

# The Senses

Just all Kinds of Crazy

◀ The ego-less state of euphoria



## Synesthesia

### The most Glorious of Disorders

Oh Synesthesia, how I worship you! A prime example of the good side of cranial mishaps is the disorder Synesthesia. Actually, Syn is as much an unwanted thing as superpowers, and so is never really considered a disorder at all. It is estimated that it effects 1/25,000 to 1/100,000, making it relatively rare and has been virtually unheard of since a quick spurt of interest between 1860 and 1930, only to re-emerge lately thanks to a neurologist named Dr. Richard Cytowic. It was actually Beanie that found out that I had it when surfing the net and found an article about people that saw coloured letters and numbers. Well, that was me for sure, so we did some research and here is exactly what Synesthesia is according to the Venerable Cytowic: "The word synesthesia, meaning "joined sensation", shares a root with anesthesia, meaning "no sensation." It denotes the rare capacity to hear colors, taste shapes, or experience other equally startling sensory blendings whose quality seems difficult for most of us to imagine. A synesthete might describe the color, shape, and

flavor of someone's voice, or music whose sound looks like "shards of glass," a scintillation of jagged, colored triangles moving in the visual field. Or, seeing the color red, a synesthete might detect the "scent" of red as well. The experience is frequently projected outside the individual, rather than being an image in the mind's eye. I currently estimate that 1/25,000 individuals is born to a world where one sensation involuntarily conjures up others, sometimes all five clashing together (Cytowic, 1989, 1993). I suspect this figure is far too low."

But what does it mean? It means that there are essentially no barriers between my senses, allowing them to blend at will. I can hear colour, feel a sound, taste the weather and a lot of other fun things. According to Dr. Cytowic, I fit the profile; "Within their overall high intelligence, synesthetes have uneven cognitive skills. While a minority are frankly dyscalculic, the majority may have subtle mathematical deficiencies (such as lexical-to-digit transcoding).

Right-left confusion (allochiria) (both of which I have), and a poor sense of direction for vector rather than network maps are common. A first-degree family history of dyslexia, autism, and attention deficit is present in about 15%. Very rarely, the sensual experience is so intense as to interfere with rational thinking (e.g., writing a speech, memorizing formulae). I have encountered no one whose synesthesia was so markedly disruptive to rational thought as it was in Luria's famous male subject, S."

So in a sense, somehow the chemicals that make things 'wrong' in my head make the 'right' things in my head. What an odd trade off.

Why is Syn so great? Why do people take Ecstasy or smoke pot? Now wouldn't it be great if you had that all the time? Depending on what music is playing, how loud, what I'm wearing or what I'm eating, I can get just as high. What's more, depending on the intensity of said stimulus, I can zonk out completely. This explains why I listen to Trance all the

◀ Every Syn has a colour chart, and here is mine. Some Syns have textures or even personalities for their numbers and letters. Mine are just colours, though 5 is a little on the bossy side. I hope these colours print right, as they are very specific. It looks too light to me. hmmm...



# Synesthesia

time. Your typical trance song has about 50 different sounds at any given time, each one of these giving you a different sensation.

## Basic Syn

**A**s you can see, I see colours on my letters. They are always the same colours on the same letters. If you were to surprise me on a corner 50 years from now and demand the colour of **F**, I could tell you it was carrot orange in an instant, because F is a vertical line and two short horizontal lines that happen to be carrot orange. These are the undeniable facts of F's existence as far as my brain is concerned.

Sometimes if I don't like the way the word looks, I'll use a different spelling. I use the word 'colour' instead of 'color' because the reddish **U** spices it up a little. As for what I mean when I say I 'see' the colours, its hard to say. I don't see them with my eyes, more like my mind. It's as if you were looking at a person with no eyebrows and your mind automatically filled in the eyebrows so that you don't notice at first. Because the eyebrows are supposed to be there, you see? And **9** is supposed to be navy blue. But tell that to another Syn and he'll declare that **9** is obviously reddish orange, and that snow is obviously cold. Which makes for a funny conversation.

**W**ord colour is generally dictated by the first letter of the word, so 'Letter' will be kind of yellow greenish, even though the other letters aren't green at all. In fact, sometimes two words will have a similar collection of colours and so I will get them confused, even if one word doesn't look or sound like the other. The only words that escape the rule are the names of colours. Red is always Red, Blue is always blue, Green always green and so forth.

**C**oloured letter is a great way to tell you have Syn, but there are far better ways to enjoy it. If you are lucky enough to have coloured sound or hearing, you should really listen to some Progressive Trance or Classical music. Its like having a kaleidoscope in your

head. Some Syns have set colours for their notes, but I don't think I do. I do know that my colours are effected by the type of instrument and the intensity of it. Actually no, there's a lot more factors. Coloured Hearing is a lot harder to nail down, especially as I have sound feeling and tasting as well, and if the music is really good, I go somewhere else entirely.

**T**o the right is what I see during one specific song. Just as the name of a colour overrides the regular colour code, the number track that a song is, (if it is known) affects the colour of the music. The fourth song on any CD will always have a purple tint, no matter what it sounds like. If the song is moved to a different track number, depending on how long it was at the previous number, it will change colour to that of the new assignment. Weird, neh? More on that later.

**M C H E L A N G E L O**  
**L E O N A R D O D A V I N C I**  
Michelangelo  
Leonardo Da Vinci

**LETTER**  
Letter

<b>RED</b>	<b>RED</b>
<b>GREEN</b>	<b>GREEN</b>
<b>BLUE</b>	<b>BLUE</b>
<b>YELLOW</b>	<b>YELLOW</b>

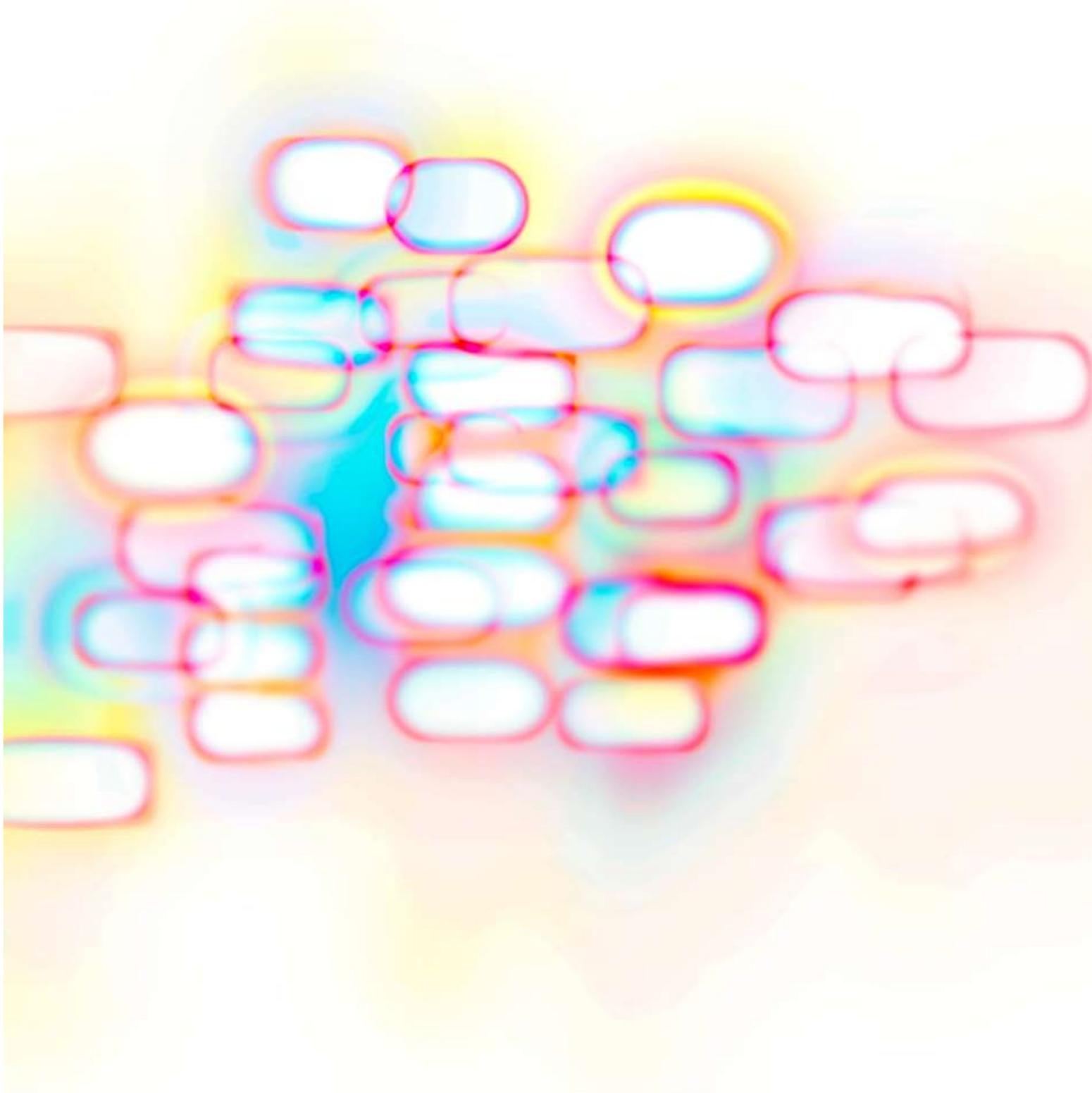
Red, Green, Blue, Yellow Technically      Red, Green, Blue, Yellow Under Colour Name Exception

<b>3 3</b>	<b>33 30</b>
<b>5 5</b>	<b>55 50</b>
<b>1</b>	<b>11 10</b>

3, 31, 33, 30  
5, 51, 55, 50  
1, 11, 10

This is a picture of what I see when I listen to the song 'E-Tales' by 105, the Sasha remix. There are actually more oranges in this song, but I couldn't quite match it colour for colour. ➤

**ECCENTRICITY**



# Synesthetic Overlay

How Synesthesia presents itself and why it's not really distracting

The first question I get is "Why aren't all these colours distracting?" Most of us don't even find out that these reactions are extra because we grew up having them all our lives. The question for me is how do regular people experience things correctly if they can't taste air? I mean, how can it not have colours for things? How can you tell what's going on on the telly if the picture or sound is missing? Simply baffling.

Think of it this way; If you stood near an explosion, you'd expect to hear, see, and feel it. If any one of those sensations were missing, you'd notice, because your brain expects those three at once. Growing up with Syn is the same thing.

I know that the other sensations coming in aren't experienced the same way the original one is but I never really thought about what

it actually is like. This took me a long time to come up with, but I think I have a way to explain the Synesthetic ghosting effect. You know how sometimes you get a song stuck in your head? Not an annoying song that aggravates you, just any song that just plays in the background? Usually you don't even notice unless you turn special attention to it. Having a song stuck is different than conjuring one up. It's different from imagining because the song is there unbidden and will remain there even if you pay it no attention. In the same affect you can't seem to willfully get rid of it either. If you were to listen to real music the stuck song wouldn't override it, but when the music stops or you focus, you could certainly find the stuck song again.

The truth of the matter is, all your senses are just neural interpretations. There's no way to guarantee that

anything your brain thinks it saw actually really happened. Just watch The Matrix and you'll know what I mean. That said, I am inclined to believe that these Syn responses are products of the same process that the real ones are created from and therefore on some level just as valid. It seems arbitrary that asparagus tastes purple, but then again who or what decided that asparagus should taste the way we taste it? If there is a God, why would he decide to make things that are good for you taste bad anyway? I don't think anyone decided anything. It was all a matter of chance that the brain decided to interpret the sky as blue, which makes as much sense as the letter A being blue if you really sit down and think about it.

'E-Tales' by 105, the Sasha remix. playing on speakers. ➤

Is it really there? Like a piece of dust on your eye, if you try to really See the Synesthesia it's harder to pin down. While colour hearing and the like doesn't actually interfere with your senses, it does effect what you brain thinks it saw, though for the life of it, it doesn't know why.

Generally it doesn't notice or care anyway.

ECCENTRICITY



# The Appearance of Music

## Raving Without Drugs

If I could ever attain the power of 3D rendering, the one thing I'd really love to do is translate one song into colour. When I'm really bored on the bus or something I try to map them out in the event that ever happens.

I'd only have to do it once because like everything else Syn, the colour coding for a specific song will always remain the same. The shapes arrange themselves vertically by frequency, with the bass on the bottom and the treble on the top. After that, though, it's all a mystery. I'm not sure I even have the set colour-to-musical scale that some Syns have. The colour of a sound is so heavily affected by what kind of sound it is that it's really impossible to establish any kind of consistency.

The only thing that can change that, short of changing a song or sound itself, is to change the order it's played. If I have ten songs on a CD, no matter what song

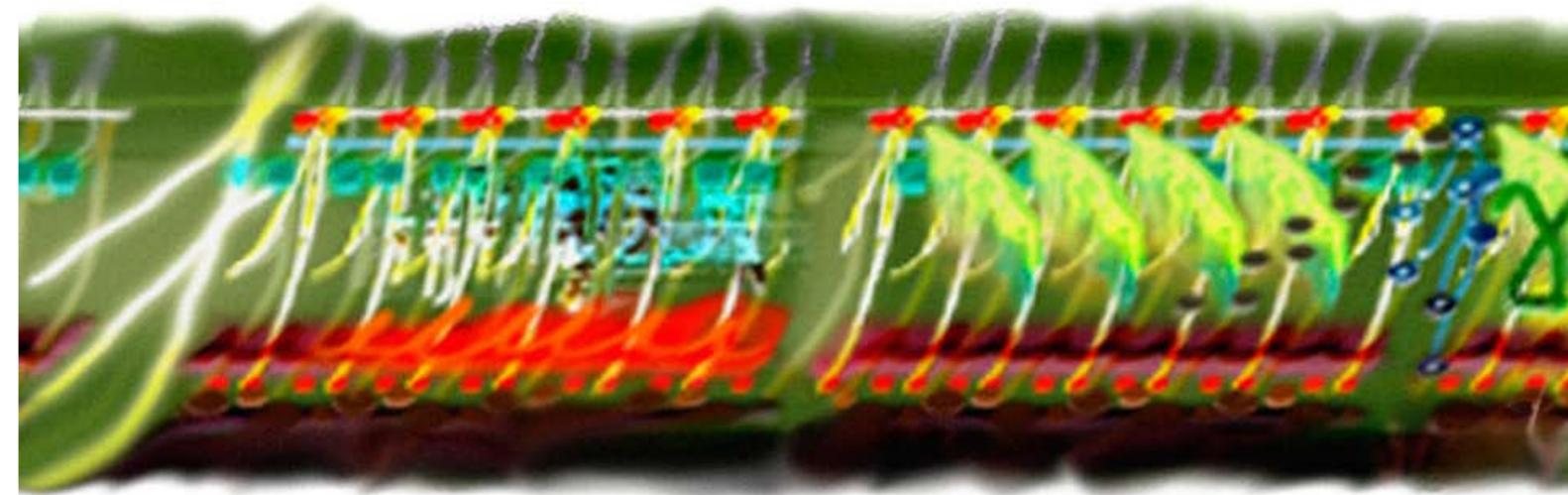
nine sounds like, it will have a navy blue overcast. Song four is purple, one is yellowish, ect. In extremely rare cases the music will contain so much of a certain colour of sound that it will override the track number's colour, but that usually never happens. If the song has no track number when it's first heard it won't have an overlay, but if it's re-recorded in a compilation, say, three years later, whatever the new track number it is it will pick up the color of the number. If a song was song four for ten years and suddenly is changed to track seven, it will take one or two plays before it switches colour but it will change. Once I made a mix that had three former track fours in a row. It didn't change the system and they were eventually reassigned different colours, but it was pretty weird having a set of purple songs one after another.



**Above:** A few seconds out of the first minute of "Enjoyed" by the Chemical Brothers, from Sasha and John Digweed's remix album "Communicate".

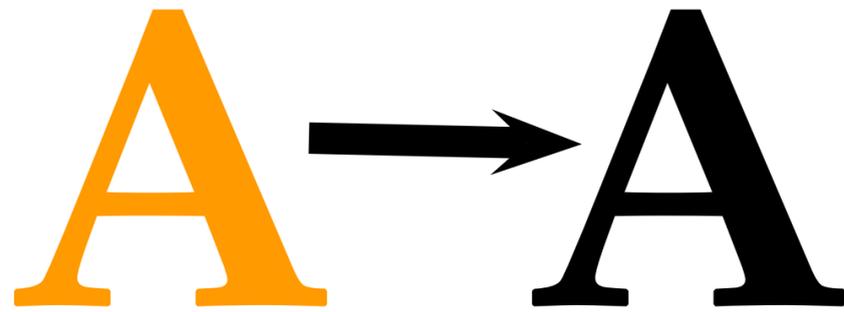
**Below:** The first minute and how its appearance would change depending on where it was placed on a numbered list.

It's no where near perfect and I shortened it in some places to show more stuff. Just doing this one minute was much harder than I thought.



1	1	1
2	2	2
3	3	3
4	4	4
5	5	5
6	6	6
7	7	7
8	8	8
9	9	9





Stare at the yellowish orange 'A' for 30 seconds, then look at the black one.

There should be a kind of bluish haze floating on top of it. That's basically what coloured letter/number looks like when I read.

## Synesthetic Overlay-Text

Read Like I Read

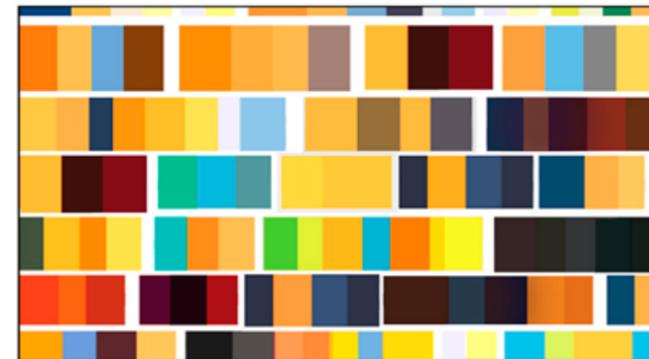
The second question I get about Syn is "Can you tell what colour the letters are really written in?" In a way, Syn is a massive collection of songs with an assortment of Play buttons in weird places. When I see the number four, Syn plays back the taste of grape juice for no real reason. It also throws in a purple shadow over the number.

As for explaining text overlay, it's a little harder but the picture to the right should help. When you look at any of the letters, the first thing you notice is that they are black, but something hangs to them that gives the illusion that it might be another colour too. What colour is this letter U to you? The impulse to say reddish is just as strong as the impulse to say black because the brain has gotten the suggestion of red, even though black is obviously more dominant.



ECCENTRICITY

read when you have  
sethesis. Even though  
you can see that the  
ters are clearly black  
red for that matter, t  
hazy overlay is alw



Something else neat, notice how letters are one colour when in one word and another in another word. Words that are used over and over like 'the' and 'is' tend to develop their own colour set that overrides the individual letters. Sometimes, like 'even' and 'for' the colour is completely illogical. Why 'even's 'V' turns orange is a mystery. I suspect 'for's purple comes from the suggestion of the number four.

What decides what the colour set will be is as unknown as the origins of the regular colours themselves. Here is how that paragraph would look if it were just colour blocks. Even though I tried my best, these colours may still be off when this book goes to print. Ah well, I do what I can.

# The Taste of Numbers

## They're Mathematically Delicious

Although just about everything has a taste, numbers have the most defined and most vivid taste of any set I can think of. Oddly enough, most of the numbers taste like edible things and of said things, most are candy. Some numbers, like 4 and 7, are easy to replicate perfectly. In fact, a mix of grape and lime juice would bring about a perfect 47 or 74, depending on which taste was more prominent. Others like 3, 5, and 6 are much harder to pin down. 5 and 6 switch with each other depending on what it's with and where in the number it stands. 1 changes from butter to milk if it's placed with anyone besides itself except for with 0, when it becomes ultra buttery. 7 will create a sweet-tart effect with 6 but not with 5 and will sweeten itself if paired with itself. 77 tastes like Sprite.

The more digits in a number the more complicated the taste will be although it may not increase in intensity. Almost all digits are registered in a number, even if it is in the millions, where as colour registration for letters seems to fade after about six places. Because numbers have taste and colour tags, they are stronger mental markers than letters but are subject to the same memory confusion, since although they don't tend to mimic each other like letters, mixes of numbers effect each other far more than mixes of letters do. My numerical dyslexia doesn't help.



smooth rock

0 is the odd one out in that it does not taste like a food at all. Instead it concentrates and intensifies the taste of any number it's with unless it comes before a number, like 07 or 0009. The more 0s preceding a number, the more watered down the number tastes. A number that is a decimal displayed 0. will be watery and the period will add the taste of fine gravel to the mix.



butter-milk

1 is almost as inconsistent as 7 but it does seem to follow general rules. 1 by itself is very buttery. When in the teens the one is 1% milk, or maybe closer to skim/water that's been frozen into an ice-cube. Teens have a definite hard coldness to them. 1s that are in other numbers vary between buttermilk and skim with different solidity factors. 1 rarely absorbs other numbers but usually affects those it's placed with.



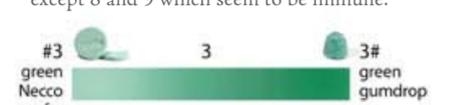
cherry licorice

2 jumps between a number of flavours depending on who it's with. The 20s are by and large a sweeter cherry licorice. Other flavours that 2s will take on is more bitter forms of cherry licorice, cranberry juice, marichino cherries, and other artificial reincarnations of cherry. Cranberry usually appears when grouped with strong numbers.



mint creme

3 also has a bunch of different flavours it hovers around, usually picking a combination of the group. The 30s are usually a solid green spice drop, whatever flavour those are supposed to be. I think it's mint. Other 3s include creme mints like Andes, green Necco wafers, the shells of Jordan almonds, and mint ice cream. 3s distort all number flavours except 8 and 9 which seem to be immune.



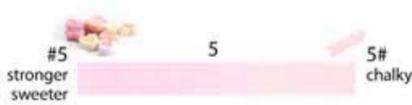
grape juice

4 is the strongest number and can sometimes overpower other numbers, even if it's further down the line in a number's order like 114. 4 only tastes like juice when by itself. Once mixed with others, even itself, the second 4 will take a more sugary taste. When 4 is the first number it is less sweet, but still sweeter than when its alone.



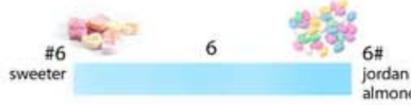
Necco wafer

5 is generally the lighter of the 5-6 set and its taste is more chalky. However, when 5 is paired with something else, its sugar factor goes up like 4.



sugar sprinkles

6 stays sweeter than 5 over all except in the 60s where it tastes like the coating of a Jordan almond. Both 5 and 6 tend to become more watery in the face of stronger numbers such as 7 and 4.



lime

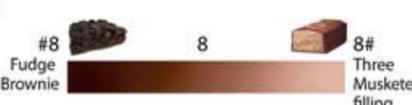
Every 7 is different and follows its own code as to how it wants to taste depending on who it's with. There are other tastes thrown in that I can't decipher in some.

	Sprite, sweeter	bitter, watery	stronger, sweeter
07	47	72	77
7	57	73	78
17	67	74	79
27	70	75	87
37	71	76	97



milk chocolate

8 is a million different kinds of chocolate depending on who it's with. The one thing that is consistent with 8 is that the chocolate is always a spongy type like cake or nougat. What changes is the concentration of chocolate. 8 tends to be stronger when with other strong numbers.



black licorice

Except for certain number setups, 9 tends to have a dusty after taste. Like 4, 9 has a very definable taste that really only alternates between sweet and dusty. Even at its sweetest it never really escapes the bitter confines of licorice. 9 tends to make other numbers bitter and flat despite its overall solidarity.



## The Colour of Taste

And the difference between a Fresh Yam and a Canned Yam

**W**hich is basically the whole statement. A yam is a kind of potato that is orange inside. I noticed that when I ate a fresh one that the colour demographics were different than ones that came from the can. You see, each taste has a colour. A fresh anything usually has more than one taste, a bunch of smaller variants within the whole, and each of these makes a slightly altered colour from the original. When something gets stored, all these little tastes blend together and make something more homogenous.

I've found that the taste of most foods are about the same as their actual colours, though there are exceptions. Asparagus is greyish purple instead of green and honeydew melon is some weird yellow orange colour, definitely not green. Passion fruit

has this messed up red/green/brown thing going on that feels like have upholstery fabric being rubbed on my face. When the colours fail to match, I usually end up not liking the food much.

I can also taste other things, either by hearing, touching, or smelling. One thing that I find especially useful is being able to taste the air. Depending on the colour signature in the air, I can generally figure out if there are plants nearby, water, pollution, the temperature... some other things. I never actually thought about it until now.

I do know that sometimes the air tastes fruity when a tropical storm is coming. Now that's something I would miss tasting if I didn't have Syn.



Can you tell which is which? If you can't, the one on the left is canned and the one on the right is fresh. I've also found that the warmer a food is, the more vivid its colours are, which explains why I put my strawberries in the microwave.

THE SENSITIVE AND PROUD  
ECCENTRICITY





Tiffany Perfume

# The Taste and Colours of Air

## Multiple Synesthesia with the 'Existential' Senses

**A**long with the obvious five senses and the curious sixth there is another group of touch-based stimuli that Synesthesia feels compelled to reinterpret. I've dubbed them the 'existential senses' as they deal with touch sensory occurring just outside the skin but doesn't really *touch* it such as Weight, Motion, Temperature, and Time. For instance, when air masses are Synesthetically processed, humidity (Weight), wind (Motion), and Temperature affect what the bands look like and how they interact with each other while the colour is primarily decided by scents carried within it. Sometimes the existential senses have colours of their own, however faint, and often influence the colours that have already been established by scent. There are some basic rules that the existential senses generally follow. The more humid the air, the thicker,

foggier and often more saturated the bands. Heat will do the same thing, mostly in the form of saturation intensity. Dry air has sharper boundaries. Cold generally decreases the amount of colour that actually appears. Wind and open air tend to have more complicated colour structures because the wind pushes a great many scents and air masses together at the same time. While the colour sets generally mimic what the scents look like in real life, there are exceptions to that too. For example, extreme heat is not red as one would suppose, but a dark blue-violet that sometimes appears black in the middle. This goes for hot water as well.



deafeningly hot day

Typical colour displays of certain air masses. Because it is nearly impossible to get the same mix of air twice, these patterns tend to change. Other elements in the air can significantly skew the appearance such as a rogue scent.



hurricane

rain

greenhouse

Violent tropical storms seem to carry a piece of the Caribbean with them, so the air is heavy with the taste of wet fruits, nuts, and vegetation

Rain generally has a couple of dark, gravelly bars towards the top that taste like metal. The grey is more violet than blue.

That green strip feels like a grass stain on the tongue. When you walk into a greenhouse, especially a hot one that has just been watered, that green stripe is so strong that I usually follow the urge to lick the air like a snake. Same with hurricane air.



winter

stale/indoor air

spring

Another demonstration of Winter's deadline. The cold knocks out most of nature's subtler stimuli, almost like it's been frozen. There are several versions of Cold and some other nearly tasteless interpretations of Winter's decay but not much else.

The texture of indoor air is very different than outdoor. Outdoor air is smoother and much more complicated in sequence while indoor has an unusual bumpy feel, like licking worn cardboard

This is another air mass that I love to try and lick. By April there are a bunch of different flowers in bloom and the winds carry the scents around for miles. Thawing mud and decay is the brown at the bottom.



hot humid day

salt nearby

fall cold front

Heat and humidity creates a canvas much like soaked watercolour paper. If you drop any colour onto it, it will bloom across the paper on its own. It also picks up minute stimuli and enhances it. Hail to the power of humidity. Now lick it.

When I first started working at Berkshire I used to get this colour set when I walked outside the building. It was similar to the Holylands so I looked up a map of the area. Sure enough, about two miles away there was a wetland.

Fall cold fronts create the sharpness associated with cold, but there are still enough cross scents to make an interesting picture. Much of it is leaf decay or burning and the scent of the sun.



# Shopping Cart Wheels of Death

## The Hidden Hazards of Sound-to-Touch Synesthesia

Somehow they always find me. There will be an entire store to haunt, but the shopper with the cart with the squeaky wheel will always follow me. What is just a mild irritant to most people is probably one of the most common sources of Synesthetic pain I encounter day to day. Not all squeaky wheels do it either. It has to be a certain pitch or frequency to cause pain. Sometimes when the subway cars pull into the station it happens, and once when I was in an airport someone's luggage zipper kept banging on the metal rollers as it went through the x-ray machine.

That time was terrible.

Like all Syn responses, each one of these sounds has its own particular kind of pain tagged to it. The subway cars and that

%\*#@#& zipper were especially bad because the stimulus response was so overwhelming that I lost balance. All my systems got jammed and I didn't know where I was anymore. All there is is the colour and the feel of the thing. A painful sound almost always has some trace of red-orange in it somewhere and if it's loud enough it can blind me as well.

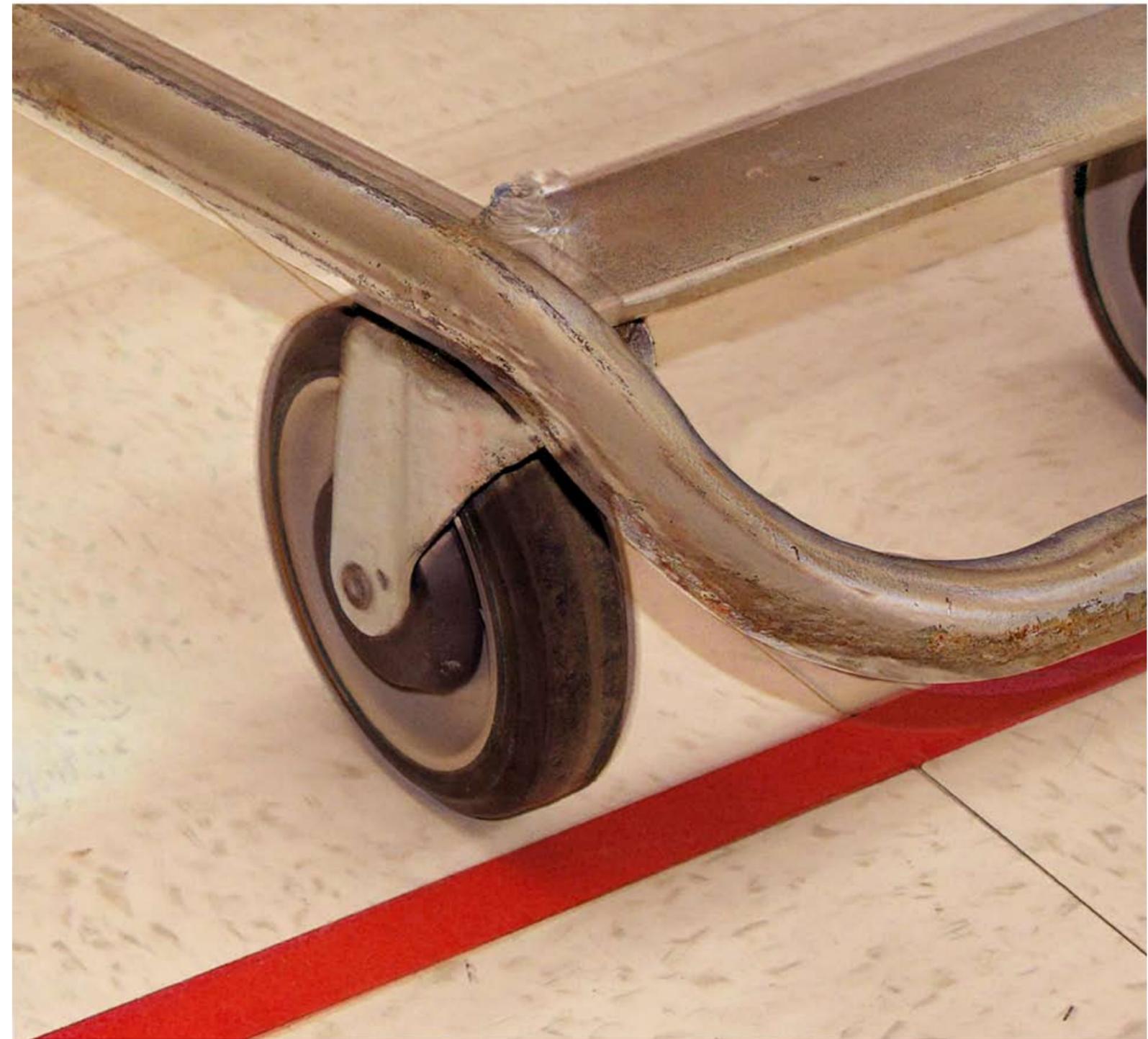
The strange thing about the shopping cart wheels is that they aren't particularly loud but still cause me to get veritably nauseous. Each wheel has its own set of pain, just like everything else, but by and large the effect is about the same. The sound feels like things are being hurled at the back of my head. Sometimes these things are thick ice-needles that pierce the skull and other times it's jagged pieces of brick that seem to rip the skin right off.

God help me when there's more than one.

The monster at rest, ready to unleash its full acoustic fury if pushed too far...



ECCENTRICITY





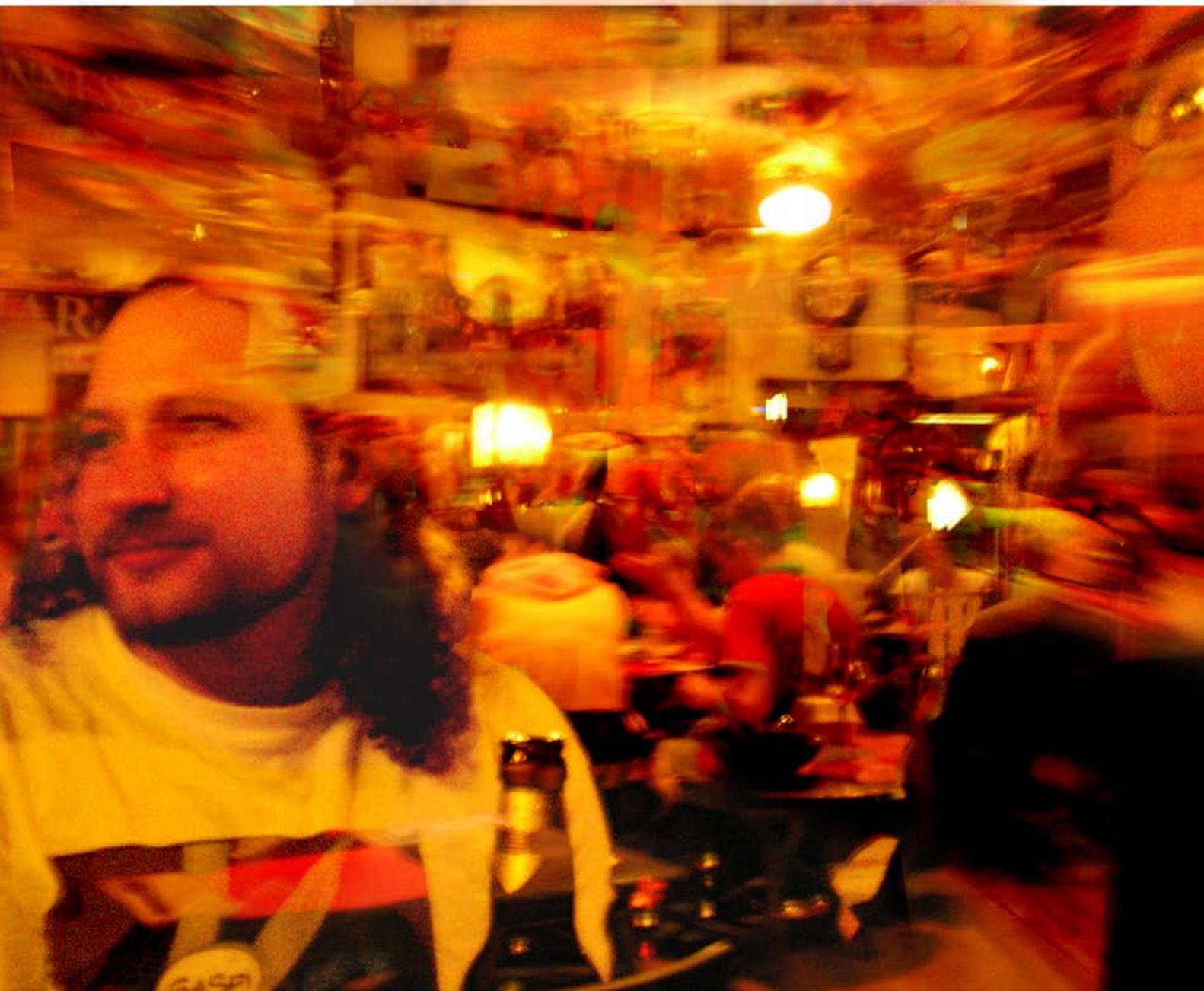
## Day Blindness

### Blinded by the Light

**B**rightly lit places bother me for the sole reason that I can't see, and if I can't see, I can walk into things, which I do. This is my therapist's parking lot on a ridiculously bright day. Above is what the camera and any normal person would see it, and to the left is how I see it, if I dare open my eyes. And it hurts! It's not always like this, just the very brightest days, but I have to hold onto Beanie's arm and let her lead me if I get caught without my sunglasses.

It isn't confined to the sun, either. I become easily disoriented any time there are a lack of shadows, such as over-lit Bloomindaes or warehouses. Everything becomes flat and I have the sense that I am about to walk into a painted wall which things keeping popping out from. You will always see me clinging to Beanie in a mall. On the other hand, I have excellent night vision and Beanie doesn't, so once we go outside at night, the role reverses.

Being blinded by the sun isn't my only problem with it, either. Once the weather gets above about 65 degrees F, the sun burns where it touches. Not physically, but my skin is so sensitive to heat that the sun touching it feels like acid or hot metal. It really hurts, so I'm always covered in the summer, half so I can see, and half so I don't pass out.



## Overloaded

### The Downside of a Sensitive Machine - A Fear of Restaurants

**W**ith a sensory system set to pick up even the most subtle changes in air pressure and what not, what do you think would happen if you put that system in a busy restaurant? How about a concert? What about any crowd for that reason? It may not come as a surprise that I avoid such things. But that sucks! I can't tell you how much that sucks. I like a good night out at a pub on St. Patrick's Day as much as the next person (even though I can't drink with my medication. Bottle of root beer and I blend right in), but after only a few minutes I go into this kind of shock.

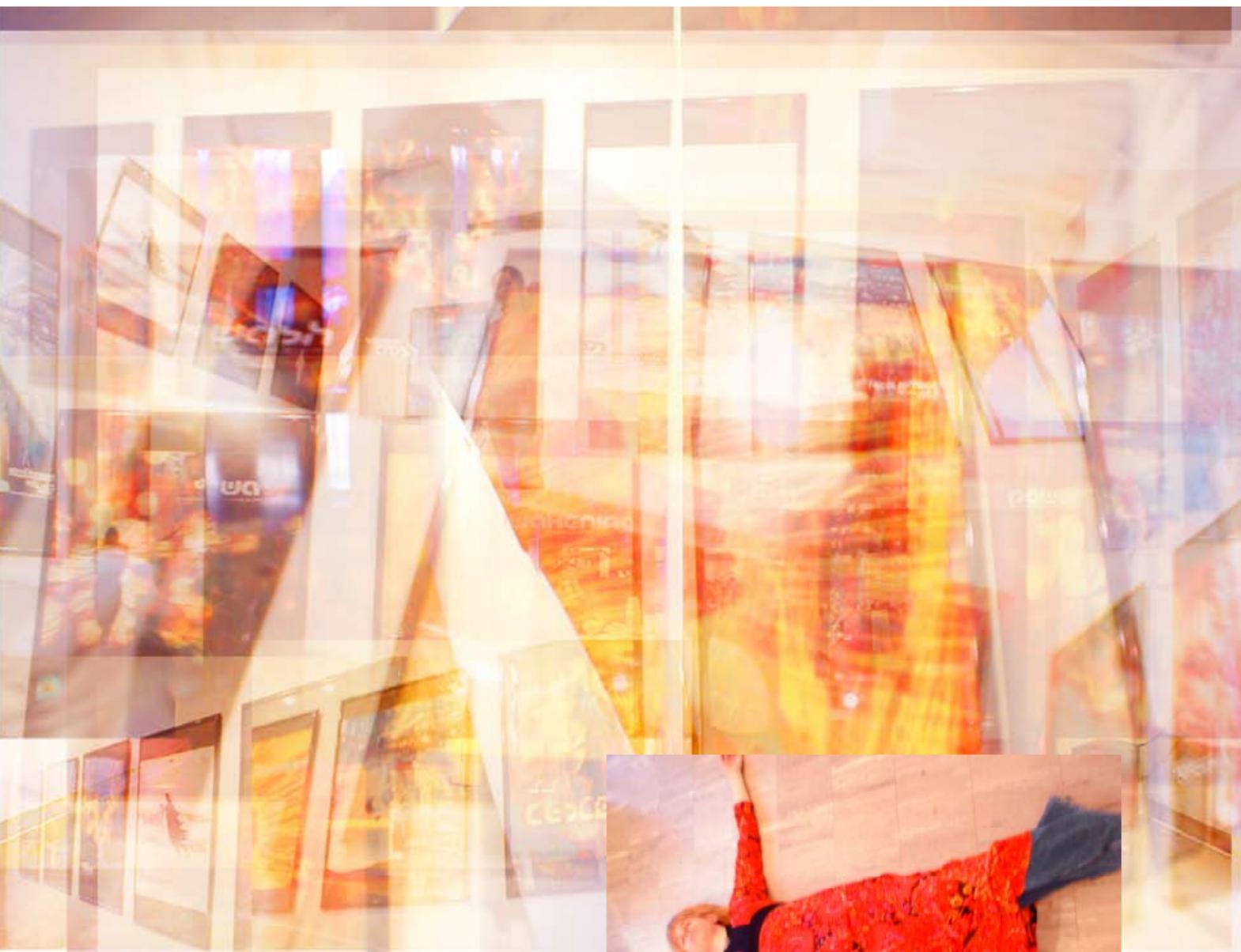
I've never been drunk or hung over before but from what I've heard, the experience is about the same. I'm going to go with hangover, because people seem to like being drunk, but no one

relishes a hangover. It feels like there's no line between me and the rest of the bar. Everything gets slurred together. The lights are going through me, the movement makes me dizzy and by god, the noise! The noise, man! The noise is like, all these monkeys that are all over you, pulling your hair and biting and beating you with pots. Then you add in any random loud crash or drunken scream and the monkeys just freak out all over you. But I'm not weak. I can take the monkeys if I have food and it's only an hour. The problem is I live in New Jersey where it's customary to just sit at the table long after the food is gone and talk, at which point I'm climbing the walls with the monkeys. I'm considering get earplugs. It's geeky I know but I already use a cane

when I'm walking in crowded places. Beanie loves to go to Chinatown in New York City where there's a million people everywhere.

It's not the noise that's a problem here, it's the movement. Actually no, it's not even just the movement. It's the movement and having to multi task being with Beanie. I actually fare pretty well by myself, but when I have to keep track of what Beanie's saying or doing it's enough to overload the system. It becomes a choice between interacting with Beanie and not walking into things, so rather than ignore her, I resort to letting her lead me like a blind man. Besides, people tend to get out of the way of a person with a cane, and my back always thanks me for it later.

◀ I'm not drunk. If I was, I wouldn't be aware that I was being trampled to death by elephants.



## Overwhelmed

### And the Upside of a Sensitive Machine - My Gallery Show

This was a unique experience that I'd love to have again. Before I graduated I had this gallery show to display some of the work from '21 Stages'. I then burned a CD with all my most potent songs to play for opening night. Between the colours on the walls surrounding me, the sound of the music as it echoed against the walls and the energy from the people inside, I became veritably drunk. Within an hour I was weaving and shortly after ended up on the floor. I didn't collapse, mind you, I just lay down after my body disappeared. I usually lose motor control if I play 'Zion' by Fluke in any situation, so the floor was probably the safest place to be. It was pure ecstasy.

Usually I am bombarded with harmful stimulus, and sometimes, as is with Winter, I get no stimulus at all. Both these situations have their own overwhelming effects, but it is only in a situation such as this that the massive overload of sensory input leads to the sensation of being high.

By the end of the night, I was Everywhere.

A resounding success on all accounts I must say.



My show, of which I spent most of on the floor, giggling hysterically. This is yet another reason I always wear pants, because you never know when you will overload and collapse. I obviously pride myself on professionalism.

# Return

## Sometimes I am everywhere and nowhere at once.

Sometimes my senses will swell in a burst of euphoria, and my sense of self momentarily disappears. It can be caused by any of the senses or a mix. Common offenders of spontaneous Returns to the Space include;

### Sounds

Lawn mowers in early spring  
Large air-conditioning units/exhaust vents/fans  
Certain clear low notes, such as temple chimes  
Wind  
Snowfall

### Sight

Certain shades of aquamarine and indigo, as a light or as light passes through it, ie glass bottles, pools.  
Other opaque shades, usually fluorescent.  
Certain formations of clouds  
Sunlight through glass  
Sunlight through grass.

### Other

Warm socks on cold feet  
Strong wind

### Scents

Burning leaves  
Cut grass  
Satsuma scented soap  
Lemon scented soap  
Musty books  
A specific plastic scent found in some erasers  
Air before a storm  
Citrus tree flowers  
Cinnamon  
Coffee beans  
Certain suntan lotions

### Taste

Pink Grapefruit and Tangerine juice  
Chocolate pudding  
Chicken soup  
SuperSweet100 tomatoes and strawberries just picked and still hot from the sun

### Music

**The two big hitters that must be listened to while lying down.**

'Zion' - Fluke  
'The Silence' - Mike Koglin/Sasha and John Digweed

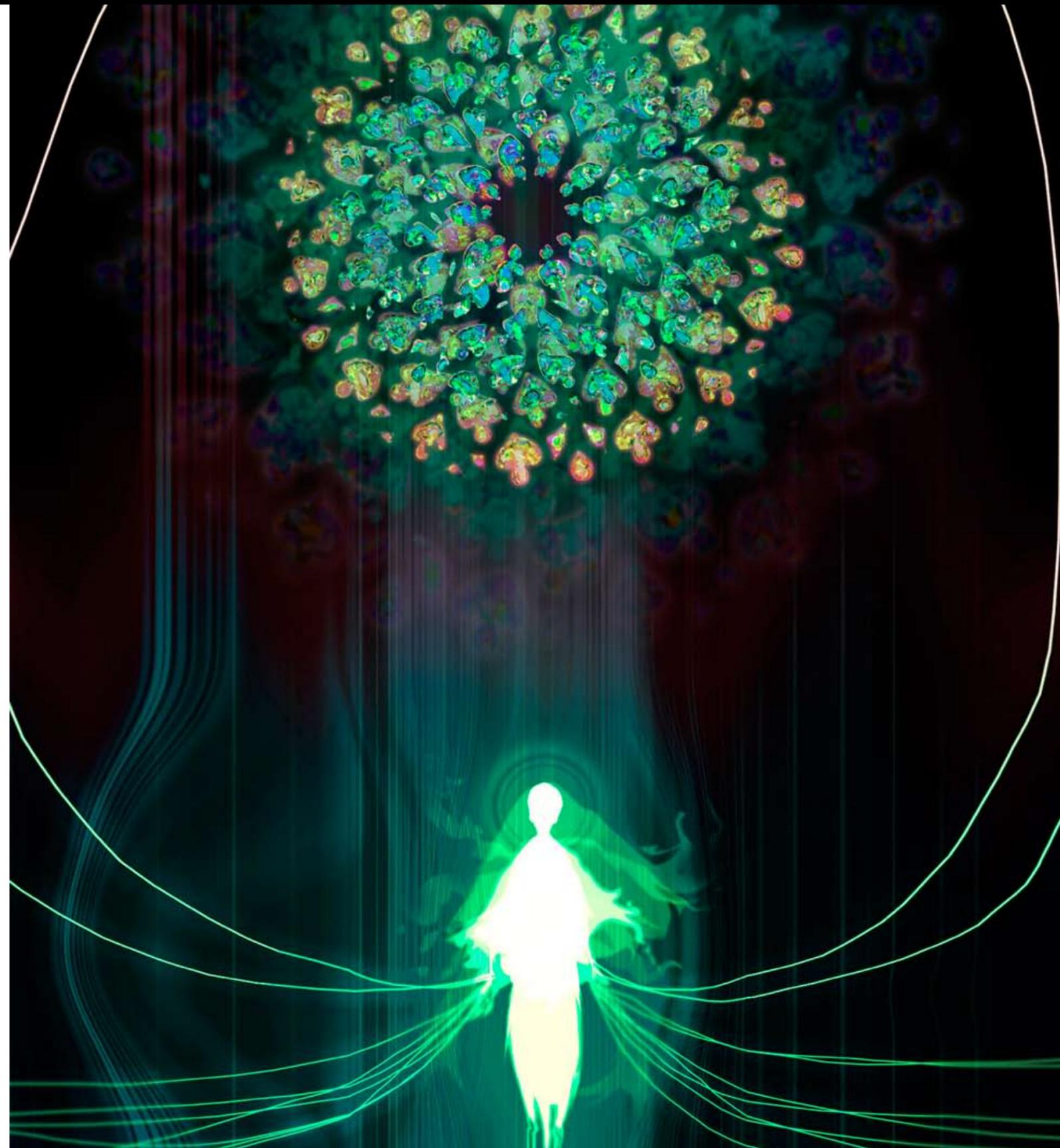
**And the rest, each causing a different state of trance;**

'The Baguio Track' - Luzon/Sasha and John Digweed  
'Mission: Impossible' - U2 (ending only)  
'Know You Love Me Too' - Chris Raven/Sasha and John Digweed  
'Tyrantanic' - Breeder/Sasha and John Digweed  
'Out Of Body Experience' - Rabbit In The Moon/Sasha and John Digweed  
'Bedtime Stories' - Madonna  
'Darksides' - Nugen/Paul Oakenfold  
'Imperpetuum Mobila' - Patient Saints/Paul Oakenfold  
'Roots' - Lior Attar, Lo-Step/Dave Seaman  
'Terra Firma' (feat. Aude) - Delirium  
'Currents' - Kingsuk Biswas on Asian Travels vol. 1  
'Ready, Steady, Go' - Paul Oakenfold  
'Homelands' - Ayumi Hamasaki

**A word of warning:**

Do not operate heavy machinery while listening to this playlist.

A vision consistently generated by the mid part of the song, 'Cloud Cuckoo', by Sasha. ➤





**JANUARY**

January is white and blue with ice in it. The brown chunk towards the end is actually Superbowl Sunday. Don't ask me why that shows up because I have no idea.



**FEBRUARY**

February is about the same but calmer, as if everything is asleep. Because it is the 2nd month, it has a reddish pink cast.



**MARCH**

March has just barely the green it should have for being number 3, and is mostly dominated by brown mud on snow. Or at least I figure that's what it is.



**APRIL**

April, for some reason, is not purple like it should be. Actually it's all these pink colours and the rectangles go all over the place.



**MAY**

May is also weird because it's blue, like the letter A and there is always the sense of the sky being in the background. It's also darker at the end.



**JUNE**

June is brown and has the feeling of wheat. I'm assuming the Brown is coming from the letter 'J'.



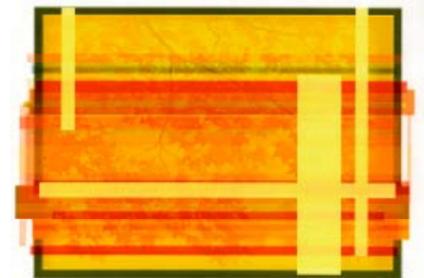
**JULY**

July is a billion colours, over-saturated. I'm guessing it's the heat. No idea what the black lines are.



**AUGUST**

I'm almost certain that August's blue comes from its 'A'.



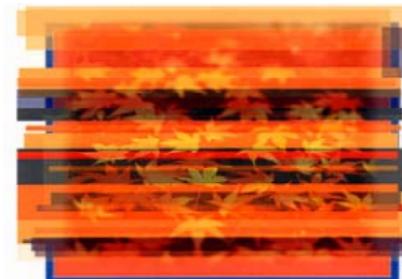
**SEPTEMBER**

September is the same, the S dictates, but note that dark bar. I think it is the colour for 9 trying to come through.



**NOVEMBER**

November is nowhere near the yellow it should be and takes the gray in N. No clue about the red. Maybe it's cranberry sauce?



**OCTOBER**

October's orange is a mystery and the only thing I can figure is that its in response to the changing of the leaves. The darker lines are probably the letter O.



**DECEMBER**

December is loud and noisy with lots of blinking lights. Even though it's the darkest month of the year, it also has a high level of energy due to the holidays and such. The Brown is the letter D.

# Months

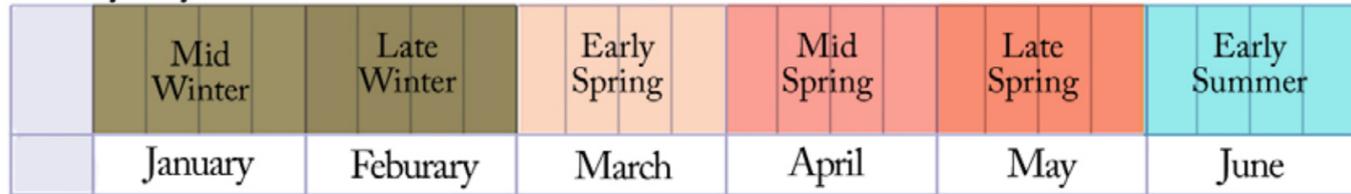
## Synesthesia and Time-keeping

Months are another thing that tend to get colourized when a person has Syn. I actually did these pages for a calender about a year before I found out why the months looked the way they do.

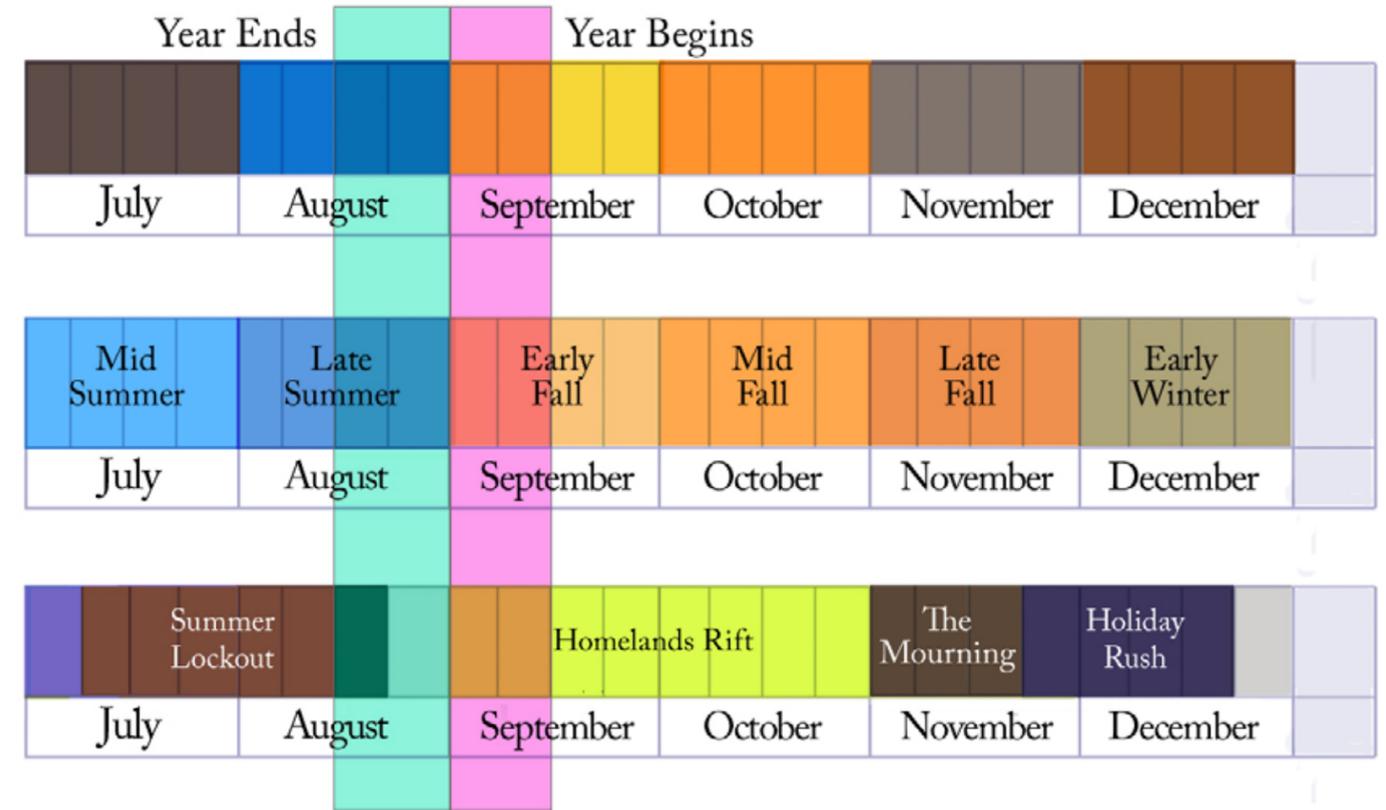
### Year by Month



### Year by Physical Seasons



### Year by Meta/Hyperphysical Seasons



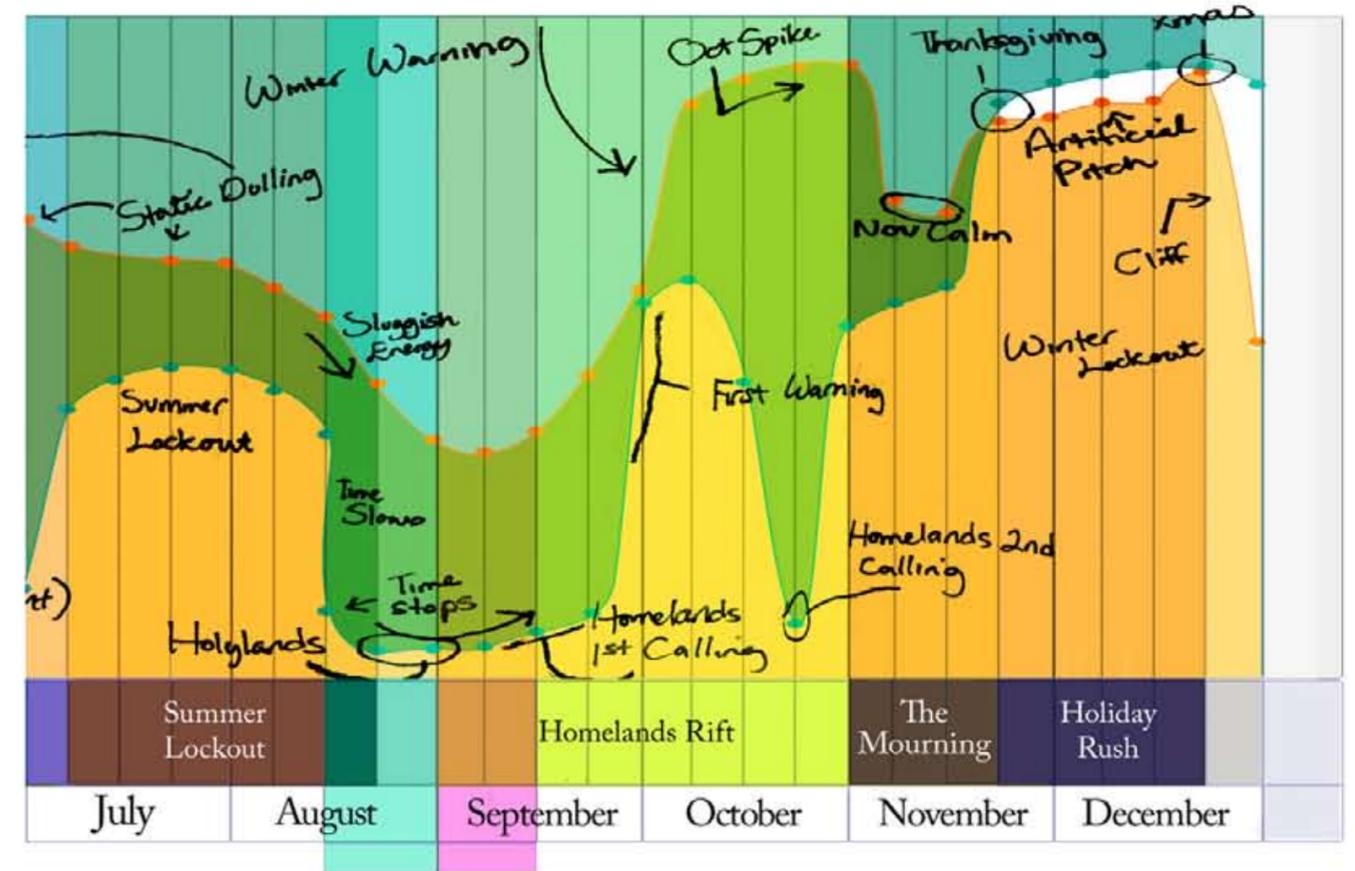
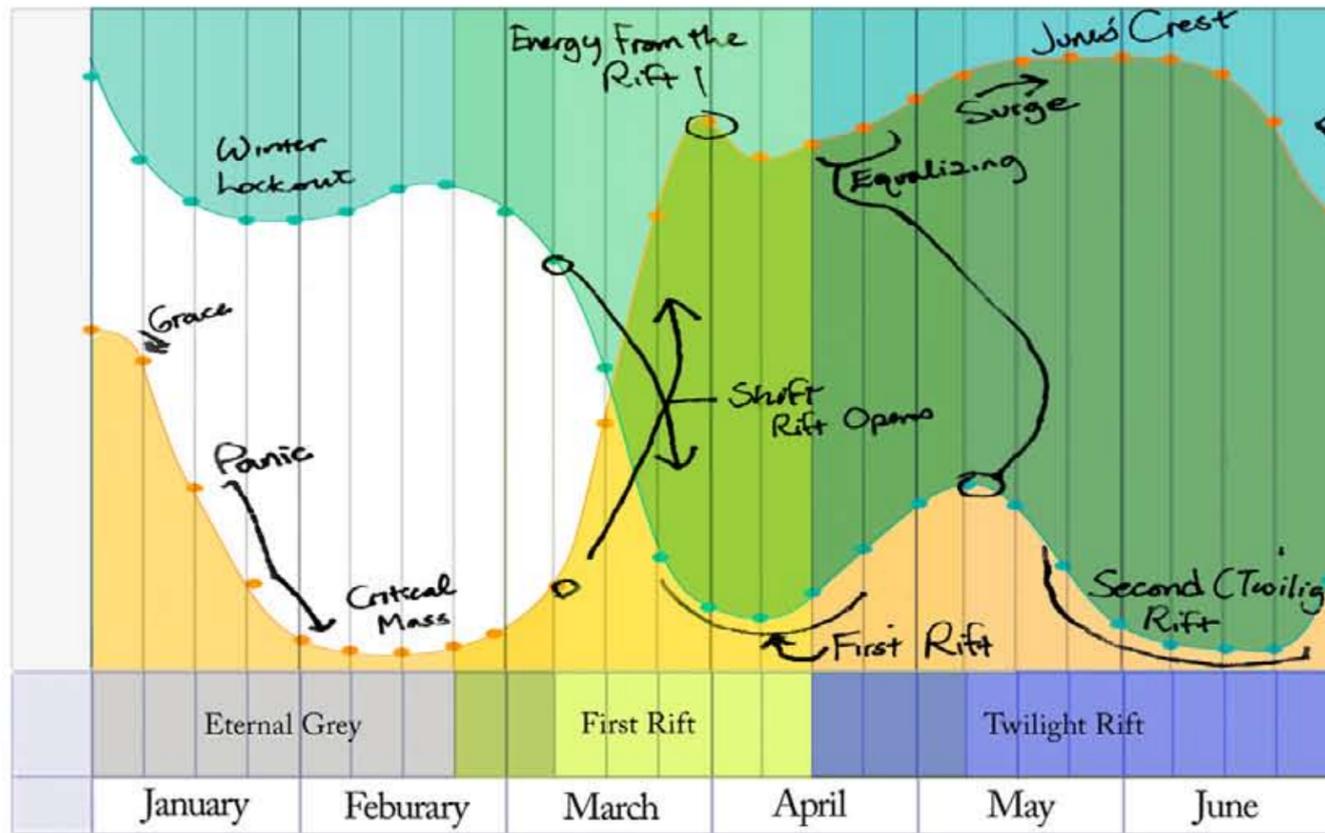
## Calenders

### My Personal sense of Time

I really like systems. I'm not sure why but when I have everything charted out it seems to make more sense. Everything should be colour-coded. I'm sure I'm not the only one that counts June as Summer and December as Winter. I know the seasons technically wait until the 20th or the 21st to switch off, but no one counts September as Summer. Why Summer appears blue confuses me too, though I think it's because certain kinds of heat are blue in cast. I almost never use the middle set anyway so the colours probably aren't as accurate as the other two.

The most important one is at the bottom, the Meta one. In some countries they don't refer to the seasons as Winter or Spring but rather the rainy season or dry season. That's because these lands run on rain. I run on energy.





# Energy to Dimensional Wall Ratio

## The 6th Sense Calendar Year

The Orange Line is how much Energy I have at my disposal, ambient or otherwise. The Green Line is not so easily explained. There are those of us that feel other worlds brushing up against ours. Whether this is actually true or just another facet of sensory extremis is unknown and truth be told, doesn't really matter. The point is that certain times of the year these 'other worlds' feel closer, as if the barrier between Us and the Rest of the Space is thinning, semi-permeable. It is the time of Traveling. Dreams become more real and the waking world feels like it is sliding into that of the subconscious. A sense of displacement comes of it, of neither truly being Anywhere and being able to be Everywhere. The idea of Reality is

one that is heavily challenged during these points in time. I always figured that this sensation came from high energy levels, so I expected to see the walls thin when the levels went up. Obviously this is not always so.

**Third Edition Notes:** I made this map in 2004 and now, seven years later, it is inaccurate due to global warming. I am astounded by how much in such a short time. I will draft a comparison for the sequel to this book.

### Points of Interest:

**First and Second (Twilight) Rifts** are points where the Walls radically decrease after the Winter has passed. It coincides with an energy spike around mid March when

everything Shifts. The air becomes something close to electric, evens in April, then flows into full power at the end of June, a good time to be alive. Twilight is the most energetic time of the day for me, riding on the edge of night, and so that is how the Twilight Rift got its name.

**Summer Lockout/Stagnation** is a strange occurrence that shows that even in the summer, energy can be low, or rather, stagnant. It causes minimal problems.

**Stopped Time** is the most bizarre time of the year. Energy is so slow and stagnant that it stops somewhere close to the end of August. It has the feeling of walking through clear molasses. With the feeling of stopped time comes the need to return to the Holylands. This is the end of the Specialist year.

**The Homelands Rift/First Warning** is the beginning of the Specialist year. Time restarts and seems to rush forward as if to make up lost time. Subtle changes in the air signal that Winter is coming and a strong sense urgency saturates everything, causing the Walls to thicken. Sometime at the mid end of October the Homelands call, begging me to come home, and the dimensional wall all but collapses. It is a time of much confusion because I feel the need to go somewhere that to my knowledge does not exist. This time is mercifully short and ends by November.

**The October Spike** is another mystery. How a period of high energy can show up at a time when things are dying doesn't make logical sense, but the air positively crackles



## Energy to Dimensional Wall Ratio

with energy. My only guess is that it is a result of the hurricane systems that swing by around this time. There is a three week respite called **November's Repose**, a short piece of time between the Homelands Rift and the Holiday Rush, also known as the Time of Mourning.

**The Winter Lockout** starts after Thanksgiving when an artificial rush of energy comes in. Winter Lockout silently falls into place while I'm distracted by the Holiday Rush. **The Holiday Rush** does not correspond with nature but with the energy of humans and acts as a surrogate Summer. People are as about as they would be in warmer months, life is celebrated with plentiful gatherings, the feel of plenty is perpetuated by commercialism and holiday lights mimic Summer's long daylight hours. When the Holidays end there is the feeling of running right off a Cliff. The Rush disappears to reveal that Nature has stopped providing long ago.

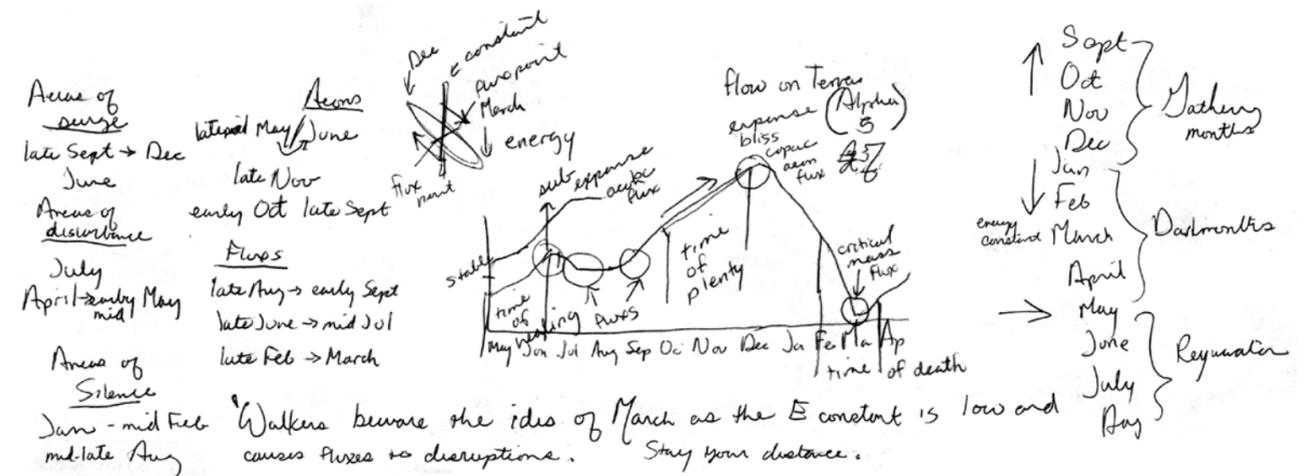
**Critical Mass** is when energy has completely run out and I begin to suffocate. I begin to have hallucinations that the summer has returned usually by mid-January.

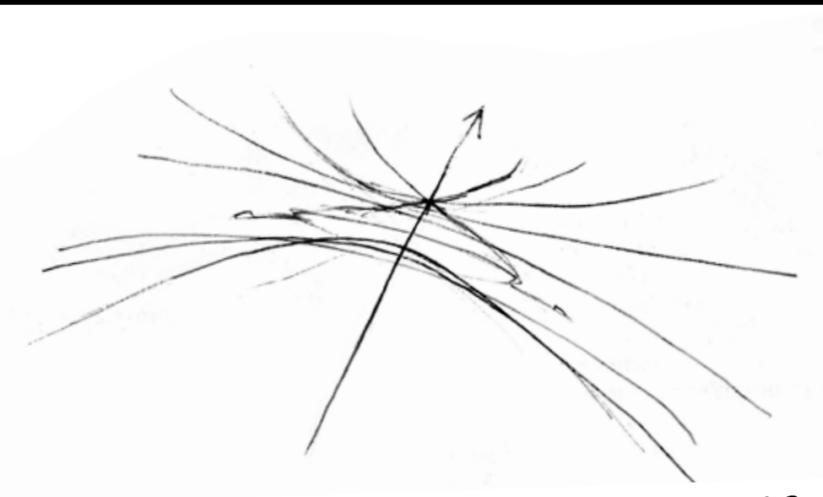
This chart I made almost six years ago and I am surprised to see how the rhythms have changed. A lot of it is due to lifestyle changes, namely school hours. While in high school, critical mass didn't hit until late March with no real rifts until late July in accordance with schedule. When summer was pushed back to May in college, the crash point started to float closer to February.

When I was out of school completely the crash went all the way back to January and my new freedom allowed me to experience the coming of Spring directly, leading to the formation of two separate rifts, one beginning where the crash had formerly been in March. Over all, direct contact with the seasons has amplified the highs and lows, though Winter's destruction seems to be just as bad, insulated by school or not.



Ah the Twilight Rift, the most wonderful of all seasons. It begins with the first heat wave of April and ends at the 1st of July. If only it could last forever...





## Rifting

### Doorways to Other Worlds

When the walls are low and the pressure changes I feel the need to Travel. Rifts usually form when there is a kind of electricity in the air, typically during equinoxes when the major air masses are at war. There seems to be a hole in the sky, not a black hole into nothingness and not a hole you can see, more of a thinning. It feels like I could just push a little and pass through it like a waterfall. It pulls the air and energy up through it into unknown worlds beyond, trying to take you with it. Rifts call to you, enticing you to jump out into space. They are hard to ignore and I've been known to randomly stop and stare at a patch of sky for 10-15 minutes at a time, locked in an invisible battle of wills.

The reality is I've actually only jumped a handful of times, usually be accident. Out of Body experiences are different, you stay on the same planet generally. It happens when you lean out of your body too far and fall out. Rifting is like going somewhere else, astral projection I think it's called. I had one in the depths of Winter once unintentionally but I didn't use a Rift. Not sure how I did that. The other was my one and only intentional Jump, 5/13/00 in the back of my old high school. Still not sure where I went. Why I haven't tried since then is because it's uncontrollable and dangerous. I don't know what's going on in my brain when I do all this, but I know it makes me more susceptible to other things, things that aren't

good. I'd much rather ride the edge of it instead. The rush is just as good but you don't risk blacking out. The word 'Rift' is used interchangeably with the season and the event. It's much the same way the BDSM community is called the 'scene' but an individual encounter is also referred to as a 'scene'. For those of you who haven't run away after the BDSM reference, 'rift' refers to both an overall season when the walls are thin and the name of an instance where the wall has actually become thin enough to Walk through. Conditions for Rifts change like the weather and while your chances for a hot day are higher in the summer, that doesn't mean it will be hot every day. The same goes for rift seasons.



Sometimes I hallucinate and see the picture on the right, several white rings over the weakest part of the wall. The stars in the middle are a hallucination within the existing one, something wholly imagined but that I can feel in my skin. It's more like an anticipatory vision, the way you can taste something before you eat it.





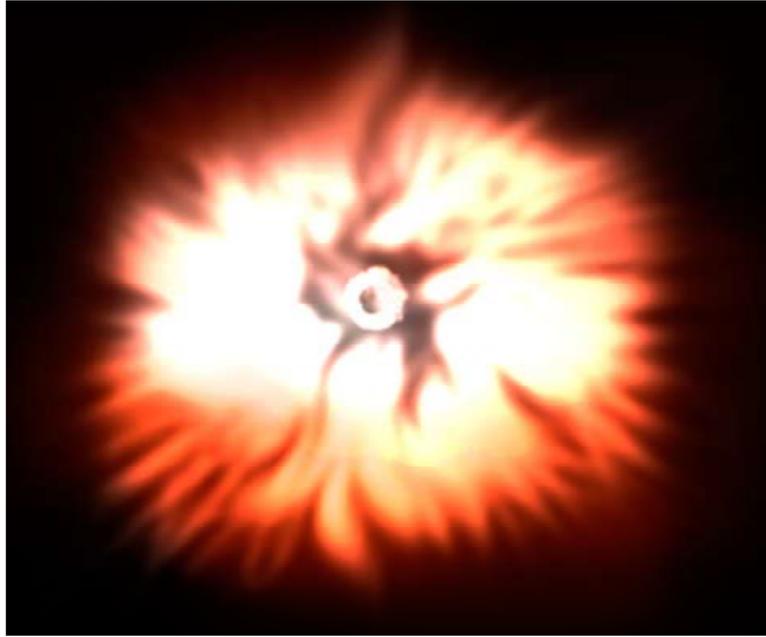
# Out of Body

It always happens when I least suspect it.

Today I got lost  
or I lost myself.  
Tuesday I had my  
Bearie and my Chan  
to keep me subbed  
until they could make  
me recognize my  
reflection. I seem to have  
had an involuntary out of  
body diff  
Damn humidity...  
See humanity theory

◀  
I had at least two other  
Out of Body Experiences,  
both happening under the  
influence of Music. Both were  
unexpected and a bit scary.

Definitely the scariest  
part was the oversatiation  
of fear coming in. It is sucking up so much Ps: that  
normal things, my face, my name, and orientation to surroundings,  
became disrupted or misplaced. Mis-allocated file, I say.  
The worst was, I thought it was 1995, that I was  
just born with Carmen in England. I asked where she was, then realized  
I didn't know where I was anymore.



## Humidity Theory

### Air Extensions and why I malfunction in Winter

**A**ccording to Humidity Theory, I proclaim that the air becomes more saturated, which allows energy to travel farther from its source than usual. So if it were a hot summer day, I might feel that I can reach an extra five feet with my hands. Or maybe I should say that I can feel an extra five feet in front of me.

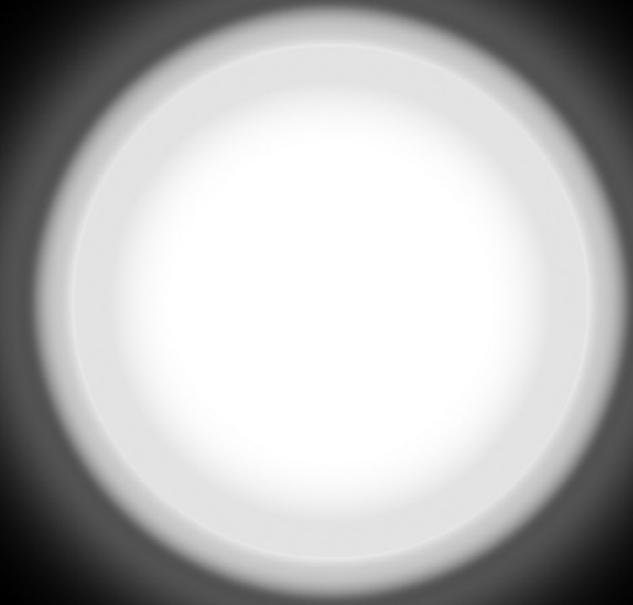
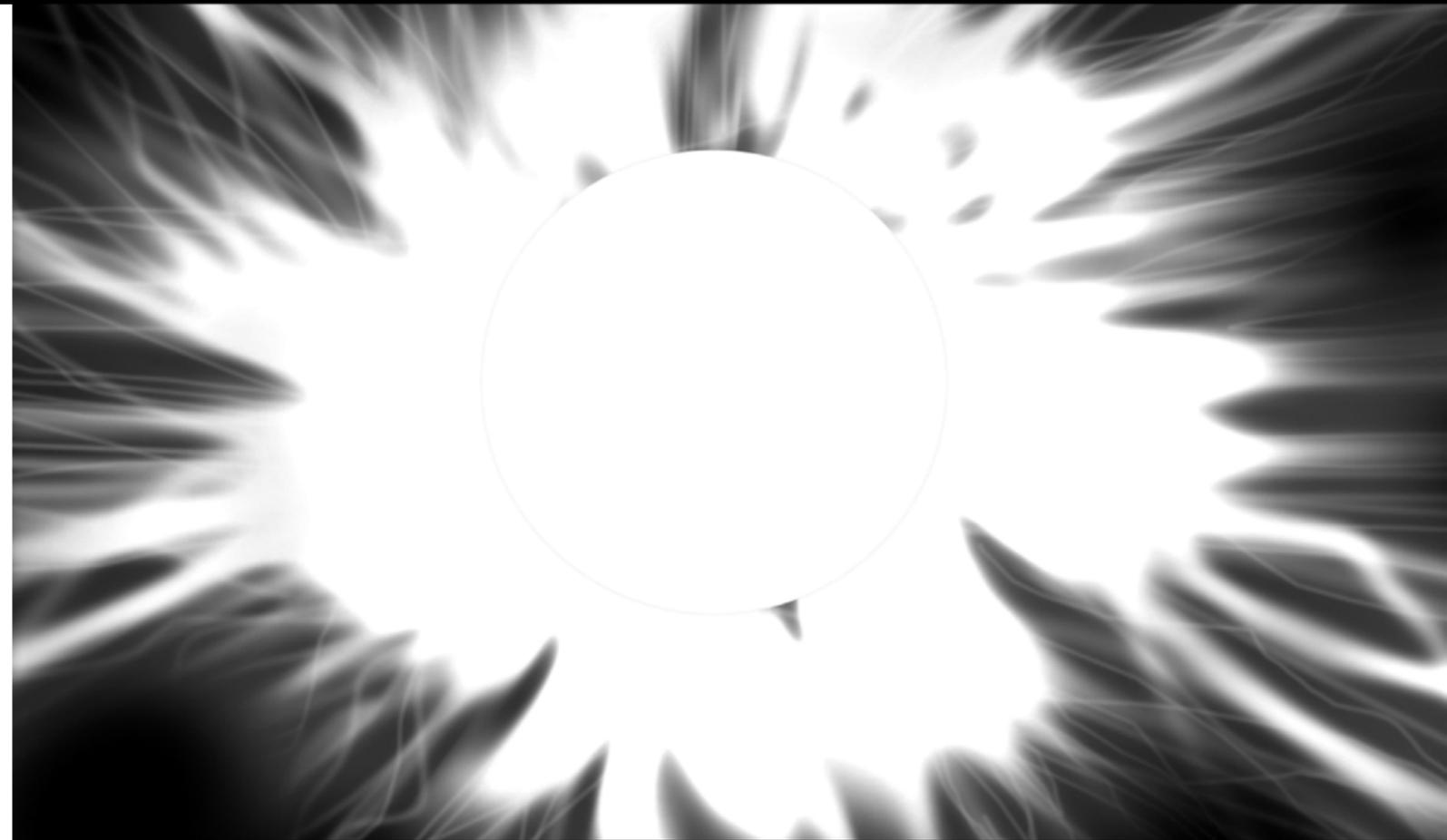
Note the spheres in the picture to the right. The Spheres themselves are you, or rather, your boundary lines. The rims of the circles are where your brain perceives 'you' to stop and the rest of the world to begin. If you have brain madnesses, sometimes you don't always get a clear line, or in my case, many other things can make new lines for you. Humidity is one such thing and the higher it goes, the blurrier and farther out that line goes.

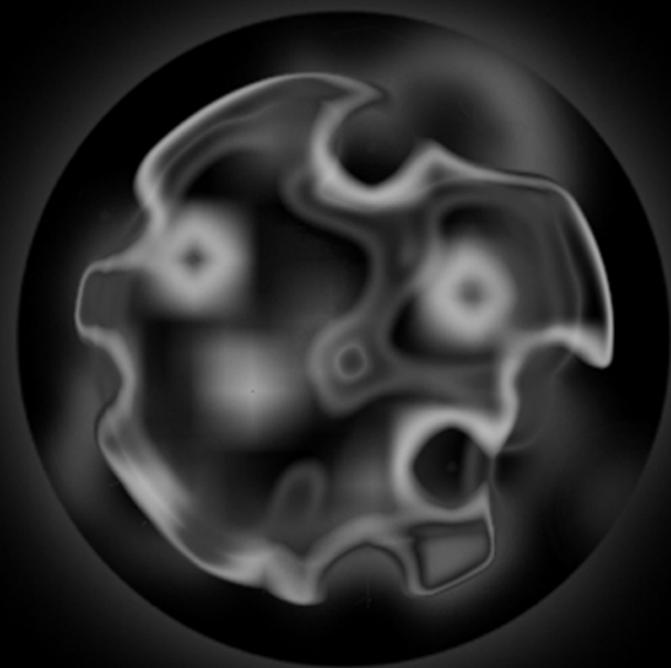
The top circle is Summer, or more specifically, a summer thunderstorm (which makes me really high off my nut). The one on the bottom if your average day. On average I have a bit of a range anyway. But let's look at Winter, more specifically a Bad winter. Actually, let's look at a bunch of examples on the next page, shall we? I don't think I can squeeze them all in on this page.



Thunderstorms are great for getting high on. They have humidity and energy in one. Psychics warn not to try and have an Out of Body Experience when thunderstorms are about.

THE PSYCHIC ARTIST PRODUCTIONS  
ECCENTRICITY





## Humidity Theory

**T**he Winter is a very hard time for me. On the average Summer day, as seen to the left, I am at least twice capacity. I have, in a sense, a surplus of self to use and it is in a constant state of regeneration, which gives me an unlimited supply. Humidity coupled with heat is a stimulus. You don't have to work so hard to keep the body going when the heat supports you.

A hot humid day makes me as immortal as a cloud of energy. Everything works more efficiently, the gears greased constantly by the continuous influx. There is no friction and I dissolve into something fluid. I have effectively merged with the moisture in the air and use it to my own ends.

In the Winter, there is nothing. I live in North Jersey and so the winters are cold. Even with the humidity present, I won't be able to meld with it because of the layers of clothes that one is forced to wear. I usually resist wearing a jacket or covered shoes for this reason, preferring to be cold than cut off from the grid. But eventually I lose to the cold. The supply from summer runs out by about mid January. I can lay dormant for about a week or so more, but then I must come up for air. And there is none.

I begin to fold on myself. Potholes are formed as pockets of energy collapse in its absence. Note the bottom circle. A bad winter has left the boundary line pocked with craters where potholes have formed. Also note that the circle is no longer a perfect circle and that the energy line no longer

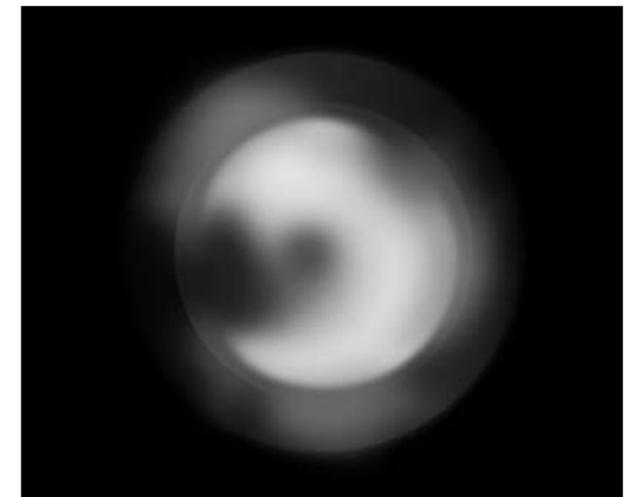
reaches the edge. There is literally not enough there to create a boundary and this can wreak havoc on the system. Without the boundary, stimulus can't come in. Rather, it is sucked out. Dry Winter also offers no way to replenish sections or link them.

More often than not, I end up having major difficulty by late February. As a side note, I often take two hot showers a day to get the steam and heat. In the summer it's not necessary, but in Winter, hot water treatment is often the only thing I have aside from a heated greenhouse.

I believe my need for humidity stems from the fact that my homeland was one by the sea. I guess my people need it as much as I do, but unfortunately I have yet to find any of them here...

### Second edition notes:

I have been diagnosed with a few more sensory disorders and I am now on doctor's orders to relocate to a hot, humid place for at least one week during mid-winter. Unfortunately, most health insurances don't cover prescription tropical vacations, so I'm not exactly sure how this will turn out.



A good winter would look like this. The pocking is still evident, but the boundary lines are still functionally intact.



## Ghosts and other Off-Worlders

Sometimes these things happen

I went with Beanie to go strawberry picking on June 2002. Strawberries are an alien fruit that keeps its seeds outside for some reason. Apparently I'm the only one weirded out by inside-out fruit but it tastes good, especially if microwaved. Not too hot, just to the level they were at when out in the sun.

In any case, Beanie was walking toward a patch further down the hill. I was about to follow her when I got this intense nagging sensation to look to the left. Over this strawberry patch, I could feel something heavy, something with mass pushing against the air, as if there can be heavy air floating in one spot. I didn't see it, or rather, her, but I could feel her talking, I could feel her face.

Because there are five senses, you can have 25 combinations of sensory overlap. In this case, I suppose I am feeling a vision because I didn't see her, but I could See her with some of my other senses. I suppose, though, if it isn't my other senses actually picking this up, then it must be a sixth sense that the other five don't cover. In any case, there she was, talking to me. I could See a vague face and a hand beckoning me. Then I got her message; she wanted me to come with her somewhere, to play. She wasn't young, and she wasn't a ghost to be sure. Ghosts feel different, cold. If I were to describe it in colours, this one had a slight rainbow iridescence whereas ghosts tend to be kind of a flat white/gray feeling, kind of a clammy cold.

Back to this one. I don't know what she was or what she wanted but I don't think it was innocent. There was

something mischievous there. She kept saying in so many words,

"Come out, come out and play. Leave this behind and play with me. Don't worry, Let's fly."

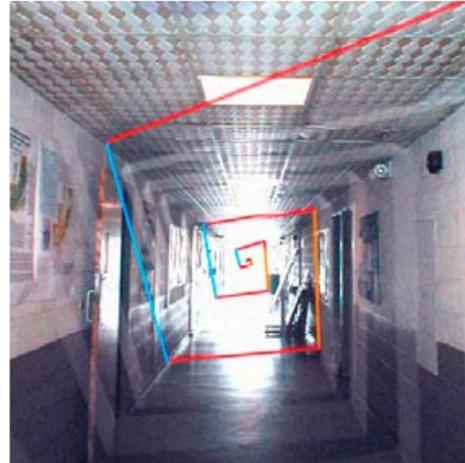
I was hypnotized. This had never happened before and though I was pretty sure I didn't trust her, I was still curious. Beanie realized I wasn't following her and came back to find me staring at the sky in a trance.

I remember asking her if she saw it too, but she said no. Then she went to the spot I was looking at and found a small patch of ultra huge strawberries. Well Beanie got real excited and picked a whole bunch while I tried to reason with the vision. Eventually the vision gave up and left.

Bean thinks that she was trying to tell us where the best berries were and to tell the truth, that would be a cute story, but that's not it. I know she was up to no good. How no good her no good was I don't know, but if I had to guess, I'd say maybe she wanted my body. Nah... Maybe she wanted to absorb me into herself. That's more possible than the first one. Maybe she just wanted to pull a prank. Either way, she knew I could see her, (most likely because I was staring straight at her) and figured I could come out of my body as well. Truth be told, I certainly can, but for those three or four times I really did separate, it happened completely by accident and scared the crap out of me.

◀ You can't actually see ghosts I don't think, but you can See ghosts.

ECCENTRICITY



## Hallway Energy Pipelines

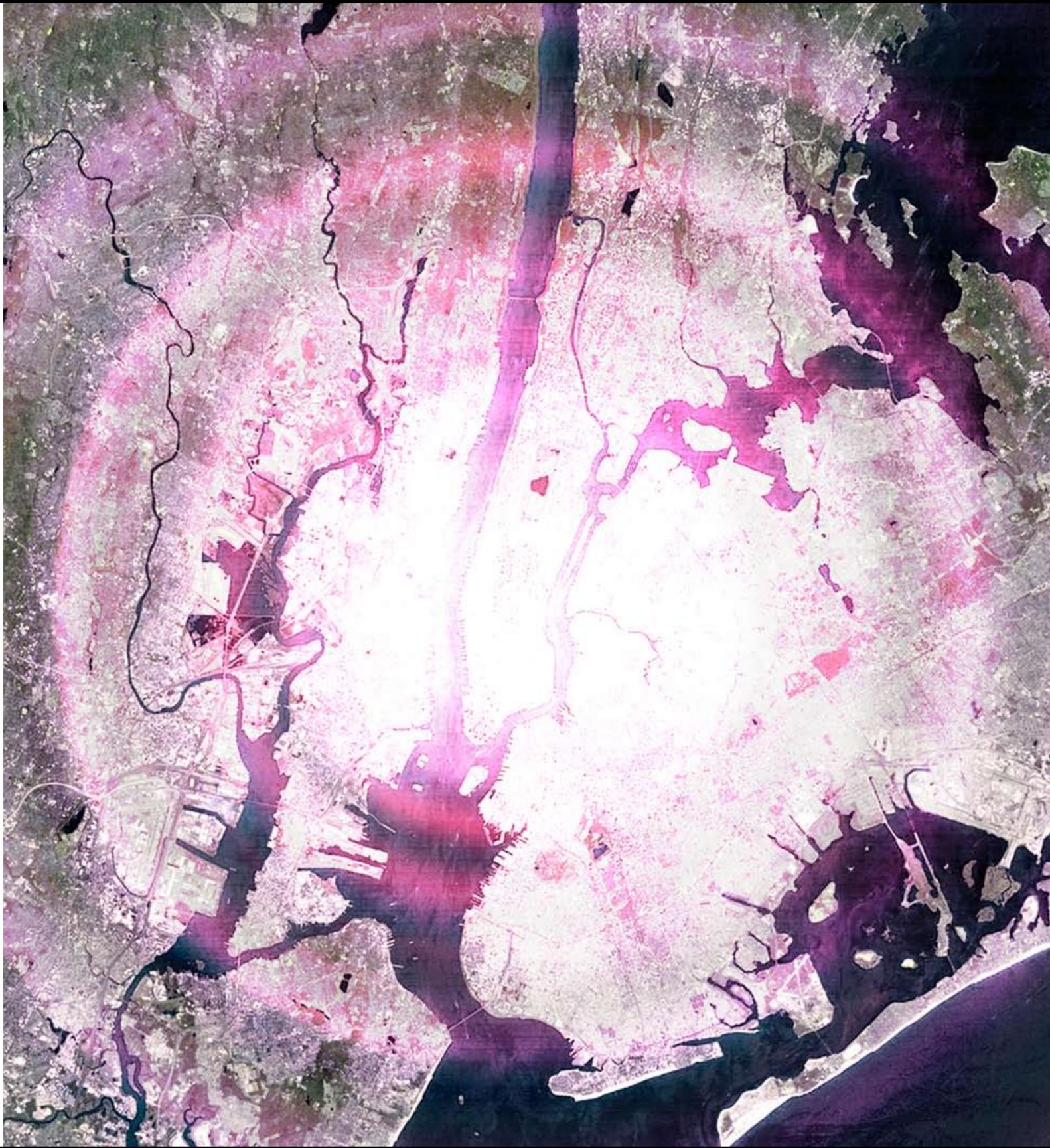
### Standing in an Empty Hall is Good for you

**W**hen I was young, maybe several years ago, I wandered during my job at a summer day camp in search of a decent bathroom. It was held in an elementary school, you see, and most of the toilets were so small. So up to the third floor I went and lo, there was this darkened hallway, accented only by the glow that came through the open doors. And then I felt it, a humming in my skin, a force pushing up against me, past me, all over me as if I had stepped into a wind tunnel. I felt as if gravity was losing its hold and that I could let myself drift in the stream. I could touch Everything. What had happened that day? I returned to the hallway day after day on my lunch break, but was surprised to find that if anything or anyone broke the perfect corridor with its presence that the tunnel didn't form. Toward the end of the Summer the janitors returned to clean the school for September and the Tunnel was lost altogether. The picture I have here is of another hallway that produces

the same effect, situated right outside my place of work. During the day the pulse was low, almost non-existent, but as night came and the humans left, the energy would begin its perfect cycle. As you can see by the little picture up top, air is pushed up against the walls and careens over in a loop. It isn't so much coming straight for you, but churning as it does so, collecting force as it funnels like a sideways tornado. Of course, I have no idea what I'm talking about. After all, I haven't studied much in the art of aerodynamics. The point is, I can feel it, and that is very hard to ignore. Another place that this occurs is in subway tunnels, just as the train pushes into the station. It is almost like the train is pushing the air out of the tunnel like a bullet from a barrel, and I must say, it feels almost the same.



ECCENTRICITY



6) pillar to pillar NYC fusion theory



## Human Energy Grids

Why I always know which way is New York City

Within about 50 miles of New York City, I can close my eyes, spin around and then accurately point in its direction. How is this possible? My theory is this; each human has an Aura. We have all heard of Auras before. Some people are said to have a calming aura, or someone is said to feel the presence of another in a room. How many times have you claimed that you could feel someone sneaking up behind you? This is because apparently humans give off some sort of force field. I haven't tested this on other living things or inanimate objects yet, but for humans it would explain the need to socialize. I have noticed that these Auras are attracted to each other, and the more that are present, the stronger the overall structure becomes.

I like living in an apartment building because I can Feel the presence of the others all around me, keeping me in a comfortable grid of transferable energy. I get cranky and lethargic if I am not around people for a while. Not necessarily talking with them, but being within 15 to 20 feet will suffice. It is also because of this that I enjoy public transportation.

Now, if several million people were positioned in one spot, can you not figure the consequences? To me, NYC, which is a mere 14 miles from my home and visible from any incline, is a pulsing energy core made of a mass of smaller parts. The pulse washes over the river and into the surrounding metro area. You don't need to have special senses to feel it. The closer one lives to the city, the faster they move, as if driven by the overflow.

**Second edition notes:** I have tested this on other living things and inanimate objects, and yes, it does exist. Even loners connect with their surroundings and may find the less intense aura of inanimate objects more calming. At least that's what I think. Consequently, my apartment is full of things.



◀ An overhead shot of humans at the mall has been altered so to see the pillar to pillar connections, the humans being the pillars.

ECCENTRICITY



## Reading Auras

### Coloured Emotions and Using Synesthesia to Freak People Out

If by chance you do have Synesthesia or some other heightened sensory ability, you may find that you can not only sense a person's Aura, but See it too. For me it shows up in colour. I will See the colour, intensity and patterns that are made, then ask myself how those colours make me feel. The Syn will relay back the responses and give me a fairly accurate picture of what is going on in their head. Incidentally, the colours are so specific that one light blue might mean something completely different from another light blue, so consciously memorizing them is out of the question. I tried once and it didn't work. Best to let the Syn take care of it.



1. Euphoria that the Twilight Rift is upon us.
2. Some sort of anxiousness attributed to something that needs to be settled very soon.
3. Worry over something potentially life altering
4. An apathy/calming band, usually present to counter/ignore a persisting problem.
5. Feeling relatively productive/stable. Interactivity band shows how able one is to deal with the world



## Telepathy

### **An Uncomfortable Possibility**

This is what I See on the inside of my eyelids if Beanie is thinking about a 6. So far I can only do this accurately with her, meaning that we probably have developed one of those physic twin deals. Maybe eventually I'll have better success with other people's minds, maybe even... yours! (HAHAHAHAHA!!!!)

Interestingly enough, even though I'm not even 'seeing' a 6, the vision of the six is still obliged to a synesthetic blue.



My capacity for remembering people is very low. On the left is what John Luttrupp, my professor looks like.

On the Right is how I would remember his face. If it wasn't for his bald head, glasses, and goatee, he would have no identifying features for me to remember him by.

#### Second Edition Notes

This phenomena is known as Face-Blindness, or more scientifically, Prosopagnosia, which means the part of the brain used for processing faces is damaged or doesn't work for some reason. It is common amongst the autistic.

## Knowing by Touch

### My Horrible Memory and Why I hate shoes

For those of you who know me well, you may notice that I go without shoes whenever possible. I've probably been written off as a hippie, but it actually has nothing to do with idealism. My sense of spatial perception is so poor that I often don't even acknowledge things unless I touch them directly.

But let us dig a little deeper to the real reason, not to say the above isn't valid, which it is. I have a very poor sense of where 'I' stop and the rest of the world begins. Because of this, I'm never really sure that something I'm looking at is real unless I can touch it. Of course I know that it's real, but for some reason the entire system doesn't recognize its existence unless it has confirmation.

Walking without shoes literally keeps me grounded, because I can Feel it. That floor that I am touching with my feet is now Valid and that in turn allows me to feel more comfortable moving around in that area. In the picture to the left, you can see that I have connected myself to the floor via my feet. I am rooted in the real world, the floor, and we are trading information about each other's existence.

Now, say I want to talk to that kid over there. I don't necessarily have to touch him to know he is there, but it will increase my likeliness of actually remembering him. If I am allowed to touch your face, there is an even greater chance that I will recognize you the second time we meet, instead of the 10th or 12th which is my average. I will not remember you or your face the first 6 or 7 times unless you have a distinguishing mark that no one else would have, like a scar, pink hair, or a very peculiarly coloured Aura.

I will, however, remember exactly what you are wearing. That confuses me even more.

Once I was talking to this woman for two hours. Then she got up and put her coat on and we went outside. She then resumed talking to me, at which point I asked her who she was. Then by chance a piece of her green shirt became visible and immediately I knew that it was the same woman as a few minutes ago.

Another thing that happens often is two different looking people will look the same to me for whatever reason. Unless both people are in the same room at the same time, I have been known to go for almost a year thinking two different people are the same person.

This will happen with people I know well, too. I was friendly with a professor that I had for a class. One day after three months of being in that class, I walked up to him before the lecture started and asked him if the professor would be coming to class that day, not recognizing him at all. This, however, does not happen so often as the other two with people, but does so with dates and times. A steady schedule will, for no reason, rearrange itself in my head, even if that schedule has been standing for months or years.

Quite often I forget my first birthday.

So if I do not remember you, please do not be offended. If it is important that I remember you, always wear some piece of clothing or jewelry every time I do see you, or, if it suits you, let me touch your face.

# Car-Gridding

## Guidance by Sonar

This is called Car-gridding and it shows what the back of my head is seeing when I come into heavy traffic. The red grid shows up only at night but the green triangles are always present, refreshing themselves as necessary. Each triangle calculates the coordinates between the objects and each other and to myself, then updates the data, compares it, and sends the outcome to the motor section. The Frames Per Second and number of triangles depends on the difficulty of the traffic. There are also numbers that line the sides or the tips of each triangle but I don't know what they mean myself. It must make sense to the navigation program which I see running on the side. Navigation is always running, but only comes into visual interface when it takes priority in the system. The interesting thing

about car-gridding is that it is not so much reliant on sight as it is on sound. In all manner of weather I always have the window cracked about an inch. It works like a form of sonar. The closer my car is to another object, the louder the engine will sound as it's reflected back at me. I don't consciously decide how far by how it sounds, but my brain seems to do the math on its own. It's not fool proof but it compensates for my deficit in spatial reasoning. This is not the case with higher speeds, basically anything over 50 mph, hence I can not use highways. In all honesty I have no idea how people manage to use on-ramps. It seems like Russian roulette to me.

**Second Edition notes:** I can use highways, but only under certain conditions to numerous to name here.



Car gridding is a must have software for living in North Jersey, where the government actually has to make it illegal for car insurance agencies to leave the state, even though they are losing money.

ECCENTRICITY



# Stranger than Fiction

If I see it, it Must be Real

My first memory, my first real memory, was that of the dream that woke me up. Inconsequential as it seemed at the time, the fact that my brain's first test run happened in an altered state has taught it that altered states must be as valid as the waking world. It reasons that all information coming in must be valid, otherwise how else could I have experienced it in the first place? The philosophical debate of how one decides what is real and what is not is more than idle musing. What is and isn't real can't be decided, at least I can't decipher what is and isn't, so all things must be considered, nothing can be condemned as false. If I see someone shot on TV, then I will have the same trauma as having witnessed it first hand. This means a number things, the first and most obvious is that I have to be very restrictive of my methods of entertainment. No horror, no crime, no murder, no Lifetime for women movies, no violent comics, no murder mystery books, nothing in which someone dies, even if off screen, no true crime shows, nothing that if it happened in real life would cause

emotional trauma. Hence all must be carefully screened. No movie can be watched without knowing how it ends, no book read unless I read the ending first. Horror movies, no matter how terrible, cheesy, stupid and fake one is, I still get the same reaction. Even when watching MST3K\* and the robots are chattering away, I still find myself taking damage for watching a violent scene. Sounds stupid? Sometimes I think so too and I break my own rules. With disastrous results. I love Johnny Depp and his 'Secret Window' was on so I decided to take a risk and watch it for the Depp experience. I suffered emotional trauma for a week and a half. Earlier that year I was reading Tomb raider comic books when a favorite character died. I was in mourning for three weeks. It's easier to just eliminate it all from my viewing diet. All I watch now is cartoon network, animal planet, and comedy central. I only read scientific nonfiction. Even then, I still slip up and pay the price. The worst part is that my brain logs it all as real events in my timeline. I have all manner of false memories of things that never actually happened. Once when I first started going to

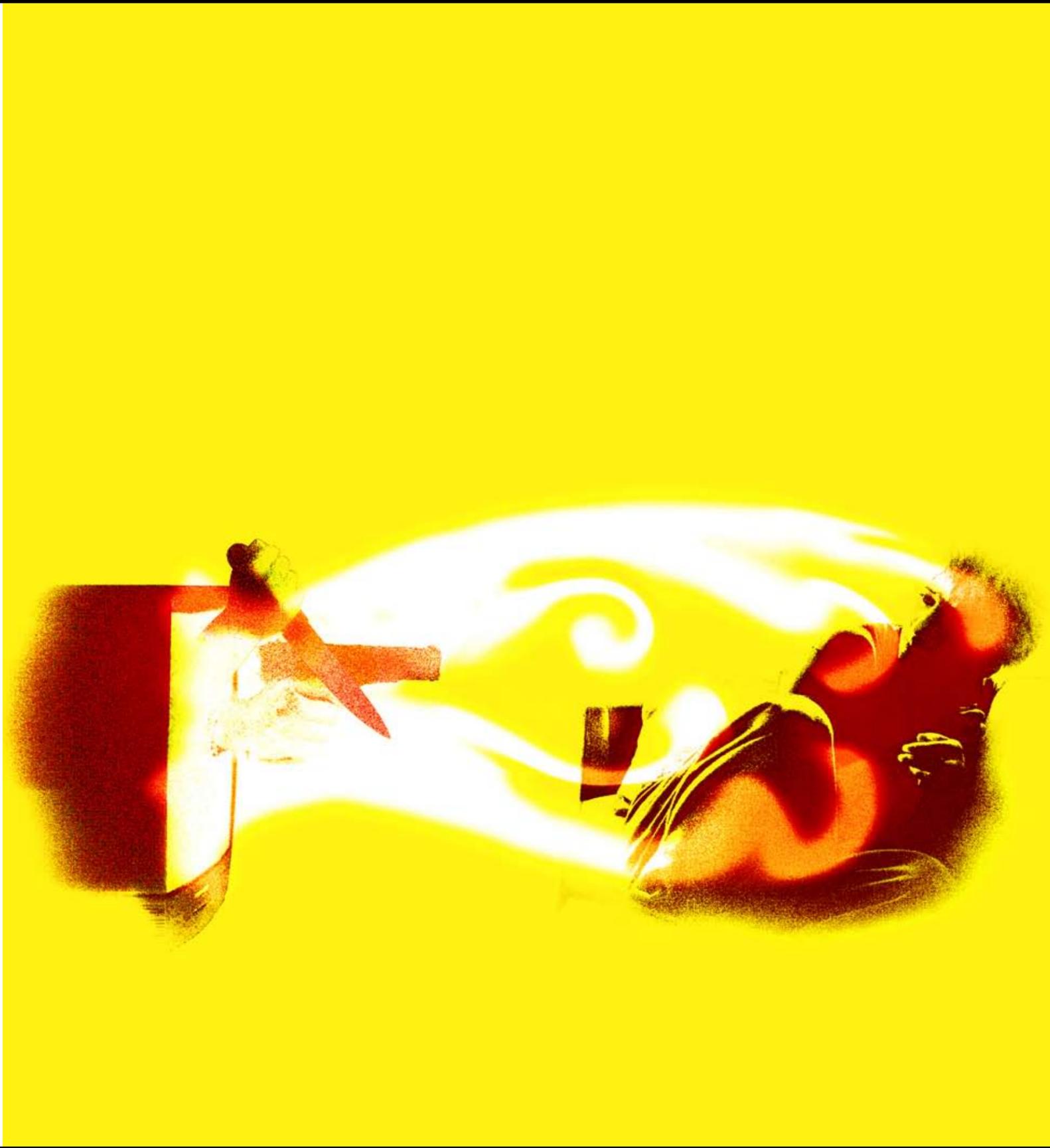
therapy I was asked if I was ever abused or molested and I had to pause to sift through the disorganized mess of memories to pick out which ones were real or not. The pause made the therapist suspicious that I was hiding something and spent the next half hour trying to tease it out of me. The other offshoot is the inability to lie. Once I create a lie that conflicts with what my brain already knows, it doesn't seem to be able to hold the two memories at once. It will either discard the lie so I can't recall it later or worse, discard the truth in favor of the lie which inevitably conflicts with something else, setting off a chain reaction that can wipe out blocks of memory at a time. Even white lies lead to trouble, so I've developed the fine art of splitting hairs. By and large it works just as well, but on a day to day basis blunt truth has always been the default. Humans say they admire a person who speaks the truth. I think they're lying.

\*MST3K, otherwise known as Mystery Science Theater 3000 was a bizarre show with a cult following that used to play on Sci-Fi channel.

As if things weren't scary enough on their own.



THE ORIGINAL SERIES  
ECCENTRICITY



And if that wasn't bad enough, dreams get logged as real too. But these are no ordinary dreams. These are ultra-mega-surround sound dreams that hijack my senses, playing them as if the stimulus was coming from the outside. The Matrix\* has taught us that the brain only knows what it's told by electrical impulses. Most of the time it's a safe bet that those impulses came from a legitimate source. My subconscious has figured out how to configure itself in such a way that the brain thinks it's getting a real feed from the outside and will continue to bug me for days following a dream to react. Say, for example, a dream informs me that my car was stolen. I will be driving in my car all the next day with the nagging thought that I have to call the police to report the theft. This is called Haunting.

Sometimes the sensory input in dreams goes to the extreme. Unlike

most people, when I die in a dream I don't always wake up afterward. Somehow my brain recreates what it thinks it would feel like to die and what's creepy is that it has remained pretty consistent, as if it really knows what it's talking about. There's the feeling of an intense pressure, a weight that makes it impossible to move or speak. Panic streaks across as you feel your body struggle and die until the blackness takes your mind as well. I have died five times to date.

It's no surprise that I've died in my dreams. With 90% of my dreams having to do with the apocalypse I'm surprised I've only died five. The ones that aren't specifically about the apocalypse have the apocalypse going on in the background. The 10% that have nothing to do with the apocalypse- wait, no, it's always the apocalypse. If I had a dream about my car being stolen, chances are it was stolen during the end

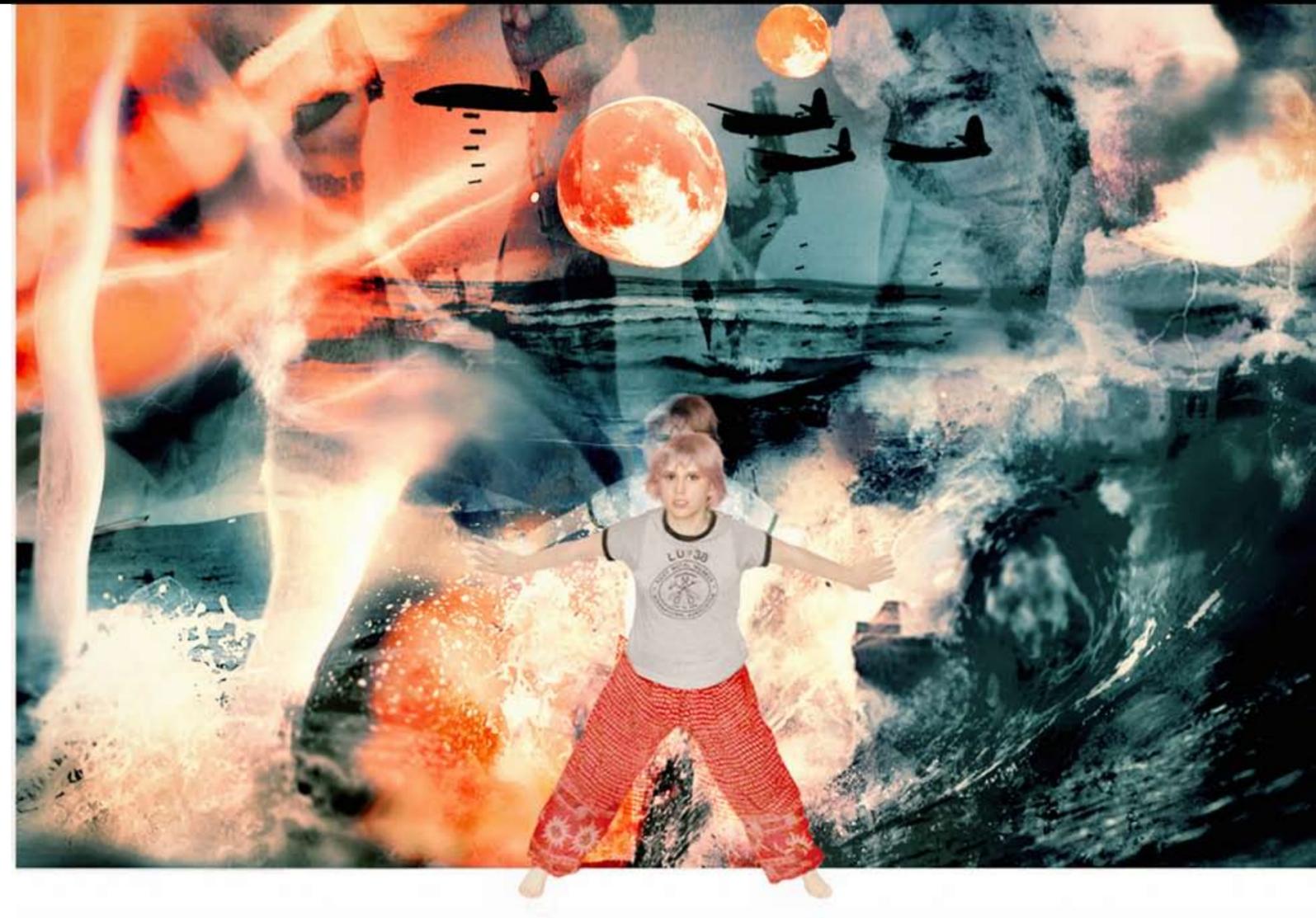
## Dream-state

Or; "Oh look, it's raining fire again..."

times. Why? I have no idea but it's been like this since I was born, and I mean originally born. I have a poor to nonexistent conscious memory of my first thirteen years but my subconscious memory is perfectly intact. I can dive back into ancient dreams that I know happened in the Before Time and they are as vivid as they ever were. There are a handful of recognizable places that my dreams keep going back to, places I have never actually seen but feel some ancient connection to. I call these the Homelands.

I should make a pie chart about which places I go to the most. Number one offender; the Holylands. The Holylands are not the Homelands mind you. The Holylands are the Wildwood Beaches in South Jersey and they appear in nearly half of all my dreams. I'm either trying to get there, am there, or trying to figure out a way not to leave there and of course it's apocalypsing out. As

\*The Matrix is a sci-fi movie that came out in 1999 that presents the idea that the brain creates reality based on the electronic signals it receives, and that reality is controlled by he who controls the signals themselves.



➤ The full moon makes it worse. Not sure why because the amount of sun bouncing off it at any given time shouldn't have anything to do with where my brain is going to send me that night.



Left page: A typical apocalyptic scenario featuring the back yard. The most common disaster that befalls this setting is floods, followed by war and lightening storms.

Right Page; The original picture.

### Dream-state

for the Homelands, there's pictures of that further on. Next up is the middle school I went to. These dreams are usually more disturbing for some reason. Next is the elementary school, not as disturbing. High school and College take about 5% each, college ones being ultra violent for some reason. There are even a few from Berkshire.

It's when you get to the other two big ones, my old home and my grandmother's house that you see the time warp. Any dreams I have about either two take place in the Before time. I don't remember what my grandmothers house looked like before the restorations but in the dreams the bathroom is this wild green and yellow 70's masterpiece and the kitchen is restored to its former kitschy glory. When I asked my grandmother about the visions she confirmed that when I was very young the bathroom was decked out in green/silver wallpaper and had yellow tile. I still have to find a picture of it. I do consciously remember my mother's home before she redid everything in... (shudder) ...beige and I can tell you that all the dream's

depictions of the past are accurate. The dreams of Mother's house are far and away the most violent. I can't tell you how many times the apocalypse romped down the street in every manner of the word. It's gotten to the point where the dreams aren't of my house, rather the house is a physical manifestation of those dreams.

Which freaks me out. I'll walk in the backyard now and it will be like, 'Holy crap, it looks just like those dreams I have! Why isn't it underwater or filled winged monkeys?' I lived in that house for fifteen years, but I still have more and clearer memories of that place from the dream-state than from the waking world. I barely have any of where I live now. Sometimes these places mash together and add new places in, or sometimes (very rarely) a place I've never seen before. More commonly my brain will find some random place from my past and dump hell on it for fun. At this point in my life many of the places the dreams take me that I've never been before are well-established reoccurring places from the Homelands. They will expand out from their origins or

show a new place and show how it connects to the Homeland's system at some point. Sometimes it doesn't but I know anyway. I can't explain how I know one never-been-to place is Homelands and the next isn't except that the Homelands seem to have their own peculiar mint on them and follow their own separate destiny. Like it was some other world that I can watch form but never go consciously. Homelands aren't the only dreams that have a line of continuum, though. All the dreams seem to remember each other from one night to the next, forming their own mysterious back stories, none of which I understand. I'm pretty sure it has to do with the apocalypse.

Now with all this going on as clear or clearer than what I process during the day, how the hell am I supposed to have a solid grip on reality? Of course I believe in other dimensions, ghosts, telepathy and any number of crazy things. They happen to me every day because that's what keeps getting sent over to the brain. I see no point in trying to separate what is 'real' and what isn't because to tell the truth, this is cooler.

# Precognitive and Psychic Dreams

And Then it Gets Creepy...

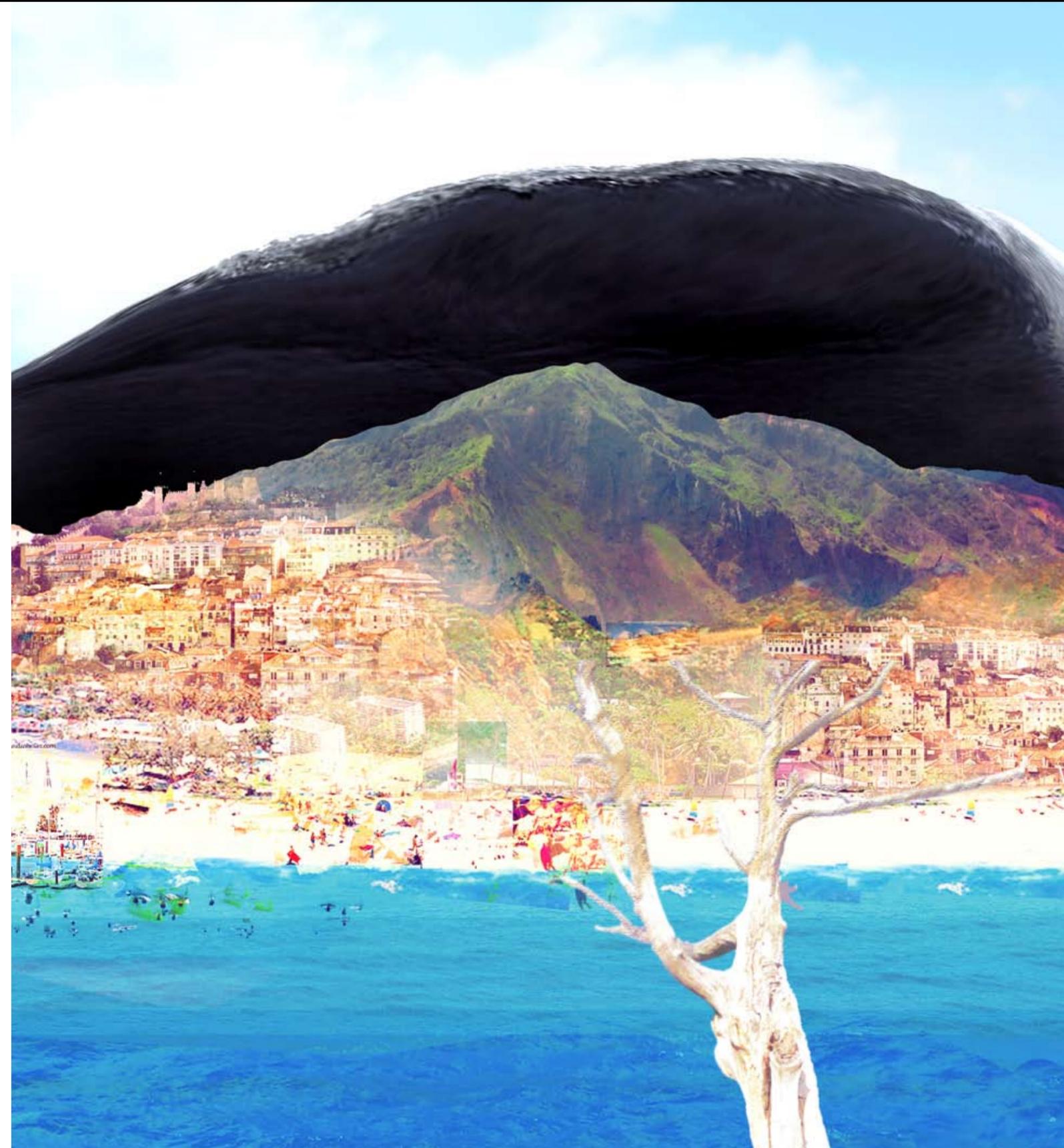
December 25th, 2005, I convinced Beanie to sleep over, because I hate sleeping by myself. Somewhere between twelve and two am I started violently in my sleep and awoke. Startled and half-asleep, Beanie asked what was wrong and told her I had yet another apocalyptic dream. I usually don't give these much thought besides knowing that I would probably be Haunted for the next day. Most likely not, though. Dreams that happen so far from dawn are usually erased by other dreams occurring afterward, but this one stayed on. Stranger still was nature of it. I dreamed about storms, wars, floods, lightening, and tornados all the time, but this was a wave. A gigantic wave. Okay, so what? There's a first time for everything, yes? But what was weirder was that the wave didn't belong there. How can something not belong in a dream when people dream

of all manner of madness? I can't explain it any more than watching an old romance movie in a theater and having a pickup truck suddenly crash through the screen. Not only does it not really fit with the story but the truck is real, really real, too real. And it had burst in from the outside. The setting for the movie was odd to begin with. It was a fuzzy, oversaturated view of the shore line from out to sea looking inland. I, or someone, was perched high in a dead tree in the water looking at the beach, the bathers, the trees behind them and the mountains further back. Then suddenly there was chaos, a feeling of alarm and 'I' turned slightly to see a towering black wave rising over the mountain. It looked like it had been carved from obsidian and while its surroundings were fuzzy, the wave itself was stunningly sharp. In fact, it positively radiated sharp. Sharp and Death. 'I' remember looking at it and

thinking 'This does not belong here' before being crushed. This was one of the five dreams in which I experienced the full sensory replication of Death. When I told Beanie about this in the middle of the night, I told her about the wave feeling drastically out of place in and out of the dream state. We didn't think it meant anything at the time. Beanie was going to Minnesota on the 27th so we decided to hang out at the mall all day on the 26th. Instead of the wave dream disappearing at daylight or getting covered in D-sleep, it Haunted me with a vengeance. Strange but not totally unusual, except that it wasn't wearing off. When I went to sleep that night it returned as a pale recap as most Haunting dreams do, but this one was not as pale as it should and it was persistent. I still paid it no mind, not until 5 am the next morning to walk with Beanie to the lobby

My attempt at drawing that dream as best I could do it. Remembering it isn't the problem, it's trying to get the colours right. And the wave doesn't look like a glossy cut rock like it should. Oh well. One thing puzzles me; why is the wave coming in from behind the island? I

thought about this and noticed that the sun was on the left. My guess is that I must have been facing south on a small atoll or something. That doesn't explain the height of the thing because I don't think it got that tall.





## Precognitive and Psychic Dreams

to catch her airport taxi. The papers had just been delivered on our neighbor's doorsteps and the front page was covered with one story. My blood went cold. Impossible. How could a tsunami crash on the shores of a land half a world away have shown up in my dreams two days before? Had it been a precognitive dream like the one two weeks before 9/11? But as I read the article things began to take an even more bizarre twist; the tsunami hadn't crashed today, it had crashed at 8-11 am on Dec. 26th, UTC (Coordinated Universal Time). Was that the same time it broke my subconscious? If the quakes set off shortly before midnight GMT and the waves took between 2-10 hours to hit their marks, that made it between 2 and 10 am Dec. 26th. New Jersey is -5 GMT, meaning the waves hit between 10 PM 12/25 and 5 am 12/26, a swath of time covering the time the dream had taken place. It wasn't a Precog at all, it was something else, something far more disturbing. Could the force of 200,000 voices screaming as one send the vision of the wave across the ocean into a fertile sleeping mind? If it had, the hole it had punched in the psychic membrane wasn't closing

and the flood of misery continued to pour through. As days went by the dream refused to leave and I began feeling this shifting back and forth that I was supposed to be amongst the wreckage, that I was supposed to be in southeast Asia. I couldn't figure out how I had gotten back to America. What was worse, my mind had recorded the event as true and I was one of the tsunami's most distant victims but I couldn't go about picking up the pieces with other survivors. There was no wreckage, there was no water, there was nothing to connect me to what I had witnessed and I became terribly displaced and alone. How do you tell people you were washed under with 200,000 other people on the other side of the world when you have never left the States? The trauma continued for me for months and months like it did for those who had really felt the ocean's wrath first hand. The hole in my head eventually closed up suddenly when the Jubilation made its overdue repairs, but the damage had already been done, for the memory of the black obsidian wave still remains.



The 9/11 dream was one of a handful of precognitive dreams that I have had in my life, most of which have foreseen minor inconsequential things of which I can't even remember. Sometime in late August 2001 I had a vivid dream that I went outside to sit on an ordinary swing set in the middle of nowhere with a view of New York City. As I watched, a jet flew overhead and I remember thinking that it was too low to make it over. The dream took on the same eerily sharp quality that the wave dream did later on as the plane dipped into the heart of downtown, exploding seven times. The sky turned bright red and as the orange mushrooms blossomed overhead and I remember the clearest thought of all, 'the

world will never be the same.' That dream followed me around for two days, a long time for a Haunting. I told Beanie about this one too and she reminded me about it when 9/11 eventually unfolded. It was partially responsible for my slow response to 9/11, never being unable to fully differentiate between the dream and the real life event. The fact that I had seen it earlier dogged me for months after but what could I do? I wasn't sure I believed it either. One thing still nags me; the dream was very insistent that I notice the number of explosions but I still haven't been able to figure out their significance. Mayhaps it's too early to tell.

Trying to remember home. 10/14/2002  
I know I came from somewhere,  
I recognize scents, feelings from  
where I used to be.  
It's always the same colour  
that greenish blue like under  
chlorine in a pool, always that  
lime taste, always that forlorn  
feeling of a land on the edge  
of time.

I came from a world of my own,  
and I'm homesick.

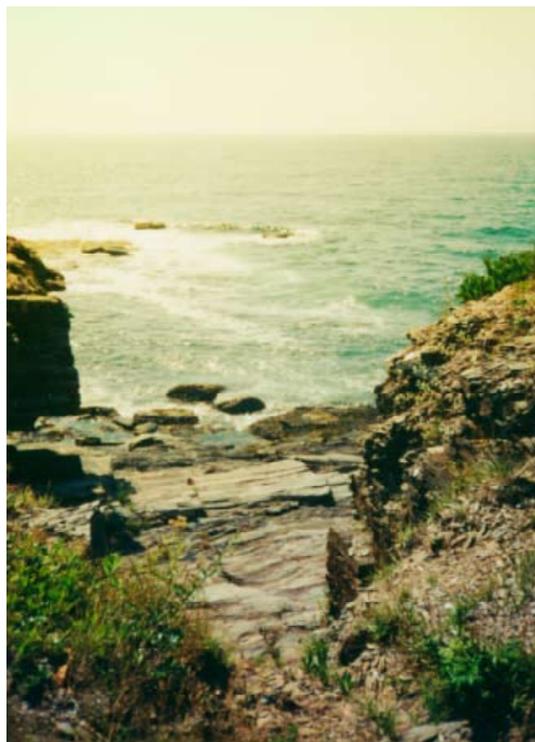
Maybe  
There is always water, vast seas,  
oceans, I remember them. Marshes,  
beaches, expanses of grass and plains.  
I sometimes see people.

There is a forest near the entrance,  
where ever that may be. I don't  
remember the woods well. There are  
no mountains, but there are cliffs  
by the water, some hills inland.  
The sky is pale except for storms  
which haunt my dreams.

Grass overgrown.  
The towns are bleached by the sea.  
It's... it has the feeling of summer's  
end, lingering on the edge of  
forever, but never seeming to  
change.

Sometimes my dreams let me go back  
and see it, sense it, that strange  
forgotten land. Some songs make  
me remember... Crickets, peeping frogs  
and gulls.  
If I can find a place on Earth  
like the one I left behind, I will live  
there happily until I die.

I miss the water



**The Homelands**  
Memories without Logic

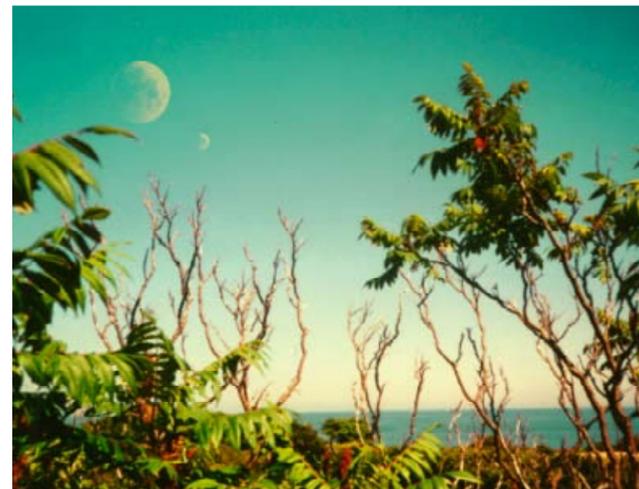
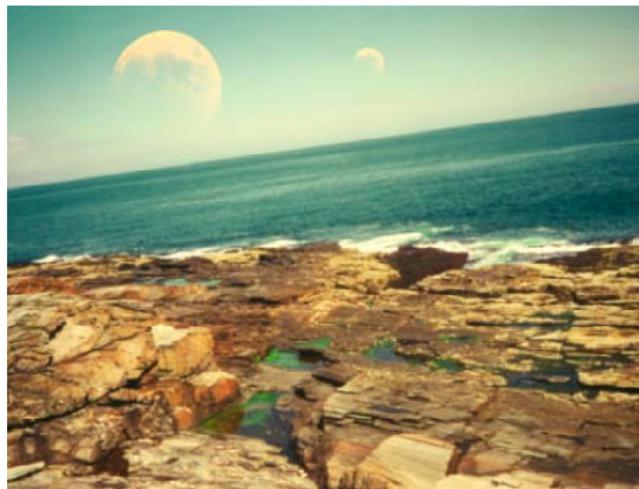
ECCENTRICITY



It's not home, but it looks like it. These are altered pictures I took in Maine. I spent two rolls of film capturing the scenery of one of the few places to ever evoke the ancient feeling in the back of my mind.



ECCENTRICITY



## Homelands

**W**hat am I talking about, “home”? Obviously I was born in New Jersey in the relatively urban metro area, as it says on my birth certificate. Besides, I can’t remember my past. But recently I came to thinking, you see. I have at least four to five vivid dreams a night as far back as I can remember, and for some reason, my memories of dreams goes back into the Before time. Six out of ten times, those dreams are in a place by the sea. Four times out of ten, it’s of the same area, this place.

I have never actually been here, I guess. I mean, it has two moons. It always has two moons. Sometimes the moons are big, sometimes small, and sometimes really faded, but that narrows the search of possible places on Earth to nill. The passage I wrote on the last page I wrote while in an induced state of trance, for the first time trying to pin down a place so familiar that I never noticed it.

I don’t know if it’s an island, but it is definitely by the sea. It is an overgrown, sandy, windy, abandoned place where time moves slow and there is always the sound of some cicada type bug or some crickets. It always looks like its either very late afternoon or twilight and things have a more aqua green tint. There are marshes here, cliffs there, and some specific points that tug at me.

Somewhere around here is a cove of a pretty decent size, carved into the rock. It would make a nice bay, and there are always people here, merchants and such. There is a community pool somewhere inland. Also somewhere there is the singing wall. I haven’t returned to the singing wall since I was very, very, very young because I was never able to find it again, but I know it is there. The signing walls are these canyons by the sea with hundreds of mask faces carved into the reddish rock. Each one is signing one steady note like monks.

I remember being scared, that I shouldn’t be there, that the faces were sacred. It was little wonder that when the goddesses entered my life many, many years later, that they had the same faces.

