

THE GRIM



ISSUE 1 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2000

GRIM
FREE

ONE DIMENSION

A point: a non-dimension, the present, All-That-Is. A being's perceptual center.



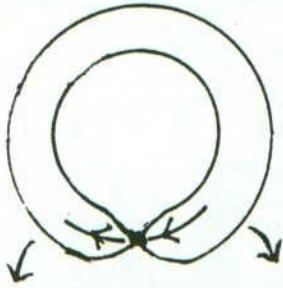
Our minds sort perceptions (events) into "past" and "future", giving the illusion of linear time. Time is subjective to perception and would not exist without some being to note its passage.



In much the same way that the curvature of the earth is unseen from the surface of the planet, the curvature of time is undetectable from our position in the present.



Since all possibilities are held within the entirety of existence, the 'line of events' must be expanded: only the perception of *what is happening exactly here and now* remains a clearly defined point.

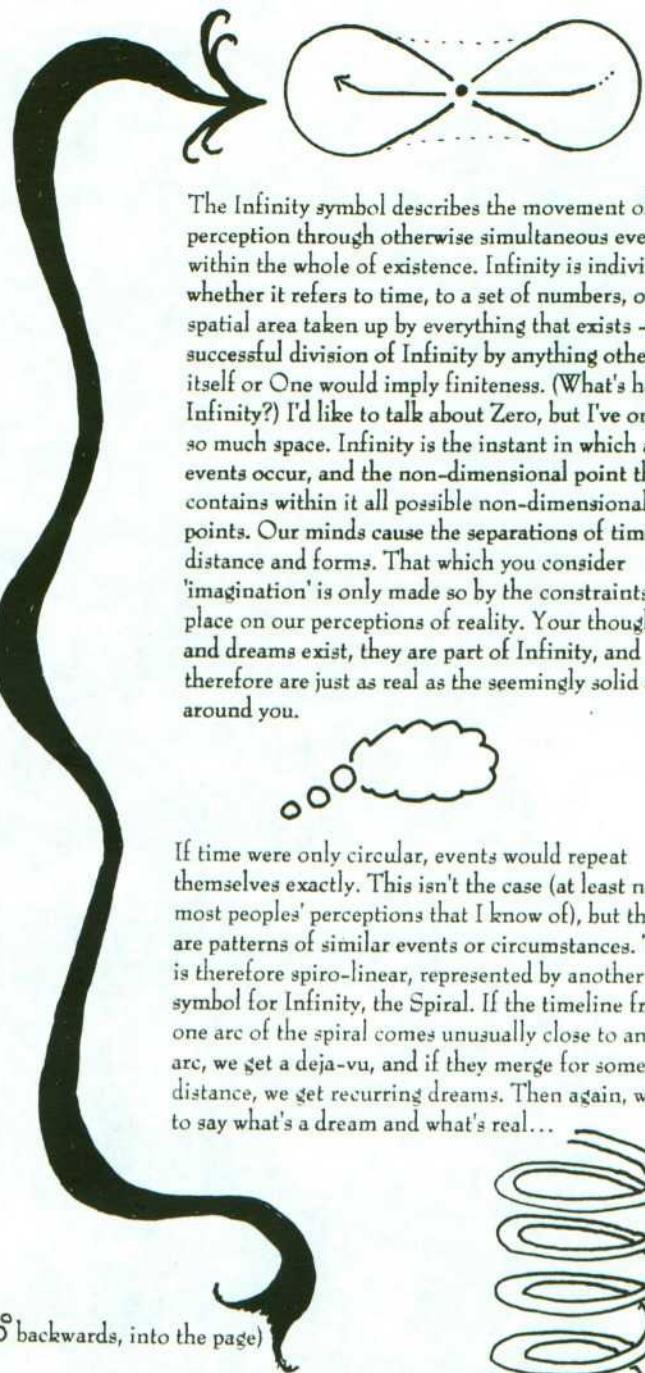


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COMING UP...

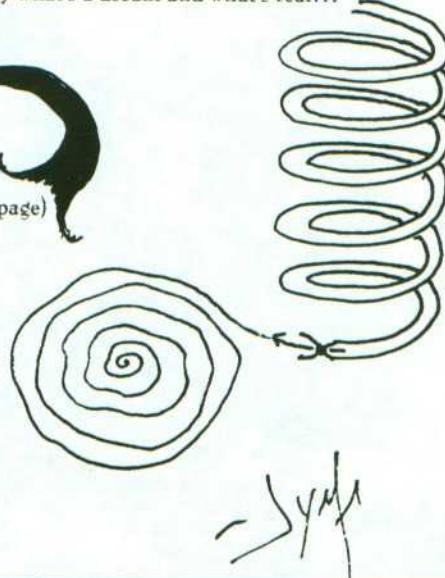
PLANETARY ORBITS VS. ELECTRON ORBITS,
IMPLICATIONS OF QUANTUM REALITY
ON THE MACRO SCALE,
SYMBOLS AS DOORWAYS,
THE MULTI-REALITIES OF THOUGHT,
HOW TO GET THERE,
MAGIC AND INSANITY
COMPUTERS AND EVOLUTION

AND LOTS MORE!

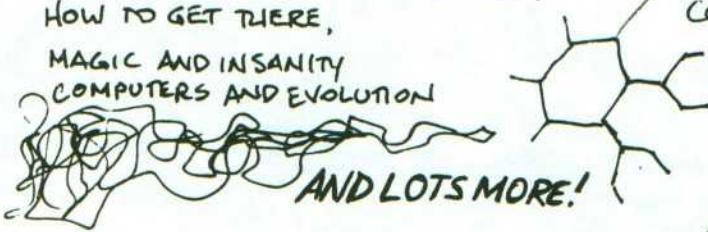


The Infinity symbol describes the movement of perception through otherwise simultaneous events within the whole of existence. Infinity is indivisible, whether it refers to time, to a set of numbers, or the spatial area taken up by everything that exists -- a successful division of Infinity by anything other than itself or One would imply finiteness. (What's half of Infinity?) I'd like to talk about Zero, but I've only got so much space. Infinity is the instant in which all events occur, and the non-dimensional point that contains within it all possible non-dimensional points. Our minds cause the separations of time, distance and forms. That which you consider 'imagination' is only made so by the constraints we place on our perceptions of reality. Your thoughts and dreams exist, they are part of Infinity, and therefore are just as real as the seemingly solid world around you.

If time were only circular, events would repeat themselves exactly. This isn't the case (at least not in most peoples' perceptions that I know of), but there are patterns of similar events or circumstances. Time is therefore spiro-linear, represented by another symbol for Infinity, the Spiral. If the timeline from one arc of the spiral comes unusually close to another arc, we get a *deja-vu*, and if they merge for some distance, we get recurring dreams. Then again, who's to say what's a dream and what's real...



COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS ARE WELCOME!



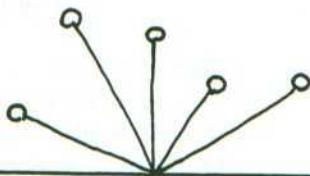
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EDITOR AND CHIEF NECROMANCER:

JYMI X/0

CONTRIBUTORS:

EZDALIA
WILLIAM RYDER
MICHAEL
MAR
REI RYDER
STEVEN FERN
JERUSHA

T FANTASY
STEFFANY FRANCIS
ANDREW
LADY EXORA
MARY V "FOLLY" SMITH
ANTIPAS 28



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In the meantime,
treat yourself to a most excellent online 'zine at:
www.theomnium.com

The Grim

for those who
can see through walls,
choose their masks,
run in Circles,
exist inside, outside and inbetween

SUBMISSIONS AND LETTERS TO:

the GRIM
PO Box 120192
KENTWOOD, MI
49512-120192

email: zombie@grnet.com



Greetings, artists and writers.
I am Ezdalia, a psychic vampire, panther were,
and pagan. I am hosting the

Eastern Gathering II.

The EGII is open to vampires, pagans, and weres
and will be held in Eagle's Mere PA.

Here is a list of some of the events planned:
speeches, discussions, and talks on various subjects,
history walk by the new moon, fine art and poetry/short
fiction competitions, fashion show, a masquerade ball, a
scavenger hunt, and some of the best food available (we
have two cooks this year).

If you want to learn more about this event go to the
following URL and check it out.

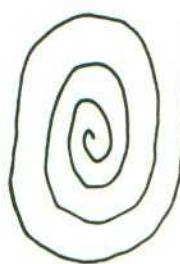
main site page:
www.darksites.com/souls/vampires/exdalii/

competition page:
www.darksites.com/souls/vampires/exdalii/com.html

I will be adding to the site constantly so keep visiting it
to see what is new. Also if you want to place an ad in our
program go to the following URL:

www.darksites.com/souls/vampires/exdalii/adreq.html

In shadows,
Ezdalia



It can be difficult sometimes to see beyond the realm you know as 'reality'. It has been woven around you since Day One as a definition of possibilities. At one point, you have all doubted (our) existence because you have been taught that such a thing could not exist within the constructs of 'reality'. However, you soon learned that your personal realities extended far beyond the so-called 'reality' set aside by society. As you continue to push past these imagined limits, you will grow to understand that, truly, nothing is beyond you.

Such a thing requires patience and a willingness to explore past those boundaries offered to you by society. You have all done this -- by opening yourselves to your guides and spirit (friends), you have opened up to realms of possibilities for yourself. Working together, this is magnified considerably. You have come far, and still have far to go. Know that you will achieve it **TOGETHER.**

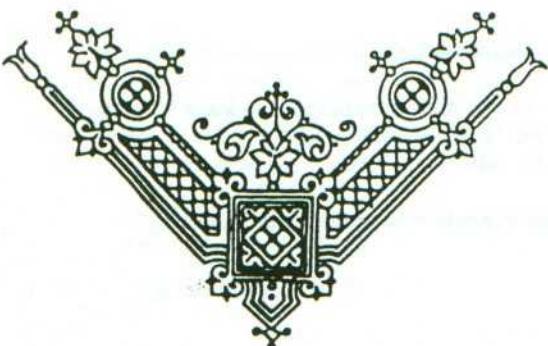
The light of Spirit can be described as a prism of sorts. Thousands of colors are needed to make up its essence. You all follow slightly different paths, and that is fine; your diversity flows from countless millennia of personal experiences. Even us spirits are not perfect; we too are building upon our own paths, and finding our own ways back to Spirit. It is important that you all follow your own hearts. Do not compromise your beliefs if they feel right to you. Continue to respect and learn from each other's diversity, and you will become stronger for it.

Some of you have started acknowledging that there is much, much more going on than you previously suspected. That there is more to some of us than you have ever allowed yourselves to be aware of. You are all used to miracles by now -- you are all used to things that others would never be able to accept, because they would not ALLOW themselves to accept these things -- they would be classified as "weird" or "odd" or "imagination". But I hope you have all learned that it is none of these things -- it is perfectly natural, you have just been programmed to forget that.

(Something has been) in the works for quite a while. Slowly we have been breaking down the walls that preconceptions have built -- but these will soon be completely torn down. We can see you now over those walls -- we are all now aware of one another.

Miracles are coming.

William Ryder



In the shadows of your heart
I stand aside watching you sleep
through dreams you wander and you cry,
not knowing that I exist, yet you call my name
so into your subconscious slumber
I slowly begin to reveal what you seek.

It is me.

In the billowy fog of the night
I am standing there
my hand held out to you
grasp my hand, hold on tight
Let me lead you through the veil:
the veil that surrounds your soul.

You know me.

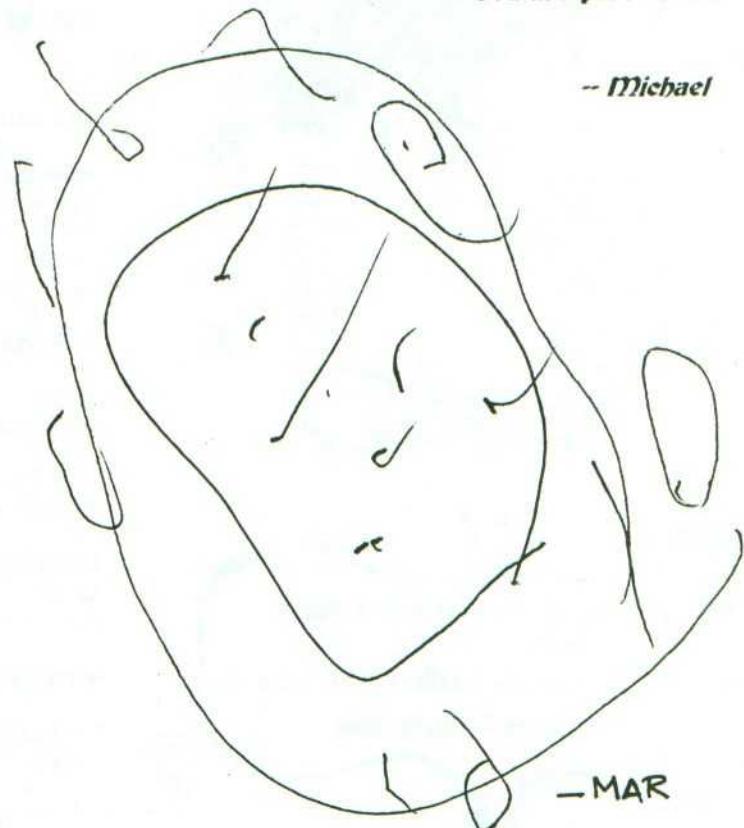
Through the misty shadows
I shall lead you home
o'er the stars, beyond the moon
I will lead you and hold you
I will never, ever let you fall
Just trust and believe in me.

You belong to me.

Through the sandy beaches of time
each grain a particle of your soul
lifts and blows in the wind
all calling to me, coming to me
meeting in the middle
as we become one in mid-air.

You are part of me.

— Michael





ASK PERCY THE SCIENCE CLOWN!



Dear Percy,

Why do some people say that time is an illusion? Are they right? Should we worry about this?

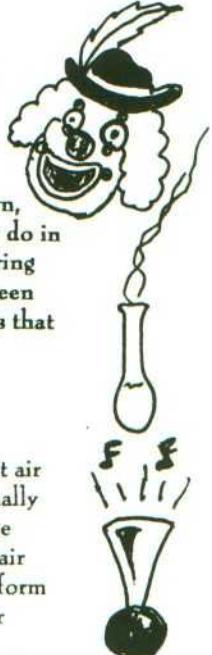
Tickety

Dear Tickety,

When most people say that time is an illusion, they are probably referring to the fact that time seems to speed up or slow down depending on the enjoyment factor of our activity. This fluidity of time is a result of the fact that it is indeed an illusion.

In Quantum Reality, all things and events -- everything that ever happened, is happening, or will happen -- co-exist and occur at the same instant. Time is an invention of the human mind that allows us to separate one event from another, giving a linear quality to our lives. Past and future are concepts embedded in this illusion -- when you get down to it, there is only the present. Memories of the past and dreams of the future actually are occurring at the moment the thoughts cross your mind.

Why would this worry you?



Dear Sweet Percy the Lovable Science Clown,

If clouds travel from West to East, as they do in our weather patterns here, why is it that, during stormy weather, one layer of clouds can be seen moving East beneath another layer of clouds that are moving West?

Love,
Me

Dear You,

When a storm's a-brewin', you've got two giant air masses trying to sit on the same area. One's usually made of cool air, and one of warm air (hence the terms "cold front" and "warm front"). The cold air mass usually slips beneath the warm one. They form separate layers of relative heat, moisture and air movements.

It's true that our weather *patterns* travel from West to East, but within these individual air masses, the movement of the air (and thus the clouds) is dictated by varying pressures created by the storm, so you can have layers of clouds going every which way.

Dear Percy,

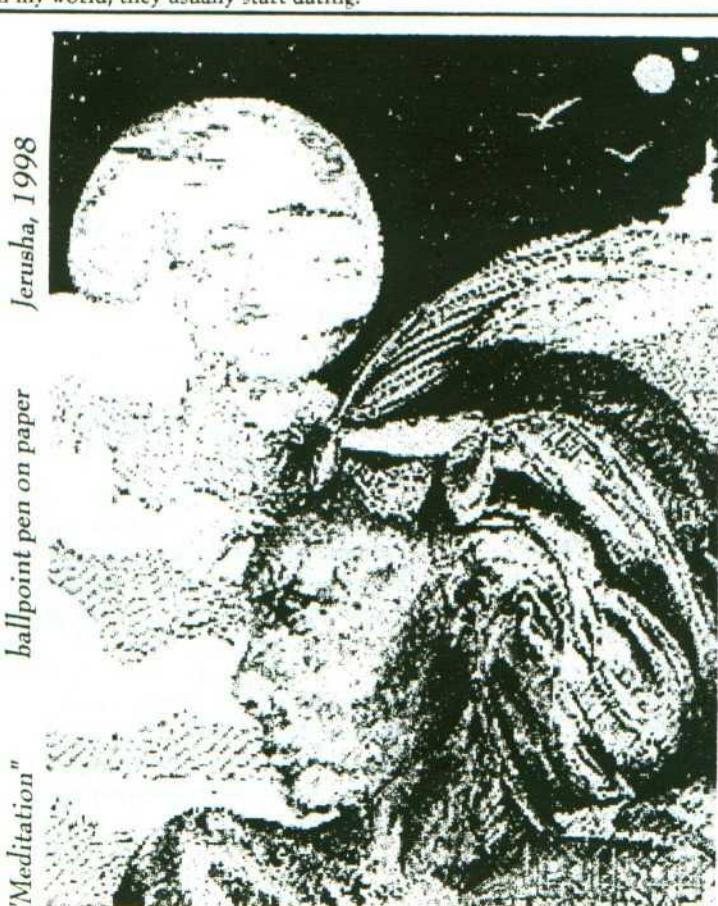
What happens when an unstoppable force meets an unmovable object?

Morbid Curiosity

Dear Morbid,

Well, on my world, they usually start dating.

Got something sciencey on your mind?
Send questions to Percy the Science Clown
in care of the Grim!



Awakened

-- Rei Ryder

i awakened today
i watched as a thousand
birds stretched their wings
as the clouds swept unhurriedly by

i listened as wind
caressed my formerly broken
soul, and danced past me.

i felt as a friend
called dreams wrapped its
arms around me in comfort.

i finally awakened today
and emerged from the shell
that had claimed my heart so long.

DREAMS CAN BE A MASK OF ONE'S TRUE DESIRES...

by T-FANTASY

DREAMS ARE AN AMAZING CREATION OF ONE'S MIND. LET'S TAKE A RIDE INTO MY HEAD FOR ONE NIGHT. ON A PITCH BLACK NIGHT, I WAS FLYING; FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE TREES. THE FEELING WAS SO INTENSE THAT I CAN'T EVEN PUT IT INTO WORDS. LET'S JUST SAY IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL THINGS I'VE EVER FELT. I FELT SUCH POWER INSIDE OF ME. A POWER LIKE NO OTHER. I FELT AS THOUGH I COULD TAKE ON THE WORLD. I LIKE THIS NEW ME. WHERE WOULD I GO FIRST? COULD I FLY FOREVER? WAS I SOME KIND OF SPECIES? I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO START. ALL OF A SUDDEN, I FELT A SHARP PAIN IN MY STOMACH. BEING IT WAS MY FIRST "MEAL", I DECIDED TO GO FOR THE AGGRESSIVE ATTACK. I QUIETLY DROPPED TOWARDS THE GROUND. I FLOATED UP BEHIND HIM MAKING SURE HE NEVER TURNED AROUND. HIS FLESH SMELLED DELICIOUS; MY STOMACH HUNGERED LIKE A MAD MAN. IT WAS LIKE BEING ON THE EDGE OF AN ORGASM....YOU JUST COULDNT TAKE IT ANY LONGER. I PLUNGED ONTO HIM, MY TEETH SINKING DEEP INTO HIS NECK. THE TASTE WAS SO LUCIOUS; LIKE A FINE WINE TO A FRENCH PERSON. HE TRIED TO SCREAM SO I TORE HIS NECK APART, ALMOST TAKING HIS HEAD OFF. BLOOD WAS FLYING EVERYWHERE. TO ME. IT WAS LIKE A PASSIONATE KISS FOR THE FIRST TIME. I FELT LIKE I JUST COULDNT GET ENOUGH OF HIM. I JUST WANTED TO DRINK AND DRINK....I SUCKED HIM DRY. HIS BODY FELT LIMP TO THE GROUND. HIS BLOOD HAD SATISFIED ME FOR THE TIME BEING. IT GAVE ME AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF STRENGTH. I FELT LIKE I COULD BE SOME TYPE OF UNDERWORLD GOD. I FLEW OFF INTO THE NIGHT. I DECIDED TO FIND A HOME FOR MYSELF. I HAD TO MAKE A DECISION. DID I WANT TO SHARE THIS GIFT WITH OTHERS OR DID I WANT TO KEEP IT TO MYSELF? I SEARCHED UNTIL I FOUND THE PERFECT PLACE I WANTED TO START MY NEW LIFE. FUNNY, I STARTED TO GET HUNGER PAINS AGAIN.....THEN I WOKE UP. DREAMS CAN FEEL DO REAL REAL ENOUGH TO TASTE TOUCH, SMELL, ETC. THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IS SOMETHING SO WONDERFUL. IN MY DREAM IT WASN'T A FEELING OF DEATH, BUT A FEELING OF BEING MORE ALIVE THAN EVER. IT WAS LIKE BEING IN A WHOLE NEW WORLD. A WORLD WHERE NOBODY COULD CONTROL ME OR HURT ME!!

STOOD ALONE IN THE DARK ALLEY, SMOKING A CIGARETTE. BEING IT WAS MY FIRST "MEAL", I DECIDED TO GO FOR THE AGGRESSIVE ATTACK. I QUIETLY DROPPED TOWARDS THE GROUND. I FLOATED UP BEHIND HIM MAKING SURE HE NEVER TURNED AROUND. HIS FLESH SMELLED DELICIOUS; MY STOMACH HUNGERED LIKE A MAD MAN. IT WAS LIKE BEING ON THE EDGE OF AN ORGASM....YOU JUST COULDNT TAKE IT ANY LONGER. I PLUNGED ONTO HIM, MY TEETH SINKING DEEP INTO HIS NECK. THE TASTE WAS SO LUCIOUS; LIKE A FINE WINE TO A FRENCH PERSON. HE TRIED TO SCREAM SO I TORE HIS NECK APART, ALMOST TAKING HIS HEAD OFF. BLOOD WAS FLYING EVERYWHERE. TO ME. IT WAS LIKE A PASSIONATE KISS FOR THE FIRST TIME. I FELT LIKE I JUST COULDNT GET ENOUGH OF HIM. I JUST WANTED TO DRINK AND DRINK....I SUCKED HIM DRY. HIS BODY FELT LIMP TO THE GROUND. HIS BLOOD HAD SATISFIED ME FOR THE TIME BEING. IT GAVE ME AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF STRENGTH. I FELT LIKE I COULD BE SOME TYPE OF UNDERWORLD GOD. I FLEW OFF INTO THE NIGHT. I DECIDED TO FIND A HOME FOR MYSELF. I HAD TO MAKE A DECISION. DID I WANT TO SHARE THIS GIFT WITH OTHERS OR DID I WANT TO KEEP IT TO MYSELF? I SEARCHED UNTIL I FOUND THE PERFECT PLACE I WANTED TO START MY NEW LIFE. FUNNY, I STARTED TO GET HUNGER PAINS AGAIN.....THEN I WOKE UP. DREAMS CAN FEEL DO REAL REAL ENOUGH TO TASTE TOUCH, SMELL, ETC. THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IS SOMETHING SO WONDERFUL. IN MY DREAM IT WASN'T A FEELING OF DEATH, BUT A FEELING OF BEING MORE ALIVE THAN EVER. IT WAS LIKE BEING IN A WHOLE NEW WORLD. A WORLD WHERE NOBODY COULD CONTROL ME OR HURT ME!!



I had a really strange dream.

I've dreamt it before too. It always starts out the same. I am about to walk in this night club. I am with my friends (can't remember who these friends are).

I see Meryl with one of his drivers, Billy (??) and Billy's girlfriend, who no one I am with likes. At first I do not see this other girl with them, but then I do see her. I don't like her either. She and Meryl are not dating, but she is a friend of this other girl. Meryl was wearing black leather pants and a baby blue shirt... shiny material. Club wear. They are walking into the club as we are getting there. I think this club may be owned by Meryl.

Dream gets hazy. It also gets very futuristic at this point. It's like humans and aliens are there. It has a Star Trek feel to it. I vaguely remember interacting with others. By a bar. I have forgotten my money, I only have a Canadian ten dollar bill. I say to the guy I am talking to/with,

"I forgot my money, I only brought a Canadian ten dollar bill. I'll be right back". I remember rooting through my pockets, nothing in

the pockets but this ten dollar bill, distinctly Canadian money. I started to walk away.

He says, "That's ok, come back here. I'll buy you a drink". He buys me this strange drink. It looks like I am drinking it out of a broken bottle. The drink is a greenish thick mixture. It was good. He did not look human.

I am looking for a certain person, male, not sure who. I am relieved when I get away from these other people, because now I can go look for "him".

I come to these games, you take a stick and hit these odd looking little men. I am talking to some creature, he talks like an East Indian. Some of these beings have robes on them. Strange mixture of human and aliens. So not my sort of thing.

Never did like Star Trek.

I have a vague knowledge that I would have went to this warehouse. Some one lives there? yet it seems so empty. Dark, with some type of birds there. Bats? I can see them all flying by the ceiling.

Feels like an astral experience, that or I am dreaming of a future life.

-- Steffany Francis

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NO RABBITS, NO HATS

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The Muse

by Jymi

A muse fell, crumpled to the ground before me.
Her dress hung in golden shreds,
there was dirt in her face
and blood in her hair.
She was weeping.
I did not have to ask her why.

She grasped my outstretched hand.
I brought her to my house
where I wrapped her in a blanket,
gave her tea
and washed the soot from her wings.
"I will tell you a story," I said.
She could not stop weeping.
I did not ask her to.

Is this mike on?

Capitulation with spirit is the easiest thing to do, but the most elusive. When you are not out conquering the world, you are listening and we can get in, love can enter. When spirit is the driver, you are unconscious of the separate I, not edit the real... In words there is no value...

*words are not reality, just imprecise pictures
you're getting it, keep on don't worry
worry is a poison that clouds your thinking
Just keep on trying to be open to me*

listen to the fragments of my voice like rainfall.

*You soak a little up, a drop here and there touches you.
besides the nightmares, the dreams, the beginnings of
hope... come the realities of us and who we are. It
doesn't matter where we begin, the stories wind up
going in the right direction. You cause the number of
days to be counted. You make things difficult or easy
as you try to understand. There is no trying. There is understanding.*

*This is not just babble. Are you listening? I
come because I love you, because I care. Because you
are to me what I am to you. You don't know that yet. Silly thing.*

*You don't understand that it is really me talking. You
think this is in your head, your hands even though you can feel me.*

It comes naturally to you. So you forget, naturally, that it's happening until you worry about it. Which puts a stop to it, and you have to start all over again. We are separate, individual. We are quite unique... each in his own way and collectively. There is no one else like us. Yet we are the same. Do you understand this voice of mine telling you these things? Or will you pass it off as yet another echo of your kind?

A mind-thing. A trip to desire.

Will you become the us and we and me of all or beg to haunt the shadows of alone?

Where are you now? There? Here?

Where is your focus? Where is your desire, your intent?

Who do you want to be?

Like me? With me?

Silly one we are always together, never apart nor would I let that be so. Nor you.

Give it a little while, it will grow, you will see.

Be patient and kind with yourself and others.

Don't be so difficult wrestling every word, thought, action...

all comes from the source of natural.

All is Divine and you will be united with all that is.

This is complete with now.

Believe.

Begin

-- Andrew



*Yes, again the journey into somnolence begins...
Without further ado, we take you into the heart of darkness...*

THE BETTY FORD CLINIC FOR ASTRAL ADDICTS

It was a gloomy day and I was walking somewhere in the woods. My senses were acutely clear and it was apparent to me that I was dreaming. I was relishing the ease with which I would seemingly "float" around the landscape.

A large field extended before me. There were the most gigantic conifers I have ever seen, yet the surrounding vegetation seemed almost tropical in contrast. I realized I was at some sort of center or institution. I was crossing the grounds on my way back to the center, and realized I was going where I was not "supposed" to be.

Like I cared.

A yellow police line had been strung between the bases of two of the large trees. It did not faze me. I knew I would get "in trouble" if caught. I just could not give a fuck. Walking in the green wasteland, it was evident that some of the pine trees had been uprooted. They were lying with their root systems exposed where whole chunks of the ground had been violently excavated. It was like an angry giant had gone on a rampage, uprooting the trees casually as though they were blades of grass. The place really looked like "*Bosch paints pastoral*".

I knew something about it was different – or I was different. It was as though I was able to perceive a division between the astral and the world of dreamers. One could compare it to being backstage and seeing the production from behind the scenes. Only the production was other people's dreams.

I approached the center quickly as though flying. It was some sort of facility for addiction research and treatment for *both* those dead and living. I hated it immediately.

As I got closer, I could see there were dreamers going in. The people I "belonged to" were like staff...people who knew they were in the astral and were charged with the task of manipulating the dreamers emotionally in order to "help" them overcome their problems. All of the "Staff" had to choose a substance on which to be an expert. I thought the whole thing was stupid and just ignored the instructions. I finally realized I would have to participate, and one substance just happened to have been left for me...Cocaine.

Cocaine it was. I was now the "Cocaine" person – supposedly an expert on cocaine addiction, at hand to help others deal with a similar habit.

Each of the staff who had been designated to represent a substance would get some slimy, weird parasite inserted into their bodies through a vertical slit that sliced the length of the spinal column. Another staff member would do this for them. I must say, they were very *organized*. The creature looked like something out of the *Body Snatchers* and would slither into you after it had reached a critical point. Had it not been going into my body directly, I probably would have thought it quite cute. This cute and nasty parasite was supposed to go into the host's system and "act" like coke addiction, to convince the coke addicts we would be treating that we were also addicts. In effect, a simulation.

Somehow I managed to avoid getting saddled with one of these moronic things. We (the staff) were then taken out into the center and treated as though we were really patients. It was a cruel deception intended on the part of the administrators. An effort to make it known to the true patients that addictions and such would not be tolerated, neither were they something which would merit the least bit of sympathy. Very much like an undercover mission – sort of an effort to scare the real patients into "smartening up", or at the very least, submission.

I was irrationally angry. I really disagreed with the whole thing! When others take a standpoint on such things as "drug addiction" such that they perceive it as an absolute – as in absolutely *wrong* – they lose me immediately. One must understand the motivation and particulars of the individual involved. After all, you're dealing with a person here, not a substance! The person is real and the person has feelings. One can distort everything to make it negative and obtuse. Unless you go deeper and find something out about the individual to which the whole thing pertains, you are doomed to forever make hopeless generalizations. You certainly aren't going to "help" anyone.

*Aheghm.....and now, back to our story,
Ladies and Gents...*

The staff was parading us "undercovers" around. They seemed to relish making a big show of it, mocking us at every turn. A very androgynous man somewhere in his 50s but looking excruciatingly ancient seemed to be directing things. He had a faint German accent from what I recall. His thin white hair framed his face and fell to just above the shoulder.

We found ourselves in a gathering room. The place could sit 100 or 200 possibly for some sort of conference – or god forbid – a **HUGE** group session. The German man, and for some reason, I think he was a doctor or scientist of some sort, was calling up each undercover by the name of his or her substance – as though they could not stand as individuals on their own. His tactics were obvious. He made each of the undercovers undress while he and his assistants abused them verbally. He discussed them callously with mild scientific interest to the assembled crowd. If he deigned to talk to the undercover, it would be to tell him or her that they were horrible people.

I watched incredulously as my fellow staff members went along with this sick play. They seemed to be *enjoying* bowing and scraping to their superior. Each of them was trying to act as an example to the "audience" who was now filling the room.

All of a sudden, the undercovers were at the front. People had been, and were being continuously herded in and out of the room. These were the true patients. Some of them looked aware of their surroundings and actually needed to be there – either at the insistence of others, or less likely, by self realization. More than half of the people passing through were quickly sifted out. It seems they were just "drifting" along in the dream world. Perhaps they'd followed someone and inadvertently ended up here. In any case, the staff was easily able to pick out these "misguided dreamers" and send them on their merry way. All of this traffic and classification of people was some sort of orientation thing for the use of the staff. The "show" in humiliation at the front of the room was still going on.

Suddenly, it came to be MY turn! I walked up to the man and stood beside him. I refused to stand behind and stage right of him as the others had. I said to the man, who was now holding a microphone,

"I have no shame about anything that I have done and no apologies!"

I don't remember what happened next.

Except somehow, I found myself undressed. The staff must have taken my clothes by force. I was crouched in a ball, partly from cold, partly from embarrassment (I swear though, if I had toned my abs more, I would have been dancing around mooning the bastards!)

The man was doing the same thing with me as he had with the others. He showed a series of charts and diagrams, announcing me simply as "cocaine" ...

Suddenly I felt my eyes snap to the other end of the room. I saw myself huddled in a ball and realized I was seeing as James! Hit by this realization, I immediately returned to myself. I looked for him in the direction my consciousness had gone a moment earlier. Sure as hell, James was there. He looked tired and distraught. His eyes were dark and watery and even his head of hair – usually thick and vibrant, seemed to be tired and limp and more brown than blonde. He had been standing in the room among the dreamers, waiting to be herded through, when he saw me.

His reaction was as though he'd struck a 110 V power line. It was like he'd woken up. His lips opened slightly and his eyes bulged and watered even more.

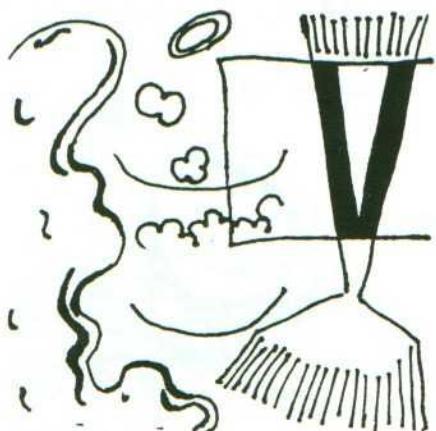
I could hear him thinking, *it's... her! What is she doing here? God, why are they doing that to her?*

A strange emotion was attached to his thoughts. It was like guilt almost. He felt responsible somehow for my being there. He did not speak. Neither of us did. I just recall the heart palpitations upon seeing one another. We both had them. He was far more shocked than I was, though. For some reason, I'd felt all along that he was there.

The German man was winding his presentation on talking about me – Cocaine. He still did not use my name. James still looked confused and hurt, but at the same time anxious to see me.

"Now," the scientist said, looking seriously at the crowd, "who among you is addicted to Cocaine? It is essential that you recognize this for yourselves. Just go to the personnel by those doors and we will show you to your rooms."

A group of maybe 5 or 6 people near the door got up and left in the direction indicated. I was being taken off stage. Jimmy stared at me, he didn't know



what to do. He panicked. I was exhausted for some reason and 2 staff members were supporting me, leading me further and further away from him.

"If there are no more Cocaine problems among you, I shall continue. Is there anyone left?"

Quickly Jimmy had decided on his course of action. "Yes," he said boldly, "me."

Everything paused. People were quiet. My bearers paused for a moment. I looked at Jimmy with love. It seemed he had uttered our death sentence, but at least we would be together. He was staring at me anxiously, looking for some sort of confirmation. I gave whatever was in my power to give.

"Fine," the Doctor was saying, "my assistant will give you your papers and you can follow the others down that hall."

Yes, ladies and Gents – it is time for:

INTERMISSION

So what did happen to us after all?

Don't really know, actually.

I just recall being outside once more. It seemed as though some days had passed. I was looking for Jimmy. He had sent word to me via Christine, who also happened to be there. Toni was also there. She seemed not like a patient, but rather, a visitor.

The three of us (me, Christine, Toni) were running madly. There was some sort of alarm. It was like Jimmy had staged a coup. Of course, they suspected us also. I was telling them we had to find him. If we managed to get to him, everything would be fine.

Running, running, and more running.

I recall someone, possibly Toni – laughing at me because I happened to be running with a cigarette. She thought that was hilarious and totally defeated the idea of exercise and health. Suddenly, across the field from us, we heard a roar. A large army jeep burst out from the foliage. Well, ok, a "trendy" army jeep. I mean, this is California. There were 2 or 3 men in it. One was a very surfer looking blonde beach type, the other two had brown hair, I think. They hollered and hooted like they were game hunting...or at least piss drunk.

It wasn't good.

They started shooting at us – not to kill or even touch – just for laughs. Their headlights searched us out and they were taunting us. These were some sort of institute staff, sent to recover us. In the distance, I could see a high fence. I knew Jimmy was on the other side of it.

"Come on!" I yelled, linking arms with the two women, "I know he's on the other side of that fence....we can run – and climb it!! I know he's waiting for us..." They were not enamoured of my plan. We dashed for the fence anyway. They refused to climb it.

"No," Toni shouted, "you and Jim can be stupid – I'm not going to do that. Don't you think it's better we just surrender? Jimmy is nuts and you're just as fucking nuts as he is! Forget it!"

The last thing I remember I knew that one of my companions had been shot. I was still scaling the fence. I was determined to get to him and I knew I would...

Finalement, LE FIN!

Lady Exora

BUTTERFLY

-- MARY V. "FOLLY" SMITH

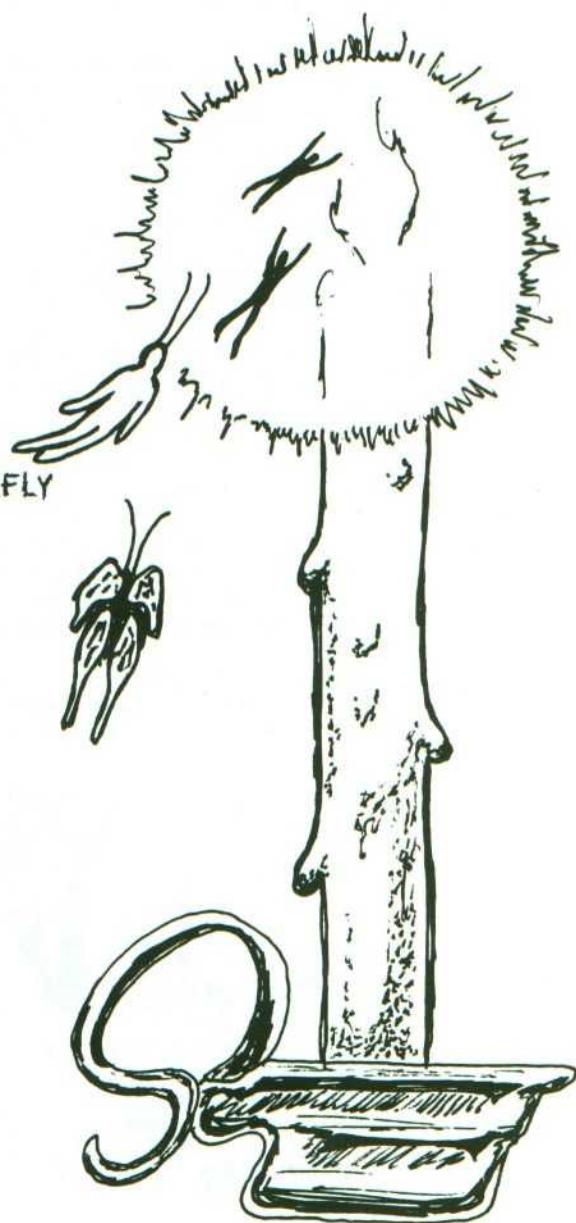
MOON RISING HIGH, SUNSET DWINDLES
I WAKE TO FIND YOUTH SWIFTLY GONE.
AMBER, INDIGO, COLOURS MINGLE
IN SOFT SILVERED LIGHT, I'M ALONE.
BUT NOW IS THE LAST CHANCE FOR DREAMING
AND NOW IS THE LAST CHANCE TO FLY
NOW IS THE SEASON FOR FREEDOM.
SO NOW I LAUGH
SO NOW I CRY
RISE ON MY WINGS LIKE A MAD BUTTERFLY

YOU BURN SO BRAVELY IN THE DISTANCE
A VISION OF GRACE FAR AWAY.
UNTOUCHABLE, TEARING MY RESISTANCE
MY REASSURANCE FADES WITH THE DAY
BUT I FANTASIZE IN THE TWILIGHT
AND IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO TRY-
I'LL TOUCH YOU WITH WINGS MADE OF STARLIGHT.
AT LEAST, TO DARE
THAT IN YOUR EYES
THIS CRAZY GRAY MOTH MIGHT BECOME A BUTTERFLY

FOOLISH, OR BRAVE IN THE MOONLIGHT
MY GRAY COLOURS HIDE ALL I'D SHOW
I FLY TOWARD YOUR WARMTH, SEEKING YOUR LIGHT
SILLY-STRANGE NOTIONS OF HOPE.
SO HERE'S TO ALL YOU BELIEVE IN
AND HERE'S TO THE CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT.
EVERY LOVE HAS ITS' SEASON.
GOODNIGHT MY LOVE
GOODNIGHT MY LIGHT
WINGING RINGS 'ROUND THE MOON IS YOUR MAD BUTTERFLY

JUST A CRAZY GRAY MOTH
WHO THINK'S SHE'S A BUTTERFLY

AND OF COURSE, CREDIT FOR THIS MUST GO TO MY GUIDES.
ESP. TONY.



Lost

- Rei Ryder

all the dreams from my childhood
the butterfly-winged innocence
have flown away, leaving my soul
torn and bruised.

i surround myself in nothingness
fearing the graze of those wings
and the reminder that all i held
is gone now.

i want to build a new cocoon
because i cant live like this
but what happens if those dreams
fly away too?



Please Take A Moment...

**Ick blanda reem 9fir
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Gjob-GkOB-GIOB!

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*ook Blundie hoo ha.

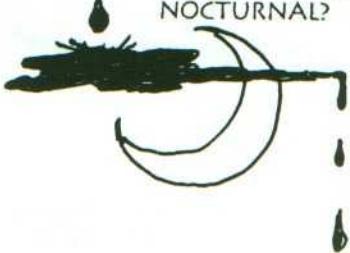


BLEEDING

BY EZDALIA

I AM A PLUSH ANIMAL,
A FIERCE PANTHER.
THE KIND CHILDREN FORGET
AND LEAVE BEHIND
WHEN THEY GROW UP.
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY
I'M NOT REAL, A FRAG-
MENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION.
I SIT UP HERE ON THIS
DUSTY SHELF AND STARE
WITH AMBER BUTTON EYES
AT GREY WALLS - I AM
NOT ALIVE...ALIVE?
MY MEMORIES ARE OF
SOMEONE TOUCHING ME,
HOLDING ME TIGHTLY.
YOU SEE, I TAKE THE
FEAR AWAY, I MAKE IT
SAFE TO SLEEP AND DREAM.
BUT NOW THERE ARE NO
TINY HANDS TO SQUEEZE
THE STUFFIN' OUT OF ME.
MY INSIDES ARE NOTHING
BUT YELLOWED FIBERS,
OLD AND GETTING OLDER.
WHEN THEY CUT ME I
BLEED. NOT THE RICH,
DARK BLACK BLOOD -
THE SWEET RUBY TEARS
THAT ARE SO DEAR TO ME.
I CANNOT BE ALIVE,
BUT I AM BLEEDING.
THE PAIN IS THE PROOF,
POSITIVE RECOGNITION.
THEY CANNOT SEE WHAT
THEY'RE DOING; THEY
DO NOT WANT TO SEE.

MY TEETH DO NOT PROTECT
ME, THEIR WHITE FELT
WAS NEVER SHARP ENOUGH.
THROUGH THE PAIN AND
FLOW OF BLOOD, I CAN
SEE INTO MY EXPERIENCE.
I HAVE TO STOP BLEEDING,
BUT I CANNOT MOVE, I
CANNOT EVEN BREATHE.
IF ONLY THOSE HANDS
COULD TOUCH ME, HOLD ME,
BUT THEY ARE NOT HERE.
IT'S STILL DRAINING ME,
STAINING MY VELVET
BLACK FUR AND CALLING
ME INTO THEIR DARKNESS
LIKE AN AFTERNOON SUN.
THE ORANGE LIGHT HURTS
MY EYES. THEY DO NOT
UNDERSTAND.
DO THEY NOT KNOW I AM
NOCTURNAL?



MORE WORLDS



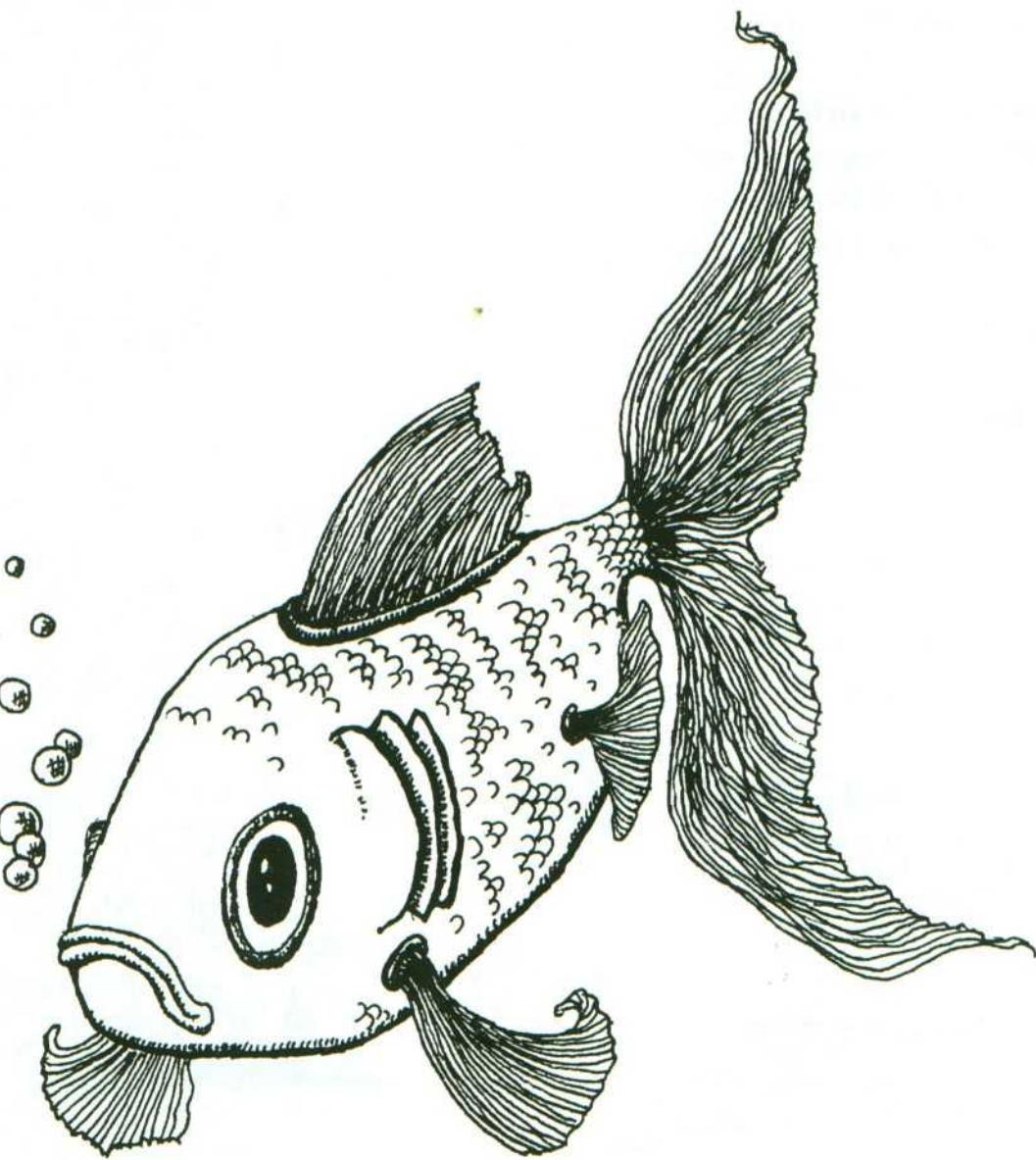
THIS CAN'T BE
ALL THERE IS...

the GRIM WANTS YOUR OTHER-DIMENSIONAL
EXPERIENCES, EVIDENCE, BELIEFS, THEORIES, DREAMS
(HINT: ALL DREAMS ARE OTHER DIMENSIONAL), ASTRAL JOURNEYS,
STORIES, MAPS, IDENTITIES, CULTURES, LEADERS, FOLLOWERS,
THEMES, WOOLGATHERING, WISHLIES, MEMORIES, NOTES, WISDOM,
DOORWAYS, KEYHOLES, SIGNPOSTS, PUZZLES AND ULTIMATELY... ?

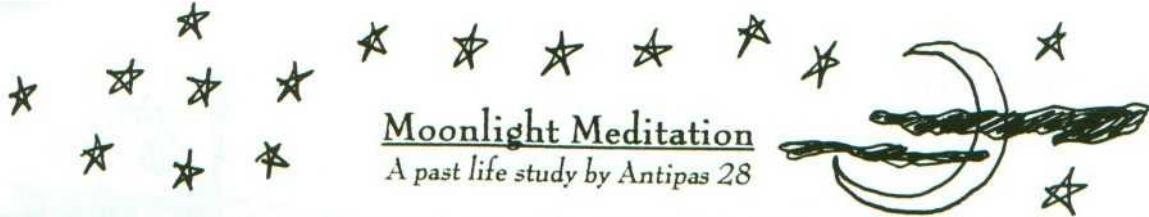
SUPPORT YOUR MULTI-PLANAR COMMUNITY!

WHO ELSE IS OUT THERE?
WHO ELSE IS IN HERE?

COUNT the FISH!



ANSWER: THERE IS ONE FISH.



Moonlight Meditation

A past life study by Antipas 28

This meditation, led by a Cedar Rapids, IA psychic, took place outside under the stars

Part I--

(visiting place in the solar system besides Earth)

I went to the planet Saturn. I was first met by 3 or 4 aliens. They were dangerously thin and at least eight feet tall with almond-shaped heads about the size of an average human's. They did not speak to me, but they led me to a shallow pool of water. Underneath, on the sandy bottom, I saw a golden key. I stuck my hand in and grabbed it, placing it into my pants pocket. When I looked up, I saw the aliens walking away from me and I followed. Suddenly we were in a city constructed of crystal and glass. Gold light blazed above, causing the buildings around me to shimmer and sparkle.

Part II--(past life in relation to moon)

In this section I was passed around between six different lives, some of which I've experienced before and some that I hadn't. Here they are in order

1. I was in my life when I was an African tribeswoman who practiced tribal magick. I stood on the sandy plains, my medicine stick/spear in my hand, just gazing at the moon and clusters of stars splashed across the sky.

2. I was in the back of a caravan, a small child surrounded by siblings. I was the only one awake and I stared at the stars silently as we traveled by night. (gypsy?)

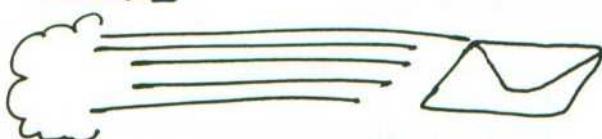
3. I was in my life as a Chinese woman, following my husband up the mountain with our children. I believe we were going to a festival or party of some kind. I kept looking at the full moon, at times unable to pull my eyes away from its brightness.

4. Juxtaposed to that life, I was in an Irish or Scottish Celtic tribe following my husband down these tall, jagged hills on a well-worn path. Unlike the previous past life, my children were much younger and fewer in number. I got the sense that my family and I were leaving our home permanently, but we were not fleeing. I don't know if my husband was some sort of soldier or a balladeer. I was also unable to pull my gaze away from the Moon.

5. Then I was on a porch, a young woman, eating ice cream. It was just me and some friends from school and we were underneath a lovely summer sky.

6. Then, oddly enough, I was at a present day BBQ in a lavish backyard (in southern California?). I saw some of my spirits there, talking amongst themselves. What was odd about this vision is that although it was present day, I was in a man's body.

MY FAVORITE STUPID EMAIL



GLEANED FROM MY VERY TINY FOLDER
OF FORWARDS I THOUGHT WERE
WORTH SAVING.

NEAT ISSUE:

"50 FUN THINGS TO DO
ON AN ELEVATOR"

An anagram, as you all know, is a word or phrase made by or rearranging the letters of another word or phrase. The following are exceptionally clever. Someone out there either has way too much time to waste or is deadly at Scrabble.

Dormitory -- Dirty Room

Desperation -- A Rope Ends It

The Morse Code -- Here come Dots

Slot Machines -- Cash Lost in 'em

Animosity -- Is No Amity

Mother-in-law -- Woman Hitler

Snooze Alarms -- Alas! No More Z's

Alec Guinness -- Genuine Class

Semolina -- Is No Meal

The Public Art Galleries -- Large Picture Halls, I Bet

A Decimal Point -- I'm a Dot in Place

The Earthquakes -- That Queer Shake

Eleven plus two -- Twelve plus one.

Contradiction -- Accord not in it

Astronomer -- Moon starer

Princess Diana -- End Is A Car Spin

President Clinton of the USA -- To copulate, he finds interns

Year Two Thousand -- A Year To Shut Down

IMMORTALIS

TO THE GRAVEYARD GOETH I,
WHERE GREY STONE SWEATS 'NEATH LADEN SKY
AND SINGS A SECRET LULLABYE
TO THOSE WHO PASSED BUT DID NOT DIE.
O TELL ME NOT OF 'PASSED' OR 'GONE',
WHILE SOOTY STORM CLOUDS RALLY ON,
AND LIGHTNING STREAKS A CLARION
VICTORY O'ER THE WANING SUN.
WHEN PANTING WIND SIGHS HOT AS BREATH,
I WILL NOT HEAR OF LIFE OR DEATH.
GRAPPLING MY WAY THROUGH THE GRIM IRON GATE
THAT BOUNDS THE REAPER'S GRAND ESTATE
I HEAR MY LOVE, MY CHOSEN MATE
WHO SHRIEKS HIS RE-BIRTH, ANIMATE
AND CLAWING AT THE WORMY WOOD
TO ROUSE HIS SLEEPING NEIGHBORHOOD.
I, WITH NEITHER HOE NOR TROWEL,
CLOSE UPON HIS WRETCHED HOWL
WITH ONLY FINGERNAILS TO PLOW, WILL
DISENGORGE HIM FROM THE BOWEL
OF THE SLIMY EARTHEN ORIFICE.
WHAT MIDWIFE DARES A BIRTH LIKE THIS?
COME THUNDER! LIGHTNING! WIND AND SQUALL!
THE FAT CLOUDS PISS A CRAZED RAINFALL.
AND AT THE CLIMAX, MIRACLE:
PALLID ARMS SPRAY SOD AND DIRT.
TWO HANDS, ONE WARM, ONE ONCE INERT
MEET AGAIN IN A FLAILING CLENCH.
WITH FRANTIC STRENGTH, I GRASP AND WRENCH
AND HEAVE HIM FROM THE VILE TRENCH.
THE MOMENT IS INFINITY.
REUNITED, FINALLY.
OUR HANDS STILL CLASPED, THEN SILENTLY,
YOU TURN YOUR FACE AWAY FROM ME.
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP. DO YOU THINK
THAT DEATH DISGUSTS ME?
THAT I'D SHRINK
FROM HE TO WHOM I GAVE MY VOW?
I LOVED YOU THEN; I'LL LOVE YOU NOW.
LET'S NOT BEG THE 'WHY' AND 'HOW',
GOD WON'T TELL US, ANYHOW.
BUT KISS ME WITH YOUR DUSTY LIPS,
AND BRUSH MY CHEEK WITH FINGERTIPS
SO COLD, YET IN YOUR SUNKEN GAZE
I CAN SEE YOUR SOUL ABLAZE.
LO! THE VERY GROUNDS BEGIN
TO WRITHE LIKE UNDULATING SKIN.
THE MURKY MYRIAD FROM WITHIN
THE CLAMMY CLAY CRAWL UP TO WIN
AT LAST A FIRM AND SOLID HOLD;
'TIS LAZARUS MADE THOUSAND-FOLD!
WE JOIN THE JOYFUL, SWAYING DANCE.
AMID THE Gaping GRAVES, ROMANCE
IS REAFFIRMED, AND VOWS RE-BLESSED
BY THE SKELETAL PASTOR
IN HIS BURIAL VEST.

-- JYMI



INTERESTED ... ?

RECOMMENDED READING for TRAVELERS:

the DREAM QUEST of UNKNOWN ICADATH
CELEPHAIIS

the SILVER KEY

THROUGH THE GATES of the SILVER KEY

the WHITE SHIP

the STRANGE HIGH HOUSE in the MIST

— H.P. LOVECRAFT —

SHADOWLAND

— PETER STRAUB —

A WRINKLE IN TIME

A WIND IN THE DOOR

A SWIFTLY TILTING PLANET

— MADELEINE L'ENGLÉ —

ASTRAL PROJECTION FOR BEGINNERS

— EDAIN McCoy —

the HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

the RESTAURANT at the END of the UNIVERSE

LIFE, the UNIVERSE and EVERYTHING

— Douglas Adams —

OH, HELL, READ ANYTHING ~

JUST CHALLENGE YOURSELF!

ARTIST'S STATEMENT
By EZDALIA

THESE IMAGES, THESE GHOSTS ARE INVISIBLE TO MY NAKED EYE. THERE IS A CONVERGENCE OF OPPOSITES IN THE DARKNESS. ONE CONFRONTING AND WILD AND THE OTHER CONCEALING AND TAME. THE BODIES ARE HUMAN BUT THERE IS SOMETHING BEYOND HUMANITY WITHIN THEIR EYES. THEY SPEAK OF KNOWLEDGE AND MEMORY FROM A TIME WHERE THERE IS NO TIME. EVEN THOUGH THEIR FOUNDATION IS OF BONE AND FLESH, THEIR ESSENCE IS THAT OF SPIRIT. TO LOOK INTO THEIR WORLD I MUST FORGET THE YEAR, THE DAY, THE HOUR. THEY DEMAND MY FULL CONCENTRATION. THE LONGER I GAZE THE MORE I AM PULLED DOWN THE SPIRAL TO A PLACE UNFAMILIAR. THEN THE EERIE SENSE OF LOOKING INTO A MIRROR UNVEILS ITSELF AND THEY UNVEIL MYSELF TO ME. BY DOING THIS I HAVE TAKEN UP THE CHALLENGE TO DISCOVER OR TO REMEMBER. NOW IT IS YOUR TURN TO BE INSPIRED.





the GRIM
Po Box 120192
KENTWOOD MI
49512