



GEORGE DELMERROO

SETH SPOKE

Part Two: There Is Another River

By James Poett

The search for Seth continues. Our path thus far has taken us to the town of Elmira, New York, in which lives Jane Roberts, through whom lives Seth. And just who is Seth?

At the very least he is the reason for this search. On a somewhat loftier plane, he is a spirit who speaks through a tranced-out Jane Roberts—a power defined by words. And, on a more concrete level, he is the most famous—or, more accurately, most popular—spirit ever. For his teachings, transmitted through Jane and recorded by her husband, Rob, have formed the basis of six books—one of which has sold 600,000 copies.

Seth's message—at its most basic, that we create our own reality—has determined this path of ours. For if we accept his word, does it not follow that a resolute search for this spirit must by its nature lead us to him, that in looking for a particular reality we need only the ability to imagine it to make it real? The mind thus possessed, the feet will do the walking.

So it is in like frame of mind we find the author of this article on the bank of the Chemung River. He is here because it is there. Because Seth is here. With a little luck he will throw himself.

And so it is we pick up the pieces of Jane Roberts's exploded universe—the gradual emergence of a spirit whose identity grows through the years until it becomes more reality than spirit—and try to put it back together again. Seth and Jane and Rob, or, as Seth calls them, Ruburt and Joseph. Seth and Jane and Rob and Ruburt and Joseph. One happy family.

Once the universe broke open for Jane her troubles did not end. For the first few years she was haunted by doubts. She spent a year testing what psychic powers she had with a

well-known researcher from a college upstate. Every Monday and Wednesday at 10 o'clock she was supposed to tune in on Dr. Estabrooks. When they talked she wanted to know how things were going. He wouldn't tell her. Just keep it up, he said. For a year she kept it up and then quit.

He died a few years later. His papers were sent to the archives of Colgate University. The archivist there speaks as if he lived off dust. "Burned," he said. "Dr. Estabrooks burned all his papers before he died." "Why would he want to do something like that?" I said. "What is it that you're interested in?" "He did some research with a psychic named Jane Roberts." "We've nothing like that," he said, "just a few monographs. Nothing of any interest." While they had been doing the testing, Estabrooks had invited Jane and Rob up to a conference on parapsychology at Oswego State. Rob had talked to one of the psychologists at the conference about Jane and Seth. The psychologist became unglued. He started yelling at Rob that his wife was a psychotic with obvious schizoid tendencies who was trying to dominate him with this Seth character. Estabrooks told them to ignore him. But Jane got so upset Rob had to drive her around all night with the car windows open, until she could calm down.

Whether it was the wind or just her general orneriness that prevailed she began to distance herself from the explanations given to her about her work and listen more to Seth. Seth's contention was that Ruburt was a "great receiver of energy. He attracts it, and it must therefore go through him. He is himself. He cannot turn himself or his abilities off. He is a great mystic. That is reflected through his poetry as well as our specific work."

Seth has explained that his own psychological awareness bridges worlds both that we are aware of and worlds that "escape our notice." This idea gives me no real problem. How much can any of us know? The earth could be eaten hollow to within a few inches beneath this river here. Some nameless maggot, at this moment gnawing away the last few millimeters of structure before we all go through the roof in one great cloudy chorus of disbelief. Zap. Instant blackness. Or some wandering dust bowl of singularity might stumble upon this hapless planet and, without so much as a whimper, reduce everything we know to a timeless speck on that maggot's eye. Jane calls it a bleed-through when she senses Seth or something he's saying but is still herself and not in trance—a wonderful descriptive term, like blood on a membrane between this world and—others.

Dark thoughts, really, going through my mind by the island there, when, from upstream, I heard voices. A canoe was coming around a bend. It only takes a moment or two before it becomes obvious that the three canoers are rather drunk. There's also an Irish setter sitting in the middle of the canoe, watching things pass by. One of the canoers cups his hands together and yells: "Do you want a beer?" He holds up a can and points to it as they float by, a good 30 yards off.

Over and over in the books, Seth returns to the idea that we create our own reality. Nothing metaphoric about it. Constantly, every moment, we create the world around us. Back in the beginning, when Rob's back had been caving in on him, he and Jane had taken a vacation to Maine. One evening, they went to dinner and saw an old couple, haggard and fighting. They recognized themselves as they might become in 20 or 30 years. A common

enough occurrence perhaps, but when Seth came through he talked about that experience and explained that the old couple had not in fact existed at all—at least not the way we usually like to think that people exist out there. Jane and Rob had pulled the couple out of the future or a possible future and for a few moments dropped them into their own present. This sort of thing happens more often than we like to think. When Seth spoke through Jane the first time, this was what he was talking about. It was not impossible then . . . I mean it's not that I actually believed that these canoers were figments of my imagination. Not really. But the idea of trying to ferret out a spirit can wear on your nerves. I mean, supposing this guy did know past and future—a claim he's not really made. Still, it's not impossible that these canoers might inadvertently slip some clue. There was no one else in sight on the river and I knew enough about psychic events to know that, well, there's no way to get around it. Strange things happen.

The canoers had almost made it to shore when the Irish setter jumps out of the boat and runs down stream. The dog is followed by the thinnest of the three who splashes ashore calling "Lady" pleadingly and runs after her. As the canoe scrapes up against the bank, a big bearish fellow with a thick mustache and blue lucite eyes pulls out the ice chest.

"What kind do you want? We got Genny and Bud."

"Genny's fine."

Calls for Lady drifted from downstream. "I'm J.J.," he said and handed me a beer. "We're out of Genoese. This is Billy," he nodded to the third member of the crew, who

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AMPLIFIED PARKING

Continued from preceding page

was sunburned on the bald spot of his head and pulling the canoe ashore, quite stoned. "And Paul's after the dog. She pretty isn't she? Just had a litter. We found her upstream, but we couldn't find the puppies anywhere." Billy came over and we shook hands. "Paul's in love with the dog." The dog had stopped a ways downstream and watched as Paul trudged after her. This didn't exactly look like the break I'd been waiting for, but it was a cool beer on a hot day. J.J. told Billy that what he thought he needed was another joint. So, while Billy went back to the canoe, J.J. and I talked about the weather. When that wore thin he picked up the book and said, "What's this about?"

I asked him if he'd heard of Jane Roberts. He said no. I said she was a local woman who'd written some books. That was one of them. Actually, though, it wasn't she who had written the books so much as a spirit who spoke through her. She would go into a trance and dictate the books to her husband. J.J. nodded, so I went on to say that there was a whole history of this sort of thing in upstate New York and that over the past 200 years or so the hills around here have been a regular Bermuda triangle in reverse and that spirits seem to keep popping through. I explained that Seth, which was the name of this spirit, claimed to have come from another reality. He and Ruburt, which is what he called Jane, and Joseph, which is what he called her husband, had spent time together in some past lives and were connected in other ways that I didn't quite grasp. I did think though that much of what Seth talked about represented a kind of resurgence of magic and that Seth's major premise, which was that you create your own reality, was related to that resurgence. Something along these lines. Billy kept looking up from the canoe. I thought maybe I was in luck and that he knew Jane.

"What was that you were talking about?" he said when he got back from the canoe.

"Someone in town," J.J. said, "speaks to spirits."

Billy nodded.

"A woman named Jane Roberts," I said, "Do you know her?"

Billy shook his head. "You're not from around here?" he asked.

I told him that I lived in the city and he asked if I was up here then to see this woman. I said, yeah, sort of, that I was writing a story about her. J.J., who was thumbing through 'Unknown' Reality, added that she wrote books. I said, yeah, she writes books. This guy Seth speaks through her. She's a medium. Some people think one of the best ones alive. Billy wanted to know again if she lived in town and I said, yeah, and then when was I going to see her and I told him that that was the problem since I didn't know where she lived. J.J. asked Billy for some matches. And I told Billy that my idea had been to sort of sniff him, Seth, out myself. See what sort of psychic abilities I might have. It seemed to follow from everything he wrote that if I simply believed I could find them then I should be able to. That his theories were something like positive thinking but carried to an extreme.

"Who are you looking for?" Paul said coming up from behind. What Paul looked like was like what he needed was another shot of Thorazine. He had the dog with him but let go of her to take a hit. She was off and up over the embankment. "Lady," Paul yelled.

"Is he on something?" I asked.

"Who Paul? No that's just Paul. He's in love with the dog." As if that were supposed to explain everything as he ran up over the embankment, shouting, "Lady" again. It was totally possible that all this had a meaning I was missing. Seth is a great focuser on the present. Probabilities intersect and diverge. Continually, the world is being created before us.

Paul reappeared with the dog beside him on the bank. "You got to come up and see this," he said.

"What?" Somebody asked.

"You got to see this," he said.

"You think I'm crazy. You think I'm go-

ing to climb all the way up there?" Somebody said.

Billy eventually climbed up and after looking around asked what it was he was supposed to see. Paul opened his arms up expansively towards the woods.

"Oh, it's just these fucking trees." Billy shouted down.

"It's beautiful," Paul said.

I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but there was something odd about all this, because the thing that happens to you when you begin to look for a hidden meaning in everything is that you find a hidden meaning in everything. You look at things the way a high schooler approaches a poem. Perhaps there was, in fact, high significance in all this. And after another beer it seemed significant certainly to carry things to their logical conclusion. So I was to continue down the river with them in the canoe. Think, after all, of the symbolisms deep in the soul of a river. I even got out my notebook and started taking notes as the four of us plus one dog called Lady got back into the canoe and started downstream. As fate would have it though—or, in fairness, perhaps it was Seth—the trip did not last too far. After no more than a few hundred yards the dog had had enough and in jumping overboard so upset the balance of everyone else that the canoe went over in the opposite direction. It would seem that this was not the proper method by which to find a spirit, but then, as Seth explained to me later, and I think with no pun intended:

"I know that people do not like dry trea-



tises," he said. "They want examples and they want to know when, where, and how, if not the first paragraph—at least somewhere along the line. So we need some excellent examples and certainly we need real people. And people you can believe in. You can come and rap on their door. You can have coffee with them and a social encounter. So we do not use paper dolls. Ruburt is no paper doll, nor my friend over here," he said nodding to Rob, "and we even have a real live pussycat. So we do not have Barbie dolls and so the philosophy is applied to life as it must be." Jane hesitated for a moment in her trance. I had my hand in the air, not quite knowing how to get the attention of a spirit.

"Can I ask a question?"

"Now I," Seth said, "am interviewing you, but you may ask a question."

"When you are, you are, dealing with Ruburt and Joseph not as paper dolls but as real people. Um. How do you see them as real people, I mean how do you perceive Ruburt and Joseph? Do you perceive them through your own consciousness or do you perceive them through Ruburt? . . ."

"First of all. How do you perceive Ruburt and Joseph?"

"Through my own consciousness."

"Through your own consciousness. Correct. Not necessarily through your own sense perception. But, first of all, and primarily, through your own consciousness. Then you use your sense perception to perceive them. And to perceive what you can of me."

"Right," I said.

"Now my reality is not the physical one. I tune in on our friends like you might turn the dial of a television set. I tune into their time and their place and the people they believe themselves to be in that time and in that place. Now, in their time and in their place they are the selves that you see here, and so

are you. In a larger reality, however, they are all the selves they have been and all the times that they know or will know, and so are you."

"And you."

"And myself, but my point of reference is outside of time. Pick up a book. Any book. All right," Seth said, as I held up my notebook, "That book is a book of time, and it has many pages, and pretend that the pages are centuries and I am outside of the book, but I have been in it and now I am outside of it, and to find my dear friends Ruburt and Joseph I pick up the book and turn to page 1978 and there find them and they are alive, in your terms and themselves. But, as I have said, I had another question—"Because I am doing the interviewing—you are as dead in your terms as you are alive. You are as dead now as you will ever be. Any of you. And as alive. You only focus in at your own consciousness at a certain moment. And then you say, 'Aha, here I am.' And it is such and such a time. My friend thinks it is such and such a time and you are here yet you are here at other times as well, for time does not exist as you think it does. So, when I come here I open the book of time. Now I will let you think about it for a moment. You will have a better question. I do not have an editor."

And with that ambiguous comment the book of time slammed shut.

"What's this," Jane said as she came out of her trance. She knew vaguely what Seth had been talking about. She slips easily in and out of trances—there is no shaking or theatrics.

'How do you perceive Ruburt and Joseph?'

'Through my own consciousness?'

'Through your own consciousness.'

'Correct.'

She just takes off her glasses and Seth is talking to you. Somewhat disconcerting.

Until a few years ago, Jane had taught a class in ESP in her home on Thursday nights. Some of the students had made tapes of the classes. Seth would lecture and answer questions; there would be discussion; Jane would talk. Copies and re-copies of those class tapes have been made and spread across the country, some supposedly being sold for as much as \$200 or \$250. Most of the tapes Jane has never even heard, but they often form the backbone of what are called Seth classes. The one in New York meets every Wednesday evening in SoHo. The two guys, Larry and Rick, who organized it had been in Jane's class in the early '70s. At the first meeting they stipulated that class members couldn't make recordings of the tapes they were going to play or keep the transcripts of it that they handed out to make the tape intelligible—something about copyright laws. In the original class a man named Hugh who manages a shopping center in Elmira made transcripts of each class and gave them away at the next session for 25 cents. Rick and Larry charge \$5 a piece to the 25 or so people who show up to hear the tapes and participate in the discussion and watch Rick speculate on Seth's meaning as he and Larry sip from their bottles of Heineken.

In Elmira, Hugh talked about Jane with affection. He felt that his relationship with Seth had changed his life profoundly. The woman who managed the bookstore a few doors down said that people in town were not very interested in the occult stuff. "Our gardening section is this big," she said holding her hands apart about three feet. "We've only got this much occult," and she moved her hands to within six inches of each other.

She said that Hugh would come over every once in a while and talk about the books, but

she wasn't very interested. She said she belonged to the generation that had seen it all done in the movies, that knew the tricks. Hugh had told her that Jane wasn't smart enough to come up with the things Seth talked about. Even so, she wasn't convinced.

There were some skeptics in that original class—a pharmacist in his fifties who owned his own drugstore in a town outside of Elmira. He and his store looked like something out of a Norman Rockwell painting. He said he had noticed that Jane's arthritis was less noticeable when she was talking. "I really don't know what to make of it all," he said. "I do know that if she's a fake, she belongs on Broadway, not in Elmira."

Tam Mossman has been Jane's editor at Prentice-Hall for the past 12 years. After pulling Jane's ESP book out of the slush pile of unsolicited manuscripts, she had gone up to Elmira and told Jane she ought to bring out the Seth character a little more and they'd have a book. Jane had only written science fiction until that book she and Rob began back in '63.

"Slowly, I don't know how exactly, the ideas I'd considered fascinating but fictional, sort of grew on me and it got so when I was doing a straight novel . . . the form wasn't big enough to really contain what you began to think was a human personality. It's that the conventions were too small and then, when that out-of-body thing happened . . .

"It was, I'm sure a creative acceleration of where you work so hard you struggle to un-



GEORGE DELAMICO

derstand, and, all of a sudden, boom. There's a new level for you to work in, and to that extent I think you struggle to create a certain kind of reality, and half of you didn't know what you were consciously looking for—so, beforehand, you couldn't have said.

"Each of us in some wild fashion is either connected with a greater consciousness or has a tie-in with other kinds of consciousness that are peculiarly in some way connected with us, so that when that happened to me Seth just happened to be the one. If it were you, it would be something different. You know how atoms and molecules combine to form objects. Somehow, consciousness does the same goddamn thing. . . .

"Say Seth is the result of a kind of psychological creativity that we have never considered. Say I've got all these ideas that I can't use in the idea of normal personhood. You know, unusual ideas. And that, somehow, psychologically, you create a personality. I'm not talking about a subconscious fraud type of thing. I'm talking about the actual birth of a personality that would be several whole bunches of levels beyond the novel character—a personality who can think; not only who can think but who is utterly fantastic—who knows more than its creator and, say, that its fabrication would really stand for the abilities of the personality society isn't letting us use. That in itself would be a fantastic contribution that other people could learn from in their own ways, and after a while the one personality would be able to take all that stuff and do it. I know the only way I can get the Seth material is through the Seth personality."

"We've always been intrigued," Rob said, "by the idea of how Jane's work would be received without Seth."

"I think there would be some reaction, but

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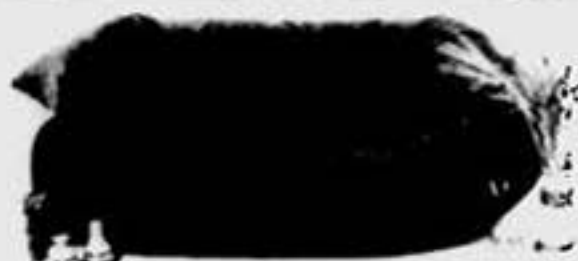
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not as much. But that might be an error in thinking because by themselves they might have contained more energy and her thinking might have deepened, and she might have been able to project that into her own work. It also made us wonder if other writers haven't done that in the past—got their information psychically but kept quiet about it."

"The material, at least to me anyway," Jane said, "offers an alternate way of looking at reality and therefore an alternate way of forming reality, and it offers people a chance to really remake physical reality in important ways—psychologically, which would make everything else change. It made me ask a lot more questions. It made me realize how little we know about everything. It's exciting because it offers an alternative world. I really believe that as a species or—what ever the hell—we've gone about as far as we can with Christianity, with the concepts that it holds, even with science, the way it's been headed, and that we're really ready for an entirely new philosophy or way of looking at life that will free individuals and help use their abilities for themselves and, therefore, for society, too, and I really think the Seth material offers—for the first time, as far as I know—the concept that the self is good. It's not bad because of original sin, it's not bad because of the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest that we are the best killers, therefore, we survive. For the first time, it offers a look that says suppose we take it for granted we are naturally okay—good—that the universe has a good intent, you know, that it's not out to get you, that's there's more to life than one species killing to survive and that our consciousness has more reality than we've been allowed to show and that once you start studying your own consciousness, then these other realities will begin to open up and I think on a national, global scale—whatever the hell—we could really do great with it."

"What," I asked, "do you make of the desire to do evil?"

"It seems to me that most of the murders or crimes are connected with the desire to do right or to right a wrong. Or because somebody believes somebody else is evil, therefore, they've got to be killed. But, outside of that, I'd say that because of the way we've been brought up and the beliefs we've had that we often inhibit perfectly natural aggressive feelings because we're taught that they're wrong. So they build up and come out as a violent action."

"That's part of it," Rob said. "Another part is that there is a different way of looking at things—and we think it offers great insights. That no one is killed who doesn't want to be killed. The slayer seeks out those who want to be slayed and, you see, this is contrary to what we have been brought up to believe. It's like, say a burglar enters a house and he's discovered—"

"Yeah," Jane said.

"Two people find him, and the burglar shoots one of them and the other person lives. Seth would say that the one who died was prepared to die and that the slayer intuitively and with remorseless logic killed the one who wanted to die. That it was a mutual agreement between them that this would happen, and it was also agreed upon that the one who lived would live because he had not chosen that course at that time."

"Do you believe that the people at Hiroshima wanted to be blown up?"

"I don't think they had any conscious intentions, but I think that the people who live in any area like that accept that it can happen."

"The idea of suicide," Jane said.

"What about the Jews in World War II?"

"There again," Rob said, "I think that's a beautiful demonstration on a mass scale of certain kinds of beliefs that can result in that type of event. It's not that the event is predictable, because then you'd have predestination."

"And it doesn't exonerate the people who killed them either."

"No. We're not talking about that. You know certain Jews left ahead of time. Most didn't, but some did. We'd say that the ones who left left because they wanted to or be-

cause they unconsciously or unwittingly sensed what could happen and they chose not to participate. Large numbers of others, stayed. I think there are many explanations we could give of why they stayed. Some of them had to do with reincarnation, with creating that particular reality at that particular time."

"Or," Jane added, "and I don't want to get Pollyannaish about it either, but also, say, if you think about different groups of people tackling different kinds of problems in life and if, say, a group got together and wanted to say, okay, this is what happens or this kind of violence can erupt when this kind of behavior is allowed to develop and in that kind of picture the victims and the murderers would both be involved in a vast creative project that would teach the race something."

"Yeah, you see, we'd say that basically the whole thing, as terrible as it seems on the surface, is creative because, look at the effect it had on our society since then and every nation on earth. We taught ourselves an awful lesson."

"Yeah. We can't do this," Jane said.

"We can't do this. It's had repercussions, and it's going to for centuries. So, in those larger terms, you see, those events had powerful effects."

"The German thing bothers me, too."

"What do you mean the German thing?" I asked.

"Both things bother me and I might be prejudiced—I don't remember that much about the Second World War, but just the thing about following orders from above—from government, or from anybody. We had a girl come here a couple of weekends ago. It really bothered me. She was a young artist kid when Rob and I knew her, and she married a guy in the service and she's been in Germany for some time. She was talking about how well-behaved the little boys and girls are, and how you know they didn't go around saying fuck you to their parents, and how that civilization was working, and that reminded me again of that whole thing of following orders and being so disciplined. And the idea that the self is really so terrible that you've got to apply all that stuff. And that it leads to individuals who don't think for themselves and are afraid to act on their own authority and who blindly follow any philosophy."

"In the aggregate, it leads up to wild behavior."

"What about Hitler?"

"I don't know except that apparently he was a fantastic hypnotist—a man loaded with energy, and I'd say, I mean, I don't think any Hitler operates alone."

"How could he?" Rob said, "Even in ordinary terms?"

"... Like a psychic event. That whatever wishes, appeals, desires, that the people in that country had at that particular time, he just picked up and became soaked with for his own reasons."

"Basically," Rob said, "beneath a whole lot of it and on a global scale it sounds too simple; but it was what consciousness was choosing to experience at this time."

"In everything as far as I know, he didn't go out to be vicious. He went out for a good act. He believed in the purity of—what was it—the Aryan race, and he believed that Jews were lousy, filthy, dirty, and rotten. Everything he did was with the same pure fanaticism that all religious leaders have ever had. There's very little difference between that and the inquisition, where all those people were killed, and so forth and so on."

"Throughout history this kind of thing keeps cropping up."

"Well," Rob said, "that's the point I was trying to make about consciousness choosing these types of roles at this time on this planet. We could go through a cycle like that that could last for thousands of years. While consciousness in the aggregate—just confined to earth—is trying these things over and over again in variations: the holocaust, wars of the American Indian, a thousand variations on World War I, II, and maybe III, until consciousness..."

"What do you mean, 'maybe III'?" I

said.

"Assuming there is another one, like people think. Or say there's a war 500 years from now—until consciousness, for its own reason, decides that it's had enough of that and goes on to other things. In the meantime we cope with each event. Each of the things that happens; the good as well as the bad happens in endless variation, country by country, state by state, hemisphere by hemisphere, and so forth, and consciousness in all of this is gaining experience and adding to its storehouse. . . ."

"I think," Jane said, "we're learning to handle energy and create a physical world, Rob says consciousness; that's what he means."

"I mean consciousness on an enormous scale. That can encompass every living creation on this earth. You could call it energy. At this time we have a lot of difficulty. It could fluctuate say, in cycles of millions of years. Anything you can conceive of can take place."

"Things like that have happened before through whole species of people—or whatever the hell you want to call them—maybe they've gone through what we've gone through, this kind of thing, and then, I don't like the word 'evolved,' but changed into other things that maybe we'd call gods as they've learned."

"What is it that they've learned to deal with?"

"How to form reality. The concept of blowing the world up may have saved us."

"Think of the earth itself as a consciousness. Then think of the infinite variations of actions that take place on the earth each day. We're not saying that evil is good. It absolutely isn't. When you think of consciousness as divorced from physical reality, well, you've got a whole new ballgame. There are no limits. Consciousness is not confined to form. It is free to create."

"I don't think there is an evil force. I think we use energy in many ways. I don't think it's separate. I think we use energy in a certain way that we consider evil. I don't think it's a separate force."

"Seth has said," Rob added, "that no creature on earth has ever died without being prepared for it."

"Have you ever doubted Seth?" I asked.

"Yeah," Rob said, "I say over the years we've had lots of difficulty with a lot of the things he's said. I think we still do."

"When he first said that thing about fragment personalities I thought, ohhhhh, too much. He might have suggested where we are going to buy a house one time and I guess we asked him. I don't remember. He thought it would be great if we got that one house and then we didn't get it. We decided not to. But, for one thing we were also very determined from the beginning that we weren't going to use the psychic information we got to rule our lives. We didn't know what Seth was, and we weren't going to have some spirit say, yeah, do this and do that. We weren't going to just blindly follow as many people do."

"Some at least would."

"But, no," Jane said, "We've always examined. I guess that's what it is, and because the material has made such overall sense to us all the time, and really seemed to offer more than we've found any place else."

"That's a good question, though, because I wouldn't say that by any means we think that that's all there is to reality."

"Do you believe that there could be a totally different view that's equally true?"

"Yeah," Rob said, "I'd say there could be an infinite number of those. Each depending on its own source."

"Do you believe there could be a reality where consciousness does not create its own reality?"

"That's a good question. We've thought of that," Jane said, "I guess I don't."

"I'd say that if there was a reality, it had have to come into being somehow," Rob added, "And I can't think of it as being . . ."

"I mean, could there be such a thing as a real victim?"

"Yeah," Jane said, "No. I'd say no."

"I think," Rob said, "Even physics furnishes evidence that matter is basically energy."

gy. I think you have to conceive of a different kind of matter to make that come about. Science is up against things that it can't handle, but that it would love to be able to so it could sew everything up into a nice little package, but it can't. Which sort of tickles me because I don't think that at this stage of the game we should have that ability. We have too much to learn yet and I would hate to see a discipline of any kind get hold of the final answers. It scares me to death what they could do with that."

"Why did Seth choose to express himself through you rather than being born?"

"I say that was good thinking on his part."



'Now my reality is not a physical one. I tune in on our friends like you might turn the dial of a television set.'

No, I don't know. I'd say we're connected. That what he does is some kind of mixed version of what he is and what I am."

"For what it's worth," Rob said, "once Seth said he was through with the cycle of reincarnation but that he still had links with earth that he enjoyed and that peeking into them through Jane was very enjoyable."

"Who is Seth?"

"To me," Jane said, "Seth is a portion of the universe that's somehow personified. And, in a session, say that portion of the universe is tuned into whatever individual he is speaking to or if a problem is involved, that portion of the universe is tuned into that particular area, and yet I feel that Seth is a personality of a very different kind or an individual, say, apart from myself. . . . Yet I don't think of Seth as another person. Only one time did I—I don't try to find him. I'll feel things in my head now and then, as if I know what he's going to say at the next session and I do think there's some place in my mind where the two lines of consciousness can merge and I'm always trying to figure out where the hell it is. One time, when I went out of body, I was determined to find out where Seth was. I gave myself all sorts of suggestions before I went to bed. I went to sleep and found myself out of body. I was walking along a corridor and there were people around me dressed in different clothes. And I knew all these people had died that night. There was a very mundane building, a post office, only it was absolutely gigantic and there were whole bunches of people in a row. Only I didn't know what was the right row for me to get into. So I just stood in line and finally I was the first person, and there was a woman who said, 'give me your name,' and, 'Did you die tonight?' And I said 'What? No! I'm just trying to find out if you know Seth and if he's here.' And she said, well, you shouldn't be in this line. And I said, well, do you know Seth? and she said, no, I don't, and told me to go down another

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head was going like this when I hit my body. That was my one bold desire to go and find Seth."

"Then we asked Seth about it, and he said the whole building had been a fabrication on my part to make everything look mundane so I wouldn't be scared and my fear had made me think if I went further I was going to die but that that wasn't necessarily so. But that I had been out."

"What does Seth think of you?"

"Oh he thinks, I'm a nice kid. He thinks I'm gifted."

"That's the good part," Rob said.

"Otherwise, he thinks I'm very stubborn, have a lot to learn. I don't know, what does he think of me?"

"He thinks sometimes you choose to pay attention to what he says," Bob said, "and sometimes you don't."

"If he didn't treat me with respect," Jane said, "that would be it. In the beginning we made all kind of checks, and I do think it takes a very strong personality to deal with that kind of a thing, because it involves you in more than one normal reality that you have to deal with, and it involves you with your own psychology so you have to ask questions most people just don't have. It also offers all sorts of opportunities for working with your own consciousness."

It was getting late when Seth appeared. Jane's head sunk slightly, she took off her glasses, and looked up. "Now I think, therefore I am. Or I am, therefore I think. I write books, therefore I must be. I am a skeptic. It is difficult for me to believe that your world exists. And I tell my friends and they do not believe what I tell them about your beliefs. I knew that a reporter from *The Village Voice* was coming and in my own fashion I speak for many people in many villages and perhaps more directly than your *Village Voice*. But, while I speak with this voice, I speak of knowledge that people have possessed in all the villages in all of the times. They have not written the knowledge upon rocks or drawn it upon walls, but they have etched it in their minds. My friend knows what I am going to say now. My voice is no more than the voice of the leaves in the wind except that I speak in your alphabet and that breeze is the eternal wind of consciousness on ripples of thought, fragments of images. You have a village of consciousness within your self. Each person has, and so I am a voice that reminds you that you are yourself and many. That you form your reality. But who is the you that forms it and that is the question for you to answer."

"I am a reporter. From another kind of multidimensional tabloid and I only deal with the facts and so I look at your world and I question your facts. And then I toss the questions back. You or anyone can question my existence as long as I do not question it, but you must never question your own existence. And I give you a sounding board against which you can hear your own voice and you revive on memories of villages you have lived in and times that you have known. Our story will appear in one paper and one date and one day of one year. The paper will be thrown away. People will read it. Some will listen; some will read; some will not notice. And the day will pass and yet the day will never pass nor the day that you wrote the story, nor even the ink upon the page. For everything that is, is in its own way eternal in a dimension that can appear to you if you only allow it, and all I do is to remind others of the energy that is their own, and of the memories that belong to them—of the validity of their own being—and I serve as an old and honored memory. I am, indeed, in that regard a symbol, and so is a tree in that regard a symbol while it is real in your reality. I remind you of your own natures."

"I wanted to join this pleasant conversation. I shall return you to your own merry devices. I will dis—"

"Thank you, Seth" Rob said very quietly, reverently as he might have addressed an old friend who had gone out of his way.

I had a question to ask when he disappeared.

"Well," Jane said, like someone too soon coming from a dream, and then she half sighed, half laughed, "Ah, shit."