



*In all persons, all creatures,  
The self is the innermost essence.  
And it is identical with Brahman:  
Our real self is not different  
From the ultimate reality called God.*

— THE UPANISHADS

## Parting the Curtains of Reality



Zeus had Larry sit on the same flat rock he had occupied the day before and positioned himself once again on the opposite side of the medicine wheel. Looking across at Larry, he explained, “It is always proper to honor your hosts—you know, when in Rome, and all that. As you have probably surmised, this is no ordinary place. It was used for powerful ceremony over many centuries, and it has a life of its own. By ‘life’ I mean a palpable form of Consciousness as real, in its way, as you or I. This is a true power spot—a vortex of energy spirals up from where the center cairn sits.

“The presence of this exquisite wheel indicates that we are welcome. However, we must bless this site by paying tribute to Gathering Cloud, his ancestors, and all the great keepers of wisdom for whom he speaks. We’ll need their help on our journey—these beings and many others. Though ascension is a prize attainable only by those who break free of the herd, it needs support from those who have gone before—just as those who follow will require your assistance.”

Zeus looked skyward, half speaking, half chanting: “Honor the sacred. Honor the Earth—our Mother. Honor the Elders. Honor all with whom we share the Earth: four-leggeds, two-leggeds, winged ones, swimmers, crawlers, plant and rock people. Walk in balance and beauty.” As this ancient American

Indian prayer ended, a gray haze slowly enveloped the four-legged and two-legged sharing the sacred space. It was granted: Their two minds were as one.

“Larry,” Zeus’s voice suddenly took on a distant tone as if another intelligence was speaking through him, “soon it will be time to remember. You will gain much insight and will frequently shift the point from which you view. Who can say where this adventure will take you or what you will see along the way? Welcome to the portal that opens to the trail that points the way to the nameless path leading to the Unknowable Mystery.”

Then, without missing a beat, Zeus shifted gears, as if mocking his own solemnity. “But before we begin we’ll need to clear the legal stuff I mentioned a few minutes ago. You know, the usual disclaimers. All perfectly routine, I assure you.”

Larry was clearly baffled. “Stop looking so bewildered,” Zeus said. “Even though this is the fine-print stuff, it’s pretty fascinating, and it’ll make your remaining time in the illusion much, much easier. Here is page one, lesson one in *Understanding Consciousness for Dummies*: What do you get when you push a full-grown elephant through a strainer with twenty-six holes?”

“What?”

“Ah, the What-What bird imitation again. How inspiring. Do you need me to repeat the question?”

“We’re exploring Consciousness, and you’re doing elephant jokes.”

“I assure you, Larry, this is no joke. What do you get?”

“It can’t be done. The elephant wouldn’t fit. And besides, he’d break the strainer,” Larry replied.

“*Oi vai iz mir*. I’m dealing here with an elephant *maiven!* Get out of the box, man. Let’s suppose the strainer with twenty-six holes is larger than the elephant and is an integral part of some immovable object. Let’s also suppose the elephant is being

pushed by an irresistible force. Use your full imagination here. Turn on the sound, your sense of smell, as well as touch and sight. You can leave out the taste part, if you like. What do you get now?”

“Twenty-six strands of gooey, smelly, slimy elephant spaghetti. Yuck! And what’s with this Yiddish bit? You’re not Jewish!”

“I like Yiddish. It’s rich with gutsy emotion. *Es gefelt mir*. It tickles me. And where is it written you’ve got to be Jewish to speak Yiddish—or Catholic to speak Latin? I’ll tell you where: nowhere. That’s where. So don’t be such a *foigel*, Mr. Wise-Guy, and stay with the pachydermic conundrum. However, I find your answer to be . . . how shall I put it? . . . sensuously descriptive. Pithy, I might add. To the point. Actually, I quite like it.

“How similar, then, is your elephant spaghetti to the original animal?”

Larry laughed, captivated by Zeus’s irreverence. “Not close at all. In fact, if I didn’t know it started out as an elephant, I doubt I would recognize the goo coming through the strainer.”

“Aha! *Argumentum ab auctoritate*—spoken with the authority of one who has witnessed the event firsthand. It is exactly as you say. The elephant has been totally transformed into the barest resemblance of its former self.

“And so it is with words. The illusion we are now experiencing compels us to use cumbersome vocal constructs to communicate complex concepts by squeezing them through the twenty-six letters of your alphabet in predetermined sound patterns. What comes out is as close to the original as your elephant spaghetti is to the original animal.

“In other words, if it can be put into words—either spoken or written—do not consider it truth. The discussion we are about to have can, at best, be no more than a gross approximation of

what either of us truly wants to transmit. That, *mon cher Laurence*, is caveat number one.

“Caveat number two is even more important. Over the next couple of days you will tap into a vast sea of Consciousness of which I am but a small part. Those of us who participate in this circle are no more, and certainly no less, than you. We simply join you as fellow travelers in service to the One Infinite Creator. What we share is given in love from love. The information each of us imparts, like the words we use, should never be given the weight of truth. It is transient and simply expresses our observations along the way.”

“Whoa, there,” Larry interjected. “More voices are going to join us?”

“Yes and no,” Zeus replied cryptically. “These ‘voices,’ as you call them, are always present, so they don’t really join us. Actually, it’s you who tunes your Consciousness to join them. As the saying goes, ‘When the student is ready, the teacher appears.’”

“Your adventure has already begun. Several teachers have already visited you—Wind Spirit, the great eagle who blessed your journey; Gathering Cloud, who opened the door to the realm of the sacred wisdom; and of course, moi. But we are only a few of the players about to grace your stage. Each brings beautiful gifts. However, do not be dazzled by their brilliance or their powers of persuasion. I suggest you take everything said in this sacred place with a grain of salt and, without judging it, place it on a shelf somewhere in the back of your mind. If the concept is meant for you, it will eventually percolate into your Consciousness in a new form. If you then find it useful, it’s yours. If not, you’re free to reject it.

“We are about to explore the nature of Consciousness—an infinitely dimensioned, featureless, frictionless ice pond represented visually by a three-dimensional, twisted torus vanishing

into the fourth dimension and beyond. It is like an inwardly twisting onion, with every part of its surface abutting every other part so that no matter how deep into the onion you travel, you are always on the outside looking in.”

Larry looked completely baffled.

“Sorry,” Zeus said. “That’s the best I can do with words. Once you get there, you’ll see how tricky it is, trying to explain elusive concepts with static terms. For now, don’t worry about it. All I am trying to say is no matter how deep you go, no matter how many experiences you’ve had, how many epiphanies and life-altering realizations, you’re still on the surface. Don’t think you’ve accomplished anything of note. Just keep going deeper.”

With that, Zeus began to utter a low, resonating tone that reverberated around the rock walls of their enclosure, completely filling the space. After a few minutes, the sound started to build upon itself. Complex patterns of tones and overtones emerged. Other voices seemed to join Zeus’s, building to a pounding crescendo that made the rocks vibrate. Larry sat in frozen fascination, his own body resonating with the sound. He was being played like a violin in the hands of a virtuoso. He was being ripped apart. Part of him, enveloped in fear and led by his rational mind, fought for survival, desperately hanging on, while another, deeper part struggled to break free.

Suddenly, like a rubber band pulled beyond its ability to stretch, he snapped. He was floating some three feet above his body. “Ah, there you are,” said Zeus. “Welcome to time/space.”

“Wow! That was something else. Is it always such a struggle? What was that sound thing? What’s time/space? Where am I, and why can I see my body down there?”

“Easy, big feller, one at a time. Far too important stuff to lump together. Briefly, the answers are no, Om, the flip side of space/time, and you’re bilocating.”

“What?”

“*What? What? . . . What? What? . . . What? What?*” A high, shrill voice echoing Larry’s last spoken syllable abruptly invaded their space.

“Congratulations, man. I thought you could, but I didn’t think it would be this soon. Well, done!” Zeus said. “Ol’ What-What’s here. Hi, guy!”

“*What? What? . . . What? What?*”

“Best ignore him for now. He’s invisible and besides all he can say is ‘w-h-a-t,’” said Zeus, spelling out the word. “Not very stimulating conversation, if you ask me. I’m told he taught grammar at a proper English academy in a previous life. Now he likes to hang around making certain everything is perfectly clear to everyone.

“I’ve grown to respect this strange bird. He has the gift of seeing into the heart/mind of a person and can instantly spot incongruity—a blockage in energy flow indicating inner conflict. Now that he’s come, he’ll not only monitor our sessions but will become part of your inner knowing. After you leave this place to reenter the S/T continuum—don’t ask, I’ll get to that in a few moments—you’ll have the same ability. In your world it can be a heavy burden. You’ll soon realize that hardly anyone is congruent with anything they hear, read, or even say. Except, of course, when they talk to infants or pets or plants, or when they are deeply in love. . . . Strange place, the illusion.

“But never mind. On to your questions. No, it will never be this difficult to break through again. Once you have consciously entered this expanded level of Awareness, part of you anchors here. When it senses your desire to reconnect, like the streamer stroke of lightning, it configures the path for your return stroke and you’re back in a flash—pun very intended.”

Larry groaned, feigning a deep-seated pain.

“Ah, pearls before swine,” Zeus said. “Once you open to the possibilities of the flip side, you’ll understand why we consider the lowly pun the highest form of humor. But yet again I digress. As to your second query, that ‘sound thing,’ as you so delicately chose to call it, is the Om, an onomatopoeic Sanskrit word approximating the sound of Creation itself.

“Every part of Creation is a harmonic manifestation of the infinite potential of Love. Love flows from intent through concept into light, sound, and form. Each part of Creation appears discrete, yet it belongs to a continuous circle of Consciousness. And each part reflects the intrinsic aspects of all the others. Just as each human has a unique fingerprint, so every part of Creation has its own sound, a distinct pitch and timbre—sometimes audible to the outer, physical ear, sometimes just to the inner.”

Sensing Larry’s confusion, Zeus said, “Think of the last time you were in an elevator.”

Larry nodded.

“Okay,” Zeus continued. “Do you remember the sound as it moved up or down?”

“Like a motor whirring. A sort of drone?”

“Yes, that’s it. Next time you’re in an elevator listen very closely, then start toning, trying to match the sound. When you get it exactly right, you’ll set up a resonance, a lovely mini version of what we did here. You’ll start hearing overtones and harmonics, and then, if you allow it, something else will happen. Something wonderful and mystical. You will meet the being of the elevator!”

“What?” said Larry.

“*What? What? . . . What? What?*” said the invisible bird.

Zeus laughed. “Larry, we’re talking about the essence of God. In fact, every question you ever ask is about the essence of

God. You see, God is not what your sacred texts say it is. It is not a form, created in human image, flung out into the heavens to be worshiped and feared. Far from it.

“God is not even a noun. God is not even the primal cause of all. . . . It is far more than that. Even trying to name it, by calling it God or the Creator or Allah or Krishna or whatever, is no more than a curious bit of misdirection. If you insist on attempting to name the All That Is, a verb might serve better, for God is implicit in every facet of the infinitely unfolding diamond of Creation.

“God is the alpha and omega. The ultimate unresolvable paradox. The Great Mystery. Everything you see, hear, taste, touch, smell, see, think, conceive of is God. God is not *in* all things. God *is* all things. All is Consciousness. All is God.

“It is sometimes said that God is Love and therefore Love is all that is. While this is technically accurate, it only starts to make sense on the other side of the Veil. Trying to grasp its significance within the illusion is akin to attempting to trap a ray of light in your cupped hand and carry it home to illuminate your house.”

Larry was stone silent. The What-What bird was not.

“Let it go for now,” Zeus continued. “Let’s focus on your third question, regarding time/space. This is tricky stuff, so try not to listen with your mind. Let the resonance of what I say move through you and shift you into a new place of viewing.

“Your illusion of space/time is the mirror image of the flip side, my pet name for the other side of the Veil. The illusion you and your fellow humans are experiencing was created to be a stage where you can study the extraordinary gifts of duality. To you, it seems that space is the constant and time streams through, producing a linear continuum of past, present, and future. On the flip side, we experience it in reverse: time appears to stand

still while space is fluid. Time/space. Past, present, and future merge in a multidimensional soup of probabilities in which every possible moment or event directly abuts every other. It's like compressing the infinite into the instant while at the same moment exploding the instant into the infinite. It's what your scientists thought they were explaining with their theory of the Big Bang.

“And now for your last question: why you seem to be in two places at the same time. As I said earlier, you're bilocating. That means you simultaneously occupy two points of view. This multiple state of being is actually far more prevalent than you think. Only right now your conscious Awareness is present in both states, so you can view your physical body from a point well above it.”

Larry, eyes closed, wore a slight bemused smile. The What-What bird was surprisingly silent.

Zeus continued, “You're doing great. Stay in the ‘in-between’ where the mind doesn't rule and try not to make sense out of what I'm saying. The perception of reality from the flip side is as incomprehensible to you as your perception is to us. That's why we need you as part of this effort. We can't accomplish our objectives without you. But we can't begin without your agreement and consent.”

“What do you mean by that?” Larry asked, opening his eyes and attempting to focus on Zeus. However, a gray mist had materialized between them, like a London fog, all but obscuring the dog from view.

“I'll answer briefly, for now,” Zeus said. “Patchuliti's just arrived, so I need to keep it short. By ‘we’ I refer to a collective that looks like a host of characters but is really a cohesive flow of intelligence—like many facets on a single diamond. As to the need for your agreement, keep in mind that the Prime Mandate

of Creation—senior even to Love itself—is Free Will. Free Will is Creation’s ultimate gift. It allows the infinite expression that you see as the Universe. Love serves no purpose whatsoever without the Free Will to express it and cocreate with it.

“Over the past fifty years there has been a gradual energetic buildup in the heavens, if you will, causing a corresponding tension in Earth energies—much as negative charge builds at the base of thunderheads, except the charge in this case is an increase in pure Awareness. The cosmic bride is being prepared to receive her lover. This process has accelerated significantly over the past eighteen months, until now it’s at the point of explosion. Within your illusion, it’s perceived as a quickening of time. But what’s actually taking place is quite different. Time is not moving faster; it only appears that way because your past is receding at an accelerating rate.

“As you approach the point of transition between space/time and time/space, you increasingly release your old patterning, letting yourself be more present in the now. In theory, this should be a wondrous experience. In practice, it’s turning out to be quite difficult. What’s taking place all around the world at this time is due to the fear of letting go. People are agitated, committing apparently irrational acts. There is a marked rebirth of fundamentalism and extremism in all areas of your societies, not just in your myriad religious sects.

“The leader stroke has already been sent. Unlike lightning, which is confined to the physics of space/time, this leader stroke exists outside time’s constricts. It’s simply present—a portal of pure, potential Awareness, inviting each being on the planet to respond. It patiently awaits your streamer stroke. And that requires your Free Will, for it’s the ultimate act of surrender. It cannot happen unless your yearning is strong enough to achieve terminal velocity, breaking you free of the gravitational field

made up of the egoic self's beliefs. There is no consensus here. No earthbound support group. This step into the Void can only be taken by an individual willing to separate from the herd.

“You, and many like you, are being offered the opportunity to take that step. Each one individually. However, the collective impact of your actions is exponential. You are one of those who will show the way, making the path easier for those who elect to follow. But it won't occur unless you choose it.”