



THINK OF SOMETHING: ONCE A DAY (at least)

I guess everybody needs a daily ritual. Some people do Yoga, some are soldiers, while others file their nails. But me—I try to imagine what the entire universe looks like. I do it every day—a fetish y'mite say. I have some friends who are willing to rap it out once or twice a week; but it's always perverse, because they don't really care about FIGURING IT ALL OUT the way I care about it (Do you have a friend with a kink?).

Anyway, everyday, I sit around and watch my brain fall apart and then I call up my friends and shout NEW DATA! at them (into their ears: they are very patient); and then scream quadratic equations into the night until *Sunrise Semester* comes on (and continue arguing it out with the T.V.!).

This has gone on for years and I am now forced to hang out with spare-changers; driven by despair and sheer perverse kinkiness to approach TOTAL STRANGERS with my propositions and lewd requests: "Wanna be my friend? Wanna rap about things in general?" (I'm the kinda guy who you don't want to say "whut's hapnin'?" to unless you got all day.)

But that's all changing and I'm here (and now!) to talk to YOU about the ENTIRE UNIVERSE!

It's a freaky business; taking EVOLUTION into your own psychotic hands (opposable thumbs and all)—so it might be a good idea to check out the basic techniques of evolving in the light of the latest flashes from our interstellar cast of trained (and calculating) observers, including: Scientists, mystics, grocers, technocrats and domestic polyps of suspect nature and spurious origin.

First off, in order to evolve, something has to originate. Oddly enough, the chances of a few hydrogen atoms existing within the vast parameters of our universe are fairly good. Based upon the most recent research in sub-atomic physics and our present understanding of probability and field theory, space is pregnant with potentiality.

What this all means is that: Let's say you push all the matter out of a corner of the universe (a few million cubic light years will do); then: As soon as you push out the last little piece—the odds are that a hydrogen atom will pop up (straight from nowhere) right in the middle. If you clear out an equal volume of space somewhere else, the same thing will probably happen; (etc.

to infinity . . .)

There is an analogy to this process in weather phenomena. That is: Given a large enough section of perfectly calm and still air; certain instabilities will arise within it and sections of the air will begin to rotate around common centers (vortices of turbulence) and spin off everything from a stiff breeze to a tornado. The same kind of thing seems to be happening with existence in general—the sudden and spontaneous appearance of a unit of cosmic potential . . .

An important point here is that all events of this sort are *in rotation* at the instant of their origin and that such elementary processes exhibit a *left-handed* rotation. The reason being that the fourth (TIME) dimension is *generated* by left-hand rotating systems. (No Jive!)

So: We now have a few leftist hydrogen atoms occupying several billion cubic light years of space and all the time in the world. This situation is very similar to the weather analogy because a sparsely populated universe of hydrogen is, in fact, a rarefied gas; and the cycle of randomness, instability, turbulence and rotations causes a kind of cosmic tornado from which galaxies of stars and planetary systems are born.

What we think of as the empty space between these systems is filled with fields of force exerting tremendous energies in all directions: LIGHT! HEAT! LOVE! GRAVITY! ELECTRICITY! THOUGHT! AND MORE!

Atoms are bound together by fantastically powerful nuclear energies engaging their electron shells by means of intricate electrogravitational effects . . . binding together with other atomic structures to form molecular fields of organization . . . (at) this level gravitational forces predominate; grouping progressively more massive lumps of matter into larger and denser aggregates) . . . a multitude of stars ablaze with the searing incandescence of elemental transformations; emitting huge quantities of cosmic radiation each second . . . gathered together into galactic superstructures emanating waves of organization which extend tens of thousands of light years from the galactic center!

All physical objects, particles and things are surrounded by complex fields of dynamic energy and these fields shape the very space they occupy; giving the universe its necessary curvature. (If you look through a powerful enough telescope, you'd see the back of your head) . . . and if the universe didn't bend back on itself, we wouldn't be HERE at all: (In order for something to exist, its end must meet its beginning).

There are huge energies in our solar system just because it is composed of rapidly spinning large rocks with fluid cores and heavy deposits of iron. The

Earth-Moon system is, among other things, an electrodynamic generator, constantly churning out billions of volts . . . and whose gravitational interaction alone actually stretches and squeezes the oceans. (Our bodies are composed mostly of water and from here astrology is as sensible as the tides.)

But there's more: Because your head is different than a rock of equal size. As matter is arranged into more complex structures, certain other, more intricate fields are seen to arise. Consciousness is one of them.

A single living cell is surrounded by a biophysical field which completely integrates its metabolic processes; equilibrates at the organism/environment interface and generates complex electrodynamic potentials and subtle bioradiations. A human brain is composed of a multi-dimensional array of ten-billion living cells in vibrational interrelation. This situation gives rise to thought in the same way that spinning rocks gives rise to electromagnetism . . . and thought is only one form of bioradiation.

Imagine your head as a STAR, surrounded by an infinitely radiating globe of white light of brilliant intensity . . . billions of brain cells flashing simultaneously, generating thought the way a pile of compost generates heat.

Imagine being an electrochemical radio set which transmits, receives and analyzes biophysical radiation and your field of consciousness as the tuning dial. Imagine that every point on the dial is completely merged with the fields generated by all other forms of life. Imagine telepathy being as reasonable as magnetism. Imagine good vibes . . . and all futures flow from here.



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afflicting a man as musclebound as Clark Kent, his Mexican jailers set him loose on the Norte Americanos. Whereupon he turns into Queen Victoria and destroys Disneyland.

O. K., so Queen Victoria was the archetype paranoid-schizophrenic of the British Empire at its height, and Clark Kent represents the same archetype caused by the same kind of social pressures for the American Empire (after all, they were both from the House of Kent), but, hell, Hercules Molloy, unless you're a reviewer or in jail, it's not worth eating enough speed or getting bored enough to make it through the last 190 pages; your message is complete without it. Didn't you *know* Queen Victoria wrote *Alice in Wonderland*?

j.d.m.