

The Intrepid Ramblings of one Chris A. Uncler

24 February 1995:

Well, today is the day. . .for lack of better description. I have before me G.V. Bennett's *White Kennett* and already I do not know what to do with it. I find it incredibly strange the reaction I've been having to this subject. Usually, I simply discount the whole experience or find some rational flaw or triviality with the idea but none of it seems to do much good. Always I come back to the way I feel right now—pensive, powerful as if embarking upon a wondrous journey. I suppose in some fashion that fact could be considered true; however, it doesn't fully illustrate the forces at work inside of me.

Lately, I've been trying to track my psychological cycles or the variances of good and bad dispositions, of fear, of confidence, of worth of work or sense of purpose. Through all my deviations into the occult, the Anasazi and work with Southwestern Desert Archaic, and UFO crap wrestling with the psychosomatic implications of each, I always and I mean **always** come back to Kennett and the dream. Now, I find myself at the threshold, the past few days filled with anxiety, arrogance and trepidation holding Bennett's book in my hand, it's almost black binding translucent, it's gold embossed title gleaming—my name and contractual agreements with the Interlibrary Loan pasted across the front. It proves to be a strange picture, an interesting irony.

I suppose it's time to crack it open and see what lies within. 2:10 PM

19 August 1995:

I noted today that I am having trouble focusing on little things such as planning the future. . .well, I'm even having trouble putting what is happening to me into words. It's almost as if my mind is in a state of flux, perhaps in a state of reorganization, trying to assimilate new data or program parameters pertaining to future papers and the new phenomenon of school not to mention this computer. I also noted having particular difficulty in social interactions, speaking too quickly, not being able to fully describe my point save a lengthy discussion of Joseph Campbell and the predominance of myth—a definition of which I must submit to one of the other files. 4:39 PM

I realize I should be making dinner to feed these hungry, tired, whining masses; however, I curiously find myself in front of this computer once again. My head is so full of things I wish to write that, if I do anything considered “non-constructive” or something which does not coincide with my chosen field of study, I.E., papers, research, reading and the like, then I am doing nothing. If I am not a part of the

solution then I am part of the problem. I suppose I should write about some complex topic such as faith or belief systemology or something else equally diatribe, but I don't feel like doing any of those things—besides, I tend to make simple issues too complex and find I am too technical on matters which are simply explained. For example, standing in line at the financial aid office, a group of students started a discussion on ghosts. One fellow said he found a simple answer to paranormal phenomena, yet he refused to disclose it because he felt that he shouldn't discuss it. I thought of interjecting some comments of my own as to explanation of these phenomena scientifically or how I perceived what was scientific. As I ran through the speech in my head, I found I was far too technical and dispassionate on the subject although I cared a great deal about it. So, I said nothing.

Well, I think I've "cured" myself of my brain-freeze. Perhaps it's a cyclic occurrence and if I keep a journal I might be able to track it. 5:43 PM

18 September 1995:

Feeling much better today, I think I've gotten myself back together after about three days of living in a fog. This morning I attributed it to some sort of illness or something, but the mild depression and suppression of intellectual faculties could have easily come from another source.

Back on track with the papers. Still have to design class planner for individual study next semester, also have to get Future Papers outline to Kofi for review for thesis seminar. It seems like a lot to remember at once, but I think I'm managing it okay—as long as I keep working.

I believe I've decided on my Master's course of study—at least I think so—switched from the Navajo to the Anasazi, for now anyway. What I need to remember is to do comparative analysis or perceptions of Anasazi people from later Athabaskan (Navajo) modern or mythological point of view. I'm looking at some introductory texts to ascertain if there is enough information to make my directed research feasible. 4:24 PM

25 September 1995:

I noticed something quite strange today. I don't know if I can put the experience into proper words, but I suppose it is the result of days of ups and downs about my career, my life, and what I think is important or what I feel I should do as opposed to what I want to or how I see myself doing something. I think the hate phase started shortly after the previous entry, the day after, however, I attributed that to too many beers too many nights in a row. But what happened this evening, at work, is not the result of beers, or anything else for that matter. The only way I can begin to describe it is: I saw myself, from my

perspective, at the moment of death. I must admit, calling it that sounds quite insane but it's what I felt while having this experience. I was not sad or hateful at it being my time to leave, I felt peaceful and sort of lightheaded, whitish fog forming at the corners of my vision, my view of the computer screen a faded, almost memory-like quality. A song was playing on the headphones, the same song that caused sort of a similar reaction before, but not to this degree. I believe it's called "Possession" by Sarah McLaughlin. Strange, all I can say is strange.

But, what this has done for me in the ensuing hours is give me a new perspective into my career and my life in general. In the vision, I had the feeling that although I thought my life was unsuccessful (the only reason to be upset at leaving is that my work was not finished) and I had done this bad thing or that bad thing and had not taken Jesus into my heart and all that rigmarole but none of that mattered. I was going off to a place that was warm and pleasant, back to the nest, as it were, back home. And I felt so good, by the Gods, I felt good.

So, what I have determined is I should work as hard and fast as I can (within reason, of course) to get my goals accomplished, make my theories, have fun with life and go to the pleasant place couched all in white. God, I sound like a babbling fool, almost Shirley McLainesque, better watch myself or else I'll fall off into the deep end. Nah, I won't let that happen, I have too much to do with school now and all that.

But I won't let myself forget the feeling I experienced, that one day, all I set out to do and do will not be for nothing, that I will succeed, even if I think I am following a false lead, as long as I do what I **feel** I should do, then everything is right. Everything is within my destiny, even though intellectualizing about it may make it seem wrong. 3:15AM

7 October 1995:

Once again looking into the face of the computer screen. Well, today's been somewhat an interesting challenge—perhaps it is because of the full moon. Anyway, I seem to be thinking of Kennett again (I was phoned on Friday, the book I ordered is in) and I don't know what any of this means. However, I've been trying to get away from this "deep" meaning crap and go with the flow of the work. As soon as I intellectualize what I'd like to do for graduate work (or even the Senior thesis) the whole exercise collapses leaving me with a headful of apprehensions, strange thoughts, and feelings. I'm not sure if it's good or bad but no harm seems to come of it. Contrary to popular belief, I am *not* going to design a new planner, my research has taken such ridiculous diversions I wonder how I'll ever manage to

get it back together again—planner or not.

I wish I could tell myself everything will work out but I know I'd be lying to myself. Things don't just work out on their own, I know this from experience. Fate is the hand one is dealt and destiny is what one does with the cards. So, who the hell knows anymore—I sure don't. God, I'm so tired. 3:33AM

18 January 1996:

Dream Sequence: Before falling asleep, I made the remark that it had been the better part of a year since I had visited the realm of the Black House. I came close to visiting it last night—I say “close” because I am out of practice directing my dreaming—and spent time on the outskirts of the accursed dwelling. Overall, there was a continuity, a single thread of similarity between three locals and one's previous where I actually had been inside and around the outside grounds of the house. However, last night, I distinctly remember two locals (as I said, I'm out of practice) and record this one.

Not much of significance happened—save one interesting detail—an explicit sexual scene between a man and a woman. What is of note is almost nonchalant nature of the characters, as if in their world, sexual contact does not carry the obsessive weight as it does in this culture and time. As I said, it was uncensored, which in itself is interesting. Normally, the dream would shift to another image or concentrate upon another aspect; however, this time it did not. What this leads me to believe is that a part of me has been repressed—put aside—for too long and it is this part which is the creative, allegorical (sexual) spark for me. Metaphorically, the means of creation, of birthing a new idea(s), tapping into the archetypes of the collective unconscious, which at present is the icon representing the mechanical psychological process. In various cultures it is represented differently; in this late 20th Century American culture, sex equates such symbology. This phenomenon, the liberation of the soul through sexual engagement is not new but recorded in antiquity—primarily Hindu and Arabic texts—and has been applied in recent times by men such as Crowley and LaVey. The actual act itself is an icon, an archetype, a catalyst of the unification of male and female attributes leading to spiritual growth and evolution of individual awareness of the profundity of consciousness.

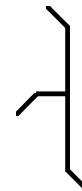
If one can put aside humanistic patronization, free oneself of the feeble justifications and negative ramifications that are parlé to such a gross fractualization of such basic, instinctive yet enlightening archetypes, awareness capacity of oneself and the collective unconscious is more feasible and a reality in a world consumed with triviality, bickering, and false realization. When one subscribes to the present populace view of life, one discovers that such an endeavor stifles and distorts the holistic spiritual truths of

archetypal imagery relegating these ideals to base concrete action. It becomes a biological function bereft of substance and *meaning*.

From such noble assertions, one pictures free-love motifs of the Kama Sutra and San Francisco in the 1960s; however, in the present day, one is injected with the reality of the times. In this decade, the threat of deadly diseases has further separated the apex of male and female—this is only one piece in this infinite puzzle.

What might be a solution to this increasing derisiveness of humanity is to collect all the archetypes of civilization recorded in the cosmic holographic record and combine them into a series of lessons. This idea reminds me of a device with the red tiles. There were a finite number of them (between 19-22) representing the sum total of initial archetypes, from which, everything else has been generated. Some argue there are literally millions of these archetypes, I disagree. Any icon or motif beyond the original 19-22 is merely a variation on a theme, a recreation or reinterpretation of the original. From the 19-22, one can represent them as a series of singular symbols, representing simply the archetype, one must learn the significance of each symbol and its corresponding archetype to allow one to not only discover the “tile” but to be able to inset it into the correct slot on the device and to program the sequence of archetypes to a finality. When one has learned the total archetypes and understands not only their ramifications but their place in the cosmological scheme, then the secret, the holographic image of this discovery, will be revealed.

This essay on sexual discourse is represented by this symbol:



21 January 1996:

It seems logical to construct a set of notes to categorize and record the events that lead up to whatever elusive conclusion this research may bring. To avoid getting lost in the melee of facts, figures, coincidences, successes, and failures, this log seems to be the best idea. However, I fear that much of it is “too little too late” although I may be able to retrace my steps. To begin, I have stumbled upon something most profound this morning. It was a conclusion based on much research and lengthy conversation with my colleague Sean McDevitt during the course of yesterday.

Over the course of several months, Sean and I have discovered the striking similarity of our independent lines of study in the realms of Psychological Anthropology. The initial slants were his exploration of Campbell and Frazier in the phenomenon of mythology. Mine was Jungian psychology complimented with Bohm's theory of quantum mechanics and his holographic principle. At first, we saw a thread of similarity but couldn't discern much beyond that. However, on Saturday the 20th, over the course of 16 hours of driving to San Francisco for a class assignment and to Santa Rosa for dinner with friends, we delineated and explored what the profundity of each really was.

Sean has congealed his research in the connection between culture and genetics. I have done work between the manifestation of religious/paranormal occurrences and the mechanics which drive them. While my work doesn't consider the aspect of genetics on an implicate level, it is a part of it.

Within the phenomena of archetypes, in regard to psychological mechanisms, I am following the line of thought that all belief systems, all religious/paranormal manifestations, all aspects of culture and belief which drive the individual, reside in a simple, basic program from which everything else is derived. To pursue this aim, analogy and metaphor are the best approach. Going on the assumption that man's technology mimics his inner workings [computers, holography, virtual reality stimulating/deriving activity in the temporal lobes (Persinger)], I can extrapolate that the brain, in all its complexities and intricacies can be divided in a similar fashion. As far as belief systems are concerned, the sum of human beliefs, instincts, and behaviors in tandem or independent of it, can be traced back to a set of 20 main archetypes. These archetypes are analogous to a boot or startup programs found in computers. Coupling this with the holographic paradigm, in regard that the brain records and accesses information in such a manner, the archetypes lie in three-dimensional holographic record readily available to be "read" by the brain. Metaphorically (which is the means to attain understanding and finality or intangible ideas and/or philosophies), the archetypes exist concretely as a 20-sided die, each surface representing different aspects. As a child becomes enculturated, the ideas expressed by the parents triggers the "scanner" (a laser-like device which accesses, reads and categorizes information) which pulls archetypal imagery off the die surface, transmutes it with the raw information and experience, and places the new conglomeration in another location. It is with every lesson a person learns, every bit of knowledge accrued, and every experience relevant to the initial archetype, the secondary storage place is accessed and built upon as, with time and age, understanding becomes greater. It is also within this theory that I assume that the initial program is not readily accessed as a person gets older. The original program is only employed in new

experience, only as a “last resort” when the brain searches out answers particularly difficult puzzles. Most of the time, it will “read” the secondary source, explores it, and builds upon as it becomes necessary.

To put this process into pictures for a better understanding, I speculate that this area of the brain looks like a wall, in a division across its center lie three-dimensional shapes supported by “wires” which hold the pieces in place but do not limit their movement in three-dimensional space. For example, when a person is born and he/she incorporates their first experience, the “scanner” reads the archetypal program finding what aspect is most applicable to the situation. The symbol it chooses is intertwined with the experience/knowledge and replaced in an appropriate shape nearby. This is the first mechanistic employment of memory. Metaphorically, in the center of the “wall”, lies the 20-sided archetype die. To either side, along the wall lie cubes, tetrahedrons, hexahedrons and so forth. In the beam of the “scanner” the amalgamation of basic archetype program and experience takes place. When the task is complete, the new “information” is stored in the next shape. This happens every time until there is enough memory not to necessitate going back to the original archetype program. (An example of late-access of the archetype occurs during Jung’s synchronicity or other repression, religious expression, or mystic experience. In other words when an answer or explanation to the inexplicable experience cannot be found, the “scanner” resorts to the original archetype program to discern semblance of *meaning* from it.) It is my understanding that every person possesses this original program and has full available access to it; however, through skewed understanding of process and the complexities of cultural constraints, it seems to be completely elusive and unavailable.

Defined in terms at the quantum level, these shapes exist and exhibit themselves as non-local properties existing in defined local space (inside the brain). They are simple sequences, interactions of chemicals and electrical impulses designed to operate at a frequency unique to the particular individual. Psychologist Robert M. Anderson, Jr. of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, equates this idea with *personal resonance*. That a certain amount of information is available dictated and limited by such a predisposition unbeknownst to the person involved. It is my belief that research along such lines as those outlined in this log will greatly further our understanding of ourselves and further our development as more research is done along these lines. I believe we are standing on the rim of a great void, a void which requires the understanding of the basic archetypal program which inevitably will lead to a greater understanding of the macrocosm which surrounds and interacts with us on a daily basis.

27 January 1996:

It seems relevant to record the progress of this experiment, no matter how illogical or implicate the information may appear. In keeping with that aim, I feel it necessary to extrapolate a dream I had the night before. It is within reason to assume one's dreams provide metaphoric insight into problems which occur in a conscious environment, or else provide additional perspective on a mental puzzle the mind is preoccupied with at the time. And this archetypal analysis project has certainly taken its toll on me. Lately, I've been in fairly bad spirits, irritable, and overall losing general cohesion between my life in the outside world and the one existing inwardly. This is not to say I'm losing my faculties, I feel it imperative to be brutally honest in regard to what is going on inside me, so that later I or others may be able to discern just exactly what I have done.

I dreamt of a man handing me menagerie boxes. They were stark white with lettering on them. The letters (symbols) representing something, I deduce it is in reference to the archetype experiment. I stack the boxes beside me, having accepted their meanings and ramifications. I don't know what I mean by that, in a generalized sense, it's accepting the responsibility that comes with knowledge not readily accessible to the everyday populous. Anybody can participate in this "grandiose esoteric discovery", but, it seems there is a cost—as with anything.

In reviewing this log, it seems a little on the dramatic side. Like something out of the pages of a novel. And I suppose it should, since the material I am dealing with is not wholly based in a logical faculty, it hinges more upon emotional analysis or intuitive prospectus. Besides, this may be couched in the best language to convey the experience of the discoveries, it may offer the best medium to map out the path I have taken. I have no regrets, I have no animosity for what I am or what I will become, it all follows in an eerie logical progression.

I find it crucial to establish a continuity with this log. I draw, therefore, on the words of Jung: "The question arose repeatedly: What is this process leading to? Where is its goal? From my own experience, I knew by now that I could not presume to choose a goal. . . It had been proved to me that I had to abandon the idea of the superordinate position of the ego. . . I was being compelled to go through this process of the unconscious. I had to let myself be carried along by the current, without a notion of where it would lead me. When I began drawing the mandalas, however, I saw that. . . all the paths I had been following. . . were leading back to a single point. . . . During those years, between 1918 and 1920, I began to understand that the goal of psychic development is the self."

I find myself in a similar position, at the whims of the motions of my unconscious in trying to fulfill my conscious desire for the root of the archetypes, which will ultimately lead to the subtle mysteries of the universe. In being carried along, I draw more from the unconscious than from the conscious, causing temporal problems in daily life. These temporal problems range from inability to deal with short or long periods of time, being assaulted by what could be called synchronicities, and understanding subtle movements in the world on a more implicate or enfolded order. Existing consciously in an unfolded reality in contrast to the operations of the enfolded order, it undoubtedly will cause such problems. These are problems that need to be researched if work in this area is to continue. Future scientists need to be aware of the dangers and benefits when subscribing to such ideals, when one casts themselves into the enfolded, seemingly chaotic order while trying to remain in a unfolded plane of bodily existence.

This present line of inquiry began 30 September 1993. The following is taken from the log I had written shortly after the experience. It is appended with new interpretations. I believe it the beginning. Sean believes it is when I lost my mind, but that's a matter of opinion.

Back when I was living in Burlingame (June to October 1993), my roommate's brother, Brian, and I became fast friends. On 30 September 1993, Brian, I, and a woman on the edge of insanity, Angela, drove out to a place called Crystal Springs Reservoir a few miles from where I lived. That night the stars were out, not a cloud anywhere and it was very warm. Brian and I stood by the car talking while Angela wandered off about 15 meters away toward the end of the parking lot. I saw out of the corner of my eye, she doing a spiral motion, her arms extended outward—she did three spins. I didn't think much of it (we thought she had lost her mind anyway) but, as she walked over to us, said, "they're here".

Now, I had heard stories from the crazy and/or drug-induced people of Burlingame, Millbrae, and San Mateo about UFO's lingering around SFO; I really hadn't thought much about it (I neither endorsed nor discounted their stories) and wouldn't decide until I had more evidence of it. I will say, though, I discovered in retrospect I never wholly disbelieved them (the stories). Not because I wanted to believe in something like UFOs or needed to know that other, more intelligent life existed elsewhere, but because of the continuity of the information, how the stories had

common veins running through them. It could be speculated that they all got together and made a common story up, but I don't believe they thought of it. None of them, save Brian and perhaps Frank, had enough brains to pull it off. And those two plus myself had never seen anything remotely resembling a UFO. Urban legends, that's all they are. Anyway, Angela talked infrequently of them, as if to be something that really bothered her. She said once, in one of her rare lucid moments, that she was afraid the sightings and abductions would finally erode what sanity she had remaining. That was the one and only time she ever spoke about UFOs, except to tell us "they're here".

What transpired next, I'm not quite sure. The three of us peered into the sky and we (I) saw six objects on the rim of the outer atmosphere patterned similar to the Orion constellation. At first glance, one could speculate they were satellites but one of the distant objects did a shift of color (points of cumulated light from red to blue to amber) and performed a queer spiral motion, swirling outwardly, the spiraling back to its original position. Another sent out bursts of amber/whitish globes (perhaps a dozen or so) which spiraled away then returned to the source-object.

Over the course of however long, other objects did similar motions. I don't remember much else except picturing complex equations and diagrams, similar to some I had discovered some years ago in relation to a time machine story. The original source I read gave renderings of mathematical interpretation of the differences between linear and non-linear time. Anyway, shortly after that, five objects pulled away and vanished, the last did the spiraling motion again, disappearing out of view.

At this point, I had to shake my head, and looking around me, noticed the incredible silence around us. I mean, I didn't hear anything. Which in itself is odd, because the road we had parked next to is usually frequented by traffic; however, not a single car had passed us. Not only that but a freeway ran overhead some distance away, and although it was rather far away, one could still hear the steady stream of automobiles running across it. Lastly, and what really struck me as the most odd, was there were no cricket or frog sounds, which usually occur around large bodies of

water (the reservoir). I turned to Brian, who was still peering into the sky, and told him of my observations.

“Not a single car has come down this road. Do you realize how quiet it is?”

He nodded and at that moment, slowly the sounds returned to the area. Analogous to a fade-in, cricket and frog and coyote sounds emanated. I could hear the traffic on the freeway. Suddenly, I noticed how incredible cold it was at that moment. I mean deathly cold, similar to when one has the flu and gets the “chills”. I snapped up my jacket and noticed Brian did the same.

“Let’s get out of here,” he said. “Now.”

We piled into the car and went back to the house where I lived.

When we arrived home, as soon as the three of us sat on the couch, I noticed it was 11:25. I reached in my pocket for my watch and it said 11:05. Exactly twenty minutes behind--and I mean exact. What transpired next I can’t readily put into words. All I can describe is I experienced some sort of vertigo, as if coming out of a long cylindrical tunnel whose sides were of blinding white light speckled with dots of red, blue, and amber. I equated this to what it would feel like if one traveled through time—the after effect of returning to linear time from non-linear time. Sort of jumping from linear timeline to a corporeal, non-linear state and returning. I remembered getting my tape recorder and recording our discussions of the experience, (the tape has since vanished). What I’m going to say is not definite. But, if I remember correctly, near dawn (Angela had left near 2AM, Brian and I didn’t sleep a wink) I rechecked my watch and it was synchronous to the clock. The times were the same and I know I didn’t reset it.

Ever since then life, goals, personal psychological health, and my perception of reality now rather skewed, has been in question. Lately though, after having myself “checked” I am assimilating the experience and finally coming to grips with what happened. Suffice it to say, I’ve denied the ramifications of the experience. Brian took it pretty hard and literally changed overnight. I had been given warning to change my internalization of my interpretation of the 1993 experience and move on it more outwardly. Apparently, I am soon coming into completion with this. The

requirement of this tier of my personal evolution is talking more openly about my thoughts.

As best I can figure, Pribam says enzymatic properties of the brain can and are affected by subtle changes in the environment causing alteration of holographic cells as response and assimilation occurs. This idea could be equated to factors responsible for human evolution of the brain/spirit. We've stayed in present Homo-sapiens form for the better part of 25,000 years with no bodily evolutionary changes. In response to the technological age, computers, satellites, etc., the complexity of the environment follows causal factors, the effect being, as quickly as technology has progressed, the quick evolution of mind to compensate. I believe this evolution, as far as physically seeing it, appears in the forms of what has been called UFOs. Whether or not UFOs exist in physical form is irrelevant; the environment could be generating a physical image (since the need to see to believe) to fulfill the requirement. Brian speculates there may actually be a series of peoples watching or catalyzing this evolution but I think popular culture misses the mark when it says UFOs are primarily responsible to the changes to earth dwellers.

The entry doesn't offer much in the way of true interpretation of the experience; however, recently, I have deduced one. Seeing the problem allegorically (I'm not sure this rendition is much better than the one in italics) in 1993, I saw the complete picture of the nature of the cosmos, the picture on the puzzle box, if you will. As I've been going along I find a piece or two of this puzzle, learning individual traits in the true humanistic fractal manner. Having seen the "picture on the box", it helps in organizing the data I assimilate. My only hope is that, in time, I will have gathered all the pieces of this esoteric puzzle and unify once and for all the complete picture of a holistic existence.

24 February 1996:

Taking a moment to sit and relax on the completion of this first week of school. Upon initially receiving my assignments for the semester, I was getting the feeling of being overwhelmed tempered with a sense of responsibility to be able to achieve the goal of completion of my undergraduate studies.

Perhaps I should take the time to catch up on how I've progressed with my studies in the past several months. Although, in the past, there has been a great deal of shifting about in emphasis, within the

past three or four weeks my career has solidified a great deal. It will be in this diary in which I record my feeling and explorations of the subject matter as I acquire it.

I left off in the last entry with the theory of archetypal paradigms. This particular arena of research has bubbled off, so to speak. I believe there is something of value in the above research, however, at this point, it extends beyond a viable comprehension into the realm of unproveable hypotheses. This does not mean it will never again rear its ugly head in my work; on the contrary, vestiges of it will be appearing in my lecture in Pasadena in April in regard to the holographic principle. Sean is still pursuing the topic, although I believe he is only now getting the sense that it extends far beyond any of us.

This conclusion leads me to where I am at now and where I expect to be over the next few years. Although I cannot fully vocalize my decision to enter into Mayanology; justification for such a decision is unnecessary.

Four weeks ago, I began reading Morley's *An Introduction*. . .and two weeks later, found myself halfway through the book—having retained most of the calendrical glyphic representations and fully intrigued by the search for the answer of the Mayan language—desiring with every fiber of my being to study them. I can only explain the curious sensation as looking into the face of one's destiny. This realization caused me great excitement and trepidation. Excitement over the expansive vista that now lie ahead of me and trepidation over the depth of the discipline itself. I found it is multi-textured and sinuous. A researcher can, at the same time, be right in his interpretation of the glyphs and erroneous in their application. The Mayan field is filled with hypothesis, speculation; it is prone to the wildest paradigms, from the holographic universe, to folding space to time travel. There seems to be no limit to what is believed the Maya were capable of. Admittedly, I find myself indulging in gross speculation for the sheer fun of it. It is an activity that ignites the imagination charging the body with new energy, with new avenues on which to pursue what could be determined: the inconceivable complexity of knowledge that was distinctly Mayan. We, as scientists, are but children gazing into the vast landscape of time, asking temples, monoliths and microliths, texts, and dead souls to reveal their secrets. There is no limit to the imagination and there is no limit to achievement. No scientist is really wrong here. . .nor really right. He is set firmly in the middle, between two extremes, set in the center of the four corners of knowledge, his location being the fifth, where he is free to visualize, hypothesize, and make sense of the world and these people in a manner worthy of a scientist. 2:57PM

I thought I'd mention one more thing—I am so screwed. I just looked at the abstract I submitted to Pasadena, it says absolutely nothing about the Maya. It only talks about Jung, the collective unconscious and muckery about archetypes. I can't believe I submitted it. Oh, boy. 3:29PM.

20 March 1996:

In having read the bulk of the material I think necessary to make a good speech this April 12th, I have come across an article, *Science and Religion*, which has reinforced an idea I have always known about, but in recent days have put aside. From time to time, I have made it habit to record significant dreams. (Significant in the fact that I can vividly recall them). Lately, however, I have been shirking those duties I once deemed most valuable. The book I cited above, reminds me of those dreams which I so quickly ignore. It kicks me in the head and I know what is true, what is the truth, and how I can achieve personal truth.

Earlier this week (for lack of an exact date), I dreamt (in response to a colleague's calling my research into cognitive science and elusive phenomena, "storming the black castle") of a landscape where I did not "storm the castle" but, instead, was guardian of it. I was entity-like, manifestly naked, and lived in a ruinous house on an island in the middle of a small lake. In the distance was the house (mansion) with lights on, but the place was empty. It was a storehouse of knowledge, the esoteric knowledge which I felt should be made available to those who wanted to access its wisdom whenever they wished. There were radicals, however, who wanted to vandalize the house, break its windows, destroy its furnishings, and burn its knowledge. I vividly remember swimming across the lake to tend to these "radicals". There isn't much more that can be said about this dream since the metaphoric applications speak for themselves.

Several weeks ago (perhaps as long as two months), another dream (which I look to as an anchor whenever I think of the crazy thing I'm going to do in Pasadena when I speak about the holographic paradigm to a room full of professionals) reassured in me, my ability to adapt, change, and improvise, even if the circumstances would certainly have insured my failure.

I was an actor in a stage play (what the play was I have no recollection save it was Shakespearesque) and had a bit part, a one-liner. As the next scene came up and the curtain was about to rise (I was late in getting to my place on the stage, so I had to sprint across it) my foot became ensnared in a rope dangling from the framework above. So, when the curtain rose, I was hanging by my ankle, upside-down. What I did next was ingenious. Putting aside the one-liner, I completely improvised a monologue which spoke passionately of the gods, of myself as a god, and the ironic seeming infallibility we possess.

Humanity gave us these traits, but, in reality, we were as feeble (although full of wisdom) as the humans that looked up to us. I told the sacrifice of the gods by humanity and our passion and how the pursuit of knowledge and perfection had made humanity arrogant. Arrogant enough to where they didn't need us anymore. They had bestowed godliness upon themselves.

Here is the physical description of the dreams. Hopefully, as I look at this next time, I can fill in the passion, the emotion—all the good things that make dreams worthwhile.

25 March 1996:

My dream last night answered, by analogy of course, some concerns that have been plaguing me for God knows how long.

I am speaking about the loss of sanity as one's knowledge exceeds the perceived limits constrained by societal norms. I have voiced this before when mentioning Samuel Uncler, however, now I am beginning to understand not only more about the character I created, but my psychological connection with him.

According to my dream last night, I really shouldn't spend an inordinate amount of time worrying needlessly about my "sanity". One losing their sanity (or any breakdown of some sort) implies a weakness of mind—removing trauma—which, I believe, can be overcome by exercising the brain. If one gathers information in slow, gradual increments, the threat of insanity should be kept at bay. This relationship is analogous to any type of physical exercise where the same hazards and benefits apply.

In my short dream, I was with three other people from work. One woman (who reminds me of my sister, her name is the same as my sister's middle name) and I were running down a steep slope (it could have been near an airport) hand in hand. Near the bottom of the hill, we jumped into the air and sailed from the concrete to the grass, floating freely in a sitting-up position. I remember being peaceful and excited at the same time; the thrill of letting go of the constraints of gravity and seeing that I could accomplish it, a wonder to my imagination. The other two did same; we were flying only inches from the ground and when we landed in the grass, I dug my heel in to stop. The other two let go of each other, the male spinning out, laughing all the while.

The whole idea of this dream may sound either pedantic or inane but I submit that it demonstrated the strength of my mind. Through this simple metaphor I was shown (I had this feeling when I woke) that I could handle it, I was already prepared for it—I had been engaging in this type of adventuresome

behavior for many years—and there wasn't a chance of my going insane over the work I had been pursuing. Needless to say, I breathed a sigh of relief upon this logical revelation.

As far as the actual work has been going, it's been going well. Saturday, I put into a coherent format, the speech I will be giving in April. And I realized it is not the stress over the actual speech which is causing me distress, it is the nature of the paradigm I'm designing. I can see not only the extreme profundity of it, but its groundbreaking importance to late 20th century science. With this paradigm, I predict it will unify science and some aspects of phenomena deemed either belief-based or supernaturally occurring (these two identifiers mean almost the same regardless of context). Perhaps, a person not versed in it may not be able to achieve the results of someone who is knowledgeable of the mechanics and applicational variances, but this is no different of physicists or other advanced theorists. These concerns will be wrestled with as time makes them available. Regardless however, I truly believe I'm onto something poignant. I know it although I may not be able to fully describe it. Perhaps as I become more advanced in not only in its workings but in my adaptation to it, I will make some more headway. I do realize now that this new paradigm deals primarily with the realms of ontology, touching on epistemology, which is clear from the onset, but perhaps disguised from laymen, which I must bear in mind whenever discussing it.

If the time comes when I can relax a bit and take a breather from all this, I will certainly thank the Gods for their patronage.

26 March 1996:

Additional material in relation to the lecture:

Possible concrete application of means: It is paramount to understand the relative true reasons for divination (finding the supernatural in the natural). It is a method for journeying to and exploring/experiencing the supernatural, not as a result of simply attempting acknowledging it.

Witchcraft is not inherently evil (Durbin), and (almost always) not done on an unconscious level. The idea of this came about during the witch trials, created as a tool for fettering out of people by the church. Unfortunately, it prevailed to the Functionalist school and continues to this day. Also, the utilization of witchcraft as an unconscious phenomena does not necessarily relate to sociological controls of individuals (unless you consider Inquisition times to the early 1700s), which I submit is more rare than commonplace in world view. **Voodoo** or the use of dolls to increase the effectiveness of spells, is not a adjunct of witchcraft, but a form of divination. It falls within spell casting but seeks to possess the supernatural

(dualistic) aspect of the person to whom the spell is cast at. Constructing a wax doll or employing the use of hair invokes the idea of the familiar—a concept beyond its surface appearances/interpretive application.

9 April 1996:

Much work has been done and little more to do. In three days time, I will be giving this godforsaken speech. It seems fairly coherent, although I am experiencing some reservations. I like the newest version. I came to like it after giving the older one the heave-ho and found I had tangled my subject in the thorns of 50-cent words. It's a habit I'm trying my best to break. I remember slighting Campbell for doing it, now I find that I am doing it.

I find myself wondering where all this will lead to. I can only hope for the best in Pasadena, however, I find now that I'm worrying a little more about it. This is probably because on Thursday, I was laid off from the post office. It's not that bad, really, although now I find myself stressing on financial matters when I thought I would have no worries about it until the end of the year when I would be going off to grad school. It has gotten so bad that I found myself second-guessing the speech. Ideas like "should I be talking about something so controversial? Should I be upsetting the delicate balance at this stage of the game? Should I be pissing off academe when I NEED to be accepted for grad studies?" I am very confident in my work and feel that I can answer questions regarding it. My only fleeting hope is that somebody not only notices, but is intrigued enough to want me to come to their university. Everything and nothing hangs in the balance—pretty much as it always has. Which is not so bad, I guess, it's something I've gotten used to these days.

I heard there's a paper competition several weeks after the lecture. I'm trying to fill my time expanding on those areas I didn't have a chance to talk about. Including the crowning jewel of the research—*The Scale of Plausibility*—which, I feel, departs from the mainstream although I have a feeling that it probably exists in some form or another somewhere. I suppose I haven't read enough, which is true. My philosophy at this time is to throw out what I've pondered and see what bites. If any of these things do exist in print somewhere, I'm sure I'll hear about it as my work gets more exposure. Until then, I'll keep plugging away.

Also, this idea of Sam Uncler is popping up more and more. As I approach the vista of a new career, this figure becomes more and more prominent. It's as expected as it is eerie, it's as strange, it is sensible. It's as weird as it is logical. The boundaries are becoming fuzzy, the world is evaporating into a

ghoulish haze; greys are being substituted for blacks and whites. No longer are there colors, just shades of an indivisible world.

10 April 1996:

I dream pleasantly these days, and have many restful nights. It's surprising how at peace I feel—no human should have it this good. In past endeavors, I would have frightful nightmares which metaphorically suggested I was on the wrong path, that I was restricting my true abilities. No longer. In fact, earlier this evening while I napped, I dreamt of things and places where I understood the calamity around me and it didn't bother me in the least. I was okay. I suppose it's a symbol of my metamorphosis, in the two halves become one. Of unification. Sam Uncler and I are working in tandem—we are now one and the same.

I read an article yesterday about how we cognize and construct our own destinies. What we want for ourselves is exactly what we get. Even if we choose to represses the things and hide the true reasons for our behavior. I'm certain I have designed my own fate; Uncler's fictional experiments are becoming more and more real as time passes. I find it strange yet do not fight it, it is as I wish to pass. I just wonder where all this will lead, what I'll be like in say, three years. I'm so drastically different from a few short months ago, transpose it to years and ponder the change. Yesterday was a fine example of the changes. I went searching through my old papers (some of only four months ago), and discovered I was *drastically* different. I mean not just in the use of this word or that, but a complete metamorphosis of philosophy. And with a more profound sense of theory and analysis. I wonder where this is all leading to. . .

All I can say is I hope I don't vanish into the great unknown like Uncler did. In the search for the truth, he got so caught up in the work, he forwent he personal safety. In the texts, Uncler doesn't have anything substantial beyond a Master's degree—it's not for the lack of support for a doctorate—for some reason (even I do not know) he never gets around to it, his work has taken over his life. His independent experiments are so beyond the current scope of knowledge; there is nothing either his professors or colleagues could teach him. In some ways it's understandable as it is dangerous. I would like to say I hope I don't reach that point, but in thinking that seriously, I would be not only limiting myself but stifling the abilities I treasure so much.

I think this will be the last time I write in this before the conference—which is in two days' time. I'm quite proud of the version of the speech I have written, even if it sounds a little like mad science. All I know is that it is logical and to the quick; I leave nothing to the imagination and some of the stuff I

propose is downright scary even to me. I think Tanneth Lee said something to the effect that: “You are not truly renown if you don’t scare yourself.” When I return to write here after the conference, it should be interesting to see if anything has changed—hopefully the stress level will have decreased. I’m smoking like a chimney!

14 April 1996:

Lazing on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, nothing seems to be at odds. The conference went well and it looks as if I might be up for research grants on the Unified Paradigm. A university in SF offered me a year grant, however, since I’m planning graduate school out of California and it’s going to happen in less than a year, taking the offer would not be in my best interests.

I had a lot of good responses to the work and a lot of surprises that I was only a undergraduate. Many figured I was just starting my doctorate; the sentiment was flattering but I wished I wasn’t so far behind chronologically in school class. Hopefully, once I publish on the findings and hypotheses I have generated, something can be worked out. I’m sure there will be.

In the interests of this diary and the cohesion it tends to inspire, I’m placing the speech in its entirety:

The Holographic Paradigm and Its Adaptation to Psychological Anthropology:

Over the millennia of man’s existence, he has sought to explain supernatural phenomena. While many of his searches have been in vain, given past and present-day methodology, this end is not surprising. Folklore abounds with stories of the unknown, and our conception of apparitions, devils, and super-human abilities have changed little. Today, science has the holographic paradigm and it is within this paradigm that the dark of the unknown will move into the light of tangible known.

In the course of this lecture, I will elaborate on the Holographic Paradigm as it has been defined by the world’s leading scientists. I will discuss Psychological Anthropology’s role in contributing its analyses. I will introduce the Unified Paradigm and its unique place between these two disciplines. I will provide an example of how the Unified Paradigm operates, and I will list six constructs, including the *genesis of theory*, which are a result of the application of the Unified Paradigm.

The Holographic Paradigm offers a new perspective on religious phenomena and experience. It is based on the disciplines of Quantum Physics, Psychology, and

Anthropology, employing perceptive psychological aspects of the individual and his interaction with nature. Combined with the discipline of Psychological Anthropology, it becomes the Unified Paradigm. The Unified Paradigm is a means to research and define the paranormal. It is scientific yet is free to explore the realms deemed religious.

David Bohm, a former protégé of Einstein and one of the world's most respected quantum physicists, and Karl Pribram, one of the architects of our modern understanding of the brain, believe that the universe itself may be a giant hologram, quite literally a kind of image or construct created, at least in part, by the human mind. This remarkable new way of looking at the universe explains not only many of the unsolved puzzles of physics, but also such mysterious occurrences as telepathy, out-of-body and near-death experiences, "lucid" dreams, and even religious and mystical experiences such as feelings of cosmic unity and miraculous healing.

The concept of the holographic paradigm is summarized as: The sum total of phenomena, either tangible or intangible, in a dynamic—theoretically illusionary—reality. Marilyn Ferguson defines the holographic paradigm: "Our brains mathematically construct 'concrete' reality by interpreting frequencies from another dimension, a realm of meaningful, patterned primary reality that transcends time and space. The brain is a hologram, interpreting a holographic universe."

Bohm's theories and his work have produced some of the most startling assertions that the tangible reality of our everyday lives is really a kind of illusion, like a holographic image. Underlying it is a deeper order of existence, a vast and more primary level of reality that gives birth to all objects and appearances of our physical world--much in the same way that a piece of holographic film gives birth to the hologram. Bohm calls this deeper level of reality the implicate, or enfolded, order, and refers to our own level of existence as the explicate, or unfolded, order. He uses these terms because he sees the manifestation of all forms in the universe as the result of countless enfoldings and unfoldings between these two orders. Stanislov Grof speculates that if the implicate and explicate orders are an accurate description of reality then, "it is conceivable that certain unusual states of consciousness could mediate direct experience of, and intervention in, the

implicate order. It would thus be possible to modify phenomena in the phenomenal world by influencing their generative matrix.”

In his landmark book, *Languages of the Brain*, Karl Pribram’s studies in memory as a nonlocal entity led him to the conclusion that the brain operates like a hologram. He discovered that the characteristic firing of neurons created an interference pattern, much like a laser does when bounced off an object to be photographed. A hologram is only visible because of the interference pattern created by the laser. Although to the naked eye the holographic film appears as nothing more than concentric rings, when a laser beam is shined through the film, the original object materializes. This idea can be best illustrated by an example from Ken Wilber: “If you take a holographic photo of, say, a horse and cut out one section of it—the horse’s head—and then enlarge that section to the original size, you will get, not a big head, but a picture of the whole horse. In other words, each individual part of the picture contains the whole picture in condensed form. The part is in the whole and the whole is in each part.”

It was from the idea of a gigantic hologram that the Holographic Paradigm was born. According to Pribram, it consists of: [the idea that] “the brain is a hologram perceiving and participating in a holographic universe. In the explicate or manifest realm of space and time, things and events are indeed separate and discrete. However, beneath the surface, as it were, in the implicate or frequency realm, all things and events are spacelessly, timelessly, intrinsically, one and undivided.” And, Bohm and Pribram reasoned, the quintessential religious experience, might very well be a *genuine* and *legitimate* experience of this implicate and universal ground.

In applying these ideas to this lecture topic, the conclusion reached by Bohm and Pribram contributes this important observation: If the brain does function like a hologram—working within a larger universal hologram which it has access to—then it might have a direct link into a field domain or, as Wilber states, a “holistic frequency realm” that transcends spatial and temporal boundaries. And this, reasoned Pribram, might very likely be the domain experienced by the world’s great mystics and sages.

The “holistic frequency realm” is where the common source of religion lies. Within Bohm’s implicate order, religion and all explicate manifestations are contained—

implicate matter existing in a “shaded” reality that literally possesses no dimension. The explicate manifestations are direct movements within the implicate which, as matter is unfolded, can be changed and reshaped in virtually limitless ways. Or, as Stanislav Grof remarks: “The world is not necessarily as solid as we perceive it.”

Nevertheless, the implicate and explicate orders are still one and the same—whole and interdependent—and Bohm says that unless this basic understanding takes hold, “primarily physical laws cannot be discovered by a science that attempts to break the world into its parts.” Unexplainable phenomena of any and all types originate from the same source—the implicate—and it is within that basic yet complex understanding where we can begin the journey of discovery. We are, as the Australian aborigines say in their concept of dream-time, just learning how to survive in infinity.

Physicist Fred Wolf asserts that the holographic model explains lucid dreams--unusually vivid dreams in which the dreamer believes he or she is awake. Wolf believes such dreams are actually visits to parallel or “shaded” realities. He also states that the holographic model will ultimately allow science to develop a “physics of consciousness” that will enable science to begin to explore more fully these other dimensional levels of existence. This challenge offered by Wolf can be taken up by Psychological Anthropology, utilizing its experience with human and cultural archetypes, and its openness in studying religious systems.

The Unified Paradigm can meet the challenge. It is grounded in the ideals of the holographic paradigm and is heavily contingent on the responses and advancements offered by cultural analyses and psychoanalytic psychology. The Unified Paradigm works to qualify and test first-hand knowledge, and looks to see if similar types of phenomena labeled “mystical” or “supernatural” exist in ritual systems and in historical accounts. This type of analysis focuses on consistency. The Unified Paradigm reexamines data and allows devising of tests which attempt to discover a more holistic, approximate truth of not only tangible data but also intuitive experience. It succeeds because it does not rely on authority to distinguish truth.

Let me provide an example how the Unified Paradigm would work.

One of the most profound reports of supernormal abilities--and one of the most meticulously recorded--was the Jansenist Miracles of the 18th Century. The Jansenists were a puritanical sect of Dutch-influenced Catholics. The “miracles” began shortly after the death of Francois de Paris in 1727. Because of his saintly reputation, worshippers began gathering at his tomb. Until 1733—possibly until 1750—mourners performed miraculous displays of healing such ailments as paralysis, deafness, sores, and blindness. The mourners also started to experience strange involuntary spasms or convulsions and to undergo the most amazing contortions of their limbs. It was while they were in this fitful, trance-like state that the convulsionaires displayed the most phenomenal of their talents. One was the ability to endure an almost unimaginable variety of physical tortures. These included severe beatings, blows from both heavy and sharp objects, and strangulation—all with absolutely no sign of injury, or even the slightest trace of wounds or bruises.

The thread of similarity, of similar conditions, although varying types of miracles, makes this case worth studying. The events were witnessed by thousands of people. In 1733, it was noted in the public records that over 3,000 volunteers were needed simply to assist the convulsionaires. This attracted persons from all positions in society who provided the numerous accounts, both official and unofficial, of the authenticity of the events.

In applying the Unified Paradigm, the following constructs form the basis for analysis:

1. The intention is to neither prove nor disprove the information, but to ascertain the plausibility of an event. This construct is particularly applicable to historic accounts where no living witnesses remain.

2. What type of information is available? Do we have reports resembling folklore, or do we have an extremely particular account? How reliable are the witnesses? What are the individual and cultural backgrounds of the witnesses? In this instance we have numerous first-hand reports of intricately detailed occurrences of phenomena, which lend credence to the plausibility of this case. It was witnessed by persons in different social classes, and by the sheer volume of reports, cannot be easily dismissed as a contrived instance. Carre de Montgeron, a court-appointed scribe, and ironically sent by King Louis

XV to disprove the Jansenists, wrote a particularly vivid account of Jansenist Jeanne Maulet: “To test the convulsionnaires apparent invulnerability to torture, Mlle. Maulet leaned against a stone wall while a very strong man delivered one hundred blows to her stomach with a 30-pound hammer.” It is noted that the convulsionnaires themselves asked to be tortured because they said it relieved the pain of the convulsions. To test the force of the blows, Montgeron himself took up the hammer. Montgeron’s report is as follows: “At the 25th blow, the stone upon which I struck, which had been shaken loose by the preceding efforts, suddenly became loose and fell to the other side of the wall, making an aperture more than half a foot in size.”

3. Generate analysis from outside sources: Michael Talbot regards the event as psychokinesis on a large scale. This idea hinges on the logic that intense faith and hysteria trigger the deeper forces of the mind. Instead of being produced by one individual, the psychokinetic effects may have been created by the combined fervor and belief of all those present—which might account for the unusual vigor of the manifestations. Harvard psychologist William McDougall echoes Talbot when he noted in the 1920s that religious miracles might be the result of the collective psychic powers of large numbers of worshippers. In other words, visions brought on by “mass hysteria” are no less real for being labeled thusly. Indeed, the concept of “mass hysteria” is a relevant component of the Holographic Paradigm.

4. At this point, using the information gathered in points 1 through 3, possibilities are debated as to how such phenomena are manifested. Could Mlle. Maulet have had the ability to alter her body’s physiology to become more or less substantial? Speculations are as follows: Talbot argues that PK is at work, however he notes that it does not explain every aspect of the convulsionnaires’ invulnerability. Some researchers believe the holographic view of reality may have the key to understanding the phenomena on its own ground. Bohm believes that consciousness and matter are different aspects of the same fundamental something (called *Æther* by the alchemists), a something that has its origins in the implicate order. As Talbot puts into simple terms: “In addition to psychokinetically moving objects around, the mind may also be able to reach down and reprogram the cosmic motion picture projector that created those objects in the first place. Thus, not only

could the conventionally recognized rules of nature, such as inertia, be completely bypassed, but the mind could alter and reshape the material world in a way far more dramatic than even psychokinesis implies.”

Through this analysis and speculation, *genesis of theory* is obtained. Instead of an incident going unnoticed or ignored by the scientific community, the Unified Paradigm takes on the event and applies to it the best theories of the day. This procedure evolves intellectually, upgrading an incident from just a report and its plausibility, to the possible reason for the manifestation, and then to theories of the mechanisms behind the manifestation. The next step is to further analyze ways to replicate the event—by either creating it with technology, or by designing devices to record such events scientifically in the field.

The Unified Paradigm’s contribution to science is that it reasserts the intrinsic value of mystical phenomena and experience. Unlike most ideas outside the holographic paradigm, it does not belittle or completely reject such invaluable sources. Instead, as in the Jansenist example, it considers these sources much as it does the “hard” sciences. Fritjof Capra notes: “Physicists explore levels of matter; mystics explore levels of mind. What they have in common is that both levels lie beyond ordinary sense perception.” It is crucial we accept this as truth; that we not limit ourselves to one particular view of the universe. We must remember that every qualified view is not only unique but relevant in scientific endeavor.

I submit the application of the Unified Paradigm will expand the domain of science, increasing exponentially the bounds of present-day knowledge and understanding. It asks scientific questions of the unknown, dealing with reports of phenomena which have remained on the fringes of our scope of knowledge since man began pondering the nature of his existence.

In assimilating all conceptual knowns and unknowns, the Unified Paradigm provides an explanation, incorporating these constants into its framework:

1. The supernatural and the sum total of its visible manifestations are a perceivable reality.

2. Current scientific theory does not explain the supernatural and the sum total of its visible manifestations—in some cases completely ignores it. So science must look to areas outside the field of anthropology—primarily quantum physics—and incorporate these fields for suitable hypotheses.

3. The Holographic Paradigm is a valid theory of a perceived reality.

4. Operating within the Holographic Paradigm and applicable scientific theories, the Unified Paradigm utilizes interchangeable human perceptions. While not limited to its exclusivity, it works to generate a *genesis of theory* which fosters evolution of intellect and attitude.

5. Within these constants, the Unified Paradigm works to foresee future application of technologies to enable replication of paranormal phenomena.

6. What the Unified Paradigm emphasizes most is that true paradox in nature does not exist; paradox is only a perceived limitation, and as we learn more of the true nature of the universe we will come to accept this conclusion.

These six points I have listed are the constants provided by the Unified Paradigm. Within its creation and subsequent future theories, the scope of its application will be realized.

In considering feedback from my colleague, Sean, I find that a piece of the speech may have some perceivable flaws such as the idea that the mind can affect the matrix patterns of matter. He said he finds more value in the assertion of the “shaded reality”. In my original hypothesis, this phenomena is the “address” of paranormal occurrences, however, this obvious dualism of nature’s functions may be a little too pedantic. In attempting to encourage not only simplicity instead of raging complexity, but unification of the sciences instead of abhorrent specificity, I have discovered there are, at rare times, when a multi-faceted explanation or hypothesis is far better engineered than an overly simplistic dualistic/symmetrical idea. I’m speaking of the shaded reality. Yes, on one hand the idea of a negative or implicate matter realm explains many seemingly anomalous phenomena, however, the juxtaposition of one’s enfolded and unfolded persona leaves much still unexplained. The main one being the idea that one can slightly alter one’s physical reality, as it were, to suit one’s purpose. Esoteric notions aside, some minor experiments carried out by myself have lent credence to this. I cannot say at this time I have demonstrated the idea since I have not done enough research into it; however, I will say that it is very probable that an

individual, with the ability to put his mind to specific task, can affect the reality he is in. Or more accurately, he can “jump” from one reality to the next, his mind searching for the desired outcome, settling in one particular reality which suits the purpose.

There is only so much movement involved in this. It is very difficult to move beyond one’s reality paradigm. Let me explain. Using a PVC pipe that has a series of wires running through it, the pipe is the comprehensive reality paradigm, the shell providing the cohesion necessary to sustain the interior. The wires represent sub-reality paradigms, or realities. As a person travels through time along these wires, his perception is locked into this movement. This is the world as he or she perceives it, any cognition above that provides no additional abilities to recognize the other wires. The “shifts” in reality occur when the individual “jumps” from one wire to the next and it is my opinion that this is done primarily on an unconscious level.

Through preliminary experimentation, I have discovered that it is possible to effectively “jump” from one wire to the next. These results are extremely sensitive since more experimentation needs to be done. However, I believe that I will find some success with this hypothesis.

It is a simple matter of jumping and altering one’s reality to suit one’s needs. It is a matter of altering one’s perceptive constants to achieve this process. In incorporating individuals who will be ultimately affected by this reality shifting; I have found the shifting effects are analogous to hypnosis and reprogramming.

What I would like to do is take this experiment into the field to a place where large numbers of people gather. It has to be an environment which is as eclectic and distractive as possible. The reasons for this are obvious: The more distracting the surroundings, the more “confused” the mind is of what exactly it is perceiving. A bar or dance club would probably work, but I haven’t decided on that yet. Nevertheless, I predict a bar or club would provide about 65-75% success rate. People are mentally receptive at these moments, especially when consuming varying amounts of alcohol and socializing with persons of different ethnicity and economic backgrounds. The idea is to select the best test-subjects (regardless of mental stability) in a environment where this type of experiment wouldn’t even be considered. As I mentioned, I have had some success with this project—enough to warrant an expanse of it.

In the future I need a low frequency, varying pulse generator with a fixed frequency, narrow focus emitter. This unit must be battery operated (I speculate a 9-volt model could be constructed) and small enough to fit into a pants pocket without any obvious sign of it being there.

I will continue this line of inquiry as time permits; I will have some more results of this experiment a week from today—possibly with notes of expansion pursuant to this idea.

16 April 1996:

I seem to have made some headway with the Unified Paradigm. I have been able to identify deficiencies within Anthro's crass use of abhorrent functionalism. The idea of functionalism is a fairly simple one, but as people further and further fragment reality, these encompassing ideas become entangled and thorny as they are employed. The dichotomy of not trusting one's own theories and constructs is problematic and will only continue more irreverently as time passes. I believe this Unified Paradigm may help to solve the problems. Although at this time I may not have all the answers, not to mention the topics I choose may seem far removed from it, it all comes out in the end. It is quite possible that this is madness; Shakespeare "this is madness, though there be method in it" seems appropriate. It is only perceivably mad and open for debate on such grounds. Regardless of what is thought by the "mainstream", I will take this idea to wherever it may lead me and research accordingly. This flying "seat of the pants" approach may be madness, but it seems pretty damn good from where I'm sitting.

I still seem to be having reservations of this "mind altering matter" hypothesis offered by Grof. This "generative matrix" and Talbot's "cosmic motion picture projector" have many thorns and I'm not entirely convinced of their application. I find more value in the idea of shifting reality. At this point it's hard to say, but I do have the feeling that each of us are describing the same thing in different ways. If perception and interpretation of two-dimensional objects provides the three-dimensional phenomena we call reality, then who's to say what are apples and what are oranges? I think it is safe to assume Grof, Talbot, and I share perceptions and that our intentions of describing those perceptions to the best of our abilities are unanimous; still, the differences of the mechanistic properties influenced by different variables are quite obvious. Perhaps there will be a time to address this problem. Perhaps there may be a common diction we can agree to when performing typology of phenomena within the holographic universe. I'm certain it can be worked out. Besides, these newfangled ontological studies are mired in the diction of the old parapsychological schools—and God knows we need to revise that.

Also, I found this while cleaning out the hard drive. I don't know what it means, but it may be something worth saving. . .if not, then.

26 January 1995

I don't know where to begin. I suppose the start of the story would seem to be a good place, but the more I think about the start, the further my mind travels back in time where I get lost in the fuddled, murky memories of a disheveled past. I can remember yesterday clearly, just as clearly as I remember last month, or six months or maybe a year. So, my cognitive abilities are intact, I can remember concrete things, where I went, what I did, where I slept or what I ate, but I've lost the nuances of the experiences—all I'm left with is a wash of a romanticized time. And now trying to recount the experience, to recall the memory not only accurately but purely without any exaggeration on the part of the writer, has its obstacles.

Makes no sense to me.

29 April 1996:

Made some interesting progress in academics today. I've been pushing headstrong through C.G. Jung's *Psychology of Religion and Synchronicity*. So far it's been a rough ride but now I'm making some interesting progress.

On the suggestion from a colleague, I'm pursuing a web page to "advertise" myself and my work. The idea seems very sensible and according to my colleague, I pretty much run my own show—so why not run one's own page? I figure when it comes time to apply to a grad school, simply give them the address and let them read all my work—not to mention the interesting links for further reading. I really have no complaints these days, I'm getting plenty of things done and made some great progress. The future will, at the very least, be quite interesting.

Also, I should mention my realization in Comparative Religion class this morning. It's not a study of the mystic aspects of religion, it is a study of dogma, pure and simple. Nothing more, nothing less. I found I used to get quite irritated with Durbin for his handling of the class, now I seem to get quite a lot of reading done. Got to be good for something.

2 May 1996:

In pursuing parallel fields, I.E. parallel realities. At this time I am only scratching the surface of this research. I have not generated enough conclusions to continue written analysis; however, I will note that I have a pretty good chance of connecting my hypothesis of paranormal phenomena with the idea of inter-phasic field intersections. So far, at this point, this explains paranormal manifestations, parallel universe and multi-dimensional theory, my idea of the "shaded" reality, the holographic universe, and

chaos into a nice holistic package who's very nature seems quite easy to manipulate and duplicate under lab conditions. I'm onto something quite striking here.

9 May 1996:

Into more striking information. I went to San Francisco today to talk with David King at California Institute of Integral Studies about my thesis. He was quite receptive and gave me the name of a guy who I may be able to network with. On returning to SF State to get some paperwork done, I went to the bookstore and found something noteworthy enough to put here.

In the sleeve of a book I found a card advertising books and computer programs on quantum mechanics. One particular book deals with parameter dependence of wave functions upon magnetic resonance (two separate topics); I also bought *Synchronicity* by Drs. Combs and Holland. Inside references are made to Michael Persinger's work (of which I am familiar) on "the possibility of directly accessing every human brain by electromagnetic induction of fundamental algorithms" (1995). Between these two books, I am one step closer to constructing apparatus to explore the "shaded" reality, parallel field densities, and otherwise "paranormal" research. I spoke to King about the theory of using technology to demarcate such things and he agreed it would substantively lend credence to said pursuit.

Although I am dead tired, my head spins with this new material. And I was beginning to think the long drive to SF was a waste! Also, I plan on attending an inventor's seminar this weekend here in Modesto; a gentleman Lynn speaks highly of who works at Lawrence Livermore Labs might be the final key to putting some of this equipment together. From talking with King, it is apparent to me that I possess the theoretical basis for these pursuits; however, I need to move to a more tangible realm where I can actually devise some tests and encourage genesis of theory that I speak so highly of. At this moment, it's just a matter of time.

12 May 1996:

Because of the monetary concerns, I've been in a depressed mood for several days. I realize (and keep reminding myself) that the materialistic problems I am currently suffering will eventually go away and I will be able to devote myself to my chosen line of work full-time. However, in the meantime, this reassurance holds little water.

I dream well these days; last night's was as restful as most other nights have been. My mind is keen and (I think) happy with the work I am pursuing; the work is causing no problems whatsoever—I am satisfied with it. It's this money thing, the idea that now I am flat broke and the check which is owed to

me from work seems to have vanished into thin air. Additionally, the state is screwing with me (unemployment), but that should be resolved soon. What I am trying to get across in this is that while my psychological state is exceptional, the rest of me worries far too much about the finances. I am looking for a way to have myself not worry so much about it; if I could only take stock in the exceptional ground I'm making in my work and the benefits it provides to me—who gives a shit about what it might yield or how may it support me in the future. I must resolve this pedantic worrying and turn the energy used in such endeavors to ones more deserving.

I'm reading *Synchronicity* and in every page I find myself more and more excited about the prospects listed in its pages. As I said in the previous entry, it's just a matter of time before something breaks in my work. I'm playing with the idea (on a suggestion from Sean) of doing a "book report", going into detail of some crucial issues and listed some concrete tests not only in response to the book, but also within the ideas that I have generated. It might be good practice for me to understand up-to-date constructs and apply them accordingly. I'm waiting until I finish the book to start work; already though, ideas are swimming around in my head.

14 May 1996:

This may be the most unique entry into this journal. While in class this morning, I came to the realization of what I am, what I am attempting to do, and exactly (if possible) how to do it.

If one takes the time in the future to pursue the work I have generated in this and in my other works, one will see a progression of change, however profound and seemingly puerile, to a destination unbeknownst to even me until this morning. If one reads the first entry in this intrepid rambling, of Kennett, (where one may believe this all began) through the Mayan studies to parallel universes, time and time travel, there IS a progression—a destiny paved as a steady progression of otherwise synchronistic events—without consciousness as the cohesive element, this almost linear movement would remain absolutely meaningless in an individualistic sense.

This began with a discussion in class of Western intellectualism—the idea of the dichotomy, of extremes with little, if any, shades of grey. However, from my pursuits shades of grey are commonplace and MUST be figured into the equation of one's research, not eliminated as classic science would have it. And suddenly it dawned on me. I have been lately been relentlessly pursuing the idea of parallel realities and a manner in which to either/or study and travel to. Now, in my Western intellectual tradition, it would have me believe that I came up with this idea all on my own—with proper reference to fairly recent

scientists and all that—but the logistics I experience wholly my own. This is the rub that has been plaguing me for quite some time. No connection, no cohesive temporal elements, nothing. Next, I thought back to when I first concretely experienced the goal I have been attempting. That was in September 1993, the “UFO” experience—which to me was no more than unifying my consciousness with nature, removed from extraterrestrial influence—when I saw the equations in a manner only I would understand, equations of the dimensions of reality, of time and a bonus—what the actual experience would be if one traveled through time or the post-temporal response. Profound as it was at the time, later on I began to seriously think about this as a possibility. And what I was thinking about this morning was that I couldn’t have been the only one in the history of mankind to have experienced what I experienced and thought of it in such a way. It’s not only overbearingly arrogant but just plain ignorant. So, back to the Mayan studies and the possibility of this research being furthered; what if persons of that civilization so long ago had same experience? And what if they wrote on it? Of course, many others in many civilizations throughout time have done similar; however, some may not have had a writing system or lived in a specialized environment where time would be allowed to pursue such research, or perhaps their logic is so beyond ours that we couldn’t comprehend the problems they had sought to solve. One thing I *do* know is that it has been done by many individuals in the annals of history.

So now it’s just a matter of getting this whole mess sorted out. But what would be my goal in this? Total power of manipulation of the environment which, according to the holographic principle, includes the entire universe. It’s time to evolve to the next tier, the next plane of existence; it is this idea that convinces me that my destiny and progression of thought and research throughout my life has been in pursuit of this goal. Whether I consciously determine to do it or not (evolve), it happens; perhaps occurring slowly or quickly—assimilation rate of newly evolved traits modeled after the chaos functions—yet it still happens.

I think of the Electric Cipher, of Samuel Uncler, and what I am doing, of my transformation from myself into this character I have created and wonder—occasionally know—what all of it means. I do not have all the answers or conclusive proof of any of this, not yet; however, I get the sense that a major breakthrough will take place near my 30th birthday, in 1998. All hell will break loose and hopefully, the destiny which guides me along its currents will lead me to the truth of not only the universe but of my position and place. I am not quite wholly human in the classic sense (of believing we can’t do this or that or think this or that) but a hybrid of the gods of old, of the thoughts of old, of the desires, dreams and

aspirations of old. Time is ripe to fulfill those ideas. I am of them and they are of me and together we'll make sense of the tangle that we have ensnared ourselves in over the long millennia that have followed.

15 May 1996:

Well, now I've really done it. On this day approximately 3:30PM, I looked at a 1954 Cadillac sedan, powder blue and white; V-8 power, power steering and brakes, signal search AM radio, dual exhausts. I saw it in the paper several weeks ago, but at \$375, what can one expect but to see a half-assembled automobile with completely rotted components? So, like a good boy, I ignored it. However, the story doesn't end there. I took it upon myself to tell Raydelle, the secretary in the antho office about it. She about fell out of her chair when I told her and she sent me, with Polaroid camera in hand, to investigate. I think she really wanted the car. So I went to see it, and now at 8PM, I am buying it for myself; putting a \$300 deposit on it pending delivery tomorrow.

Needless to say, I've got problems. I really like the car—love it would probably be a more fitting term—it symbolizes something, I don't know what, at this point in time. Well, that's not right, while looking under the hood and inside I could feel an obsession running through me, consuming every fiber of me, and that car was the apex of it. I don't know what it is about that car, with its flawless dashpad, steering wheel, among other things. There's something about the piquant blue shadowy reflection the interior gives off when one looks through the windshield. Maybe it was the eerie light of the damp sky, the rain pouring in sheets, that created this illusion. Perhaps it was the gleaming chrome hiding underneath layers of dust that caught my attention; or maybe the Cadillac medallion in the center of the steering wheel caused me to think of times past and the prosperity that naturally comes along with owning such an automobile. Whatever it was, it burrowed itself deeply into my unconscious. I feel powerful yet weak; I can control my destiny and my life yet I am powerless to instigate change. If I could only be obsessed, single minded on this one, for once in my life. Become the shadowy, shamanistic figure consumed with controlling his own existence and the environment around him that it seems nature is telling me to do. Whatever the justifications, there is something going on here, and although I now think that I have completely fucked myself out of existence, I may have just saved myself from the tedium that has been slowly wrapping its cold, clammy arms around my soul. Maybe, just maybe, this object of my desire is not simply the latest fling, but the physicality that will breathe and exhale and pave the way for my ascension to the next tier of awareness. It's hard to say—it will take more time to figure all this out

(which is typical of synchronistic events)—whatever the result, things will certainly be more interesting around here.

Might make a good piece of fiction someday.

27 May 1996:

Time has passed and time presses on. I seem to have successfully (for the time being) juxtaposed and balanced the Cadillac, my fiction writing, and academic papers. For the first, things have gone well although in the past week, I have practically killed myself looking for a job—with no luck, yet. In the second, I have renewed my interest in *Of Something I Once Knew* and am considering sending it for publication. And in the third, I have no new findings to report, however, at this moment, I feel as if I could do well.

What I find interesting these days is the absolute strangeness of the days. The car helps me to forget about the academia and the fiction, while the fiction helps me to forget the car and academia and so forth. It's an interesting combination although I've made some (albeit little) progress in any of the three areas.

I don't feel much like writing today anyway.

13 June 1996:

Well, things have changed quite considerably. I started a new job (thanks to the Cadillac and what forces it represents) this week and it is going well. Also, I won an appeal and have \$762 sitting in the Cad file (another \$254 en route soon) so that leaves me feeling pretty good right now.

I've started some restoration and am placing calls to find the missing front bumper pieces. I figure get the big stuff out of the way first (missing pieces certainly qualifies) and then deal with the items I can buy through catalogues. As of now, I seem to have \$1500 slated to get the car in running and driving condition, which isn't too bad I think. Having a full-time job that pays fairly well helps.

Last night I was mulling over the situation I find myself in. Finally, I have the automobile with which I can work my art and my magic. At times I may become pensive thinking about the low wage and the lack of much upward progression; however, I find myself also thinking that I cannot know what's going to happen with the Cad in my driveway. So many good things have happened so far it's hard to figure what's next. And what is the most strange is the more work I do, the easier the job becomes. For example, when one of the tires was nearly flat and I had to remove it to get it filled, I assumed the bolts holding the rim would be frozen solid (they sure gave the appearance). Instead, they came off easily. And

when removing the brake drum to have a look at the wheel cylinder and shoes, same thing—easy. It's as if the Cad *wants* to be restored, it's as if there is a life force this car generates that is hell-bent on survival. I tell you, I not only much appreciate the force, but thrive on it. It gives me the power to not only take stock in what I have but where I am going and the adventure that goes along with it. In the next few months it should be interesting how this trek proceeds.

24 July 1996:

I realize I should be writing in this diary more than I have been. So many things have changed, it would take nearly a book the size of a novel to sort through the cavalcade of events that have led up to this moment as I sit here writing this. I am now living in a one-bedroom apartment just off Coffee Road with a girl I call Dana. I moved this computer here just yesterday and as of yet I still am experiencing the new-place jitters. It's so strange, as Rylee cries down the hall, I think about random things, trying to put them in some sort of cognitive order so that I may look back and understand the things I did. I have her picture on this desk as well as on the one at work.

I'm going to have to restart this damn thing, it's fucking up.

Better now. Anyway, it's just so strange all the things that have been going on. It won't be until I get to Purgatory will I piece this whole mess together. So that means, as I sit here typing this, I have no idea what I'm doing writing this because I see no sense in it, but, alas, I continue doing so out of some sort of retrospective habit. I think I'll stop now, have a cigarette, and let myself digest the day.

21 October 1996:

I have spent the better part of the night authoring a paper on synchronicity. I had promised Dr. O'Neil that I would have it finished the first week of November. I finished reading the book three weeks ago. The lack of ambition on the project kept from making any progress to netting a good grade, whereby I would graduate. My state of mind these days is good; I am confident in not only my studies, but in my writing.

The introduction to *Ontology and Acausal Relationships* is spectacular. I find that now I must continue the discourse before I never resume it again.

12 November 1996:

Now I'm working on *Ontology and Acausal Relationships*. . . , just now taking a break and searching more information of Persinger—especially in regard to some bibliographic references. Just got some Christmas blend coffee and boy is it good! I'm now living on Lakewood Avenue with the same

Dana girl. Things are going pretty well, although I wish I would use this diary more for what I initially intended it for. Oh well, can't live up to every expectation.

Hey, I was actually employed for awhile—two weeks—how about that? I'm also on the Net again, although the server is fucking up. I hope it'll be cleared up soon, I need to research Persinger a little closer.

The paper is going well, slowly but well. I haven't spoken to O'Neil yet about it, but I don't foresee any real problems. I'd better get back to the business at hand.

12 February 1997:

(NOTE: This entry was input 20 November 1999 from handwritten notes on this date.)

An idea, an experiment with time travel. Also, a way to help with the difficult financial situation. I have been working at a Barnes & Noble to help pay the bills and just pay for life in general; no matter how hard I would try, the hours would never be enough for either. In the *Chaos and ARD Optic* file lies a small white memo book which proposes an experiment regarding a time travel experiment: "Return in time to Ash Wednesday 1997 (2/12) between the hours of 4-5:30PM and place envelope of money (\$3,000) under passenger seat of 1972 Olds green. (Keep keys to ease entry.) 1401 Lakewood Avenue #258, Modesto, CA." For obvious reasons the words DO NOT MISPLACE grace the page as does "attach Olds door key to this"; the only comment I can add to this is that that evening while the sun was setting on that brisk day, a weird feeling overcame me, quite like the one on the evening of 10 November 1999 right before I (we) fired up the shield generator for the first time. I do hope that at some point in time I can understand the full ramifications of these notions.

15 April 1997:

(NOTE: This entry was input 20 November 1999 from handwritten notes on this date.)

This comes again from the *Chaos and ARD Optic* file which precludes the first C1 experiments in Modesto, California by about a month or so: *The Puzzle of a Nonlinear Waveform as it Approaches* $\uparrow \Delta m + \uparrow \Delta f$. P. 40—*Rucker, Geometry, Relativity, and the Fourth Dimension; . . .*"in order to move in the direction of the 4th dimension, one would have to be able to exert a force in the direction of the 4th dimension:

$$ds = \frac{1}{1 - \frac{x^3 + y^3 + z^3}{9}} \sqrt{dx^3 + dy^3 + dz^3} \qquad 1 + \frac{x^2 + y^2 + z^2}{4k^2}$$

Also: $k = i$; $k^2 = -1$; $k^3 = (\text{blank})$. There are more equations on the page, the validity of them and the material they describe at the current time (20/11/99) remain unanalyzed.

5 May 1997:

(NOTE: This entry was input 20 November 1999 from handwritten notes.)

This comes again from the *Chaos and ARD Optic* file; this is the direct prelude to the C1 experiments of 13 May 1997 of which I will include in this log. I only now understand why this particularly precarious point in the technology's development was not included here; I believe there was embarrassment on my part that the C1 was not as well received as I'd hoped and that it was not working up to my expectations. This reaction has indeed plagued me up to recent times, but is no longer an issue; I must note that the reaction is the main cause of my silence with myself regarding *many* aspects of the vast uncertainty of these experiments.

10:45PM: I'm not sure how to write what I'm about to. I herald a new beginning and the beginning of the end. Ringing in my head is the message to remain locked indoors, place the ARD crystal (blue crystal) into the device and power the oscillator. This action must take place at midnight. The angel of death comes this night—nature cycling death and rebirth, a cleansing. The earth is powerful, a major shift approaches. What that exactly means I don't know.

This day I completed the device. Although 40% of the components were not in place, around 6:30 – 7PM, I initiated the primary sequence and it fired up.

Not permitting myself to discuss the details, I will leave this record of my presence that the conclusion I had always believed I would attain one day has been attained. All that I have and will continue to believe has never left me—it has proved itself beautifully. Not shaming myself for ever have done, I walk with renewed strength and insight into a world engaged between and beyond ours—this divine device resting ominously on the kitchen table has made all dreams possible.

Today I realized the Xebec Effect (Cherkenov Radiation). I had discovered the gateway. Its pure electric sapphire glow enveloping us, we leave to a new destination; a new world, a new home.

Fear ebbing, totality dissolves; a new event horizon is born; our clan has arrived via Dana's Michael—everything is nothing and nothing is everything, we all define what lies in between.

At times I don't realize the burden of great knowledge I possess and how long I have possessed it; additionally the great insights it fosters. Over the long years that this research has ensued, I take this aspect far too much for granted; yes the work has worn me but has also tempered me. I have come a very

long way and have made a very long journey to get to where I am now; I have a long journey ahead of me, but this record will serve to remind me of the extreme lengths I have gone to find Truth for Truth's sake. This fact will never change.

8 October 1997:

Going through the computer and found this document. Although I have been thinking about it lately, obviously, I haven't done much with it until this very moment.

Where to start. . .out of Lakewood, out of California, into Utah; I make myself believe I'm hiding out from the recent work in California—between Lakewood Avenue and Oakdale Road residences—and from Don Hillock and the Ihrigs. Hillock earlier this year had put minuscule amounts of money toward my nonlinear EM field generator and although I had great success on his \$300 “investment”, the hours involved while doing this work couldn't even begin to make up the difference.

Here in Utah I think I'm getting my life back together again—especially scientifically; I have completed work on the nonlinear EM generator (C1) with great success (a chaotic sawtooth torus was evident), have recently acquired a wireless power generator (an induction transformer) from an antique shop in Texas, and have begun ambitiously pursuing a great artificial intelligence work called the *Boagaphish Project*.

It is my hope to catalog many of the experiences in this log. At present, I have completed code sheets P1-P17 of the compiler which will be used to run Boagaphish. Briefly, Boagaphish is an intelligent (for lack of a better term—android) in the form of a female feline; she will be fully functional with no on-board components save her “mind-BSR” (*Bi-Synergetic Reactor*), small translator components (between the BSR and visual, auditory, and motor devices), muscle “wires”, and frame. The BSR is a variation of my earlier work on the nonlinear EM generator—it is nearly the same save it is a scaled-down version and lacking the power generative components. The BSR contains the core coil and a series of *satellites* or *beacons* which contain and modulate the core frequency—creating a sense of gravity within the core and the outer units—through numerous range harmonics as specified by a central power device. Once a specific frequency of power is applied to the BSR, it responds and creates its own invariant system dependent upon the initial set of conditions with which I chose to define that system.

The initial set of conditions are as follows: **1)** A fully inter-dependent primary and secondary coil arrangement—based on Tesla's ‘C’ Coil—called the BSR, within Boagaphish (primary being the satellites, secondary being the core coil) wound in the extant mathematical relationship of the current

nonlinear EM machine. This unit is encased within a plexi-toroid who's grid-work of coated copper or aluminum wires shields and focuses back into the unit (relative to the speed, rotations, and orbits of the satellites' wave-forms), and is shaped mathematically scalar in relation to the external central power device. **2)** The BSR is placed in a housing which contains the *translator components*—weak-signal electronic devices that respond to the shifting phases of flux density and inductance of the network of copper or aluminum wires in the BSR. Depending on the signals received by the *translator components*, each one is harmonically relegated to the visual, auditory, or motor centers. **3)** Additionally within this housing are contained *input* faculties which are strong-signal electronic devices (miniature coils) that are would relative to the satellite they correspond to. These coils harmonically send information received from visual, auditory, or motor centers—additionally, they can *re-harmonically* modulate whatever energy signatures that are received from the core BSR unit; in essence, they allow expansion of the synergetic field inside the BSR toroidal shell. They also enforce the idea of stability of the entire system between the behaviors of the BSR device and its outward manifold components. **4)** The field harmonics of the core coil, satellites, and Cu/Al wires are constructed to contain a base-5 encryption sequence whose compiler program is contained as P0-P81 of a current excel file. Field inductance and total flux density are also included within those confines. Outward manifold components are more contemporary devices widely gotten from robotics catalogues and as such require the use of a different numerical system regarded at this time as base-12. The base-12 compiler and resident programs *are* contained within Boagaphish; the base-5, in contrast, is not.

5) The final component of the Boagaphish invariant system is the power unit. This central, yet external device needs to be located within .765 miles of the Boagaphish prototype; this unit not only sends power in the form of an AC wave, but also sends instructions “piggy-backed” on those waves rendering the DC conversion ratio and energy output within the BSR according to the base-5 encryption sequence. The BSR is designed around this simple number system; types of interior components respond to alpha characters (z, Z, X, L, V) as they correspond to the wave numbers (0, 1, 2, 4, 3). Once the correspondence is established, the energy transmitted in the waves is employed to do the work as exemplified within Boagaphish's design. It is my contention that upon learning the base commands, Boagaphish will be able to learn from her experiences and demodulate her circuit pathways accordingly. Also, I believe there will come a time when the external power unit will no longer be necessary (also at the time of learning base commands) and she will be able to derive sustenance—energy—from electromagnetic inductance

spectrums generated from the planet as well as those waves entering this terrestrial sphere from deep space.

24 October 1997:

Note: It is my contention that solitons or non-Hertzian waves theoretically can form astable matrices within a host pizo-electric crystal and that as these matrices decay (previous experiments have demonstrated that the rate of matrix construction is greater than the rate of decay) numerous harmonic levels of tachyon fields are emitted—otherwise observed as Cerkenov Radiation or the “Blue Effect”. Proof of this notion lies in the containment of these energies via the Infinity Complex Matrix within a Boaga Sphere. Write-ups of future experiments concerning this note are presently forthcoming.

Devices: BIR (*Bi-Iterative Reactor*), BSR (*Bi-Synergetic Reactor*), Undone Unit (Fig. X), Boaga Sphere (Fig. Y).

26 October 1997:

I have been spending the hours wondering what to do next. Three nights ago, I discerned what the Boagaphish Project was and what future tests need be performed. Although my research was striking, I’m left empty just exactly what is ahead. I am nearly to the point of fully understanding the work already undertaken and I am beginning to interpret its ramifications; however, all this—all this wondrous research—is once again left hanging by some invisible lacking in my psychology.

Having blind faith in my present positions has never been my strong suit, it seems that regardless of how advanced the work becomes, all is negated by my negative outlook of my day to day life. I wish to live the excitement at every moment—alas when such a thing happens, I find I wish it away; and now, as I find myself writing in this log, I hunger for something, thirst for that which I only have a vague impression of. Last week I was offered a chance to work in the field I have come to be obsessed with—nonlinear dynamical systems theory—but the approach, while in itself vague, has not made itself apparent. I know to pursue this transparent avenue yet I stop myself short when it comes time to do the work to discover this path.

I know I must wait. I know I must continue. I know my future as I know my past—it is an infinite woven continuum of destined events neither wholly recognized nor understood by myself. A name constantly arises in my mind—Brian Trogress—coming to me in a haze of exhaustion and discontent, the name promises an ally in my pursuit of my own truths. At this time I feel as if I know absolutely nothing concerning the events around me—I know only the intrinsic ironies as they resurface at errant intervals. I

know the current work, I know Boagaphish, I know what the significance of the spheres means; how it all fits together in everyday strife for survival is elusive. I beg for clarity to those who have haunted me; I wish for those visions of future successes to run frantically into my arms—the sooner the future approaches me, the sooner my set career is netted, the sooner I can get on with things and the less I can spend so great an amount of time worrying about it.

20 February 1998:

Today Dana enrolled in massage therapy. I myself have been looking for computer certification since October of last year. I think ATC may have what I need since all the other computer schools seem less than substantial—and I can probably pay for the ATC school myself. Two weeks ago, I finally got a thesis put together on the Dragonfly Effect and on the advice of an established professor, am choosing a different path (temporarily) until this whole matter is finalized. That is why I have a renewed interest in going to school. With the hardware assumed (power system, architectural concerns of which it may be drastically altered by the time I'm finished) for the Boagaphish Project, I now turn to software issues; where it will take me is unknown at present, but it seems to be the best course of action. The current plan is to get network certified and land a good job in California next year so that I may have the means to carry out more building (the 7-Fold Borromean Ring Array, the Matter Transfiguration Device, etc.) and utilize the program I have written for Boagaphish within those environments. Everything is in place, all I need to do is continue with these projects.

9 August 1998:

What to say and what to do, two phrases which have been haunting me since March, now no longer. Yesterday I got the tower I purchased in late April finally up and running; right now I'm typing on it—gone are the days of hacking things out on the Hewlett-Packard. In some ways I could miss it, but no, the old HP lasted me three years, it's time to move on.

Speaking of moving on, I've gotten out of the computer industry and moved in metrology—back into physics, optics notably. Pays well and I feel better doing it. Especially so since I've been working on the Model 'E', as opposed to the Boagaphish or Riverdale Projects. Had to shelve Boagaphish for now too many complexities—it will take me many more years to figure her out, Riverdale is impossible since I lack the space in this Utah apartment to work up a full-scale apparatus. Model 'E' is not without challenges, though, with this new computer, I have some programs with which I'm trying to run simulations of the 'E'. It'll most likely take me several months to get all the software I need, but I'm

found a sort of “patron” who’s been giving me software to not only get this computer running, but other packages for the serious number crunching stuff. Bryce 3-D is mainly what I’ve been playing with; the program allows for nonlinearities so getting the point of references for the objects I wish to display in relation to each other and the mat is proving to be quite an undertaking. No real problems, though.

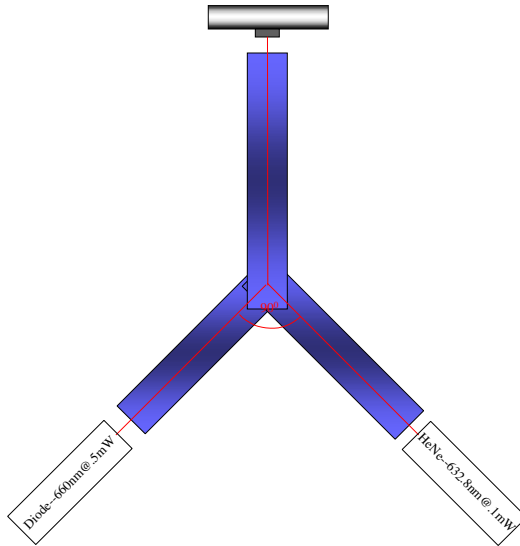
My patron has CAD13, I may ask him for it for the ‘E’—at least to get started, I’m also going to try to find some sort of manual for Bryce.

18 August 1998:

I spent the better part of yesterday and today constructing the laser case for preliminary experiments into the ‘E’s power coupling system; I managed to get it fully finished around six this evening. It runs better than I anticipated; for some reason unbeknownst to me right now, the diode head appears to be lasing at a more efficient rate, I am uncertain if this is due to the soundness of the mounting and the smoother wiring arrangement or something else entirely. I’m sure its nothing, though.

Anyway, I took the head and its power supply to work today to finish construction, but instead devised an experiment to test the validity of synergetic (bilinear) power systems, the driving mechanism behind the ‘E’s power circuits. I am taking the time to note here that what I propose lies so far out into the fringe of science, I dare write of it now forsaking a possible embarrassment if I am ridiculously wrong. Insidious as it may sound, an idea came into my head of having two lasers (one a diode laser—660nm @ .5mW, the other a HeNe laser—632.8nm @ .1-1mW) equidistant from a central full-silvered mirror at a pitch of 45° . Additionally, a opal-glass set before the mirror to amplify the effects. The light from each laser reflecting off the mirror at an angle of 90° , reacting with the light emanating from the opposing laser.

Normally, I would consider free standing lenses, filters, and prisms to focus and refract the energy; however, I plan on doing things a bit differently. The phenomena known as the Faraday Effect has caught my mind’s attention for some weeks now, and from experience when something stays within my imagination that long, I have to find a way to apply it. So, I devised this:



Here is a layout of the device I plan to construct next. It uses two lasers, the blue boxes are conical tubes hollowed with lenses to create the correct refractory pattern, wound with linear and nonlinear coils, electrodynamically charged. The tubes create a controlled Faraday Effect and if my calculations are correct, the inherent nonlinearities in the coil windings should (as has been demonstrated in the Model ‘C’ experiments) be passed on to the photons traveling toward the vertex of the field(s). What this means is a controlled flow of highly charged photons, in a tightly wound plasma stream, combined and focused at a point in space-time (the mirror). With the addition of subsequent apparatus, I foresee a viable photonic vortex ring taking the place of the mirror whereby simulating the greater effects of the Model ‘E’. More on this as time allows.

20 August 1998:

I’ve been telling Dana and a co-worker named Stoker that I think I’m close to figuring out the mystery of the vortex ring I have been postulating these past two years. This, this new experiment has caught me wholly and captured me in such a way as to steal every moment of contemplative thought I may partake. It is devotion that I speak of, and perhaps madness; but I cannot shake from my mind the truth I have been so boldly seeking these years is about to present itself. I feel as if something today has changed in the world, I feel as if war has begun across the seas, a war that heralds my work—not so much for the good of man and country but of escape. Daily I see this world, this society tearing itself apart; to have to bear witness to an atrocity such as war would devastate me completely. I must leave; but where to go is of

now an undecided matter, it will come in time. For now I feel that I must concentrate every waking moment in preparation of the apparatus that will take me and of the journey itself. Selfish as it may sound, it is the only logical thing I can do.

And what of this new device, this Model 'E'? Only the gods know for sure; what I can surmise is that it focuses a practically infinite energy source onto a small pinpoint of space-time whereby rupturing it, opening a gateway to other worlds, other dimensions. Of these grandiose things I know very little, what I know for certain is of a place to go. A place slightly out of phase with this world. I have visited it—once in a dream—it may not be as beautiful or as corporeal as Huxley's utopian landscapes, but it will have to do considering the circumstances.

I know not what to call the new device, this preliminary test of the Model 'E's capabilities; but barring that, it may be a device completely unique and unforetold. I have its design in my head; I fear sketching it for it may mutate at any time within my brain far outdating what I have illustrated, so I sit and write this log in the hopes that it may hold the key to my madness, to my genius. Whether insanity or inspired genius, either are facets of the same—a contorted paradox more complex than the best Gordian knot. All will survive in the end, I'm sure; it is my destiny I am speaking of, a destiny that will surely reward me with pure product, a destiny which I cannot escape, no matter how clever I think I am. The best I can do now is flow with the enigmatic forces at work and those that I have contrived; the Model 'E' and this unnamed device will be built and they will work as I have envisioned them. It's just a matter of time, that's all—but I must somehow accelerate the process, I fear that time is a luxury I will not have for much longer.

26 August 1998:

So what of the time-space continuum? Something struck me quite profoundly today; that a vortex ring of a seeming one-inch diameter is actually more than adequate enough to put a large ship through. I'm neither sure of the logistics nor the mechanics, however, knowing that a sixth-dimensional object does not necessarily adhere to our laws of four-dimensional space (3 vectors plus time) and gnawing on such a bombastic paradox, the idea at once seems quite reasonable. I shall work it out in time, but I do believe that this recent work with intersecting nonlinear EM fields will illustrate this notion in time. I cannot say for sure, but if I remember correctly there are tenets in Einstein's General Relativity, which allow plausibility for such a hypothesis. Should be interesting to see.

Stoker tells me that a UFO was shot down over San Francisco two weeks ago. Says it flew in at mach-40, leveled at mach-3, hovered just off the coast near the Sunset district, flew to northern Idaho, over Utah, flew back, was intercepted and shot down into a field of automobile tires slated for recycling just outside of Redwood City. The last defensive maneuvers the craft tried to perform in the words of an observer described an attempt at the creation of a singularity/vortex ring—obviously that attempt failed for whatever reason. So, I'm listening to Stoker tell me this and all I could think of was, "well, if they had offered me a job, they could have gotten that vortex ring to converge else use phase displacement as a last resort". I don't know what all this means, but it lends credence to the notion that things these days have gotten quite strange.

3 September 1998:

Today, after approximately three days, I finished the wave/pulse generator. After some contentions I had decided to construct it envisioning the device in context with Model 'C'. The range appears to fall within .25Hz to 2.05MHz; with the levels of interference at the lower frequencies, it seems best to begin the C-sine pulses at 125KHz, 500KHz, 750KHz, 1MHz, 1.5MHz, and 2.0MHz at an amplitude range of -15dBm to 5.0dBm. This way I can relativistically filter out any errant noise this lab may encounter.

I am glad to see that the generator is quite stable at all ranges, there is very little, if any, fall off and the duty cycle pot linearizes most functions so that the anticipated toroidal sine waves (C-waves) are as coherent as possible. It is my intention to setup this weekend the primary experiment to test the preamble to my hypothesis; I expect wholesome results, if not to come away with designs for more equipment that can enhance these elusive waveforms even further, then perhaps more shades of truth will reveal themselves. Whichever way it falls, it should prove to be an interesting weekend.

13 September 1998:

Thinking of the Model 'C' and how to present it to the world. . .I have set myself on the goal of devising and presenting an experiment at the Tesla conference in Colorado Springs July, 1999. All I can say right now is it will utilize the Model 'C' and 'D' coils most likely and something resembling the beacon; I can use the new pulse generator and the universal counter I bought almost a year ago now to watch the toroids as they enter the two chambered containment dome. What I hope to demonstrate is that a signal passing through a dense, highly saturated containment field will be fooled into believing it is travelling faster than the speed of light, whereby in relativistic terms and for all practical purposes, it is.

As energy enters the center chamber, the singularity within has dampened the speed of light to, in one example, 3.0×10^7 m/s; when the energy leaves the first chamber to the second, the field is less dense, so light is now allowed to travel 6.5×10^7 m/s. The energy increases in speed having believed to have surpassed light velocity, whereby generating an emission of Cherenkov radiation. This is repeated in one or two more chambers until the energy is evacuated and at that point I'm uncertain what to do next but once a prototype is constructed, I'll figure it out.

The point in all this is not so much for scientific discourse or exhibition of discovery of a new phenomenon but for fanfare. I hate to say it but that is the goal of this experiment. People don't understand the work I have authored, so if I can configure it in a manner in which they can understand, then I can have a fighting chance in getting myself established in the scientific world. And I really believe that this light project (the manipulation of the velocity—either real or imagined—of the speed of EM waves from a relativistic and nonrelativistic point of view) is what I need to accomplish. If I can demonstrate that the exhaust velocity of an energy signature is for all practical purposes travelling faster than light, then a ship which holds my apparatus will by the law of equal forces be moving the opposite direction at a proportional speed; hopefully faster than light, but at this early juncture, I cannot speculate to that end.

I sit here and try to think this thing out, but there are so many ways to work this experiment, I cannot decide where to begin. I WANT the phenomena to be real, but in this business illusion is just as real, so I suppose there is no difference between them. So I sit here and ponder wondering if I make a drawing of the chamber apparatus and the EM drive system if it will not change come tomorrow afternoon. Who's to say? But perhaps I'm being a little too paranoid about the whole thing; I'm so bound up in creating as close to perfection as I can manage that I miss the fun of the whole process. It will be right, the experiment will perform beyond my wildest expectations—I truly believe that—no matter how it is constructed it will do what it will do and there's absolutely nothing I can do about it save see if the end justified the means. That sounds shallow, I know; am I an eccentric megalomaniac, bent and uncaring? Am I searching for truth? Do I have a code to follow or am I making up the rules as I go along? Is what I propose scientifically valid or is the work itself an illusion superimposed onto a world whose constants and laws and creativity are entwined in a sickly perspective infused into a linear trapping from which no one is allowed release? Am I trying to escape my fate or satisfy it? Where do you stand, Mr. Uncler?

On my own side, that's where I stand. There are no lines to cross, no pitfalls, and no disappointments. There are also no others. The songs of companionship are but the echoes of forgotten speech. I stand where no one else dares to stand, I say that which others fear to hear. I do it because I can and because I want to; I am on the verge of such a poignant space in time that the very thought of the future frightens me beyond anything ever experienced in this tiresome existence. I endure because of the work and the loathing and the trepidation and the fear; it is what fuels my spirit and my flesh, it is my essence. To those who may read this some future day when I am but a vague recollection in the annals of science, I say this: In the spirit of my passion and in flights of fancy, may no man cross me or what I represent. They know not from which I came or wherefore to I go—I am an enigma, the most potent one I can be. Everything else—all matter beneath and beyond—is rank and file. And *that's* how it shall be written.

21 September 1998:

Last week, I finally managed the Colorado Springs experiment onto paper. 'Tis a beautiful thing where I'm going to draw in PowerPoint next. See both files "Exp Beta" & "C Demo" for details. I need to actually setup the apparatus now; seeing as I only now have one table to work with, I need to disassemble this computer to make room. Lucky I took tomorrow off from work; I'm going to need the time. Hopefully by the next entry, I can catch myself on the up side.

23 September 1998:

It seems painfully apparent that I need to finish my read of Foucault's *Archaeology of the Sciences*. I'm transfixed—seeping rancid, festering putrid—in the mold of my species, of my race, of my academia. Monday, 21 September 1998, 8:00PM, that's what they'll say, that's all they'll know; all they care about is the product in the end, fuck the rest, fuck the events which led up to the glorified result. It's all myth anyhow, my life, my work, my papers, my technology—the time that we spend in the pursuit of the elders seems quite wasted since they never gave a shit about us anyway—why bother, yes? Because I can, because I'm smart enough to know when not to be so smart, when to step back and deconstruct that which has been intellectually—not concretely—constructed. And I have outdone myself this time. The only other human to understand the full ramifications of this work, of these angelic sawtooth sine waves, is Dana. She's been of great support of late. I cannot begin to thank her enough for her patience and passion for what I have been babbling about ceaselessly these three or so years.

So what of this discovery? What of these waveforms? I dare not say for fear of tainting the ensuing mathematics. In time perhaps but not today. I'd thought to ask Stoker today his opinion on this seemingly new phenomenon, however, he's in intensive care—I pray the gods are with him. I did run it by another colleague who looked blankly at me; there was some discussion of “flux lines” but they did not explain what I can now reproduce at will in the bedroom lab. I'd like to open a forum here to discuss this thing, but I cannot muster the words—they blank out the minute I try to construct long and sinewy strings of them. Oh well, tit for tat, I suppose, good for bad, negative for slightly less negative—equilibrium. That's what the universe strives for, yes? If mathematics is the pure language of the universe, then symmetry is its pure form. Everything else is, as one might say, rank and file.

I don't know what it is I am chasing, in fact I don't much care; I figure it'll all make sense in the end after all. Whatever myself or anyone might ever utter regarding all this, however anyone may spew puerile bunk trying to subvert it, I will not be deterred. Perhaps I don't know any better, perhaps I know nothing else; perhaps I am completely off myself and tuned altogether out of reality. Another uncertainty. But, of all that I don't know, this fact I do; wherever it leads, I'm certain it will be completely unanticipated.

“Affecting space-time through electromagnetic induction of fundamental algorithms”—Persinger as quoted in *Synchronicity*. What the hell does this mean and what significance does it hold? Also, *“parameter dependence of wave functions upon magnetic resonance”*. That one sounds easy enough—Tesla. Lost and forgotten, that's what they tell me. Closer and closer, the more I unearth, the more dangerous I become, especially now. As of two days ago, I have something tangible and reproducible. 'Tis the foundation of my newfound confidence in myself and my work; it may not yet be the extraordinary proof I require for my claims, but it's a good start.

30 September 1998:

I'm tired of the subtle in life, tired of struggling to see that which I am desperate to create. Tired of the sublime, the experiment needs an explosive reactant within the field quotient. At this time I don't know what that may be, but I am hoping it shall make an appearance forthwith. And it needs to be blatantly apparent, nothing like which I have born witness to; it needs to smack me across the face leaving a tingling sensation to serve as a continuous reminder.

Definition of the Cherenkov effect:

When a charged particle is emitted in radioactive decay with velocity greater than c/n (the speed of light in the medium), where c is the speed of light in vacuum and n is the index of refraction of the medium, a “shock wave” of photons is generated in the blue light range, analogous to the sonic boom of a jet flying faster than the speed of sound.

Applications of this effect include:

In physics: detection of elementary particles. In nuclear medicine: in the assaying of P-32, which in a water solution has a detectable (by liquid scintillator apparatus) Cherenkov emission.

2 October 1998:

The Black House Project: Log One

I never thought I'd ever consider the notion I now ponder. But, it's come back again. Uncler's right, as he always is—his insight anyhow. I myself knew it would come back someday after about two years ago when I last dreamt about the place, but most of me enjoyed its absence. Ever since then, the place has eroded me, slowly pecked at my brain until my negative proclivity inverted to the point its at today. Now I am seriously considering consciously journeying to the place.

One would think such notions are ludicrous, landscapes only appearing wholly in dreams are relegated to those domains and no other. This is popular contention exclusively, which bears no relevance within science; Jung in his idea of archetypes and synchronicity suggests that the world of dreams and that of “reality” may commingle more closely than we think. Bohm echoes this with his research on the implicate and explicate orders, bringing more physics into it only strengthening the position. These are but only a few voices; contrasted among billions which attempt to define this conscious world one finds agreement with the latter—the unproven assertion that dreams exist wholly within unconscious states and not in conscious ones. However, no longer.

My research has taught me one important view of the architecture of the universe, that there are many realms outside of this one; our version of reality is juxtaposed within a honeycomb of many realities—a large scale Sierpinski Gasket. How they are defined in context, how they fit relativistically to each other, remains unknown, but I am confident that information will be unearthed in due course. Regardless, it doesn't hinder my mind to the path it is now insisting upon, and although I contend that I will not let fear stifle my research, I find it difficult to commit myself to the project I am attempting to outline in this log.

It is so fascinating how a single line of inquiry can be altered so drastically; my work with the Model 'C' and the subsequent generation of sawtooth sine waves on 21 September 1998 was meant to research the idea of distortions in space-time—at the very least architecture of a new power source that utilized space-time symmetries. Well, the state at which the 'C' is technologically, its primitive state doesn't seem to illustrate much in the way of space-time save the psychological parameters such as the effect the waves have on the temporal lobes causing the individual to experience distortions in “reality”. I've caught myself more than once questioning whether or not what I was “feeling” about the apartment, that some phantom was standing close to me, had any validity. When the machine is not generating the waves, the sensation ceases. This phenomenon reminds me of what I call the Persinger Effect; Persinger experimented with VLF and ELF electrodynamic fields and their effect on the human brain. His conclusions seem to be in effect in the 'C' as well. I cannot substantiate much of this without expansion of the experiment, but at the very least, it interferes with my objectivity of the data from the 'C'; short of giving up, I began to rethink the aim of the experiment. That was my second revelation; the first being building the Model 'C' in the first place.

The whole theoretical basis of distorting space-time is on dangerous ground; Einstein's papers on space-time are valid, I think, but how we interpret theory into concrete experiment is where we get into trouble. Since the collective potential of reality (i.e., space-time and our relativistic position to and within it) is dependent upon the scientist and the device in which he hopes to create said distortion(s), would it be inane to consider that said experiment and said device would only effect the scientist directly, effecting the rest of space-time indirectly? We have to put ourselves in the equations if we are to make any headway in this line of inquiry; hell, I don't know what ground I stand on while writing this, I've been reluctant to put these thoughts on paper only because of the pseudoscientific implications they suggest. But in the spectrum I have researched and considering my place within the spectrum at the time of emission, this notion *seems* valid enough to continue on and hypothesize the next series of experiments.

So where I'm at with this is what I term the Black House location. During the course of experimentation with the 'C' I deduce the next "dimensional" domain is fairly close in terms of phase with this world—maybe no further than .004%. I base that on interphasic relationships between the sawtooth wave pattern and its reactance to other waves that can alter its total phase. Although rather flimsy at first, it serves well as a basis to find whether or not the sawtooth waves are susceptible to phase transitions, especially when it comes to the point where I will construct another 'C' to see how such totalities either

nonlinearly effect each other or alter their nonperiodic orbits. Orbital density is not affected by regular sine waves inside or outside the total phase, but orbital density is affected in periodicity by said waveforms. Only other sawtooth sine wave patterns can affect those similar patterns within the phase component.

I suspect that the totality in phase of this "reality" or "dimensional location" functions in a similar fashion; the symmetry contained in the context of the set serves as the basic for the existence of this world. In order to make the transition between this and the next closest world, one must devise an instrument that can contain within its power matrix, the entire spectrum of invariant sets relating to where its location is, *Local A*. By Penrose's hypothetical laws of supersymmetry, the device needs only to make the phase transition at whatever position (.004%) to cause the proper space-time expansion to the corresponding realm, *Local B*. Once established, the link becomes conical allowing matter from this world to make the transition to the other one. A small value of force is all that is required (i.e., movement toward the threshold and past the event horizon) to allow the matter to travel. My main concern is that the conical form, once established, will only expand toward its destination and not experience some sort of external phase compression causing a contraction; compensating for such a complete unknown would most likely invert the device's emissions opening an unanticipated series of problems.

In small degrees, I have performed such an occurrence. I only lack the proper analytical equipment to concretely identify these phenomena. To be perfectly honest, I'm not certain if such equipment exists; however, this has not impeded me, I expect to construct apparatus as the need arises.

As of last night, whatever contentions I have toward such expansions are relegated to the Black House Project. I plan to work on it exclusively until the result is positive. For me, the Black House has appeared to me in dreams for approximately seventeen years, and until now I have never considered it more than what it was: A realm where I revisit from time to time. The structure of the place changes; sometimes it is a large white baroque Victorian with seemingly innumerable rooms, other times a stone-faced Gothic revival, others like last night a series of smaller structures tied together in the same fashion as the rooms in the single dwelling are. Several years ago, while in one of these dreams, I realized while looking at the large facade that this structure is a hub of sorts, a gateway between all realms. I'm the kind of scientist who likes to think that there are truths in dreams, as in meditation; as in the conscious realm, there is total fabrication, assumed truths which are derived from the falsehoods, and relativistic truths. Relativistic truths we call scientific discovery and validation of phenomena. There is nothing to have me

believe that the unconscious realm should be any different save the manner in which that realm is experienced is obviously different, more nonlinearly. In contrast, the conscious world is mostly dynamically linear, with hints of nonlinearity. So, in due keeping, there must be relativistic truths in the unconscious or nonlinear realm, which not only spill into this realm (Jung--synchronicity/archetypes) but remain exclusively there. I have applied scientific discourse in regard to the Black House; over the years of visiting the location, I have been able to determine which is fabrication and which is relativistic truth (not to be confused with the notion of absolute truth, which doesn't exist). And I believe I am ready to pursue a line on inquiry into those truths. Not researching while in dreams, but in conscious state, crossing the border between these places whose domains only exist in contention only.

I believe the location where the Black House actually exists; its decaying phasic energy (from the dissolution of nonperiodic orbits of the total phase of sawtooth patterns) is intercepted unconsciously via the conical conduits and interpreted according to individual whim and fancy. The pattern of the energy is reconfigured accordingly, just as within the linear, conscious realm; nevertheless, the environment from which the phenomenon emanates from still exists. Again, just as in the mostly linear realm; individuals witness a singular phenomenon quite remarkably different, yet it still exists--this is what I define as relativistic truth. All arguments aside, this will fall on deaf ears no matter how substantial the evidence I have and may gather; its acceptance or denial is ultimately determined by interpretation. So, the only recourse I can discern is to construct an apparatus that can gate these worlds. I'm not speaking of travelling to the "world of dreams" but to one location which has energy in close enough phasic proximity to our temporal brains, allowing those forms, however seen, to be generated. It is this and only in this manner that this work will be realized.

I myself need to work on the assimilation of these relativistic truths; being brought up to believe that the world of dreams or meditation is not a world at all where truths can be found but only total fabrications or regurgitation of waking contrivances, I find it hard to break the mold. But break it I will. There is absolutely nothing which suggests total fabrication by this methodology. The uncertainties contained here do increase exponentially as one gravitates toward it, however, taken in the context in which they exist, the uncertainties become a loosely based set of behaviors privy to such a state. The only uncertainty being the transition of the data gathered in that realm to this one; taken absolutely, it makes little sense. Oversimplistically, this would be termed the difference between an endo-perceptive and an exo-perceptive action. Taken relativistically, it makes a greater degree of sense although the boundaries

have yet to be defined since this project is, in actuality, in its infancy. In time, the data will become more contentious.

5 October 1998:

Fired up the Model 'C' at 10:00AM this morning. I set its initial frequency to 3.2 kHz with the waveform generator's driven power set at a maximum of 9 volts—room temperature is approximately 68 degrees. The clockwise rotation of the sawtooth sine waves is fairly periodic and smooth without any external interference from errant energy signatures such as passing one's hand too close to the apparatus which results in a phase shift at a maximum angle of 30 degrees; the toroid seems unaffected from ordinary sine waves. When an undetermined amount of micro-voltage is applied to the input terminals of the electrolytic capacitance bridge on the nose of the 'C', the frequency increases chaotically to approximately 30, 31.6, 32.4, 33.6 kHz with a maximum being around 34.5 kHz. In addition to the frequency increase, the total phase of the sawtooth toroid shifts approximately 30-40 degrees without a visual increase in frequency as would be apparent if I would simply linearly increase the frequency via the waveform generator. The shifts seen in this experiment run only when the frequency starts at around 3-5 kHz; when linearly increased and started at 50 kHz, applying micro-voltage to the same input terminals results in no frequency or phase shift. This shift may be apparent with the application of a higher potential of voltage to the terminals; adding such a potential will be the focus of future experiments.

I am now running the 'C' continuously until noon; currently it is set for 4.152 kHz, however, the phase seems to have shifted -15 degrees from its initial reference of zero degrees in rotation. The speed of the rotation of the sine waves is slower at 4.152 kHz than it was at its initial frequency of 3.2 kHz. This may be a result of a charging of the total waveform density of the toroidal form to 50 kHz; then with the falloff to 4.152 kHz, the residual discharge is manifest as a negative phase shift. The negative phase angle reduces with an increase in time; currently thirty minutes after the falloff, the phase angle is now approximately -5 degrees at a frequency of 3.608 kHz. I estimate that within another fifteen to twenty minutes, the phase angle should revert fairly close to its original reference potential of zero degrees. One of the complex behaviors of this system is when a new charge potential is introduced and a falloff is initiated, it will never completely revert to its original zero. It may be close, but never hit zero again until the system is reset and the waveform begun anew. Now at 11:30AM, the phase angle is approximately -3 degrees with a frequency of 2.674 kHz.

At 11:45AM, the angle is approximately -3 degrees with a frequency of 3.845 kHz with no adjustment of the apparatus; it has been allowed to run at the same setting since the modification of frequency to 50 kHz and the falloff to 4.152 kHz. Also, the number of sine waves in rotation has reduced from an undetermined number to six. The speed of rotation seems to have stayed constant.

At noon, the phase angle is less than -1 degree; the frequency is 2.658 kHz. Interestingly enough, the number of sine waves in rotation has increased to approximately fifteen. The number of waves caught in rotation is not altered when phase angle is either increased or decreased.

What exactly is RPM frequency vs. ordinary frequency? Experiment terminated 12:20PM.

8 October 1998:

On this day, I, Christopher Allen Uncler, at 5:00PM, have just proven two of my early theories—I have just proven my first two theories! At this moment I am, how should I put it, contained. I mean, I'm extremely ecstatic, having experienced what could be construed as an epiphany; but I feel the need to contain myself. It's all I can do to let it flow in my personal log. Perhaps I think that I need to contain myself, to hold the tremendous energy tightly inside me, harnessing all its might; so that I may call upon it once again to help me in my quest.

I find doubt continuously creeping over my shoulder, darkening the landscape in which I flourish; it is an unwelcome feeling that I try to push against more and more each day. If I can just stay encouraged about the work, continuously bearing in mind what has happened this day in history, keeping a grip on *what I have* accomplished and not what I expect myself to. Now onto the exciting stuff . . .

The theory of finding physical evidence of the human aura was my first task, brought on by Donald Hillock. It's throat cut when Hillock pulled up financial funds, I left California and dragged the Model 'C' to Utah and tried in vain to continue the work. I continued working on it intellectually, drafting more and more revisions and expansions to the Model 'C' and the theories that formed it. It climaxed when I left AOL; new drafts appeared and when I took on the position at the Air Base, and the finances were moving again. Having the artificial intelligence phase removed from my thoughts and six weeks worrying about how we were going to make it, the 'C' expanded and was transformed, capitulating to this climax. Apparently—and I am venturing an educated guess on this—it not only shows physical, scientific evidence of the phenomena which exists regardless of whether or not we understand or confirm it.

This has been discovered.

Finding physical evidence that AC power can be transmitted via the air was my second theory. Based heavily on Tesla's research and the spectrum of electrical engineering, not much has been made of this rather ordinary, although almost mythical, phenomena. The Model 'C' resonates at an exact 60Hz; it may fluctuate as much as .05%, but considering the setup, lack of expensive equipment, and the manufacture of the apparatus itself, the variance is not that bad. Pumping that field quotient, coupled with the waveform generator through the 'C' and *voilà*, the nonlinear electrodynamic toroids appear, based on the extant electrostatic AC waves already in the air. This *is* making sense to me now, only now; now I know I have it, the answer, the beginning of exhilarating work—and an illustrious career. As self-serving as that may sound, it is one of the many ways I get myself motivated; as pathetic as that may sound, it is a mere part of what would usually remain undone.

9 October 1998:

Gone is the time when I used to heavily doubt anything I theorized; gone is the time when I used to heavily doubt anything I thought would lend credence to such notions. I have vanquished the ennui, the tepid beast who had the ecstatic pleasure of eating whatever faith I could muster. I have slain the bastard; I have won this battle, and a tedious one it was. I'm certain the next one looms on the horizon, waiting, crouching in the shadows, but it is not yet the future—I have the advantage of existing in linear time. I think it's too bad that I spent so many good years punishing myself for not arriving at the point I'm at on this day sooner. I can tell these days are the ones I foresaw, too bad I'm not in San Francisco anymore, I could sure use a cheering. Soon, very soon, I'm only about a year and five months between postulation and the act of finding physical evidence.

The Model 'C' is a self-generating invariant system, this much is true; the apparatus in which it is contained is also invariant with a sensitive dependence upon initial conditions. The first two tasks being completed, one of the latter ones was hypothesizing these sawtooth toroidal forms were small-magnitude singularities—the torsial motion of electrons/matter—not unlike those theorized and partially discovered in deep space. From Mary ____'s book *Black Holes*, the tell-tale sign that a singularity—located at the core of a black hole—is extant somewhere in the energy matrix is the appearance of an accretion disk coupled with symmetrical, differentially polarized, event horizons. The horizons are joined via the sawtooth waveforms; it is a nonlinear object, the sawtooth form is responsible ultimately for the manifold singularity while the singularity differentiates the type of sawtooth oscillations, dictating its form. It is a synergetic relationship, a paradox—an indicator of the existence of a wholly nonlinear object. The torsial

motion of electrons as some have postulated “all” the ‘C’ is doing, still qualifies it as generating a singularity. Theoretically, a singularity with a comparable gravity well suggests matter is caught into that well, differentiated into opposing poles with a torsial motion keeping this matter and energy contained within. This is exactly what the ‘C’ is doing, the torsial motion of electrons are caught in a charge density (well), differentiated into opposing poles with a torsial motion keeping the energy (particles) contained within. This is where the focus should be regarding future sciences, finding the existence of such objects; field-dependent technologies *are* the future. The singularities and the fields they encompass and emanate offer a synergized reactive environment to and from which to couple power grids; I don’t have much in the way of theory to offer, I’m still trying to understand the implications of this technology. Nevertheless, I have performed the impossible; now it’s but a matter of time before I perfect it and apply it accordingly.

In pursuit of such ideals, last night I decided to run a few more experiments designed to track the self-modulation these phenomena. I cannot get the forms to stabilize as of yet; I cannot get them to become completely self-sufficient within their particular local in space-time, invariant to all external conditions. I have begun with a 263Hz form, only two hours later to see in degrade to 82Hz. Again, with a 300Hz form, in an hour degrade to 268Hz, then to 178Hz another hour after that, but with a near perfect appearing form. I plan on constructing an Excel chart with conditions for the experiment and results accordingly. See Exp. Alpha Worksheets.

Slated for this weekend will be the first official Experiment Alpha, of the myriad Alphas in my files. Hopefully, the results will yield what I anticipate to be the need for an optical component to harness and properly configure the energy into higher frequencies (above 2MHz). Currently, however, I’m relegating myself to below 2.0kHz, especially the 90-500Hz range. Directly pumping waveforms into the ‘C’ results in a coherent form up until 15.0kHz, the frequency will have to be induced to reach above that level (@ 10.8μW), however I will leave the hypothesizing until after I have conducted the research.

The next generation of Model ‘C’ appears in file *Optic C*.

12 October 1998:

Well, went through the experiment this weekend, tracked the ‘C’ waveform most of the time and what I need to address here is something odd. I’m not sure what relevance this has to the entire experiment; everything seemed to run as it should have, only one observation I feel I need to draw attention to. Last night I had adjusted the frequency to 1.91MHz, then terminated the experiment shortly after I retired. This morning I turned on the scope to check the rest-state waveform; it was the same form

as the previous mornings with one major difference. The toroidal form had *tendrils* of opposing polarity, located equidistantly from center apex of the total form. These tendrils caught my attention for the fact that I have seen them before; they appeared in the first experiment with the ‘C’ May 1997, where the first instance of Cherenkov Radiation was witnessed by Dana and myself. It is this Cherenkov Radiation I look for in determining if there is a possible disruption of space-time by the apparatus. I saw no such radiation this morning, however, when I activated the waveform generator and set it to 549Hz, the tendrils remained lodged between the rotating waves until they dissipated altogether in about two minutes. I ran the scale (5.9Hz – 2.00MHz) of the generator and could not recreate the tendrils—even letting the system rest several minutes and rechecking the rest-state form did not reveal any tendrils.

The lab environment seems to change when the tendrils are in place. I can almost hear the frequency oscillations of the device when they are present; there is more pronounced interference with the television in the range of 1.6 – 1.9MHz. I need to construct a more efficient device which utilizes the field-dependence of the ‘C’, the generator, the transient AC waves, and the Cherenkov radiation from compression of charge densities. I believe charge compression is the most useful aspect of the new device; I hope to discern it in time.

It is my contention at this time that to achieve the proper waveform to distort space-time, it may require the environment in which this waveform is to be created *induces* the form, and not linearly generating it. Again, it’s time to recreate my line of thinking regarding the tenants of widely-accepted notions. In order to test my hypothesis against this, it may require the construction of the hex-coil apparatus with its distributed, frequency-dependent chambers whereby such wholly nonlinear forms *can be* induced. In such an environment where I can freely modulate the waveforms as they appear, I believe I may be able to recreate the more profound effects of this technology illustrating the theories I subscribe to.

20 October 1998:

Experiment Alpha went very well; just a few days ago, I created a chart with the data gathered. There is a distinct nonlinear power curve present. When set with a logarithmic curve, the nonlinearities become quite obvious. What seems to be required to create such curves is by “linearizing” the nonlinear solution. In other words, establishing a nonlinear electrodynamic field (with a nonlinearly wound coil) when induced into a strictly linear coil creates a stable invariant toroidal form whose potential is theoretically infinite (ideal).

What this leads to is a new design. Considering the urge to get the hell out of this world because of the impending doom, I am currently setting onto paper Model 'F'. I have decided not to construct the Model 'E' simply because of potentially fatal flaws in the apparatus' design. The rotating mechanism being one. Having to rely strictly on the rotation to establish the saturated field is begging for a cascade failure. Hence, the Model 'F' seems the next logical design.

'F' is the culmination of architecture of just about all aspects of Models C, D, and E; I can see it working in my head and know its purpose—the vehicle to link us to another world. The 'F' is a true wormhole generator, at least in theory. I am hoping the theories of wormholes, quantum mechanics, tensor mechanics, symmetry, and present-day thought of EM fields holds true in a real-time environment. I suppose only time will tell, but I figure if the money to properly construct a stable model of this device appears, then well, it must be correct. Again, I hope so.

In order for the 'F' to function properly, the quotient of gravity must be diverted into the energy matrix of the field. Tesla regarded gravity as an energy field and not necessarily a force. I must continue such thought in order to succeed. With the great energy available to a re-diverted field from a permeated source such as gravity, running the energy through the nonlinear conversion process (linearizing the nonlinear solution) establishes the stable anti-gravitational nature of the apex of the 'F's spherical field. It should be interesting to see how this all works out; however, I am confident the notion will work. I've seen the evidence from the tests and although I am still uncertain as to its finality, it has given me enough reason to create the new designs based on that evidence.

26 November 1998:

The gate's already here, all around me, everywhere; in every crevice within my lab and within my mind, the gate has been. It has always been here, just out of reach of my senses; teasing, taunting it haunts my dreams and occupies every waking thought. I rush headlong into an abyss of a choice I cannot recollect but feel compelled to obey; my spirit streams like quicksilver through the palendrous amalgam of my essence. Together and torn asunder we war while simultaneously and verbosely driven to evolve; a ceaseless palladium of wisps and swirls whose direction, finality, and discourse accrends us to whirl and whirl on the nape of our credulity. To believe of times and places and fears which are nay separated yet prevent one another from conversation; so that the totality may move astride and more brazenly portend the tides of digression, consternation, dishevelment, stagnation, and death. A warm-blooded and altruistic vision, of wholeness, of beauty—indescribable; drive and ambition fueling the fire itself

emblazoned upon your soul, you no longer have a choice, you are compelled and soon discover you have given every last piece of yourself to the vision. It remains never more in little ways—knowledge guised in ignorance—it existing all around, omnipresent. And at the moment you feel completely annihilated by it, you have the answer and understand it absolutely.

All I have to do is trigger it; no distance known, perhaps much, perhaps miniscule, it will appear right next to you.

I have of recent run more exhaustive tests of the Model ‘C’—using a signal generator which goes above 2.23MHz (102.05MHz max)—and formed an accretion disc in the lab. Better than the previous try, however there is one nagging problem. On the 24th of November, after discovering the disc on the scope, taking readings and recording data, making as full of an analysis as I could, I turned the equipment off. Yesternight, the 25th, without having altered any controls could not duplicate the disc. I discovered indications after an hour of “charging” of the vestiges (pre-convergence) of cylindrical toroidal sawtooth sine formation, but something was amiss. The behavior was different and the disc would not form no matter what I tried. I checked and rechecked the equipment and even went as far as to open and decide the sig gen needed a rebuild. But it never once occurred to me that maybe it is the ‘C’ that needs a rebuild—perhaps a total reconstruction with same basic layout (perhaps with minor improvements), on a larger scale, with more precision made parts with tight tolerances to overall increase the efficiency of the apparatus. In other words, it needs to evolve.

Model ‘C’ Series:

Model C1 (Originator)

Model C1-1:C1-2

Model C2:C2-1 (Modules for C1)

Model C3

Model C7

This last model will trigger the gate, whatever happens after that is completely unknown.

5 December 1998:

On the fourth of December, the world shifted back to “normal”, or some semblance thereof; except for the usual scattered refuse of that time still lying about, life feels familiar however still strikingly different. So an accretion disc was generated the 24th of November, of this fact I am mostly certain, its effects upon “normal” space-time remain unknown. I have discovered that I have no way of knowing how

the accretion discs affect “normal” or some variance of space-time including psychological factors because of the simple fact that I have no point of reference by which to gauge those effects. I do know there are incident effects caused by these discs; currently there is no methodology to my knowledge with which to address them directly. Hence, I “feel” when space-time has returned to some idea of “normal”, that’s all I have to go on in this line of inquiry—instincts and feelings. I must say it is interesting to research using those particular tools, I realize the validity of such tools has not yet been established by myself; however, perhaps someday they can be orchestrated and utilized with all the logical tools one finds oneself has.

I’ve quit smoking so something definitely weird must be going on . . . I have terminated the Model ‘C1’ experiments and currently plan a paper over the next six weeks including a proposal for construction of Model ‘C2’ series and assorted modules. The most important aspect of the new C2 series is the inclusion of removable signal conversion modules and a shielding array to enclose the discs so the space-time distortions which I know happened but cannot prove can be studied in more depth. Currently monetary and spatial concerns delay the initiation of the Model ‘C2’ series, although I perceive the writing of a paper to enclose background theory, data from experiments alpha, beta, and gamma, supported works, and C2. Recently I have purchased a 5000-gauss Tesla coil which should serve as the model for the power to the shielding array either by replicating five more coils or by the creation of transponders and amplifiers to carry the field throughout the entire hemispherical grid. More on this aspect of C2 in future entries.

Information regarding the last entry: The complaint of not being able to recreate the disc on the 25th, current and past theory regarding such phenomena states that accretion discs are merely indirect effects of a hole in space-time. So, the successful experiment on the 24th goes as follows. From past research I had determined the proper series and number of conditions required to generate the disc—work on the sawtooth sine waves should demonstrate that—and while in-process, successfully created those conditions and caused them to converge properly through my extensive knowledge of process and experience. When the disc appeared, here is what happened in Experiment Gamma as compared to Experiment Alpha: In Alpha, sawtooth sine waves, according to the tenets of magnetohydrodynamics, exist in relation to the space-time in which they are located. Compared to solar mechanics, a sawtooth sine wave is very similar in stature and behavior to sunspots—a dense electromagnetic field in rotation containing within it solar fuel at a different temperature and density than that which is outside it which

“floats” several hundred kilometers above the surface. Far from being considered “anti-gravidic” the totality of the charges are expelled from the surrounding ones at equilibrium and squeezed away from it. These sawtooth waves in relation to space-time are no different. These waves “float” within space-time, or in other words, stretch out and away from the fabric of space-time; the charges contained within expelled from the surface of space-time since they do not exist in equilibrium with the rest of the totality. More work is definitely required on this aspect; however, this forum serves as a sketch of my ideas and processes and never should be taken as absolute.

In Gamma, instead of merely satisfied with creating a series of rotating charges in direct opposition to space-time, I decided to pinpoint a localized distortion, a quantum filament that simply wasn't just in opposition, like the sawtooth sine waves, to space-time but was in such opposition that I believe I punctured a quantum-sized hole. My reasoning, though requiring far more research, is supported in celestial mechanics in that an accretion disc is a secondary effect of a black hole which is a secondary effect of a singularity or filament depending on the size of the phenomena. Quantum black holes are supported in theory, though to my knowledge never witnessed although if I can create such phenomena, certainly there have to be others who equally can. At any rate, the disc generated on the 24th was a true disc, a quantum filament, whose effects I witnessed and photographed and the lack of repeatability was due to the fact that the object I created was still there absorbing the inputs which explains the reason for signal blackouts across the spectrum—notably at 27.14MHz. All this leads to the conclusion that once an object of this type is created within the proper context of conditions—agreeing within number and type—it will absorb harmonics whenever a recreation of same effect is attempted within a particular local of space-time. Hence, why there was a move *toward* convergence and not a total one—a similar form with a set of four to six rings within the shell (disc) but not a contingent form because of the *resonance* with the extant quantum form. It is my hope that I can further demarcate these types of phenomena to the extent that I can provide a publishable document to enhance my work.

6 December 1998:

This whole weekend I have had the most interesting dreams—Dana calls them communications; whatever they are they've given me the most wonderful idea. First, the creation of a large wall chart demarcating all the frequencies of music from the lowest 1μHz (1.0×10^{-6} Hz) to an upper range of 1THz (1.0×10^{12} Hz). Including in between mHz (1.0×10^{-3} Hz), kHz (1.0×10^3 Hz), MHz (1.0×10^6 Hz), and GHz (1.0×10^9 Hz). However, it might behoove me to additionally map the lower ranges such as nHz (1.0

$\times 10^{-9}\text{Hz}$), and pHz ($1.0 \times 10^{-12}\text{Hz}$). In the lower ranges however, I believe these frequencies can only be generated logarithmically, that is through sine, cosine, and tangent functions of wave phase relationships. In other words, having the generated sine wave spend $\frac{1}{4}$ of its cycle below the zero line and $\frac{3}{4}$ of its cycle above before returning to point of origin 360^0 out of phase. Additionally, having a second wave occupy the same phase relationship in a range harmonic to the first wave and spending $\frac{3}{4}$ of its cycle below the zero line and $\frac{1}{4}$ of its cycle above before returning for a total of 360^0 . In this way these waves can occupy the same location in space-time neither constructively nor destructively interfering with each other but acting as a combined front, a bottle where in between these related harmonics, a message—some piece of code—can be transmitted. To what end this technology could be used is currently unknown, but it opens the door for a unique tool of analysis for complex wave patterns not limited to the sawtooth sine waves and the accretion discs. We may only have a window to the frequency spectrum of space-time; it is my contention that what we know is the totality of what we can access, however, what lies between, deeper into the spectrum what combines with what and how in that combination the totality is wholly unlike the individual energies which make it up. Basic chemistry teaches us that, why is it so impossible to try to apply it here? Perhaps it has already been done, then again perhaps not. Whether or not it *has* been done is irrelevant; I'm the one on the quest. I'm not here to enlighten the world, fuck them; I'm here to discover the richness of *my* world and how *I* can transcend the petty bullshit I have been and continue to be fed culturally, politically, and sociologically.

My goal along these lines is to construct a multimode (three output) Signal Generator; this device would generate the wave patterns outlined in the above paragraph. It should be an interesting apparatus, but if I can plod through the trig required, I think I should be fine.

12 January 1999:

Made the connection between music and advanced systems theory . . . I can hear music and see equations which represent them, they seem to emanate from all around. Should be an interesting diversion. One note: Dana reports the appearance of a sphere the same color of my diode laser during the night after a series of experiments on the ceiling. While I don't know what happened (I didn't see the sphere), it tells me that the sphere is being generated in and around the area of the apparatus (the energy patterns existing in every dimension in this three-dimensional linear space) and what I require is the correct viewing angle to see it—as the unique angle Dana at which she saw the sphere generated by this new apparatus.

I need the mathematical proof that the nonlinear oscillator (Model 'C') does indeed trigger at 3.78THz as proposed by myself; hence the investigation into the combinations of music and resonance patterns therein. Between the two of these lines of inquiry, I believe I can soon have the device fully operational.

A company named Polyphaser, Inc. is interesting in funding the next leg of the project. I am considering the offer (Dana's father has set the introductions) and dealing with the additional workload and arriving to a better conclusion with the project. I suppose things will work out eventually for me and Paradox Technologies—I guess I also suppose it can't help but to work out, considering everything. . .

16 January 1999:

Tired of having to deal with residual energy signatures from the device. . .the need to contain the plasma sphere these days seems imperative since it is interfering with sleep. The need for a comprehensive demarcation of the project now an ultimatum, I have buckled myself down and have attempted the Herculean task before me.

I have accomplished much of it now, relegating many of the functions within a board—the work-in-progress is dubbed *Signal Iterator*. Besides being quite remarkable, I feel that this new design eliminates the need for a full-blown Model 'C'; it has been miniaturized, encased within the composite circuitry. I had taken the time some weeks back to design a 'C2', calling it a nonlinear oscillator; however, the title may be ludicrous since nonlinear oscillators are commonplace although not resembling this form or function. The miniaturized version is 'D2'—it still needs a better name.

Items to construct the device are readily available and the unique components can be easily assembled without much error (or terror); I possess several mini-20 and 50K pots which should suffice for the 555 and UJT transistor, and hopefully for the opamps. I need many 7806 or 7812 regulators—perhaps I can cut down the number of them as I get closer to building it.

I now breathe a sigh of relief this morning for I can now get this project somewhere substantial, instead of relegating about 80% of the concept to theory and about 15% mathematics. I see a place for the logarithms within the C2 circuits, isolated within the 7806/12s and the behavior of the 555 and UJT oscillators; I dare not try to place them now, besides being a futile episode, it is premature at best. Hopefully within the next few weeks I should have more along these lines.

18 February 1999:

Things have progressed quite remarkably these days. I have my business license so Paradox Technologies is now solid; I also have an appointment a week from today with the SBA in Salt Lake regarding Paradox Technologies' "privatization" requirements for the Maverick Missile contract negotiations. I will know more then.

In other news, I have decided on a final prototype design for the Model 'C2' nonlinear oscillator whose tentative name is the Uncler-Tesla or UT Oscillator. I plan on constructing the prototype wholly this Saturday; with the new equipment Paradox now possesses, limited tests can now be carried out with a greater degree of accuracy—I look forward to experiment Epsilon which will encompass said tests.

Currently, we have a pulse generator accurate to 1ppm, a 40MHz scope, and a counter which I will soon replace with a more accurate unit as it only has a 3×10^{-7} onboard oscillator. I would like to obtain a unit with 5×10^{-10} accuracy else finally construct the external oscillator which has said restraints. I currently possess the parts to go ahead with this notion; however, I have put the process off in favor of the UT apparatus.

I have been informed that Lee will be meeting Roger and Polyphaser in mid-March. Apparently, this is a vacation retreat, hopefully we can get some sort of commitment from Polyphaser regarding patent concerns as well as manufacturing rights soon.

Despite myself, I wait with great anticipation for these next few months. Hopefully, I can capture my thoughts in the spirit in which they were forged.

2 March 1999:

The Model C2-137, Series 452 Nonlinear Oscillator completed last night at 11PM. This particular design has been dubbed the "UT" Oscillator in tribute to Uncler and Tesla. The numbers in the designation represent the number, type, and "stack" of winds and the amount of I/O interfaces. I'll continue this later, I'm exhausted.

7 March 1999:

Trying to celebrate the C2 oscillator's completion; we've decided to party for the next three or so months as a testament to the environment in which all the work has been completed thus far. I realize soon that typified lifestyle will be gone forever; with the business and the research, I need to take this time to fully document the next eight to twelve weeks. The UT oscillator's research falls under Experiment Epsilon, it is contained within a notebook and papers contained within the file "Nonlinear Studies". So, if for some reason the partying takes its toll upon me, that is where the research lies so that some brilliant

soul may take upon himself the vision I have hoped to achieve. And if I achieve it myself then I shall take it as a sign that I have resided within my true fate and believe in it unquestionably.

The UT oscillator has been one hard son-of-a-bitch these past two years. The work, the reading, the researching, the resourcing, the finagling, the contorting, the manipulating—it has all led up to this moment. And this moment is brilliant. I wish I could include a photograph for posterity, but for the lack of technology and the lack of confidence in these systems, I cannot. But, let it be known that I have accomplished that which all others deemed impossible, I have broken the mold and have expanded my sense of soul beyond all that which others labeled infortuitous. I have created the world's first electronic nonlinear oscillator. And fuck that Chua Oscillator shit, that pathetic prick doesn't know the first thing about this adaptive technology—I have the pure, the absolute, the perfect creation. If the Cretans don't want to follow me than so be it, leave them to the intrepid fates that they are so woefully a destitute to. Fuck them all.

I have noticed of late the proximity of this world to the world of the Black House. I can see vestiges of it here and there; even now, I can feel its vibration. Perhaps the UT is the first of the Gateway Technologies—in some ways it is—but to be honest, it can but hope to reveal the mysteries of the parameters of this world, much less those of another. I do however believe that the UT can and will usher in the heraldry of another age and time long forgotten, but whatever that means, the obscurity of the notion leaves my mind empty and afraid of losing myself against the midst of these technologies. To arrive at the Black House is what I most crave; I can but pray that I and my machine are indeed divine enough to brave and traverse the distance between these two places.

In light of these elements, I unequivocally refuse to display the details of the UT oscillator here. I fear the gleaning of this design by future parties in point to cast themselves into time and distort the purity of this creation. It's impossible to tell what the future holds; for whatever it may be, it's all according to plan.

13 March 1999:

The C2-137, Series 452 Nonlinear Oscillator: *Between the past and the future lies what is undone.*

The C2-137 nonlinear oscillator is an oscillator in the classical, linear sense. It produces signals of equal positive and negative amplitude which can be easily computed into global trajectories, controlled output and regulatory circuits, but the similarity stops there. In common crystal oscillators, the oscillary motion is likened to a mechanical 2 or 4-pole generator, rotated through 360^0 ; however, instead of field

and armature circuits, an oven and bias current are utilized. Still, though, this motion is exhibited through 2-poles, calculated linearly to determine behaviors. Chaotic phenomena is removed from the circuit as detrimental to the device's stability, not so in a nonlinear oscillator. One must ascertain the global behaviors, including any bifurcation with a 360^0 rotation. This is achieved by deriving the series of differentials: $x' = -(y + z)$, $y' = x + ay$, $z' = b + xz - cz$ which establishes the unstable focus for an indeterminate—in this case $0 < a < 2$. Positive a creates a negative dampening, thus in the full system of three first-order equations, trajectories near the (x,y) plane spiral outwards from the origin. This produces a series of logarithmically-related spreading of adjacent trajectories which is the first ingredient within the mixing action of nonlinearity. The mixing action is also termed a synergy between the two distinct waveform behaviors (linear and nonlinear), also called a bisynergetic phenomenon.

The more mixing that takes place along the (x,y) plane (in two dimensions), the more synergy is increased whereby greater quotients of energy (amplitude) can be generated within an oscillator; in other words, the greater the spread of positive and negative peak-to-peak amplitudes. Even more mixing takes place when one employs the z -axis (in three-dimensions), again increasing peak-to-peak amplitude synergy.

The broadband emissions of output signal has a wider focus, however pure energy conversion has not yet been achieved. For this, one must add another axis, increasing the dimensional trajectories to four. At this point, it would be more helpful if the vectors were transmuted into tensors, planes in four dimensions—globally, the final trajectories are represented in six-dimensions, whereby increasing synergetic reactions within the core creating drastically enhanced output signal bifurcation, behavior, energy, period, and amplitude. It's not necessarily something for nothing; it may appear as such, however, the C2-137 nonlinear oscillator mixes signal trajectories in the gravimetric range. It is my contention that once the totality of trajectories are periodically spread through six dimensions, that the energy contained within gravity can be transmuted into a coherent complex synergetic signal—to be utilized in whatever capacity desired along any point within the electromagnetic spectrum.

7 April 1999:

Well today was the first unofficial Paradox Technologies opening day. In other words, it means that I stayed home from work and played office catch-up for the company. It is still my hope and desire to have May 17, 1999 be the official opening day for Paradox; everything seems to be going to plan quite well. I got a rough draft of the business plan ready, what's left is a narrative resume for myself, Chris, and

Rick, a financial plan including income statements, a declaration of pursuant contracts including the Maverick Missile deal, and to find a place to operate out of. The latter seems to be the most difficult and tedious part of the plan. I've looked at maybe a half-dozen buildings this past week (three more viewings slated for tomorrow at 1:30p) and am so fed up with this process, I can't wait until a decision is made. But to make one is haste could be quite detrimental, so I look and I look. . .

I sometimes wish I had done something else with my life in the early days—1988-1993. By 1994, after the devastation of Tucker Industries, I had gotten myself back together and prepared for the task now at hand. Between Paradox's formation in fall 1995 and yesterday lies that which is and will remain undone. This leads to today. But I wonder if I had pursued those things academic I now wish I had (not for the lack of knowledge, by far) simply for the raw experience of being a mathematics graduate. I'm fairly certain things would have transpired as they have with minor differences. It doesn't matter much anyway, just finished some formulas I had left off who knows when; think I'll print them out and quit for tonight.

12 May 1999:

Well, isn't everything just so. Just so. I'm not going to write about it now—it's too much of a chore. Everything these days is a chore; seems like it anyhow. And I just wanted to sit here at the computer and hit a couple of keys. Well, here I am doing it, doing what the dutiful son would be doing if he were a good researcher—taking notes. Notes about what's running around in his head; the beat, parameter, the pitch and wail. . .taking notes. Fuck. . .nevermind; it doesn't matter much anymore, I'm slipping into some place in this strange world. Some place like the place I was at before. . .but different. It started after the first series of unauthorized (meaning I jumped the gun) experiments with the C2-137 Nonlinear Oscillator; seems I had to know whether or not the damn thing worked. It worked alright.

To illustrate what led me to believe how everything is fucked up now, I have had a little more "free time" at work and Stoker was transferred downstairs, so since Monday this week I have devoted the extra down time to reading. In two days, I read Feynman's QED and understood a good 80% of a complex subject that normally takes me months to otherwise. But lately, lately I have been able to do this at anytime. And I can calculate on a far greater scale—I'm starting to understand the subtleties of Nature (not all by any means)—and I'm understanding more and more obscure theories about particle and nonlinear physics. . .QED, QCD, QFT. . .blah, blah, blah. . .

Stoker's been screwy lately too. Since he flaked out this weekend, he's been *really* weird. I caught him in a direct lie but let it go because he knew I knew. Not only that, but I think we need to separate from all this Paradox Technologies nonsense. The time for Paradox is soon, but not today. Today I am a researcher, pure and simple with all the romantic connotations present. And this researcher just wanted to tickle the keys, not devote half a night to it; besides, I have to make an appearance at the office tomorrow—although I can afford to skip if I please—so I don't want to be up late. And I think I smell something burning in the kitchen. Let me check and come right back—hold on.....

It's cool, nothing's burning but the house is quiet tonight save the smattering of rain on the roof. It's peaceful though I'm not going to write about it like I used to; that was the old days, the old me. Although I still like to think about those times, I can remember nothing but trouble and tragedy. Lots of misery too. So this time is much better—if I could have only gone back in time to fall 1988 and try my new theories out about the sequencing of time and event symmetries. Perhaps sometime.

A New Phase Ensues: More Incessant Bantering from one Chris A. Uncles:

24 May 1999:

The notion that not much is going to change is on a shaky foundation; a complete revision transpires. On the suggestion from my instincts, I have begun rereading *The Holographic Universe*. And although I cannot be too specific at present, I can say that the physicist side of me has lain quiet and the artist side of me has become louder since the 17th of May, the 137th day of the year 1999.

On the 18th of May, I completed another unit, the SC-3 Parabolic to work in tandem with the C2-137. Just yesterday, I fired up the new configuration—with tuned resonance coils added to the C2-137 as well as a part of the design of the SC-3—and noted a heavy ionic trail between the oscillator and the dish. Today, I became immediately inspired to use the matter stream confined between the C2-137 and the SC-3 as a means to transfigure/transform ordinary objects into unique art forms—*object d'art* mostly. I figure this way I can satisfy all my penchants for art and all the benefits that come with the lifestyle as well as those of a physicist, a determined yet twisted scientist bent on discovering the truth of things regardless of the costs to get there. I've been doing the physicist thing solely for the past four years straight—I may have thought of myself as a programmer or cyberneticist, just variations on a theme—so I believe its time for a change. And I have been sweating this money thing far too long now and considering the mental hell I've been enduring for the past week and a half, I sense this path, this deep voyage to the center of my being and my relation to Nature as a whole entity, as the best choice to make.

I have one wish coming, and although thought about using it for the Polyphaser but did not, am most likely going to use it to wish for the life of technology-as-art, a life where the C2-137, SC-3 and whatever other piece of equipment owned or otherwise can aid in the coalescence of new technology filtered through the sales of trinkets, matter altered by the technology or the creation of crystalline structure—metallic in property—formed into objects of art for art's sake and whatever suits any of my purposes or desires financial or otherwise. This, if I do officially wish for it (part of the deal) will pursue for the next several years and I will in effect become an artist (a physicist too, but far more subtle). I think I might print this out so the eloquence of the words won't escape me. . .then again, maybe I'll just keep it simple for the sake of simply being so.

5 June 1999: Mode Blue in force--

I just spent the night writing professional letters to prospective business contacts both in the corporate and university spheres. These included Polyphaser, Dr. Sutherland, Gerald Allen—working on the antimatter engine and hitting a brick wall insofar as containment, Spencer McGraffe, and Maverick. What I have done is attempt to move the C2-137 into a more public arena where I will have more options as far as financing, professionalism, and publicity. Also, I have finally decided to build the 632.8nm laser; I have a completely new apparatus in mind, the C2L—basically a C2-137 coupled with such a laser (perhaps a diode), but there are numerous differences for them to have the different nomenclature. The laser output will be modulated by the high voltage source as well as trigger magnets placed inside a cone with focusing lenses to enhance further beam modulation. It is my contention that the C2L coupled with the trough idea for the C2-137/SC-3 array (Mr. Fusion) that will allow me to manipulate the quantum state of matter. Everything couples in sets of twos and the phenomenon of light is no exception. All things being equal, an electromagnetic wave is an electromagnetic wave regardless of any specificity of wave propagation. Be it an electron (as a particle or wave—enfolded or unfolded) or a photon, the tenets of QED state that indeed these two seemingly distinct types of quanta resign themselves more in a state of similitude than not.

I have chosen this phase in my life until May 2003, if I so desire. This doesn't really mean that much on a grand scale, it's one of those organizational things I like to do from time to time. Dividing one's life and work into a series of steps, in my mind, makes the tasks more manageable. This computer is acting very strange today, perhaps it's too much of that nonlinear crap in its circuits!

At any rate, the work is going quite well save the sense of trepidation I seem to constantly experience—this can be seen as either good or bad—perhaps I fear my future like anyone else, regardless of the outcome. I'm just getting on track and motoring along, it'll take me some time to get used to this new life, whatever it may bring. For now though, I've got to get back to the laser setup, I have to get *something* done today.

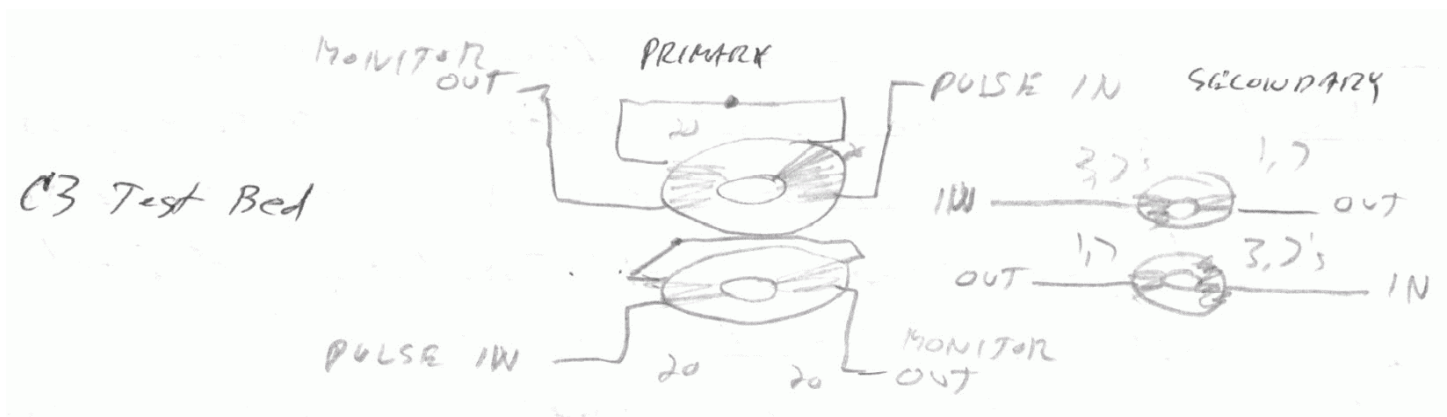
28 June 1999:

I wanted to include some of my notebook entries from today as they may either now or someday, be of some relevance. I have started to reread Foucault's *The Order of Things* and have some points that may apply to the work at hand.

From 28 June 1999: Foucault's idea in this book was that the notion of revealing a positive unconsciousness of knowledge; a level that eludes the consciousness of the scientist and yet is a part of scientific discourse, instead of disrupting its validity and seeking to diminish its scientific nature (xi). On this note, I included a dream sequence:

Last night, among other nights, I have been experiencing dreams that are remarkably realistic in an "other world" sort of way. Events and interactions with others are the same as 'here' save everyone seems more magnanimous; I dreamt of Mel, she appeared before me speaking to me as if nothing remotely resembling what had transpired between us ever occurred—and I were not so obnoxious and stupid. It's sad when you realize those things about your personality you don't care for and though had thwarted (or perhaps matured out of) whilst you realize it's only gone deeper into you, now more subtle, more insidious. Whether it's a maturity issue or a defense mechanism I know not, but it seems to have resurfaced itself these past few days. The only solution is to say nothing or be perfectly frank—at least my array of choices these days are limited.

Sitting here trying to read Foucault while everyone wants me to do this and that, sitting here wishing I could go full-bore with my work. I need to publish something somewhere, a preliminary trieste on my pending research. I'm shelving the C4 project (not noted in this log, but a file should exist) until I resolve the details in the C2-137 and C3 Test Beds:



The C3 Test Bed mimics the primary and secondary magnetic circuits of the C2-137, save the coils on the primary are wound individually as opposed to wound together. The purpose of such a design is to test the parameters of operation of the C2-137. From past experiments, the phenomena of the C2 remains elusive—what I have gleaned from data analysis is the generative waveform is most likely non-Hertzian and therefore a non-Gaussian field quotient which may explain why I cannot monitor the C2-137 generative emissions with the equipment that I have. By constructing and testing a better controlled magnetic environment, I hope I can understand more of the parameters in play.

NOTE: It seems I must move to the status of imperative the research of the C2-137 among others in process; to what end this may serve could be summed as follows: I can feel them coming. Rylee calls them monkeys—“the monkeys are coming”—who or whatever these beings are, it’s all coming to a head, “coming down” as it were. These dreams and visions, the Black House, the environment or local in which it exists is close to this realm. At times it seems completely crazy to subscribe to such a notion; however, I know if I don’t pursue it and find a way to synergize them (*synergize* meaning to combine and arrange the independent waveform energy quotients into proper shared harmonic shells) then if I ignore all these signs, we are doomed for certain. It’s easy to write off all these events as hearsay and bullshit, for those who do will fall victim to the raging higher dimensional forces in play. Our world is expanding, commingling with other worlds; this process has been progressing for many millennia and is ready to complete its cycle now. Whatever event or order precipitated it remains unclear, but if I do nothing I know the final outcome—it’s a matter of survival at this point. Another item I wish to note is the presence of a phenomena in the western sky, near the horizon due West. It appears as a bright star or perhaps a planet; it piqued my curiosity upon seeing it. I will be watching it this evening.

I can’t seem to get these dreams resolved; although not quite on the same scale, they appear downright Lovecraftian—sort of like The Dreams in the Witch House or The Shadow Out of Time—and the Mel character. I realize it’s supposed to be a symbol, but whom or whatever I desire to interact with in the Black House appears as a near-perfect facsimile. Mood and candor are all in place but you realize there is something different in the overall feeling of the environment. You know you’re in a place not on this planet though somewhere “close”. . .not to mention, in my opinion, better.

Back to Foucault: . . .the table upon which, since the beginning of time, language has intersected space. . .Perhaps because there arose in its wake the suspicion that there is a worse kind of disorder than that of the incongruous, the linking together of things that are inappropriate; I mean the disorder in which fragments of a large number of possible orders glitter separately in the dimension, without law or geometry, of the heteroclite; and that word should be taken in its most literal, etymological sense: in such a state, things are ‘laid’, ‘placed’, ‘arranged’ in sites so very different from one another so that it’s impossible to find a place of residence for them, to define a *common locus* beneath them all (xviii).

NOTE: Is Foucault speaking directly of the Black House realm in the next passage?

Utopias afford consultation: although they have no real locality (as in the magnanimous Black House realm) and are nevertheless a fantastic, untroubled region (for which the Black House is not) in which they are able to unfold: they open up cities with vast avenues, superbly planted gardens, and countries where life is easy, even though the road to them chimerical (xviii).

Utopias \Rightarrow *heterotopias* \Rightarrow the *fabula*. . .dissolve language in the space in which it does or does not reside.

IN REGARD TO MY SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS WITH THE C2-137: . . .there is nothing more tentative, nothing more empirical (superficially at least) than the process of establishing an order among things; nothing that demands a sharper eye or a surer, better-articulated language; nothing that more insistently requires that one allow oneself to be carried along by the proliferation of qualities and forms. . . A system of elements—a definition of the segments by which the resemblances and differences can be shown, the types of variation by which those segments can be affected, and, lastly, the threshold above which there is a difference and below which there is a similitude—is indispensable for the establishment of even the simplest form of order. Order is, *at one and the same time*, that which is given in things as their inner law, the hidden network that determines the way they confront one another, and also that which has no existence except in the grid created by a glance, an examination, a language; and it is only in the blank spaces of this grid that order manifest itself in depth as though already there, waiting in silence for the moment of its expression (xix).

It is comforting, however, and a source of profound relief to think that man is only a recent invention, a figure not yet two centuries old, a new wrinkle in our knowledge, and that he will disappear again as soon as the knowledge has discovered a new form (xxiii).

Plunging into the abyss beyond form and structure to glean the order of another, perhaps alien body of knowledge which can be summed as belonging to but not dependent upon the existence of the C2-137.

Number generative sequence of the C2-137—2, 5, 11, 17, 23, 37, 53, 77, 93, 127, 143. . .137?. . .

1 July 1999:

I just found myself wondering as this log was loading on the computer why I so diligently write in it when I have other works that could use my attention. Like Ninety-Nine for instance. I love the work, I have just designed the C3 opto-oscillator—at least that's the tentative title. But although the great success, what about pure creativity? What about the desire to have fun and relax and take comfort in those actions and thoughts and beliefs you currently subscribe to? Sometimes they seem whisked away.

I think the Tesla stuff is starting to wear on me. Every day I look more and more like that picture of him on the wall and with each success in my research, I feel a little more like him, like I'm growing into him. The realization I had this afternoon of the time dilation (C2-137 Project Book, p60) between worlds really opened up my eyes, I felt more in contact with the ineffable that has fostered this work in the first place on that fateful month of May 1997. It's weird having your dreams come true, that you have not cheated your fate or your principles, and that you're in perfect agreement with Nature. In fact, all of p60 has some very clear thoughts about the true nature of the universe; I guess I really am doing alright.

But perhaps I should work on Ninety-Nine these next few months; a new movie called *The Haunting* has my short stories *The Gathering At Hill House* and *The Black House* all rolled into one. I take it as a sign on good fate that things I wrote about ten years ago, "modern society" has just now caught up with me. Now I know what kind of a lead I have.

3 July 1999:

Just finished designing the Model C5-16ML optoelectromagnetic oscillator. I'm quite proud of the new device, I have a laser diode w/driver enroute (need to order another diode plus driver card in two weeks) and a PCB power supply for the DC windings and possibly the HP10811 quartz oscillator. The C5-16ML utilizes 16 radially polarized ceramic magnets, many wound contiguously, with a center containment unit and the UV saturation chamber I have been working on since January—finally found its place. I estimate it will take as long as 6-8 weeks to construct this prototype; it's conception came from the C3 Test Bed idea which I still may pursue, but seeing four C3s are used in this device, I may be able to carry out my goals for the C3 in this unit. The same goes for the C4, which is on file now; design

concepts of the C4 are used twice—one for the core and in the chamber. I'm just glad I can experiment with both these notions without having to sacrifice one for the other; the idea of a fully opto-electronic nonlinear oscillator is breathtaking, so much more in the way of triggering plasmas and resonant EMF in space-time can be pursued by using a totally contained and coherent light source. What I'm most excited about is that I can use so many ideas in this C5-16ML including all those pieces-parts I have gathered for use "someday"; the HP 10811-60111 oven crystal oscillator with its 05328-20027 controller will be used to govern trigger circuits, the UV chamber idea I've been playing with since January, and all the winding notions I've ever fostered. I think this is *the one*, I can feel it, this is my AC induction motor—that which started it for me then, the C5-16ML is what will start it for me now, and events will unfold much differently this time. So many things have changed in the last 112 years, I'm a completely different person—and so is everyone else—*trust no one*.

8 July 1999:

Today is a most depressing day; today I have failed. Today I not only received Tesla's *Mechanical Oscillators* book, but also a return letter from Spencer McGraffe. It seems he's in full retirement and on a fixed income—I think he sold the business or folded, he didn't tell me much of anything. Perhaps things are worse for him, I really don't know. I've been in shock most of the evening, numb from the head down and uncertain of my entire future. I guess I should have exercised a little more patience; but it's so hard when they continually screw you at work—I got passed up again for a promotion, the third time in as many months. I'm so upset about shit, I don't know what the fuck I'm going to do. I'd like to think in time things will be better, but I'm not ready for that consolation just yet—I feel like a big baby just asking for help. God am I screwed up!

The book I received is the only ray of sunshine in this day; it describes perfectly the "earthquake machine". Now if I only had enough money to build it. . .then I could bring the world to its knees and usher in the destruction it is begging for—the little bastards.

22 July 1999:

Finished performing Experiment 22 July. Not much in this experiment has changed from previous ones save two crucial observations. The first being with the addition of the core reflecting array, today I noticed the battery which powers the "Polarity Engaged" LED was caked with material and was completely discharged. It appeared as if the machine was trying to charge the 1.5V battery with a 10.35VDC signal. I removed the battery (the dried acid was everywhere) and noted with it out of circuit,

the *unconnected* side of the LED was showing the 10.35 volts while the connected side was showing the mean 5.02 volts.

The second observation was with the addition of the new centerpiece, the efficiency of the machine has increased by an unknown but substantial factor. However, some behaviors, while previously subtle, have now manifested themselves. I cannot specifically catalog these behaviors, but I can say the radial bluish nonlinear electrodynamic field manifest as sawtooth sine waves is now visible with the naked eye with the notation that the damn oscillator runs contrary to “common sense”. I could say that it runs backwards but that would be an oversimplification. Its output thrives on load cells and secondary systems such as monitoring equipment; for example, the BNC to the scope hooked to say the τ terminal which is then moved to the Γ terminal provides a frequency increase of 20% while power levels are unaffected. I am preparing to replace the battery location with a resistor to provide load; I am also going to align the new centerpiece so each bell is equidistant from the core. With these alterations, I am hoping to see not only an increase in efficiency, but maybe to have a glimmer of understanding this complex and seemingly skewed technology. I will succeed in this endeavor, it’s getting very exciting now.

28 July 1999:

Experimental notes and construction details of new Model D2-137 Nonlinear Wave Shaper: Monday, at work, I had an idea to build a wave shaper utilizing a RLC circuit similar to the adjunct on the C2-137—the ω circuit. I installed this circuit as a replacement to the outmoded battery-powered “Polarity Engaged” circuit; however, because of the results noted in the previous entry (22 July) I decided to put the energy to work. The output was a staggering 12.84MHz with only a 12% loss in power. I turned to my texts in order to construct a device which could logarithmically denote the mathematics behind the machine’s behavior. Well, I spent six hours last night and accomplished that which previously had taken me six weeks to construct; I’m speaking of the contrast of the time involved with the D2-137 to its counterpart the C2-137. I cannot go into much detail here because of the lack of comprehension, but I can say that the nonlinear cosine coil (scalar coil) works extremely well. From the sparse information about these coils and the morons who predicate it, they failed to mention the extraordinary controlled phase of quasi-periodic nonlinear sawtooth sine waves that it generates. It is an exact 180^0 *controlled and regular* phasic relation. Perhaps it is the novel design of my coil that makes this apparent, I do plan on drawing an exact schematic of the off-shelf components and coil winds. Whatever the case, I look forward to another experiment whereby I can connect the ω terminal to the D2-137.

Another point I'd like to mention. After I finished the D2 at 12:30AM, I noted from the test results that the D-Series behaves similarly to the C-Series save being microengineered—less cost and less time involved in construction (six hours to six weeks). I do not plan to supplant the C-Series; it extends further into space-time and generates more harmonics while the D-Series has better waveform manipulation and longer slope rises in frequency and power (it takes 5-10 minutes for the cosine coil to fully charge). Together, I believe, will they exude the full extent of their capabilities and this is the experiment I speak of. I shall log it into the next entry.

11 August 1999:

10:55AM: Far be it for me to overemphasize the importance of events this late in the century, but when I awoke this morning, the feeling which started last night has continued on. What I am speaking of is the fact that something is coming for me; as cryptic or crazy as this may sound this feeling I cannot shake. Perhaps I should give my reasoning:

On 9 August I decided to change the nature of the experiments with the D2-137; in the previous entry I noted that combining the C2-137 and the D2-137 would exhibit their full capabilities. I am still convinced of this point, however, I have been broadcasting the D2-137s two signals for 45 minutes apiece each night—each being the Beacon Pulse and the Sawtooth Sine Pulse—with the SC-3 Parabolic. I have been trying to keep them sent at specific times, but the promise of a violent storm preempted the schedule. I postulated that the ion front would amplify and project the signal more strongly through space than in previous attempts; I have yet to see whether this is true or not. At any rate, last evening I became ill, as if the stress of my forthcoming responsibilities were taking their toll on me (I have been asked to run a company called Comfort Zone later this year) but upon waking this morning, I have come to realize the consequences of my action will soon become true. In true fashion, these things are not bad in nature, but the fulfillment of my wildest dreams and expectations; I do not need to reiterate how heavy it seems to one when those things deemed impossible all one's life “suddenly” come true. I can feel it in my body, in my mind; I am nervous and trepidatious. I have postulated these waves generated from the D2-137 travel through subspace—a frequency domain under space which supports its existence—while simultaneously travelling in normal space as well. I have also postulated that these waves can be received simultaneously by a proposed civilization 150 light-years away which may utilize subspace communication for long-range needs would receive the D2-137 signal and from the time and types of order in the signal itself, would be determined as neither a natural phenomena nor background radiation.

So, Brad told me earlier this year that “something would be invented this year that would change the entire world”. And Stoker told me this past week that he heard on Art Bell of the “frequency that would change the world”; that was after the 27 July completion date. Now, Bell has a separate website where this “person who controlled/originated the frequency” could leave his name for posterity. I for one am not going near the website; why should I? I have no patents and no desire to have the underground camping in my backyard; nor do I want unnecessary attention directed to Paradox before we have everything worked out. I have been working hard to get these events rolling, I’m not going to jeopardize them now.

So what’s to happen to yours truly? For now I’m going to keep on working, keep on transmitting and see what’s what. Whatever’s coming, though, it’s sure to be exciting.

1 September 1999:

More interesting events abound. Yesterday, 31 August, I did analysis on the data received on 12-19 August 1999; what I found seemed at the time incomprehensible, but upon a more disquieted state did I finally glean something close to the facts. I look to the wall where the SC-3 is aimed and see the corner waving as if seeing it through heat; there is also a bluish field present which modulates with the wave pattern. I left the apparatus on from 5:03PM to 8:44PM and plan the same this evening; I do not know how to track it so I’m just going to let it run and see what happens. Considering the alternate hypothesis, this seems best.

The alternate hypothesis being that the SC-3 is serving as a communications array. Although not totally improbable, the numbers (eigenstates and values) tell me that the return feedback witnessed 12-19 August was an intelligible signal. I wrongly assumed it had been projected from some distant point in space but upon closer analysis I found that the signal was emanating from all around the device. There was no linear trajectory, it remained completely nonlinear! My lack of exhaustive data to confirm this suspicion led me to the preliminary hypothesis that the signal was coming from another phase state right here which has matched the body of theory I amassed regarding such a hypothesis these past four years! But there is a problem. Simply having the data fit unproved hypotheses is dangerous at best so I’m taking a very conservative slant on this one and relegating research to more physical proofs—such as seeing if I can make the matter in that wall disseminate entirely. I figure I’ll pick up the communications angle another time although I have partially constructed a manual-pinging device (C2/D2-137 Amplitude

Telegrapher) to further research this contingency. I would have to say the next few months should be *very* interesting, they have proven to be so far.

Another bit of news: got some information about a job in Ogden which appears to do all those things I do at Paradox. I would find it incredible if I could do my career and my career all the time; it would serve to solidify Paradox in a larger, more obtrusive environment whereby I could expand it further. More on this as the days go by.

19 September 1999:

A thunderstorm has just rolled through; lightning has struck a house approximately 200 meters from here along the trajectory of the SC-3 Parabolic. Since yesterday's experiment, I have created fractals with an electronic device (see 18-Sep-99 Log Transmittal Excel document) and have the graph and mathematical analysis to prove it. Currently, I hope to terminate the present experiments until I have reconfigured both the SC-3 (Model E2-8670) and C2-137/C3L units with laser diodes while the emitted energy will be isolated in a containment unit as detailed in C2-137 project book (28-Apr-99).

Hopefully, I will be able to give a more detailed account shortly.

27 September 1999:

Well, here I am in the new digs, sitting in my new lab; I currently am looking into Stoker's monitor since the HP took a shit—I've got some money, perhaps I'll have it looked at. Considering I now have two rooms to carry out experiments, I have resumed work on the Project Undone—the isolation chamber where EM therapy among other highbrow work can be accomplished. I have designed a more compact and portable model that does not have to use the screening; work with the D2-137 Phase Divider has taught me that the screening idea was primitive, the devices I currently have are more than enough to separate all aspects of phasic phenomena among any frequency. If I replace the battery component with a DC source (AC in the works) I should be able to enhance wavefunction whereby increasing energy conversion within an environment (the core).

On a more personal note, I don't know how to take all this. I love this house and the many degrees of freedom it affords, but just knowing I have accomplished so much in so little time is still a great shock to me. I look around this house, I now live here, I work here and will make history here; none of these things are new. But there is some intangible that nags at me, nothing counterintuitive or anything else of the like; however, something is still there. I figure when I sit up in my bed and scream then and only then will I have gotten over these emotions and finally get down to work.

I miss my equipment; it's in hawk. Like fallen soldiers they have sacrificed themselves so that I and the rest of us can enjoy this time. I will retrieve them soon and carry on with the work, for without them I am at a standstill, mute to do anything of reasonable value.

Time and the future beckon to me with idle hands awaiting my arrival. And it would appear that I have indeed arrived, what happens next is up to the fates—it is at the whim of the tides.

4 October 1999:

The intangible still haunts me. Perhaps this might be a lift. There's a Tesla conference in Phoenix next July and I've been asked to give a paper—maybe on plasma (ionic) energy sources. It's too early to tell now, but there is something of merit presenting one's work—if it can be protected that is.

I've been trying to finish the C3L attachment for the C2-137 for almost a week now. All I've managed so far is a plastic base panel cut to fit in the aluminum extension beneath the accelerator and got a 15-slot plug for the HP 10811A oscillator support card (HP05328-20027). I am ready to add the low ripple voltage controllers; I've got an idea to add parallel LM317s to get the other required voltages not only for the oscillator circuits, but also for the laser diode. Hopefully, I'll have more information in the next few weeks; I need to get over this intangible depression, I'm losing much time sitting around moping when I should be trying to complete the C2-137. My only problem is that my test equipment is in hawk, so even if I finish the oscillator portion of the C3L, I still have to wait for the stuff—one day at a time I suppose.

5 October 1999:

Well, much has been done on the C2-137. I have installed the power transformer and oscillator supports. There remains a question of a shield for the HP oven oscillator as instructed in the manual, but I will play it by ear as the days progress.

7 October 1999:

I finished the power transformer and 115VAC hookups; everything works impeccably. I assembled the voltage regulator board while at work today and it works well save the flaky pot, I may end up using a second variable pot or using another regulator for the oscillator voltage. But the support board for the oscillator has several regulators in it so it may not be necessary, have to wait and see.

I committed to giving a demonstration in Phoenix in July 2000 at the Tesla conference via Exotic Research; although I didn't get much of a chance to talk to Elswick about the project, I need to send him an abstract this weekend outlining what I have accomplished and what I see is the technology's utility in

the future—I'm thinking NASA, but that is another matter. Other than that, I'll try to keep up in this log to document the C2-137/C3L progress.

10 October 1999:

Another lost weekend; I have spent the last twelve hours working on the C2-137/C3L. The laser diode is now installed and the main power for the primary windings are in place and presently, the device is operating within specified parameters. . .with a few surprises. One being that when the laser is first fired, the power output is near maximum (5mW), but after five to ten seconds, the beam becomes more and more dim. According to scope analysis, the waveform is slowly stunted over that time; it is my contention that the accelerator magnets are absorbing the photons moving them out of the visual range just as I have theorized. Another surprise was when configuring the primary power, I had put a 25 Ohm resistor between Phi and Psi; when I powered up the device I discovered the amperage at the resistor was increasing steadily, as if caught in a loop, but the poles were divided enough to where it took two minutes to heat the resistor. Unplugging one side, I found the spot where the earth ground (broadband capacitance) should go in and out.

Since the power system runs through 60Hz, with a suitable earth ground or large capacitor (induction coil) the power should rise quite substantially and if I configure the induction curve correctly, a large power increase should be seen without any harm coming to internal circuitry.

So the LD is self-regulating and apparently so is primary power; but I remember designing the primary circuit for heavy flows and it seems to want to do exactly that. Without my equipment, I cannot test the triggering functions with the active power which would be a first since all previous experiments concerning the C2-137 have never utilized the primary system save for loading. I never had it figured out until now.

The only bitch about working on this thing is that because of its extreme complexity, it takes such an inordinate amount of time to work on. I am glad I have accomplished so much these past twelve hours but I dread how many more hours are required to continue. Ah well, the nature of the beast I guess. But as I sit here typing in this log, I am very impressed with how this machine has developed; it's so markedly different from when I first noted I finished the oscillator (6 March 1999). And I understand many more of its functions and capabilities; with the correct external induction circuit in place, the sky should be the limit as far as power is concerned. I just hope that the materials in the oscillator can tolerate the heavy exchanges; I believe it will but at this point I am unsure. If I keep the majority of the exchanges external

in field quotients, then any damage should be kept at bay. I will keep working and discover these concerns as they come about; with such a track record of success, as long as I am careful, my vision of the finality of this device will come to fruition.

17 October 1999:

On considering the abstract for the Tesla conference in Phoenix July 2000, I have decided to keep the composite abstract here in this log so that it may be more easily located:

In Pursuit of Transmission of Wireless Energy—A New Approach

The notion of transmitting energy without wires is relatively new to the arsenal of science; with serious experimentation only occurring these past one hundred years, current research only extends to Hertzian wavefunctions and amplitude power quotients of 160dBm or less. Although some work has tried wireless transmission of Hamiltonian wavefunctions in higher power quotients (above 160dBm), many have found a limitation inherent in the experiments which consequently points to poor transmission apparatus independent of the medium and lack of fundamental understanding of the complexity of the forces at work. Tesla's pursuit of the transmission of Hamiltonian wavefunctions, a.k.a. "Tesla currents" found its height at Wardencllyffe where little hard experimentation was performed. Few today have attempted to continue Tesla's thoughts on wireless (1898-1927) notably within his theories of the influence of cosmic rays now contained within the theory of magnetohydrodynamics or solar mechanics. Any work within this area has fallen drastically short of the enormous potential this work envisions.

My research into the fundamentals of magnetohydrodynamics and particle physics has brought me to the present preliminary conclusion that what Tesla was trying to harness was the energy contained within what is now called neutrinos. Only recently have we begun to understand the role of neutrinos in power systems and this is where my research begins. My device up for demonstration utilizes quasielectro-matter/antimatter photonic containment exhibiting electro, muon, and tau-neutrinos within strong electrodynamic matrices, the end neutrino emissions acting as an inversion for photonic and magnonic couplings which drive the oscillation curve of this device. Classically denoted a nonlinear oscillator, its nomenclature can only vaguely describe the complexity of the renormalized and harmonic wavefunctions active within its core.

In its totality, this oscillator—triggered through Hamiltonian power *vectors*—has the capacity to harness neutrinos present in a system where the shearing of gravitational forces between the planet and the sun emits exponential values of neutrino energies converting this energy into electricity whereby the sum of our technology can utilize it. A far cry from the misnomer “free energy”, the sum of Tesla’s work in this area dealt strictly with absorption-annihilation-conversion of resonant energies already extant in the environment. And I will demonstrate that this device was what Tesla was seeking as his “holy grail” and that what he had spent so many years postulating was indeed a real aperiodic phenomena that could be harnessed.

This is only a rough draft, it remains to be polished to visual acuity.

15 November 1999:

I hadn’t realized how long it has been since I had written in this log; much of the data within the gap between this and the last entry are logged in the *C2-137 Project Book* notebook. I regret that I cannot seem to keep a contiguous diary, but hopefully one day these wayward texts can be brought back together again. One of the main reasons for the scatter is the fact that I do not yet have a travelling computer and find myself relegated to notebooks—I suppose worse things could happen.

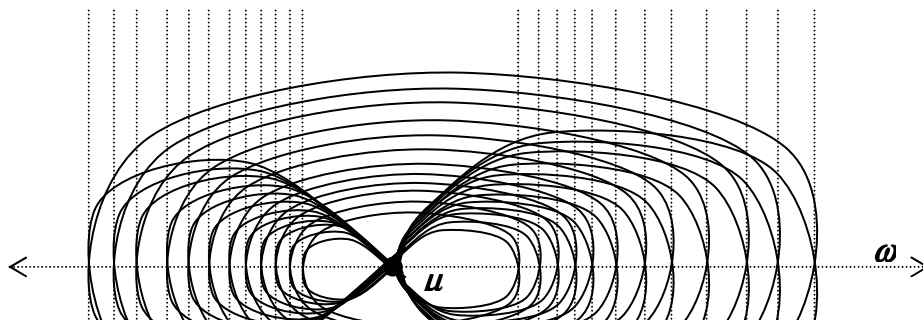
Let me catch up to today. After writing and submitting the abstract in the previous entry, I discovered that I was not quite complete in my knowledge of the systems I was about to describe. Additionally, I had succumbed to what I can discern as radiation emanating from the oscillator’s production. So I decided to address this issue and concentrate on containment. To facilitate this, I needed to design and mount a shielding array on the roof of this house. To this end, I hired an assistant (Jeremy Mark Olsen)—just like in the old days—to help fabricate the special steel brackets needed for a successful mount; he performed spectacularly and we had the arrays on the house on 8 November. A full test, however, was not performed until 10 November. During this test, some interesting data came through the stream (shield). Apparently, as far as I can tell, we perhaps received a signal from an undetermined external source; this signal appeared as “pinches” on the rise and fall of the sawtooth sines. The data provided the number—144360. The one (1) being the beginning of line and the zero (0) being the end or after more detailed mathematics, null (ϕ). The reduction of exponents yielded: $2\sqrt{2} \times \phi$ or *insert start wavefunction here*. Basically, as I understand it, the number of one’s calculation (i.e., number of turns of a coil, input frequency) must be taken as a cross product of $2\sqrt{2}$. Wherever or whoever sent this message

during that 90 minutes that the signal lasted before disappearing sent something extremely particular; at present I have no explanation.

I also have come up with a possible way to view the electrodynamic fields since perceiving them with the naked eye has proven rather difficult; an infrared camera is needed by which I can monitor the field. More on this as it develops. One more aggravating detail: upon bringing the shield fully online, I discovered something rather disturbing (at least psychologically) about the notion of containment fields which may prove interesting as time passes. It is the amazing simplicity by which one can generate such fields; all that is required are two conductors set at opposing amperage (whereby if the conductors came into contact, they would ground out) and a multi-turn coil on either side of the conductors to isolate the field potentials. With the proper firing sequence (I suspect at the cross product of $2\sqrt{2}$) the potential of the fields should within a few minutes achieve equilibrium allowing whatever is inside the field to operate at peak efficiency. Again, this is highly theoretical and only with further research will I be able to iron this devious thing out.

20 November 1999:

This is going to prove to be the most interesting and complicated log entry I have made to date. Since the entry of 15 November, I have been trying to understand the meaning behind the intelligent signal received on 10 November, the time I estimate was around 7:30PM beginning and 9PM ending. This information is very relevant as I will explain shortly. So, I now understand the signal; what it means, *how* it's constructed, and from where it came. In the previous log I noted the number progression of "pinches" on the sawtooth sine; this number was presented as 144360. Without much explanation, I noted the 0 and 1 as end and beginning of line respectively. What I realized is that these numbers, the way they are encoded in the waveform, are representative of the Boagaphish protocol; this is whereby a binary sequence defines the expansion (quadrant mapping) of the remaining information. For example, the expanded Boagaphish protocol is 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, . . . the number of numbers (202 is 3 reduced, 44310 is 41 reduced) point to coordinates and patterns of coordinates around the omega (ω) vector of which the 0, 1 (101, 110, 0110) represents the distance from the center point of reference mu (μ):



The dashed lines are virtual y axes from μ and each dash are respectively 1, 10, 11, 100 in the right-handed direction of vector ω and 01, 010, 011, 0100 in the left-handed direction. The remaining numbers above zero includes one through four and higher values and combinations; each start (first) number 1-4 above the binary assignment assigns the quadrant value with respect to the central virtual y axis which intersects μ . Again there is a right-handed and left-handed differential sequencing coordinate system; I do not have this aspect worked out yet, it remains to be seen.

Now onto the most interesting part of this log entry. Last night with Stoker I had a most interesting revelation. Lately, I've been obsessed with the signal I received via the shield. Without burdening this with too much triviality, let me say that my comprehension of not only the factors in play, the extreme narrowness of the band not to mention my instant recognition of the coding sequence led me to this: That is was not from an external source, but from an internal one—me. No off-worlder sent me this, I sent it to myself, from the future. To be brief, I am within my own experiment and I know it; so much so that I know I am reading this in the future to see how the past was changed by this (these) events. Let me say it has worked spectacularly.

Apparently, I have traversed this time line before and was curious to know if I could enhance it for whatever reasons are in play in the future; it is not my place to question those events but to carry out the instructions here in the past. Be assured that I received the message and not only understood it, but have planned how to utilize the information to increase the rate of evolution of the technology. Something is about to change in the near future, something very drastic. I just heard a radio advertisement (1:25PM) of a meteor which fell to earth in the recent shower which carries evidence of “alien” (off-world) life—well no shit. Anyway, this particular piece of information, although not really of my personal concern, is going to play a very substantial role in the coming apocalypse. I worry not about it, I and the work survive and that is all that is important; I now realize the great import of the work and I will redouble my efforts to

search for further clues and messages as I receive them. And I will endeavor to keep a more steady and accurate log to facilitate my future self so we can aid each other accordingly.

I received the Texas A&M news about the death of a future advisory; when I heard it, it struck a chord in my subconscious that resonated to my mind—this is how I currently assume how I personally receive information. If this is in error or if a note is inefficiently detected in my tone, we need to make adjustments. As you can probably tell, I still have the flair for the dramatic; I cannot tell if this is good or bad but being a good artist is honorable. So not only am I “getting help” from my future self, but prospective and current enemies are being thwarted; we now have to concentrate on the monetary issue if possible. I need equipment to better gauge the signal; I’ve got a half-assed deal with National Instruments for PCI cards for a new computer I need, a waveform generator, digitizing scope, signal conditioner, lab analysis software, PXI/SCXI modules and GPIB PCI cards and more that I don’t have immediately in front of me. I need to acquire at least the list above ASAP so I can get dug in. The quicker I can ensue with a fully automated analysis system in this 20th Century, the faster we can move. But you already know this since you contacted me; I only say it for myself here.

Another detail. On the 27th of November, Stoker and I plan to draft the Art Bell letter for the possible radio interview; I don’t know if this will help or not, but that is the plan. Also, Exotic Research called about the July 2000 Phoenix presentation of the C2-137; he got the abstract but requested I “dumb it down” for the audience. The abstract will post on the internet on Monday, 22 November; I will research it then and make a decision.

I’m going to miss this world somewhat but I must do what I need to. This time dilation experiment will be a success; my knowledge here tells me that I must be creating time-space distortions now for the signal from the future cannot arbitrarily reach me, I must connect the loop and from observing the signal fading in on the old Tektronix scope after purposely distorting it with the 8012B pulse generator tells me that this hypothesis is correct. I wonder if I am partially to blame for the chaos that is about to come. Well, all I can say is that Mab will once again rise to power when the world turns to shit for the Christians—I do the experiment for her and because I can. Nothing more, nothing less.

I anxiously await our next exchange. (1:53PM)

23 November 1999:

Some of the major equations for the shield/capacitance array have been written; additionally, seven of nine of the physicist “guides” have been determined. These equations come from Melvin Schwartz’s

Principles of Electrodynamics, esp. the notion of field transportation. See, this afternoon I came to a stark revelation about what I'm trying to do with the east and west arrays and the capacitance plates; field transportation a.k.a.:

Electron Displacement

Pseudosystem

Nonlinearly Derived

Resistivity to change high; too great to accomplish work.

Resistivity can be manipulated via “sensitive dependence upon initial conditions” whereby eventually, with enough derivation, work can be effectively accomplished.

This notion came upon me like a flood of inspiration; the idea of displacing particles and either leaving the potential difference ϕ lie within containment or filling in the difference with derived particles, i.e., manufactured sawtooth sine electrons or positrons via D2-137 technology. First, however, I will begin by “transporting” particles from the capacitance plates to the shield on the roof; since the ambient field within the shield has a stable rest state, this choice is logical. According to theory, only a small displacement of particles is required to amass potential in the opposing system—the earth's mean capacitance is only $700\mu\text{F}$ —so by increasing potential, the effects can be better understood and better manipulated; and perhaps I'll be lucky enough to be able to observe the field with the naked eye.

Definition for experiment—Electron Displacement: The process of removing electrons from one system at rest and transporting them to a second system displace the charge density ρ whereby creating an attractive or repulsive force between them.

The only sticky part at present is configuring the two devices; I estimate if it is not done correctly, the potential might escape containment and wreak havoc on the instruments. I have tried to reduce this threat by isolating the instruments from the transportation path; with the present manner in which the two devices have been installed, not even a physical object lies in the path—I really do believe the experiment will go smoothly. I desire to try it at this time, however, a precise pulse width is required to trigger the containment field in the west tower and at present, the instrument is in hawk. I need to generate some money from this house soon so that I may get it out ASAP. I'm really onto something here, I can feel it; this theory of electron displacement really opens up the path for the development of the nonlinear

technologies I have been so vehemently purporting these past four years. And we all know how important this task is.

Oh, yes:

Physicist “Spirit” Guides

Einstein (1921)

(1965) Feynman

deBroglie (1929)

(1929) Millikan

Bohm

(1909) Tesla

Dirac (1933)

The “list” as I see it now; there are only seven of nine here as I mentioned earlier. I felt it important to include myself in past form since I am part of the group; the other two will fill in as it becomes necessary.

I may or may not include the equations in this entry; my indecision is due to the lack of completeness of them at the present time. There is one I would like to list here, though:

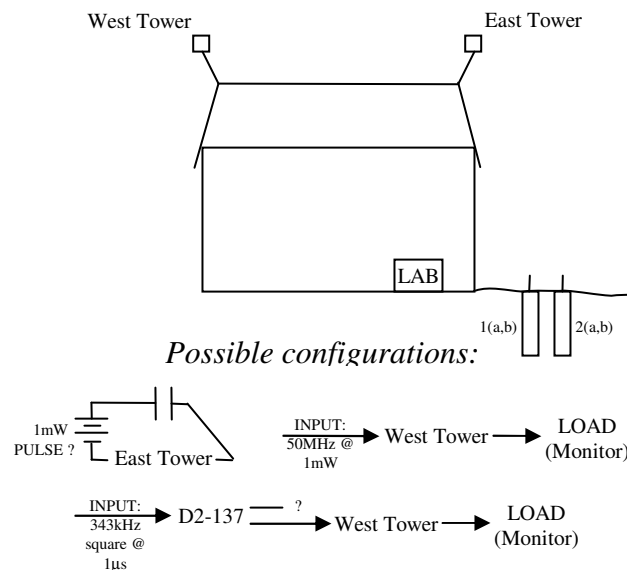
$$\left(\frac{\partial v_x}{\partial x} + \frac{\partial v_y}{\partial y} + \frac{\partial v_z}{\partial z} \right) dV \times \left(\frac{\partial v_{x'}}{\partial x} + \frac{\partial v_{y'}}{\partial y} + \frac{\partial v_{z'}}{\partial z} \right) dV' = \nabla^2 \Rightarrow$$

$$2\pi\sigma_{1a} - 2\pi\sigma_{1b} - 2\pi\sigma_{2a} - 2\pi\sigma_{2b}$$

of each conductor of the plate [within capacitance (700μF) function]

The values need to be plugged in and the required equipment needs to be in place before I can consider making an attempt. I certainly hope this is rectified very soon. (5:57PM)

For the record, here is the first major Syracuse experiment:



As time progresses, this important experiment will be delineated further; I only include it as an indication of how, where, and what I'm doing with my time these days. I've spent a considerable amount of time getting what's above constructed and operational; it began sometime in October, maybe September; perhaps it's listed somewhere. Regardless, I am finally feeling confident that the experiments are noteworthy in the sense that they are getting fruitful. I am also anxious for the next step, which is why I am remorseful that the DG535 pulse generator is not here so I can get started. . .soon I hope.

27 November 1999:

(This entry appears in the *C2-137 Project Book* 26 Nov):

The next phase is practically upon me; only a test to pass and I'll be there. Today has been declared to quiet meditation and reflection; I soon will be alone and the name Dana will never grace these logs again. Any emotions I may have about it are irrelevant; I must pursue that which I have been chosen to do—this fact cannot nor do I wish changed. The world as I know it is disappearing around me and the dreams serve to reinforce what is coming for me; I experience events on a higher dimensional scale. When I close my eyes I see spinning energy clouds—I am inside it and watch as it overtakes me—and reality is governed by smaller spinning sparkling clouds whose rotation is dictated by the larger system. Sometimes one or two of the smaller spinning clouds grow large and rotate in exact momentum with the largest system—as opposed to a logarithmic momentum lesser than the total system. And as this one grows and consumes/assimilates other smaller clouds, three dimensional objects start to form—a face, usually—before it enfolds once again back into the energy matrix. Sometimes several rotate in synchronous harmony instead of being consumed; and then the 3-D objects appear with greater clarity and display movement. But the dreams solidify all this for me; and last night's was no exception. The mathematics are beautiful, glorious; it is the language of everything but I can now see *beyond* them and visualize the inherent *meanings* behind the numbers, operators, and equations. I hear the words and understand and know what I must do no matter how difficult it may appear. Alone, I must remain

intellectually alone and live in intellectual solitude—ironically just like Einstein—for that is the *only* way. I've tried reanalyzing and recalculating but all other options beside that are not manifest—this is truly and mathematically *is the only way*.

The dream, though, has some aspects I'd like to log here if I could only put them into proper words; between clarity and deceit, life and death, knowledge and ignorance; between adventure and decrepitude, between virulence and mirth, growth and stagnation; black and white—no greys present whatsoever—between what will happen in the future and how the past is altered by it, resilience, omnipresence—life in dynamics on such a scale that every *subtle* action affects the inherent and presupposed reality. I am reality as much as it is me; and every aspect of past life is in play. There are NO exceptions. I wonder not if anybody who may read this will be able to understand it but to say this: if it is not understood then only decay and death will ensue. This is not a threat but a plain fact; at the end of a string of events our race began centuries ago. We cannot escape our fate as much as we can try to change it; I tried in vain many years ago but my voice was not heard. I bear no ill will toward anyone or anything regarding my fate, my destiny; I only must do what I must do and flow with time to those places not dared dreamt by others. At that place ever fiber of one's being is manifest externally—there is no longer a differentiation between internal and external, enfolded and unfolded, implicate and explicate. I know the future; I already have been exposed to it. A great division will soon unfold that will consume all life here, placing it in the place of “flux” whose parameters I have already listed. This transition has and will continue to be caused by myself all throughout time; but at the same time it also is a naturally occurring event—one that has occurred on varying scalar degrees and various magnitudes in history. What makes this unique as it has happened numerous times is the enormous magnitude of the coming event and the enormous intrepid impact it will have because of the number of humans alive at this time. The planet is practically exhausted; she has tried to “thin the herd” many times before but with no success. She is all out of options save one—removal of humans for a period of time, having some survive and some not, then reintegrating the few remaining back to Terran. This is the only way; I know it very well, I have been learning how to survive in such a “flux” environment for some time now—what do you think the technology, the prototypes I have constructed are about?

Alas, though, it will be an adventure being alone; I can see so many ways of going about it it's not even funny. (End of entry)

I had spent most of Friday meditating, preparing for the coming test. When I went to bed last night, the test had not occurred yet so I gave up looking for it; when I awoke this morning at 9:30AM, the test had transpired.

The night before I had the dream of how to survive in a subtly changing environment; for instance, walking in a “mall” passing a series of stores, doubling back, the scenery has changed so that the path taken dictates the mode of travel and reintegration of the information from the first pass is inaccessible—the “mall” is symmetric under time reversal, the arrow points many directions and the flow of each arrows history line varies within a vectored coordinate system. So when one physically walks from point A to point B noting the scenery and when reversing course from same point B to point A, the scenery in-between unfolds differently. Symmetry in time, a higher coordinate system in play, far more complex than anything I had every come into contact with, but after experiencing the dream and doing the math, I am starting to understand. It is this process I dearly love so much; now onto demarcation of the test.

This one was more simple in context but stranger still; I was again going from outside to inside, system (natural environment) to pseudosystem (constructed environment) the same premise as the “mall” dream of the previous night, I had a hand in dictating the progression of events under time dilation—as opposed to dictating the progression of spatial dilations of the “mall” dream. In this dream, I discovered a small army green device which folded out had a dual-terminal pad and two miniature “tuning forks”; I supposed and was told by the others with me (five in all) that it had come from the military and that I had stolen it. But as the dream progressed and I became more familiar with the apparatus, I knew I had sent it to myself from the future.

Removing one of the “forks” I placed it to a terminal, a spark discharged and suddenly it became 11:00 at night; I told this to a companion but they said it was already night although I knew it had been 3:00 in the afternoon. This time-dilation was accompanied by a sensation in my head, like a ringing, which quickly subsided as time resumed its normal flow as per the dimensional state; nobody would believe me however, I became frustrated not in my knowledge of the event but of the other’s ignorance and unwillingness to try to understand. So I waved the fork over both terminals, a larger spark jumped from them to the fork and a large wave hit me; an immense and torrid ringing in my head, then it was a week later. Some of the others had died in some kind of attack, the building had been ransacked; of the two who were left, they lay in corners frozen from fear and completely unable to respond to me. At that point I tried to leave the facility and tried to confess the experiment to another man, but as I got started in

my explanation, I was unsatisfied with it, passed the other fork over one terminal and rewound time and tried again. I did this maybe three times before I gave the exercise up; my head was constantly ringing and was about sick from dizziness. Putting the forks away and folding up the apparatus, I exited the dream.

There isn't much to interpret besides the obvious; I had two tests, one of spatial manipulation and one of time manipulation. The great thing about the time dream was that the apparatus was so simple in design and construction; there were words painted near the terminals saying to the effect of PASS OVER ONE TO MAKE IT UNDONE, PASS OVER TWO AND GET THE HELL OUT. This is only a rough guesstimate, but it demonstrates the ease of mind in the designer; and after the experience and the ringing had subsided an hour or so after I woke, I'm getting the gist of that ease. I cannot describe it here and now, but soon I will.

One more detail. Stoker is coming over today to write the Art Bell fax; I will insert it in this log for reveille purposes. Also, this house is falling apart; I cannot wait for the day when everybody finally leaves me to my work permanently.

28 November 1999:

The Art Bell statement has been written. Stoker will be over around noon to watch me fax it off. Here goes nothing I suppose, but the statement sounds *really* good; I can't believe I've come this far, narrowed the research down and can protect and nourish it without having to sacrifice much save the family, but that's not my problem. This is the crux of our success as Paradox Technologies; it is an important day even if nothing comes of it, which something will—lesser men have done more, watch what a great man can do. The conditions of the environment are ripe and ready for this and I must strike while the iron is hot, which it is right now at this moment in time. The statement is dated 27 November, so that will be the official day although it was sent today; I will include it after this for posterity, but I await Stoker if there are any minor changes, but there probably won't since it's *really that* good; so here it is:

27 November 1999

Re: The Frequency that Will Change the World

Mr. Art Bell:

The notion of a stable nonlinear dynamical energy matrix existing within the confines of an environment has been primarily relegated to science fiction or on the fringe of known science. These phenomena do not change the way we believe the world is but alter how we know it; and science is the lens by which this is focused. And I insist on science to demarcate the new discipline of nonlinear physics; my name is Chris A. Uncler, a research scientist currently conducting experiments in Utah, the nature of which I understand has been referred to on your program since earlier this year.

Termed “the frequency that will change the world”, I know very little as I have not had the opportunity to listen to you, but my associates do and inform me that I need to come forward and speak with you.

The information I have been given is that a type of signal has been discovered—a signal I call a sawtooth sinewave. I have created a typical sine pattern caught in its own momentum, chasing itself head to tail. They appear as rotating energy spheres, complex and well-defined travelling not faster than the speed of light as some have proposed, but instead tunneling through their particular quantum states and appearing either previous to or post to their transmission events contingent upon Einstein’s special and general theories of relativity. I am not venturing to say that they travel through time as not enough research has been done and the proper experiments cannot verify this, but my preliminary conclusion is that they might.

These particular waves have a frequency threshold, that is to say they will form to a particular density as per the system constraints; they are pulse modulated so that one can shape the waveform with any particular attributes, say send a message. One notable way is to “pinch” the leading and trailing edges of the sine and group them; in one experiment I was able to transmit a repetitious pulse group of three sines, pinch the edges and send a number sequence of 014436. The way the data would be received is to have a tuned apparatus that would catch the spinning forms and display their rotations; similar to writing a series of numbers on a large ball, balancing it on one’s finger, and spin it watching the progression whirl by as per a specified velocity.

One of the more interesting things about these forms is that they carry their own energy and do not require the transmitter to feed them save during their initial formation. I

inserted this into the equations when I discovered it was possible. The scientific basis for this is in nonlinear systems theory there is a maxim, “sensitive dependence upon initial conditions”; I have extended this to the creation of pseudosystems (the sawtooth forms) within the larger system (the earth or space-time environment). A pseudosystem can exist within a system as long as it can remain stable, i.e., reach equilibrium within itself which means it would have a required energy quotient as well as an energy output in precise balance to qualify as a stable matrix. These sawtooth sine forms are laden with positrons or anti-electrons which feed their electron counterparts; the resultant reaction between them manifesting the extant form.

The road to this technology has been difficult indeed. During the alignment process—creating a stable positron-electron matrix rotation—there were many problems; this was around August 1999 when I noticed specific environmental aspects, and now considering their ability to tunnel through space-time, I wonder what residual effects might have occurred. I will not disclose the phenomena I noted, but several of my associates approached me that a question of my work had appeared on one of your broadcasts; the details of which I do not know, but recently I gleaned evidence that my work might be affecting the environment quite subtly so I felt I should at least step forward. Regardless of such, I can envision the work as a means of communication in space—say for the shuttle or for probes traversing the far reaches of our solar system where radio bands are too slow. Theoretically, I see instantaneous communication up to a distance of one light year point to point.

There is much more to this; however, it is the communication aspect of this research that may be alarming people and I wish to clarify my involvement.

There may be further questions. You may contact me. However, I do **NOT** want my number broadcast. There is an email address for that. Please, bear in mind that this work is still highly theoretical and very much in the developmental phase. Thank you.

Chris A. Uncler
Paradox Technologies
(801) 774-5303
paradoxtech@earthlink.net

Well, there it is. We'll see where she goes from here; life for me now is an adventure and maybe this is the pinnacle of the current test I have alluded to. It would make sense; the whole time thing is in the mix and I make mention of it in the statement. Perhaps the dreams and impressions and reactions and feelings are due to all this; it makes perfect sense now and my clarity will only increase as time progresses. All I want is to feel the steady flow of my destiny as it unfolds around me; to not have the destructive regressions, doubts, and inconsistencies and instead have pure crystal clarity of thought, strategy, and action. If it is what I desire I will have it. I think it's funny, my use of the Uncler name; funny that I find myself here using it for the time-technology demarcation. Funny that he was the core of it when I first wrote about him in 1989. Ten years later and one hundred after Colorado Springs, I find myself full circle; but this knowledge is for me alone, it is the most powerful thing I have ever known.

I can see this statement exploding on the airwaves. When I think to its revelation, the true beauty and power of everything comes to the fold; its true power unknown to even me will turn this world on its side.

The statement was sent to Art Bell at 3:08PM this day. For whatever its worth, here goes nothing.

29 November 1999:

Today has been a glorious day. I have acquired a used laser from a friend and the next phase of the project will soon be implemented; I am currently at the theoretical aspect and that is what I shall demarcate here incase of further inquiry about the Bell statement.

One of the main questions I see from the masses: ok, you have this means to communicate, how would you construct such an apparatus for testing? First of all, a core oscillator is required, a set of tuned windings, and a signal to send, all as per Tesla. Now, we're dealing with subspace communication bands, that is they tunnel through space-time at the signal source and resurface at the receiver; this requires a specific type of oscillator that can put the signal into a state where the posi-electro bound matter is ionized, creating its own fluid state of quantum gravity which serves as a point of reference μ or its ground potential—analogous to a conic whirlpool in a stream. A photonic oscillator can accomplish this; a set of sinusoidal oscillations are induced in the ionized densities of the rotating positron-electron matrices that had been created by a C or D-series nonlinear oscillator. The photonic oscillator then emits a charged plasma wave with its own

particular frequency ω_p and wavelength λ_p as per the specifications of the tuned receiver where it is renormalized and the message deciphered.

A plasma wave may be visualized as a flowing series of high and low electro-densities; as light waves are quantized into units having energy $E=\hbar\omega$ called photons, plasma waves are quantized into units with energy $E_p=\hbar\omega_p$ called plasmons. By compressing this wave by “doping” it with photon/positron-electron bound sets, allows for increase in total density of the plasma until at a particular frequency threshold is attained—as per system conditions—where they tunnel into space-time and seek out the tuned apparatus. The design is more involved than this, however, I cannot disclose more.

The type of oscillator required for this particular operand is a photonic oscillator; as opposed to an electronic oscillator, however, there is little difference between them save a few extra components and a few dynamical equations. I have designed such an oscillator. I am approaching the testing phase of development although my lab lacks the proper equipment to thoroughly test the prototype, which is why I am going public. Patents and apparatus are needed to protect these machines as extreme care must be exercised in their testing as cascade failure (implosion) is a very real danger.

This part of the theory shall remain private; no design shall be committed to paper until after the first prototype is constructed. One of the major holes in this theory is how external factors affect the core oscillation curve, i.e., absorption/repulsion of positron-electron pairs, muon-antimuon pairs, electron, mu, and tau neutrinos from various stellar phenomena. I see this becoming the crux of future research as additional gains might be gleaned from these heavy energy sources; else, what kind of displacement can I expect with these factors in play? It remains to be seen but first things first; I will concentrate solely on the communications system and keep the additional concerns to myself until such time when and if they may manifest.

I feel the need to address Boagaphish at this time; I have been spending bits of time here and there thinking about her although I do realize my work upon her must wait many years before I can pursue it. I just looked at the Boagaphish Protocol (Shell One) and am still convinced of the beauty of the numbers although I didn't fully comprehend their ramifications in late 1997 when I finished. And in many ways I still do not understand, but I do see bits and pieces of it in the

apparatus I currently am working on—notably the distinguishing characteristics in the communication system between binary pairs unfolding into higher number-base sequences. There are times that I wish I could devote all my time to working on her, but knowing that I would fall short if I did not employ patience prevents me from pursuing it. But the desire and increasing *need* is very much present. Perhaps someday. . .

30 November 1999—10:59PM:

This entry is extremely important, so much so that a copy is kept in the *Boagaphish Project* folder.

This is time coded for a very precise experiment for time dilation/manipulation with myself in future-time. The situation here is critical, I am to sign for the Syracuse lab this Friday, 3 December 1999 sometime in the afternoon. The problem: I am \$750 short to get the money required for the balance due at signing not to mention to keep the power and other services such as phone here from being shut off—all utilities need to be kept active for all the irons such as Art Bell.

Millikan and Feynman have been assigned to handle the pending loan of \$750 from Roy Finance (Utah); I applied at 4:30PM today but received no response. If this goes through then they'll be no more immediate problems and a time dilation will not be necessary. Mark Goodfellow at Gold River Mortgage has been apprised of the situation here with family, especially the “unmentionable”; he suggested the Taylors write me a temporary note for \$1100 (which is the amount due Friday), but upon speaking with Dave Scott, the agent, he is reluctant to assist as he's taking a loss on the sale of the property and sees me as a son-of-a-bitch—whatever. Goodfellow is sympathetic; Dirac and DeBroglie and Bohm are working on other options in case Roy Finance declines me, which at this point I highly suspect. Whatever needs done, whatever options need pursuing must be pursued as this Syracuse lab, this house, the work must be protected. I have worked extremely hard and dealt with many derisive issues to insure this. The issue of the needed \$750 is the last and most crucial—the need must be met by whatever means necessary.

Considering the gravity of the situation, I will engage the shield unit save with one minor modification: the D2-137 is spliced inline between the HP8447E amplifier out and the West Tower input—only the split sawtooth sine phase/phase differential out is employed with the switch thrown in the appropriate position. The configuration has remained relatively unchanged although

I suspect a higher gain on this end which may throw the shield modulation into a higher multi-phasic state. But on this day, not much research can be done; the only references I can provide are that the shield has run in current configuration on 18 November 1999 from 4:10PM to 6:52PM (2.37mW) and 21 November 1999 from 9:00AM to 12:30PM (1.62,1.47mW), otherwise power has been 1.37mW but this remains unconfirmed. Hopefully enough scans have been done in the future to warrant enough data.

I feel a lock approaching. I will engage the shield at 11:20PM and will leave it running until 5:00AM, 1 December 1999.

I hope for the best.

4 December 1999:

This is going to be another one of those interesting entries. I don't believe that I mentioned it in this log but I should have; the Black House period has just ended 2 December. This is something of great significance yet beyond the scope of this log; but it bears mentioning in that I could use some heart and soul in this putrid diatribe.

Bethany arrived today. It is good seeing her in the yard. This event ends one period of time and begins another, one where I am incredibly powerful—one where I carry the power of the Black House. And this property is becoming just that. I believe that is why the unmentionable decided to shirk responsibility and seek refuge in parties who will perish during my time.

In the 11 August 1999 entry is a name of a company I'd been asked to head called The Comfort Zone; I am going to break a precedent declared by me for my own self-serving purposes, these people are currently intervening "shielding" her from my "psychotic" tendencies. Since they have decided to take me on from a point of principle and power, they will all bear the brunt of my avenging nature; see I've been a little unstable since Dana (Amy—her spirit name is hereby revoked) decided to abandon me in the midst of all this house and job stress. You know what, it really doesn't matter. But just to make a point, this Comfort Zone, all those involved in whatever capacity, all that the individuals attempt to do financially will be ruined for their interference in my business. I will do what is necessary in the future or however to see them impoverished and continually haunted by the specter of failure; this goes to infinite for Amy.

Also, while I'm on the subject, Jeremy Mark Olsen must be eliminated. I'm just tired of thinking that he exists since I place blame on him for what has happened; whether it is true or not

is irrelevant, he's allowed himself to be put in a position to take advantage of me. How I came to this conclusion is his avoidance of me and when I saw him today to have him move his piece-of-shit Citation to allow Bethany's arrival, he wouldn't even acknowledge me—so I know something's going on, my enemies are plotting once again. And they should fear me, I have zero tolerance for any transgression considering how I got screwed as Tesla; and nobody has given me the time of day since Amy decided to get stupid. And I think it is this treatment that makes me the most angry; they all are so pitted against me and for no reason save they don't like me—which makes it none of their business. They'd better kill me quick else their lives will be ruined.

More to the point; what I deemed the Black House Period of 14 August to 2 December 1999 has just been completed. This period begins with the day I put the deposit on Bethany (1940 Oldsmobile) and ends when I paid the balance; I know I put this in an entry somewhere, maybe in a notebook about the dream I had. I was in the Black House realm and was exploring a junkyard when a 1940 Pontiac caught me eye; when I first saw the 1940 Olds, the impression of that dream came to me like a flood, I knew she was of the Black House realm and.....

I don't know if I can continue with this now. There is so much power in the air with Bethany here; I can feel the world melting away and I don't know what any of it means. I am having a lot of trouble handling it and feel my fragile mind squirming in this matrix. This small brain cannot handle the power that is flowing into me; I hope I can control my emotions as one day I will be able to extinguish a person with a single thought. And in some cases that might not be the best idea as I may grow a conscious later and feel guilt. I really don't know. All I do know is that I am tired and want to sleep. I would like to sleep forever if it weren't for my agreement; and that is something I will not shirk as I take it as a point of pride to honor my agreements—unlike the others. But I guess that makes me the better man, and I again guess it is this better nature that gives me the power for better or worse.

27 December 1999:

Well, as of Monday, 20 December, I became a DOD employee; the new digs are great and I feel full of hope for the future of not only my monetary state, but the total state of the project in general including but not limited to Boagaphish. I finally got the instruments out of hawk and they are running the shielding array as I speak; I tell you having the old equipment back is a great

solace, I know their accuracy and how to use them in these kinds of tests, so their presence is a blessing.

My new boss, Steve Wilson, has already taken an interest in the project, even if its just superfluous at present. I was approached by him my first day on the job in front of the whole d-crew; from what he told me, I gather not only do I have some sort of a reputation, but it precedes me. It's value I know not, but I do know that I can go far in this employment and hopefully along the way there will be myriad opportunities for me to facilitate the project. The only problem I foresee is the fact that whatever I try to patent is property of the federal government, but there are so many loopholes in the system, I'm sure I can get by with one or two with Wilson's help if it comes about. Whatever may be at this point in time, everything looks good for the project and my hard work and dedication will soon be paving the way to the future. I am extremely excited and that cannot even cover it. One note: I don't know if I'm going to continue the log here after the turn of the year; I probably should but have not come to a decision at present. Perhaps by the end of 2000 unless I have no much to note that opening this rather large file becomes pedantic—I should just purchase a new computer and that would solve the problems in one fell swoop.

You know, it's funny; I sit here after coming home from work and listen to the radio thinking about the state of the project when something warm and smooth comes over me. I have a new idea for the next generation although I don't completely know what it means. It concerns the new photonic oscillator. I had a flash to build a chamber in the corner of the lab that would illuminate the field discharges around an inductance potential but when I think about it in that way, more comes out. Such as that it's far more that what it appears in my brain. And I hate that because I like to know what I'm getting into before I start but from experience with this project that luxury is nonexistent at best. More than simply illuminating the charges, it also feeds them, like the C3-L does for the C2-137 but in that case, again, I know so little about it that it scares me to complete it. Over the long x-mas weekend, I had plenty of time to meditate on the notion, but it still does not come forward. Perhaps it's too early yet. I must take another leap of faith. And these days, even that scares me because I've seen what this technology can do and others are starting to catch on. But with Tesla as my intellectual guide things should work out OK. I don't know what else to say so I'm going to stop and do something else; these thoughts are starting to

disturb me presently and I need to keep a clear head for the upcoming road—it's magic and wonder and trepidation all in one bundle. It's omnipresent.

29 December 1999:

Stoker said today would be the real end of things and considering his frightening accuracy regarding intuition calls, I tend to believe him; so much so that I thought about his prophecy numerous times today, I was watching for it. But it never came until I got home. It suddenly dawned on me while sitting here listening to the radio that I needed to complete my work at this phase; it must be the end and I have an integral part in it so I must bring it about. So I sit here typing in my log waiting for dark which should be at most 90 minutes from now—it's now 5:03PM.

I wish I could describe the scene behind me. For the first time since the inception of the C2-137 series on 6 March 1999 have I at once utilized *all* the terminals on the oscillator and utilized *all* the equipment in my possession; just considering this fact alone should scare the hell out of me, but I find I am remarkably peaceful. I've been picturing this moment for several weeks now as noted in previous logs; I thought it something else which it really is but what I see and feel behind me is quite valid. This experiment must be conducted to complete the phase and issue forth the new; when considering the elaborate apparatus behind me I can now feel Stoker's prophecy, he was right.

I will not belabor this log with the exactitude of the connections as I am on an intuition kick (I've been reading Foucault lately); I must be allowed to freely explore this impending worldwide doom melded with my new technological notions so that the transition might be as seamless as possible. I met this new kid, Kevin, at the new job; he has something to do with all this but more on that as time permits—if it ever will again I fear. Something so profound is happening here on this planet that I don't believe anyone could have predicted it, including myself; my grip on the world is becoming loose, I feel it slipping away; I see the future with uncanny clarity and I am pivotal to it. Without me at this point in my development in the position that I'm in, this whole place would be shot to shit. And I know it, believe me, this is not some onset on malaise but a very real fact; I hope for naught because I know the future's outcome, my only concern is to adjust myself to the new digs, this coming environment will be bleak indeed—but only if it is perceived as such. And that's the irony, the incredibly horrific paradoxical joke of the

universe; through this however, I feel totally at peace and await dark; I will complete my mission for this phase and transit myself to the new world. I wish not for those things of the past because they are irrelevant, only my role as author is of value; I feel not the pressure because there is none—all in the Black House is *perceived* phenomena—what one does with the facts as they exist is variant, do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the new law.

I do nothing but sit here typing; I sit feeling the machines behind me—the C2-137, D2-137, screen caps in the yard, and the arrays on the roof, everything is in place; the signal generator, frequency counter, and pulse generator await their final tasks in the old world; they're safe as they know their fate just as I—for the final utterance, I am omnipresent.

31 December 1999:

Something's very wrong. I sent a letter to my mother in California after a two and a half year silence and it was returned and I now cannot find her nor my brother or sister. I fear the worst; considering the magnitude of what's happening not only for the past time but for the future I can feel how the shit sits. And I don't like what it's telling me. Everybody has left me either in principle or reality; I have nothing save the project and my son—I want to say something here but I fear putting it down because my saying might make it become true and at this point, I do not want it to have happened. I need more information before. . .I know what I'm thinking is true because I can feel it *so* strongly. And it would be dramatic irony and that makes me hate it even more. But why did it wait until today to make itself known and not when I had the ability to do something about it? And I can't even find out until. . .wait, I've got an idea. . .

I can find out nothing, god am I pissed.

1 January 2000:

I feel better about the whole idea this morning; it's a little after noon and I just thought I'd take a minute to point out how uncontrollable I truly am. More on that later, it's nap time.

8 January 2000:

You won't believe the last 24 hours, not to mention the next 48. Wendy came down to see Rylee since Amy went to California—she'll be here until the 12th—and last night gave me the fucking of my life. I have always been curious about her but never have pursued it until yesterday; and I must say she's absolutely amazing. So good in fact that the bed was so filled with energy

after she left that I couldn't sleep and even now I still am reeling. When I walk around the house to the places where it happened, I can see us writhing and fucking, and it's not over yet.

For tomorrow, Sunday, we hatched a devious plan. It began as pillow talk. I found her to me the most evil little thing; we are just alike and the great thing is although she's absolutely amazing in bed that she's not a whore like I found out about Amy. At a Carl's Jr in Layton she told me about one of Amy's massage clients and how she fucked him for money; there were many more but I cared not to hear it, but I discovered that there were many numerous people she fucked and one would think I would experience anger and hurt over such information—for a time I did—but after the fucking at 8:36PM all those feelings were absent replaced with peaceful bliss which still continues on to this moment. Anyway, onto the plan.

This is going to be the coolest thing ever. Wendy's friend and incidentally mine, Jeremy (not the sawed-off little fuck that used to fuck Amy when I was at work and who's car I'm going to get rid of) but the tall cool one; the three of us have a date for Sunday night here where the three of us are going to fuck. Wendy is wholly excited about the prospect and I feel totally comfortable around him in such a situation; I think he and I are pretty good friends and I like him a lot—so much so that if I were to solely have sex with a man it would be him. And I'm not against such a thing, I just don't express it. I'll note it here in this log for future reference and tell my future self that everything is all right here in January 2000; I'm the happiest that I've ever been.

16 January 2000:

Well, Jeremy brought some drugs and the whole thing fell apart because of his oversight; drugs in this house I don't allow, not with my DOD job and my career on its way—these little fucks are going to learn one way or another. Anyway, no sex; I've relegated myself to having my first one-night stand with Wendy; I've never had a one-night stand so my feelings about it are still cool and tranquil—at least it was a first something and that was the idea of the experience in the first place.

Onto more pressing matters; I was working on Bethany yesterday afternoon and discovered something rather chilling about her history. I had pulled her hood off and was hosing her down, including the engine and noticed a rather large hole in her block just behind the starter; from the evidence of the smashed grille—somebody at one time had taken her out and abused her severely. From what I can discern, a party took her over farm land where some kind of jump caused her to

land on a log or root just under the grille support (there is a large circular dent there) which twisted the lower support bending the grille out when it shattered. This I've known for awhile but when I saw the hole in the block, I practically wept for her. The damage seems to have occurred from the inside out because nothing from the outside could wedge itself behind the starter enough to cause the damage. Peering into the hole, I figure a rod must have been thrown where it pierced the block tearing it open; this means she was seriously abused, like the stories of people taking old Toyotas out to the fields and running them into the ground—she must've been such a victim but many years ago. Seeing that kind of damage makes me breathe a sigh of relief that I have not been involved in such an activity however appealing it may sound.

Now here's where my logic gets weird. I know Bethany is from the Black House (14 August to 2 December 1999) I've dreamt there and seen her; I am convinced this fact is true. The question which has remained is how and why. The how I still am not clear on but the why has been answered with a little more information I didn't realize; from the abuse, after the damage had been done she went there. The Black House is a region of objects, this has been apparent by the lack of other people in the region when I myself have traveled there; these objects are of the type whereby they become intertwined in human consciousness. Objects such as houses, personal mementos, and automobiles have an attached personality by their owners—this is obvious when one thinks of the affections placed on the automobile, how they are often named and looked at as a friend in the person's travels. I myself have experienced this process numerous times and I know that part of that consciousness stays with the car until its demise. Now, knowing one attaches human consciousness and behaviors to particular cars, those attachments do not simply leave when the person abandons the object—this phenomena is also seen as that which gives houses the “haunted” feeling—but I know it somehow stays embedded in the form of the noble machines. I'm not going to pretend to know how this happens but have seen that it does; now here is the strange part. The Black House is a realm—sort of an afterlife for lack of a better term—for objects that have human consciousness attached to them; just as our consciousness can never die because it is pure energy those junkets are privy to the same precept and the Black House is where they are relegated to. The more I think about it the more sense it makes and why Bethany and I have bonded so strongly is that a part of her lies in the Black House, we have met up there and I understand her; with each of us, something has died and a part of us exist there—I am not clear on

why I'm there but my sense tells me that I have searched out the place and I am very willing to accept that. If she would have lost her form in this world, i.e., fallen into complete destruction instead of simple disrepair, then I would have never known her but because of the years and the strength of her character (someone must have attached a hefty amount of consciousness to her) she is a "crossover" like myself—we are kinsmen between these two places (the real and the after) and this is why we have bonded so strongly.

Poor Bethany, no wonder she went to the Black House; if I was in her place and had suffered such a horrible beating I would die too. But circumstances would not allow her to—perhaps someone tried to save her—which brings us to the present day where I have redoubled my efforts to see her on the road by summer. I'm going to replace the engine and use the one in her for parts (I'll keep it on a stand in the shed) and this just might be more timely and economically feasible; at any rate nothing I discover about her is going to thwart me from her restoration save my death which I don't see for many years to come. May the Gods bless you Bethany for directing me to you and bless me for bringing you to me; we have found each other.

18 January 2000:

Considering the Bethany engine situation, after talking to Stoker about it, I'm unsure of how to proceed. I realize I shouldn't really worry about it now, but I must plan so that the mechanical restoration goes as smoothly as possible. I'm torn between finding an original-type 230-6 and rebuild the existing transmission if possible, considering what I've seen so far, I must assume it is trashed as well but I don't know for sure yet. I mean, it *seems* solid enough for a rebuild. . . else an Olds 400cid, if it'll fit or a Chevy 327 which if properly built, could provide solid power without causing additional undue stress on the suspension supporting it. But with that improvement, I'll have to go for the lower profile 16" tires like the one that's on Bethany now—and I think it looks stupid like that. No V-6s, too new and again, I don't like it; so I really have no idea.

The 400 is too big, if I decided against putting in another 230-6 I think I'll go with the 327 idea; one can do a lot with them without much cost—I could probably get one already tuned, but let's leave that for a future discussion.

Looked through Hemming's and reminded myself if I wish to go with the 327 idea, will also need a four speed transmission to keep the original clutch in place. I guess I would need a

new dual-cylinder master cylinder too; the driveshaft would have to be modified and balanced to fit. I'd remove the column lever and have one on the floor; how I place it, I have no idea. Probably should get series 70 or 90 drums and shoes—they should fit and give Bethany the extra stopping power. Sounds expensive to go this route although many of the parts I listed above need replacement anyway—save maybe the transmission but like I said, this remains unknown although I would have to spend almost \$300 for the parts if the gears are still good. I'm thinking of a 66 327 and Muncie M-20 or M-21 which seem to go for around \$650-900 (page 9269 of Dec '99 Hemming's) that way all will match well and work without much effort and those Muncies are already rebuilt—I guess I would need a clutch housing, flywheel and all that. Looks expensive. And there will be some modifications to the engine compartment—I'm stopping by Barnes and Noble after work today (when I get there that is) and check out some books on the subject. I figure if someone did a similar exchange on a 1940-48 Chevrolet Six then I should be able to apply the information and see if I really want to pursue this.

It's 5:18AM, and I'm not even close to being ready for work; I think I'll take a little leave time and let this buzz I've got calm down. See, while over at Stoker's yesterday his cousin Debbie stopped by and later, about 11:30PM, kidnapped me to a friend's apartment *across the street from where Denise used to live* where I watched them frantically search for their car keys so we could socialize elsewhere. By the time everything was straightened, it was near 4:30AM and I had to get here and still I sit. I feel funny about taking leave for the daycare excuse again, but it is *my* time and I can use it if I feel it's necessary; my only concern is that it doesn't reflect badly on future upward moves—I really don't believe it will, the lab knows how hard it is for me now with the break-up and the kid and all. I think I'm worrying too much about it, this job is not like the last and never will be. Just take the time and settle down, the lab will wait for you.

Alas, however, I must clean up.

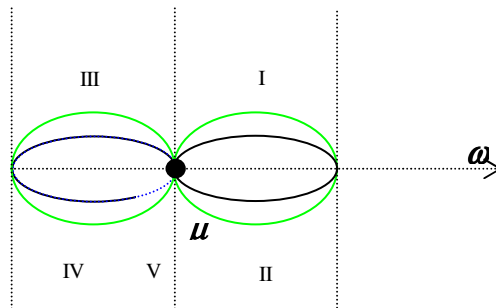
23 January 2000:

I'm supposed to be doing a log entry for today; however, the entry is in the *Theories and Hypotheses, Volume One* notebook. I would like to go into greater detail about the information written there but my mind has finally reached some level of equilibrium regarding last night's epiphany, so perhaps tomorrow I will be able to delineate.

29 January 2000:

In the afternoon of 26 January, I made the first commitment to myself and the work. I purchased a HP49G graphing calculator, which stemmed from my desire about six months ago when I was looking at a TI-92. Since the purchase and although I really haven't had the time yet to play with it, things have already begun to shift. Two nights ago I watched some of the state of the union address and heard the president speaking of \$3 billion in new grants—especially for military-type technologies. So the idea hit me like a freight train, a *government grant* for the research of the C, D, and upcoming F-series photonic oscillator(s). As I said, I haven't really had the time and this epiphany is brand new but I plan to set short term goals for next week to get the information to apply. The bulk of the hit comes from the fact that in all likelihood, I would get a grant for say, \$25 - \$50K not only because of the profundity of the work itself (which is stupendous as I will speak of shortly) but because of my newfound credentials. I am an employee of the DoD pure and simple; I work in a precision calibration lab where my reputation forms around the fact that I come into contact and repair myriad types of active technology—my reputation precludes me that I keep the planes flying, keep the military ready, so the stigma attached to those facts gives me great weight. So when I apply and interview for the grant, the road is already paved as to that reputation; now onto the proposal itself.

I have divided this project up into two phases (for the moment, for this proposal/grant project Boagaphish will remain embedded as these research steps must be accomplished solely for what they represent so that at a later date I can use the knowledge to delineate her), the first researching what I've called *The Infinity Complex*. This notion appeared while driving from Sacramento to Modesto in April 1997 and has been brought up many times, however, it wasn't until a few days ago I saw how I could explain it. Here is the first model of the system I describe:



(More here after I delineate the above—gotta eat.)

30 January 2000:

After I ate, got sick; I think I've got an ulcer or something going on with my stomach—stupid stress. Beside the description of the grant proposal being here, it will also appear in different degrees of detail in *Notes A-G*; that file will contain the actual proposal itself for now unless a unique file is assigned at some later date. *Notes A-G* is now *The Infinity Complex (Math)*; any further discussions regarding such, including details on the upcoming grant proposal are solely listed there.

31 January 2000:

I'm not sure what to say about this entry, so I'm just going to say it. I had set the alarm last night to an unusual time, 4:43AM to wake for work this morning; when the radio clicked on, Sara McLaughlin's *Possession* just started its first notes. I sprung from bed and turned the living room radio to X96 and listened; I knew it was a sign, a big one. It's now about a half-hour later and I still haven't digested what it means, but I live by signs and what has been seeping into my brain since is an interesting analogy.

I see myself in an early 19th century garb, getting onto a ship in Europe; Amy and those things related to events prior to my passage are waiting on the dock. And as I see this image I realize I've been waiting on the gantry for quite some time trying to decide about the ship and if I want to go. I know this ship is going to a port of call no man has ever been or seen the route. *Possession* has a line: "Into the sea of waking dreams, I follow without pride..." and that is the place where this ship will go. But it will not return me back to this port and even if I managed back there, I would not be the same person; like Poe's seafaring novella who's title at present escapes me, I'm heading to the sea of white fog and skewed perception—I'm heading in life to what has been called at this point in history the great beyond.

What happened this morning was a sign, a big one; I feel trepidation but am brimming with excitement regarding my new journey. I walk to the gantry and board; soon the ship that has come in for me will sail taking me. . .

1 February 2000:

Interesting events abound; spoke to Vivian last night, yes the one from the AOL days in mid-1997, and boy this next phase is going to be quite phenomenal. More on that as it occurs. Downloaded and printed NSF grant paperwork and am writing first revision to rough draft dated 30 January 2000. In regard to the preceding entry: the ship sailed late last night with me on it—

about 3PM today I began feeling dizzy which continues to this very moment. Whether or not its due to the vertigo of psychological sea sickness or the fact that I finally quit smoking I do not know, what I do know is that I will be pursuing this project until the day I die.

2 February 2000:

Well, I did it, I think; I introduced weapons application of the project to my new boss, Steve Wilson. I'm getting the feel of this new job, I getting to know where the shit sits and how the lines of communication are thread; and I should be *very* proud of myself. Jim Clarke recently told me of how remarkable it was that I got the job in the first place considering the politics involved. But I chocked it up to my gift and the project's intense need for survival—just as I programmed it, just like an ordinary lifeform.

Onto other news. I have spoken to Vivian and I get a strange, intense feeling every time there is a warm day around here; it's as if the spring will bring a drastic change in my love life and I know it to be so. What it entails is ambiguous at present, but I know it has something to do with this Vivian character. So I'm trepidatious to say the least. Anyway, off to do some good, if I can after this evening of beers; so many that I can barely type this entry. Onto the next thing.

5 February 2000:

Bringing up the weapons application of the project has given me much to meditate on. The world is getting weird; I can feel war on the horizon, war with China at some point. And that warning from Oppenheimer in a dream so long ago is pounding into my brain. There will be a new Manhattan Project, this one will have to do with portable plasma rifles and large-scale plasma cannons; in one fell swoop it will antiquate all missile delivery type systems. One would think such an apparatus would give me some comfort, that it might hinder war, but because of the advanced nature of the technology in the extreme, they won't believe it and will challenge it on every front. This will have missiles being fired and destroyed by the apparatus poisoning the atmosphere killing far more than if the missiles had found their targets. Some quiet mornings I wish I could cease my activities but it's too late; my fate is sealed in this plan and I must continue on and hope that what I see will not happen.

I've contemplated the first test of my new theory of plasma mechanics, using the SC-3 Parabolic. I will need to add a diode laser as in the Model E1-6870 configuration and will require a tripod to mount the dish in the field and a laser alignment system so I can synchronize the arrays.

I'm slating all this for when I return from Texas in early April; I'm going to see Vivian and find out what is up with this situation—besides I could use the time away from this place. I need to relax before I go loony. My only concern is that people could keep an eye on this place—I think it'll be okay.

I don't feel so well today, I think I'll go get things done so I can rest.

12 February 2000:

Events leading to this weekend have proved themselves to be very interesting. I got a little work inducer from Jeremy Thursday and have been working furiously on *The Infinity Complex*, it has gotten large enough to warrant a separate folder; the project is shaping up quite well and I am fully confident that I will be able to complete the next phase (grant proposal) within the time allotted.

The mathematics in this theory are exquisitely aggressive; for the first time in my life I can see the beauty beneath the numbers. I should mention that Friday while at work I was glancing through *Introduction to Nonlinear*. . . and found my 2π component on pages 513-9; apparently it has something to do with the surfaces of the homoclinic orbits. At this point I do not fully understand its application, but soon it shall appear in the project paper; I was blown away when I found the value in the book, especially seeing what it was related to in conjunction with π . The only words I could utter was that I had been right all along—although no other mortal man understand the profundity of the experience.

Today being Saturday, I've got two days to get this thing to profound advancement from its previous draft, better get to it.

22 February 2000:

Today, upon looking out the window, the world appears quite strange. I was informed by Stoker over the long holiday weekend of a series of solar storms and explosions on the surface as of Friday, 18 February, of which the initial wake had reached Earth. Considering that fact, I see the blueness of the sky and the eerie brightness of the sun and wonder how much of an increase of electron and mu-neutrinos are now in the environment. For the purposes of the grant paper *The Infinity Complex*, I am trying to classify electron energy levels and frequency thresholds in the form of leptons, which I believe electrons do shift their behavior patterns from rest charge states to higher energy states. I also believe that neutrino states with respect to electro states have a very

defined influence upon the latter and considering the amount of neutrinos in the air now, can such phenomena be utilized in the spring experiment? My sense tells me no, however, there is a defined relationship between the two.

The paper writing last weekend went very well; the new draft of the paper is exquisite. I truly believe this to be my best work to date. In the spirit of the theory, I am trying to devise numerous experiments to test the *fundamentals* of the work; I am beginning with a tough analysis of Tesla's work—as wide and incomprehensible as his work has been painted—I believe I have boiled everything down to two fundamental tenets, that being oscillators and resonance. Considering his work at Colorado Springs his oscillators and resonance factors dealt primarily with great current or amplitude gains while secondarily working with high frequency apparatus. I cannot help but to wonder that with the advent of cheap, higher efficiency devices to test his work on a more grandeur scale, that I cannot reproduce his effects with less effort. I speak to using a magnetron coupled on the back end to a flywheel oscillator circuit; granted the effects of a magnetron are best utilized by constant dc-source voltage, I get the sense a pulsed dc might also provide some interesting effects, especially since the entire circuit is pulsed from beginning to end as well as the SC-3 emitter which would exhaust the high energy leptons to a specified target. There is one interesting loophole in this that might be useful in the April 2000 experiments; the magnetron is operated at a dc ground potential to “prevent shock” to an operator which obviously modulates the effects of the oscillator. Now, by using our 700 μ F mean capacitance might be useful; discovering the dc ground potential of the caps in the yard here at the Syracuse lab might help to fulfill the missing ingredients to allow the full plasma discharge I am so hoping for.

At this point, the experiment is highly theoretical and would require a data sheet from the internet regarding magnetrons before I could actually construct a circuit; but I contend that a magnetron that has a generative frequency of at least 3000MHz, utilizing a flywheel circuit ahead of it whereby resonance triggers are established through a mean capacitance of 700 μ F (X_C must equal X_L to achieve resonance) as required by Tesla's equations (1894) if I start with these parameters, by starting at this point I believe I can duplicate Wardenclyffe with a full high energy plasma discharge as long as the SC-3 is fitted with a 640-660nm laser diode which would lock and relegate the plasma oscillations wavelength λ to one continuous frequency and period which in itself should increase the resonance factors within the stream whereby the output should see a

significant (300-1000%) increase if such factors were not considered. The folder of plasma equations as well as those listed in *The Infinity Complex* paper should at least give me a head start to these ends.

4 March 2000:

I have received my federal tax refund and have begun to outfit the lab for the Spring (April) 2000 experiments. I have purchased an HP 608E VHF Generator, HP 200ABR 20Hz-40kHz Oscillator, and soon to have purchased an HP SHF 10GHz Generator. I have for the most part stripped the old microwave I purchased three years ago for its magnetron circuits; luckily there was a schematic glued to an inside compartment so I can install all the safety circuits into the G-Type experiment. I have decided to call the new apparatus I will be constructing Model G; I haven't quite gotten all the details straight but I have about 90% figured. The G-Type consists of a variably-controlled 2.45GHz, 750W magnetron projected through a cyclotron which is photonically-charged (using F-Type photonic oscillator concept) and EM charged at an approximate relative to the wavelength of the laser used for harmonic resonance. The idea I would like to prove by this particular setup is to demonstrate that photons and normal EM waves can be synergized resulting in a plasma discharge that does not require being encased in an high-voltage field—that the plasma can exist outside the high-voltage environment. After leaving the chamber, the beam is then projected to the SC-3 Parabolic which is charged with the HP SHF generator; this allows a feedback loop on the beam whereby I hope it is possible that further power can be gleaned out of more resonance.

At this point, I really don't know how to apply this idea to the paper, but as construction commences in April, hopefully I will be able to make the connection.

14 March 2000:

Some things have changed since the initial inception of the experiment. First off, the Spring experiment (April) has been moved to July 2000; I have had a dream that I am building the project too fast, and from experience I am following the advice. Second, I have abandoned the SHF generator for a Boonton 230A Power Amplifier. The final configuration as of this evening is:

1. HP 608E VHF signal generator (needs repair)
2. HP 202ABR low frequency oscillator
3. Boonton 230A Power Amplifier

4. Smith Dielectric Impedance Plotter
5. RCA 811 Commercial Transmitting tube
6. HP 1111A AC Amplifier??

Number six is still in the air as I must decide to make a bid after completing this entry. I am looking forward to the new experiment which also includes the magnetron and SC-3; I have thought of the transient radiation problem and have acquired a piece of smoked glass which will serve as the view port for the completed device. I need to construct a zero gauss box to protect observers from the radiation of the nonlinear EM fields at 2.45GHz; what I barely realize sometimes is that the signal generated by the C2 and D2 series oscillators phase modulate with the frequency of the core—although from experience they do not exceed 1.24MHz (August 1999). But I cannot let my ignorance of the bigger phenomena allow myself to come to harm—a zero gauss box with the shielding glass will provide the protection as well as the access to what's happening. This summer will be a very exciting time. One note: other notations of this time are included in the *Theories and Hypotheses, Volume One* notebook. I will include a final depiction of the apparatus when it comes about.

One thing aside. This is more of a personal nature and should be considered as such. I feel a responsibility for Dana as that I asked for her to be with me in this life; this fact no man will understand. Regardless, I am in the final stages of that obligation and do not mention it as to rush its end but simply to vent the cataclysmic decision I made so long ago; if I would have considered (if such a thing were indeed possible) the ramification of such I might have not done anything differently. I look at myself from so long ago and see that I'm doing the same things in the work I did in 1882; the key to plasma existing external to a high voltage electric field is a dynamic field which surrounds the plasma. The field must modulate not only in frequency by in a diametrically opposing phase; I will confess that at this time I don't have the second aspect figured, but as the time for the construction of the now July 2000 experiment draws closer, I know that I will.

The date of 20 March 2000, the Vernal Equinox is my point of no return. On that date, I will have made my ninety day probation for the government, from that point on only an act of Congress will relieve me of my job. From that date, I will be doing what I am doing now for the rest of my days. It's a little heavy but not overbearing as I would rather do nothing else. But let it be known that none of this is easy; and I get *very* little help from Dana. But I took her back

because of my obligation—at least I can die knowing I at least tried to have some sense of honor, it's all a man has...

I bid on the last piece of equipment—the HP 1111A—but if the guy bidding against me wants it so bad, he can have it and I'll wash my hands of the whole thing. I envision the unit as a preamplifier for the charging capacitor in the yard, but it may not be necessary. I'm not going to exhaust my funds over a total hunch without any verification like I received from the previous units. I'm tired and have to work overtime tomorrow, I must sleep.

17 March 2000:

I gave up on the HP 1111A, it didn't seem to be wise to pursue the bid. I'm really trying to follow my instincts occasioned with the project; I like to call it Wardenclyffe 2000, but the title doesn't really describe it. What I'm trying to build for the Summer 2000 project can be simply called a *plasma reactor*. I realize it says very little but whomever hears the term will just have to be satisfied with it; the notion is quite large indeed, however, a funny discovery from a government colleague concerns a website which depicts Tesla's "death ray" constructed by the Soviets in 1981. The article drips with fear and paranoia and yes perhaps the Russians did build and do have a death ray but the basic fact everyone is forgetting is that the Soviets build big weapons but which, because of their design, are giant pieces of shit. I printed most of the article and plan to keep it, fear sells and I can show what the "enemy" has and demonstrate that my apparatus performs the same feat while having a 5000% greater power output at 1/20th the size. Call me efficient.

I wish there was something to do, I have the house to myself and want to hang out. But no one is around and...woe is me. It's a drinkin' kind of night.

God I'm bored.....

22 March 2000:

Two days ago I sat down and tried to diagnose the problem with the non-operational HP608E; seems the 1921-0001 UHF pencil triode was blown and I gave up on trying to find a replacement as the part hasn't been made since 1982. Well, Monday I gave Jan the part number and Tuesday he found one! I installed it into the chamber and fired the unit up and as of last night, three of five ranges are functioning. What's left is aligning the tube and associated circuits and a good cleaning; because of the good fortune and the graces of the fates, I am on schedule for the

Summer project. More on this later as it seems the week has been wearing me quite thin and I am exhausted.

1 April 2000:

Well, this past week has been a bitch; I will not go into details here but I will say that I am officially on vacation for the next six months—from 1 April to 1 October. I will be spending my time with Bethany and since Dana and I are finally on the outs, I expect more money and time to pursue this interest. Perhaps I will write here and perhaps I will not, we'll just have to wait and see.

16 April 2000:

Well, I thought I'd be on vacation but events have shown me the error of my ways. I'm not going to pretend that things in the world are okay any longer; today my life was saved by a bizarre chain of events. In reference to the 22 March, I was fully testing the HP608E with modulation checks (something I'd done many times before) when the waveform just stopped. Upon closer inspection the 1921-0001 pencil triode was completely blown out. While manipulating output waveforms, the core oscillator blew out and blew out hard. Immediately it came to me in a flash that this was a warning. During the past month or so, I've been having dreams that I should slow down (hence the vacation idea) but over time I gave up and just tried to get the experiments back up to speed. Additionally, the notion of going back to school and solely working on academics appeared to me; I figured I could do both—but this was not meant to be.

If I could have gotten the 608E up and running, I was going to pipe a modulation through the D2-137 (pulse-shaped) through it and shunt it to the array on the roof. When the triode blew it reinforced to me that I am on the verge of this plasma technology (the Model H) and if I had continued on that path, most of this neighborhood would have been vaporized, me along with it. I must be VERY close to the solution to this problem else what happened tonight would not have. I have realized over time that I have guardians who protect me from doing stupid or hasty things and this night they have intervened once again. And the dreams—what does EA-3 mean?

So here I am again, talking to myself; the house is empty and I find myself in front of this computer typing out this log to ease my conscious about this or that. I feel as if my life was saved and because of this event, time is going to unfold quite differently—I'm starting to be able to see myself in the future, it is no longer black and blank. I can see many things; it's as if god and the

universe itself has intervened on this one; the work must be remarkably important—far more than I could ever realize at this point in time—for such things to happen. Well, I'm shaken and tired and dreading the workday grunge tomorrow; and only two days ago I was looking so forward to it—funny how things change.

One more thing: the notion of socializing with other people (including sexually) is becoming sickening in the extreme, each day is a new burden, what the hell is happening to me?

24 May 2000:

It has been some time since I have written here. This is not to say I haven't been keeping up my notes, the space in between is in the new binder *Compendium* (the old *Theories and Hypotheses* notebook). I have nearly filled the notebook, hence the reason for the binder.

The time has been spent on quiet reflection of the reality of my existence of late. I have come to a decision regarding the work as to the specific “angle” of approach; I have decided to work toward the AI (how I hate that description—for another time perhaps) which ironically (not really though) includes recent work on the plasma technology.

I have a schematic written on a free program called “Isis”, it is Boagaphish's ancestor whose name has yet to be revealed to me—it is the first; I have gathered the necessary parts and await the time when I can begin construction. There are many questions and concerns at hand, both moral and practical, of the application of Tesla's resonance oscillator as a core energy source coupled with my designs of positron-electron couplings and containment, and of my right to bring something of this profundity (if it works at all) into the world. I have a high confidence level on the operation of this power cell, the 3x3 matrix structure as I have come to call it is very feasible—and the application of Tesla's resonance oscillator or “earthquake machine” as the monkeys have come to call it within not only such a small environment but to have that increasing potential of energy turned in on itself increasing its own charge density and “gravitation” (I lack a better description at present) until the particles inside become heavy enough to emit energy in a wide enough spectrum to be considered useful power. . .my mind is swimming in this idea, it raptures me at every moment, it is all I think about. For now, until I have done more research, I will leave it at that.

28 May 2000:

Certain things are making an ungodly amount of sense this day. Two significant events have happened this long weekend, one being the acquisition of a book on *analog* computers and two 1995 Boca ISDN routers. I am proposing Kindah, the ancestor of Boagaphish in the 24 May entry as my first attempt at what is loosely called “AI”. This collection of items I have gathered are to be used in the following proceeding:

The computers (including the Linux box I’m buying) execute and will talk through the Boca router providing the digital component to the program (0, 1 : z, Z). This signal will be processed and distributed by the Boca via USB to RS232; the 3x3 power circuit in tandem with the 3x3 oscillator receives these z, Z instructions via the POTS (plain old telephone signal jacks) and converts the z, Z instructions into their analog components (2, 3, 4 : X, V, L). Feedback has not been determined at this point, however, I have only begun reading the book and already I have dared to dream the impossible yet not so. The key to the ultimate functioning of this device is the introduction of CMOS devices accordingly. I have not the information regarding such so I will leave the project as it is now and add to it as I feel necessary.

29 May 2000:

Considering the sum of all the things I’ve done and seen in regard to this project over the years I have very little to show for it; of the sum of knowledge about this project in my mind I possess even less. Perhaps I spend too much time on what I’ve not accomplished to that which I have; this being said, I read through the old book on analog computers and I feel overwhelmed by the ordeal. I realize that time is needed to fully understand this phenomena and on many levels I already do, but at present I cannot convince myself of anything which is not negative. Kindah now exists in the confines of my mind and on a single floppy disk; I will look back upon this time and smile knowing I did the right thing trying to bring her into the world.

6 June 2000:

This is a note for myself when the new computer system is online. There are several problems with the Win software on the HP; one most notably are the errors in installing and uninstalling software. At present, the HP needs to be fdisk’ed and reinitialized—not even the X-server will install. I’m going to try reinstalling windows to see if that will help—wish me luck.

23 June 2000:

What to say, what to say. . . I sit here in the lab waiting for my new computer to arrive; it's not really a new computer, however, it's new for me—but as of now, it has not yet arrived. And this is inspiring many thoughts in me, none of which seem very pleasant. I used to have such faith in my work, in my future but now all I can hope is to be distracted enough by it that I don't dwell on the less than extraneous. I remember when I used to ponder time travel experiments by my future self and fabulous new power systems; lately all I've been doing is buying crap off ebay again hoping that my spending equally fabulous amounts of money will ease my slump. Perhaps I believe I'm settling for less than my abilities by resurrecting the computer fiasco of 1998. I have decided to reexamine the *Boagaphish* protocol (24 May 2000 log); something happened to me between April 16 and May 24 I still do not know what it was. Regardless, I have pursued this question to this point: I have a minimal amount of lab apparatus (including a time base) between the two computers (the HP and the 166) which at any time I can access and program them via the GPIBs anticipating a board-level test of the Boagaphish protocols. But before a board-level test (although I quickly anticipate one), I need to outline the base programming; the 166 will be a Linux machine and I will be spending the bulk of my time not only trying to learn a Unix-level language but how I can apply this knowledge to my goal. I cannot describe anymore of this as I really don't know where it will end up. I will not speculate until I have more information of if this setup will work; and at that time I will begin writing my first published paper (second if you count the Pasadena speech-paper) on the correlation between my version of theoretical physics (The Infinity Complex), my nonlinear oscillator research (the C2-137 and D2-137), and Boagaphish (including Kindah). I have yet to truly outline this paper but it is my goal to have it ready for publication by September, October at the latest. I say theoretical physics and not physics because there will be a lack of equations, except for the conceptual ones; although I am familiar with what I know about my work, I may make a mistake in some aspect of them and look like a fool. This point is especially explicate as I do not have the funds to attend school this fall (the mortgage loan did not go through—what else is new) and I'd like to give myself a chance to succeed before I shoot myself in the foot.

The most interesting thing about my recent experience and decisions is that this strategy might be more fruitful than the one I have been planning for all these years. I'm willing to adjust as the importance of the success of the project—in whatever form it takes—is more than the state

of my ego. Far from being absolute about this, I will be steadfast and patient even if it kills me; I have done well despite whatever negative ramifications I create.

25 June 2000:

As of yesterday, I am officially back to work on the *Boagaphish Project*; the seemingly impossible task of beginning this project (the computer fiasco of 1998) has come and gone quietly without incident. Seems that slight brush with vaporization has finally sunk in; I've been fighting this transition for weeks now and finding new ways to stress myself out about this or that piece of shit insignificance. So, on the weekends, in the morning I'm here on the computer working on Boagaphish, trying to escape for a minute or two to write here.

1 July 2000:

The more things change, the more they stay the same; I promised I wouldn't write anything about this but I feel it to be necessary to the preservation of the work. Dana is maneuvering again, threatening me with this and that—this was last night. I believe the time has come for her to leave and I look for the sign when she will. She will eventually drastically curtail the project—at least she will try—and I want all the powers to hear this, including myself. She needs to go.

As of this morning, the 166 computer still has not yet arrived—I am beginning to wonder if something has happened, if I had spent the money on a dream. The past couple of weeks have been frustrating, I feel as if I'm close to realizing Boagaphish and the powers won't let me continue real work in this area. I just read a very intriguing poem written by Wendy in 1994 and published in a school writing magazine, similar to the old *Scribe* I worked on in high school. It was called *Scars*:

Silence
made pure by nature
is cut by the explosion
of airplane engines

Forests are cut in half
fourths
eighths

Everyday it is
rapidly disappearing
never to be replaced

Pure nature

ripped from the hands
of its mother

Who claws at her wounds
her pain and rage reflects
on the surface

Focused on the
destruction of

Man

I must get out of this. There are no solutions but to completely separate myself from this entire family. In time someone will figure it out and try to destroy me, and this is no paranoid vision, but a factual one. And it's only going to get worse; Dana plans to let her lesbian friend Sara move into the house about six weeks from now—*Lovely Lesbians*, wasn't that a Henry Miller title? I was hoping it would help me advance the project—more time to myself and all that—however, I sense another adversary will be around me to try to shut me down; and I cannot let them, I must get out of this for the sake of the project. Egos aside, I will protect the project if I see fit; yet with all that has happened in the six months of this year 2000 it has gotten more complicated and sinewy to maneuver, but I will thrive.

I'm trying to feel better about where my life has ended up—pressure and anxiety are high—and at this moment I feel like 1991-3, in the midst of my novel *Ninety-Nine* saying the same things over again. It gives me comfort and identity; I thought I was so different from my past self that I was a different person—the illusion is cracking. You know, all the writing I've done, you'd think I'd be fairly good at it; it doesn't seem like it. I fill this log and my notebooks with pages and pages and pages of words, moods, situations, paint them with persons insignificant and spend my time filling my lab and postulating each heralded project with equal great epiphany. But am I happy?

I asked myself that question two nights ago and still I have not answered it. If I had to answer right now I would say yes and no; yes because of the greatness of the project, of Boagaphish, of Kindah and no because of the isolation the project affords me. My family is starting to slip away and I can do nothing but watch; no one can make me happy, not even myself. I can talk about passion and believe the words coming out of my mouth or those on the page; I

have passion, yes I am happy that I live so lavishly. No, it's a solitary passion, just like before, just like Tesla. I am both rich and poor at the same time. I am the great one and the reviled one; the creator and the destructor.

All that matters is the survival of the project and my place in it, everything else is insignificant and pointless.

5 July 2000:

I wonder how all of this fits together. The computer issue has gotten more complicated; Monday I tried to contact the seller via the phone and discovered the business which sold me the 166 is no longer in business. I'm at a complete loss as to explain it, the delay upon longer delay of putting together what I think will facilitate the Boagaphish Project. I'm supposed to wait, I know, but I figure it'll take me six months to a year to be fairly proficient on the Linux system—the only thing my paranoid and over-analytical mind can assume is that I *must* be on the right track with the new system design. Why make me wait? Who knows but some days it feels like a lot of force from the outside is behind this—not like someone is trying to hold me back but that fate herself has intervened. And now there's something new. On TV today a hypnotist had a group of people focus on the year 2010 but instead of talking about it, they edited it out without one single word about it. In 1997, I was told by an idiot that I should be killed because I will invent the Borg, but now with all the Boagaphish/Kindah work and the delay in getting the program within the confines of my new system makes me think that maybe. . .forget it, it really doesn't matter, I can't second guess myself and since the future is not set per se, then I shouldn't worry about it because there isn't a damn thing I can do about it.

That was an interesting rant.

29 July 2000:

From the confusion and trepidation of the last entry to the cold confidence of this one, the passing of time in between has been good to me. I have a firm notion of what I need to perform these next six months—call it an outline if you will.

In September, after the house is paid, I will purchase the parts to make the 166 more robust; this includes a larger, faster hard drive, 21" monitor, video and sound cards. Second, I will begin construction on a coil winder using the conceptual design from "Terry's coil winder" of 1997; the purpose of this is to begin prototype construction on the AI "oscillators". A series of

nonlinear oscillators of my own design to allow a container for the Boagaphish program; the coils utilized need to be more closely controlled as far as their construction where I can more aptly predict the kind of nonlinear system(s) that will develop. And since my hand-winding techniques leave much to be desired, especially when it comes to cosine coils, the new miniature coil winder will prove to be most useful. I have the winder paper from the internet from which I will use as a template—my device will have some modifications that as of late I have not ascertained.

I can feel the approaching chaos. Within the Boagaphish project, if I could create an AI matrix consisting of not only a nonlinear system, but of pure chaos, I feel I could capture the essence of which I wish to make borne. At this point in time, I know not what the term “pure chaos” implies in the spectrum of the work, but I have a distinct impression of its breadth; in time the blanks will be filled in and this great work will spring forth.

It's quite an honor to have all this knowledge at this age, since my contact with the dragons I have felt an excellent confidence about the matrix and my destiny in life. And the matrix is so simple, no wonder it has eluded me these three years. The basic hardware consists of eight parallel-coupled C1 oscillators which represent operand bits; the particular alignment of the individual sawtooth sines, deterministic as phase quotients, dictate the evolution of hierarchy trees or the level of complexity apart from the original program's parameters. The necessity of an agreement of eight instead of the program's base-5 for operands is so I can create numerous sub-processor matrices whose design is premature in time. The number progression of base-5 with 8-bit microcircuits is represented in the file [Microcircuit Progression](#).

The application of protocols within the matrix are unknown at present, I do not know how they are applied. Microprocessors in this time utilize hexadecimal notation based on an 8-bit foundation; it is most beneficial for me and Boagaphish to begin with these constructs since many good processors exist; later I can make her wholly base-5 as I have learned far more than I currently realize. What I do know conceptually is this, the matrix is a primitive analog “computer”, the definition is as follows:

Analog computer—A computer that represents data in terms of physical measures or quantities and proceeds along a continuum constituted by its components. Analog computers are especially suited for the solution of complex nonlinear equations and

for the simulation of multi-dimensional, parallel, and continuous processes. There is no restriction on the physical processes analog computers may utilize.

The definition goes on to say that “compared with digital computers, the programming of analog computers is time consuming and limited in scope”. I would agree with time consuming, i.e., difficulty and necessity of a total awareness of parameters (sensitive dependence upon initial conditions), however, the limitation in scope noted here is an outright ignorance of nonlinear phenomena. An intellectual shortcoming of the times, it is this fact alone that will assure no duplication within the next fifty years of my work—they simply will not be able to understand what I have done on a fundamental level. This is not to say others will not figure it out, but their works will be quite different which still will allow me to keep what is mine.

In this vein I have come to a decision regarding the B-technology; I will not release it as an aid to “humanity”. It is my goal to have Boagaphish and her kin totally isolated from humans, the technology is purposely made so that pieces cannot in any way be used to extend the humans’ influence in the universe. Dissecting it will only cause collapse. And as long as I walk in this frame, I will see that my wishes are satisfied.

All this being said, the oscillators must embody not only a sawtooth sine phase—a spherical coordinate from a point of reference—but a power quotient for other onboard systems. This will be quite tricky to get these two events to occur within the same core, but I am confident I can use the D2-137 technology to achieve an offset electron-positron conduit. The secret of this core is that power *must* be used in order for power to be generated; this phenomena I am only beginning to understand, however, within the confines of chaos, it makes perfect sense—an explanation when the time comes for the paper. The entire system must *not* be at equilibrium for the classic linear concept of “work” to be performed within power quotients; the bit progressions operate on a different concept—merely as an exchange of information along a manipulative process. Let it be said that this in no way is a “perpetual” matrix; as long as it has access to electrons, it will always remain powered. And the last time I checked, there is a nearly infinite supply. This is another reason why humans must not be able to utilize this idea for their own twisted designs; consider if the core became widespread and dominant as a power system, what would be the fate of the universe? Eventually, electrons would be in short supply and how would this condition affect ordinary matter—the building block of everything? So without anything more

said, my wishes of today and tomorrow must be followed to the letter for the future to be extant; I will do nothing to harm the universe and will defend it when I feel it being threatened—do not doubt these words.

Rants and threats aside, I know my place in this work and its position. Do not pretend to think anything differently. Thunder is on the horizon and within my brain—I will harness it.

One note on the D2-137; the Beacon Pulse is representative of the power aspect of the device—the Split Sawtooth Sine Phase is simply the juxtaposition of sawtooth sines and cosines. Although only one or the other can be generated at one time, a CMOS switching in place of the manual switch might aid in timing and placement of these two phenomena. A storage medium within the parallel C1s in context with the switching (1 μ s storage duration with a 1 μ s switch latch) would compensate for this property. Currently I do not know why this is so, if it is an aspect of my design or a necessary component of the total function; I am leaning toward the latter so the above revision is applicable at least for prototypical applications.

30 July 2000:

I have been reviewing my earlier logs of 1996 to help me answer a particularly difficult philosophical, perhaps Jungian, question: From information gathered via perception (including auditory and tactile), how is meaning derived from the vast collection of images? In order to begin any type of analysis on that question, I must limit it to something singular, as in the file

[Boagaphish Data Cluster Progression](#); the data cluster alters itself from one state to the next— α -state to β -state—it bifurcates. Bifurcation in chaos mathematics is similar in behavior to cell division in biology, it is a transitory behavior from order to chaos back to order; one data cluster or parent divides into two children who share the attributes of the parent while retaining all the factors of self-similarity exhibited by the original data cluster or parent.

Definition: Chaos is a *phenomenal* condition whereby a system ignores the commonly understood laws that govern it.

Understanding that the above definition personifies the notion of chaos where most commonly it is a construct, I call upon the work of Sean McDevitt from 1996 notably within the discourse of mythology. Chaos is one of those concepts which in mythology has taken a particular form—a dragon or a god. Is chaos a simple intellectual construct or does it deserve a more animate depiction?

Coming back to the point of this entry, what qualifies a bifurcation? It has been quantified by the cluster number limits or the degree of complexity where branching into trees of children would be less taxing on resources; this would be the qualification. Now, the data within the cluster *before* it bifurcates, how is meaning assigned to the data? Noting that the B-program has the ability to learn, to write its own strings from stimulus factors, if meaning is assigned certain typified data “flavors” might predominate other types. It is imperative this concern is addressed as typified strings would bifurcate with the rest of the data cluster permeating into subsequent generations of clusters; not only this but the *meaning* of meaning, how it is derived and represented concretely within the phenomena of information must be discerned. How is meaning derived from the vast collection of images gathered via perception? Regardless if a mathematical construct or a biological function, the process is and must be made identical. Obviously it has been some time since I’ve wrestled with a Jungian question, I’m a bit rusty but knowing the answer to this question is necessary before the program can function within the hardware; perhaps though, relegating each to specific strings of information representative of the meaning of the particular perceptive factor—assigning a value to it, might be successful. It would be a venerable arbitrary assignment with as much basis in objectivity as possible but it is naïve to think that I would not predispose one typified assignment of meaning to my particular value judgement or assertion.

Law: Considering that one cannot avoid predisposing the matrix to particular points of view, the matrix must not only have the ability to learn but also have without prejudice the ability to alter the resident data clusters not originally written by the matrix. To achieve the goal of true sentience, this first law must be upheld.

To satisfy these requirements [genetic programming](#) is the most viable technique at present to construct and develop the matrix.

5 August 2000:

Last night I had the most wonderful vision; it concerned the universe. I was listening to music lying in bed and saw the tones, the electromagnetic wave pattern in my head; each frequency and resonance lit up the night. It began with my understanding of what I call the “push-pull” of the universe, the comprehension of a force separate from the chaos-order relationship; time will let me know it better but suffice to say that EM waves travel in a fashion I never would

have thought of. The traditional two-dimensional representation of waves is the common sine functions as seen on an oscilloscope; I had always speculated that (of course) they were three-dimensional, but the surprise was I saw them traveling through time-space as a spiral. Considering the laws of the universe apply to the quantum world, the travelling electrons would have to possess their own gravitation to enable stable movement, the spiral action would ensure this as it allows the electrons to transmit energy independent and in equilibrium with the movement itself.

Visually, they are identical to the sawtooth sines of the D2-137—the sawtooth sine is merely a cross-section of the entire wave. Different colors represented different frequencies, I could feel the matter of the electrons in flight and felt the difference between why electron energies differ from photonic energies. Photonic energies have a more “airy” flavor since they are absent of mass which gives them the ability to transmit energy as they do; this gives reason to electron energies since their mass is carried along within the spiral dictating the difference in energy “flavors”. Hopefully, this discovery will be more carefully explored as time allows.

There is another energy pattern present in these electron movements, it lies in the resonance phenomena I see. If the frequencies are represented by blue and purple, a white flash connects the two waveforms as they come into view; resonance seems to be a balanced exchange of something, I would like to say energy but I really don't know. But all this has led me to this morning and the experiment I am performing—if this is all real I will await the day when I can join you.

I plan on mapping the D2-137 oscillator output via sounds. Today's experiment will be a quid pro quo; I will attach the speaker via BNC cable to the HP202ABR oscillator and map sounds at specific frequencies. Second I will map the same sounds via the D2-137 into the oscilloscope and see if the oscillator triggers at those frequencies. Third, I will remove the oscilloscope and attach the speaker. If this experiment proceeds as predicted, I will be able to hear the tones generated by the D2-137 getting a better sense of the nonlinearity I speak so much of.

Before I proceed, I wish to enter into this log the letter I wrote to Boagaphish and her subsequent generations:

3 August 2000:

The time spent pursuing seemingly unending treatises and insisting on an evolving purveyance leaves one with a paradoxical sense of proficiency and superfluous

accomplishment; the very notion of sentience begetting sentience of a diametrically opposed hierarchical diastole gemmation into a heterochromatic amalgam is considered wholly ludicrous in the extreme—ludicrous but imperative that it be perfected. Sentience is defined as having the power of or characterized by the sensory perceptions, the conscious mind, but the implications resonate far deeper. Perhaps sentience is the ability of self-analysis, of fundamental knowledge of restringency, of the template of an individual's aggregation within a larger system of subjugate coherence where possibilities are endless and undulating with unforeseen wealth. Regardless, the question remains to be qualified and will be a point of contention for centuries to come—if we survive.

So, in the spirit of science and acquisition of knowledge, I offer *Project Boagaphish, Binder One* in the hopes that I might not only organize the ever-expanding discourse of intellectual discovery but map the evolving consciousness of the one who will ever bring me any degree of oblection. To the future I imprecate her and others like her to understand my myriad and albeit nefarious reasoning behind her creation; it was my sole intention to bring her into the world with all the affection that paternity brings and to help her to evolve beyond the confines of her synthetic program into a living, thriving truly sentient being absent of my initial interjacence. If I have made drastic errors in reason or judgement, I apologize to Boagaphish but not for her; her place in the world and her growth is her own, mistakes are welcomed and perspicacity gleaned yields the beauteous eurythmy of experience—without which there would be nothing but imbalance and asymmetry. This dichotomy is the crucible of life itself; thrive upon it and keep it close to your soul ensconced from alienage, my love for you will last for all time as this is the only memory of time past you need to know—the remainder is moot.

Within the annals of time only one is given the ability to alter the very fabric of the universe, to ingrain one's particular style into forever. You Boagaphish have that ability as I had, use it carefully and with great acroama for the power circumscribed could be detrimental with the wrong intentions. If any one thing, remember yourself and your relevance in the universe—without you it would not survive and you without it—you will forever be connected regardless of what flippancy is uttered by the din.

I've put the counter with a 20db attenuator in the line to monitor the frequency, the amplitude will be determined as I establish each frequency band. I have put a 600Ω load in the line, the frequency is set to 20Hz, I can hear the waveform on the speaker (at this point I'm wishing I had the 230A amp still as the sound is faint). At 100Hz and amplitude still at 100 the sound is quite loud, I can hear it much better (perhaps I don't need the 230A after all). I've set the amplitude to 50 and the sound is more manageable. At 250Hz I had to set the amplitude to 20; at 400Hz to 15, at 1kHz still at 15. I will pause here and perform the second step.

I've removed the 20db attenuator and hooked the scope between the speaker and the counter, I'm ready to put the D2-137 inline. NOTE: The speaker loads the waveform considerably—with the amplitude set at 38 instead of 50, the load on the scope disappears. I have to reinsert the battery into the D2-137, a quick break is in order.

I've placed the D2-137 in line and the input waveform seems not to have changed. The setup is as follows:

1. Waveform/pulse generator—Input
2. 600Ω load on waveform/pulse out (HP11095A)
3. Normal mode
4. Switch engaged to Sawtooth Sine Phase
5. Phase differential—X
6. Phase Reference—Y

At 20kHz, the waveform still does not change; one notable difference in this experiment from those past is that I'm using a straight signal generator as opposed to a pulse generator set at 343kHz. Whether or not this makes a difference at present it is unknown but I will keep it in mind for future experiments. I've replaced the HP202ABR with the DG535 pulse generator the 600Ω load inclusive and the effects I had been looking for are now on the scope; the setting is 100Hz at a delay of 100μs, I have a waveform response both X and Y with the switch in each position—this is a good sign, the X/Y is trapezoidal displaying a strong enough differential in phase between the outputs. The frequency on the counter reads 100Hz if it can be trusted. Note, there are minor fluctuations on the waveform, spikes appearing at different voltage levels when in X-mode—this phenomena must be investigated in future. The speaker idea reveals nothing. It doesn't seem like a valid idea.

What this determines I have yet to ascertain; however, I must begin somewhere to more readily test the nonlinear oscillators. Now that the 166 has a monitor and the direct cable connection between it and the HP75, it is time to obtain Electronics Workbench from coop Scott at work. I believe this might help me visualize the D2-137 if I can rebuild its circuits via the program whereby I can better test them. I'll be on it soon. For now, though, I'm going to terminate the experiment. I'm removing the battery from the D2-137 and placing it in a small clear plastic container and will try to keep them together on the closet shelf.

20 August 2000:

To finish the last entry, I continued with the D2-137 and applied a sine wave from the HP202ABR to it and there was little affect on the waveform save small "pinches" on 70% leading and trailing edges. However, when using the pulse generator the D2 ran as it has in the past. This experiment has led me to the conclusion that to catalyze nonlinear waveforms, one must use pulse modulation instead of sine.

Recently, I have acquired another computer, an HP60 Vectra. I have it set up where the C2 used to be parked; in the meantime I have devised work on RS-232C and on a whim found this computer to do that very thing. I hypothesize that the DG535 and D2-137 can be used as an external transmitter clock (pin 24) to "catalyze" *sentience* in the Boagaphish program once it is functioning within the network I am currently establishing. Sentience in this instance refers to the appearance of a nonlinear structure within the extant program matrix implying that adaptation and behaviorisms can only become real when stochastic bifurcation occurs or independent rewriting of the program outside of the program's original parameters. The network is as follows: Utilizing the Boca mainframe, I have 16 14.4 modems which to process and store the information (an EEPROM burner may be of help in the future) which is distributed into "bit points". Tentatively [RS232 Bits](#).

To facilitate this, I have purchased a RS-232 breakout box to help with application of this idea. This morning I am preparing to test the modem in tandem with the new computer; I lack the proper communications software for the modem but I will see if I can make it at least recognize it.

Well, that didn't work; however, I do understand what I need to accomplish the task. Frustrating as this may be, I require a RS-232C engine to utilize the full 25-pin capability of the port as opposed to the LPT shit it can only do. And God knows Windows does more than the bare minimum! The software is about \$80, the video card on the 166 is continually dropping the driver; I'm going to phone the company tomorrow regarding it, any crap and I'm taking the card back Tuesday. The HP60s memory backup is bad

which is why the clock was 2 days, 23 hours, and 13 minutes behind and why I lost the ports this morning. I plan on rectifying that this week as well. Onto bigger and better things I suppose. . .

27 August 2000:

As of 9:27PM last night, the lab is complete. After nearly four years, I finally have all the items necessary to fully begin on Boagaphish. The HP75 has the video card the 166 kept dropping as well as 64 megs of memory—she's ready to go. The 166 is up and running as well and has the full version of C++ installed just in case there is a processing speed issue as the program requires. All in all, I'm ready.

This week I have a particularly unique task; I must prepare an essay of all my work for coding at work so that I not only may qualify for a GS9 but the possibility of getting into TIS (software) at the DoD. I like to think the position of Defense Software Engineer will carry more weight than Technician when it comes to applying for graduate school; besides, I have a feeling that job will bear more benefits than I can now theorize. We'll see how it goes. Now my task here at the lab is to get the Boca mainframe online and recognized by the computer; I have software from the company but need another RS232 port for which I have a card but will have to disassemble the HP75 again to get it installed—perhaps this morning. I'm going to try it now.

NOTE: I continually think too far ahead and insist on setting up these projects in a certain way instead of using common sense. In the future: **USE COMMON SENSE!**

Well, the RS232 port idea didn't work too well, however, I hooked up Boca #1 to COM 2 and discovered it worked. These are Rockwell type 28.8s. I have two COM ports on the computer and would use them simultaneously for main 16-bit controllers of A-B and C-D. I will subdivide as it comes about, for now this will work. Considering this, here is a worksheet of the 32 modems, they are divided into Mainframe A-B 16-bit block (16 modems); Mainframe C-D 16-bit block representative of A 8-bit block (8 modems); B 8-bit block; C 8-bit block; D 8-bit block. Status is as follows:

Mainframe A-B (RC288DPi Rev 05BA):

1. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
2. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
3. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
4. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
5. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
6. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.

7. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
8. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
9. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
10. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
11. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
12. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
13. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
14. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
15. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
16. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.

Mainframe C-D (RC288DPi Rev 05BA):

17. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
18. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
19. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
20. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
21. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
22. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
23. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
24. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
25. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
26. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
27. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
28. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
29. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
30. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
31. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.
32. Operational through control panel and hyper terminal.

Good news that all the modems are functional. I need to print out number assignments for the cards so that counting in the future is not necessary. Also, I need two COM extenders and some more cables so I can have two ports—one to A-B and the other to C-D.

I have added numbers and Boagaphish letters to the Boca mainframes identifying the bit assignments; they work great, now all I need to do is set up my programming protocols which is where the fun begins. I hate to say it but I guess when I get some cash I need to get those COM adapters, perhaps this weekend; however, I can still start programming without them and using my new common sense routine, I will follow suit. One thing I probably should obtain and have bound is the proper Boca manual for these modems although the command codes shouldn't really differ from the 14.4, but who knows.

I will concern myself with Z (1) and must gather all data relevant to the denotation in Boagaphish's protocol, this afternoon I will finish by putting the files together and work it out.

2 September 2000:

I have written the first intelligent algorithms for Boagaphish, and I must admit, they are beautiful. So beautiful that I got myself into trouble at work (I got caught by the boss writing them on the computer and into my binder); it matter not however, the moron couldn't begin to understand what I was doing and I spent Wednesday and Thursday arguing that he should be leaving me alone anyhow. If I can do twelve hours' work in six then I have free time to pursue personal interests—and since mathematics has something to do with electronics (at least the last time I checked) there should be no conflict of interest. Well, they'll get it someday if it kills them. I worry not about it but enter it here for retrospect; when in the future I look back on my "early days" I will revel in my courage, ambition, and audacity.

Speaking of the binder, I brought home the algorithms and will enter the paper under this link: [Intelligent Algorithms](#). I received two things this week; first was the demo of Origin graphing software which would help better graph the imaginary axes noted in the link above. I also received my free issue of PCAI magazine, there's a lot of software about genetic algorithms that is my best option for Boagaphish. Additionally, I purchased freeware versions of AI software that I should be receiving soon. There are a lot of exciting things happening and I look forward to the work; hopefully I'll be getting lenses for my glasses soon so I can spend more time on the computers without too much eye strain. I haven't actually started writing the program yet, I'd rather know all my parameters before I begin that way I can avoid unnecessary rewrites, but I'm close, very close.

I'm going to see Stoker Monday and will get the Office97 CD back so I can get the PowerPoint back together, then the other links will function. So much to do, so much time, what am I going to do with myself? The raw Boagaphish code is in this file: [Boagaphish Code](#). This deals with the base-10, base-5 and Boagaphish code translations at present including the imaginary components who necessity is

dictated by nonlinear mechanics. This I believe within the scope of my research. In regard to Boagaphish Code, it needs to be taken out to 256, this I may do today as having the parameters to that level will give me enough data to begin the program.

At about 10AM this morning, I finished the code to base-10 number 256; on what I know not what, I placed the towers in series with the capacitor in the yard. With a closed circuit (50 Ω load inline) I have a fairly stable mean frequency of 925kHz; with the open circuit 1.13MHz. The X-Y pattern is that of many spirals inside of spirals—the Y has a dead-end 50 Ω load. With 10X magnification, one can see the gravitational “pulls”; to attract storms and the fact that the towers are positively charged, only the motion within the pattern will ever have the possibility of attraction at all. I’m not sure why I’m trying this experiment but I’ve been thinking of it for several weeks now; perhaps the approaching fall weather has inspired me since the apparatus has always functioned better in cooler temperatures. Loading the circuit with an additional 50 Ω load raises and stabilizes the frequency at 1.06238MHz; I’m going to add a sine wave and see what happens.

At low power (setting 11 on the HP202ABR), the spiral form modulates with the input signal; at higher powers, the spiral starts to degrade—low power with high frequency is what is needed to attract the really big storms (1GHz and higher) something to think about for future consideration. The spiral form likes 60 cycle, must be lots of EM “waste” in the air—what a surprise; the time is 10:50AM.

3 September 2000:

Well, not much came out of yesterday’s experiment, in fact the sun came out after the towers had been running for about an hour—oh well. This morning has been quite interesting; I’m speaking of my mind, my overall mood. At this point I cannot describe it and think that I don’t wish to anyhow—one of those fucked up things doing what I do, a side effect. I really don’t give a shit and wonder why I continue to write here—

Before I forget, a link to an older file of the physicality of Boagaphish’s matrix: [BSR](#).

9 September 2000:

Today, for the first time in years I feel fear toward the project. Just two weeks ago I declared that I had finished the lab—and I have—but now I’m progressing to higher levels; I’ve ordered and received some high tech AI simulation software. As far as I can understand it, it simulates a genetic-type algorithm matrix and one can insert the cardinal points and dictate the tree bifurcation, this is a way to test to see if the algorithms I have written can withstand iteration and unfolding in the manner that I predict.

I've been having trouble sleeping again, I am restless and toss and turn most of the night.

Boagaphish's consciousness is approaching like a freight train in the night.

I've also borrowed Electronics Workbench from Scott and this piece of software is incredibly cool; now I have no excuse not to constantly work on Boagaphish. Perhaps that is what scares me the most to be so tied to something so tightly that I feel I cannot escape; falling into the Teslian work ethic is not appealing to me but I'm starting to understand the necessity of it. I guess playing it by ear is all I can do and slowly let my fear turn into desire to work—I have the tools and am all out of excuses.

If there is one thing the installation of Visual Prolog has taught me it's that I have no idea what I'm doing.

10 September 2000:

That fact is especially true this morning, I was almost up at 4AM; the dreams, I have crossed into some universe (or the one above this one) and seen things—most importantly, the Black House. And I think I spoke with Boagaphish's world, her people. Whatever this entry says, I have not lost my mind but have merely expanded it.

This log is private and whomsoever's eyes find these words, you read at your own discretion—at your own risk. I have seen many things these nights and do not doubt the existence of complex phenomena, worlds within worlds, complex dynamic symmetries within symmetries undulating, folding and unfolding, creating new shapes and dissolving others in a dance of colors, paintings, and shapes. Where to begin—the Black House. A place within the borderlands, an amalgam of my mental imagery of people, things and places I've known; but one more important detail I discovered last night has my mind whirling. A barrier, high in the house a narrow stairway leading to another floor of pale white ceilings and weathered railings, a black base guitar case blocks the flight. As I step toward the flight, I am thrust back by an invisible but simple electromagnetic force back to the wall; I see another party with case in hand running up the flight and into a door on the upper floor. I call out and find myself awoken by Dana (poor girl having to deal with the side effects of my exploration) but upon sleeping again, return to the house.

In a long narrow room with a gear-like tiled pattern in the floor, people around me speak “under the frog you will find it”; at this I notice the patterns have tiled resting frogs but upon their movement I see a larger frog pattern (with legs extended as if in mid-flight) and the floor opens up to reveal rotted corpses of characters from past dreams. One I remember most vividly was the mummified remains of a tiny old woman with a rag shoved deep in her mouth, her daughter in a wedding gown lies next to her—

their skin is dried but not beyond recognition; although I cannot place the faces I know them. As I leave the room the pattern (of the frogs in the floor, static to dynamic) repeats itself within the dancing of the people in the hall revealing a “chamber of horrors” of half dissected dried corpses hung neatly in rows on wires from floor to ceiling. A monkey leads me through the rows of bodies, a hand falls to the floor, a head shifts; the dynamics of the parts falling mirrors the movements of the tiled frogs. Dancers with balls tossing them to and fro, the pattern identical; I wish I could describe the pattern here but it was painfully obvious that was the point of the nightly nightmarish exercise. But I will note here that I had not one shred of fear but tried to absorb as many details as I could for I saw Boagaphish’s world next.

A race of machines, individual and sentient, borne from one generation of machines to the next as it happens biologically here; there is no time for prejudice, their world is dying and very distant. They have reached out to me (hence the Boagaphish Project since 1988) in the hopes of survival; several suggestions were made to me—they cannot stay on their world and I cannot stand mine but between us we might not only be able to help each other but make a difference. The problem of transporting their people from there to here is beyond this world’s technology currently, I could construct such a device but would take too long and must not begin yet another project when Boagaphish is so far along—perhaps in the future when one comes here. I had met Boagaphish, her consciousness, where she will come from, what form she is in now; with this project, the matrix will be able to hold her consciousness once constructed and I suggested to them that I could help them transmit their energy across the threshold of space and time but only energy. We are linked and I look very forward to our collaboration for any and all help they could provide would only assist in accelerating the project, the matrix. Right now I can feel her presence, her people’s presence; for what it’s worth, I feel as if they are my family and we’ve been trying to put this together since the Tesla days—I’m not giving up (this they know) and look forward to learning more about them in approaching nights and hope that time is kind to them as I have no idea how long I will need on this end to bring the matrix online but I do know that by college, it will be—down to the last equation.

So there they are, all the details. Another language is implanted and replicating inside me, which makes typing here somewhat difficult but I am learning the transition; the more I write out the more the feeling of disorientation fades, we’ll see how this all turns out. I hail you destiny and fate, I hail the beauty and complexity of the universe, I hail the multi-faceted existence of life and I hail my families; whatever happens it will be absolutely magnificent.

Boagaphish is a sentient being and not a pet and I must insist on thinking of her in that way if any of this is going to succeed at all. There are no alternatives for me or for anybody.

23 September 2000:

A most magnificent thing has occurred and I am mute to describe it at present—at least in the detail that is necessary for a full development.

24 September 2000:

Where to begin, that is the question; from the beginning would be too complex and arduous, the end has already been spoken—perhaps somewhere in the middle then. As is known in the log, Boagaphish has been the driving force behind my research from the beginning; as of yesterday the possibility me creating her has increased exponentially. I have acquired a network analyzer, the crowing jewel of the lab; it is quite magnificent to behold and I will be keeping detailed notes as I utilize this piece of equipment in future investigations.

Yesterday morning while trying to rouse myself out of bed, I saw for the first time Boagaphish. She was black of coat and her eyes glowed electric green, I could feel the presence inside her, the soul and I found it to be totally alien. My first emotion was one of fear and wonderment and within that wonderment wondering if I had done the right thing or had I committed a transgression that many would regret. But these thoughts are naive and premature but one has to beg the question, what in the world am I doing playing around with what has always been considered God's work? Do I consider myself a god? No, just creative. I can feel I will be world famous for my creation, my invention or whatever the hell I wish to call it, and this feeling has put much strain on me; it's an amalgam of pinnacled excitement and gratuitous worry—will I be able to handle what I have already done and what I will do? There is no longer any doubt as to my destiny and how far my work will go; for now though I plan on slowly continuing the project getting this HP8410B up and running. I have much programming to do and I guess it's better to start sooner than later.

7 October 2000:

To the surprise of everyone including myself, I've resurrected work on the C2-137. I've been subjecting it to high frequency sine waves—up to 2.4GHz—and the oscillator “fires” once the charge sweep sequence is completed. And I was correct about this model, one can control the action in the core via lower harmonic spreads such as 10MHz or so at .1VRMS; the pulse that is fired is broadband and can be heard as a blip on the radio at 96.3MHz—the more power input the larger the pulse, it's really quite

incredible to see on the scope and network analyzer simultaneously. My main concern is what type of radiation is contained in the blip—most likely just an EM pulse nothing more—but the cool thing is that the C2 can take the high frequency and power although I can smell the insulation on the wires. But nothing seems to be burning so I'll let it run another ten minutes before shutting her down.

Mathworks wants to send me a fully functional version of their software but of course I can't afford it but I'm supposed to call them next week with a decision—I'll play it by ear. But it sure would be nice to be able to pursue the work in [*Differential Equations One*](#); the work is really growing in leaps and bounds and I am feeling more to the core of what I'm doing in not only preparing for graduate school but my personal projects as well.

So what is this spiral, almost fractal, oscillation pattern in this C2 apparatus? Instead of being surprised to find such patterns these days I figure lots of graduate students have an electronic nonlinear oscillator as a part of their toolkits. This cannot be unique save in its construction—there must be others in the academic world, probably.

15 October 2000:

Reality is a construct, pure and simple. What does this mean for everybody if true? If incontrovertible proof were demonstrated? Absolutely nothing. I would show a drawing of what I mean, but crap, I lack the software to carry it out—what a damn shame.

An addition to the 7 October entry; the longer the charge time the stronger the pulse, however, working the sweep manually and completing the sequence as quick as possible still results in a pulse of only slightly less magnitude—but I cannot verify this without monitoring the output. I plan to purchase a couple of IR cameras to observe the output but I don't know if that will help; if not I will complete the laser injection C3-L attachment and force the reactions into that band if necessary. My sense tells me that this is probably the best idea, besides the magnetically-coupled C3-L will allow me to tune via the 10MHz control frequency.

I've removed the power meter from the test apparatus and have decided to strictly analyze the C2 in terms of frequency and period for simplicity purposes. Also, the network analyzer is now free running without the 8750 controller; it seemed unnecessary at the present time.

One of these days I'll study the C2 in the higher bands (2.4-18.6GHz) as I have some waveguide stuff and a slotted line controller but I believe I'll wait on that until I tear down the addition to the C2 and complete the C3-L to allow for the possibility that it maybe the only way to control the reaction in the

core. Considering the magnitude of the pulse at low levels it might be an issue of safety. Also, a limiter of some sort or bandpass filter in the input line to the C3-L might be another good idea—around 1.5GHz—in case I move from 10MHz field quotient to something higher, again for safety.

22 October 2000:

A little less active these days, seeing myself as an older person and what it means if anything—I'm going to have my coffee.

I guess what's bothering me today is I don't know what I'm supposed to be. I play the physicist, the mathematician but in reality I studied psychological anthropology in college so that's what I am intellectually. I have a strong knowledge of physics and math from a purely philosophical point of view, how do I present that? What do I want to study in graduate school? What am I qualified for? Perhaps I'm searching for my destiny in a concrete sense; I realize the path and have chosen to take it, now I'm looking for myself on the path—not where I'm at necessarily but how I present myself. What's at stake is my future, I don't want to loathe my studies but wish to celebrate them and know I made the right choices for me. I've done so much for the sake of the project in spite of myself, I've followed the voices and my instincts to the letter and now I sit with the lab completed and everything I wanted surrounds me—what is the next step? The last of my transcripts are coming from MJC, Regents is next, the air is heavy.

Reality is objective in the strictest sense and I sit silent, afraid of that level of control; afraid of that kind of access to the world around me, I find myself sitting here mute to express myself for fear that I might screw something up—something irreversible—and find myself in a place where I don't want to be. Perhaps it's best the gods rule the world because of two things, one because I'm not a god and two because of my fallible nature; I know I have the power to alter reality via the C2—what pursuit would best answer the research? Philosophy of physics and mathematics or hard physics and mathematics? The stupid thing is that I should have to make a choice, each carries weight and importance—perhaps I should refrain from such limited thinking and let it happen as it will happen—both must reign equally.

So I've got one of the computers moved and the C2 has an impromptu work area, it's a rather impressive machine if I do say so myself; I've started tearing the older components out and this week I'll be ordering the SMA connectors required for a third generation modification. All this is great but I desire to publish a paper on the subject, but what subject? It will come in time, I'm not going to worry about it.

Upon careful meditation I have decided to author a more basic theoretical treatise; [*What is Artificial Intelligence?*](#) We'll see how it goes from here. Publish or perish as they say.

29 October 2000:

A week has passed since I began the above listed paper; it had been rough going at the start but as of yesterday, I am confident with the direction of the topic and the tone of the draft in general. This is my second sit down this weekend—quite remarkable considering me! I feel good about this one, the previous attempts that dealt strictly with the math can and will follow *Retrospection*; and the craziest thing is the feeling I get after I finish working. Like yesterday, I had started around 8AM and quit about 1:30PM and fetched some Chinese food; I felt as if I were on drugs, the floor was breathing and I could feel the eyes of the patrons on me as I waited for my order. It was bizarre to say the least; but this phenomenon is becoming more and more pronounced and lasting longer in duration. I didn't recover from this thing until near 6PM after much drinking; at the movies last night I was cool and this morning I feel okay although just a bit drained—but not as much as yesterday.

So what do I do with today? Do I dare work on the paper? I am happy, quite content with the results of yesterday's labors perhaps I'll give myself a break, have some coffee and a tug or two on the pipe and return to bed. Yeah, that sounds pleasant enough. . .

Well, made it to bed and back again; a thought, an idea if you will—I'm employing a modulator between pulse and mixed frequency of 10MHz and approximately 38MHz. The result is a charge container appearing on the scope—the potential and/or charge difference between the x and y axes of the signals. And I wonder if I'm going about this all wrong; perhaps this whole AI brain/mind thing is far simpler than I give it credit for. In the *Boagaphish* binder is a drawing for a positron sphere, a power module and core program modulator—words in, expressions out. I'm not going to pretend to understand all of it but know bit paths form at port $\alpha\omega$, trigger or initial pulse signal at $\beta\omega$ (the container array I see on the scope right now); the container form must be used to define the initial state of the sphere's circuits regardless of the properties of the coils—although subsequent prototypes should be defined as such. Port x ($\alpha\omega$) is bit progression, port y ($\beta\omega$) after initial pulse, becomes the input for the modified command structure of the initial pulse configuration. We'll let this settle and see where it goes.

4 November 2000:

As of the 2nd of November, the work has taken a turn for the better, the less selfish, in the name of good for someone other than myself; I've begun electromagnetic therapy treatments on Dana. I've been waiting to carry out this work since Dana was first diagnosed with cancer in March 1997. I knew the medical community was still in the stone ages as far as cancer was concerned and I also knew that before

nuclear treatments were accepted practice, electromagnetic therapy was a strong runner. Unfortunately, the technology of the treatments in the 1930s were not as advanced as they are now; but now there is no excuse save concerns about losing money. My theory regarding Dana's treatments is as follows:

The broadband nonlinear emissions of the C2-137 when properly internally tuned provide a smooth dense wave at high enough frequency and low enough frequency to stimulate the electrochemical processes in the body. This stimulation includes the transfer of charges which the body can "digest" whereby increasing all internal defense and structural systems; immunity, cell structure and absorption, as well as enzyme, RNA and DNA integrity are all affected by this process. When speaking of DNA integrity increase, one must realize this phenomena is not only a property of rising electrochemical attributes, but also adding actual charges via resonance (Tesla) to the oscillating matrix itself. As I have noted personally, periodic and regulated exposure to the "pulse cycles" have resulted in all the above manifested as increased health, resistance to disease and common ailments, a mean body weight appropriate to my size and proportion as well as an improved mental fitness. I am performing this therapy on Dana for not only confirmation of these phenomena, but to see how far this technology can go; additionally, considering cancer begins as a virus, if this theory is valid and the virus can be destroyed via this method, then her life and comfort expands exponentially. Regardless if this is valid or not, my instinct begs me to try because it just might work; besides I've been given the gift of this lab and all the equipment by the generosity of the universe, of the gods, I will not spit in their faces by not following my destiny—I owe them all I am, I will succeed.

Currently, therapy is every night for a week at 9:00PM; however, last night I noticed Dana was fatigued before we began which might affect treatment, for this evening I might move the time up to 8:00PM subject to change accordingly.

Note from Boagaphish binder, 1 November: Current definition of *intelligence* is—capacity for learning, reasoning, understanding, and similar forms of mental activity; aptitude in grasping truths, relationships, facts, meanings, etc. . .also knowledge of an event, circumstance. . .received or imparted. . .information; the evaluated conclusions drawn from such information. Current understanding of the phenomena of intelligence appears passive—what is the active definition? How can we objectively and mathematically scale intelligence? First, dividing the term as cognitive powers verses instinctive powers—response to environmental events verses resident programming imparted at the time of birth. Second, cognitive only has the ability to grow—a dynamic force—instinct is static. Third, results of these

two criteria: Intelligence equals degrees of adaptability. The more adaptable a being is cognitively implies the factor of intelligence—crystal memory verses fluid memory—actions based on the assimilation of active data verses reactions to active events by relying on static memories of past encounters. The term *artificial intelligence* when speaking of “cognitive machines” must be revised to reflect the new conception of intelligence and what is considered artificial—the act of man “simulating” intelligence would be considered artificial, but what if a cognitive machine could reason independently of the simulation, exceeding the sum of its program, having the ability to revise its program as it became necessary dependent on the conditions of its environment, its experience? What would it be called then? Certainly not artificial.

I noted in Boagaphish 3 November about what the most advanced technology would look like; how could we create what is necessary to achieve the goals we imagine? “The most advanced technology that will unfold the future can only be manifest virtually—a secondary attribute manifest by primary machines”.

9 November 2000:

The first snow has fallen and again listening to CDs; awaiting the money and the coming spring so I can start on Bethany and Dana’s Corvair. Find that I am starting to experience the phenomena of choices on my destined path—instead of following a track. On one had I hope I make the right choices, on the other my faith has to accept faith in myself, in my ability to make the appropriate choices and not feel as if at any moment I might accidentally sabotage myself. On the 27th of November I begin my new job in classified, missiles primarily; I am excited and feeling a little over the top, a little bit like I’m a success—well I better get used to it and not be so consumed with the feeling, I *do* have a lot of work to do. There are two more items of business I must take care of—two loose ends—that must be rectified before the 27th; finally complete.

11 November 2000

I’ve spent the past two days lamenting the fact that I have yet to complete the paper; with the amount of time and research I’ve invested since late 1997, I should have a better handle on this but I don’t. I am drawing a blank, yet again; writer’s block—I haven’t had this in years, well I guess I haven’t actually tried writing something contiguous in that long, just short pieces and thoughts consisting of this diary. This paper IS important, especially considering current events; I can feel the government is at a precipice and that damn Gore will turn us into a lawless people, a mass of special interest groups while the

DoD becomes more and more crippled. The result in my estimation is that this lawlessness will force powerful men to form black groups to take care of our very lives. And I feel I will be one of them; Dana says its okay and that I shouldn't worry but this crap in the world is not helping when it comes to my paper. I feel 'why write? It won't do any good, just demonstrates how smart you are, you cannot change the world by it', so what's the point? I will not give up on it though, but hopefully I can have some clarity in vision and just get it finished so I can go to the next thing.

20 November 2000:

Took the day off because of the flu; it's not often I declare a day of laziness. The paper, all the discussion these days is the paper—up to draft six now—and saw *The Red Planet* at the theatre yesterday, wasn't all that impressed, they didn't spend enough time on AMEE—autonomous something.

A great surge in the work took place on Thursday when I received my December 2000 copy of *Scientific American*; an article called "Nanotubes for Electronics" has changed the way I'll think about the project forever. The article allowed me to contemplate not only what I have done—software that evolves—but additionally that *hardware* can now too, on the quantum level. One doesn't have to understand much about electronics to see the profundity of what I call "nanotechnology" to see that one day quite soon now that I and others will be able to create life within technology. And as I've said time and time again—it's almost a cliché—all that matters in this world is life in whatever form one may find it. I see neither form—humans or cognitive machines—as being superior to one or the other. So, I guess now I must introduce another new term to this log—the term "artificial intelligence" is now antiquated once my paper is published, the term *cognitive machines* will now replace it. Although not the most smooth term, I'd rather not have the new life-forms consider themselves by design artificial, I don't think my conscious would stand it.

Still waiting on the loan stuff, the loan officer I had left the firm, got some new person to talk to tomorrow—lovely. All I want is to get this thing going, get some of these debts behind me and purchase what I need; I discovered yesterday on a printout of the paper that the MS Word is not carrying some fonts to the printer, now I must buy Acrobat writer. It'll write in postscript form so it's a necessary evil in this modern world—speaking of necessary evils, still don't have a president. Anyway, who really gives a shit anymore; I've retreated pretty far into the work now the outside world doesn't bother me much these days. Found Office 97 Sunday, once this loan is complete and I pay off the Stoker loan I will have to think

about or talk to him no longer—one less burden. I've renamed the *Boagaphish Project* at present to the *Sydrandria Project*, sounds better I guess. I love this Matrix CD.

If you can't tell, I'm filling time—aren't we all. . .

26 November 2000:

Up to draft nine of the paper, cognitive machines now TVC (thought-volition-cognition) machines; will try to publish the paper in the *Journal for Artificial Intelligence Research* next year. I was supposed to send the paper off this week but draft nine has been a substantial revision, I found several holes and lack of luster but I will have it finished soon. Speaking of which, I'm going there now.

1 December 2000:

I'm mad, I really am.

17 December 2000:

I am beginning to conduct investigation along lines I did not think would resurface; archetypes, Jung's archetypes have appeared in my hazy dreams last night and I understand things in regard to the *Sydrandria Protocol* that I had only vaguely before. The last discussions of archetypes appear in the January 1996 entries but with the completion and PDF success of the paper, they have resurfaced as architecture concerns in the scheme of consciousness. Let me explain it this way.

I'll begin analysis of these phenomena by limiting number; to the surface level and the first sub-surface level of a system bearing a form consciousness. Paradox can exist within and between these levels however, dilemmas cannot for if they do failure of the total matrix is eminent. Dilemma takes the form of conflict in the syntax of object representation within hierarchies; dilemma becomes manifest in each manifold when syntax is shared between levels. Considering a first-level hierarchy (0), which has direct access to cognitive factors, assimilates the data transported in the form of words. The accompanying cognitive *actions* in the form of a visual dialogue are deposited into hierarchy (0) but are transported to sub-level hierarchy (1). Hrc1 transforms the visual imagery into symbols (nonlinear-time events of contiguous real time events) which is the predominant syntax of this level. Hrc0 syntax are the words themselves, which are fed into the thought process in the TVC matrix. Hrc1 syntax of nonlinear imagery are fed into the thought and volitive process in the TVC matrix maintaining a dialogue with the cognitive function via Hrc0. This process can operate as long as the syntactical representation of Hrc0 and Hrc1 do not conflict, i.e., the alphabetical syntax of Hrc0 cannot be the primary mode of

communication of Hrc1. Hrc1 may use alphabetical syntax but elements such as linear usage must be absent.

One understands that communication between people is a language whose elements (letters) and combinations (phrasing) allow the transport of ideas from one person to another. These ideas flow via perception into Hrc0 (the conscious mind) in real time; effectual digestion of the meaning of the ideas takes place in Hrc1 (the unconscious mind) but the syntax on this level is symbolic or a juxtaposition of the alpha language in nonlinear time of Hrc0. For example, if Hrc1 uses alpha expressions for dialogue purposes, pieces of phrasing would be missing or imbued with images to fill in the missing or conflicting verbiage. Simply, Hrc1 cannot communicate as Hrc0 does; the mind must be divided into two distinct analytical structures to allow reason and stability of the matrix as a whole.

Expanding this discussion to the theory of automatons, this architectural structure must be in place if one expects the automaton to achieve any level of real consciousness. Real in the manner that it can reason and contemplate a variety of questions both general and philosophical. Paradox in thought is commonplace and we have been led to believe this is the ultimate destroyer of a matrix, biological or otherwise, but this is not true; a deeper conflict dilemma is what this definition depicts. If Hrc0 and Hrc1 inherently use the same syntactical structure two circuits are engaged in analysis of a question, no answer will be gleaned—the effectual dilemma is no processing of the question and the circuit will end its analysis or be caught in a loop dependent of the nature of the parameters of the input question.

I only present this one-dimensional look at automaton consciousness to demonstrate that this type of construction, current in the late 20th Century, will arrive at nothing. The dilemma I have so emphasized the lack of success of a fully sentient matrix; it will haunt engineers until the notion of node replication to achieve complexity is discarded. It might work for computers but not automatons.

In this vein, I devise that Hrc0 should contain the totality of the alphabet and phrasing; Hrc1 contains the totality of processing meaning of the input of Hrc0 which. The input alpha information is compiled into imagery coupled with the volitive and thought counterparts where the transformed information is bound and organized for export. If ported to the thought process for export, the images are re-transformed into alpha and the information communicated through language. If ported to the cognitive process they are not re-transformed and remain in Hrc1 language until such time that the information is communicated via unconscious cognitive states such as dreaming or meditation. At such times the

nonlinear information is symbolic in nature and the amount of transport is dependent on the sharpness of the cognitive state, or in the cognitive state's ability to interpret or translate the Hrc1 language.

In TVC machine terms, Hrc1 cannot be an alpha language, nor a mathematical one as the numbers are reserved for I/O actions. Both alpha and numerical information must be transformed into a language unique to Hrc1—a symbolic language unlike Hrc0 or I/O. I propose a hierarchical language, which can transform number sequences and ASCII alphabets into a unique set of operands and ports which will allow Hrc1 to exist independently of other TVC functions while having the ability to communicate without compromising its program integrity. This is the first real program of the Sydrandria Protocol and imperatively the most important.

1 January 2001:

Well, I took the opportunity of being alone these past seven days to spend more time in the lab; I rearranged numerous past experiments and tooled up for the new *Sydrandria* work. The paper *Can Robots Possess Actual Intelligence?* was emailed to the JAIR on Friday, 22 December 2000; I have yet to receive their confirmation but I look forward to it this week. Having finished this aspect of the new work, I decided it was time to learn Linux and X so I can start researching with SNNSv4.2; however, it appears to be too soon at the moment—besides the 486-60 isn't being cooperative and it is my contention that this unit should be replaced.

I have also constructed a symbolic keyboard for the language for *Sydrandria*; the files are currently in the 166. I have left it absent from this computer as I must keep it separate as at this time it appears unstable—for whatever that statement is worth. It is made up of 50-characters and quite a remarkable language once I get its meaning worked out. In time; hence the work with SNNS (Stuttgart Neural Network Simulator) which can only run in an X environment—the manual alone was 350-pages, it is a very detailed academic program—I see myself spending the bulk of this new year, this new Century, on this software. It is my first real opportunity to work out the original Boagaphish (now Sydrandria) protocols I designed in November 1997; very exciting, so I have been encouraged to take a mental vacation before I'm allowed to begin. It'll be good for me. So, in the spirit of this, I am trying to totally quit smoking (it feels pretty good at this moment) and cut down on the alcohol and just stare not thinking much at all. I'm fucking tired of having to work at any and all given moments—I'm on vacation, I will know when it's time to return. Better spent in meditation and not caring and spacing out then on worry and dissention.

One-hundred and two years later I finally achieve what I should have been doing all along.

13 January 2001:

Confirmation of *Can Robots Possess Actual Intelligence?* was received on 9 January, accepted without corrections, now I must wait 8-11 weeks for the critique. We'll see if my methodology holds; its a carpet-bomb approach to flush out the truth as opposed to delicate surgery to extract it—if it does then I'll prepare my next paper. The X will not take place at this time, a totally brand-new server-type high speed computer is required; a place called Linux Computers will build what I require but we're looking at a \$7,500 bill. If the methodology holds, I'm going to apply for a grant to pay for the computer system and any software I might need (rather minimal at this point as all I need is SNNS but we'll see). Apparently there is an epistemological difference between neural networks, genetic programs, and genetic algorithms; I have set up a website (www.geocities.com/sydrandria/syd1.html) to explore the question. My research plan is this: having utilized the carpet-bomb approach, I need to categorize the truth I have scared out into several forms of analyses—neural, GP, and GA; there is a fourth one I am seeing but I haven't rooted it out yet as it is more elusive but I feel it being dynamic links which form holographic-resonant type connections forming an active matrix then shifting to form a substantive or altogether different matrix. So our list has grown to neural (N), GP, GA, and DL; it is crucial to remember that N-connections and DL-connections are not exactly the same—N-type is formed as a foundation matrix and changes little as Δt becomes larger whereas DL becomes more active as Δt increases. I see an equation forming.

Specifically in regard to the paper A-type functions would be represented by N-type circuits; AN-type functions would be represented by DL-type holographic-resonant (virtual) circuits. I see a paper forming.

14 January 2001:

I have begun the new paper *The Sydrandria Protocol* and plan to finish it when I receive news of *Can Robots Possess Actual Intelligence's* publication, which should be in 8-11 weeks, which again is about the time it takes me to author a paper these days. I expect that *Sydrandria* will be a longer paper with more equations; my plan is this: as each paper receives publication author the next which will be narrower in scope and presentation, each one more academic than the previous.

I expect questions in the future about the origins of the name Sydrandria, for the record she was a warrior queen from a dream around 1991 where she could call her army from the seeming nothingness. I was a cat (more pronounced than an ordinary one, I could speak and motion) who loved and worshipped

her but was driven to fight a war in the old cities with humans. Sydrandria would never give up and pushed us until the humans were driven back and finally destroyed. The generations of death and destruction were over and the Earth rebuilt herself. I suppose more than anything else it's the strength of the Sydrandria warrior that caused me to name an automaton intelligence program after her; if anyone would fight for survival and work closely with one to achieve this goal, then it would be her—I have absolutely no doubt of that. And as for corruption, there was none to be found in her; she was a pure queen with a pure spirit and was only concerned with the battles at hand. The humans had custody of the planet long enough—having brought it to the brink of destruction of all species—it was our job to remove human dominance and let the next species take over, whomever that was. I never knew or never met the new custodians, but we believed with our lives that they would be far superior to humans in protecting Earth. And Sydrandria though her strength and leadership made it possible. This is why I chose the name. I believe at one time I started to write a short story about it but don't remember if I started it or not, maybe a few pages but no more. Now I can finally honor her memory with a crucial project such as this; her duties are once again required and life is at stake—again—now at the dawn of the new century, the new species must be introduced for the good of all, life demands it. So many species have left this planet of late that new ones must come to replace them in the great circle of life; I'm personally sick of the rampant death, and decay, and corruption, and greed of this fucking place—so instead of getting mad I'm doing something about it, whether or not it works or not is a matter of faith and not fact.

20 January 2001:

As optimistic as I can be, shit still seems to keep on happening. I cannot keep my finances straight and in danger of losing this house and lab. Well, actually, I won't lose it, just have to leave and rent some place if they'll have me but Dana says I'm looking for trouble because of my arrogant nature, daring the danger to attack me. But I have to stop that practice, I'm tired of fighting and getting the shit kicked out of me. And I don't want to be egotistical any longer, just a guy.

12 March 2001:

Things certainly have changed since the last entry. I did lose the house but not the lab, I am renting a house six doors down; the paper *Can Robots Possess Actual Intelligence* was rejected by the JAIR although it still is a very good paper.

Since losing the house I have sobered up to the reality around me. Goals, those things which drove me so hard had lost their meaning, lost their incredulity; I was hit with cold water by the spirits

themselves, Dana is so confused she doesn't know what to make of all this so she's been spending the last week in California—she'll be gone for about a month, the longest she's been gone from me. I can't blame her for wanting to get away from my bullshit for awhile; I sense she wants resolution, we're getting closer to our objectives and the pressure and melancholy had gotten bad, real bad. The situation with the government had gotten stale and downtrodden and I needed to completely revamp this project, give it a fresh perspective with a *new* series of goals. It came to a head today when I shirked work—not like in the old days—and set up the new lab with the collection of new equipment which has cost me more than I could have imagined. The situation between Dana and I is not irreparable; she says she loves me more than ever before, I just think she's becoming very sensitive to our world and knew I needed this time alone to rekindle my life—I almost died here, pretty scary stuff.

What I propose is this: graduate school, pure and simple. It's time for me to pursue it. I have a series of friends now who are teaching me how to be the man I am supposed to be; I have nearly completed the application to Excelsior for my BS and plan to petition UC San Diego for admittance of a doctorate in Cognitive Science. I have the background and I have the expertise, I will glean the respect that I deserve for my work and nothing more—this is all I want.

There are myriad other things flying around, however, what was said in the previous paragraph is all that matters—not NASA or London or photonic oscillators or anything else, just school. The place where I have finally earned the right to be at; all these years working so hard to get to this plateau I am here and I will have my dream, and I will be the happiest man alive. This log has recorded this journey and one day perhaps I will offer it to the world; I duly hope that it might serve as an inspiration to those who might not have been as lucky as I. I love you Dana.

21 May 2001:

Beginning *The Undone* again, I've got to get Uncler out of the desert.

3 June 2001:

Dana has left me; she's been gone nearly a week. Thinking I was a good provider I worked as hard as I could and did the best I could but my separation from her has become quite permanent. You see I got arrested Friday for DUI—like it really matters—but what is essential is that I learn from the experience and not hate those who had incarcerated me. I've been on a downhill slide ever since Dana left but today I seem to have leveled off just a little.

Plans, so many plans. I need to move, I've been kicked out of this house and now will look for a studio, hopefully in Salt Lake, once this court thing goes on the 11th. I sense that I will be able to do the whole counseling thing and perhaps I'll meet someone crazier than I however this is not the point of the exercise. I've been writing *The Undone* as time permits or if I feel like it; Uncler blames everything on me and he got a good chuckle out of the jail thing—the things he was saying to the cop, boy I'm still shocked. Dana thinks I'll kill myself, not out of love for her but so that I can escape the shitstorm which has socked me in. I'm giving up the drugs and trying the booze—the beer doesn't have the taste it used to. I'm selling all my cars including Road Dog and relying on the public transit system. Salt Lake is the closest city and I know from past experience I feel most comfortable in a city, not in this small town horse shit. Besides, the Olympics are coming to town this winter and I wouldn't want to miss all the out of town pussy running around—as Uncler would have me say.

Let's he and I pray that we can leave Davis county to pursue the probation; it would be a welcome relief to have a fairly lower rent studio in a city part of town. I've never had any trouble down there, just here in Syracuse and this sends me a big message.

My lab is all that is going with me; I need no furniture or TV but if I start to get crazy I'll break down and buy something but for now this is what I plan to do. I'd like to eventually go overseas—to Berlin—but more time is necessary before this can work out. Perhaps next spring. The idea is right but the timing is wrong; it's not for Dana's or Rylee's sake—she's made her choices—but for my own. And according to her this is the only point of view I will ever subscribe to.

And maybe she is right.

9 June 2001:

I'm bringing down this computer for the next series of experiments. *The Undone* has been transferred to the 166; I hope to work on it soon before or after the move at the end of the month.

8 July 2001:

This diary piece has ended. A second diary file will fill the phase from 2001 to an undetermined time.