead you to your beliefs. I want you to deal with these questions on an intimate precept. You may find that they spill over into your ideas of good and bad [and] poverty—spiritual and non-spiritual—and, of course, bring those tender papers to class! It is your playful responsibility!”

During the readings of these papers in the next class, Ira Willis began things by stressing “the need for responsible action in a world capable of blowing itself up.” Within seconds, Seth sprang to life with more remarks on fun and responsibility.

“My heartiest greetings to you all, and I knew I could count on you [Ira] to do it!” Seth began humorously. “[But] he is not alone in posing these beliefs. Now, I tell you that in basic terms, civilization is dependent upon the spontaneity and fulfillment of the individual. Your civilization is in sad straits—not because you have allowed spontaneity or fulfillment to individuals, but because you have denied it, and because your institutions are based upon that premise.

“You think that, left alone, the natural inclinations of man would destroy civilization. Then what, indeed, started civilization, if not the natural inclinations of man? What began the

cooperation that allows people to unite even in tribes, if not the natural inclinations of man?

“If you learn to trust your being, then you will be able to trust your institutions and your civilizations. You equate spontaneity with irresponsibility; abandon with evil. If you abandon yourselves to yourselves, then what good would seem to spring out of the heavens of your being!

“Your world is not in dire straits because you trust yourselves, but precisely because you do not. Your social institutions are set up to fence in the individual, rather than to allow the natural development of the individual!

“I come here because it is fun. I have

fun when I come here. I do not come here because I feel that I have any great responsibility for your beings or welfare. Who am I to set myself against the innate wisdom of your own individual being, or to take upon my invisible shoulders the great privilege or joyful responsibility for your behavior and destiny?”

A strange question, perhaps, if you were looking to Seth for definition of your being. But a very good point from someone who emphasized above all the authority of the individual self And Seth’s assertion that we should quit doing anything that isn’t fun stopped class in its philosophical tracks for

éweeks—not surprisingly, of course. If everybody really stopped doing anything that wasn't fun, who would ever go to school again? Who would mine the coal, plow the fields, manufacture steel, wash the windows on the Empire State Building? Or would people who found these occupations fulfilling just naturally gravitate toward them?

According to Seth, that's exactly what would happen. And society can't be much more chaotic than it is right now. But Seth presented the fruitfulness of fun in an unforgettable way, since it's one thing to say, "Be spontaneous," and quite another to state flatly that "If it isn't fun stop doing it!"

“Milestone” classes such as this one were sometimes placed in that category by members as a whole, and sometimes because one personal, pointed remark had profoundly affected an individual. Sometimes these sprang from Seth or Jane, and sometimes from the gestalt resources of the class itself.

Often, the sheer amount of material presented in the seven-to-eleven o’clock span was incredible, and of milestone nature in itself. Not only would members bring their week’s doings to class and thoroughly dissect them, but there were many weeks when Seth’s comments alone filled five to ten pages of single-spaced typed transcript. One class in

1974, for example, produced five pages of Seth's comments on a wide range of subjects, leaping from a lengthy discussion of the "naked" class (of *CWS*, book 1, chapter 9) to the nature of the animals' integrity to a comparison of honesty and true responsibility to information on why a friend of George's had died to the introduction and explanation of True Dreams from the Gates of Horn.

Sometimes it felt as though the four hours had stretched somehow; yawned inside the spacious present and enlarged the moments. Many Tuesday nights, I would step out onto the dark and leafy streets of Elmira to go home and feel as though I were "coming to"—as though

my consciousness were snapping back from a lovely, warm, elastic state in which events had taken on a new fullness inside themselves. Perhaps everyone in class went into a trance right along with Jane, or at least refocused their senses. Otherwise, it seemed impossible to understand how all that material could be delivered, discussed, argued about, clarified, and experimented with—and breaks taken in between.

It's a point that Rob has brought up regarding the amount of information delivered by Seth during their private sessions. It could also help explain why it took such an effort of concentration to

tell Jane what Seth had just said, no matter how unforgettable his comments—an effort very much like that required to bring a half-forgotten dream back into your conscious mind. Poor Jane would come out of trance, look around the room at twenty-five or thirty shining examples of intelligent *Homo sapiens*, ask, “What was this about?” and get nothing but mumbles, giggles, and blanks!

“The class is quickening,” Seth said at the close of one Tuesday. “The time of quickening is here for many of you. So take advantage of it ... It is very important that you read the underside of class ... and not skim along what you think of as the surface.” I think that at least where these milestone classes

were concerned, members were caught up in that “quickenings” and on a very personal level were able to dip below the so-called surface of events—as the reader can do, too.

In July of 1975, class members met at Jane and Rob’s new house for the first time since February of that year. Discussion, as usual, was vigorous and far-ranging; Sumari came through at one point and answered, in song form, George’s momentary irritation over whether we were meeting as class or as “group therapy.” The song was lovely, seeming to evoke a constant turnover of information among levels of the self.

“You know, watching Sumari again

brings up a point that I wonder about a lot,” Richie Kendall said as Jane came out of trance. “It’s that I’ve been going out with this woman who’s never read the Seth books, and she doesn’t want to talk about it, and when I try to, she doesn’t know what the hell I’m talking about; and so it makes me wonder, I mean, does having come to this class mean that in order to maintain any kind of meaningful relationship, I’ll have to find somebody who’s into Seth’s ideas?” Richie paused for breath. “I mean, what do I have to do, send out a multiple-choice test before I—”

From his sitting position on the floor, Richie looked up at Jane and gulped. Seth was looking back, Jane’s glasses in

his hand.

“Now,” Seth said, with emphatic softness, “there are people who are quite involved with my ideas who do not know my name! There are people, believe it or not, on the face of the Earth, who are very content with their lot, and they do not know my name! They know themselves. They are aware of the vitality of their being, and they do not need me to tell them that they are important. The flowers and the cats and the frogs and the trees do not need me to tell them that they are important, and there are people who do not need me either, for that reason.

“For they recognize the vitality of

their own being, and they have ignored the belief systems of their times. They are ancient children. They may not read philosophy. They listen to the wind. They watch the behavior of the seasons, and they listen to their hearts. They do not need to read my books! They could have written my books, if they could write.

“They are the voices of nature and of the seasons, and they recognize their origin though they are not educated in your terms. And their heart speaks information that their intellect cannot possibly interpret, and in your terms would they seem indeed ignorant. They tend a tiny garden. They speak words that would make no sense to you, Rich,

for they would not be intellectual. They would babble nonsense that in intellectual terms would make no sense!

“Yet would you recognize such a person, and the love within their being! They do not have to recognize Seth’s ideas, but to recognize and enjoy the validity of their being. I speak to those who do *not* recognize the validity of their being. Those who recognize it have no need of me!”

“Well, yeah, I guess so,” Richie said, “but don’t you speak for more reasons than just for people who don’t recognize the validity of their beings? I guess I find it hard to believe that we *all* don’t—”

“There are those, my dear friend, who

do not need me, for they are content,” Seth interrupted. “They are content because they realize in the depths of their heart the joy of their own being. There are those who recognize the authority of their own psyche as it speaks to them in their private experience, and they do not necessarily even know the term ‘psychic experience.’

“They, in your terms, may be ignorant. They may prattle—or sound confused. They are as wise and as crafty as a flower. They do not need intellectual concepts because they understand the nature of love and the nature of the soul. If *you* were satisfied with the nature of your existence, you would not be here!

There are those who are satisfied, and they do not need my voice. They find sufficient reinforcement from the dawn and the twilight. They find sufficient reinforcement in their parents and in their children. They find sufficient reinforcement from their dreams and from their waking experience, and they may seem simple to you.

“They may build ditches, or throw sawdust hour after hour, as you did [in reference to a job attempt that Richie had described]. And yet they trust the simple authority of the twilight and the dawn. Speak to them of Seth, and the word is meaningless. They do not need me. They do not need *my* voice, because

they heed the voices of the oak trees and of the birds, and of their own being; and, let me tell you, in certain terms, I am a poor imitation of the voices of your own psyches to which you do not listen!

“I speak to the world with it, and try to arouse within your beings the great exaltation that you realize is your own. If you had it, you would not be here! You sense it and you want it and I have it—but so do you! But the child does not need to listen to me. He is his own Seth and his own Sumari. And you have your own Seth and your own Sumari within you!

“I will be unneeded as all the ancient gods are unneeded, and gladly so, when you realize that the validity and the

reinforcement and the joy is your own, and rises from the fountain of your own being; and when you realize that you do not need me for protection, for there is nothing that you need to protect yourselves against. You are as innocent as the dawn or as the twilight; as innocent as if you were created in this moment. You are innocent! There is nothing—no crime you are guilty of, no penance you need do [to Lauren]. dear Pan!

“Do not insist, therefore, as you [Richie] have been, that a woman understand my words, only that she understand the messages that spring from her own soul.”

Richie shook his head. “The question in my mind is: Will that be enough for me?”

“If a woman understands the messages of her own soul, what is there that you could require?” Seth roared. “Understand the messages from *your* own soul, and then when you have so understood, put the question to me again!”

“Now, we are about to close the un-class,” Seth said to the rest of us. “But when you are afraid of your own authority, then you will accept almost anything rather than face the authority of your own psyche. A Mickey Mouse will do!

“The power of your own psyche, the authority of your own psyche, has brought you easily into the life that you know. When you were a fetus, you did not question, ‘Where am I? Where am I going?’ You exalted in the fantastic vitality of your own being.

“I tell you then, now, to listen to the authority of your psyche—or your being! To listen to the voices that you remember when you were children; the voices that spoke to you as you fell off to sleep.

“I ask you to recapture the courage and joy and expansion you felt as children, when each new day was a miracle to be explored, and there were

no authorities to tell you how to explore it. Even your parents were but guides that had nothing to do with the reality of you in relationship to the day, or a flower, or a raindrop. I ask you only to rediscover your wonder. To look, even at the world that you know, from a different viewpoint, where there are no authorities but the joy and authority of your being; where time is not separated into moments; where you waken each moment as you did when you were a child—each moment a new birth, a new fantastic reality in which you had your place and your part to play; where the miracles were your own, and rose from the fantastic joy of your own being. That is what I ask you to do: recapture those

moments that existed before you were educated.

“There were times, in your childhood, when you heard the voices of the Speakers,^{[123](#)} when, as you fell asleep, the very miracle of your own being came upon you, and you felt it in the very depths and fibers of your being. Then feel it now!

“The most I can do is to acquaint you with the authority of your own psyche, to give you a trust in the nature of your being. For, if you trust what you are, you can never go wrong, in whatever terms you use. You can fly through belief systems as a butterfly flies through backyards.

“Some of you, more clearly than others, understand what I am saying, and so your dreams will multiply with glory, and comprehensions will come to you. You will begin anew the building of your city—the city you began to build in your dreams as children [see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 10]. All of those childish, unintellectual, joyous dreams that were yours will be materialized in vitality.

“Not only that, but they will be beacons for others to use, if only—if only—if only—you trust the authority of your own psyche. And that psyche dwells in a world and a universe that is safe, in which you cannot be smothered or destroyed or ruined, in which you are

always free.”

Seth withdrew, leaving many of us considerably more humble.

“One of the most beneficial and revealing classes of all, for me,” recalls Geoffrey Beam, “was in 1975, when Seth introduced us to the belief at the bottom of all our forts and defenses. [Seth said]: ‘And each of you, to some degree or another here, believes that the universe is not safe, and therefore you must set up your defenses against it.’

Bobby Agan



“What a priceless statement! I have held it in my mind ever since, and have found it a source of great comfort,”

Geoffrey says. “There are times when our worries overpower us, and we lose our equilibrium; but when things calm down, we can then recall this beautiful statement, and be comforted. If we can finally establish in ourselves a firm belief that the universe is safe, then nothing will be able to ruffle us.” For Geoffrey, whose defenses were rigidly policed, one simple statement began to make a real difference in his daily life. For one thing, he took the simple—though for him vastly difficult—step of calling people in his office by their first names. The familiarity implicit in this gesture had terrified Geoffrey all his adult life.

Bobby Agan, another of the New York

group, devoted his entire questionnaire response to “the greatest single ‘win’ [he] got from the classes.” He explains, “Seth said many things, the exercises we did were great ... but the one single thing that produced the greatest change for me, in me, was a comment that Jane made.

“I’d brought up a point about different viewpoints. I forget the details of what we were discussing, but I said, ‘When I have an opinion about something, okay, I feel strongly about it, but shouldn’t you consider the other guy’s point of view before making a decision?’ You see, I was wishy-washy about confidence in my perceptions; wishy-washy in my knowingness. I can’t remember exactly

what I said, but I know Jane picked up on this two-sides-to-everything belief that I had, and then she looked me straight in the eye—and I swear her eyes were glowing—and I felt this surge of energy and she said something like, ‘If you always think that way, you don’t belong in this class, Bobby.’”

“She said this with a lot of affinity, tons of it—it wasn’t a put-down. As soon as she said it, something went *click!*—no, more like, *BOOM!* in me. From that moment on, I haven’t been wishy-washy on anything! I mean, *wow*, I got it! The fog cleared, the sun shone.

“That is the one most intense moment ... and it is a total validation for me on Jane’s ability and knowingness. It

changed my life,” Bobby says.

“To single out one specific thing that Seth said in class,” Derek muses, “would have to be something like this: ‘The point of power is in the present, and it is a sad thing indeed that you need an old ghost like me telling you something that you already know—the point of power is in the present. Use it. Good night!’

“Seth would say that [kind of thing] with such energy of feeling and concern [that] I swore I could almost see him standing there shaking his finger at us, while smiling at the same time!” Derek says. “That statement—‘the point of power is in the present—had, and

continues to have, an effect on me. I'm continually reminded of the way everything around me and within me seems to be constantly 'happening.' If I just mentally look up for a moment, I capture some inner force that seems to flow out of everything around me. Only my consciousness is biologically tuned into one aspect of a greater reality that everything has.

“However, with that expanded awareness, I can feel that greater reality that a blade of grass, a rock, or a bird has; not to mention my cells-self that is the one helping to make the event happen. So, in forming this moment and by turning the focus of our minds, we can see any aspect of 'reality' we want to.

“This knowledge has helped me to see the event of life in a kinder light, realizing the daring adventure we are all constantly participating in!” Derek concludes.

Matt Adams recalls the personal significance of a 1969 class that he didn't even attend—physically. “I was living in New York at the time, poring over a mimeographed transcript of Seth sessions Rob and Jane had given to me,” he says. “Suddenly, a very clear voice in my head told me to get a pencil and take down what it said. I obeyed.

“Ever since my rather traumatic meeting with Seth in 1968, I'd been mildly paranoid [about psychic matters]

... And now, with this Sethian voice inside me, I had even less equanimity. ‘It,’ sounding just like Seth, then said, ‘I have not been happy with your attempts to contact [a person at my place of business]. This damned voice kept playing Seth, giving me more information [about this person], and finally signed off. I was really bothered, and thought of calling [my girlfriend]. Instead, I called Jane, thoroughly forgetting this was a Tuesday night.

“Jane answered, and when she explained it was class night, I was ready to crawl under my East Side parquet studio apartment floor. But she—bless her heart—asked what the problem was. Rational to the last, I asked, ‘Is Seth up

there with you?’ She said yes—does the Pope advise the rhythm method?—and asked me what was going on. I explained.

“Whereupon, Seth took over and told me *over the telephone* that the voice was not himself, but a ‘more dependable level’ of my own consciousness. Naturally, Jane asked me what he’d said; naturally I tried to repeat it; naturally Seth broke in again to correct me. But the point of this whole story is that Jane brushed aside my apologies by saying that it gave class ‘a good demonstration.’ Jeez, maybe this was her Creative Writing Class, I don’t know, but it was interesting to me that the class

(whatever it was, and at that point) could have ‘used’ a demonstration of Seth in action.”⁴

Another direct piece of personal advice from Seth was given to Bernice Zale in the first class she ever attended, in 1970. “Seth helped me to make a 180-degree turn in my life,” she remembers. “During class ... he suddenly excused himself from the rest of the people attending that evening and proceeded to address himself to me alone. Without anyone’s knowledge [including Jane’s] of my personal life, Seth talked to me on the subject of my stifled creativity and how I was the cause of that problem. He gave me suggestions ... on how I might

change my reality, open up my creativity, and alleviate my loneliness.”

“You are not a guest, in those terms,” Seth told Bernice that evening, “in that you are not a stranger.⁵ I would like to take a moment here, and if you want to turn your face to the wall, then do it before I begin to speak ... You must learn to relate to outside physical reality. You need physical work to do. This will improve your painting, your creative life, and your psychic life. You are turning inward too much without knowing what you are doing, at this time. You need to compensate by direct and aggressive physical action, either in a job that will relate you with others, or in

some aspect along those lines that will allow you to untangle the inner self and release your creative abilities.

“You badger your creative abilities too much,” Seth told her. “You are at them all the time. You want them to produce. You need to do physical work outside of your home, and you need this now, in a very desperate way. This will take your conscious mind away from your subjective problems and allow your great vitality—for you have that vitality—to rush up from the unconscious and solve whatever problems you have.

“Now you are like a dog with a bone, at your problems, at them every moment; and you must get away from them. The

sense of accomplishment involved in physical work will do wonders for you. It will take away the sense of unworthiness that you now have ... this will automatically release your inner abilities. You are running down alleys of despair, and you need this doorway into physical reality. Now, how is that for a starter?”

Well, for starters, Bernice took Seth’s advice at his literal word. “I went home, followed his suggestions, started meeting people, got involved in weaving, which somehow led to jewelry-making and a store of my own [and many prestigious awards for her ‘Sumari jewelry’ designs, too]. I ended

up realizing that my marriage was detrimental to both my husband and myself, and ... I moved to Albany, started a new life [which included a writing job on an area newspaper] and ended up meeting my present husband. Life is now totally different because of a few suggestions from Seth.”

Very often, though, Seth’s words of personal advice in class were not as overt as this and were instead couched in allusions understood only by the one for whom it was meant—displaying some neat psychological and telepathic footwork on Seth/Jane’s part. One good example of this happened to me in 1970. I was writing a short story about a young married couple, based on Ned and me.

At the same time, Ned and I were having serious marital problems. We didn't go into these in class, however, and I'd never told anyone, including Jane, about this particular short story. And so I was understandably surprised one Tuesday night when Seth turned to me and said, unrelated to his other remarks, "You are writing a story with a male in it. The character is too one-sided."

Not only did Seth reveal his knowledge of my writing project, but he'd given me a tip-of-the-iceberg piece of marriage counseling: for the male character in my story did indeed personify my angry projections on Ned's every mood. The character—my

“creation”—was most assuredly too one-sided!

Large and small, class revelations wove through those Tuesdays in multitudinous form, neatly tailored to the needs and propensities of the individuals there. “[When] I came to class ... I felt above it all, out of place, vaguely threatened,” George Rhoads says of his first class in 1971. “I remained passive, observing, hardly letting the experience touch me. Jane wrote a poem inspired by my behavior that first session, and later I often read it over:

a man i don't know

he has a kind face
that looks sideways, inwards.
he is passive,
sitting on his own spot
like a frog on a lily pad,
watching but slowly.
time eddies about him.
he never stirs it,
but listens.

people fall through him
into nothing
if they don't yell loudly.
he hates twitches and noises.
nothing matters.
he is so open to nothing that he
gobbles

whole barrels-full of life
out of any body
and swallows it whole,
unblinking.

he stepped through himself
long ago
into nothing
and he's forgotten how he got
out of somewhere,
so now he's a cutout in flesh.
inside there's a hole
through which the universe could
fall
if it didn't yell loudly.

“It was not until a year later that I
came to class regularly,” George says.
“By then I had lost some of my other-

worldly attitude ... [and] a feeling of belonging grew. I began to feel more free about expressing emotions. I gave an impassioned speech in class about the evils of smoking, directed to the entire class, but really aimed at Jane, for whom I felt afraid. Seth assured me afterward that Jane's smoking would not hurt her. Later I took up smoking myself and was less disgusted by the truly thick atmosphere in class. I also relaxed my rigid attitude about nutrition ... which I saw as my personal form of health insurance. I began to concern myself with my place in the world of 'reality.' Seth told me, on October 31, 1972: 'As you know, your person, *now*, is

important. And one of the many un-messages I have for you is precisely that your identity is not swallowed up by a super-god or a super-self. The identity of one leaf *exists*. The word ‘exists,’ if properly understood, means there is no beginning and no end ... and, if you fall through a hole into non-existence, you would create another existence at the other side, and greet yourself and slap yourself on the back—as indeed you have!”

“When I remember class,” Faith Briggs recalls, “several events stick out in my mind. The first was the evening I heard Seth ‘come through’ for the first time. It was electrifying. It was that, to some degree, each time I heard him. I

felt very fortunate to be able to hear his words. Even if that were the ‘only thing’ that happened, it would have been more than enough, and that is a vast understatement.

“Nothing ‘happened’ at first in class or with class members that had a profound effect on me personally. It was what I was reading, at home (*The Seth Material*) and hearing, from Seth himself, that was so mind-bending. His remarks were so hopeful, so logical, so cheerful, and so challenging. Wow! Create your own reality? Was it possible? Now I take this phrase as a matter of course, having subsequently encountered the idea in a few good

books and in particular at the nontraditional church I attend. But in 1971, it was a completely new concept to me! As I said, provocative ideas were being pondered, and I had much to explore regarding past beliefs, ways of judging, looking at death, etc.

“The next event of special consequence was the night of October 12, 1971,” Faith says. “I took my turn in the group and was relating my fifth dream of the week past [involving a winter home in Europe]. I had just gotten started when Jane said she was ‘picking up’ something on me, and started to talk very fast. At the same time, you [Sue] said you were picking up things, too. The resulting reincarnational material

was fascinating ...

“Also, I remember Bette [Zahorian] ... We met my first night there and became good friends. Man! She was the most outspoken woman I have ever known! It took a while to get used to her casual swearing ... [but] I’ll always remember one Christmas Eve when my husband was working, our daughters were out, and I was alone. Bette, with a son and daughter, arrived unannounced at our lonely farmhouse. She brought a gift of carefully prepared fruit. But most of all, she brought herself and her friendship. Thank you, Bette.”

“Class constantly blew my mind away,” Richie Kendall recalls, “with

literally hundreds of little revelations, major and minor, going on all the time in what people said, or in their experiences they talked about, or in things Jane or Seth said, or—especially, when I thought about it—in the things *I* did and said once I got it through my head that it was *me* (and each one of us) that was the revelation ...

“I had an experience involving ‘invisible’ Sumari songs that were all around us [in class] all the time,” Richie says. “I felt like there were these holes in the air around us, several feet in diameter, and through these holes Sumari songs were constantly being sung. I got most of this poem right then and there; it was literally given to me through one of

those ‘holes’ ... I revised it a little and added a bit later on, but the experience automatically gave me parts of it ... It’s called, ‘The Inbetweeners of Time’:

In between the words we speak
where other meanings dance and
leap
between the objects of our sights
others live, in other lights;
In the artist’s aging hands
easels wait in other lands,
in composers’ wrinkling skin
strange new sonatas twist and spin;
In the spaces of our fears
other faces dry our tears,
blue skies live within the rain
snowflakes carry yellow grain;

I search the Inbetweens of time,
looking for other kinds of rhyme;
I search the Inbetweens of time,
looking for, looking for ...

“[In writing this song,] I felt like I was translating it from the Sumari but I was the only one ‘hearing,’ or more like ‘feeling,’ this song,” Richie says.

“Another thing, like the secrets session where I bared all [described in CWS, book 1, chapter 4] , was a little dream I had during class years,” Richie says. “It was a very brief dream, but extremely powerful. I was in a room [in the dream] with only me and Jane. She was sitting in a chair directly across from me, and I was staring at her. All of

a sudden, her image changed into this Mongolian warrior type. But he wasn't just a type—there he was, real as anything, sitting therewith his sword and moustache, stocky body, and a face so strong and fierce it would scare even a tiger ...

Richie Kendall



“I looked at him, transfixed, and said to Jane, ‘One of your incarnations is showing.’

“The image very smoothly turned back

to Jane and with a mixture of tender regard and a little sarcasm, she said, ‘No, Rich—it’s one of yours!’

“Needless to say, I awoke right then and there with my heart pounding and my instincts telling me the truth of her statement. [This illustrated] how dreams can so easily give us reincarnational information, much more strongly and assuredly, than going to any psychic or reader!” Richie says.

But for Richie, the most revelatory experience of his class life sprang from an unexpected bit of “reincarnational” information Seth gave him one March Tuesday in 1972.

“I have been keeping my eye on you [Rudy] and you [Richie] and you [Jed],

since you came to class,” Seth said that night. Then, turning to stare directly at Richie, Seth added: “Now, the small but brilliant sardonic part of you was, and in other terms, still is, a very brilliant courtesan in sixteenth-century France, who sat with the philosophers and thought they did not know what they were talking about. Since you [Richie] were a woman with an excellent mind, you listened to these men who seemed to think they knew what they were talking about, and you thought, ‘They have not the slightest idea in their heads, and yet they look at me and think I am beautiful and silly, when I can think rings around them!’ And so you did, and in other

terms, so you still do. This woman had much energy—and still possesses it!”

“I listened to all of this at the time, but it didn’t affect me much. I let it sort of go by,” Richie says. “It was interesting, but it just didn’t mean a whole lot, other than the obviously ironic stuff about how this courtesan held her own in a court full of men ...

“Not too long after Seth gave me this information, that June, I was having a real pits week,” Richie says. “I had been feeling very depressed and worthless; I was scared about many things. On impulse, I went to the 42nd Street library to read. I got the urge to look in the encyclopedia about the painter Magritte.

Marguerite de Valois and Henri de Lorraine, Duke of Guise (Courtesy of Richie Kendall,)



“Now, I’ve never really had much of

an interest in art or artists themselves, but I'd seen a few art books on Magritte and just decided to look him up. Anyway, listed below his name, I saw the name of Marguerite de Valois. It literally jumped off the page at me! Then I read that she was a beautiful woman in sixteenth-century France who lived at court, was queen for a short time, was known for her beautiful wardrobe of clothes and flagrant defiance of conventional attitudes in many areas.⁶

“The chase was on! I left the library that day a different person. I felt reassured. I felt that no matter what happened, even if I died on the street, *I was more than me*. I was no longer

alone in my being.

“I started doing research on Marguerite. The idea of reincarnation came alive. There were many parallels between us. *She* came alive: I would read about her and my life would have incidents the same day that were parallel ...

“I went to class the week after this, and as soon as I had a chance, I asked Seth if he had anything to say about a Marguerite de Valois,” Richie remembers gleefully. “I remember Seth’s expression when I asked. It really seemed that Seth was surprised by my question—surprise being a rare reaction for Seth—and this always stuck with me. I could have projected the surprise, but

there was a strangely reserved look he gave me. He said, 'Not now, I don't,' and left it at that. Later that class, he came through and corrected me on the pronunciation of the name, and said no more!

"I continued the search, though, and at the library I discovered that there was a very rare book called *The Secret Letters of Court*—by Marguerite de Valois!" Richie says. "I wasn't allowed to take the book out, so I read a lot of it right there, and I nervously went through the pages—I mean, think about it: reading your own autobiography! Marguerite composed songs on the lute; I do on guitar. She was obsessed by her beauty;

I've always been over-concerned about my looks. She was 'rich' and lived at court; I always felt strong feelings of wealth as a child and strong feelings toward France then. I've also always felt that I'd be more comfortable as a woman, and felt it hard adjusting as a man; I felt women had more power than men, and was jealous of beautiful women.

"The other aspect of this was Seth's comment about her sardonic side," Richie says. "I began to really think about that and made changes in that aspect of myself that I'm convinced would have taken far longer had it not been for Seth's comment, and my life is much '*enriched*' for having worked out

that aspect. Of course, the real ‘chase’ is within my selves, and as Seth said, this woman *possesses*—not possessed—much energy, so there is far more to be seen from this information to me ...

“The strongest effect the information has had on me is not specific psychological insights, but the feeling of vastness and some kind of interrelatedness with the universe that’s hard to explain,” Richie concludes. “It’s funny, too, that while I was looking up stuff on Marguerite, I found a picture of Henri de Lorraine, Duke of Guise,⁷ who lived in that same time. He looked exactly, and I mean exactly, like Rudy Storch ... and there were many parallels

between them, too. Not that you always look like your reincarnational selves or that physical likeness has anything to do with it, but about a year before I got this from Seth, Rudy asked for a reincarnational dream and went back in time in the dream, where he met an aristocratic person, a duke of something, in Old England or Old France, he wasn't sure where ...”

His fascination undaunted through the years, Richie continued to do research on Marguerite de Valois. In an informal class get-together in 1979, he passed around Xerox pictures of both Marguerite and Henri de Guise. “I keep wondering and wondering, though: Was I this woman?” Richie repeated several

times in Jane's direction during his explanation of Marguerite's life. "I mean, was I actually this person, or *am* I actually this person, who ended up in history books. I mean, think about it: Am I reading about myself, a part of me that took my basic purposes and characteristics and went with them in another way?"

Rudy Storch



“Now,” Seth answered smoothly, removing Jane’s glasses with thumb and forefinger, “you create your own reality.” He stared pointedly at Richie.

“Are you going to be crafty and keep me wondering?” Richie said in mock exasperation.

Seth placed Jane’s glasses on her round work table, smiled briefly across its expanse of pens and papers at Rob, and turned back to Richie. “If you really understood, you would realize that the statement answers your question, but since you do not, I will elaborate,” Seth replied. “You hit upon it yourself, regardless of the sneaky ideas you get now and then that make you believe that

time is a series of moments and years and centuries.

“All time is now. When you told your story [of Marguerite’s life and Richie’s research], you wondered whether you had been that woman. And the syntax of that sentence sounds quite correct. It is quite as proper, of course, to say that woman was you. It is much more basically truthful to say that a *correspondence* exists between you and that woman *now*. And that that correspondence creates a *relationship*. And that that relationship then, in your terms, seems to bleed backward into the past. In whatever terms you think of, there is a correspondence between yourself and the woman, *but you are*

yourself now, and not the woman.”

“At this point,” Richie relates, “I couldn’t stand it another minute. I asked Seth if Marguerite was indeed the woman he meant when he gave me the original information, and he said that it was. Then I asked if Rudy and the Duke of Lorraine, Henri de Guise, were the same. ‘And the same applies to our spooky Duke over there,’ Seth said, meaning Rudy.⁸ Then he had another bit to say about mass beliefs that was really outrageous: ‘And again, these events seem strange and nearly unbelievable, only because you have all taken the structure of reality, as you have been taught it was, for granted. Whatever I tell

you, you have previously appended onto it the beliefs that you had. Or you might whittle away a little bit at a past belief.

““What I want you to realize is that you have not only your personal beliefs about your individual families and sexes and problems and countries and so forth, but that you have been drifting on a mass raft of beliefs about the nature of reality in general. About the nature and origin of the world and of yourselves. If I believed that I—and my reality—existed because some chemicals and atoms and elements happened to come together, without purpose, and accidentally through the eons managed to form my identity; or if I believed that I was created by some god out in objective

heavens who then made me and my kind in a perfect world, but did not have the creative abilities to keep it perfect, and in it I instantly began to decay—then I would have a very poor conception of my self-worth, and I would not think very much about my colleagues, either. But that is what you have believed!”

“There is one statement by Seth that overall has had a profound effect upon my life,” says Betty DiAngelo. “It was from 1973: ‘There is no question that you can ask to which you do not have the answer.’ It is like possessing a security system and has gotten me through many problems, large and small ... To a

certain extent, it hearkened back to my childhood when I had the belief that anything was possible, and when I heard this statement in class, I know that my entire self heaved a huge sigh of relief ...

“‘You create your own reality’ of course opened a whole new universe and has had an inestimable impact,” Betty adds, “but it does take much thinking and is a long process at times, getting at those source beliefs that create each moment of our lives.

“Warren’s interpretation of [the Sumari song] ‘Creation’ on the cello was one of those [revelatory] events—a gift to the entire class, that made class almost painfully special at times. Then ... Seth said, ‘Ruburt goes ahead for you

as well as for himself.’ I think about this often, especially since classes have ended. This didn’t register fully until I read *Psychic Politics*. I had to keep leafing through my dream notebooks and journals, as so many of Jane’s experiences in the book correlated with my own in this time period. And the concepts she was working on were things that I’d been thinking about at the same time—really blew my mind. In fact, I’ve decided to make a list of all the correlations next time I read the book.

“Most notably, though, was her healing dream concerning the pyramid of light that turned into the ‘silver guide,’”⁹

Betty says. “I had the identical dream experience the same day, and I too was ill at the time—though my dream had a different type of conclusion.

“I am thinking that [the question of revelation] is quite difficult because at different times it was one statement more than others that had impact, and in re-reading [class] transcripts, I am having new experiences from statements—sort of a delayed reaction,”⁹ Betty says. “A July 1973 [class] session says a lot about this sort of thing, and for me it was like Seth was talking to my future self; he said, ‘Now, I am making you grapple with yourself, and you are making yourselves grapple. But in certain terms,

now, there is a kind of acceleration of consciousness in which you are indeed involved, and that acceleration requires that you work with the contents of your own psyche ... You are given to terms of higher and lower, so to help you understand—and *only* to help you understand, from the point at which you think you are—we will say that certain questions accelerate within you the functions of a higher intellect and open up channels within yourselves which are indeed inherent in your creaturehood; that bring you *through* your creaturehood into other dimensions that must, however, intersect with it.

““These accelerations then change the nature of your creaturehood, and alter

the consciousness of your species in physical terms ... There, you achieve, in those terms, potentials, and open up channels of creativity and activations that you can sense as I speak, and that are a part of your own being, and that can be activated in your space and time ... what I am saying has an importance that is not verbal; that each of you will intuitively comprehend ... think—I am borrowing from Ruburt—think of dogs trying to learn math, and more, trying to communicate a complicated problem to their peers. What eerie barking!’

“Well,” Betty concludes, “we eventually try to verbalize these things anyway. But that is how I see class

—‘some things have an importance that is not verbal—and how I deeply feel about it, and all of us who were involved.’”

CHAPTER 8

The Girl on the Old Purple Mountain: Does All This Stuff Really *Work*?

Joyful Rain

*Together we dream and spin life's
song*

*Been singin' the blues for far too
long;*

*So afraid to touch, afraid to smile
As if being human was out of style;*

*I'd rather sing of joyful rain
That peaceful falls on purple plain
But I've been singin' blues so long
Help me find a happy song.*

*Some people say you must pay
your dues
Before you win you must learn to
lose.*

*Was life really meant a vale of
tears*

*Where laughter dies in empty
fears?*

*I'd rather sing of joyful rain
That peaceful falls on purple plain
But I've been singin' blues so long
Help me find a happy song.*

*The sun shines proudly every day
Beneath its wings the eagles play,
Be you a beggar or a king
Let the life inside you ring*

*This earth was not conceived in
pain
Joyfulfills the morning rain
But I've been singin' blues so long
Help me find a happy song.*

-Song by Richie Kendall, 1979

For once, in your terms, in the history of your planet, in your terms again, you must learn to trust the integrity of your own individual being, and stake your life upon your own integrity and creativity. For only then, in those terms, can you save your lives and your planet.

—Seth in Class, June 18, 1974

OKAY—WE HEARD IT THOUSAND TIMES: You Create Your Own Reality. Beliefs make the private and public world that we know. Change your beliefs, and you change your reality, on all levels.

Yeah, but ...

Admittedly, most anybody running into the idea that his circumstances are entirely of his own making has a collection of objections, and understandably so, since “You create your own reality” flies in the face of nearly every “rational” and “logical” law of cause and effect accepted by civilization. If your situation is really

dire, it might seem insultingly glib to suggest that you are its source. (On the other hand, if your life is fulfilling and happy, the thought that you created that condition seems much more palatable.)

My particular “Yeah, but ...” ran something like this: “Yeah, but ... what difference do the ideas of twenty-five people in Elmira, New York, make to the starving millions of the world? How could you look them in the eye and say that ‘all’ they have to do is change their beliefs to change their condition? What kind of megalomania is that?”

Or: “Yeah, but ... the history of mankind is soaked in wars, cruelty, and stupidity. How is a species with a background like that supposed to trust

spontaneous action? Aren't we wrecking the planet right now in the name of spontaneous consumerism?"

Well, Seth is not, of course, advocating that people stop trying to solve problems in external, practical ways—as mired in international bureaucracy as that route can get. And he's certainly not saying that we should just ignore, say, the obvious benefits of medical science, even while maintaining that the necessity for these is a result of beliefs on a mass scale, and of a certain kind of direction taken by consciousness, a direction that's gone as far as it can go. The point of “you create your own reality” is most assuredly not a sop

thrown to people in trouble, in a sneaky variation of the old idea that the poor obviously deserved to be that way because God doesn't like them (or that the poor were the "spiritual" ones that God did like).

What Seth is saying—and it's tricky indeed—is simply(!): Our beliefs create whatever we've got, period. The framework of our birth represents the framework of our intent in physical life, period. And the complicated exterior manipulations of history and circumstance—all the methods ever used to sustain, change, or modify our physical situations—are the output of individual and mass beliefs, and affect that exterior framework only. And if we

don't like things, we have to change the inner precepts, or nothing else will change. We have to evolve a new consciousness.

In other words, for instance, the typical anti-pacifist arguments of “Yeah, but ... you had to fight to save the world from Hitler,” forgets the private and mass beliefs that enabled Hitler to come to power in the first place. Hitler (or whatever figure or group of people you can name) precipitated war upon a world in which the beliefs of humankind had already justified war as a means to an end. The stage was set, again.

“I have told you time and time again in class, and I tell you all again ... and

Ruburt has told you: You form your own reality,” Seth said in a fall class in 1969. “You form the world that you know, and you form your own images. And there is no justification for violence. Now the words sound simple. *None of you has fully accepted them except as they apply to others.*

“You must apply them to yourself. You must look within yourself and apply these truths, and learn from them. They are not theoretical ideas. They are realities.

“You operate in accordance with these truths whether you realize it or not. It is not enough to listen [to me]: you must look within yourself. It is not enough to play games. It is not enough to

squint at yourself... to look at one motivation ... to accept partiality.

“Do you want to know what freedom is? Then I will tell you. Freedom is the inner realization that you are an individual, that you *do* create your reality; that you *do* have the freedom—and the joy, and the responsibility—of forming the physical reality in which you live. Then you can change the reality. Then you are free to move ...

“You are not free when you say, ‘The idea works for everyone but me; *my* symptoms are caused by something else; and when *I* am violent, different rules apply. Everyone else forms their physical reality, but not *me*: *my* reality is

caused by heredity or environment. Every other nation, every other people form their own violence and [are] responsible for their own miserable condition, but *my* people—*they* are right! Any problems that they have had are caused by other agencies beyond them!’

“Then, you are not facing yourselves individually or as a people. You are meant to look at your physical condition, to compare it against what you want, and what is good—and change the inner self accordingly. Any evils in the world are symptoms of your own inner disorders and are meant to lead you to cure them.

“There is a beauty and a strength and a joy in looking within yourselves, and a

freedom from bondage. And I hope that when I am finished with you all, you will taste some of that joy and freedom! You will not get it from a book. You will not get it like your chocolates [indicating some candy on the table], wrapped up in a merry box. You will not get it by making exceptions. You will not get it by saying, 'I am the exception to the rule!' You will not get it by running away from yourself. You will find this freedom by learning to look inward, and by realizing that you create the reality that you know.

“There are no exceptions to this rule. Your successes and your failures alike, you have yourselves created. If you

would but understand, *this is the truth that would make you free.*”

But class still questioned and debated and challenged—with its usual irreverent vigor. If you changed your beliefs, could you regenerate a missing arm? “When you decide to enter into physical experience, in your mind and in your consciousness you form the frame within which you will operate,” Seth replied to that one. “When anyone comes to this class, however, with three arms instead of two, who had only two yesterday, then I will give you a gold star!” What difference does it make for a handful of people to realize, however hazily, that beliefs create experience? (“You forget those you communicate

with in the dream state,” Seth said, indicating a wider kind of communication among the species.) If the past is really as plastic as the future, then why do millions of people remember the same events? (If you could interview each of them, you’d find out that they don’t “remember” the same events at all.) But why have we as a species allowed ourselves to develop a technology that could destroy us? It is safe to eat chemical-laden food if I really believe it won’t hurt me? Why would I want to get sick? Why would a child want to come down with a horrible disease? Why did all the elm trees die? How come my cat lost all her hair/ran

away/chose to be a certain color?

One June Tuesday in 1974, class had been mulling over such philosophical worries for most of the night. The latest conflict between Israel and the Arab states was again ripping the Middle East apart, while drought and famine were sweeping through large portions of Asia and Africa. Some members talked about how ideal it would be to set up a school based on Seth's ideas and shut out the rest of the nasty old world; others (Jane and me included) objected to this vigorously. By 10:30, the issues of war and peace, wealth and poverty, good and evil, beliefs and reality had all been hashed over again for the n th time, when George Rhoads cut through the babble of

conversation with his explanation of how the victims of starvation in India withstood their plight: by intuitively knowing, he said, that life was an illusion.

Mary Strand



“That’s why the Oriental seems

mysterious and stoic to the Western observer,” George went on. “They know what’s going on, the Western man doesn’t.”

“Bull—shit!” screamed Mary Strand, half leaping off the sofa in fury. I could see that George’s remarks were really going to start a good one this time, but at that moment, Jane pulled off her glasses and there was Seth, carefully placing them on the cluttered coffee table.

“My dear friend,” Seth began, nodding at George, “forgive me for interrupting. But I have been physical many times, and that physical nature, while I was physical, made several ‘facts’ apparent. One such ‘fact’ is this—and granting the basis of which you

[George] spoke, and I understand your intent; I am simply using your remarks as a springboard—it is easier to go along with the nature of reality as an illusion when it is a happy one, and the empty belly still hurts, in your terms, more than the full one!

“Those of you who are affluent may think that it is spiritual, even sophisticated, to diet, to deprive yourselves, or to go upon a fast so that you can become spiritually oriented. The starving man can afford no such spiritual luxury; his guts ache until his brain spins!”

Seth looked around at each of us in turn, his eyes wide, dark, and

penetrating. “Again, individually and en masse, you choose your reality,” he continued, his voice now rasping out in a throaty whisper. “So the starving in India represent something: the part of the planet that is in pain; the place where beliefs do not mesh; where the spiritual and the physical are so divorced in practical terms. The gurus may go on fasting retreats, but in the meantime, they eat well! They do not lie in gutters in their own vomit!

“Those of you who have enough money to live may adopt the garb of the poor. You may disdain what you think of as wealth, yet by those [starving men’s] standards, you are indeed each a king!

“What use have those rituals been?

And I use the word ‘ritual’ because you understand, in your terms, what you mean by it. There is a ritual in starvation, a ceremony. It is the opposite of the ceremony that takes place with chandeliers and shining silver and china plates. It is the opposite of the ceremony offered by the gurus.”

Seth bent forward in Jane’s rocker, looking quite stern. “There is a ceremony of the seasons, a ritual of the seasons that is blessed and exuberant and knows its own order. The guru can well afford to luxuriate in it!

“Here [in class], comfort blankets are taken away from you. Or, rather, you take them away from yourselves, though

now and then you tug for them, and think how lovely one would be, for just a moment!”

Then Seth’s voice really rang out: “You are your own great ceremonies, as the seasons are their own great ceremonies. If ever there was a time when natural ceremonies should be recognized, the ceremony, indeed, the loving ceremony, of the seasons and of spontaneous song and of spontaneous joy, then this is, in your terms, the time!

“It is not the time to set up new rules or regulations or even loving dogmas. In your terms, you have been through that before. Each of you, in your own way, will creatively do your thing, with the material or the Sumari, or your

interpretation of it; and that is good. That is what it is for. We give it to you to use as you will. But there will be no new organization, no new church, no new cult. There will be a brotherhood of men and women who know themselves, and who explore the nature of their own reality, subjectively and objectively!”

Seth paused in his delivery, and Allan Demming, who had been arguing in favor of a “Seth school,” spoke up. “Are you really telling us that reality is entirely isolated within the individual?” he said. “If so, then that seems to mean that there’s no joyous coming together possible, because ...”

“Now, raindrops fall,” Seth

interrupted. “They are all individual. They do not stop and together think, ‘We must all fall together upon Elmira, New York, at four o’clock this afternoon!’ Yet, by being themselves, they bring freshness and vitality to the grass and flowers by thus falling.

“You cannot separate yourselves from others or from your world,” Seth said to the class in general. “Indeed, neither can you immerse your individuality, as you know, in others. But by being yourself completely, you are automatically doing what you yourself want to do: fulfilling the purpose that is your own, and joining with others of like purpose. And you become, therefore, a force of nature, and in trusting that force that is yourself, you

flow naturally into those areas of your own interest and the interests of others.

“You *are* a brotherhood; you do not need to form one! You meet with other [Sumari] in your sleep. You do not need credentials—none of you!

“Now, I understand your need, because of your historical existence, for exterior organization,” Seth went on, his voice now soft and affectionate. “But I say to you that the real organizations are inside. And when you thoroughly understand this, there will be no need for exterior ones, for they will naturally appear, as the raindrops naturally appear; and you will change yourselves and the world, as raindrops change the

world each time they fall.”

Seth ended this exposition while staring directly at Richie Kendall, who was sitting next to Mary on the edge of the blue sofa, obviously waiting anxiously for a chance to ask a question. Now he and Seth grinned at one another, and Richie launched into it with his familiar playful intensity.

“So,” Richie said, punctuating each word with exuberant gestures, “practically speaking, if I have a desire for a beautiful house, pretty clothes, a beautiful car, et cetera, et cetera, and I fulfill that desire, then, practically speaking, I am in some way acting to actually alleviate a future situation such as exists in India with starving people.

Right?”

Class roared with laughter. Richie worried endlessly about possible material possessions that he didn't have. (“Which was probably why he didn't have any,” Jane observed years later.)

“Even I have trouble following that reasoning!” Seth bellowed humorously.

“Well, by being spontaneous,” Richie shouted over the laughter and guffaws, “wherever my spontaneity takes me— Come on, you guys, shut up!— If I'm being spontaneous, then naturally I'm helping the world of which I'm automatically a part of, right?”

“You are indeed!” Seth answered.

“All right, so even though there are

people starving in India and money could be sent there to feed them, if my spontaneity leads me toward buying a beautiful house, a beautiful car, a beautiful—”

“If you allow your spontaneity its own freedom, then you can quite happily have whatever you want!” Seth roared back. “But spontaneity will *also* lead you to thoughts of love for others; it will lead you to realize that you cannot plunder your planet; and it will lead you to realize that as long as one person is starving, then you are starving in ways that you are too ignorant to realize!”

Richie’s grin hadn’t left his face. “Ah-huh!” he responded. “Sure! That clears it *right* up!”

“Now Richie’s gonna run out and spend all his money on new clothes!” someone laughed.

“Seth,” Warren Atkinson said at this point, the seriousness of his voice cutting through all the noise, “Could you give us a comment on this thing going on in the Middle East—where much of our energy seems to be focused, when a few thousand miles to the east, there is this fantastic drought and all these people are dying?”

“To some extent, and, I admit, opaquely, I am discussing that in our present book,”¹ Seth replied. “But each portion of the world, in your terms, has certain meaning, and the people of

course accept their own reality, and form it.

“Each area—the area of which you are speaking, and this area in your country, for example—these areas are important focal points; each working out certain beliefs in exaggerated form. If you think, those beliefs will come to you, and you will see why the conditions exist in each area.”

Seth withdrew, and class tried, clumsily, to tell Jane what had been going on. “It just really flips me *out*,” Richie said, still perched on the sofa’s edge. “If what Seth is saying really works, then does that mean it’s really okay to go out and just buy and buy, and throw away, and buy some more, and

have twelve kids, even if that means cutting down all the trees to build beautiful houses for everybody to live in —” He stopped in mid-sentence; Jane was removing her glasses again. “—All totally spontaneously, of course!” Richie added hastily.

“There is abundance,” Seth said, blinking Jane’s darkened eyes at Richie. “There is also the fact that you dwell on a physical planet. With a sense of love and identification, your idea of survival would not include annihilating other species so that you could live. You would understand that all of you share this reality, and that all of you are bound together in a gestalt of creativity ...

“The animals, knowing their own grace, breed with a joy and spontaneity that know their own order. The cow, giving birth, knows how many caterpillars are within a meadow, or a field, or on a continent; and in your terms—but in your terms only—the other species gracefully acclimate themselves. They give and they take with a graciousness that you are only now beginning to recognize. They are not gluttons!

“You have chosen a different kind of consciousness. That kind of consciousness necessitated a different kind of challenge, so that with your new kind of mind, you would come to

different crossroads. You would forget what the animals knew. But with a different kind of consciousness, you would triumphantly then become *aware*, but in a different way, of the animals' blessed knowledge, and use it again in new terms as conscious co-creators. You have not as yet reached that level, but you are working toward it.

George's "Cosmic Comics," signed with his entity name, poked fun at Seth and Richie Kendall.



“That is a partial answer to your questions,” Seth said turning to Richie again. “There is a great conscious revelation that in all probability can come to each of you, and to those of your species, in which you understand the nature of your own grace, and your relationship with All That Is within the

reality that you know; and then you will realize many things.

“When you do not define your existence as physical only, then you will not feel that you must breed indiscriminately because you have been told that you should breed; or because you feel that your immortality is dependent upon the seed that falls from you into the earth. You will recognize your own *immortality* and therefore be free and joyous with your *mortality*; and you will gracefully take your part as co-creators on a conscious level, with all the conscious and unconscious beings that dwell within your physical reality ...

“Here [in class], you are returned to the integrity and joy and creativity of

yourself, and there is where the hope of the world rests—in your being, and not in mine; in your reality, and not in mine; and in your beliefs in yourself, and not your beliefs in me. Only as I serve to remind you of your own greater reality do I serve you, and do you learn from me. And only, as through this performance with Ruburt, as you recognize the abilities of your own individualities, do you learn when you come here. You do not have to speak for others, or work fine psychic feats to know yourselves, to follow your consciousness in the waking and dream states, to walk joyfully and triumphantly through the corridors in times and spaces

of your own being.”

In April 1977, during one of the infrequent post-1975 “un-class” meetings held in Jane and Rob’s new house, Seth continued this theme in a message of springtime: “You cannot help yourself and you cannot help your species by identifying with your own weakness, or with the weakness of your species,” he told us. “When you are safe, you are safe, and you are in a position of strength and you can be in a position of tranquillity. Then you have the energy and the exuberance to think and feel clearly, and to help others.

“When you are in a position of safety, you do not help by pretending that you are not safe, or by taking upon yourself

the agony of others. Your reality, when you are safe, is a reality of security. From that framework you have strength, validity, grace, exuberance—additional energy that you can send out to touch the hearts and the realities of other people.²

“If you become so frightened of realities that are not your own, if you take upon yourselves tragedies that do not exist in your reality, in your moment, then you weaken your position and you weaken the position of those you think you are helping. You look about you and you see only hopelessness and helplessness. *You organize your reality according to the tragedies of the newspapers!*”

My own journalistic ears perked up. This was a question that I'd often agonized over, even as the co-editor of a small weekly newspaper: What was the effect on the reading populace of reporting tragedy after tragedy, myriad bunglings of local government, disastrous environmental mishaps, and all the other endless mires of bad news? What were my responsibilities as a reporter who was at least aware of the nature of suggestion and beliefs? Should I try to root out injustice, expose it, give people grounds to protest? Or should I somehow "make" all the news optimistic, even when (on the small weekly scale) it wasn't?

“The tragedies of the newspapers are symbols,” Seth continued, as if in answer. “Those symbols *represent* ‘real’ tragedies, but those tragedies do not exist in *your* moment unless you are participating in them. Those who are involved in such tragedies feel a sense of hopelessness and the loss of power in the present—and you do not help them by taking on the guise of hopelessness!

“What I am saying this evening is indeed simplified ... but you must operate from strength, not from weakness. When you stand upon a firm shore, you can extend your arm to the man who is in quicksand. You cannot help him by leaping into the quicksand

with him, for surely both of you will go down. And he will not thank you!”

“Then we’re doing that as a nation?” Warren asked.

“Individually. As you read your paper, as you watch your television,” Seth replied, “whenever you look around you and say, ‘Other men are fools’; whenever you look around you and say, ‘The race is ruining itself—it is insane,’ you are doing the same thing—you are jumping into the quicksand, and you cannot help.

“Organize your reality according to your strength; organize your reality according to your playfulness; according to your dreams; according to your joy; according to your hopes—and *then* you

can help those who organize their reality according to their fears.”

Seth turned to look at Lauren DelMarie, who had just returned from a trip to California. “There are those who prophesize a great holocaust that will destroy the species,” Seth said. “There are those most certain, my dear Pan, that California, as the new state of sin and iniquity, will be banished from the face of the earth. There are those who prophesize, and have prophesized since the beginning of time, that tomorrow would never come because you are so sinful—because you are such idiots! There is no difference! You can condemn yourself because you are sinful

and the daughters and sons of Satan. Or you can say, ‘That is nonsense. We are not sinful nor the daughters nor the sons of Satan. Instead, we are the idiot offcasts of nature. We are going to destroy our planet. We are rotten, not because we are the sons of Satan, but because we are insane atoms and molecules gone astray!’ Only the vocabulary is different!

“Do any of you actually believe that your existence is a cosmic accident? Do any of you really believe that the integrity of this moment is an accident? Do you really believe that all nature is sane but you—that nature in its great holy being had good sense except when it created men and women, and only then

did it go astray?

“If you organize your reality in that fashion, then you are in the quicksand! If you want to help, *stand on the firm ground of your creativity and being!* You are only fools if you cast off your clothing and jump into the shifting ground. Who needs a hand that is going to sink beneath the mire? Some help that is!

“Therefore, again, I return you to the common sense, the common joy, the common integrity that each of you know to be your own. And if that is satanic, then what sense there is in Satanism, and some of our good spiritual people could learn from it! However, poor Satan

stands also in the middle of the shifting dirt! And it is a pity, for the concept is an important one ... and that [concept] is the right to object—the simple right to say, ‘I do not believe whatever it is anyone else is saying!’

“You can refuse to believe out of ignorance, stupidity, pride—it matters not. You have the right to say No! And, in all Christian terms, Satan said ‘No!’ He looked at the grandeur of God—as it is understood, now, according to your Bible—and I am speaking in your terms, and not in my own—as the Bible is understood, and as the Bible was interpreted, and not as reality was at all. But in the terms of the story, God said, ‘I am just. I control the universe. I am truth.

I am reality.’

“And Lucifer stood there, and he said, ‘No, you’re not!’ And God said, ‘Out!’ And out Lucifer went. And in those terms—and I am quite aware that this can be delightfully misinterpreted—but in those terms, Lucifer was saying, ”No one can create my reality for me!’

“Now, Lucifer was not evil, but in the terms of the story, Jehovah was not good! Lucifer did not send floods to destroy whole populations! Lucifer did not turn people into salt. Lucifer said, ‘Listen to nature and maybe you will learn something.’

“But those are old legends. They are old, ancient legends, and both God and

Lucifer—Jehovah and Lucifer, in those terms—are done poorly. The characterization is weak!

“That is my Easter message! I bid you all a fond good evening ... ”

For many, the basic message of Seth's words might be a little hard to swallow, except as interesting philosophy. Accepting as fact the idea that only by changing one's private reality can anybody really change the world may seem just too far-fetched, or hopelessly narcissistic. Yet how else did the world get to its present collective state, except through the intense concentration on the part of its inhabitants?

This book is full of class members'

testimonials demonstrating how Jane, Seth, and class itself made a real difference in their lives, and how the ideas embodied in Seth's words opened up realms of selfhood and personal power. Jane and Rob's mail is also filled with examples of everyday people taking charge of their private lives and getting results, often dramatic results, by examining beliefs, the contents of the conscious mind, and using the exercises suggested in *The Nature of Personal Reality* and in this book. Nonetheless, Jane's class was not a group set up to prepare initiates to go out and proclaim the new Messiah, or to tell people that their private realities were wrong if they

didn't "believe" in the Seth material. It was a group that came together to explore private reality—and its worldly results—in a way that had, quite simply, not been done before, at least in recent times.

“Now, within the psyche that is your own, there is your own personal model,” Seth said as he led us through an altered state-of-consciousness exercise in late 1974.^{[3](#)} “I want you to sense the models that exist within your own psyche ... Within the psyche that is your own, there is your own personal model. It is the personal self that you have chosen, and you will follow it through all realities and in all worlds that you will ever

know ... Each of you will have your own images, and your own feelings, and your own symbols. These are highly important, for they are, at least symbolically, your personal paths to what may seem to be to you the impersonal nature of the universe.

“If you remember some of the exercises in *Personal Reality*, then you will see how this correlates with *your own true tone*.⁴

“You can follow that tone. You can get the feeling of your own model, or suggest that it appear to you in the dream state, and then follow it. It is your personal line to all the realities with which you will be involved ...

“Now, I have told you that you live in many worlds. I invite you to become aware of your own other realities, or at least a tiny corner of some other reality. I invite you, then, to become even more aware, in practical terms, and not to be afraid of your own consciousness, or your own reality ...

“You form your own model, so you need not fear it! On the other hand, as you are inviolate, so within you have you kept inviolate the knowledge of the model that you yourself have created.

“Ruburt is quite correct [in saying earlier that] some of you are beginning to sense for yourself your own tone, in whatever way you choose to put it. You

will become more effective in all worlds, and this world will become more rich for your realization.”

Turning to me, Seth added: “The ghost of the old Nebene did you a service this evening by showing you the model for your book.⁵ And the model for your book, Lauren,⁶ is there and you have seen it; and the model for each of your lives is within you for you to see and interpret in whichever way you choose. And do not discard it, but use it joyfully. Do not judge it according to what you have read or heard, lest you find it wanting ...

“If you really want to increase your experience here, then try to sense within

the [other class members] the models that are within them, and feel the eccentricities, and learn to relate with the realities within yourself, and with the realities that exist between yourselves and others ...

“You must make this information your own. Then, for you, it becomes psychologically valid and real. And, using it, you can indeed alter the nature of your reality. But you must be willing to be kindly to yourself. You must believe that when you send out pleas, they are indeed answered, no matter how impersonal the universe may seem at times.

“You must realize that your personal self grows as naturally out of that

universe as, in other terms, any star does, or any flower, or any oak leaf. You are a part of that system. *And when you send out a plea, you do indeed set the universe in motion, so that the plea is answered!* And so do you also send help to others, often even when you are not aware of it, as a flower sends out help to someone simply because it is beautiful ...

“You can stand up and say, ‘I am myself, and I am good, and I refuse to accept the beliefs of others with which I do not agree!’” Seth continued later on the same theme. “Then, you ... make your own direction. You must make that choice! The choice is always yours.

“Cow before beliefs that you no longer accept, cow before the past, or assert your individuality and being in the present—the full divinity of your being, which includes a conscious mind—and refuse to be cowed by any elements in the so-called past—and you begin anew! That is of greatest importance to each of you.

“As long as you believe in the basic evil of man, then you must project upon yourself great punishment. You must see your world destroyed, and so will you have prophets to tell you so, and so will they speak the truth, for they will speak from your own beliefs in the idea of your own evil.

“Now, there is no holocaust unless you believe that you are so evil that you must punish yourselves. But there will always be benign old spirits like me that tell you that though you are bad, you are *perfectly* bad, and utterly beautiful, and nothing will destroy you unless you are convinced that you are so evil that you must be destroyed! And even then, only those who so believe will partake in that probability, and those of you who refuse to accept that belief will learn instead, as I have said, a loving technology, and will learn to deal with your universe and your earth with technology, but with love. You will breathe love into your machines, and that love will bring truth.

“The prophets speak truly, that speak of doom. They speak truly when they speak from a framework that believes in doom. But that framework is a mere probability that gains its strength only from a belief in evil. So the prophets feel that belief, and emotionally understand that while that belief is held, it will express itself. And so they are themselves terribly driven by those beliefs; and they paint dire pictures that reside individually in the psyche of each person who feels damned.

“I tell you, you are full of grace. Your planet is full of grace. When you understand that, you will not need to pretend to destroy yourself, or your

planet. You can live lovingly with yourself, and with your planet!

“There are directions that your consciousness can take, and I am trying to tell you what those directions are. And if you take those directions, then indeed, in your terms—in your terms—there is a birth of a new kind of species—a species that understands its blessed creaturehood, and a species that understands its biological spirituality; a species that consciously creates a reality of which it can indeed be proud; a species that does not despoil its planet, but considers that planet sacred; a species that consciously and purposefully creates the kind of world that a sane god would create; a species

that creates a god that is themselves; a god who has no need for a heaven or a hell!

“Forget your ideas of present and past. Forget the occult nonsense that you have learned, and look at your present with the wondering eyes of a new self.”

CHAPTER 9

Nobody Does It Better: Class and Un-Class Ever Since

Children of Always

I. The night

We sat,

Minds splashed by the hours

*Breaking over the shores of tilting
rooftops,*

Drifting downward, lost

*projectiles,
In the worm and flower-laden air.*

*hallelujah
mouthed the stones, waking.
hallelujah
mouthed the stones, standing up
inside
their round and whirling
cathedrals.*

*Wading in the winery hours,
hip-deep in night and dawn,
tumbling down the music's stairs
like autumn flowers,
mustily the breezes of time's great
flight transfixed us.*

*wine like liquid always spilled
upon the floor.*

*stand up children of always
mouthed the stones
from their trances.*

*Greek children danced as we
dance,
dangling downward over aprils,
staring into the spooky eyes of
flowers.
forever sprinkles holy water on
their answers,
and february plunges clouds
through the
wintry tangle of their hair.*

*Gather up our fruit
mouth the stones.
they fly to the ceiling of the sky,
thrust like cosmic thumbs in the
holes
through which always once
forever after poured.*

*hallelujah shout the worms
genuflecting inside the apple.
our infinite thoughts surround
you.*

*Ah you Sethites, scramble up
the hills on the underside of truth
hallelujah says the worm,
timidly holding out his hand*

from the rosy apple.

*take my hand friend, take my hand,
take.*

*who will befriend the worm
and who dares not?*

II. The people

*see us here so assembled.
our shadows burn like lighted
torches.*

*nodding, smiling, half unknowing
we dance inside time's giant
whale belly.*

*mr. stimmerman stand up and be
counted please.
gentle dan lost in cloudy jelly*

*cubes of air,
wandering gelatin roads that
solidify and melt.
he flows out, mixing with
eternity's ingredients.*

*mrs. granger stand up and be
counted
sister maggie, secure and
elemental
digests reality without a qualm,
sees forever in today's face
and holds her ground
but resents sharing it with the
animals
who hunt her down.*

*mr. butts stand up and be
aloof rob a sometimes wizard
flies inside his soul
through skies unending smooth
and wrinkled.
now he smiles at the door of
himself
and guards the partially opened
door.*

*miss mullin stand up
and sue, squirreled in tangled
treetops
dangles like a sliding summer
moon,
cool, climbing higher
but looking scared. above*

*the constellations prowl like
animals.*

*mr. granger stand up and be
counted please
brother bill, several people
grouped
together in one skull tonight
violently drawn out,
tonight violently drawn out,
one to watch a firing squad,
one to aim, one to stand
blindfolded
but without alarm.*

*mrs. butts stand up and be counted
unblinking jane, priestess
powerful and frightened*

wages wars on battlefields
impossible to find,
munches tidbits of peace flown in
by ghosts
and warns demons off with noise

mr. watkins stand up and be
laughing ned winks at the gods
who wink through the grass.
he steadies the air about him
and stretches out full length upon
the floor,
pulling the universe up to his chin
like a cover.

stand up children of always
mouth the stones from their

trances.

gather up our fruit sing the stones.

hallelujah shouts the worm,

genuflecting within the apple.

now take your names off.

take your names off

in this night of fire

and reach out

for my hand.

hallelujah mouth the stones,

waking.

hallelujah mouth the stones

standing up inside their round and

whirling cathedrals.

III.

brother bill smiles inside mr.

granger.

*gentle dan feels his gaze escape
his skin.*

take

take my

*sue climbs in panic higher and
finds one moonshaken branch,
ned crumbles greek-like, dreams
cracked beneath the star's weight
take*

take

take my

*maggie with eyes wide open turns
her back away*

*rob cautiously steps out onto his
soul's porch
jane stares fascinated into the
worm's head.*

*take take my hand.
who dares befriend the worm
and who dares not?
children of always stand up and be
counted.
take my hand timidly says the
worm, ascending
to the top of the apple.
twirling above its rosiness, he
addresses us,
still smiling.*

IV. The worm's song

*children of always it is time now.
step blindfolded into my ever-
expanding eye,
nameless into my vision.
greek children come home now.
in my eye find your focus.
let your many images spin into one
self you have forgotten.*

*you have walked before
through the circle of my great
dimensions,
swirled in the retina of my
devotion
were discombined and
reawakened.*

*hallelujah mouth the stones,
waking.*

*hallelujah mouth the stones,
standing up inside
their round and whirling
cathedrals.*

*hallelujah shout the children of
always,
waking inside the worm's infinite
eye.*

*they peer over the rim of the world
and smile down upon us in this
room.*

*welcome children of always, sister
and brother,
we greet you, those still entranced*

and those awaking

take my

take my

take my hand says the worm.

who dares befriend the worm and

who dares not?

all walk

into my eye hand in hand

dear greek children of always sing

...

hallelujah

mouth

the

stones.

—Jane Roberts, 1968

“WHEN WE MOVED TO OUR NEW HOUSE, it just didn’t fit in somehow,” Jane says of her decision to end the class in 1975. “At the old place, we had the two apartments, and there was a way to divide things up, along our ideas of privacy—class had its ”own” living room and we had ours across the hall and I could leave my papers out on my desk over there, or go over and shut the door during break ...

“I’m not sure what part of me it was that I left in that other apartment during class, but whatever it was, our new house just wasn’t set up the same way, not for the same kind of regular mob. If we’d taken the big old house on Foster

Avenue¹ that we looked at, I would have had class going in two weeks ... that place had two living rooms and two bathrooms, see ... I always had the feeling that if I stopped having class once, that would be it; that I had to keep the ‘habit’ up ... but I do miss it: the people and the exuberance and the, I don’t know, the immediacy of it ... ”

But even without the difference in physical setups, by the time Jane and Rob had settled into their new house and started thinking about class again, members had scattered far and wide, toward new careers, new turns in their lives—even holding “Seth” classes of their own. Caught up in the preparation

of manuscripts like the massive *The “Unknown” Reality*, and deluged by ever-increasing amounts of fan mail, Jane and Rob began putting more and more of their own time into their private work. And so, with the exception of occasional small get-togethers with some former class members, Jane’s ESP class ended.

But in all likelihood, “the experiment” continues, a new framework begun.

“Because of class I feel a kinship with more people than I ever hoped to,” says Betty DiAngelo. “And lately I’m aware of things going on under the surface that are adding interesting aspects to my experiences. Seth once said that we are always searching for ourselves, which in

turn leads us to ask more and more questions of ourselves ... Class gave me a context for certain experiences and the confidence that I could search for answers and find them within myself.

“I could not but help have Seth/Jane concepts affect the way in which I interact with my children,” Betty notes. “I feel that these are my concepts too, for one thing. I have passed on Seth’s ‘safe universe’ concept to my daughter, as I know the world can often be overwhelming for small children. My daughter has never forgotten it and uses the phrase, particularly when she is feeling sad or frightened for no apparent reason ... it is something I am working

on also and feel it can only add to her own independence as time goes on ... I think I encourage her to look behind the surface of things and I think most children do anyway, but don't voice their impressions from fear of disapproval. I want her to feel her impressions are valid, even if different from others.

“Now and then my daughter and I do relaxation and alpha state experiments, and she is quite delighted with them. I also encourage her to remember her dreams and talk about them and not surprisingly, we have similar dreams. In March of 1979, I had been thinking about Sumari a lot, probably because of working on your questionnaire and also

I've had many experiences of hearing Sumari singing in the past two years. One morning in March, my daughter came into our bedroom very excited; she said that she was hearing singing and didn't know where it was coming from, and also that it was a whole group of voices. She even remembered one of the refrains. I am certain that it was Sumari, because our experiences and feelings are often along the same lines. I've taught her to see her own aura at night and she has a lot of fun with that and thinks it's great ...

“I can give her suggestions about her nightmares, which often frighten her, by telling her that maybe they are hidden

ideas she has, and so she dreams about them. I found that she does something quite interesting, and I have a feeling that most children probably do this: she plays out her dreams, particularly her nightmares, and it's interesting that in most 'primitive' cultures people are reported to do this—as a case in point, most American Indian tribes did this; they felt that it was vital to a person's emotional and physical health to act out his or her dreams ...

“I hope I've ‘graduated from kindergarten,’ as Seth puts it; there were times at class that I felt like the class dunce, and doing this questionnaire has been like a final exam,” Betty concludes. “I no longer go around espousing Seth or

punctuating conversations with ‘Seth says’ this or that. And maybe we all feel now that it is time to try our own wings and that we are capable of determining reality for ourselves ... I could go on and on I suppose in detailing how much my life has changed since working with beliefs. I myself wasn’t aware of the complete impact until now. It’s very freeing—it’s not like a religion where one’s given an outline on how to live one’s life, but quite the opposite, in that we discovered, through class, tools that were always there for the taking, and the best part is that it’s an ongoing thing. I don’t feel there is a dead end to this or a stop sign in sight.”

As for developing a different kind of reference framework with your children, it's my feeling, as Betty expressed, that understanding the inner orders of logic from an early age can literally begin to birth a new kind of awareness in the world. Parents who responded to my questionnaire all stated that they encouraged their children to remember and interpret dreams and gave respect to their children's subjective lives. Not only is this aspect of parent-child relationship vital, it's wonderful, fascinating fun.

Recently, I had a strange and largely untranslatable dream involving geometrical patterns. In it, Sean and I

were progressing up through a series of vertical rooms that towered above a flat, lined plain. Each group of rooms fit like boxes inside one another, from small to large, and as we traveled upward, the whole group would start moving in the direction of our climb. Then the rooms would change into another series for us to navigate in another direction, sideways, or on a diagonal. I'd never dreamed anything like this before—and throughout, Sean seemed to know exactly what we were supposed to be doing.

I wrote down the dream before waking Sean up for breakfast. Casually, I asked him if he remembered any dreams. Incredibly, he proceeded to describe what he called “a bunch of

things hard to say in words”: that he’d been watching a series of concentric submarines, each fitting inside the other, floating on top of the ocean. One by one, the submarines emerged: the smallest from inside the next largest, then that one from the next size, on up until the largest one was empty. As each submarine appeared, he said, they reversed direction and sank, horizontally, beneath the sea. As the largest submarine sank, the scene flashed to a picture of three identical stones sitting in a line on a flat plain—“You know, that kind with the lines that all go to a point at the back,” Sean said, describing the same “plain of perspective” that I’d seen in my dream.

“And there was something special about the way those stones were arranged, some lesson—but I don’t know what,” he finished.

I wrote down his words and then read my dream account to him. “Well?” I said expectantly, looking up from the paper. “What do you suppose that means?”

Sean groaned and clutched his forehead. “Oh, god!” he wailed, “I suppose that means that I’m gonna end up being a writer!”

One morning, during a bout with the flu at age three, Sean eagerly told me all about “the doctor man who comes and talks to me while I dream and tells me how I can get myself better.” Sean said that this man “wore a tall black hat and a

long coat with two tails and sometimes was the Easter Bunny but sometimes didn't talk, he just threw thoughts at me." At that time I hadn't made any dream suggestions to him along those lines. A few months later, we were riding in the car listening to a popular rendition of "The Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" on the radio, when Sean suddenly launched into a detailed and lengthy description of what he called "the other time I was alive, in the twenties." (Again, I did not give Sean "Seth material lectures," and still don't dwell on it much, as such, in our conversations.) For at least half an hour, Sean spun a lovely tale of "my own self

John Keelish, when I danced an' had a wide horn. Five people danced with me. So did a lady, but she didn't have a horn, she jus' had a singin' mouth ... I was born in the Cabbage Song City an' I died 'cause I drank that stuff too much." In spite of my many questions, he never mixed up any of the details of this tale, or contradicted himself, Complete fantasy or not, Sean was at the very least displaying a delightfully provocative storytelling ability and my encouragement was for him to "keep seeing those pictures and tell me all about them." How many people, however, are cut off from spontaneous acquaintance with aspects of their own identity? How many children are kept

from expressing these kinds of images by the admonition that such stories aren't "true" and are therefore "bad"?

Again, I'm not about to start rushing around on Sean's behalf in a mad search for encyclopedic references to a horn player from the '20s. Besides my personal suspicions that nothing stays that literal, I'm also not about to cram Sean's perceptions inside another set of definitions that, like the ones I looked through as a child, don't even begin to live up to personal experience. For me, the encouragement of creative play, intellectual integrity, and trust in the spontaneous self is what's important, and in immediate earthly terms, I think

our survival depends upon it.

“Everyone thinks I’m crazy—precognition? Bah, humbug!” Bernice Zale wrote to me in June 1979. “But in a baby, no less ... !

“On Thursday, my mother was visiting for the day [from a town thirty miles away],” Bernice said in her letter. “We put Ben [Bernice’s son, then aged eleven months] down for his morning nap at 10:45 A.M. and at 11:15 he was suddenly awake, screaming and crying like I’ve never heard him do. It took me only a few seconds of holding him to see it wasn’t physical pain. Rather, it was stark terror. It took a lot of walking and patience, with lunch and then an hour’s carriage ride, to bring him back to

normal! Ben, as you know, is just the opposite of this. I felt that he'd had a bad dream.

“Late that night after I was in bed, I heard my husband answer the phone. My mother had called ... to tell me that my father was in the hospital. At just the time Ben was napping that day, my father wasn't feeling so well. He was downstreet [from his home] and practically dragged himself home to lie down on the living-room couch ... At 1 P.M., he began to bleed ... the blood poured from his mouth and rectum. He crawled out into the hall but found he was unable to make it to the telephone and only managed to get into the bathtub

where he felt he could die without making any more mess than he already had. My mother arrived home sometime after 5 P.M., to find an incredible trail of blood leading to the bathroom and my father entering shock from loss of blood ... An ambulance got him to the hospital. It seems that his ulcer has been bleeding for a few weeks and he's been taking aspirin,² without telling anyone, to alleviate what he thought was back pain! He's fine now ...

“In the meantime, I believe Ben's nap was disrupted by a nightmare. He's very fond of my father, following him wherever and whenever he can. I think Ben dreamed of what was soon to occur

to his grandfather. I don't know if any of this will be of use to your book, but ... it seems that Ben's experience may be pertinent."

"How did class change my life?" Harold Wiles muses. "Probably by developing tolerance for my fellow man. I know that as I create my reality, so does every other person create theirs. Who is to say that these realities should coincide? If they don't, why hassle it? I guess that's the most important change. I know (and believe) that I create my reality. I may not like it at times, but I know that there's no one else to blame. I think that's kinda neat!"

Other class members grouped and regrouped in their own ways, went it

alone, found other philosophies through which to explore their ideas. Several of us—Rudy Storch, Charlene Pine, Lauren DelMarie—are now published authors; Will Petrosky runs a book interview show on KPFA-FM in Berkeley, California. Among other projects, Will and Lauren have put together an oral history of science fiction, based on their interviews with science fiction and fantasy writers, that is due out this year. Rudy Storch, a.k.a. Ricky Stack, co-owns the New Awareness Network, publisher of *The Early Sessions* (the first 510 sessions dictated by Seth), and the Seth Audio Collection. Richie Kendall works for a New York

securities firm and is a literary agent and co-owner of Kendall & Delisle Books, Inc.

Some of us—Dan Stimmerman, Rachael Clayton, Nadine Renard, Ira Willis, and Jane of course—are gone. Some of us have moved on into lives as distant from those classes as might be lived on another, less noisy star; some of us seem stuck back there within them; most have simply moved on.

In short, for all its impact upon the individuals who attended, class as a group disengaged easily, and perhaps appropriately, when the time came. “Class ended because Jane and Rob did not need class any more,” Warren Atkinson says. “Also many class

members didn't need it, as a group, anyway. But the experience developed and changed me. I was the observer, the internalizer—the Cardinal—a conservative being stimulated by a discarnate visitor.” (Class transcripts and tapes circulated among Seth groups around the country for several years, and might be still; in 1992 Lynda Dahl and the late Stan Ulkowski created Seth Network International, a nonprofit organization that put together conferences in various cities, including Elmira, during the '90s. SNI's *Reality Change* magazine was one of the first international forums, in those precyberchat days, for Seth-related

ideas and discussions.)

“You know,” says Rich Kendall, “the tricky thing is, and something I run across sometimes in people who’ve read Seth, is a kind of weird process by which they use Seth’s words to justify any old bullshit they’re into, without examining their *beliefs*. In a strange way, you can end up using the ‘you create your own reality’ bit to *not* look at how or why you’re creating the reality you have. It’s a superficial use of the idea at best, or the same old nonsense with a new justification at its worst. Because when you really start examining your beliefs—I mean really listening to yourself and really accepting that *you* create all of your experience—when you

strip away all the bullshit and start honestly looking at your beliefs, you take a step, a sideways step, into a literally new world of action. And strangely enough, you become less divorced from the world at the same time. The world becomes an intimate thing. Because of course it is an intimate thing. But you don't really understand that until you take that step.

“You can't just spout Seth's appropriate words from page so-and-so for every situation you run into,” Richie adds. “The words are meant to lead you toward your own experience—toward that step back to your own self.”

“You know what I think?” Joel Hess

concludes about class. “I think that one of the major contributions of the class was the way it built a link between us sophisticated twentieth-century technocrats and our ancestors, even back into the proverbial mists of time. It gave us a place to discover that dreams and so-called psychic experiences aren’t imposed upon us but are a part of us, meant to be used as part of us. It showed us how plausible it is for sensitive and intelligent people to come to believe in spirits, ghosts, gods, angels, contact with other beings in other times, and to believe in open-ended dreams. It provided us with a glimpse of ourselves; our parents, as it were, sitting about a fire dark eons ago, curing cuts and

bruises by prayer, incantations, hexes, alpha ... willing a sick child back to health ... and talking with the gods about where the hunting will be best tomorrow.

“We no longer think of those ancestors as silly, superstitious people who saw a god or demon behind every bush. If there is nothing to all this other than a psychological human need to have a supernatural explanation for otherwise mysterious events in the natural world, then we have possibly manifested those same drives in our own time, and didn't feel silly or superstitious, certainly not weird, crazy, or off the wall ... In that case, we can appreciate the human

drives that prompted the birth of so many of our legends, religions, gods, powers, omens, and practices. Or perhaps, just perhaps, our forebears knew and used secrets and called upon powers in themselves and the world around them that we are only beginning to rediscover.”

**Excerpts from an “Informal” Class
Held December 2, 1978**

Several people from ESP class days got together at Jane and Rob’s house on this wintry Saturday night. Most had driven the 250 miles up from New York City. We sat around on the cozy living room’s thick shag rug among the jungle

of plants and bookshelves, Robbie's paintings peeking down from the cream-colored walls—paintings in deep, echoing hues of light and shade. We talked about our current projects. Jane and Rob sat across from each other at Jane's round worktable, listening attentively, affectionately. My proposed book on class had received an enthusiastic response from my editor; I was uneasily on the edge of my first contract. Vic, a concert pianist and composer, Charlene, and Rudy all described their "Seth" classes. "What do you do in them, exactly?" Jane quizzed, grinning. "Do you get into sexuality? The man-woman divisions?"

Do you work with beliefs, tell secrets, take your clothes off? ” We all laughed. “In short, loves, ”Jane said, “do you get down to the nitty-gritty?” Vic said that his class dealt mostly with getting reincarnational material; Charlene spoke of her experiments with healing; Rudy talked about the belief papers he assigns to his students. Richie Kendall then read a lengthy essay on the nature of Art and Life. As he finished, Jane pulled off her glasses and Seth’s familiar dark eyes and somewhat amused expression regarded us once again from that incredible, invisible window in time and space.

Now. The sun shines, the writer writes, the artist paints, the thinker

thinks, the dreamer dreams, and each of you, whether you know it or not, naturally follows your own nature. You bloom whether or not you recognize the pattern of your petals. You sing. You are like a trans-species, as Ruburt would say. Something happens when you meet the world, something happens when you meet each other, something happens when you have a child, when you think, when you look at each other. Something happens the moment you are born and the world is different. Because you are, the world is different. It is a world of individuals, and distorting an old historic statement: God must love individuals, because he never made

anything else.

You are not born as members of a nation tied tail to tail. You each are aware of the difference of your thoughts. And when your thoughts meet the world, you change the world.

Now, you are also changed by the world, since you are not made of concrete. But if I have taught you anything, I hope I have given you the grace to know yourselves to some extent. To recognize that you are, indeed, in your way, world-changers. For as you change yourselves, as you grow, you change the world. The world changes because you are.

Now if you listen without listening too hard, in any intimate moment you can

hear your molecules shout, if you will forgive me, with their own optimism. Each molecule is its own world. *Each molecule is its own world.* Your thoughts form worlds. I say what I say and I say more than you hear, and yet you hear me silently. When I speak of responsibility, I speak of the cat's responsibility to lift its tail or twirl its ear. [Billy II, the gray tiger cat, was sitting in a corner, swishing his tail, watching every move the strange gang of people was making.] No cat says, "I must hold my backside in such and such a fashion," or "I must play with the catnip."^o And yet a cat is a cat, whether it is flawed or has a broken foot, or

whether it can hear or not hear, whether it is ancient or young. A cat is a perfect cat. Now you can understand that. But in the same way you have a responsibility to be yourselves as a cat has to be itself. To express the joyful creative nature that is your own. And through that expression, your spirituality will flower. For it will not flower if you pretend that the spirit is elsewhere and you are here.

So, those of you [holding classes] who speak on my behalf, let there be times of boisterous activity. Let there be play. Let there even be time for discord if that is what is needed; but never—and I know you would not—never impose an artificial ceiling of peace. For peace is active. And so if there is any message

that I have for your students [to Vic, Charlene, and Rudy], as usual, it is not a quiet one. When you feel your own vitalities fully, then that will be understood by your students. And when each person feels and releases their own creativity [to me], there will be no need for books about Seth classes. But now there is such a need.

So you have all begun something, have you? And when was it begun? Now in my books and when I speak to you, I use simple words, usually. And the people sometimes write asking why I do not give proper methods—that is, more and more instructions as to how to do this and that. So when I say to you, let

your classes thrill with quality, it is up to you to discover what quality means to you. And when I say to each of you, classes or no, that your lives be lives of quality, of beauty and truth, I am not about to define beauty or truth for you. That is your challenge.

Seth withdrew; after relating his remarks to Jane, we got into a discussion of recent world events, which included the November 1978 mass suicide of the People's Temple group in Jonestown, Guyana; and of the conflicts between gays and heterosexuals stirred up in Florida in the wake of singer Anita Bryant's anti-gay campaign. Someone remarked that television coverage of her speeches

was responsible for making her viewpoint more credible to a mass audience. At this point, Seth re-entered the conversation.:

Now, subject: Anita Bryant. Subject: Jonestown. Subject: Communication of the official consciousness and what it has wrought ...

If it were not for television, you would not know much about Anita Bryant; you would not know much about the Reverend Jones [who led the People's Temple to its death in Guyana], who believed he was God and "led his followers into folly." If it were not for television and technology and the official line of consciousness, you

would not know of the fanaticism of Anita Bryant, American apple pie, good religion, and all the rest.

Now Anita Bryant serves a purpose, for all of her distortions. She makes each person question the nature of their own beliefs concerning sexuality. And sexuality is not only a personal question. It is not only a question of when to do it, with whom, and how. Sexuality in your time means: What is American? Is it American to be a football hero and a gung-ho male? Is it American to be a homosexual and love poetry or dancing or music or children? Is it a cliché to think that all homosexuals are sensitive and love music? Are there no violent homosexuals, and no bastards? Are all

stereotyped “masculine” men that way because they want to be that way? Are they forced to hide certain feelings? What are women? How do men consider them?

Now Anita Bryant with orange blossoms [referring to Miss Bryant’s television commercial appearances for Florida citrus juices] presents you with all of those questions. And each person who views her on television must look into their own beliefs. And the same applies to our Reverend Jones, and to any fanatic. For the fanatic speaks in exaggerated terms, but he or she speaks beliefs that to some extent each of you hold—but to what degree? And so they

are teachers in their way. You may hate them or deride them. And you may say they are fanatics, which they are. But they frighten you, because you know that in your hearts some of their beliefs exist, in weaker terms, and where do you draw the line?

So even the fanatic serves good purposes. And I will tell you that no one and no fanatic leads masses of people. People follow because they want to and no one leads them. And if you think you are a leader, you misunderstand the people, for they are taking you where they want to go. Only you are taking the responsibility and not they. You form your own reality. All of this, you see, is much trickier than appears at the 100th

or second 100th or 1,000th glance.

Vic related Seth's comments to Jane, but was interrupted halfway through by Seth's sudden return:

Now, I wouldn't drink her goddamned orange juice either!

"Good for you," Vic said.

Now, I love all of you, and I know that you love me. And I hope that that love is somehow distantly able, distantly, distantly, to contain some, some, some—[Whispers:] some kindly feeling for people like Anita Bryant ... Remember, and I do not expect any of you practically in daily life to hold this as a rule, but remember, it is because you expect so much from people that

Anita Bryant and fanatics fall so short. And that is why you are angry at them. Your love for humanity holds ... You do not hate anyone that you are not capable of loving. Remember that.

I do not expect any of you to be saints. For if you were saints, you would not be here. And if I were a saint, I would not be here either. But in the vast range of your emotions, leave room for loves that are very distant, so distant and so alien that you do not recognize them. And hold room for the feelings of loss and bitterness and anger that are behind Anita Bryant's statements. And the feelings of lack of worth that power her statements and feelings. It is as if she were a meadow upon which no rain had

fallen. Then certainly she would be bitter and cry.

We told Jaue what Seth had said and Seth added with humor:

You forgot the part about trying to love Anita Bryant, significantly.

“We were about to say it, ” Rudy said hastily.

“It’s on the tip of our tongues, ” Vic assured him.

Just a tiny, tiny, distant love.

Now, Sue is greatness. Richie is greatness. Joseph [Rob] is greatness. Rudy is greatness. Roni is greatness. You are all greatness. To know you are greatness is quality.

Then your expressions are true

expressions of quality, and they are not marred. Whatever they are, they are not marred. You recognize quality. Instinctively, whether or not you can say what it is. It inspires you. You run away from things that are not of quality, whether you can say why they are or not. Your dreams are quality. *Your dreams are quality!* No one need tell you how to dream. You dream instinctively, automatically, and beautifully. You commit a beautiful dream each time you dream. And each dream is a dream of quality.

Each breath you take is a breath of quality. All you have to do is realize that each breath you take ultimately reaches to the ends of the universe and helps

your world. You are alone and not alone.

Now, that statement is far more important than it sounds. For in your aloneness, and in your togetherness, and between the two, there is the meaning of your humanity. And there is the meaning of your life and your death. You cannot be completely together. You cannot be completely alone. Yet always must your existence flit between the two. Between the desire and the ideal, between the dream and its execution, between your love and your expression of it. There dwells your reality and your meaning, and therein lies the validity of your soul.

Now, if you believed what I said, then

you would bank upon yourselves. You would really trust yourselves. You would really know that you are an intimate part of the fabric of the universe; you would trust your abilities and bet upon yourselves. You would, without repressing anything, experience your own reality without impediments. You have a way to go!

But you have support. You have biological support. For your atoms and molecules are not imbeciles. You could learn from them! The pupils of your eyes see far more than you see visually. As Ruburt said earlier [that evening] I am not telling you that you can have heaven upon earth. For one thing, there is no such thing as heaven, and for another, if

there were, you would be bored. You need a challenge. Any flower uses it. And I am not talking about problems and challenges being the same thing. I am speaking of initiative, and desire and accomplishment: the need to use your abilities. They need to be used as a stem needs to grow. That is what I am speaking of.

Now all of you this evening, tell yourselves you will have a True Dream from the Gates of Horn, and we do have a city building. A city. Highly impractical, it seems, at this time. A city that does indeed exist mentally. But all things exist mentally first, or they will never be materialized. And someday,

that city might exist physically. But it will not be when you are here. Yet your memories will be in it and your desires. And to that extent, you will be founders.

And you forge such dreams in your sleep and in your private imaginings, and in your inspirations. For when one member of a species dreams such dreams, those dreams are transmitted to all other members. They do not die. When a runner at the Olympics does better than the runner before, then all the sportscasters say, "How grand! We did not know man could run so fast!" And so now records are being broken all the time. And mentally, the same thing applies.

Dream a grand dream. For when one

member of the species dreams, all members, to some extent, participate. And the psyche, and the soul, and the heart of man take new leaps, in your terms, not taken before. So trust yourselves, and trust your love and your dreams. [To Rudy, and Charlene, and Vic, looking at Rudy:] And tell your students I say R-A-YYYY!!!! Which means hooray. HOOORAAAYYYY!!!!

Excerpt from an “Informal” Class
Held September 29, 1979

The autumn night was magic again, and former class members met at Jane and Rob's house for some reminiscing and

conversation. Again, many of the people drove up from New York City. Gary and Rhoda were there with Samantha, their five-month-old daughter, who cooed and gurgled, wide-eyed, throughout the evening. At one point, Jane posed the following question: "We form our own reality, and we do it according to our beliefs, but what help do we have in doing it, or what do we have to help us out? What do you think connects you to the inner self?" Several people offered some ideas, and a rambunctious debate began, just like old times. Seth came through at this point, carefully handing Jane's glasses to Rob, who sat across from Jane at her cluttered worktable.

Now. We have a very young baby in this house [Samantha] and that baby does not know my name. The baby has not read *The Seth Material*. That baby knows how to grow. That child trusts its impulses.

It is one thing to imagine a spontaneous self or an inner self or an inner entity to whom you must, then, it seems, somehow relate. But you were born with true impulses and they are always with you, even though you have been taught not to trust them. So you must ask, is this impulse from my creative self, or shall I follow this impulse, or shall I not? And so you have forgotten the language of impulses.

Now, impulses are meant to help you create your reality. They are meant to help you move through belief systems. They are meant to help you find your best fulfillment and not only your private best fulfillment; but you are, through your impulses, led to situations where your best improvement also aids the species and all species—when you listen, when you trust your impulses. And I am talking about your private, innocuous, everyday impulses, also.

Now, in framework 2,³ there is no time, and from that vantage point you form the events that you know; and so your impulses fit in with all of the impulses of all of the other individuals

in time as you think of it, throughout the planet. But when you do not trust yourselves, you do not trust your impulses. It does not do to say, "I trust my inner self, but I do not trust my impulses." Now, impulses are meant to help you move. You are born with the impulse to be, as this young child in the house is. That child follows its impulses. *It knows how to grow.* It plays by following its impulses. I want you to think of that and I will return. It is good to physically see you all again!

The group got into a lively discussion about impulses and what to do when you have contradictory impulses. "What do you do when you have the impulse to take two different

directions at once?" one of us wailed. "What if I had the impulse to run away with the neighbor's husband? What if I had the impulse to set fire to your house?

"Well, you might try just running away with the neighbor's husband for one night," Jane suggested humorously. "See, there's the idea put on top of an impulse that sex, for example, is so destructive that you have to squash every tiny impulse you get, until it grows into some act larger than you originally meant. "

"So how do you know which impulses are really coming from your inner self?" Richie asked.

“Well, Seth said that he thought we forgot the real nature of impulses. Because we can’t tell the difference anymore,” Rudy replied. But before we could go on, Jane’s glasses were on the tabletop.

I am saying that *all* of your impulses come from the inner self. I am saying that despite your experience with impulses in your culture, despite their contradictory nature as you know of them, that your lives have that impulsive shape. I am saying that spontaneity knows its own order and that your impulses, when you allow them to do so, would ideally, spontaneously, work not only to your advantage, but to the advantage of the

entire world.

When you are afraid of impulses, you are afraid of them because you think that basically you are murderous creatures, that you come from the animals—and you think of them in those terms, then, as beasts. It seems to you that your beastly nature will betray itself in your impulses. But your impulses come from that natural impulse *to be*. And your natural impulses, left alone, are those of cooperation and joy.

“How do you know when they’re left alone?” Kurt asked.

When you have distrusted your selves as a species for centuries, when you begin teaching your children that impulses are wrong, that spontaneity is

bad, then you begin at a very early age to misread and distort your impulses ... If you are angry at your new wife [to Kurt, who had recently married Charlene], and you want to say "Shut up, bitch," and do not do so and hold it back, and think, "That is wrong, I will not do it," then you can come up with the situation where you have the impulse to hit her or she to hit you. If you realize that your impulses are meant to tell you something, then you can use your conscious minds to distinguish what courses of action you want to take. Remember what I have said about probabilities. When you cut down your impulses, you cut down the roads of

probable action, and whenever you do so, you cut down creativity.

Seth departed, and, hardly stopping to repeat his words to Jane, everybody jumped into another debate on contradictory impulses. What about the man who impulsively molests children? Who impulsively shoots people? Do you just lock these people up for now, and hope that an upcoming, aware generation learns to deal with impulses before they go that far? "Seth seemed to be saying this time that if you really trust your impulses, even all of them for a change, that they would start clearing up, so to speak, "Rudy proposed.

You [Rudy] do a good job of

spooking the universe! What I am saying: Learn to trust the selves *that you know*. Learn to trust the selves that you know and you will discover the inner selves. But you will not discover the inner selves if you do not trust the selves that you know. Do not imagine a distance between yourselves. You are *one*. And your impulses, when you learn to understand them, will be your best contact with the inner self.

Now, I have spoken about a city. A dream city that you do not see now, Sue. It is not before your eyes. But this world as you know it came from some un-where. It came from a mental dimension and was then materialized. And so our

city that is not manifest now, is a reality of the mind. And since it is a reality of the mind, it will somehow be a reality in physical fact. And it will be a realm, however small, however large, in whatever probability, and you will be a part of it. And it will be a realm in which men and women know themselves and walk in honor, and in freedom. And it will be a realm, however small, however large, in which there is indeed an infinite creativity, and it can be a creativity that seeds worlds.

Your thoughts now seed worlds. It is only because you do not know that, that what I say sounds strange. You are here because your thoughts before your birth seeded this world into which you would

grow. You did not come here strangers. There is still, you see, much to learn ...

Now, the creative abilities do not just help you write books, paint pictures, play the piano, compose. The creative abilities are largely responsible for keeping you alive. Your selves are created. You are alive because you wanted to create. Every act that you perform is creative. Your creative self, your spontaneous creative self, the self that speaks through your impulses, keeps you alive ... It keeps your heart beating and [to Kurt] your mustache quivering now. It helps Eddie yawn and Elaine bake pies and Harold run his [shopping] mall.

Rob asked, “What do you think of all the faces around here, now that you haven’t seen therrr for a while?” Seth answered with humor:

I am afraid to make even the simplest comments! Here, when I am faced with such a rambunctious group, I am sometimes tempted to say, “Don’t be so spontaneous!”

Thunderous applause and whistles.

Seth withdrew, and Jane and Rob explained some of the current theories of the origins and development of life on the earth. Rob compared the theory of evolution [as originally posed by Charles Darwi]^{[4](#)} to the scientific creationist theory that claims the earth

to be only 10, 000years old. Rob noted that the Darwirstist idea is the one taught almost exclusively in this country school systems, “with no serious consideration given to the fact that the theory of evolution as is understood is full of contradictions, and often asses the theory of evolution to prove the theory of evolution!⁵

“The thing is, ” Rob said, his voice filled with anger, “the notion that our existence is based on a series of accidents is passed on as absolute fact to each succeeding generation of children without question! ”At this point, Seth appeared.

Now, creationists, scientific

creationists, believe that an objective god created the world 10,000 years ago, and all the species thereof that you know of now, were created then. There was a perfect world according to this theory.

Now, evolutionists believe that the world becomes more complex with time. That there is “evolution.” The creationists believe that the Lord in His holy wisdom created a perfect world which then promptly began to decay. They also believe that the good Lord in His holy wisdom set upon this world a catastrophe so that all of the organisms were greatly set upon. The species almost vanished. The species of man was separated, and therefore began the growth of various languages. They

believe that the original language was given to man by God.

This god, then, the scientists—the creationists—say, set this catastrophe. They do not say, because they are scientists, that God punished man by the catastrophe, but that is, of course, what they believe. That was not in the book, however [the book on scientific creationism Jane and Rob were referring to].⁶ [They believe] the world was created by an objectified god who then set it into being with all of the basic laws of nature that you know. These are called laws of conservation. So that with time, the world must disintegrate. The evolutionists believe that the world

instead was created simply through chance.

Now, I am, in very important ways, no longer a member of your species. You *are* a member of your species, and you were brought up with an odd mixture of both of those belief systems, so that you still are not aware of the weight of those beliefs upon your mind.

Seth whispers, very intensely:

I would dearly love you to imagine the magical changes in your personal realities that could occur if suddenly, for a moment, you freed your minds from the weight of those beliefs; if you could look upon your reality as [Gary and Rhoda's] baby does now, with new eyes not so ready to thrust beliefs upon this world,

but to perceive it with the freshness and originality that is a part of your heritage. And to throw aside from your thoughts and minds and beings all thoughts of belonging to a blighted species, whether it be a spiritual or a physical one.

And if I could force you to accept a gift from me that were mine to give, I would, for a moment at least, give you that gift of pure vision and pure perception that is within your reach if you but understand that it is.

I bid you all a fond good-night, and where you are I am, because I represent the part of you that you know you are. And I am nothing that you are not. I am nothing that you are not, in true fact, in

the true meaning of the word. So any wisdom or power or energy that you assign to me, you cannot do rightfully, unless you assign that power to yourselves. I am in your dreams because I am the self that you know you are. And you are in my dreams for the same reasons.

There is room in our system of beliefs for different tastes. For those who have a love of terms and those who do not; for those who have different styles of being. I bid you, then, the joy and energy that you recognize and acknowledge as your own. Let it always be a support and mental and spiritual couch to each of you.

And that was that—the last “class.” We never gathered in Jane and Rob’s living room as a group again. And, you know, I think we knew—of course we knew, without knowing it, those last few un-ctasses—that something was over and would never come again in this life. Time had moved us down the river; in a way I think we all felt like children who had finally left home. These last meetings were different; even the light coming out of the same old lamps was different. Soft, like twilight. As though, intuitively, we were already looking back. As though we were now the ones

floating along the ceiling, watching with astonishment something that had begun unimaginable eons ago. And whatever else any of us has made of our experience in Jane's ESP class, I think it is that sense of astonishment, "the expectations of a kitten," as Seth once put it to Jane and Rob, that is its central legacy and indeed its fundamental gift.

APPENDIX 1

An Alpha Journey

CLASS OFTEN ENJOYED MAKING fun trips through consciousness using the alpha trance, a state familiar to every reader—it's the gentle side-step you take while you're daydreaming, for example, or lost in a book, or writing a letter. The images and information that can emerge from alpha are different from those in what we think of as the usual focused mind-set, and immediately recognizable as such. Our experiments with alpha always yielded fascinating

stuff.

Usually Jane would narrate these journeys by simply making up a spontaneous little travelog, her light, quick voice gently pulling us along (sometimes seemingly from centuries away). This appendix is one occasion in which Seth did the honors, leading us through a series of brain-wave exercises reminiscent of an aerobics class—this step! That step! Yet again, it was fun, and refreshing. (For a more involved and startling example of alpha possibilities, see chapter 6 of Jane's *Adventures in Consciousness*.)

Class Session of September 7, 1971

Now I wanted to say a few words, and he [Ruburt] is worried about the gentleman upstairs and wants me to keep my voice down. It is difficult for me to keep my voice down when my old friend [Rachael] is over there, and if it were not too late, I would have you all Mu a good loud and cheery Mu. Sometime I will show you how to do a whispered Mu. Believe it or not, it is more difficult. [See endnote 4, chapter 11, in *CWS* book 1, for an explanation of “Mu.”]

Now, good evening to you, and what I want you to do is this. It is late, so we will only have a trial run. This will be in alpha state, so close your eyes, and I

will give you a lullaby.

Now imagine anything that you choose, but have a line or a platform that represents alpha 1. Have it in your mind as a symbol of adjacent consciousness at the same level, perhaps, as your eyes. Do whatever you choose. Imagine a road and yourself as a small figure on the line, for example. Imagine a road and yourself upon it. Now I will want you shortly to imagine other such lines of roads, so pick an image for yourself, that you can use. See yourself clearly on this line or road or path. You may use a floor if you prefer, but see yourself upon it, for this will represent A-1.

Now imagine another adjacent road or line parallel and still further away from

your normal consciousness. Now pause to feel the difference in your consciousness as you move from one line or road to another. And this one represents A-2.

Now imagine again a third line or path, still parallel and adjacent. Examine the feel of your consciousness as you do so. Move now further on this time to another path or road that you will call A-4, and that is still further in distance from your normal consciousness. Now imagine still another line which we will call A-5.

Now here, pause for a moment. If you can, imaginatively look behind you to see those other four roads or paths that

run adjacently and parallel. Now turn, step back to the previous road or path to A-4. Step again back to A-3. Step again back to A-2. Now carefully step back to A-1 and pause. Feel your own consciousness at this point.

And now imagine a step above A-1. Not adjacent or parallel, but above, and feel yourself step up upon it. And we will call it A-la, though the names make little difference. Pause there and imaginatively look down to A-I, but hold your position.

Now above you, you will see another step. Go up this step again and notice the changes in the feel of yourself and of your consciousness. Above this is still another. Now step up this one, noticing

again any change in the feel of yourself or in your consciousness. Above this is still another. Now step up here and pause.

Imaginatively look down. Look at the other levels of consciousness from which you have come. Now very slowly, come back to the previous level, and keep coming down each step slowly until you reach again the original A-1 from which you began.

Now, at A-1. realize that all these other levels of consciousness are also available with the feeling of A-1 as a threshold of activity, as a doorway into other kinds of perception and consciousness.

Now, very gently step from A-1 back to your normal state of consciousness and open your eyes.

Now I will let Ruburt return.

Now, this is the equivalent of scales. So I want you all to practice on your own. I will not say that practice makes perfect, but at least it gives you a chance.

Now, I bid you all a fond good evening. But I want you to try these exercises as you fall to sleep at night, and you will have some excellent projections. You will also have some other experiences, so I suggest that you try these at that time. You may prolong the time, you see. We did this quickly

this evening.

APPENDIX 2

Selections from “The Great Hall” by Theodore Muldoon

ELMIRA

BUSINESSMAN

THEODORE Muldoon began coming to Jane's ESP class in early 1968. With an energetic determination characteristic of him, Theodore was soon experimenting regularly with “Psy Time,” a form of meditation suggested by Seth, in which the participant relaxes into a light pre-sleep-type state of consciousness and tries to follow images or thoughts

perceived there. From the first, Theodore found himself communicating with a being who called himself “Bega”; eventually, Theodore’s trance experience with this personality extended into dreams and automatic writing. Theodore also discovered that he could turn on his tape recorder, fall into Psy Time, and still hold a conscious awareness of his surroundings well enough to describe aloud what was happening. His developing experiences with Bega in the “Great Hall” and other psychological landscapes demonstrated a psychic agility that belied your first impression of Theodore’s outwardly disciplined manner—and which, of course, also demonstrated one of the

basic ideas behind class: that such subjective acuity is an ability inherent in each of us.

Theodore Muldoon's Psy Time Notes

The following notes are from Theodore's handwritten records, which he very kindly photocopied and gave to me; I've edited them slightly here.

January 10. 1969:

Psy Time; 11:10 P.M. Seemed to go in waves of deepening and receding, in and out of Psy Time. First, heading into a tunnel. Darkness. Second, emerging from ... light. Yet I don't really sense in terms

of see or smell or hear or touch. Am easing off, then, third, a man's face passed real close up, so close I really only sensed the nose and that adjacent portion of the face. Seemed like a large nose, and weather-beaten. I'd thought it was Bega real close by. In fact, based on automatic writings earlier this evening, I've felt that Bega was with me in this PsyTime experiment. This passed, and a couple of thoughts whizzed by me that I did not grasp or retain. Then I seemed to relax more and stood at foot of stairway, which I didn't really see. Then it was "not the time" and I relaxed back to a conscious attitude.

January 29, 1969:

Psy Time again. Thoughts of a seashore beach enter. Sand, water, waves, warmth, dark clouds in distance. Fun at the beach, but must be alert, always alert. The greater the fun or the pleasure, the greater the potential for grief! [A belief that Theodore expressed many times in class.] The greater the arc of the swing of the pendulum in one direction, likewise equally great the swing in the other direction.

Thoughts, not pictures, come to me: Mine is the life of the small arc. The work of my life this moment seems to be to make the arc just a little larger. Feel very serious at the moment, even to furrows in forehead. Now relaxing again

and forehead smoothing over.

I see a Great Hall with a staircase at its opposite end. The stairs rise to a balcony. The balcony comes back toward the right, but if you turn left at the top of the stairs, there is a doorway. There is a small figure in the opposite corner of the main floor from the top of the stairs. I see no color; it's not a clear view. I do see great pillars. The Hall is thirty feet high, twenty to twenty-five feet wide, forty feet long, with oval ceiling.

I'm asking if I should climb these stairs now. I imagine someone by my side, to my right. "Why not?" he says. "See the windows on the balcony, they let much sunshine in." I stand in

contemplation, wondering if I should really move. I think I want to. Can I put myself in that place, in that body?

I agree, then, that it's time to take a step toward the stairway leading to the balcony. Another step. I think we shall hold hands, my guide and I. I don't really expect to climb these stairs tonight, but we've taken some of them together. I can feel his hand: a sure, healthy grip. This is as far as we go tonight. Some other time, more steps. Things are brightening around me. Not extreme, just lighter. Occasional face flashes by. An older woman—bandana; an Italian woman without teeth, in a shawl; a young gypsy woman dancing.

Time to return! Other experiments to do!

February 2, 1969:

10:10 P.M. As I drop into Psy Time, a locomotive winds its way in a horseshoe curve in the North Carolina mountains. Wind is blowing my hair while I'm watching the train. Then I'm walking through a tunnel, cold and damp ... a bright light floods the scene and fades to a bright point; my eyes seem to rise and fall with each breath for a few moments.

Now I'm moving across time. Then it seems like a voice is asking, "Can you hear me?" Seems like a friendly voice coming from a long way off in space. I

answer, “Yes.” Voice says, “Come join me.” Mentally, I think I will try to join him.

Now, I don’t know where I am at the moment. No vision, no sight. I think I’ve almost reached the voice, but snapped back just before getting there. Not an astral projection, more mental only. Then I think, I’d like to go to the Great Hall, but I must relax more first. I feel as though I were rising and then sank back; sounds like bursting bubbles in my right ear.

Suddenly, I’m on a grassy green mall outside a European castle. Perhaps British Isles, beautiful sunny day. Great masonry construction, gardens, ivy on the walls. I sense, rather than see. Walk

across a little footbridge, through a normal-size door. I enter a stone paved courtyard. Should be people here, but I don't sense their presence. I walk to the right and turn left at the corner. There along the building is a stairway (outside) leading to a balcony inside. A double doorway leading to the main floor ... opens; I step inside—and find that this is where I usually am in the Great Hall. I never walked to here before; always just been here to start with.

Sun streams through balcony windows. Am I alone? No, Bega is here. “Do you want to walk?” Bega says. “Yes, let's walk.” “Here is my hand.” “Okay, thanks, Bega.” “We shall walk.”

Step, step. I can't see now. I sense light through the windows. Another step—left, right. Bega has my right hand, but he keeps about one-half step behind me. I must lead myself. I'll not be pushed or pulled. I must desire to move in this direction on my own. Now I see the light and the windows again. Am nearly halfway across the length of the hall.

Sunlight from windows shines from about halfway point of floor to the inside stairway going up to the balcony. "Bega, why do I fear this? Why am I so hesitant?" Bega tells me I have nothing to fear. Understanding, faith, joy, appreciation lie beyond that door in the balcony. My brow wiggles. Take another step, step—halfway. Shall we

keep going tonight? ...

Less than halfway left to go ... almost seem to float toward stairway. Almost to the steps now, I seem so small, we're there! Narrow stairway. Two round handrails; I grip them lightly. Bega's behind me. Now I can float up. Don't even have to step up, could just float up the stairs. Just lightly hold the handrails and float up the stairway.

Oh, this is too much to believe! Tensing up again. Seems like I'm going up too fast. Don't know why I should be so uncertain about going up the stairway and opening the doors. *I think I feel I may not be worthy.* I relax back on the landing of the stairway. Sort of half turn

as though to speak to Bega behind me.

I've come a long way tonight, enough for this trip. I never thought I'd get this far ...

February 9, 1969:

I fall into Psy Time. I don't see, but feel, a grassy knoll, down a path, grasses all around, a wall; I move through a door, into a courtyard, to the right, left at the corner, in the door and into the Great Hall. No effort at all, moved very rapidly. Bega is here. There is no time—like Jane says, “Take it easy and relax. There are a thousand doors in a lifetime. Don't let the first one bug you.”

All life is a constant opening of doors, a step at a time. Up the stairway, floating up—easy. Bega behind me at the upper

balcony landing. Looking out the windows. Beautiful, beautiful countryside. A figure in the courtyard below, a woman in a long gown of black and purple velvet—black top and purple bottom. Beautiful sight.

Looking back down the stairs. My goodness, I came up so fast. I'm just here! I almost missed the climb. "Bega, shouldn't we go back down and walk up a step at a time?"

"You can if you want to; you're here, though, it's easy. Do what you want to, but there are plenty of stairs in the future. You'll always climb stairs, always open doors; great new adventures every day, every life. You'll not miss those stairs."

What's the door look like? Isn't that a beautiful door! Carving of ivy, figures, sort of in an arch shape, nymphs, British lion head in three dimension on the door at eye level ... Is that a knob? Right hand on the knob, now I change; left hand on the knob; I think of taking Bega's hand, but I say, "No." Must find the strength to do on my own. It is only one door; there are many doors. Right hand on the knob, a deep breath—open the door. I wonder what I'll find on the other side of the door; maybe there's nothing. Well, I'll find out. Both hands on the knob, turn, open the door—dark inside! I had a feeling it would be dark inside. Open the door wider. Quite a heavy door, well-

balanced, though.

Step to the threshold. Seems to be a step down. I see nothing. I hear bells, chimes, distant and melodious, like organ bells, not hand bells or belfry bells. I hear, yet don't hear them. (I'm aware of my wife's washing machine making a racket at this point; she shuts it off.)

Then, above me, for an instant, an eye! In the darkness seems to be an eye—watching. I am not alone! The whole Universe seems part of the Eye. Great rays of light throughout the whole Universe—No End! ...

There is much to learn in this room. As I look about one last time, I see a lectern partway in the room, a light for a

speaker and a great open book on the lectern. There is a shadow of the outline of one who speaks from the book. That will come later!

Through the door, I came into a room of mystery and delight in the search of knowledge. And there will be more rooms and other kinds of knowledge. This room is the knowledge of the General Realities of the Universe ... in our terms.

February 12, 1969:

7:10 P.M. I connected one of my predictions this week, “witchcraft,” with a February 11, 1969, newspaper article on modern witchcraft [see *CWS*, book 1,

chapter 3 for Theodore's predictions].

Relaxing. Suddenly, vision of a house door with a small, eye-level door serving as a peephole. House is right up to the street, an old cobblestone street (English?). A narrow walkway on right side of house to a back porch. Sort of screened-in porch, but not twentieth-century screening, some other kind. I step up to back porch: several chairs, including rockers.

In one rocker is seated an elderly man, who raises his hand in greeting. "Good evening, Mr. Appleby," I say. "She's in there, son," he says. I go in, through kitchen ... to dining room. In dining room are two people; I sense they are mother and daughter. An

environment of sensitive, thoughtful people.

Then I turn and enter a country wagon lane, lined with rows of elms with stone walls (pasture type) beyond them. At end of trees is a slight descent into a large plain or valley and there is the wall, courtyard, and Great Hall. This time, I just float through the wall into the Great Hall and alight on the balcony by the door. I ask if Bega is with me and am assured he is. I put both hands on the doorknob, open, and we both glide in.

Once in the semi-dark room, we move to a position opposite the left end of the tapestry. Bega is at my left shoulder this evening. The Eye focuses attention on

the upper left corner of the tapestry. There is a large orange ball that seems to direct attention into the tapestry. “The Universe is constantly in motion. Intelligence pervades all the Universe. All That Is comes not from one central point in space or in the Universe, but rather these are the sum total of all the Universe. The Universe plays back upon itself—expanding, contracting, ever creating. We all create and are created in turn ...”

February 14, 1969:

7:10 P.M. I relax into Psy Time and see light spots, which fade off into the distance. Then darkness, and next I see white lines against the black take the form of a spiral funnel. I’m looking into

it from the top down, and then I drift or float into it head first. An echo sound like in a tunnel is all around me. A small light appears at the small end of the spiral; I'm nearing the end, but as I do, the funnel seems to move so I'm now rising on a slight diagonal plane. I emerge from the tunnel into a beautiful mountain scene—summer, sunny green velvet look.

Now I float on into the sky on my back. I move effortlessly and then turn over and see the North American coastline receding. Then the European coast comes into view. I begin to settle down in the direction of England. The Great Hall comes into view. It has many

chimneys and other projections around the roof. It is actually part of a compound of buildings in a pastoral setting. Obviously an educational institution—not a private dwelling.

I float to the balcony just outside the door. Bega is now with me. I open the door and we glide to a spot a little more toward the center of the tapestry than previously. I see both the butterfly and the orange ball/Universe. Blackness surrounds me; then I seem to be spinning, sort of like a pointer in a children's game (not like a top), on a vertical plane. My head in one place and my body spinning in a circle. Now it stops and I'm right side up again and the area between the butterfly and Universe

lightens.

“This is a marvelous and beautiful aspect about the Universe—the Entity aspect,” a voice says. “The Entity with its many personalities and dimensional developments is a harmonious whole, as is the Universe. Also, it’s as creative and strong at its fringes as at its center. However, whereas the Universe has no center ... each personality aspect enjoys autonomy and yet there is a cohesiveness about the entire Entity. The Entity enjoys the many characteristics observed by the Universe. All parts are in a mode of contact with all aspects; with some, perceptiveness is greater than with others.”

The figure on the tapestry was that of the mind surrounded by its personalities or conscious aspects: a living vine in light green with clusters of darker green leaves around it. Complete circle by vine indicates not a limiting circumference, but rather a unity with All That Is ... actually, the personality extensions are in all directions, as a ball.

March 6, 1969:

11:45 P.M. This time, all is black and I feel I'm moving deeper, and further away, in time. I become conscious of being on the balcony of the Great Hall. I look out on the courtyard and on the

main floor of the Great Hall. The sun is shining through the windows. I turn finally to see if Bega is with me. I just glimpse a full head of hair, wavy. Yes, Bega is here. I inquire if I can turn and see him, but he advises me not now—later. My impression is that he is young and of medium stature ...

Now a gradually letting-down feeling. I seem to be descending on the rock-bound coast of Maine. Then I inquire if I may learn of Dale [Theodore's son, who was in Vietnam]. With this, my Whole Self seems to raise me and I am suspended while space flies past. Now I see a funnel of light. The broad, open portion is upward, receiving light from the Universe, and the near end beaming

light into a jungle clearing. A few huts or barracks in a sort of circle—huts on stilts, ground well-worn. Another similar cluster nearby.

Dale is on the fringe of this bright light. The land of Vietnam is full of darkness. A few look forward toward the light, but most look to the darkness. Dale is on the fringe of light. His back is to the darkness. He cannot perceive the light; does not have objectives in sight; but he is looking in the “right” direction. There seems to be a protective shield about the group looking toward the light, and Dale is within this shield. I focus thoughts to direct energy to him for his use ... There is another person in this

group who does not yet see him, but perceives him and is moving toward him. This one will help to show Dale the experience of compassion, will give encouragement and direction. This one is a gentle soul who understands and will be helpful. All is well, all is well.

Now I rise and float and return down with the understanding that this is all for tonight. An interesting thing tonight is that I presumably talked and described everything as I went along, but with the exception of a brief conversation with Bega on the balcony, everything seemed to be communicated to me by conceptual understanding rather than by spoken word. I then converted these into words

and spoke them, for purposes of ... recording.

March 17, 1969:

I seem to drift aimlessly. Then I indicate an interest in the Great Hall. Bega and I are immediately at the balcony of the Great Hall ...

I seem to sink back into myself, but I inquire about Dale in Vietnam. So after a pause occurs a rapid floating feeling. Then I sense, not clearly see, Dale busily preparing messages for teletype transmission by other soldiers. Dale's job seems to be sure the message is organized, noting date, hour, places, unit identification, etc. He is fine: no exposure to danger, grief, or local

problems except to see a little in passing. This is all now.

Received a letter on March 21, 1969, from Dale, in which he indicates he is working a switchboard ... [Theodore had not known what his son's particular duties were.]

March 23, 1969:

Midnight. After I watch some Northern Lights in Psy Time, I suddenly find myself in the Great Hall, in the tapestry room. This time, I'm more toward the middle of the tapestry. I notice the speaker's podium with a very big book on it—the book is symbolic only, of truths yet to be shown ... This is an eternal process.

A man who was sitting cross-legged

on the floor to my left now rises. The center of the tapestry now assumes a great brilliance and essence of power, in the form of two diamond shapes—one above, but touching the lower one. The brilliance is so great that the edges of the diamonds are not clearly defined. It is also evident that if the strange man were not also here, I could not stand it to be here either. He seems to serve in the role of a transformer and absorbs the greater portion of the light of All That Is from this portion of the tapestry so the remainder is what I can endure. The message tonight is of the great power and glory of All That Is, and that I'm part of its creation and all of its benefits.

Power and glory. Later, I will be able to see within the diamonds, as I become accustomed to this light (truth).

I realize that my goal is advancing ...

APPENDIX 3

In Search of the Cosmic Dear Abby: Personal Advice and Kicks in the Pants

The Skeleton

*My skeleton rolls
and tumbles in the crust—
where has the spirit gone?
Where is the tether
that held me to the shore,*

*when even the shore has
leapt up and withdrawn?
What is the point in wondering
what presideth there when my
bones are trailing in some
meteor's flare?*

*Or deep inside some timely layer
of stone?*

*Can you tell me—
Where is the spirit's home?*

—Dan Stimmerman, 1972

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT everybody who came to Jane's class asked Seth for personal advice at one time or another. Many of these questions, and Seth's answers, have appeared throughout this book; usually, whatever Seth had to say to an individual was deftly constructed to apply, on various levels, to the rest of us. But even private sessions on intimate subjects had a universal application. Therefore, I decided to reproduce, in transcript form, some of Seth's lengthier personal advice to class members. The problems involved are common ones, and the particular orientation of Seth's

comments may offer avenues of self-help to others.

I chose three private sessions: one to Faith Briggs, concerning her severe hearing difficulties; one to George Rhoads, with advice to the artist in society; one to Ned and me just days after we had broken up; and a powerful class session defining the quality of “excellence.”

Denial of the Senses: Session Given May 3, 1972

Just before Christmas of 1971, Faith Briggs, one of Jane's class members, was operated on for painful blockages of her inner ear, the result of a

recurring infection. In January of 1972, both of Faith's ears were operated on again; drainage tubes were inserted for fluid in the middle ear. Although this relieved some pressure and pain in her ears, Faith suffered a dramatic hearing loss from otosclerosis, or calcification of the small, innermost bones of the ear. By late April, Faith was two weeks away from the possibility of another operation, where this time a specialist would relieve the infection by opening up the middle-ear area—a terrifying prospect. Jane and Rob agreed to give Faith a private Seth session, which Faith recorded and transcribed.

SETH: Can you hear me?

FAITH: Yes.

SETH: Then listen well. I will start out with a compliment. That is to set you at ease. You are warm-hearted. You try to help other people. You also have all the energy that you need, when you learn how to release it. Now, give us a moment, and listen.

I will not answer your questions in the way you asked them. First of all, let us deal with some causes.

You expected too much when you moved here [to their nearby farm]. You expected many things: a complete renewal, a reversal of certain

circumstances in your life; a new relationship with your husband. You over-idealized the situation ahead of time. You thought there was going to be a second honeymoon. You also thought that you would enjoy having your husband around all of the time. Because of previous conflicts that can be resolved, you did not enjoy having him around all of the time as you supposed that you would. There were also conflicts of direction as to who would “rule the roost,” and you resented his “taking over,” or what it seemed to you to be. You were used to managing the home alone. You thought that you would welcome his cooperation and aid, and because, now, of other conflicts with

him, in the past, in this life, instead you resented his help. You wanted to rule as you had in the past. You wanted the home to yourself.

Now, there are two strong aspects in your personality. One having to do with the reason why you entered the service: a desire for order; a desire for excitement, but excitement within an ordered sequence. There is also, in this same respect, an organizational aspect to your personality that is not now being used to advantage, and therefore can have negative consequences. You like to organize things and people. It is in this regard that you found the presence of your husband distracting when the two of

you moved. Do you follow me?

FAITH: Ah, yeah. I thought that he would be home and he'd have more time to farm, and we could work something out, but I was really relieved when he had to go to work at night and I could read and study by myself.

SETH: Now, you were disappointed, then, shortly after you made your move, and you began to retreat. Whether or not you are consciously aware of this, in your earlier life, when you became extremely nervous or upset or had a bad problem, you began to “shut down” stimuli. You did not hear as well. When you wanted to retreat from the world, you shut down your hearing so that you were not distracted. The habit simply

persisted, and you grasped upon it as the situation continued. Now because of some circumstances and conflicts with your husband in this life in the past, you did not want to hear what he had to say. You were finished listening to him; and therefore with him, particularly, you began to have trouble hearing.

I want to tell you what I know about your days, and then I will tell you what you must do to change them. You are beginning to organize your life about your lack of hearing. You are beginning to make it a characteristic. You are beginning to force other people to relate to you in that regard. Now you are getting something out of it, and you must

discover what that something is, and I will help you.

You need, first of all, to develop some of your abilities in a purposeful way. The organizational part of yourself wants you to organize yourself, and so far you have not done this.

You made a remark when you came in here this evening about not being dressed at noon. Now my first piece of homely advice is: You should get up at a decent time and immediately dress, and “dress.” I do not mean a robe. This immediately lifts you for the day. It is a mental “set.”

As far as your fears are concerned, in your periods of depression, you feel that you have not used your abilities in a

“responsible” way. You feel that therefore, you cannot “pat yourself on the back.” You feel to some extent like a hypocrite because in New Jersey, I believe, at least before you moved here, you spoke of your writing but you did not work with it in an organized fashion. You did not direct it. In periods of depression you feel that your life, the main points, have passed, and that you cannot recover. All of these fears work together to cause the present difficulty. Now, there is no one who can change your life for you. But you can change it. And in that lies your hope and your salvation. And so you must begin to do so. You are now organizing your life

about your hearing defect. In the main, you are forcing others, again, to relate to you in that regard. You mention it often. You bring it into the conversation. When I tell you now, “often,” it would not otherwise be noticed, for you also exaggerate the extent of the hearing loss. I am saying you are exaggerating the loss that there is.

There are several things that I will ask you to do. First, however, you must begin to love sound. You must not concentrate thinking, “I cannot hear. What is there to hear? What are they saying? How bad is my hearing today?” You must instead sensually enjoy those sounds that come to you, and even imagine sounds when you are alone.

Now this will automatically set your inner self toward the anticipation of further sound. You must take at least an hour a day during which you do not think of loss of hearing, and I will give you some hints as to how to do this. But you must give yourself some relaxation from the constant concentration upon negative aspects.

FAITH: This doesn't mean a sleeping time?

SETH: It does not.

FAITH: Then you ... then I take it you would not suggest an operation?

SETH: I have not gotten to that part yet. I am simply pointing out certain characteristics. You carry grudges, and

you have carried one, several, concerning your husband for some time. In the meantime, he has changed.

FAITH: I'm realizing that.

SETH: He is trying to get through to you.

FAITH: Yes, I know that.

SETH: Since then, however, you began to "close down" and say, "I will listen no longer." You must learn, therefore, to be more forgiving, both to yourself and others.

You are doing two things with the ears, of course. You are telling yourself that you want to hear. The other part of you is saying, "I do not want to hear! I do not want to hear what you have to say." You are, therefore, sending

contradictory messages. This accounts for the decrease in hearing.

Now, before your husband became more willing to communicate, before he made an effort, you had fallen into your own rut. You did not try to relate to him in any strong manner. You let the relationship stand at a surface level. For a long time this served you both. Then, however, when you moved, a critical situation was set up where you were thrown together. This immediately brought forth the conflicts that had been latent and largely left alone. He tried to relate to you. He did try to make up for lost time, and he began to grow and to understand.

To some extent, this “threatened” you, for you were used to the old relationship. At least you felt safe with it. You had given up expecting anything from him, and you were afraid of being hurt once more. As a result, you began this retreat. The inner problems can be faced and solved. Now, no problem is solved forevermore. Situations are resolved, however, and grow and develop and change, if you allow them to.

Your ears, your hearing, will improve when you realize that the cause is an inner one and when you bring the problem out into the open, and when you use certain techniques that are simply

aids. If you do this, you can improve without an operation.

If you do not do this, you will not improve even if you have the operation. Now, I am not saying that the operation may not help temporarily. But without changing your attitude, it will not help to any degree that will compensate you. But the decision, you see, must be your own.

FAITH: I'll have to decide if I want the operation or not. Is that right?

SETH: You will indeed. I will not tell you. I have told you what I think. The hearing, you see, the state of the hearing, is among other things a symbolic, physical statement of the lack of communication that has existed between you and your husband. Only now it is

you who will not hear. That is not the only cause for the condition, however. The “habit” was set in the past when you “shut out” noise that you did not want to hear. You are in the habit of shutting out sound.

You can even catch yourself, if you are alert enough, doing this. In a conversation—now listen to me—In a conversation that you now decide sounds boring when you enter it, you can catch yourself thinking, “This is boring. I will not bother to listen. It is too much trouble.” Now you think those thoughts come to you because it is so difficult for you to hear. Instead, those thoughts were yours long before the disability showed

itself. You thought that way first, before the condition. And whenever unpleasantness arose, you would make a series of decisions to shut out the sound until these decisions, one upon the other, finally “conditioned” you; you conditioned yourself not to hear. The problem is that after a while, you see, you conditioned yourself so well that you no longer control the process that you began. And only then do you become frightened. Now, you had a question.

FAITH: Do you think that the condition has changed for the better in say, the past couple of weeks, when my husband and I agreed, for instance, not to write checks for cash so that we could control the money? I think this will help me to ...

SETH: The money was also a symbol of communication as far as both of you were concerned. It was not the money, but your ideas about the money. And clashes that resulted.

FAITH: I have a feeling that things have started to change for the better in the last couple of weeks in that regard ... communication.

SETH: Every time you make a sincere effort—the two of you, to communicate—then the situation will begin to improve. You must be willing, however, to accept whatever comes of the communication. The first time it becomes unpleasant, you cannot, therefore, the next time say, “This time I

will not hear.”

FAITH: You have to hear it out.

SETH: Or then, you retreat ...

FAITH: You have to hear it out.

SETH: Now, listen. You are not “hearing me out.” As you behave with me, you behave with your husband and others. You are not listening to me so much as thinking of your next question and what you want to say.

FAITH: Sorry.

SETH: I mention it only to show you how you operate. It is obvious in this situation. It is a characteristic. You are sometimes so impatient to express your own ideas that you do not listen to others. Also, often, you do not care what they think; then, again, you will not

listen. Observe yourself in conversation. I do not mean to watch yourself so closely that you cannot think, but observe your own reactions and your thoughts. Honestly ask yourself in situations, "Do I want to hear? And if I do not, why don't I?" Now, often, you use sound as a barrier. Also, you use monologues, and set up a barrier of sound to protect yourself from other people. And you do not realize that you do this. You erect barriers like walls so that someone wanting to communicate with you cannot get through, cannot find a "hole" in your conversation to reach you. And the more nervous you are, the more frantically you erect this barrier of

sound. You use sound as a barrier, therefore, and when you become doubly threatened, then you do not hear the sounds that come from without; or, when this fails, by refusing—refusing to hear. You must, therefore, ask yourself where this changed attitude toward sound originated, and why you use it in such a way. And I will give you some clues.

You mentioned some yourself. To you, noise, from your early years, was to be avoided. Sound did not convey pleasure. You were not thinking in terms of the communication of pleasure. It became, to you, a method of conveying unpleasant information, and therefore to be shut off whenever possible. You will find that if you begin to cultivate the

pleasure of sound, this will help you.

Begin to play music that you like. Listen to the rain. Do not “just” listen, but allow yourself to be open to the different pattering sounds and sound patterns that the rain makes. Become fascinated with the behavior of sound. Tell yourself that sound is like light, that it is easily available.

Now, some people do not like to look at unpleasant objects or sights, but very few of them would stop using their vision and give up the good sights so that they would not see bad ones. Yet this is what you are doing in your present course ...

Learn to speak easily and gently. You

communicate easily and well in your writing because sound is not involved. The ability to communicate is yours, and you are highly gifted in that regard. You are simply dropping the communication on the sound level. Once you realize this and understand it, you can begin to relax in that regard.

You are denying yourself a certain joy in your own present femininity, and for several reasons. With some purpose, you see to it that you are not as attractive physically as you know you are. You play down your attributes, rather than dress them up. You have been worried about and afraid of the feminine aspects of your personality.

To some extent, you punish your

husband for his past attitudes by not appearing as attractively as you could. You think, "It serves him right! What does he expect?" At the same time, you are afraid that if you do appear as attractively as you can, that you will be hurt again by him, and you are unwilling to take the chance.

You can be a very attractive woman, and you can fix your hair; you can play up your attributes, and you know it. This will automatically, you see, change the situation, for you will not change the physical aspects unless an inner recognition has first led you to do so. You will feel the richer for it, emotionally richer for it, regardless of

your husband's reaction.

I want you to listen to this session well. I suggest, if you can, that you type it up, and also read it. And once a day, for some time.

So far, you are denying a good portion of your hearing because sound can be unpleasant, and carrying this a bit further now, it can also be "bad." You know the three little monkeys who sit, "see no evil" and so forth. Now you have simply hit upon the "hear no evil." You have added to it the fact that you will not indulge yourself in joy, or in joyful pursuits, unless you can rationalize to yourself by saying, "I am doing this for someone else."

You must realize that you are a unique

and a blessed individual, and you must be as kind to yourself, and kinder, even, than you try to be to others. For they also bathe in the joy that you feel. It is most important that you understand this.

Imagine for an experiment, now, a world in which there is no sound. Do not imagine that you are deaf. That is not what I am saying. But imagine that the world itself has no sound for anyone to hear. Do you see the difference?

You are imagining a situation in which there is no sound to be heard; whether or not you have ears, there is no sound. Then, imagine that, suddenly, a raindrop falls and makes a first sound ... the first sound that can ever be heard.

And imagine the impact and the beauty of that sound. Then slowly imagine other sounds appearing in the world, appearing in the same way that a flower might appear, so that sounds begin to be born in the universe. Imagine, then, the joy of hearing that sound in a world that had known none. Whatever sounds, then, that imaginatively come to you, feel the brilliance and miracle of them as they are born out of the silence. And then give thanks for the world of sound, and let yourself revel that you live in this world where sound is a part of your environment and surroundings. In all of this, do not think about your ears, but do the imaginative exercise exactly as I have suggested it. That alone, done once

a day, will help arouse again within you the joy and wonder of that particular sense.

Now you can indeed progress, and you have progressed in many ways since you began Ruburt's class. And so has your husband. It has taken you some time to develop these habits with such persistence. And so you can change them, using that same persistence and determination.

The exercise that I just suggested to you will, if followed, help you open up sufficiently so that energy sent to you can be utilized for that specific difficulty. But while you refused to hear, you would consider energy sent to you

particularly to make you hear also a threat to your survival, and would be determined to block it. You must realize that your survival depends upon enjoying all of your senses fully. Reading the session alone should help you realize that.

FAITH: How long a day, each day, should I practice what you just suggested?

SETH: As long as it is enjoyable. That is, no more than a half-hour, at the most.

FAITH: And an hour of painting every day?

SETH: You should indeed.

FAITH: That'll be a pleasure!

SETH: And enjoy it. And the exercise, do not strain at it. Now, you use your

imagination well. So imagine these new sounds as they would appear, until you are really dazzled.

FAITH: Should I do anything specific too, like, go to the Old Ladies' Home and play the piano for them?

SETH: If you do that, it is fine. But it is not as important as the painting. Doing things for other people is important, but doing things for yourself is imperative. If you are joyful, you will help other people simply by being what you are. If you try to help others and you are despondent, you do not help them. All the suggestions that I gave you, however, follow, including dressing in the morning.

FAITH: What in the morning?

SETH AND ROB: Dressing in the morning.

FAITH: [Laughing:] All right. I'll do that.

SETH: And getting out of the house.

FAITH: Yes. I should get out of the house more.

SETH: Take your paints outside sometime. Think! How precious voices are! In your terms, they speak, and the sounds are gone and never recaptured. And who are you to say, "I will not listen, for this is trivial." These sounds are magic. Be thankful for them. You will never again be the personality that you are at this moment. Whatever self

you will be, in your terms, or you were, each of those selves are unique, as you are unique. When you hear him [Rob] speak, his words are the magical signatures of the psyche, materialized in certain ways within this moment as you understand a time, and precious, and a joy to hear. And so are the words of every man and woman, and the sound of every bird and every raindrop precious beyond recall. So do not close yourselves to those sounds, and be thankful for them.

I am going to close our session. However, I want to tell you, again, that you have progressed. There is no reason why you cannot work things out, and why the relationship between you and

your husband should not continue to improve. You are both doing well.

One small point. You have been punishing yourself quite often in the way in which you approach the medical experience. The idea of an operation, on the one hand, frightens you. On the other hand, you feel it is “just punishment for these ears of mine that will not work.”

I am not telling you not to get treated medically when you believe that you need it. I am telling you that often you use medical treatment as a further punishment of the body. Often you use medical treatment as a reassurance. You are not quite certain, yet, that you form your own reality, and you want to make

certain, in the meantime, that the medical profession can help you out!

FAITH: Yeah, I see. I don't know what to tell my doctor when I think he's going to suggest an operation. Shall I say I'll think about it?

SETH: I would leave it open, and leave yourself open. And try the experiments that I have suggested.

FAITH: Because I only have ten more days till I get the hearing test, and I have a feeling that he'll want this specialist to go in there and work.

SETH: For now, I would forget the deadline. It will only make you nervous. You are not to begin these experiments that I've suggested with the idea that "Well, I must hurry up."

FAITH: Yeah. I just didn't know what to tell the doctor. 'Cause he might want a statement of when I would get an operation, and I don't-I haven't made up my mind if I want one or not, yet.

SETH: I would put it off, then, if you are asking my advice.

FAITH: Yes. Thank you.

SETH: Do not make a decision until you are clearer in your own mind. **FAITH:** Because I want to try to heal it without the operation.

SETH: [Long pause:] I think that you can. The delay, in any case, will not hurt you, in that particular area. And without changing your attitude, the operation will not help. Do you follow me?

Now. Wait for a moment. Wait for a moment. We will have a very brief Sumari healing song. [Sumari came through with a lovely song.]

Faith did not have the operation to relieve the ear infection, although the problem recurred until September, 1979 when a check by an ear specialist revealed that the infection had finally cleared up. However, Faith reports, An audio test found that my hearing loss was the same [forty-five to fifty percent], plus ear nerve deafness is beginning. "Faith decided to start wearing hearing aids in 1973, and now is seriously considering another ear

operation, called a stapedectomy, in which artificial inner ear bones are implanted in place of the calcified ones. Faith notes that the stapedectomy "is to improve hearing, whereas the [previously suggested] operation was to relieve the infection ... you can't have a stapedectomy unless your ears are cleared of infection [as Faith's ears now are]."

Faith and Lawrence are now living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where until recently, Faith was a clerk for the Army Corps of Engineers office there; Lawrence is a Health, Education, and Welfare Department data transcriber. Faith reports "a wide assortment of friends ... [with whom they] do lots of

visiting and communicating back and forth. "She is also taking art classes and recently completed an adult education course on women writers of the twentieth century.

"We've learned there are a great many advantages to living in a fairly large city, "Faith says of her new and busy surroundings. "Some day it might be fun to live [again] in a rural area, but the question is: Under what circumstances?"

The Arts and the Man: Session Given
October 29, 1973

Although George Rhoads has been a multi-talented, “working” artist all his life, career rewards, either financial or of recognition, had always eluded him (see CWS, book I , chapter 5 for beliefs behind George’s particular hassles). By the fall of 1973, when George was forty-seven years old, his relative obscurity and poverty began to bear down hard upon him. His fantasy novel had been rejected several times. His paintings and sculptures were admired by many, but purchased by few. If anything, class belief exercises seemed to serve just to increase his frustrations. On the night before Seth gave him this session, George wrote

this essay:

I have accepted the idea that I create my own reality. I have done my exercises: I have remembered and interpreted my dreams and understood most of them to my satisfaction. There have been revelations and new awakenings of hope and creativity. I have left behind the resignation I had gradually been slipping into.

Now my emotions are more violent. My mood of last night was really desperate. I was angry with frustration to the point of madness. I am at least no longer resigned, but my past is spread before me in

dismal clarity, like the ruins of the garden outside today in the cold rain.

I see a pattern of great expectations, creative endeavor, success in enterprise up to a point, and then a sudden reversal, failure, with a residue of losses and debts. I could give many examples of this—fairly spectacular. For example, I was on TV several times with my kinetic sculpture [including the *Today* and *David Frost* shows]. Millions have seen it and enjoyed it, yet the gallery handling it failed, the owner cheated me, and I was never able to retrieve my losses. The pieces I sold barely covered

living expenses for the time I took to build them.

The request for a painting I mentioned in class turned out to be for a style of painting I am no longer involved in [trompe l'oeil]. I could sell any painting in this style I cared to make, but this is not my best and most creative work. If I continued in that direction, I would be a hack, bored and resigned.

The point is, I have changed my beliefs and yet there is no result. I am broke. When I look back at the hopeful creative times I see that the beliefs were good. If I caused the failure, how did I? I feel forced to

the postulation of Seth's hypothetical demon on the other side of the world working against me. How could I do such terrible things to myself? How could a belief I would fail ever be of any value in any context? These are not good beliefs misapplied. They would not be of value in any situation.

Also, I think it is silly to be a Pollyanna. When a manuscript is rejected; when a sale falls through; when the rent is due and there is no money, how can I suspend belief in this? Yet if I have caused these things, I must be crazy. I have looked inside more, I feel, than

anybody in class, and I have come up with a great deal. But not enough, it seems. What do I have to do?

It comes to this: If I accept responsibility for my life, then failure becomes not just one of those things—bad luck—but a self destructive act, proof that I am crazy or, at best, incapable. I reject this idea, so what is left?

Bafflement.

On the other hand I am convinced everything will work out all right. But in the meantime, what a waste!

George's session was witnessed by Rob and me. I recorded and transcribed the

session so that everybody, Rob included, could feel free to ask questions. We talked about beliefs for about half an hour, then Seth addressed George:

First of all, we will address ourselves to beliefs, and I will ask you to think of some of your own.

Now, you are somewhat in a quandary, and it has to do of course with conflicting beliefs. These beliefs are not in one area alone, for they have roots that involve the under-surface of your life—your ideas about society, money, and sex. I will give you some ideas. I will throw some beliefs at you.

Think of a man who believes thusly:

“The Establishment is not creative. It is mundane, it is boring, and the people in it are boring.” This man sees himself as creative, and he is. If, however, this man obtains a certain amount of money that exists in his own mind—a certain amount, a steady amount, an amount on which he can count—then he sees himself as a member of the Establishment. He must either, therefore, have a great amount of money that puts him far above the Establishment—but it must be erratically received, for if he receives it steadily, it is like a paycheck and it puts him in the category of other males in the Establishment—or he must have hardly any money at all. But he is

terrified of that middle ground.

He is also frightened of what comes too easily, because, you see, according to his beliefs, he must put a great distance between himself and the rest of society or the rest of the Establishment, and he must work hard to do it. In his mind, then, he mistrusts what is easy about his creativity. Actually, however, he is afraid that what is too easy will bring regular money, enough money to continue, so that, according to his value system, he will not have to work harder, and therefore be content and fall, again, back into what he thinks of as the morass of regular money and the Establishment.

At the same time, he does not really believe that art should be exchanged for

money. The money can come, but he does not believe that money should be exchanged for it. He has always expected a great windfall, and again it must be a *great* windfall, or poverty, because in between he feels insecure, and insecure because of other beliefs. For the same reason, this man has had many women [George has been married several times]. He did not want to be a man with one woman and one family, tied down to his family life, and therefore again a member of the unimaginative masses. Here, again, the need for extravagance or nothing. But he is afraid of what he thinks of as the middle ground, and this applies to his art

work.

He attributes creativity, beneath perhaps what he thinks he thinks, to the feminine side of his nature, which he sees as passive, and not aggressive. Therefore, the money should come naturally. He should not need to fight for it. You attribute, in many cases, an exaggerated masculinity to the marketplace, and what you think of as feminine passivity to the creator. There are several layers upon which you operate, and one layer of beliefs involves the feeling that the male is cruel. You are not cruel, but the male is cruel. The marketplace, in your mind, being connected with masculinity, involves you in a situation where that

part of you is cruel to another part. Now, this is a division only in your mind, and one part of you understands that.

There is a great force within yourself that you have not yet directed outward, and you can. You have directed it into your work at times, but you have prevented your work that contains the energy from going outward ...

You are not really sure that you want to affect the world; that it deserves being affected in the way you can affect it; that it is good enough for you to bother; and so you cannot complain when the world realizes you do not think it really deserves help, often. At the same time, of course, you really do want to help it.

The beliefs in all of these areas should be considered by you as they apply separately and as they intermix with each other and with your present situation. [Emphatically:] You do not want to rent an apartment [in the nearby town, as George had thought of doing but didn't, because of a lack of money to pay for phone changes, utility deposits, et cetera]. You do not want to be down in the town with the rest of the people. You do not want to be able to have the money to pay the monthly rent. You want either a lot of money or none, because you are afraid of the townspeople and what they represent to you: the unimaginative Establishment. Examine your beliefs

along those lines, for there is a reason why you have that attitude.

Now, I will let you take a break and I will continue.

We talked about what had been said, particularly the remarks about “unimaginative masses.” I described my own beliefs about this: that the world often seems populated solely by dumb bastards who kill, pollute, and do mindless things to one another. We also discussed a New York gallery that cheated George and stole some of his paintings during a show a few years before. “How can you dispute that kind of thing when it happens?” George said. “I was cheated, and I did all I could do to make the show a success,

but it wasn't. How can you not believe that it happened when I know I didn't want it to happen?"

Now, it is no coincidence that the four of you [Jane, Rob, George, and I] are all involved in creative work and united as friends. Each of you works out not only your own beliefs, but tries out the beliefs of the other. It is no coincidence that age differences are apparent, and those age differences also involve your ideas about art, your work, and the nature of inspiration and Age of Man as well as beliefs concerning creativity and the male and female, your ideas of where creativity fits into the world that you know [George is nineteen years older

than I; Rob is ten years older than Jane]. You each have what you have wanted up to this point, for you create your reality.

When you look down upon large masses of people, when you consider them uncreative, stupid, and boring, unredeemed bastards, they know—it is in your work. Why should they take it when out of your own wisdom and knowledge you create beyond those beliefs?

And [when] you create [in art] the joy and vitality that you also see in others, then they recognize those attitudes and beliefs also, and they react to them, and they will come to you.

You each feel deeply, and you are caught between anger at your race and

love for your race. Even a painting or a sculpture done honestly out of anger can be an excellent creation, and others can recognize its honesty. But if your anger is directed outward against others, they will run. When you want someone to buy your paintings, say, at a gallery, and ahead of time you think that he is not bright enough or intelligent enough to recognize good work when he sees it, that he is a nincompoop, that the ray of creativity will not get to him, then he picks up your personal attitude and reacts against you. If you think that he is going to be dishonest or that he is out to get you, then you bring out those qualities in him that he may not show to

others. You may even encourage tendencies that he has not shown before. If you think in terms of individuals, and approach each individual with the love of your own being, and see them as imperfect beings, trying, as you are, then you allow the other man leeway, and you give yourself leeway for individual reactions.

Art is meant to be a bridge from one world to another; from an unseen world to a seen one, from an unheard world to a heard one. Some work and understanding is needed as far as the viewer is concerned, or the reader, or the hearer. But the artist must understand that he is a bridge, a translation. You translate your inner lives outward. You

Speak for people who cannot speak. You show them the pictures that are yours individually but are an echo of the pictures in their own minds. You must believe in your own abilities, and that those abilities spontaneously and joyfully followed will bring a spark of recognition to others and will, in your terms, bring fulfillment in whatever way you wish: financial fulfillment, fame, or whatever you want. But watch out for your reasons for wanting fame! What do you need to justify by wanting fame? And what are your ideas of age if fame must come at a certain time to justify your being or your art? And you, too [to me].

Ruburt is learning that if you go with your being, spontaneously, you will find fulfillment in all of your ways. You may have to give up some cherished beliefs along the way, but you will be glad to see them vanish! Sometimes you want the new results while holding back a few old beliefs, hopefully thinking, "Perhaps I can have it this way and keep these too." And those are the ones you will have to let go. It must be a new way, and a new reorganization, and you are in the process of achieving it.

Now I return you to yourselves, but you know, or will know, very shortly after hearing this session, what those cherished old beliefs are that you must

let go with the wind.

We talked again about beliefs, and George stated that he could make a lot of money if he painted in the trompe l'oeil style that he keeps getting requests for, but that he doesn't want to do that style any more; it's old hat to him now.

“Look, ” I said, “why do you think you keep getting these requests for a style you say you don't want to do and no requests for what you really want to do, for what you feel is your best work?”

“Well, ” George answered, “maybe it's because I think that people won't understand my good stuff because they're all a bunch of Philistines—”

Here, Seth interrupted:

That is your belief, and I knew if I let you talk long enough, you would come to your own core belief. Read over the sentence that you have just spoken, and its correlations in your life, for that sentence contains the reason for your predicament. You must change the belief if you want to change the reality. But first, you must understand how the belief is governing your actions and the actions of others. Your belief is that people will not understand your best work, or pay you for it. You believe that they will buy inferior work, and when you believe—and this is a loaded sentence—when you believe that you are doing work that is

not your best, then you believe that people will buy it; and they do buy it, and therefore your belief meets physical reality. Whenever you do something that you consider creative and your best, you believe people will not buy it, or they will screw you [half humorously] or they will be out to get you, and that belief also, you meet in your experience. And in each case, your beliefs are responsible. So it is beliefs you must change. And you must look for the reason for the belief, for it did not spring willynilly into your consciousness. It is a result of other beliefs about people in general and the nature of creativity. That is your creative work—to see that belief and the structures behind it that you have

formed.

But again, you voice your own beliefs, and the reasons for your predicament far more eloquently in your own way than I could ever hope to do, and that is what I wanted, what *I* wanted out of you this evening.

We discussed our ideas on beliefs, the Establishment, and the ways we've been trying to sell our work, et cetera. Seth returned, still addressing George:

Now, nothing holds back the sale of your best work. Left alone, your best work will sell beautifully. Saddled with your beliefs, however—the beliefs that you have had—you drown your best work and your own creativity. You do

not attempt your best work because you are afraid it will not be appreciated, and it will not sell, and therefore you cannot afford it. At the same time, you deny yourself your own achievements and you can always tell yourself that you do not produce your best work because it will not be appreciated, and so you have a ready-made excuse not to produce it and you can blame the world. The world is not to blame.

Left alone, your best work will find far better approval than inferior work, or—and again, a loaded sentence—work that you feel is inferior. Now, you are uncomfortable with work that you feel—again, a loaded sentence is in here—is inferior because it seems to you that you

are putting a deception upon the world. People are paying for work that is not your best and yet (ironically) it serves them right on the one hand: it is a good trick, and it gets you some money. And then you feel guilty, as if you are perpetuating a constant crime, and so you will not give them what they want, and will not produce what you want, because you are afraid they will not understand it. And you are afraid that your best work will be rejected and you hide your best work because you are afraid that others would put you down and not understand, or worse, scorn you.

Now, why? And it is for you to discover the reasons for those beliefs

and to see the correlations between your relationships with others and your work, for that last is true. And it will bring you fulfillment and financial rewards if you release it from beliefs. But your work is free, and so are your abilities if you but realize it and let go of those limiting beliefs. Now, hearing the session, search out within yourself the reasons for the beliefs.

[Emphatically:] Now, when we give a session for friends, we give a good session—an extra plus! Which means that the session contains what you need to know, and much of it came, however, also from yourself, as in the beautiful sentence regarding your beliefs about others and your work. If you realize that

you are not deceiving others with your other paintings, your feeling toward those also will be released, and you will realize that those paintings become better; that you do not have to grind out those paintings; that there is a dimension of added creativity already there with which you can endow them.

I bid you a fond good evening, and those beliefs that you have that you don't want, discard. And the ones that you want will rush in to fill the vacuum.

By 1999, among his other successes, George is an internationally known artist, earning regular amounts of money for his paintings and sculpture. For example, he's sold dozens of his

audio-kinetic pieces to shopping malls and other public places in this country and in Europe. He lives in a nice house in a small but cosmopolitan upstate town and also owns a home in South France (purchased from people whose last name was “Fromage”—George’s entity name!). His paintings and sculptures have been featured on national TV and reviewed in print media. As George says, “I am working and living happily in the middle ground. I know what Seth means when he says that the artist is a bridge. ”(See CWS, book 1, chapter 5 for more on George’s beliefs and his efforts to change them.)

Anatomy of a Marriage: Session

Given in April, 1971

In the original edition of Conversations with Seth, I presented the following private Seth session as given in 1975 to a couple I called "Jill and Andy. "In fact, it was given to my husband Ned and me in April of 1971, a few days after we had separated with what you might call considerable acrimony. Though I felt when I wrote Conversations with Seth in 1978 that this session has universal application, Ned's parents and mine were still alive and for this and other privacy reasons, I decided to disguise us. However, the

details are essentially correct: I was writing when I could find the time and fuming about the lack of it when I couldn't; Ned dabbled in painting and yearned for something he couldn't name and often felt morose and directionless. Each of us blamed and felt oppressed by the other. We fought constantly, much of it couched in disagreements about my writing time versus supposed domestic duties. When we moved into my parents' house in the fall of 1970, we quit fighting out loud and fell into a silent mutual seethe. After a few awful months of this, Ned moved out. That next Friday, Jane and Rob (who'd stood up with us at our justice of the peace marriage in early

1969) invited us to come over and try to talk things out, with their help.

The attempt did not go well. Seth entered the conversation late in the evening and Rob took notes. What follows gives me goose bumps and insights in equal measure, even now. And I hope that knowing who this couple really was, as characters in the story of Jane's ESP class, will offer the reader a more immediate connection with Seth's astute examination of our troubles.

Now, good evening.

“Good evening, Seth, ” Rob replied.

This is your old friendly marriage counselor—and you had better listen to

me, both of you ...

First of all, you have both been living in your own isolated universes, and this applies to my friend [me] over here with the bare feet on the couch. Now, you have been projecting your fears about yourself outward, so that all of your husband's remarks were interpreted in that light. This aggravated some of his own original conceptions. Some of your interpretations were legitimate, based upon his attitudes, but many more were the innermost doubts that you have not faced as to who you were, and deep questions involving the nature of your person as it is related to your particular sex in this life.

You were aggressively aware of the

difference between your own attitude and some of society's in that regard, but for the first time in your life you were closely involved with another person, day by day, who to some extent, then, served as a moving picture onto which you projected these fears as to your own worth.

Intellectually, you are certain enough of your worth as a person, but emotionally not nearly as certain as far as other abilities are concerned. You wanted support. You wanted confirmation of your hopes and of your faith in yourself, but because of your fears these clouded the reality that you perceived.

I am saying, then, that some of your interpretations of the relationship were based on what you would call factual reality, but part was also based on your own insecurity.

[Humorously:] I am not done with you yet, but I do not want him to feel left out over here; and while you are recovering I will speak to him; for you [Ned] were also in your own isolated universe, and if hers had fears in it, then yours was a valley of desolation in which your emotions were like unruly animals galloping around in there; and you were so frightened and worried about your own worth that you could not consider hers, and you were so insecure that her

sensed insecurity, when you were aware of it, drove you to anger.

You felt hardly strong enough to handle your own fears and could not bear the thought that she might need your help also. Now even in her position, she made efforts to get across to you, and [to make] bridges that could cross her own fear to you, but you were not able to meet her because you feared the chasm of despair within yourself.

You did not see yourselves as people of integrity coming together in love, but as insecure individuals hoping that love could find the answer to fears that you were not willing to face otherwise.

There were, shall I say, errors on both parts. [To me:] You tried to relate more

strongly. Your fears did not hold you back with the unreasoning strength that his held him back.

Now, I am going to take a break while my friend [Rob] reads back what I have said, and then I will return. There is hope for both of you yet, singly, and/or together. You will have to face yourselves individually no matter what you do, and you will have to do this before you can see each other with any clearness.

Rob read the material aloud as suggested and Seth returned, addressing me:

Now, you have felt for a long time that you were between the devil and the deep

blue sea. That you had a mind and a womb, and that somehow the two did not go together. Regardless of past life influences, which did exist, and granting some other interior reasons, you had children to prove that you were a woman, both to your mother and yourself. Then, you thought, you could be quite free to use your mind and your other abilities, and no one could say a thing because you could always say, "Obviously, I've proven my womanhood, and I'm free to use my mind."

[To Ned:] Now this was a poor enough bargain for her to make, but for you to add to it in her mind, to demand that she prove this womanhood daily

with the dishes or the housework or whatever, was too much for her to bear, and she felt doubly betrayed by you and even by herself.

She showed you early in the game, in unconscious terms, that she could be a woman, with [Sean]. This was to let you know that she was whole and womanly, to settle that question for good. Then you would be free to accept her as a person. When it seemed that you did not do this, she was not willing to make more concessions, for she felt there were no more she could make.

[To me:] Many subsidiary issues fall into place there—the attempt at times to follow along the lines of sports, to

cooperate, to hide the womanly nature of which you are basically ashamed.

Now these attitudes have a false premise, and knowing the premise is false will give you much more freedom. With what you know now you should realize that in each life you have different abilities. You may express yourself through a different sexual nature, and you should realize that both are necessary. The idea against which you rebel is a very temporary social premise that is already beginning to disappear. So you need not fight that battle all of your life.

“I asked for solutions to this in the dream state, and got a lot of World War II stuff. Were those symbols?”

You did have an existence then. You were using the war connection, however, as a symbol for battle between the sexes. Now give me a moment.

[To Ned:] From your own parents you also have some false premises, having to do with sex. You have been twice upset over your own fears because you are a man, and think that a man should be free of them. You also find yourself in the position where you believe you should be the support of your family, and where you know you have both been taking the easy way out, and you hate yourself for it.

You were afraid that you [Ned] could not make it alone, or support your family

if it really came down to it. Part of this is because you think that she will demand the sort of environment from which she came—which, quite secretly, appeals to you immensely, and yet for which on the other hand you have nothing but scorn.

I will take this by gentle steps and let you [Rob] rest the fingers.

A short, mostly silent, break ensued; Seth soon returned, addressing Ned:

Now, many of your own personal problems have to do with two main issues. One is your environment, and the other is your physical experience for the last few years in particular, say, since you went to college. You have not felt that you succeeded at anything. You have

not felt that you manipulated well in physical reality, in the world as it is; and to some extent you hated both the world and yourself for this. So you think that the world does not want you to succeed, and that the world of the Establishment is out to get you. You are afraid that regardless of [Jane and Rob's] opinion, you cannot succeed at all in the world as it is. Part of this is a result of your relationship with your father. When you were very young, he frightened you. You felt him very powerful, aggressive, and unreasonably so in his behavior. It did not seem to you that you could become as strong as you felt him to be then, that whatever you did you would fall short ...

There was a certain quality in him that held a hidden cruelty, of which you were frightened. Emotionally you also went out to your mother, but you felt that she was dependent upon him, and weaker, and so to some extent you were afraid of your own feelings toward her. Your own artistic abilities also brought up problems, since they seemed in your mind, unconsciously, more feminine than masculine.

Your father cut out his own world, you felt, in his house [in a rural area] and in the wilderness, comparatively speaking, but at the same time because you feared him, you did not really feel he wanted you to do the same no matter

what he said—because to prove yourself a better man would automatically destroy him. You have kept yourself from achieving for this reason, and some others.

[To me:] This lack of confidence in himself has been picked up by you, and you accepted it. You should have been able to help fight it—put down here that I smiled, and add—ideally speaking.

Being with your parents brought things to a head, because both of your attitudes were aggravated by the environment; you relating more as a young girl in the family homestead, and he reacting as the stranger who came in the back door.

[To Ned:] Now, you feel your emotions; you seldom reflect upon them.

You know many of your attitudes; you seldom look for the reasons behind the attitudes. You accept your attitudes at their face value. You project your feelings upon the world and take it for granted that the world is what your feelings say it is. You accept your own attitudes toward yourself at their face value. They are attitudes of long standing. They were formed before you had any ability to reflect upon them, and now you have your relative dislike of reading, distrust of verbal expression, for example. You think of yourself as someone who tries to deal directly with the world through experience. You think that reading is second-hand experience.

You *think* you think that.

Now many of these ideas come to you because of your attitude toward your father. You have not examined for five years, personally, your attitude toward yourself. You have simply accepted it as truth.

In your inner journeys you have traveled as far away from yourself as you could get, not as far inward as you could go. To some extent because of this, you distrust your wife when she analyzes emotion or when she says to you, "Why do you feel thus and this way?" You do not want to know a good deal of the time!

Now a session for you earlier would not have had the impact of this one, or I

would have given you such a session. [To both of us:] Now you know I will not say you should do thus and so, but the inner information I am giving you should be added to your knowledge as you assess the situation.

The challenges you both have can indeed be met within the framework of marriage, and can perhaps be best worked out in that fashion. They can also be worked out separately. If you decide to continue, the entire atmosphere must change. She must be encouraged to express her emotions and her abilities. You [Ned] must learn to reflect upon your own emotional states, to ride the emotions like a rider upon a horse rather

than the other way around—and to show gentleness, to reflect more upon your own attitudes. Your image is one that is very weak, and this you must change; for the image, again, is built upon false premises—and I will give each of you more specific particulars whenever you want them.

[Humorously:] Now I am not calling either of you down. I am not exactly giving you a medal, either. You have had quite a bit for one night, but each of you can use these problems creatively, and turn them to your advantage; and this is a learning process in which you are both involved. Do not feel hopeless, and do not feel that you are failures. This is a point of time for you that in other ways

has already passed, that you will look back upon. You are not caught in the moment. Request information, therefore, from your inner selves, and release your perceptions so that you clearly perceive the answers that you receive. You do have the abilities to solve these issues. Remind yourselves therefore of that fact, and do not tell yourselves that your situation in any case is a hopeless one.

Nonetheless, we couldn't work things out and were divorced later that year.

Seth Comments on Love

I'd like to add the following passage from some remarks that Seth made in class in April of 1971, since they are so

eloquently pertinent to the subject of love:

There are human beings on the face of this earth who do not know what love means, or companionship; who do not have parents; who do not have sisters or brothers; who understand an isolation that is bleak and cold even if it is of their own making. Each of you in this room who has the opportunity to share with another, then, know that is grace, and be thankful for that which you experience. And do not underestimate what you have.

There are personalities who have traveled through the centuries, literally, without an understanding; and if this was

their reality and if it was their making, still be glad that it is not yours and accept those relationships that you now have and realize their potential and do not close yourselves off through stupid pride and through barriers of your own making.

Now the atoms and molecules that compose you are glorious, impermanent things, and through the leadership of your consciousness have you led them to consciousness and song, and through you do they experience what you experience. And when each of you come together in a personal relationship, are you then glorifying and adding to the reality of the consciousness that is within those atoms

and molecules. You know each other in each life a brief time. What joy and comfort you can give, then give. What support you can render, render. Do you realize that by doing this, you become more than you think you are?

And I am not speaking to any of you of self-sacrifice, for there is no such thing and there is no such road and I do not advocate it. But if you demand the best that is within you, then you become more than you realize that you are and you must also demand more from the other persons within your relationship ... For the bones that you call your own will lie a long time in the grave. The physical beings of those that you know change even as I speak ... for the moment is

intimate and the voice that speaks beside you in the night, in your terms, will not speak for long. Therefore, comfort it while you can.

Excellence: No Standards but Your Own Seth in Class on December 18, 1973

Priscilla Lantini read a poem she had written about Seth. Seth then joined the conversation to comment:

I have never pretended to be such an awesome thing as a poet or an artist, and so I make no effort to judge your work on its aesthetic values, only on its intent: an intent that sought artistic expression;

an intent that found itself surging for expression beyond what you think of as the commonplace; an intent, therefore, that raised your consciousness upward to seek for other methods of expression; an intent that led you toward an ideal called excellence, not an ideal called perfection, but an intent that led you to express what you felt as well as you could express it.

And so, each of you, in your own way, attempt to live your lives excellently, to rise above levels of yourselves that disappear as you attempt new versions of excellence.

Excellence! There are no standards but your own! You cannot compare yourself against others. For your own

abilities are like no others, and dimensions of your own greatness cannot fit in the standards of others. But you know what excellence means within yourself, and it means truth to the heart of yourself.

There are some things that you know it means. It means not lying. It means not lying to yourself, not being afraid to use your own abilities, not being afraid to be the excellent self that you are. Excellence does not mean false humility. It does not mean inflated, artificial pride that sets you apart from all others, for you cannot set yourselves apart from all others. You are, because of your nature, apart from all others, and everlastingly

unique, while everlastingly a part of all others.

In the terms that you understand, excellence means not lying to yourself. It means, do not shoplift [which a few class members had been joking about]—it is not funny. It means when you steal objects, you steal ideas, and you do not know what belongs to you and what does not. It means you are playing around with other peoples' integrity instead of your own, and you are not willing to stand there and say, "This is mine!"

Excellence means that in your relationships, you face each other honestly, and do not pretend. It means that you do not use excuses. It means that you do not hide your abilities from

yourself. [It] means that you take advantage of your abilities, and do not deny them, and that you expect things of yourself, and do not look to others for their answers; that you do not dribble away your energy.

[To Pat:] It means that you know your own footing and do not lean upon another, and do not accept shifting grounds, but make your own integrity.

[To me:] It means that you accept the responsibility for yourself and that you go your way and use your abilities, trusting that others will do the same.

[To George:] It means that when you have the ability to create, you use those abilities; and do not judge according to

other peoples' concepts of what you create, but according to your own ideas, and the intuitive knowledge of your being, that what you create and what comes from you is good.

[To Eleanor:] It means that you do not allow yourself to be used by others, and then use that as an excuse. You are your own being. Luxuriate in that!

[To Harold:] It means that you do not over-pamper your children; that you allow yourself spontaneity; [To Jerry:] that you find a framework in reality from which you operate, and while “spaced-out” are “spaced-within” also to the physical nature of your being.

[To Mary:] It means that you try to separate your beliefs from the beliefs of

others and of your culture, and that with all your sense of adventureness and humor, you nevertheless question your ideas of what is practical and what is not.

There is greatness in each of you. Do not ever snicker when someone tells you that they want to be great, or you want to be great, and you know what that means, in the terms of your culture. For to be great in those terms is always to go beyond, to challenge even the self that you know, to become familiar with other portions of yourself that you sense, and to manifest them within your own experience NOW.

APPENDIX 4

Comments on the Christ Consciousness

BRIAN KENT is A STAFF SCIENTIST in the Stanford Research Institute of Menlo Park, California. In August of 1977, he visited Jane and Rob to discuss with them some of his latest projects, which included the testing of conscious control of ovulation, technological approaches to earthquake prediction, and development of a self-repairing computer for commercial aircraft. His

group was also doing a study of “psychic” answers to scientific questions—in other words, a study of different individuals who, according to Brian’s own project description, “can enter at will a dissociated mental state, somewhat like hypnosis, from which they answer in detail questions on virtually any topic.” Brian’s research team had been working with a group of ten such individuals, “perhaps half of whom have proven to be quite accurate and versatile,” his report stated.

Spontaneous Session Given August 5, 1977

That Friday night, I joined Jane, Rob,

and Brian for an evening of conversation. Brian had spent the afternoon with Jane and Rob and was talking enthusiastically about Seth's ideas. At one point, Brian raised a question regarding the Christ story as related by Seth in The Seth Material and Seth Speaks. He remarked that Seth's account of the three-person embodiment of the Christ personality and his version of the Crucifixion was a stumbling block for many who have found Seth's philosophy otherwise acceptable and helpful.

At this point, Jane's glasses were whipped off and Seth's voice boomed out unexpectedly, startling Brian into

frantic fumbling with the tape recorder he'd brought along.

Now, Brian Kent. What's in a name? But what Brian Kent is, is not altogether contained by a person called Brian Kent. The greater self that you are is within Brian Kent, but not contained in Brian Kent. Moreover, Christ could not be contained in one historical person either. And without casting any great aspersions against Brian Kent, Christ did have a great historical import!

The person that Napoleon is thought to be had great historical import. The greater Napoleon, having many other abilities, could not be expressed through that one person. No one person can contain [all of his] psychological reality.

[Here, two or three sentences were lost in the noise of adjusting the recorder.]

The great truths of Christianity do not involve murder and sacrifice. The great truths of reality do not include the fact that God sacrificed His only son, either. The Christ story was much more than that. [Another portion was lost here to background noise.]

You can, most comfortably, look at other people's gods and the gods of the past, as you know the past, and smile. You can look at the animal gods; the gods of Olympus; buried and forgotten and forsaken gods whose names exist only in footnotes in history books. And you can smile.

You can look at other people's religions and other people's folktales. But you cannot look at your own god, or gods, in the same manner. For it seems that the folktales involving Christianity are not folktales, but truths, and surely Christ is more real than Zeus! Zeus is a legend! There was no voice that roared like thunder! [Very loud:] There was no Mount Olympus! There were no gods who danced with human maidens on the hillsides! Superstitious nonsense!

Your own stories, however, are "truth." There was a God, invisible, a God the Father, who sent down His only son to be crucified, born of a virgin; a miracle worker who changed history.

For is not your civilization a result of that God's work?

Many civilizations believed that they were born with the birth of gods. This does not mean that beneath those myths there are not truths. This does not mean that there is no meaning to the progression of the gods; there is. They are not apart from your consciousness, but born from it, and yet independent. In one way, the civilization took a great road toward progress when your fine Egyptian said, "There are not many gods, but only One." [Earlier, we had been discussing Egyptian philosophies.] And in another way, [civilization] took a step backward, for your Christian concept of God disinherited the animals,

disinherited the women, disinherited nature. You did not have a united concept in which the frog had a god, or the toad or the snake or the baby or the cat. You had no room for such nonsense.

Now, the old gods, in their way, combined the best and the worst of human qualities, but man could relate to those gods. There were indeed homosexual gods. There were animal gods. There was a great mixture between existences that combined divinity and humanity in every species. And in those terms, each species was divine. Now you have lost that. Christianity could have represented a great progress in a different way, but those aspects were not

stressed. Those aspects fell by the wayside, so to speak.

There is a reality behind the idea of Christ as you know it. But that Christ is not, and never was, any more real than Zeus. And Zeus was, and is, real. And so is Christ.

Ruburt said [all of this] in *Oversoul Seven* and he did not want to hurt people's feelings. So I will say it ... and then I will take the blame!

You do not really understand what I mean when I say that the inner world is the source of the objective one. The churches have believed that if they could prove that the historical Christ was crucified and then raised from the dead, that the religion itself would become

more valid. It would satisfy your love of details! If, however, Christ were one historical person, in the way that you have been taught, his reality would not have been nearly as vast. You do not understand as yet that your creativity and energy and being and reality come from an inner source. When I say, therefore, that the gods, or the divine sources of being, move through your world but do not come from it, I am saying that they are indeed the source of your own reality from which you spring; and therefore, in those terms, they are more fully [dimensional].

In certain terms, Christ was a myth who did not exist in the terms that you

believe. Indeed there was a man called Christ. There were thousands of men called Christ! There were miracle workers all over the place! There were politics involved—and the Romans and the Jews and the Essenes and a thousand different Jewish groups. That part of the world was seething emotionally. They were searching, and from their desire and from the state of their consciousness, then, emerged the story.

There is a Christ consciousness. That consciousness existed before the story. But it has little to do with the tale. And it did not involve a crucifixion. The Jews wanted a man crucified. Certain members of Jewish political groups wanted to see the idea of a Messiah

ended, for all intents and purposes, in those times. Other groups wanted a Messiah to rise from the dead. They wanted a crucifixion and they wanted a martyr—a Jewish martyr.

The great drama that formed the Christian civilization was indeed like the great drama behind the Greek civilization. It was an emotional and spiritual drama that men acted out. It did come from another source, and you may call that source divine, for there is a Super-Nature, as there is a nature. But that Super-Nature works through nature, and forms it.

That is my bit on Christianity for now.

“Thank you, ” Brian said. There was

a short discussion and Seth appeared again:

There is a Christ consciousness, in those terms, that existed first, but the name is meaningless. And when you attach the name to the pseudo-historical fact, then you end up with legends.

Now, legends are all right, and for a while they serve a purpose. But people grow out of their legends, and if they believe that their legends are Truth, there are psychic growing pains indeed! If they realize that their legends are symbols, then they can move more readily.

More discussion, leading into Brian's explanation of the possible use of animals to predict earthquakes, and

whether people should feel the need to run away from earthquakes.

[Very loud:] The animals leave! That sounds like good sense to me! Think about it!

Much laughter. "All right, " Brian agreed.

Amid the mad scramble, you do make your own reality. I admit that this sounds too simple, but you will not be caught in an earthquake if you do not want to be; and no one dies who has not decided to do so. You make your own reality; or you do not. And if you do not, then you are everywhere a victim, and the universe must be an accidental mechanism appearing with no reason. So

that the miraculous picture you have seen of your body came accidentally into creation, and out of some cosmic accident attained its miraculous complexity. And that body was formed so beautifully for no reason except to be a victim.

That is the only other alternative to forming your own reality. You cannot have a universe in between. You have a universe formed with a reason, or a universe formed without a reason. And in a universe of reason, there are no victims. Everything has a reason, or nothing has a reason.

So, choose your side!

APPENDIX 5

On Time in No Time: The Incident of the Train

PERHAPS THE MOST PECULIAR WAKING experience I've ever been involved in happened to my longtime friend Bernice Zale and me in the old Penn Central railway station at Syracuse, New York; we seemed literally to jump the tracks of linear time. I include it here because, for one thing, I've often wondered since that afternoon if all of us are *constantly* leaping the

physically defined boundaries of time without acknowledging that we do. Is time naturally just a product of our individual conscious intentions, flying by or slowing down according to how we choose to make use of it?

From My Notes of the Evening of July 19, 1971

Bernice had been visiting me in Elmira for a week that July of 1971. She'd come from Albany by train to Syracuse, which was about two hours by car from my house. We drove back up to the East Syracuse depot on July 19. Here, I'll quote from my notes, made later that evening:

Bernice and I left for Syracuse at 2 P.M. to be at the station in plenty of time, since her train left at 4:15 P.M. We made good time, got mixed up on the exit once, but when we got in the train station, the clock in the main terminal room said 3:25. That was way too early—we'd made *too* good time. We checked the clock in the ticket office. Sure enough, there it was: 3:25. Also, the schedule on the wall announced that the eastbound train would be thirty minutes late. I looked at the clock again; so did Bernice. It all meant that we had more than an hour to wait.

We sat down in the main room across from the clock. Bernice jokingly

suggested that we “go into alpha and make the clock jump ahead.” We laughed about this and recalled an earlier conversation about “mashing” time up, that the past week seemed smashed between Bernice arriving and Bernice leaving.

Then we got up and walked outside onto the platform. I noticed a large wooden wagon shining in the sun near the right wing of the platform roof. It had wooden and metal trunks on it, and for some reason its presence reminded me of the train stations I’d seen in Europe. The two of us stood on the edge of the platform—no one else was around—and I recalled the train station in Innsbruck, Austria: especially the brilliant blue

skies and looming mountains there. I gazed up the tracks, and briefly, one of those extremely vivid sense-memories came over me—the kind where smells, emotional impressions, even tactile sensations, rush over you—and it seemed that I was reliving Europe; that I was standing once again on that station platform in Innsbruck, where my twenty-year-old self had once stood, trying to sort out a million impressions and ghostly memories that could not rationally exist.

At that moment, Bernice turned to me and said, “You know, I’ve never been to Europe, but now this train station reminds me of Europe.”

I laughed. “Well, that’s funny, because I’ve been standing here imagining that I’m in Europe,” I said. It was the kind of little ESP communication we often experience between us. All of this took no more than ten minutes, if that.

We turned to go back into the station—but we turned to face a crowd. All of the people were now outside on the platform! We walked past them, puzzled. As we got to the door, a uniformed man opened it up for us. “About five minutes now,” he said, speaking directly to me. I had the weird momentary feeling that he was answering a question that I’d posed to him years before.

“Five minutes?” Bernice repeated,

scowling. "Five minutes to what?" I shrugged—another train, most likely. We went into the main terminal room and looked at the clock.

To our complete shock, it was quarter to five!

We stared at the clock, our mouths hanging open, stared at each other, and back at the clock. Numbly, without saying a word, we walked back onto the platform. I noticed then that the shadows from the right wing of the roof now covered the wooden trunk-wagon, which a few minutes before (by *my* reckoning) had been in total sunlight. In that minute, the eastbound train rumbled into view down the tracks.

Everyone picked up their bags and

filed on the train. Bernice and I just stared at each other, unable to articulate what we were feeling. Slowly, she let herself get caught up with the boarding passengers, and disappeared onto the train among them, all the while staring back at me. We didn't even exchange good-byes.

Oddly, I'd recorded a dream on the night before this incident, in which I was supposed to meet a friend in Syracuse at 3:30, but overslept until 5:00. In the dream, the difference in time took on an almost living emphasis. Was this a hint of this weird "lost" hour to come?

The day after this incident was class night, and we spent the better part of the

evening doing some alteration-of-consciousness experiments and a little table-tipping. I'd spent a few minutes describing the incident in the Syracuse train station, and when Seth appeared during a later conversation, I was secretly hoping that I'd have a chance to ask about it.

“Now, I am glad that you have all had such a jolly evening,” Seth began. “In the table’s energy, I hope that you saw a reflection of your own ... Beneath the fun and games, feel your own vitality and get to know it. Enjoy its sensation.”

With that, Seth turned to stare at me. “Let it bring you, as it did this week, to escape from ordinary ideas of time and limitations.”

“Oh, wow,” I responded, “then we *did* jump ahead in time? The train incident was valid?”

“It was indeed,” Seth said, “and it was intended to lift you—as it did you [to another student] in your dreams—from the ordinary world that you know.

[To Marjorie:] “Let it enable you to understand yourself better as you are. Let it show you portions of your own identity as it has with our cousin of Richelieu [Bette] and our secretary over here [Natalie, who was recording the session]. Let it lead into other aspects of consciousness and vitality, as it has with our friend [Helen] over here, and to open doors of feeling as it has with you

[Alison]. [To Janice:] Let it bring families closer together as it has in your case. And let it above all also arouse questions, as it has with you [Arnold] and with you [Joel]. But realize again that this vitality that rings through this voice rings through your own identity: that the power beneath this voice is but a shadow of the vitality that is within each of you.

“Let it then give you confidence in your own identity and in your own reality. Move yourselves, and tables will take care of themselves.”

This was not the only incident of “collapsible” time reported by class members, as I learned after I’d already drafted this appendix. One hot summer

Tuesday night, Matt Adams had agreed to drive Richie Kendall back to New York after class.

“But first,” Matt recalls, “Richie and several others drove off for a dip in Florence MacIntyre’s swimming pool. I was sitting behind the wheel of my car, in the bumpy driveway of Jane and Rob’s apartment building, pointing head out and ready to go, wishing that Richie would get the hell back so I could start the journey home. But if we create our own reality, why couldn’t I create that one? So I idly closed my eyes for a moment and concentrated on choosing the reality in which that station wagon would drive up, with Richie in it. And

when I opened my eyes again, there it was, its side door opening to let out Richie and the others!

“Had I fallen asleep? I’m sure not, because I was particularly keyed up and impatient for the drive home. To my best estimation, my eyes weren’t shut more than fifteen seconds, which hardly allowed Richie enough time to go to Florence’s, take a swim, and be pulling back up on West Water Street.”

APPENDIX 6

Natal Therapy and the Joy of Becoming

BORN IN ESSEN, GERMANY, in 1920, Elizabeth Fehr came to this country fleeing the Nazis. Later, she studied psychiatry on her own and was granted a license to practice psychology. In the 1960s, she established a live-in therapy center in New York City for homosexuals wanting to be “cured” of their gay orientation. Much of Elizabeth’s work at this center involved

her own natal therapy, a framework where patients were supposed to relive their birth experience—from which, Elizabeth believed, adult traumas sprang. Participants would crawl (laboriously!) down a long padded mat, ending the journey by being bathed in a tub of warm water. During this birth re-creation, many of Elizabeth's patients would regress to a psychological babyhood, recall the circumstances of their actual births (with many of these unknown details later confirmed by the patients' mothers), and experience a kind of rebirth, including, for some, a “new” heterosexuality.

By the time she visited Jane's class in February of 1974, Elizabeth's therapy

work had attracted national attention among psychiatrists and psychologists. R. D. Laing and others in the self-awareness movement were observing her techniques and incorporating natal therapy into their own methods. Yet in spite of Elizabeth's achievements, her longtime friend George Rhoads notes that she was "insecure, hyperactive, in a panic about something at all times."

Attending class at George's urging, Elizabeth's explanation of her work inspired one of Seth's most unforgettable deliveries on the nature of physical existence. But pale and exhausted from the effects of a variety of lung ailments, Elizabeth would not live to see her

group project through: three months after this class, she died in her sleep.

Seth in Class on February 26, 1974

Class had been discussing dreams, out-of-bodies, and probabilities, when Elizabeth Fehr explained her natal therapy sessions and how these seemed to give almost instant help to her patients. Warren Atkinson then read from the last part of chapter 10 in The Nature of Personal Reality (which was unpublished at the time of this class). Seth interrupted, speaking primarily to Elizabeth:

Now, excuse me. I have a few remarks to make, and this is the time to

make them, for they are in reference to what you [Warren] have just read [concerning natural therapies and the nature of beliefs].

[To Elizabeth:] My dear friend, you are providing people with a framework in which you tell them that it is all right to feel the feelings that they have. You are dealing, then, with a group of beliefs. The people that come to you believe deeply that the reasons for their difficulties are beyond them, and that they cannot solve them for themselves. They have been stripped of a sense of their own integrity, for they do not believe in their own power.

Now, you provide them with your

birth sequence, with a framework in which they can safely express feelings that they have. They do not feel that it is safe to do so otherwise. But you must also look beyond the beliefs and realize that you are indeed using a framework: a framework that they do indeed need; but then you must go beyond that for yourself, and for others. For you already suspect—and ! I know that you do—the initial belief in guilt that is behind your patients' difficulties. And it is that belief that you must, and will indeed, tackle.

Seth withdrew. Elisabeth started to tell Jane what had been said when Seth suddenly interrupted again:

Elisabeth, you are using a framework of belief, and in a creative manner. Now

understand that I am saying that clearly. Beneath the framework of the belief, however, there is nothing “wrong” with birth. It is a joyful, aggressive experience. People accept the idea that their problems originate from birth because it is a belief system in which you and they agree. You use that belief system, then, and they need that system because they believe in it.

But you, for yourself and for them, must move also beyond it, and through it, where you realize that the idea is not valid in basic terms; that nature comes out of itself with great glory and validity and exuberance; and that that exuberance can be re-created, and is, whether they

know it or not; and that your very therapy is filled with creativity and joy that itself comes from the energy of your own physical birth.

Now, I return you to the class, and to a little bit more at least of the [book] chapter.

An interpretation of Seth's remarks followed. Seth returned to comment:

Now, I enjoy the interpretation. In the vernacular, however, you [Elizabeth] are still hung up on a particular belief, and you do not understand your own magic. Your belief works, my dear lady, because you believe in it so thoroughly. But you are also a highly creative, imaginative person; so do not be hampered by the nature of your own

beliefs, but go beyond them, and then you will find what I know you are after.

But I tell you now, there is nothing destructive in birth. When you have patients, however, who need to hang their guilt on something, and you give them birth to hang their guilt upon, then you can indeed help them, and relieve them, and provide a system for them. But you must, for yourself, feel free of the framework in which you find yourself, and allow your own joyous creativity to go beyond it; and not be so cowed by respectable psychiatrists or psychologists who now say, “Aha, yes, her methods work.” But go beyond, for yourself and your patients, and enjoy

your own creativity.

[To the class:] But here you see someone [Elizabeth] who did indeed dare to take chances on her own beliefs. The only danger is that you [Elizabeth] allow those beliefs to blind you, become limiting, or that you accept the respectability that they can now afford you, and therefore feel too frightened to go beyond [your beliefs], and follow through in your own way.

The conscious mind has been given for a reason, and it holds the answers more clearly than you recognize. You [Elizabeth] have been taught and brainwashed to believe that the ideas are hidden; and so, out of the great compassion of your heart, you find

frameworks through which patients can work, and without humiliation feel the natural feelings of their creaturehood. But *you* do not need the framework, and you can indeed work through it. Use it. Use it, but work beyond it, and in doing so, you will understand your own joy and vitality.

Now, let an old ghost tell you that I have, again, been born in more times and places than Ruburt, at least, would like to admit. And let me tell you that birth is indeed an aggressive act, a joyfully aggressive act, and an intrusion into a new dimension; but it is one filled with the exhilaration of new existence ... And if you are terrified of one birth, then how

can I explain probabilities to you? How am I going to explain to you that you die and are reborn in every instant, and that you form the joyful reality of your own being out of the integrity of your intent, your spirit, and your flesh? The energy of my voice is nothing compared to the squalling exaltation of one child that travels from one dimension to another, and emerges victorious and yelling at the top of its lungs through the multidimensional channels of the womb!

Class started to relate Seth's words to Jane, when he abruptly returned:

Now, excuse me. I have a point I forgot to make.

"You forgot?!" Richie exclaimed.

I forgot! Now my dear friend ... I

never made any pretense at infallibility, and were it not for my quite fallible emotional reality, you would not relate to me at all!

Now, after that preamble: The danger, my dear lady [Elizabeth], is this. If your patients then do believe that birth is an unfortunate and dangerous experience, they will pass that idea on to their children, and it will therefore be perpetuated. You must see to it that that does not happen!

Now, infallible Seth, very fallibly, will return you to your fallible selves—if I have your permission, Dickie.

Class discussed Seth's remarks, and again he returned:

[To Elizabeth:] I do come back, because I want to untangle your own ideas and your own feelings from what you have been taught. Now it is a universal idea on the part of psychiatrists and psychologists that birth is a terrifying experience, but any other human being knows better! You are indeed a creative and an intelligent and a beautiful mind and woman, but you have fallen for precepts that are unfortunate.

Now, listen to me, oh, lovely woman, for the men who threw these precepts upon you never gave birth. They were wrong. They did not give birth. They interpreted their own experience for themselves, but not for humanity. And

those ideas, and any ideas, have validity for individuals, but not generally for masses. Many individuals have had terrifying births. There have been many conditions where the infants have great difficulty being born, but that is not a universal condition—it cannot be generalized on the part of each individual child born.

Birth is itself a joyfully aggressive experience. You have been brainwashed—and you know it. But, even being brainwashed, you have creatively used what you have learned. I merely challenge you to listen to your own experience, and to forget what you have been told.

Already you have initiated new

advances on the basis of precepts that do not hold water! Therefore, when you accept precepts that do hold water, what can you not do? Your own vitality is the only thing that gives success to your therapy. Therefore, be free enough to examine the nature of your beliefs and to accept your own creativity, and throw aside the ancient ideas upon which you have still managed to form creative therapies. Free yourself and your patients and your own creativity and forget the dusty theologies perpetuated upon you in the name of psychology and science. They are as dogmatic as any most fundamental religion against which you would stand and raise your voice in

protest.

Listen to me! Because I recognize your creativity and energy, then realize what I am saying to you! You are cheating them when you give them your energy. You must teach them to feel instead the vast energy that was, in your terms, available to them at the time of their birth. You must allow them to leave you behind, lovely lady, and feel instead the fantastic charge of creative energy that *was* at the birth of the universe, and *is* now, and was at their own birth. You must lead them to feel that virgin—if you will forgive the term—that virgin and initial creative energy that would, then, in your terms, form being into new being in this system of reality.

You must teach them to feel the innate wisdom and knowledge of the fetus that grew without knowing how it grew; the innate wisdom that brought them from a fetus to a fully grown adult; the innate wisdom that allowed them to grow through the nights and the days, and to emerge from a seed into the blossom of adulthood; to sense within themselves that innate wisdom and energy that *was* at their birth, and is now—but they have been taught to forget it.

Put them in touch with the reality of the energy of their birth, and they shall indeed be freed, and they shall be freed to their own unique individuality and strength. That is what you must learn to

do, and in so doing, because of your own beliefs, must you also put yourself in touch with the great joy and vitality of the fetus from which you yourself sprang, and identify with that triumph and that joy, and feel that energy still surging through the cells and atoms and the molecules of your being, leading you on to further creativity and strength and knowledge; and that is the direction that I hope you will follow and the direction that you feel.

After relating Seth's words to Jane, Warren continued to read chapter 11 from the Nature of Personal Reality manuscript. Seth again interrupted, turning to Elizabeth:

Now, excuse me, and again, a P.S. to

[my] last sentence. What is ignored in birth therapy is the sense of power on the part of the fetus that emerges into a new dimension of reality; that kicks and cries and though puny in physical terms, manages to travel through unknown dimensions into physical reality, and triumphs.

The birth experience is indeed an experience of power, and not of powerlessness. It is the emergence of consciousness into new, inviolate form. Only because you have been taught that a physical life is a time of trial and disaster and guilt does the framework that you are using work—and it does work. I am not denying the validity of the

results, you see. If you were not so creative, you could be quite content with that framework, and you could indeed continue to do [your patients] good. But you are creative, and so you must not allow the framework to entrap you. You must rise beyond it, and become in touch with, at that moment of birth, the feeling of joyful aggression and great triumph with which the fetus so joyfully finds himself in the reality for which he was meant.

Through what dimensions of un-being, in your terms, has that fetus swum? Through what realities has he struggled to emerge, finally, victoriously, in your time and place, through the unique validity of the womb?

Then, let your patients feel that triumph, and through the birth experience, feel their own joy and uniqueness, and you will indeed triumph for yourself. And you will lead the field of psychiatry into new understanding, for you will have the credentials that they recognize.

Therefore, be not intimidated by those who know less than you do! Do not allow them to hamper your creativity because they say you are doing well now. Do not be afraid to go beyond that point.

Now, I return you all to your own grown fetuses, and I would like each of you to feel in touch indeed with your

own birth, and realize that that birth was never finished with your physical birth, but is in each moment of your existence always reenacted; and that you have now at your fingertips the same energy and the same joy that once drove you through unknown dimensions into this system of probabilities. You have within you now the same wisdom that grew you from a fetus to [an adult]. Know thyself, and do your selves just honor.

I return you then to the true infallibility, which is the infallibility of your beings; and infallibility of your strength; the infallibility of your inner knowledge. You sit before me, and your energy is unassailable, and it is indeed infallible, and it is your right. Let

yourselves not be robbed of it through beliefs.

Warren continued to read from chapter 11. The sentence he read was, "You can learn more from watching the animals than you can from a guru, or a minister, or from reading my book. "
Seth interrupted:

—or from reading my book, or from listening to me. Therefore, always do I return you to the wisdom and spontaneity of yourself. My voice is a distorted echo of the sound of the leaves at eventime in April. I merely translate their meaning to you. I translate to you the rustling of the cells within your own bodies, to whom you do not listen. Therefore am I at the

service of the universe, and I am a humble servant, translating the nature of the Earth, and your own natures, because you are too hasty to listen.

You look for superior selves. You hope for senior selves, for spirits that know what you do not know, and yet I speak for the humblest cell within your body, to whom you do not listen. If you listened to the smallest leaf that falls upon an autumn walk, then you would know what I am saying; so I speak for the leaves, and the wind, and the cells within your body. I speak for the knowledge that you have! I speak for the strata of your own psyches. *You* are the superior selves toward which you struggle with such great seriousness, and

you cannot understand that it is precisely that seriousness that cuts you off from the intimate knowledge of the playfulness of your own being.

When my voice is needed no longer; when you realize my voice is unnecessary; when you realize that gurus have no truths that the leaves do not possess—then will you accept and experience the spirituality of your creaturehood; will you hear the voices of the godhood through the falling rain; and will you listen to the echoes that speak within the strata of your being and the fossils of your knowledge.

Therefore, though the words, in English, that I speak, even were they

meaningless, so would the very spirituality within yourselves rouse to them and be lifted as the leaves in the autumn wind; and so would you emotionally understand, though the words I spoke were gibberish (as, indeed, in many cases they are, for they are couched along the lines of your own betters—but within those beliefs are the realities of your being!).

[To Ira:] Why do you think that you must go to a guru and be whipped; or that you [Elizabeth] must lead your patients to a disastrous birth encounter in order that joy be encountered; or that any of you must encounter trials before you can become enlightened; or that you [George] must struggle through the

worlds of art to find your being; or that you [a visitor] must come here feeling left out and alone ... And our Lady of Florence also, who must, it seems, for now, be caught in a dilemma of beliefs, daring to believe and yet frightened to believe.

But each of you has, within yourselves, the vitality and the joy that came, in your terms now, consciously knowing—puny—into this world through the womb of a mother. And despite any difficulties that you encountered, [you] grew yourselves like any wise flower into grown adults.

Trust that spontaneous direction. Thank whatever gods you know that

when you were two feet, five inches tall, you did not say, “What guru must I go to, to find out how to grow another inch?” You knew, and that knowing is joyfully within you now, and you do not need an old ghost to tell you. You only think that you do!

My purpose is to remind you of your own being, to put you in touch with what you have been taught to forget. It is, shortly, spring—and stupid flowers will be growing all over the Earth! They do not need to go to gurus or psychiatrists or priests or teachers or me to say, “How will I manage to get one poor, puny leaf out?” And you have within yourselves that same joyful knowledge.

I am simply a touchstone for you, a

point of energy and focus in the universe that reminds you of your own reality. I return you, then, to that vitality, to that wisdom. [To Rudy, who was sitting on the floor by Jane's chair:] I feel your breath against Ruburt's arm, and when you breathe spontaneously, without your conscious calculation, you preserve your life, your being, and your knowledge. Trust the breath of your being.

Shortly after Elizabeth's death in May of that year, George Rhoads asked Seth in class why she had chosen to leave physical reality. Seth answered: "She feared, in the framework in which she was existing, the integrity of her own

being. She felt that what she was, was wrong. In her own way, she was a perfectionist, and she could not bear to be that which was wrong. Neither could she see her way out of her career beliefs.

“She’d received acclaim for ideas that she realized basically were leading her only further into a maelstrom. She felt therefore that it was easier, under those conditions, to leave and to begin again.

“And she is doing all right!”

Notes

CHAPTER 1 Love Thine Ego As Thy Self

1 These effects are discussed in chapter 10 of *The Nature of Personal Reality*.

2 Because I wanted to include this poem here, Jane searched through her poetry books for it, but never found these lines anywhere. “It’s the damndest thing, because these lines sound so familiar,” she said. “The only thing I can think of is that Seth was referring to a Sumari poem that I haven’t written yet—but is *there*, somewhere, in my psyche, ‘waiting’ for

me to get to it ...”

[3](#) As a reminder, “Ruburt” and “Jospeh” are the entity names Seth gave Jane and Rob respectively. See *CWS*, book 1, chapter 7 for further explanation.

CHAPTER 2 Togetherness in Space

1 Would it ever be “practical” to immediately ground all DC-10 airplanes on the basis of one dreamer’s phone call? Yet with different beliefs concerning the nature of the psyche, perhaps the quality of David Booth’s dreams—as well as his own feelings of certainty—would have been recognized, and something more done. As it was, after the Chicago crash an FAA investigation did reveal a structural weakness in the wing engine design and

DC-10s were grounded for general inspection after this air disaster; perhaps Booth's dream contained the intensity of a larger danger.

Another instance of "official" dream recognition occurred two months after the DC-10 crash: a Connecticut woman reported her vision of a Niagara Falls catastrophe. According to news accounts, she saw a dam of rocks above the falls collapse and an onrush of water drown a group of deaf children aboard the *Maid of the Mist* cruise boat. The Army Corps of Engineers made a check of the retaining wall in question, but found nothing wrong. Several hours later, however, a rusty seismic sensor gave a false warning of a rock fracture

on Terrapin Point overlook. That area was closed until further investigation proved that it was a mechanism malfunction and not impending rock slippage.

But what had the woman picked up? Probabilities? A warning that the sensor should be fixed, as the DC-10 design needed fixing? A sense of doom pervading her life, combined with a need for drama and the kind of media exposure that David Booth had briefly attained? Yet again, in this incident, the vision was treated with some respect—in this last case, checked out.

2 In conjunction with the newspaper

accounts of David Booth's experience, George Rhoads sent me the following note: "Reading about the dreams predicting the DC-10 crash of the 25th of May, I recalled a terrible nightmare I had on [May] 15th. I quote it as I wrote it:

"The ruin of a large building. Very high ceilings, roofs full of holes, some huge. Vast scale. At first, all was well. Paul [George's son] took me to a room where there were things he'd had as a child—souvenirs, old things. He told me there were machines huge boilers—at the upper part of the building. I went to see. Great rocking beams and engines hundreds of feet high, in ruins. Boilers extending into the distance, pipes. Then

something fell from a high place—a piece of machinery—and when it fell, it made a shower of sparks and a terrible impact. Then other things fell, and people were being crushed. I ran downstairs. A man was waiting for me, to lead me out. Paul was still in the upper part. Dust and noise and crashing everywhere. I yelled for Paul, so he could find the way, but no answer. I went back, but could not get far because of the dust and noise. People dying. The man was with me, waiting . . .

“I woke from this dream yelling and crying. The deaths—the terror—were quite vivid!”

It's interesting speculation that

George's dream might have been his own personal, internalized foreknowledge of a more public event. Speculation—but nothing specific. An added point to consider, however: One of the 275 people who died in the crash was author Judith Wax, who had published her first book, *Starting in the Middle*, just months before she died. The book deals fairly exclusively with beliefs that see senility, disease, and general decay as “rational” inevitabilities to be contended with by “middle age”—starting in one's early forties! Ms. Wax and George are of a contemporary age; George also counts several well-known writers among his many artist friends. Private fears and

public ones, connected? Again, interesting speculation—“ You create the reality you know, individually, and en masse”—but nothing more.

3 During class years, nearly everyone kept dream records, which we read from almost every week. With the exception of couples, or with those few members who came in social contact during the week, there was little dream comparison between Tuesdays, although if something really exciting happened, students would call up Jane with dream descriptions. But in general, the dreams we read aloud or recounted during class were new to other members.

In the time between the last regular classes and my questionnaire's request for dream records, however, many members lost their notebooks, or (ye gods and little fishes!) threw them away. Some didn't have the considerable time necessary to copy them for me; others didn't answer that part of the questionnaire or didn't remember their dreams in the first place, or (my aching brain!) didn't date their dreams when they occurred. Some, like Betty DiAngelo, Dan Stimmerman, Derek Bartholomew, George Rhoads and others, generously and laboriously copied the dreams I asked for. And of course I had all of my own dream

notebooks, my correlation notes and those made by others; and remarks made by Harold Wiles on the class session copies. Therefore, these dream chapters' histories are made up of that combination of records. It does, of course, leave out many connecting dreams because of simple lack of space. Someday I'd like to see all of class members' dreams made available for study; it would be a fascinating—if unbelievably time consuming—piece of research.

4 “Later,” Matt notes, “Seth said that the dream had been valid (no shit, Sherlock!) and that the communication

had come from a different layer of my mother's personality ..." In fact, Seth made several remarks about Matt's mother during a book dictation session not long after her death:

"In your terms . . . Matt's mother made her decision [to die] approximately three years [before the event]," Seth said. "A large portion of her intent and focus began to be directed elsewhere. In your probability, the official death has just occurred. Three years ago, however, that personality also took another turn, where another decision, to live, was made. In that probability, Matt's parents moved to Florida. A pivotal point came in the parents' relationship with each other. In

your terms, the parents pulled from the past into the present certain elements that had a long time ago united them. That probability, however, is not what is considered the official one.

“Such things are almost impossible to explain. When consciousness splits off from itself, the ‘original’ is not less, but a new synthesis occurs. Such psychological births take place often even in one life, quite escaping your notice. The mother to whom Matt related in usual terms ended this particular Earth experience, and begins another experience with the memories up until the time of death.

“The other portion of that personality

represents points of contact and relationship between the parents which regrouped, and *that* woman will live on into her eighties, dying with her memories of Florida. This of course presupposes Matt's probable father, who also made the Florida trip. Psychological dynamics govern such issues, and emotional forces as they group and regroup. Largely unconsciously, Matt's mother began three years ago in your reality to plan what in your terms will be her future life, and the energy not used here was utilized to form a large overall pattern into which the next-life experiences could flow. It was at that deep level that she contacted Matt in the dream state.

“The self is quite able to keep track of its own journeys into various realities and times, and feels no confusion. All mental or psychological actions occur from your standpoint with a rapidity and native balance that may appear awkward only when you try to define such activity. In those terms, each instant of life seeks completion and fulfillment, when obviously within your time context and limitations this is an impossibility. You only keep track of a small portion of the action, then.

“Probabilities merge and intersect at every point of your lifetime. You have, in one life period, literally thousands of alternate probable life paths *that you*

take, as legitimately as you take the life path that you officially recognize.”

5 Coming “awake” in dreams is an experience that you can train yourself to do by suggesting, simply, that you will do so! Or tell yourself that when you dream of a certain person, place, or thing—say, any time you encounter something inharmonious (such as wallpaper on the walls that you painted over ten years ago)—you’ll become aware that you are dreaming. It’s an indescribably profound experience; for one thing, it establishes a link of *knowing* between your dreaming and waking self and tends to give you a

certain kind of “courage” in dream exploration (and, who knows, maybe in the waking state, too).

[6](#) This might be another early allusion to the counterpart concept (see chapter 6). It also reminds me of my childhood dream discussion groups, which were almost completely comprised of strangers.

[7](#) See *CWS*, book 1, chapter 10.

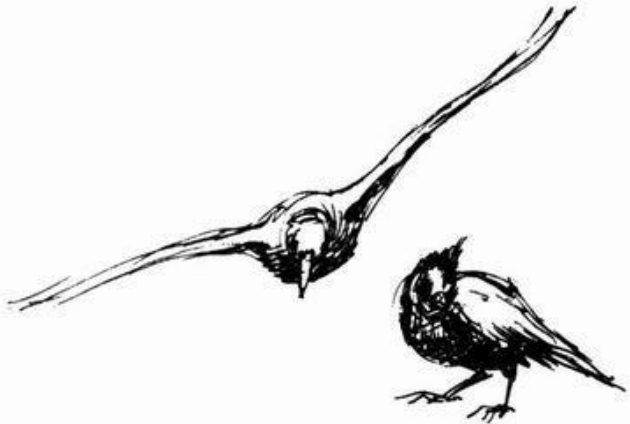
[8](#) In Jane’s novel, *The Education of Oversoul Seven*, the Earthly personalities, or aspects, of the entity

Oversoul Seven unite across time and space in dream “meetings,” or tribunals.

9 According to Matt Adams, Seth was alluding to some strange experiences that Jane, Rob, and Matt had been discussing earlier that day, before class. “During a lunch hour not too long before,” he writes, “I had been walking in a New Jersey park overlooking the Hudson River. With me was a friend named Frank, who was rather more skeptical and orthodox than I was. It was a bright sunny day. We were gazing out through a gap in the trees at the river below when, all at once, a bird glided out of a tree less than thirty feet away, at just about

eye level.

“It was twice the size of a blue jay, with perhaps a two-foot wingspan. Its bill was quite thick, cantaloupe-orange, and blunt at the tip like a puffin’s or flamingo’s. It had a woodpecker-like crest on its head, and its feathers were vivid blue. But strangest of all were the widely separated squarish white spots, nearly an inch across, over its wings and back.



“In sight for perhaps two seconds, the bird swooped silently up into the foliage of another tree and was lost to sight. Frank and I looked at each other and almost in the same breath, asked, ‘Did you see *that?*’ All the way back to the office, we racked our brains, thinking of

every species of bird that could possibly match what we'd seen and uncomfortably concluded that there simply wasn't any! Later, the writer Brad Steiger told me that perhaps I had seen 'the great speckled bird.'

"But while this sighting was still annoyingly fresh in my mind, I related it to Jane and Rob, who said that once a bird that neither of them could identify had gotten into Rob's painting studio. Jane cited the old Irish belief that a bird in a house presages a death in the family, though I don't recall whether their unknown bird foreflew the demise of either of their parents. In any case, the whole question of unlikely *oiseaux* was

definitely in the air that Tuesday night.”

CHAPTER 3 Further Explorations

1 This was several years before Eddie and his wife started the New York City restaurant known as Arnold's Turtle—an interesting connection.

2 A reference to the city, or “Sumari city,” Seth refers to in CWS, book 1, chapter 10; he challenged class members to “build” an inner city, and thus discover the reality of mental events.

CHAPTER 4 Roads Not Taken

1 In chapter 15 of *The Seth Material*, “Probable Selves and Probable Systems of Reality.”

2 See more on Dr. Pietra and Rob, and connections with the counterpart concept, in chapter 6 of this book.

3 As did George Rhoads, also a professional artist and, according to Seth, Rob’s counterpart. See chapter 6

of this book.

[4](#) Chapter 15, *The Seth Material*.

[5](#) *Ibid.*

[6](#) For a note on how we may have tuned in on a probable ESP class during another mobility-of-consciousness experiment, see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 3.

[7](#) Richard Bach, author of the bestselling *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, had visited Jane's class the week before.

[8](#) *The Nature of Personal Reality*, chapter 14.

[9](#) *Ibid.*, chapter 15.

[10](#) *The Seth Material*, chapter 2, “The York Beach Image: ‘Fragment’ Personalities.”

[11](#) *Ibid.*

[12](#) *Ibid.*

[13](#) The idea of fragment personalities

and projections is discussed throughout Seth and Jane's work; in *The Seth Material*, for instance, Seth specifically mentions a "fragment playmate" that Rob materialized as a child; this phenomenon, as Seth puts it, is a common occurrence in childhood years. Many people would be able to think of examples: Betty DiAngelo's little girl by the library steps, for instance, or anyone's "imaginary" playmate.

14 I'd never been to Sayre, Pennsylvania, although Jane and Rob and I once talked about driving through that town to check on the details of this dream. In 1970, at the time of the dream,

I also didn't know that Rob had once been a chain-smoker. By the time we met in 1968, he'd quit.

Jane and Rob moved from Sayre to their Elmira apartment in 1960.

According to them, there is a small central park in Sayre with a tiny open bandstand in the middle—a feature of many small towns. “We used to go there often; it was near where we lived,” Jane says. “There was also a place on a hill outside of town where there was a big old deserted park with picnic tables; we used to go there, too.” Their apartment in Sayre was in an old house on a shaded street of old houses—most of which had barns or large garages behind them. They lived on the second floor and also

used part of the attic for living and storage space. “I think the house next door had a screened-in porch,” Jane recalls, “but our house was green.” There was also a taxi company in Sayre, although the Jane I know never worked there . . .

15 “You contact them [the York Beach couple] in a state which is not waking or dreaming,” Seth told me in class when I asked if that Jane and Rob were dreaming of *me*. “You are familiar, to some degree, with your own states of consciousness, but you do not examine these too closely. You assume you are awake under certain conditions, and you

assume that you are asleep under certain conditions. Now, there is what I can describe as a *mean* of consciousness that is a *constant* between the waking and sleep states. It is yours whether you are awake or asleep, and this is the state you are reaching them in.”

[16](#) Seth first mentioned these EE (electromagnetic energy) units in 1969 and includes information on them in *The Seth Material* and *Seth Speaks*.

According to this material, EE units “exist just below the range of physical matter and accrete in response to emotional intensity,” eventually forming physical matter, as Rob notes throughout

the two volumes of *The “Unknown” Reality*.

[17](#) “Psy Time,” as members of Jane’s class referred to it, is simply a form of meditation or relaxation in which we attempted to remain lucid while falling down through various stages of consciousness. It was often the state that induced out-of-body projections, clairvoyant experiences, and the like. See appendix 2 for Theodore Muldoon’s notes on the “Great Hall,” a series of inner journeys taken largely during Psy Time.

[18](#) An example of a “probable historical” earth-person, according to Seth, would be the image of my grandfather that I used to see during my early teen years. See *CWS*, book 1, chapter 6.

[19](#) Seth explores in great detail the relationship, or more accurately, the lack of divisions, among probable selves, reincarnational selves, and counterparts, in both volumes of *The “Unknown” Reality*.

CHAPTER 5 Them As Us

1 For a complete description of Martin Crocker, see chapter 3 of *Adventures in Consciousness*, “A Spirit Guide is a Spirit Guide is a ... ?”

2 This claim was never checked out, however.

3 Nearly two years later, in January of 1973, Seth responded to a remark of Ira’s about Hitler’s beliefs by saying, “Now any time that you commit a

violence, or accept a violence, in what you think of as the defense of good, you are doing what was done in that time [World War II], and bear that in your heart. The end does not justify the means in your reality. And, when you are teaching others, hold that in your heart. It is your one and only defense against what happened in Hitler's time, and that answer is within you. And, what is more, you know it!"

4 G. J. Gurdjieff was born in Russia in 1878 and died sixty-nine years later in the United States. Considered a mystic by his followers, Gurdjieff's basic philosophy was centered around "The

Work,” particularly as the means to knowing the Self: that self-knowledge required, and indeed was the fountain of, work. According to Eugene Nyland, Gurdjieff also taught that most of humanity was in a state of half-sleep, and that only this self-work would awaken mankind to its own Existence.

5 Now known as Arnold’s Turtle, located in Greenwich Village in New York City.

CHAPTER 6 Who Else Do You Think You Are?

1 For more details of these other-life recollections of Rob's, see volume 2 of *The "Unknown" Reality*, with exact page references noted in the book's index.

2 From session 721 of *The "Unknown" Reality*.

3 George has experienced other waking "memories" of death. One was a vision

of a child trampled by cattle in a Middle East country—"Absolutely real," George shuddered. Another scene was of a strange aircraft crashing into a mountainside. George said that he first tuned in on this particular vision while riding his bicycle as a young teenager. The details of the aircraft, its unfamiliar shape, its panels of indecipherable dials and controls, and its vivid destruction, were so immediate that he ran his bike into a streetlight. "This was not a memory of 'somebody dying,' " George said. "This was me, and I definitely felt it." In 1974 he asked Seth if this aircraft scene involved a future life. Seth's answer was that George had instead tuned in on a probable life, "but that

essentially, you will learn that there is no difference.” Once again, I connect this vision of George’s with my own UFO sighting (described in *CWS*, book 1, chapter 6) and Seth’s explanation of this type of perception.

[4](#) In appendix 22 for session 724, Rob describes this Roman-on-the-wall perception in detail, and speculates on the various Roman sieges and military maneuvers of that time.

[5](#) See volume 2 of *The “Unknown” Reality*. Besides being a contractor, Fred also raises sheep on his farm. One

spring day, he brought a newborn lamb to Jane and Rob's house, where the three of them watched it play on the living-room rug. Such is Fred's wonder and joy in his animals.

6 See *The "Unknown" Reality*, session 732, plus Rob's notes on this session, for more details on class counterparts.

7 In *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

8 See volume 1 of *The "Unknown" Reality* for more information on double dreams and their meaning. According to

Seth, such dreams can involve certain kinds of messages from the entity, or whole self, to the individual personality. I've had many double dreams, and outside of Jane's class I've met several other people who tell me they've also had them. Interestingly, I had a series of vivid double dreams involving Joel Hess during the time he attended class in 1971; Joel was the third recipient of the trilogy in my dream referred to in this chapter.

[9](#) See chapter 15 of *The Seth Material* for Seth's discourse on Dr. Pietra, one of Rob's probable selves, who was attempting to communicate with other

systems of reality—including Rob's.

CHAPTER 7 If It Isn't Fun, Stop Doing It!

1 Unquestionably a profound and moving answer to Richie's question, but still, I have to admit that my reaction is the same now as it was then, which is, "Ha! Right, Seth! You try it!"

2 According to passages in *Seth Speaks* (and within the story of *Oversoul Seven*), the Speakers are teachers, both physical and nonphysical, who have helped humankind throughout the centuries, especially in remembering the

“inner realizations that would take [Mankind] both within and without the physical world that he knew.” Speakers also communicate on other than physical levels, according to Seth, with “much of the most pertinent information . . . memorized by trainees during the dream condition, and passed on in the same manner . . . Some Speakers confine their abilities to the dream state, and, waking, are largely unconscious of their own abilities or experience” (*Seth Speaks*, session 569).

3 Of Bobby’s description of her remark, Jane says, “I know there must have been more to what Bobby said to me that

night. I just wouldn't have been that emphatic with the little bit leading up to it that he recalled. But the *way* he recalled it is what has meaning for him, and that's what's important." Bobby, a.k.a. Robert Axelrod, a budding actor, later moved to the West Coast and has appeared in numerous films, including Charles Bronson dramas and the new version of *The Blob*.

4 This was a hilarious one-time "demonstration" of Seth's "telephone manners." Suddenly, Seth was roaring with his usual gusto into the receiver, waving Jane's glasses in the air in time to the rhythm of his words, and pacing

back and forth between the living room and kitchen on the very end of the stretched-out phone cord. (“Does Seth speak for Bell?” someone quipped during this double-long-distance call.)

5 Seth mentioned several times in class that Bernice had been involved in class dream activity before her first visit there, even though she wasn’t a regular member. (Bernice was one of the few people I knew, before Jane’s class, who habitually recorded her dreams.) Once in March of 1972, Seth mentioned in class that Esther, an occasional visitor from Rochester, New York, was particularly connected in the dream state

with Bernice and me—in healing endeavors. On impulse, I asked Esther after this class for some details on where she lived in Rochester and discovered that she knew Louise H., another Rochester native, who'd lived in the same Syracuse University dormitory with Bernice and me. Louise also remembered (and occasionally wrote down) her dreams, and we'd all spent many hours discussing “psychic” experiences.

On top of this, a few nights before this class, I'd had an extremely vivid dream about Louise, in which I was “told” to write her a letter at her old Rochester address (which I'd once known but had consciously forgotten), an address, I

discovered in class, that was but doors away from Esther's house! Although we hadn't corresponded since college days, I wrote a letter to Louise the next day, using the address suggested in my dream (which omitted only the zip code) and was doubly surprised when I received an answer from her a week or so later, since in her letter, Louise told me that she'd recently read *The Seth Material* and had seen my name there, much to *her* complete surprise . . . (Her father had forwarded my letter to her residence in Maine.) It's also interesting to note Seth's remark about Bernice's involvement in healing dreams in connection with this coincidence

between Louise and Esther: Louise had been diabetic since childhood, and throughout our college days, much to our concern, she struggled with numerous physical difficulties related to the disease . . .

For another class-related incident involving Bernice and me, see appendix 5.

[6](#) Marguerite, or Margaret, de Valois, also known as Queen Margot, was born in 1553, the daughter of Henry II of France and his queen, Catherine de Médicis. In 1572, she married Henry of Navarre, who in 1589 became King Henry IV of France. The 1958 edition of

Collier's Encyclopedia states that Marguerite was “noted for her beauty, wit, learning, and her elegance of wardrobe,” and that she was involved in “many amorous liaisons” throughout her childless marriage. In 1587, Marguerite was banished from court as a result of her entanglement in political intrigues, and she lived in Auvergne until 1605. Her marriage to Henry of Navarre had been one of policy, however, and after he became King of France, the union was dissolved by Papal edict in 1599. Marguerite lived the rest of her life in luxury in Paris, where her house became a rendezvous for the learned and fashionable of her time. On good terms with her former husband, Marguerite

was unofficially recognized as Queen of the French court until her death in 1615. The best edition of her poems, letters, and memoirs was published in 1842 by E Guessard.

Interestingly, *Collier's* notes, Marguerite was the mistress of Henri de Guise until her marriage to Henry of Navarre—this marriage taking place five days before the infamous St. Bartholomew's Day massacres, a Huguenot slaughter personally supervised by Henri de Guise.

[7](#) Henri de Guise, Duke of Lorraine, was the third Duke of the House of Guise, which rose to great prominence in

sixteenth-century French politics. Born in 1550, Henri is described by the 1958 *Collier's Encyclopedia* as “popular and personable” in his day, champion as he was of the Catholic interests in France. Early in his life, Henri vowed to avenge the murder of his father, Francois de Guise, who had been assassinated by a Huguenot fanatic in 1563. Out of this vow came the St. Bartholomew's massacres and the assassination of Huguenot leader Gaspard de Caligny. Henri also took the lead in organizing the Holy League in his country, which was meant to prevent the spread of Protestantism. A wound received during this time earned Henri the nickname of *le Balafre*, or “scarface.”

History sees Henri de Guise as one of the many politically powerful aristocrats who attempted to place themselves in position to become king of France upon the death of childless Henry III. For this and other reasons (one can speculate on his relationship with Queen Marguerite as being included here), Henri de Guise was assassinated by order of the king in 1588.

8 If one assumes that Seth's information to Richie and Rudy is correct—or, perhaps, that it *became* correct with Richie's "corresponding" enthusiasm for the life of Marguerite de Valois—then the speculations, questions, and parallels

across time become literally endless. For one thing, to my knowledge, only two other people in the context of class were connected by Seth to historically known figures: one Elmira college girl, as mentioned in the *The Seth Material*, described by Seth as a distant cousin of Joan of Arc; and Bette Zahorian, described by Seth many times in class as having been (or as being) “a cousin of [Cardinal] Richelieu.”

Understandably, Rudy’s reaction to the historical data on Henri de Guise was of considerable revulsion. “He was a pretty disgusting dude,” Rudy remarked mournfully in that 1979 un-class. Nevertheless, of all the Boys from New York, it was Richie and Rudy who

hounded, badgered, worried, and fumed over the most casual innuendo of Seth's comments; who argued the most passionately—and usually with each other—over applications and possible misapplications of Seth's ideas in the world. (Once, in fact, Seth interrupted one of their more heated wrangles in class with the observation that the two of them were perpetuating “a religious war” of ideas.) And then, it was Rudy (see *CWS*, book 1, chapter 6) whose beliefs about manhood, power, and “safety” of personal energy led him to walk through a plate-glass window!

However, the real vastness of this kind of “historical” revelation lies—for

me, at least, as I know it does for Richie and Rudy—less in “factual” parallels of personality or circumstance than in wondering: how much of Richie’s “correspondence” with a so-called “past” self sprang fullblown (and with complete validity) into being with the growth of certain characteristics of his own—stimulated, perhaps, by Seth’s class comments in 1972? For that matter, how much of Marguerite’s—and Richie’s—own history sprang anew into being at that point?

And then there are the implications of counterparts, and their “historical” interrelationships. Is there more than one person who “was” Marguerite or Henri? Like your counterparts, then, are your

“reincarnational” selves constantly rising and falling into being in answer to the needs and beliefs of your personality at any particular stage of your life? In other words, was Richie, for example, a twentieth-century version of Marguerite from the moment of his birth as he understands it? Or was Marguerite (and in some fashion, Richie) “born” within the moment of his awareness of her existence?

[9](#) See chapter 9, “The Ape and the Silver Guide,” in *Psychic Politics*. Apes appear in numerous class members’ dreams, too; I recall a vivid one in which a gorilla was squeezing me, vise

like, between its legs, until I nearly suffocated. Suddenly, a friend appeared in the room and said, “That’s just your limiting beliefs you’re seeing!”

Immediately, the gorilla and I were sitting in a restaurant together, eating lunch and talking like old friends.

Similarly, Richie recorded this dream during class years: “Good and evil was a topic Seth often explored, trying to get us out of that framework, and trying to get us to realize our beliefs about these concepts and how they affected our everyday lives and actions,” Richie says. “This particular dream played out my beliefs along these lines simply and dramatically.

“I was in some kind of arena, like

where gladiators fought, but there was no crowd or stands, and the whole arena was dark and foreboding. I was alone.

“All of a sudden, this huge and very strong caveman type (like a gorilla) came at me with a club, and the struggle was on. I was fighting for my life in more ways than one, and the battle seemed literally endless, with my opponent far from weakening. Then all at once I heard this voice in my head and it seemed at the same time I spoke these words, feeling their full emotional impact. The words were: I AM NOT EVIL—and I repeated them out loud in the dream over and over.

“Then what happened was fantastic.

My opponent just put down his club, stepped aside, and these big black iron gates that had enclosed us just opened up, and I calmly walked outside. As I did, the sun rose as brilliant and beautiful as you could ever imagine, and I just took off and *flew* and the feeling of freedom and power and grace was wonderful.”

CHAPTER 8 The Girl on the Old Purple Mountain

1 This is a reference to *The “Unknown” Reality*, but the subject is also explored in Seth’s two later books, *The Nature of the Psyche: Its Human Expression* (chapter 11), and *The Individual and the Nature of Mass Events*.

2 For more on the “safe” universe and suggestions on how to sense yourself within it, see both volumes of *The “Unknown” Reality*, especially volume 2, introduction notes.

3 See *Psychic Politics* for more on personal models and eccentricities.

4 This remark reminds me of the individual Sumari “songs” that were given to some class members, as described in *CWS*, book 1, chapter 7.

5 That night, Rob had suggested to me that I write a book on my own dreams and psychic experiences; he even gave me some examples for chapters that I could include in such a book. I was immediately fascinated with the

suggestion and later wrote some sample chapters, titled “Sideways Lives,” and sent them to my editor. Although other events diverted my interest and I never completed that particular project, the manuscript led to other endeavors, including *Dreaming Myself, Dreaming a Town* (New York: Kendall and Delisle Books, 1989).

6 A reference to a science-fiction novel that Lauren later wrote; at this date it’s unpublished. Lauren, with a co-editor, also put together a collection of pulp fiction cover art, *Pulp Culture: The Art of Fiction Magazines* (Collectors Press), published in 1998 and favorably

reviewed in the *New York Times Book Review*.

CHAPTER 9 Nobody Does It Better

1 A house that Jane and Rob considered buying at one point. See sessions 737, 738, and 739, plus Rob's notes in volume 2 of *The "Unknown" Reality* on Jane and Rob's househunting and the probabilities, symbols, and needs called up by such activities.

2 According to medical knowledge, aspirin can cause severe internal bleeding, as the drug inhibits the body's natural blood-clotting ability.

3 A reference to framework 1 and framework 2, which are discussed in detail in Seth's *The Individual and the Nature of Mass Events* and in Jane Robert's own *The God of Jane: A Psychic Manifesto*.

4 In his *On the Origin of Species*, published in 1859, Charles Darwin (1809- 1882) presented the idea of natural selection. His thinking was also drawn from some of the work done by nineteenth-century English naturalist Alfred Wallace.

[5](#) For more information on Rob's thoughts and research on evolution, plus some of Seth's comments along these lines, see appendix 12 for session 705 in volume 2 of *The "Unknown" Reality*.

[6](#) *Scientific Creationism*, the public school edition, edited by Henry M. Morris, Ph.D. (San Diego, CA: Creation-Life Publishers).

Index

Page numbers appearing in italics indicate illustrations; page numbers followed by “n” indicate endnotes.

accidents

Adams, Matt

Adventures in Consciousness (Roberts)

Agan, Bobby

alpha state

altered perception experiences

Andy

animals, spontaneity of

art, nature of

Arturo

Atkinson, Camille

Atkinson, Warren

Baba, Meher
Bach, Richard
Barber, Gert
Bartholomew, Derek
Beam, Geoffrey
Bega
belief assignments
beliefs
 confidence in
 See also religion
Benson, Sally
Best, Diane
Bible, the
Billy II (cat)
birth therapy

“black sheep,”

Booth, David

“Boys from New York,”

Briggs, Faith

Briggs, Lawrence.

brotherhood of men and women

Bryant, Anita

“Buddha Slumped” (Stimmerman)

Butts, Robert F. (Rob)

altered perception, experiences of
probable, a

York Beach incident and

California

cannibals

cats

“Caught Up With” (Stimmerman)

cause and effect

Chemung River

Chestnut Beads, The (Roberts)

children

“Children of Always” (Roberts)

China, Florence’s counterpart in

Chosen People

Christ

Christmas dreams

civilization, fun and

class, ESP. *See* ESP classes

Collin

comfort blankets

consciousness

continuous

levels of

Conversations with Seth

“Cosmic Comics” (Rhoads)

counterpart library dream

counterparts

creationists

creativity

in dreams

work and play as

creaturehood

Crocker, Martin

crucifixion of a god

Dahl, Lynda
DC-10 crash
DelMarie, Lauren
Demming, Allan
destruction
DiAngelo, Betty
Don (parapsychologist)
dreams
 as being awake
Christmas
class
“reality” of
Seth in
True, from the Gates of Horn
writing down

drugs

Early Sessions, The, (Roberts)

earthquakes

eating

Education of Oversoul Seven, The

(Roberts)

EE unitsn

ego

Ellen

Elmira (New York) flood

emotions

ends and means

energy

entity, two personalities for one

ESP classes
end of
later “informal,”
“milestone,”
nature of
other, held by other people
probable
ESP experiences described
in dreams
“Establishment, the,”
evil
evolution, theory of
excellence

fanatics

Faraday, Ann

Fehr, Elizabeth

Fein, Ben

Feinstein, Eddie

floods in Elmira (New York)

FLOPP (“Floating Power Platform”)

framework

freedom

Freud, Sigmund

“fuck,”

fun versus responsibility

Gary

Gates of Horn. See True Dreams from the

Gellis, Barrie

Gnosticism

God

See also religion

Gould, Stewie

Granger, Bill

Granger, Maggie

Graydon, Zelda

“Great Hall, The” (Muldoon)

Gurdjieff, G. J.

Helen

Helene

Henri de Lorraine. See Lorraine, Henri
de

Hess, Alison

Hess, Joel

Hess, Marsha

Hitler, Adolf

holocaust

homosexuality

See also sexuality

Human Potential Movement

Hurricane Agnes

impulses

“Inbetweens of Time, The” (Kendall)

India

inner self (spontaneous self)

impulses and

inner Sumari city

Janice

Jerry

Jews

as Chosen People

Hitler's murder of

Jill

Johns, Kurt

Jonathan Livingston Seagull (Bach)

Jonestown

“Joyful Rain” (Kendall)

joyousness

of becoming

Juanita.

Kendall, Richie

Kent, Brian

Labadee, Ron

Laing, R. D.

Lantini, Priscilla

Latin language

Levine, Phil

Levine, Renee

library counterpart dream. See

counterpart library dream

Lorraine, Henri de (Duke of Guise)

Lorton, Fred

Lorton, Ralph

love

responsibility and

LSD

Lucifer

MacIntyre, Daniel

MacIntyre, Florence

“man i don’t know, a” (Roberts)

Mankowitz, Joy

Margaret

Marjorie

Marguerite de Valois. *See* Valois,

Marguerite de

marijuana

Martz, Jed

Matthew

Mediumship of Zachary LaRue

(Watkins)

Middle East, the

moral decisions

Mu

Muldoon, Dale

Muldoon, Theodore

nakedness

natal therapy

Nature of Personal Reality, The
(Roberts)

Nebene

Ned

new kind of species

New York Boys. See “Boys from New
York”

newspapers, tragedies in

nightmares

nuclear power plant

Nyland, Eugene

omens

“On Building Fence” (Watkins)

out-of-body experiences

*Oversoul Seven. See The Education of
Oversoul Seven*

Palmer, Don

Palmer, Holly

Pam

Pearson, Arnold

personal advice, Seth gives

Petrosky, Will

peyote

Pine, Charlene

play

possible selves

past reincarnational selves and

precognition in dreams

probable realities

Psy Time

Psychic Politics (Roberts)

racial prejudice

rape

reality

Arturo's rigid structure of

of dreams

probable

as thoughts

reincarnation

possible selves and

religion

Renard, Nadine

"Repetition of Our Constant Creations"

(Gellis)

responsibility

versus fun

Rhine, J. B.

Rhoads, George

Rhoda

Rob. *See* Butts, Robert F.

Roberts, Janen

counterparts of

drawings by

ESP classes of. *See* ESP classes

heavy smoking by

on herself

hits chair with head

poems of

York Beach incident and

Rolfian therapy

Roman soldiers

“Rule #1” (Gellis)

rules

Runyon, Ronald

Ryan, Jill

safe universe

Samantha

Satan

Sawyer, Pete

Sayles, Grant

scientific creationists

Scripps Institute of Oceanography

secret knowledge

Secrets Letters of Court (Valois)

Seth

on accidents

on Anita Bryant

on art

on beliefs

on “black sheep” behavior

on cannibals

on Christ

on creativity

on creaturehood

on destruction

dream hints given by

in dreams

on dreams

on drugs

on each person's choice of framework

on ego

on emotions

on ends and means

on evolution and creationism

on excellence

expectations about

fallibility of
on forbidden words
on freedom
on fun versus responsibility
on good and evil
on Gurdjieff
on impulses
on inner self
inner Sumari city and
on Jonestown
on joyousness
on love
as minor Pope
misuse of words of
on natal therapy
on other ESP classes

on out-of-body states
to parapsychologist
on people who know his ideas but not
his name

personal advice to class members. See
personal advice

on probable reality

on quickening

on rape

on reality

on reincarnation

on religion

on safe universe

on secret knowledge

on spontaneity

on symbolism

on the telephone

on time.

on trusting ones' being

as "un-teacher,"

on violence

on York Beach incident

Seth II

Seth Material The (Roberts)

Seth Speaks (Roberts)

"Sethites,"

Seth Network International

sexuality

Simmonds, Janice.

"Skeleton, The" (Stimmerman)

"Song of Creation" (Sumari)

"Songs of No Contests" (Sumari)

souls

Speakers, the

Speaking of Jane Roberts

(Watkins)

spontaneity

spontaneous self *See* inner self

starvation and belief

Stimmerman. Dan

Storch, Rudy

Strand, Jean.

Strand, Mary

strangers

Sumari

dreams and

inner city

“invisible” songs in

Sumari Jewelry designs

Swing. Natalie

symbolism

Syracuse (New York) train incident

table-tipping
technology, loving
television
thoughts, reality as
time
train incident
trees, cutting down of
True Dreams from the Gates of Horn
(TD/ GH)
“Tudor Song, A” (Stimmerman)

Ulkowski, Stan

universe

safe

self and

“Unknown” Reality, The (Roberts)

Valois, Marguerite de

Van Dyce, Helen

vegetarianism

Vic

violence

Watkins, Ned

Watkins, Sean

Watkins, Sue

as counterpart to Jane Roberts

dreams of

in Jane Roberts's poem

out-of-body experiences of

poems of

probable

short story of

train incident and

Wiles, Harold

Willis, Ira

Willy (cat)

York Beach incident

Zahorian, Bette

Zale, Bernice

Zeus

About the Author

Susan M. Watkins is a former newspaper reporter, feature writer, and columnist, and the author of five books, including *Speaking of Jane Roberts and What a Coincidence!* She lives in upstate New York.