

SLIMS STORYlatestVersion**THE BEGINNING OF A STORY THAT BEGAN IN ANOTHER TIME****By Cal Garrison****CHAPTER I**

Looking down at the earth below me I see myself, but this is another time and I am not the same as I am now. My hair is long and matted. Dressed in roughly woven cloth, I appear to be about 25 years old. Whether by choice or by decree, something tells me I am an outcast in this place. The time is long ago. It is a cold part of the world, up north near the Arctic Circle.

Nothing distinguishes the landscape except for its pristine beauty. I am the only two-legged inhabitant. My house sits on a plain near an ultramarine-blue river. A mountain range runs parallel to it. There are glaciers on the peaks but its early spring and the water's rushing hard from the snow- melt.

How I came to be here and how long this has been my home I cannot tell – but I have lived here long enough to feel as though I am no longer human. Close to the elements and imbued with those frequencies, I have become such a totally natural creature it seems as if I am no different than the stones that line the riverbed, or the flowers that grow near it.

On this day I am skirting the perimeter of my home. Half in the ground, it is built of stones and moss and earth. The roof slopes down close to the foundation. There are no windows, just a door made of driftwood and tree bark. The ground underneath my feet is soft. It's been a long winter and I am outside enjoying the sunlight and looking for leeks.

I belong to this place. I know nothing else. And in knowing it I have turned into a sorceress without even understanding what that means. My magic flows out from me the same way the river flows. It is who I am. And in being myself I have learned how to heal and transmute anything.

In the distance I see a figure coming through the mountain pass. Something in me wakes up. It is him again, the God-man who comes every time the seasons change. The last time he appeared the snows fell so deep he stayed with me until spring. Three moons have passed and he's come out of the mountain again.

I know nothing of this man except who he is when he's with me. I don't know about his life in the village on the other side of the mountain, nor do I know what brings him here. To me he is an apparition that comes to life and becomes part of my world in cycles, like the moon, until he disappears again. As the only other human I ever see, this man is God to me. Watching him and seeing him in the distance I am beside myself. It will be dusk before he gets here.

The vision moves to a scene that must have taken place several years after the one described above. I am down near the water's edge, lying on my belly, crying into the river. It has been one whole year since the man came. The wind tells me he is dead. Alone in the place where the two of us came to life, my grief goes to the verge of lunacy. Nothing stirs it for a season. The elements keep me sane. In time, I find my reason for living in the world that was there before he entered it.

For 700 years this grief remains locked in my cellular memory. None of it is remembered at the conscious level but all of it is there, waiting to be stirred. Lifetimes pass. It is now 1998. On this particular day I am meditating. In a process that is meant to introduce me to my male aspect, out of the deepest corner of my right lung a tall thin man with a long gray beard emerges from a red mist. Wearing brown leather breeches and a homespun shirt he comes toward me with his right arm outstretched. The staff in his left hand steadies him as he moves over the cobbled path.

He hands me a small leather pouch. No words are exchanged but through some other form of communication he tells me this is his gift to me. Inside the bag are 24 stones, etched with runes. Looking into his eyes, I recognize this man, but my memory isn't quite ready to place him. The overriding sense is that he is an aspect of myself, one that I am reuniting with after a long period of separation.

That vision, which seemed so much like a fantasy, turned out to be an annunciation of sorts. Within a year the man who walked out of my lung actually walked into my life. He

reentered my world on a day when I happened to be sitting in a room with a group of people, waiting for the man who had found a way to heal the earth to deliver a lecture on his research. When the door opened and the speaker started moving toward the podium, it was then that my mind, jarred by memories from an older time, got the first whiff of an inkling that this was the God-man I had known so long ago and never thought I'd see again.

Out of all the people in the room, I was the one who had an audience with this man. Arranged months before in a series of phone calls, the meeting would confirm whether or not we would work together. On the surface that's what was going on. Underneath it all we were there to pick up where we left off.

CHAPTER II

I remember thinking that he looked blue. It was like the blue in the denim of his clothing had leached out and gotten under his skin. Tall and skinny, more like a shadow than a flesh and bone human being, the minute he started talking it was his voice that made him real enough for me to know that something huge was going on.

Swept up in a flood of memories, the part of me that keeps everything under control reminded me to focus on what I was there for - and what I was there for seemed to have more to do with the woman who was sitting in front of me than it did with the man behind the podium; she had arrived a few moments before. This had to be Katharina, Slim's sixth wife. Rotating her head like an owl, she shot me a smile and mouthed a few words to let me know that we would speak at length when the seminar ended.

Once the lecture was over and all of their questions were answered, Slim led the group out onto the lawn to demonstrate his dowsing technique. Katharina put her arm around my shoulder, sweeping me under her raw-linen wing, and the two of us followed along. After a few pleasantries and a cigarette, as soon as we caught up with everyone, she handed me a bundle of copper welding rods and instructed me to deliver them to her husband, who was standing on a

small slope about fifty feet away. Not knowing what prompted her to need me to perform this little chore, I did as I was told.

Walking across the stretch of grass the noonday sun formed a corona of light around Slim, whose body was nothing more than a cowboy-shaped black hole until I stood right in front of him. Handing over the bundle of welding rods, I felt him grab the other end as his hand appeared from inside the boundary of the dark silhouette, while the rest of him came into being around his clear blue eyes, which in that moment were driving a beam of recognition straight into the back of my skull.

I had no frame of reference for any of this. It totally blew my mind. If there was anything real to this guy, anything besides the Rasputin-like eyes and his reputation as a wizard, it would be revealed before the afternoon was out.

For the next hour or more I went between watching the Master teach to making small talk with his wife. Katharina wanted to know more about my plans for a workshop, which involved discussing numbers, dates, and the three of us deciding what to do about it over lunch. It was she who did all of the talking. Slim sat between us, like a good boy. I swear to God, he didn't say 'Boo'; he sat there like a statue through the whole thing.

When we got back to the convention hall, and I finally had a chance to talk with him by myself, I too couldn't say 'Boo'. Tongue-tied and embarrassed by my inability to utter a word in front of the Genius, I made a half assed attempt to break the ice by saying:

"I feel like one of those fools on TV who's just won a contest to meet and hang out with their favorite celebrity. I am so impressed by who you are and what you do, I can't even speak". To which he replied: "Take it easy girl. There's nothing special about me. We all put our pants on one leg at a time".

From that point on, it was easy. The talk went all over the place. I couldn't tell you exactly what was said; I just remember how it felt to sit next to this unusual man and without even knowing who he was, sense that he was already part of me. We spent about an hour

together that first time. I could have stayed longer but the friends who had driven up to take in the lecture with me came around to remind me it was time to go home.

We left Slim and Katharina in the auditorium and walked down the main corridor of the Lyndonville State College to head out to the parking lot. On my way out the front door, I felt a hand on my shoulder, only to spin around and see Slim, standing there in all his 'Blueness' with a bundle of copper rings, reaching out to me with both arms, saying:

"Take these please. I want you to have them. I know you know what to do with them"

CHAPTER III

The conversation on the ride home was full of speculation on the deeper meaning of what had just taken place; the girls spent three hours making a big deal out of it. I was too blown away to find words for what was going on inside me. By the time we got back to West Pawlet there was nothing left to think about but what it would take to get this guy to fly across the country and teach us everything he knew. What that would turn out to be, I had no clue. All I can tell you is it felt like something good was going on and I was going to do whatever it took to be 100% there for it.

Prior to leaving the convention hall I wrote out a check for an Environmental Harmonizer. These were the units that Slim used in the pollution clearing work that he did in Denver, Phoenix, Mexico City, and Cairo back in the '90's. Having heard all about those experiments, I bought this gadget with two-hundred-and-fifty bucks and all the faith in the world. Once I got home and got it up and running, pretty much everything turned around; I swear to God it was like something came along and changed the channel.

Back in those days I was in a relationship with a hard core Marine. He was a special forces, gun-nut, totally anti-social caveman by the name of Butch. Butch and I had been trying to mimic some level of normalcy for over 12 years. The how and why of that situation is something

that I have yet to figure out, but by 2001, what had been "Mission Impossible" from the get-go, was over and done with.

The minute I got back to the house I set the Environmental Harmonizer up in the living room and left it to do its thing. Around suppertime, Butch popped in to see if I was cooking anything. He opened the door, circled once around the chopping block, stood for a minute over the pot of chili that was cooking on the stove, until he finally opened his mouth to say: "*I can't do this anymore*"

I didn't even bother to ask him what he meant. Things were so old and so over, in less than two minutes, 12 years of insanity, which amounted to the two of us thinking that if we just kept trying we would actually be able to get a cup of coffee out of a Coke machine, was gone with the wind - and so was Butch. Part of me was amazed; another part of me wondered if the Harmonizer had something to do with it. Was it the frequencies? Was it the displacement factor?

RULE #1

Re: The Harmonizers: Higher frequencies always displace lower frequencies: as in, the muscle bound boyfriend with violent tendencies has no choice but to vacate the premises when the atmosphere is saturated with love and light.

With the main issue, or the thing that had sucked up so much of my energy, no longer there, the whole house and my entire life opened up to make room for something else to enter. In the next forty days I made a quantum leap that taught me a lot about what happens when the matrix starts humming at the speed of light. It wasn't a theoretical thing; I could see changes everywhere.

The colors were the first things to change; they got brighter. The geraniums blew up bigger than the hydrangeas and the hydrangeas went from blue to rose. The Gypsy Moths disappeared. Instead of running all over the neighborhood, the dogs only left the yard to poop. My teenage daughter turned into a human being. Within a month or so I dropped forty pounds without diet or exercise, and published my first book.

RULE #2

Re: The Harmonizers; the changes that occur from one person to another will always be in keeping with what is in their highest good. There is no need to 'Intend' anything. Intentions can limit the realm of possibilities. We don't know enough about the laws of transmutation to know what is needed. Let the light be the one to decide what it needs to do and where it needs to go, and know that your experience will be totally unique to you.

In and around all of this I was thinking about what pulling together a workshop for Slim would involve. Scheduled toward the end of July, I knew I would have no problem getting the requisite minimum of 25 people to show up; after all, why would anyone in their right mind say no to an opportunity to learn everything they could from the man who had developed the technology to clean up 80% of the pollution on the planet?

It never occurred to me that my friends and neighbors, and many who purported to be environmentally awake, would show no interest in Slim or his research. They were OK with taking their plastic and metal and paper down to the recycling center, and all for growing their own, but the minute I started talking to anyone about frequencies, quantum effects, and ancient Egyptian measurements no one wanted to hear it.

A week before Slim was due to arrive only six people were signed up for his workshop. In a last ditch effort to spread the word I took a ride down to Troy, New York to do a radio talk show with Slim, live on the other line; unfortunately no one was listening. The next morning I woke up tearing my hair out, crying, wondering why there didn't seem to be any way to pull this together. When my angst ran out of steam I got dressed, hopped in the car, and threw myself at the mercy of my meditation group.

God knows where the guided imagery was headed that morning, but it couldn't have gotten too far when shortly after 9AM, I stormed in and told everybody to pull their heads out of their asses and wake the fuck up! The spirit of some Biker chick turned Holy Roller took me over and railed at those people for a good ten minutes about what happens to a person when they wake up and realize that all the meditation and sacred bullshit in the world isn't going to fix this mess. I think I said. *"Fuck you and your holiness. This isn't about you, your peace of mind, or*

your headache; stop contemplating your navel and your issues long enough to open your eyes and see that the Earth is dying."

My hysteria conjured up nine more participants; with the six from before it still wasn't enough. Three days before the Spurlings were due to fly out of Denver I called to tell Katharina that we only had fifteen people signed up and for them to cancel their tickets.

Instead of having a problem with this, she told me not to worry about a thing. She and Slim had already decided that he would fly up to Vermont and do the workshop on his own. I was elated. Now all I had to do was stock up on coffee, and bacon and eggs, and figure out what to do with Slim staying at my house for what would turn out to be ten days.

CHAPTER IV

Just as I was leaving to meet Slim at the airport, Butch showed up at the door. It had been a little over a month since I'd seen him. He was there to repossess the Beretta pistol and the Mossberg Pump that had functioned as my engagement ring for over 13 years. Having had five weeks to come to terms with the fact that I was no longer G.I. Jane, I had no problem returning the guns, or the last few rounds of ammunition.

Already late for the airport, as I hustled Butch out the door I noticed a familiar looking face checking herself out in the rear view mirror of his truck; it was Whitney, a quasi-acquaintance of mine who had been lusting after Butch and his muscles for a long time. Staring out through the windshield, looking like the Queen of the Rednecks, she reminded me how lucky I was not to be sitting on that throne. I gave both of them the high sign, got in the car, and decided to take the back road to Albany.

By the time I got to Troy I still had no idea what I was going to do with a rogue genius hanging out in my world for over a week. Not much into hanging out with anyone in particular, to tell you the truth I was dreading it. I figured I'd have to be "On" for the duration, and being a 'Class A' hermit, this was not my cup of tea. As much as Slim seemed like an amazing guy, I figured

that in private he was probably a narcissistic bore, and that regardless of how much I stood to learn from him, ten days of quantum physics was bound to get tedious.

It was almost midnight when he sauntered down the ramp at Albany Airport's, Gate 29.

Watching from a distance, I could see his head floating above the crowd, bobbing along under his gray-bellied Stetson, only to emerge from the fray with something that looked like a cane dangling from his left hand. Walking toward each other, what turned out to be a wooden yardstick came at me before I got close enough to shake his hand. I grabbed the butt end of this magic wand; Slim smiled, hugged me 'Hello', asked me how I was doing, and told me to hang on while he went looking for the sandbox.

It took me half a second to figure out that he was talking about the Jon. While he was in it, I examined the yardstick. A little over half-an-inch-square on all four sides, I had never seen another one like it. In addition to its measurements, the words, "*VALUE MOTOR CO - 970 South Willow Avenue - COOKEVILLE, Tennessee - 931-528-6575*" were etched in black along one side.

It would be two hours before we got home. I figured Slim would probably nod out, but by the time we got off the Thruway it was obvious that he was wired from the trip, in no mood for sleep, and acutely aware of everything that was going on. The road back to Vermont was lined with acres of corn, and forests of gigantic maple trees that were lush and green from a summer of too much rain. It was pitch dark but the Honda's high beams lit up the woods and the fields like something straight out of a fairy tale.

The scenery must have reminded him of it, because at one point Slim lit up a couple of cigarettes, one for me and one for himself, and launched into a story about driving a log truck over Wolf Creek Pass in the middle of a blizzard, and losing his brakes on the downhill run into Pagosa Springs. Listening to him talk, the part of me that could only see the genius got to see the other side of the coin. Before he left this world Slim and I would make two trips back and forth over Wolf Creek Pass. Both of them involved heavy snow and each ride was such a white knuckle affair, I thanked my lucky stars going up and going down that he was more than just a theoretical genius.

The same driveway that saw Butch and Whitney pull out of it only five or six hours before, saw me and Slim pull into it at a little past two-o'clock in the morning. After a car-ride conversation that went from how to make moonshine to how to turn dirt into white powder gold, we were standing in the kitchen talking about sound and light when it hit me that there wasn't going to be any sleep for either one of us that night. I asked him if he wanted to hit the sack or stay up and wind down over a cup of tea and he looked at me and said, "No sense in going to bed now. We're just getting started. A pot of coffee sounds good ; come on over here and talk to me."

By the time the sun came up I was in the twilight zone, Slim Spurling was sitting on my front porch, and the Heliacal Rising of Sirius was adding a whole other dimension to what I could not fathom at the time. The day was just getting beautiful and the dog wanted to go out for his morning walk so Slim, and Oliver, and I strolled down West Pawlet's Main Street like three hooligans on a toot, heading straight to the river for a morning dunk. Halfway there, Oliver took a dump and I got my first lesson in geopathic stress, straight from the horses' mouth.

RULE NUMBER THREE: RE; NEGATIVE FREQUENCIES AND THE DIRECTION OF SPIN

Animals are extremely sensitive to energy. They can also differentiate between positive and negative energies. Dogs gravitate toward positive telluric forces because it feels good to them to be surrounded by energies that are constructive to life. The only time they are drawn to zones of geopathic stress is when it's time for them to do their business. Like attracts like; dogs will only poop in an area that vibrates at the speed of excrement. Anyone looking to map and clear areas of geopathic stress in their town or city would do well to make note of the vacant lots and the dead zones where the Mugwort grows and the dogs poop. You will also notice, that dogs circle to the left before they settle in to take a dump; the 'left-spin' is always marking a point where the force of nature is strong enough to break down and decompose whatever they leave in that territory.

CHAPTER V

I could never figure out why people assume that summer in Vermont is any cooler than it is in the city; maybe it's the concept of green-ness, and the coolness of trees and shade, that leads them to believe that this might be the case. Anyone who's ever lived there will tell you that the Green Mountains are a lot like a steam bath by the end of July. The days begin with a syrupy heat that sweats through anything that moves, and the nights are hot and sultry.

If what had turned out to be a totally surreal all-nighter left the two of us wiped out, the river was the best remedy for it. I jumped right in and floated half way to the bridge before Slim dropped over the bank and waded in up to his neck. By the time he went all the way in I was swimming back upstream and Oliver was paddling in circles, around Slim's head. In the clearness of this icy cold water the three of us floated, holding a 'Pow-wow' of sorts that wound up setting the tone for the rest of his stay.

On weekday mornings, instead of using Main Street, the welders at the local foundry would sometimes take the river path to work. When I saw Reed Havilland crossing the bridge I knew it had to be seven-o'clock; time to get a wiggle on. We took a shortcut through the woods and wound up sneaking through the Brace's yard to get back to the house.

By the time I got dressed Slim was down in the kitchen frying up a pound of bacon, and asking me how I wanted my eggs. He wound up washing the dishes too. Between the cooking and the washing we polished off eleven eggs and decided to take a ride over to Middletown Springs to check out the workshop space and get a few last minute details handled.

When the Middletown Springs Historical Society became the site of Vermont's first Geobiology workshop, the town fathers, who conducted all of their affairs in that building, were embroiled in a dispute with a local psychopath whose main form of entertainment involved making it impossible for them to get anything done. This story came to my ears a week earlier, via the selectman who volunteered to show me around on the day that I went to sign the rental agreement.

If his name escapes me, what I *do* recall is that he was a super straight, anxious kind of guy who had a very open mind once he loosened up. Intrigued when I told him a little bit about what this three-day workshop would be about, he seemed really curious about Slim and his work. At one point he came right out and asked me if the group could use the space as a vibe-clearing test

kitchen, and if so, would that help to settle some of the problems they were having with the nutcase in question?

I told him that anything we did to clear the building would elevate the energy at the board meetings, expand the spirit of cooperation among the town fathers, and do a lot to ease the political tension in the town. *"That alone would probably take care of the situation in ways that will surprise you"*. Thinking further on it I went on to say a more direct approach could be taken if he was up for trying something out of the ordinary. Without batting an eye he looked at me and said; *"At this point I'd be willing to try anything"*.

We took a walk around the village green and I told him about a simple banishing spell that has been around forever. Known as "The Bottle Spell" it is used to neutralize any negative or destructive human, or non-human influence. The nice thing about the Bottle Spell is that it eliminates the problem without bringing harm to the person or entity who is driving you nuts - all it does is erase their ability to harass you.

It will surprise you to hear that the man whose name I can't recall listened intently to every word I said. I wrote out the full instructions for the spell and told him to wait for the Moon to start waning before he did it, suggesting that Saturdays are always best for any type of banishing work. He took this information in like I was sharing the secret of the ages and thanked me profusely. Before we parted I told him I'd be back in a week, and on the morning that Slim and I drove over to check out the workshop setup, there he was, waiting for us at the door.

Slim told him that yes, for sure, part of the workshop would involve clearing the building and the grounds around the Historical Society. If there were any specific issues that the town fathers wanted the group to focus on, Slim said that it would help to know about them in advance. It took a few minutes for the guy to go down the list. Once he finished telling Slim the part about the local nut- job, he looked at me and said, *"I'm going to do the spell on Saturday; is there anything else I need to know?"*

"Just follow what I wrote, let it be, and see what happens. It's all you can do. Give it till the New Moon to kick in. If you're not happy with the results and you need a more high test version of the spell, call me."

Slim was puffing on a 'Lucky' and listening to all of this as if none of it was new to him. We finished up our doings, said good-bye to the budding Warlock and decided to take a walk down to the Springs, just to get a feel for the once thriving Victorian spa/resort and taste the legendary waters that still flow through the town.

On the bridge that leads to the marble font where the Middletown Springs come out of the ground, we stopped for about a half an hour and returned to the conversation from the night before. In one of those moments where you wake up and realize that something out of this world is going on, I picked up a small, flat, round pebble that was lying on the ground and stuck it in my pocket. That little rock is still with me - and so are the instructions for the Bottle Spell, which I will copy for you here, just in case you ever find yourself in a situation that requires that kind of magic.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BOTTLE SPELL

Pick a Saturday when the Moon is waning to do this work unless you are guided, or there is a need to do it at another time. You will need about two hours where you won't be disturbed.

Unplug the phone, lock the door, and draw the curtains. Prepare by taking a ritual bath or shower and cleanse your auric field with sea salt. Meditate or pray prior to doing this. It helps.

Gather all of the following ingredients in a central spot and leave yourself plenty of room to "work":

Two handfuls of sea salt to cast a circle.

A pitcher of water (holy water is best – Slim's water would work well too)

A bottle with a cork or stopper

One white candle – matches

Patchouli incense

A foot length of black string

A piece of parchment paper, or paper cut from a brown paper bag.

Patchouli Oil.

A black pen

A mortar and pestle

3 Tbs. Myrrh

3 Tbs. Frankincense

3 Tbs. Orris Root Powder

3 Tbs. Sea Salt

An old iron nail

With everything all together now you can begin.

Starting at the North, cast a circle moving in a clockwise direction sprinkling the sea salt to create a circle about 8-10 feet in diameter. Starting at the North again, go around clockwise sprinkling water over the salt to seal the circle. Anoint the white candle, base to wick, with the patchouli oil. Light it. Use the candle to light the patchouli incense. Beginning at the north again, carry the lit taper around the circle once, moving clockwise as before. Now take the lit incense and walk the circle clockwise the 4th time bringing the air element into play.

When you have finished “building” the circle you need to invoke the Guardians. You can do this any way you wish, according to your own feeling and sensing. This is how I do it if you want to try it this way. I go to the North point and raise my arms and say, with my heart;

Guardians of the Watchtower of The North, element of Earth, and all of thee in the realm of the bear, we invite you to witness this rite and to protect this sacred space.

Now go to the East and say;

Guardians of the Watchtower of the East, element of Air, and all of thee in the realm of the raven, we invite you to witness this rite and to protect this sacred space.

Now go to the South and say;

Guardians of the Watchtower of the South, element of Fire and all of thee in the realm of the dragon, we invite you to witness this rite and to protect this sacred space.

Now go to the West and say;

Guardians of the Watchtower of the West, element of Water, and all of thee in the realm of the mermaid, we invite you to witness this rite and to protect this sacred space.

Once you have called in the Guardians you can cast your spell.

Take the Myrrh, Frankincense, Orris-root powder, and the sea salt and put them in the mortar and pestle. Grind all of these things together. As you do this focus your mind on exactly what you are trying to banish from your life. You can speak about this out loud, or do whatever you want; take as much time as you need to infuse this mixture of herbs and powders with your intention. When the mixing feels complete put 10 drops of Patchouli oil into the mix and grind it in.

Set the mortar and pestle aside and write on the paper exactly what it is you are intending. You can word it however you want. I sometimes write something like, *"I neutralize the power of so-and-so to ever do me any harm in this life or the next."* It covers everything. But whatever you write is perfect, as long as it describes your intention.

When you've got it all down in writing, kiss the paper once and put 3 drops of Patchouli oil on it. Create a funnel with the paper and use this to pour all of the herbs into the bottle. Drop the iron nail into the bottle too. Roll the paper up into a little scroll and tie it with the black string. Pop the paper into the bottle. Now cork or cap the bottle, and with the white candle drip wax over the top to completely seal it. At this point your spell is done.

Whenever you feel ready to move to the next phase go to the 4 Cardinal points of the circle the way you did in the beginning and send the Guardians "home". At the North, East, South, and West points stand erect and hold up your arms and say;

"Spirits be gone, return to thy place, leave peace to reign in time and space"

Now extend your right arm and twirl clockwise 3 times to “raise” the circle. This part of the work is done. To finish things off, take a walk in the woods or a ride in the car with a small shovel. Go out into the woods and find a place to dig a hole and bury the bottle. Make sure it is buried in a place where no animal or human will ever dig it up. After you have buried it point to the spot with your right hand and say;

"I wish for you what you wish for me. In no way will this spell reverse or cast upon me any curse; so mote it be"

Walk away and don't look back. What you have done is seal the negative, destructive forces in the bottle like a genie. You have done no harm to anyone or anything. You have only neutralized their power to hurt or obstruct you in any way.

AMEN

CHAPTER VI

Slim's workshop wasn't the only thing going on that summer. I was scheduled to teach a Flower of Life Workshop right after he left. Within a day or two of that I was supposed to fly out to Anasazi Land for a ten-day pilgrimage that was meant to heal the rift between the white man and the red man. You'd think that would be enough, but as soon as the Anasazi trip ended, me and my friend Nicole would be driving down to Mexico to do an advanced course with a group of 50 or 60 people who were teaching the Flower of Life material back in those days.

The ceremony on the bridge got interrupted because, with all of this stuff coming to a head, I had one day to drive over to Manchester to get a passport photo taken - and this was it. I told Slim I had a bunch of errands to do; would he like to come along? By this time he was so mesmerized by the beauty of the Vermont landscape, I could have taken him anywhere. Totally up for a drive and for killing a few birds with one stone, he asked me if we could stop for a coffee and would I mind taking him to a drugstore: he needed a carton of 'Lucky's' and couple of tubes of Poligrip.

It wasn't until he mentioned the Poligrip that I noticed his false teeth. Slim's dentures were an interesting little feature in his life. Only once in seven years did I catch a glimpse of him without his teeth. He left them in at night. On his way into a restaurant he'd step off to one side and take a few minutes to pull a tube of Poligrip out of his pocket and perform a little ritual with his teeth - but he was always Mr. Cool about it. No one, except maybe his wives and the people who monitored his life support systems while he was in a coma, ever saw Slim without his teeth.

The drive between Middletown Springs and Manchester winds through Southern Vermont's farm country. Otherwise known as, "The Banana Belt", this part of the state is the last word in pastoral beauty. In the forty minutes that it took to get from A to B, Slim gave me a tutorial on the essentials of naturally occurring geopathic stress and how easy it is to spot.

The landscape was filled with more than one example of energetic interference: like the swath of scorched earth running through Lincoln Waite's pasture and its connection to the newly introduced power lines that ran east to west, directly above it. Further down the road we stopped next to the remains of a house that had been washed away in the spring floods. Getting out of the car to inspect the situation, Slim put out a theory that the property had been flooded out for much the same reason that Vortigern's castle crumbled; the original foundation had been built over a point where a gas line bisected the crosshairs of two underground streams.

Taking a detour over the switch road we drove past the slate quarries. I wanted Slim to tell me whatever he could about the emanations coming out of the slate, and I wanted to give him an opportunity to check out some hard-core, back-woods, Vermont poverty. Staring out the window at mountains of metamorphic rock and the shacks of the toothless, feral-looking people whose ancestors had once made a living in this place, Slim went off on a discourse about the connection between geopathic stress and poverty. He boiled it down to like attracting like, and went on to say:

"We are drawn to that which is in resonance with whatever our vibration happens to be.

Whenever you're in any location where life is on a downswing there will always be high levels of geopathic and electromagnetic stress".

On that first day, it blew me away to be hearing things that would ring true over and over again. A few years later, at a workshop that we did in California, Slim asked me to escort the entire group down to one of the local parks and get everyone set to go so that we could spend the rest of the afternoon showing them how to dowse.

The minute we entered the park I noticed a drunk sleeping it off on one of the benches that lined the perimeter of what was a long stretch of uninterrupted grass. I set the group up with their rods, made a short speech on 'getting out of the way', after which I sent them toddling off down the length of the park with instructions to get a sense of how it works when they ask the rods to fulfill the following request:

"Show me the lines of geopathic stress that are entering this location from the West"

Dowsing is like falling off a log once you get the hang of it, but it isn't that easy to learn; people inevitably get blocked by thoughts that tell them they aren't spiritually qualified, or special enough to be blessed with the ability to do it. If the hands-on part of Slim's workshops was where his students finally got to see what he was talking about, the San Rafael group was halfway down the field, trying to figure things out on their own by the time he caught up with them. Ambling off to help everyone get comfortable with the concept that they too could be good at this, he lit up a smoke, looked at me and said ; *"Thank God for the bum down in the corner over there. They'll get this a lot quicker with him around"*.

What happened next was hard to miss. From where I was standing 23 sets of dowsing rods could be seen to open, clear and wide, the minute the line of students came within range of the homeless guy. The lesson was clear. All of them could feel it. Anyone could see it. A wave of geopathic stress, flowing in from the West cut right through the stretch of park where the man went to lay his body down and pass out.

While Slim was explaining all of this, and discussing the Law of Resonance with the group, the one who had made it so much easier for everyone to get the picture woke up in the middle of something that he was still too drunk to comprehend. Taking a few minutes to collect himself, self- consciously rearranging his shirt and wetting his whistle with whatever was left in

the jug, the bum did his best to look like an average human being as he slowly tuned in to the fact that Slim was about to wander over and slip him ten bucks to thank him for being such an important part of the lesson.

If geopathic stress runs rampant in locations where poverty and destitution are the norm, on the day that Slim and I took the ride over to Manchester, I was still too new at all of this to ask him if the opposite might be true: would affluence abound in areas where it is absent? If that's how it works, Manchester, Vermont is a vortex of geopathic 'relaxation', because it is totally perfect, totally picturesque, and could be considered one of the wealthiest towns in the state.

As soon as we got there we went looking for coffee and wound up in one of those places whose clientele included 'Birkenstock Hobbits', book store academics, the local lunch crowd, unemployed trust-fund babies, outlet shopaholics, along with hormonal women and cerebral types who wind up going out for coffee because they're going bat shit in the house. As you may or may not be aware, New England is a far cry from the Old West. When Slim and I walked into that place, the hum of the universe went silent for a good 40 seconds. It took about that long for us to wind our way to the counter and for the ones who couldn't believe their eyes to get used to seeing a real, live cowboy in their midst. I think it was a 6-year-old boy who broke the silence when he dropped out of his chair and, before his Mother could stop him, ran over to Slim and asked him if he was the Lone Ranger - Slim answered him by saying "*No Sonny; my name is Slim*"; at which point, he reached down to shake the boys hand and said; "*I am the Lord of the Rings*".

CHAPTER VII

The rest of the day got swallowed up by Slim's errands, my passport, and the need to make it back in time for him to do his Friday night introductory talk. People had already started to arrive. Aside from the 15 people who would be renting rooms in the local B&B's, there were three guys who were supposed to be staying at my place; Jon and Jerome were driving up from Bedford,

New York, and a guy named Hans was on his way down from the Northeast Kingdom. I had never met any of them before.

When we pulled into the driveway there was a stranger pitching a tent on my lawn. He turned out to be Hans, a hipster/merchant/father-of-four, who sold jewelry in a Kiosk up on Burlington's Church Street. My first impression kept the jury out for the next 12 hours. It took me that long to decide whether I wanted to like this guy, who turned me off at first because he had dollar signs in his eyes, and his ego was bigger than China.

There were always two different kinds of people hovering around Slim. Some of them were there for all the right reasons. Others were there to cash in on his technology, suck whatever they could out of his brain, and take everything he had to give to further their own interests. At times it was hard to tell who was who.

The ones who were there to exploit the situation were posers who made a point of broadcasting a burning desire to "heal the planet", while their evil twin was already in the counting house, adding up all money there was to be made at the end of the day. If Hans appeared to fall into that category, Jon and Jerome did not: they turned out to be a couple of angels who spent a good deal of their time working for nothing, planting Harmonizers all over the planet, and pouring their heart and soul into Slim's research for the next four years.

We waited till the last minute for the boys to show up but they didn't blow in until Slim was a few minutes into the lecture. Looking like a couple of Hippies, and a good 20 years younger than the youngest person in the room, Jon and Jerome moved to the back of the class and sat down next to me. Pulling notebooks out of their knapsacks, once they got their bearings, they settled in and started keeping a record that in four years time gave birth to tomes of information on the physics and metaphysics of planetary healing.

If memory serves, Slim was talking about his life when the boys walked in. His introductory talks were always mind blowing. They were supposed to run from 6 to 8 but it was more like from 6, till whenever the questions came to a halt. That night we didn't make it home till around eleven and the conversation kept going until well after 3 AM. Slim was on a roll. It was in the middle of that pow-wow that I realized how lucky I was to be in his presence, and from that day

on I kept a written record of everything that came out of his mouth, just so that I could preserve it and pass it on.

In less than a year the notes that were recorded that night grew into what later became the first written record of Slim and his research. Those diaries formed the basis for a biography that was allowed to go out of print soon after he died. Because that story is no longer available, and because it can only be purchased at a very high price, I am going to reprint a portion of it here, so that you can get a feel for what it was about Slim Spurling that made him so special.

What follows is an excerpt from what he always referred to as "Ring I", the first chapter of "*Slim Spurling's Universe*". Please note that these words were transcribed from a series of taped conversations between the two of us. I bowed to Slim's way of telling the story because I loved the way he told it, and was too awed by him to think I had any business changing a word.

As you will see, the language is folksy and unsophisticated with a hint of something that I still can't put my finger on. My aim through all of it was to give the reader a chance to hear Slim tell it and make them feel like they were getting it, straight from the horse's mouth:

"There is a child inside all of us. And this part of our being is still pure and innocent enough to believe that we can change the world. Years of conditioning by our parents, our teachers, and the culture at large have silenced our inner child so that we can't hear it anymore. Over time, doubt and skepticism replace innocence and faith. We are taught that certain things are impossible, and we obediently decide to accept that idea.

When someone like Slim Spurling comes along and says he has developed the technology to change the world and return the planet to a state of peace and harmony, it sounds too good to be true. Everything we have been taught tells us things like this are impossible. After all, the problems of the world are too big, and no one has the answers. Even if some small voice inside wants to believe him, it is easier to hand over the microphone to the doubts that we use to defend ourselves.

But when a person is open enough to listen and hear about some of the things Slim has done, the child inside wakes up again. It begins to see that – yes, there might be a glimmer of hope here. The Earth is in too much of a crisis for any of us to keep feeding our doubts. When

the house is burning down, does it help to be skeptical about the guy who climbs up the ladder to save you?

To really understand Slim's work it is essential to understand who he is and where his roots lie. The flesh and blood human being behind the research is as miraculous as the research itself. Slim's life story is a testimony to what comes out of a man who listens to his higher guidance. So, we'll begin at the beginning to get a feel for this totally unique and amazing Being. As incredible as his inventions, and discoveries sound, and as hard as it may be to believe that he has created a technology that has the power to change the world, there is nothing the least bit fantastic about it. It is all as down to earth and as loaded with common sense as he is.

Slim was born in Aberdeen, South Dakota in 1938 at the tail end of the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl. Slim's ancestors on his father's side of the family emigrated from Wales in the early 1600's and his mother's roots went back to Norway and Sweden.

Why would any woman in her right mind name her only son "Slim"? Margaret Spurling didn't. She was a distant cousin and big fan of Gary Cooper, so Slim's given name is Gary, after the famous actor. By the time he was fifteen, however, "Gary" was six-foot-three and weighed a hundred and forty pounds wringing wet. Years later, a guy who worked loading hay with him nicknamed him Slim and it stuck. He's still skinny as a rail.

When he talks about his childhood you get the feeling the Spurlings were pioneers. Everything was done the hard way or the old way. It was not a fine and fancy situation. What he learned from living that simply is very much a part of who he is now. As a kid he remembers standing at the door of the family house and seeing nothing but mounds of dirt blown into piles as high as the top of the fence posts. The only living, green thing was prickly-pear cactus.

He went to school the way everyone did, but he played hooky whenever he could get away with it. Early morning walks with the dog gave him the opportunity to get on the wrong end of a skunk, and the stench bought him permission to stay home from school and roam around the woods instead. It also gave him time to read whatever he wanted to read on his own without

being bothered by bells, changing classes, or repeating by rote what he already knew. Slim was a bright kid and his mind could handle much more than reading, writing, and arithmetic.

It seems as if the appetite for knowledge, which evolved into a Thirst for Truth, was there from the very beginning. He haunted the local library. The librarian was liberal enough to let Slim go over the five-book limit when he checked out, and by the time he was in his teens he had read every book in the place. Time spent reading and studying was balanced with farm chores, tending crops, fishing, hunting, and exploring the nearby hills and valleys.

Guns are part of the scenery growing up on the farm. Slim had a .22 rifle, and was out hunting game for the family table by the time he was eight years old. His grandfather Thompson, an expert hunter and outdoorsman, was his hands-on mentor in the outdoorsman's arts. He gave Slim a .22/410 over-and-under, rifle-shotgun for his tenth Christmas, and this piece remained in his possession until the mid-nineties. Slim took it to a gunsmith for repairs, and the unscrupulous man sold it out from under him to an unknown party.

With this little firearm Slim had the perfect reason to expand his explorations and become even more of a student of the natural world. Time spent hunting in the wilderness tuned him in to his surroundings on many different levels. Long before he knew what their names and scientific classifications were, he recognized every tree, shrub, vine, and herbaceous grass on sight. Slim connected early to nature. He grew up knowing that he was part of it.

His grandfather Thompson ran a mercantile operation that served as a trading post for the Native Americans near Phillips, South Dakota. He spoke the native dialects and knew sign language as well. Slim picked up on a lot of this and understood intuitively what the native people were about. The fact that the US government treated them unfairly did not escape his notice, either.

Slim's mother taught school to the kids on one of the reservations, and every night at the dinner table the family heard a lot about what she witnessed. The injustices meted out to the Native people by the government agencies appalled Margaret Spurling, and the horrible living conditions of the native children broke her heart.

This early exposure to the Native American people and their ways had a big impact on Slim. Long before it became fashionable to know about earth-based traditions, they were part of

his everyday experience. His mother and grandmother used Native folk remedies to doctor everyone in the family. Their expertise with herbal healing methods made a lasting impression on Slim. He soaked up all kinds of information just by watching what these women did. They taught him to keep his eye on wild things too. The Spurlings needed no weatherman to tell them which way the wind blew. Slim learned to read the weather just by observing the behavior of birds and animals.

From the sound of it, his parents and grandparents were high-principled, honest people who knew what “doing the right thing” meant. Whether integrity is a quality that develops when children absorb the behavior of the people who raise them, or if it is something one is born with, Slim is loaded with it. Is it over-romanticizing him to say that he is a walking, talking example of whatever it is about the American “Pioneer Spirit” that we wish hadn’t reached extinction? Anyone who knows Slim would not see it that way.

If he is some sort of anachronism it is probably more accurate to say that he is a “two-way” anachronism. Because the old ways that have been lost to most of the civilized world are still alive in Slim, and they fund visions of the future that no one has even dreamed of yet. It must be interesting to be filled with a full sense of what has come before and yet have a finger on the latest clue to the new direction at the same time. Slim’s spirit seems to be loosely draped between the past and the future.

The Spurlings moved from South Dakota to Morrison, Colorado, when Slim was seven, and they started farming there. When it came time to go to high school, Slim attended Colorado Military Academy and Mullen School for Boys. The Mullen School for Boys was a Catholic institution, and even though no one in the family was Catholic, his parents sent him there because they knew he would get a good education.

As far as religion goes, Slim did not get a heavy dose of it. While his grandmother was a devout Methodist and his mother attended church regularly, they were not Bible-pounding fanatics, so he did not get stuffed with fundamentalist guilt or visions of eternal damnation. Grandma may have been a Methodist, but according to Slim, her early upbringing in Malmo,

Sweden, gave her so much reverence for nature that her daily practices had more of a Druidic flavor.

For some reason, countless Sundays at the local church left no mark, and by the time he was eleven, Slim had had his fill of fire and brimstone. He knew without a doubt that God could be found anywhere but inside the head of the horse-faced woman who preached to the devotees at “The Pillar of Fire Congregation” so he left the flock and never went back. When he was older he got into Mormonism for a couple of years but, as it turned out, The Latter Day Saints did not have the answers he sought, either. By that time Slim realized that God had very little to do with dogma or organized religion. Somewhere deep inside he knew that Mother Nature held the key to whatever his spiritual purpose was.

Prior to college Slim served for two years as a Petty Officer Third Class in the Navy Air Reserve. He passed all of the tests for Officer Candidate School with marks that would have qualified him to move up in the ranks and provide him with a free education. He was not interested in being a military man, so he declined the offer. At that time, what he really wanted to do was study forestry.

During his stint in the military, through a chance meeting with the navy commander at the base barbershop, Slim was excused from having to attend monthly reserve meetings. Slim’s excellent reserve record and his grades at school impressed the commanding officer so much that he immediately wrote a letter exempting Slim from his obligatory monthly reserve duties.

This conversation in the barbershop turned out to be a key event in Slim’s life. The very next month all of the reservists were flown to their meeting in Olathe, Kansas, and the plane went down in a storm. Everyone on the flight was killed in the crash. Unbelievably, the following month the same thing happened.

The grief and horror he felt for his friends was lessened by the awe of knowing that, for some reason, his life had been spared. At this point Slim realized for the first time that his destiny and his whole purpose for being here were being guided by forces that have a much larger perspective on the tapestry that weaves itself out on the world stage. Without a doubt the gods had other plans for him.

When Slim decided to go to college his forestry dream was still alive. He spent eight years off and on at Colorado State University. Chemistry, biochemistry, and all of the Natural Sciences were included in the Forestry curriculum, and it was during this time that the scientific side of his mind really got fired up. He majored in Forestry with a minor in Biochemistry.

As soon as he realized that a degree in forestry would relegate him to a life spent working as a Yes-Man for some bureaucratic government agency, he became disenchanted with completing the degree. Slim's eyes were wide open, and it had become clear to him that "Timber Management" was in reality timber and ecological mis-management, much more destructive than fire. He consequently transferred to the Botany Department, majoring in mycology, with a desire to go into research and interdisciplinary technical writing.

Mycology is the study of fungi and mushrooms and it is widely known that mushrooms were sacred to the Druids. Nowadays Slim is often referred to as "Merlin", or, "The Merlin of Geobiology". One could debate the significance of this, but there are no accidents, and it is noteworthy that the most Druidic branch of the natural sciences became more of a passion for him than anything else.

Slim had to take periods of time off from school to work for a logging operation and while he was out in the woods, he came across several species of mushrooms that had not yet been officially discovered. He also found a species of morel that grew far above the Colorado tree line, something that was not even possible according to his botany professors.

It seems as if Slim was tuned into the mushroom world on a whole different level, because one day as he was taking a break from his tree work, he was privileged to bear witness to a spore release. He describes himself sitting in the forest, hearing a little "popping" sound, and watching as a Jew's Ear mushroom dropped its spores.

What kind of person notices these things? When Slim told his professor about the spores, the teacher readily acknowledged that it was the first time he had ever heard of such a thing. Perhaps it was a mycological or even a Druidic rite of passage!

There is no doubt that mycology is another one of those things that Slim knows inside and out. Right before he would have graduated from Colorado State, Slim was researching the chemical nature of a red pigment that occurs naturally in almost every specimen of the Acer

negundo species of maple trees as a response to a particular fungus. The technical paper written to document this research earned him an offer of a full scholarship for a three-year Master's Degree program funded by what was then known as the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and what is now known as the Department of Human Resources.

When he examined the criteria for the program, the proposed research would have required Slim to search for and develop a chemical substance from the fungus world that would:

- a) Be produced in enormous quantities (like Penicillin)*
- b) Be cheap to produce (like Penicillin – about fifty cents a gallon)*
- c) Have no side effects except a possible mild euphoria*
- d) Could be introduced into any consumable product with no labeling requirement*
- e) Would lower the threshold of suggestibility in humans (a mind control drug)*
- f) Would be effective in microgram doses*

It was more than obvious that the explicit purpose of this research was for control of the population. The kind of control and the population were unspecified, but this was the era of the CIA's LSD experimental program, and the government kept a hidden agenda.

Slim was totally incredulous that the powers that be would use their influence this way. Whatever they were up to, he wanted no part in contributing to anything that would result in the enslavement of people through such nefarious methods.

Out of curiosity, however, and just to prove to himself that such a substance did indeed exist, he consulted with one of his professors about the proposed research. Slim found a likely species in one of the families of soil fungi and cultured a sample from the professor's library. It took him three days to complete the research for what would have been a government funded, three-year program. After ingesting a few micrograms of the culture and experiencing its effects, he knew more than he wanted to know.

Utterly disgusted by the insidious offer, Slim immediately declined the scholarship, refused to take a diploma, and decided not to participate in the graduation exercises at Colorado State. He threw up his hands with the scientific and academic communities and walked away from it all, vowing never to go back. Unfortunately prostitution takes many forms, and it is likely

that someone confused about “doing the right thing” took the bait and was willing to barter a soul for a free education.

When Slim walked out on the scientific and academic community, he walked into a twenty-year career as an artist-blacksmith. In those days forestry work required a full knowledge of mechanics, forging and welding being the basis of all things mechanical. He had been exposed to both skills as part of his training at Colorado State, and he knew enough about working with iron to make it a trade. The spirits must have been watching over him because he came across a complete forge set-up that someone had junked and bought the whole thing for two hundred dollars.

Two hundred dollars worth of “junk” turned out to be a priceless gift. By that time he had a wife and two sons to support, and they were living in a renovated trapper’s cabin way out in the Colorado wilderness. When living this close to the bone, blacksmithing is not just an interesting hobby, it is a fundamental survival skill.

Since they heated and cooked with wood, Slim spent his days chopping timber and splitting it with his own hand-forged tools. He made every axe, wedge, hammer, and countless nails in that old forge. Making ends meet required a lot of effort in those days. Slim spent his nights working on an oilrig so he could support the family. But in his “free” time, when he wasn’t chopping wood, he taught himself what he did not yet know about blacksmithing.

Blacksmithing has played a huge part in everything Slim has done since then, and as much as it was his trade, maybe more importantly it was his first introduction to alchemy. Working and playing with the four elements, fire, earth, air, and water, and being deeply involved in the creation process are things people just do not do anymore. What he learned about controlling these forces centered him physically, emotionally, and spiritually, so completely that his consciousness was able to merge with and go “inside” the iron.

Standing over a bed of coals with a desire to turn a cold piece of iron into something beautiful or useful seems simple enough. If it’s so simple, why do blacksmiths rank right up there with magicians in the collective consciousness? According to Schwaller de Lubicz, the Egyptian God, Ptah, was the ultimate, cosmic blacksmith. After Ptah conceived and birthed himself, he brought fire down to earth and created every imaginable form with it. In de Lubicz’s

work, this hairless, chubby-looking deity is not portrayed as just any old god. Ptah's alleged abilities with fire may be why creation, special powers, and blacksmithing have come to be associated.

A blacksmith must be 100% tuned-in to a lot more than just the elements in order to take fire and birth anything with it. The person bringing it all together must be able to hold his consciousness in a place that allows him to be a vessel for what is essentially an alchemical process.

One day at the forge Slim got so immersed in his work that his entire Being slipped into the iron and became one with it. He experienced the whole creation process from inside the molecular structure of the metal he was hammering. From that moment on he "understood" about iron. What he learned definitely had to do with blacksmithing, but more than that, it gave him a deeper understanding of the spiritual force behind life itself."

(If you would like to know more about Slim Spurling and his life, a free copy of "Slim Spurling's Universe" is available for download at www.calgarrison.com)

CHAPTER VIII

Believe it or not, a bunch of local farmers showed up to listen to that first Friday night introductory talk. Don't ask me why this surprised me. Slim's Agricultural Harmonizers generated a field of light with a 65-mile radius, up, down, and all around. If anyone would serve to benefit from the research Slim was doing back in those days it was the farming industry.

One of these guys happened to have a degree in physics and engineering. After hearing Slim talk about what the big harmonizers would do to increase the crop yield, fortify the soil, fertilize their livestock, and eliminate the need for pesticides, the owner of a small, organic, black-angus beef operation decided to sign up for the whole workshop.

For the next two days, it was Lyman Waite who kept the question and answer level high enough to turn that seminar into something extraordinary. He and Slim must have been brothers in a previous life because they hit it off right away. Not that it was ever hard for people to get close to Slim; but this was different - and the fact that they got along so well had everything to do with why Lyman invited Slim to take a ride over and check out the farm, and why the two of them didn't make it back from the Saturday lunch break until a little past 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

I am pretty sure that Slim lived most of his life in a timeless state. He didn't wear a watch. He hardly ever slept. Slim was one of those 24-7 kind of guys who operated on a frequency that made him much more interesting than your average genius.

It took me a few years to figure out that this timeless mentality may have had less to do with him than it did with his inventions. All of Slim's tools generated tensor effects and T2 fields that altered the space time continuum. He was so immersed in those energies it made it hard to tell if he came out of his tools or if his tools came out of him.

Don't assume that I am speaking metaphorically. Far from it. Slim embodied all of the qualities that he created his tools to enhance. A walking, talking Harmonizer, he was all the proof anyone needed to know that they worked - and the timeless element that made going with the flow seem like he wrote the script for it, was the same quality that made his rings and his environmental units so good at healing and clearing things.

Maybe it's time to say a little about how the tools work. Slim's tools are so basic, all of them are based on the perfect symmetry of the circle. Back in the days when he was still alive, and I was still involved teaching the "Flower of Life" and promoting his research, I would use the following quote to introduce people to the tools and help them understand why there is more to the rings and the Harmonizers than meets the eye:

THE XXI STANZA OF MERLIN

“ WITHIN THE PERFECT SYMMETRY OF THE CIRCLE, IS HELD THE ESSENTIAL
NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE.
STRIVE TO LEARN FROM IT... TO REFLECT THAT ORDER. “

From there I would go on to explain the physics and metaphysics of things in a way that made it possible to draw a connection between Slim's tools, the MerKaBa, and the first chapter in the Book of Genesis. The explanation would vary, depending on who I was talking to, but it usually went something like this:

Each ring is a closed loop of a specific length made of 2 wires, twisted in a specific way, and soldered together to form a circle. Because of the nature of the measurement, and the way the wires are twisted, a field is generated in the center of each ring, one that vibrates at a new and higher frequency. That energy forms a tensor plane across the span of the circumference of the ring. Quantum effects inside the tensor field alter the space time continuum, giving rise to frequencies that have been measured at 144 MHz, a harmonic of light speed. According to John Archibald Wheeler's research, one of the properties of a tensor field is that it transmits and transfers energy.

If at times there were people who heard all of this and still didn't get it, I would use the following explanation and call upon the first few lines in the Book of Genesis to drive the point home;

'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the
earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the
face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of
the waters. And God said, Let there be light..'

"These words provide a good analogy to the ring phenomenon. The void is the formless, omnipresent field out of which all life emerges. The moment the spiritual force held within any specific meter length circumscribes and gives definition to this formless space, the waters of the deep are stirred in response to whatever they are being encoded with. When the ends of these cubit-long twisted wires are joined together to form a circle, the void within the circumference comes to life.

As this action occurs a frequency is generated that corresponds to the "Word", or the voice of God, echoing in the void. These wavelengths of sound give rise to wavelengths of light.

Physicists know that sound preceded light, but whoever wrote the Bible must have known about it long before they did...

In the center of every ring the frequencies generated by the twisted wire create light. This is the bottom line. When you get right down to it, all the rings do is generate light. Light is the essence of life, not just in this dimension but everywhere in the universe."

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The T2 field in the center of Slim's head must have been working overtime on the day that he and Lyman decided to do lunch. At first glance it would seem inconsiderate, but he was just being himself. The reason the trip to Lyman's place held things up for over 3 hours had to do with 100 head of Black Angus beef, an old forge and a great welding set up, and 600 acres of land that, between the cows, the corn fields, and the business of turning sap into syrup, would turn out to be a great test kitchen for all of Slim's tools. The fact that Lyman was a genius in his own right made it easy to understand why the two men gave themselves permission to hit it off, and why it was on that day that Slim gave Lyman full permission to duplicate all of his tools.

PS: It may surprise you to hear that no one in the group had a problem with being stood up by their instructor. It was impossible to have a problem with Slim because he always gave everyone more than their money's worth. That first day didn't come to an end until 8 pm and Slim wound

up taking all of us out for dinner. We closed up the place with a toast to the owner and took what was left of the party back to my house for a midnight dunk in the Mettowee.

CHAPTER IX

Time warps our perspective on everything. If we lived in the moment we wouldn't have to wait forever to figure out the who, what, when, where, and why of what happened. My time with Slim began during the 2001 Heliacal Rising of Sirius. Totally unprepared for what started to unravel on the day that he showed up in Vermont, no one could have told me what would happen in between that moment and the day it all came to an end.

If I learned anything from Slim it is that everything that happens, happens in the space *between* things. It's never me here and you over there; it's what lies between us that connects us to the world, to our lives, and to each other. Within the 6+ years that contained the space and time that I spent as Slim Spurlings' muse, along with bits and pieces of the truth, I found myself, somewhere between that first workshop and the events that occurred on the day that he died. He left this world on the 6th of May, in the Spring of 2007. Others may argue that point; he was not officially declared dead for another seven months - but as far as I was concerned, May 6th ended it for Slim - and according to the way the Druids mark time, he checked out on the most powerful day of the year.

In between July 26th 2001 and May 6th 2007, after lifetimes of separation, Slim and I came together to complete things that had their roots in another time. It's been seven years since he died and it has taken me that long to even begin to make sense of that relationship and of the story that surrounded it. You already know how it began. As I sit here trying to find a way to put this into words, I see that I can't even begin to tell you what happened between us, until I have a chance to tell you my version of how it ended.

What follows is the transcript of a document that I wrote on the day that Slim's heart stopped. Having been charged with documenting every other aspect of his life, since there was no way I could be with him, instead of walking around in circles waiting for the phone to ring, I decided to

keep playing the scribe and write a blow by blow description of how the situation was unfolding on my end.

NOTES FROM MAY 6TH 2007

Claudette called this morning - before I even finished saying hello she said:

'Have you heard about Slim? Sit down for this one 'cuz it's about Slim.'

I was standing up and surprisingly calm, as if this was a play we knew by heart. Her words came, but I knew what she was about to say. The whole night before I'd been up rehashing everything; all of it - for the N'th time.

Being sleepless over Slim was nothing new, and it was always the same old thing; my mind, twisting itself inside out until dawn, trying to figure out why he didn't want this, wondering what made him afraid, wondering who he really was and what he really wanted. After close to seven years, only a teeny tiny part of me still believed that he would find a way to be true to himself – and I had come to a place of knowing that it was not going to happen. The fallout from this was bound to hit him hard, one way or another.

But anyway, the news was, *'Slim's in the hospital or on his way.'* Helicopters were taking him to some hospital in Virginia after a severe cardiac arrest. No one had the straight story. It sounded like someone involved in the emergency knew CPR, so he wasn't dead.

I called the hospital. They had no record of his admittance. *'Did he die on the way there, or had he not arrived?'* Turned out he was still in the air. Claudette called Katharina, who happened to be enroute to the hospital with Patty Swygert; she confirmed this. Katharina's words to Claudette were, *'Let's see him alive. He has so much work here still to do'* - pretty together response under the circumstances.

For some strange reason, I wasn't the least bit ruffled either. So much water had gone under the bridge in the last month, hearing about his dangerous condition didn't get me the way one would expect. Every cell in my body absorbed the information but there was a generalization of feeling that had no name. As I thought about what to do, I got out Slim's chart and progressed it, as a means to distract myself and maybe offer some explanation.

Transiting Pluto was within 30 seconds of his 28 degree, 34 minute, progressed Sagittarius Rising – on that day, at the approximate time of the attack. Holy shit: anything could happen. He

would either die from this, or he would live and never be the same – and that could mean a lot of things.

I called the hospital again. He was being admitted. *'Is he alive?'* They said, *'Yes'*. *'Is he conscious?'* They said they didn't know. At least he was alive. The thought that it would be good to do some imagery met with an immediate and distinct, *'No'* - I was told to keep my fingers out of the machinery. It seemed as if things were so tenuous that it would have been invasive to work on him, or mess with divine order. Maybe this was his lesson. Too overwhelmed to stay conscious I fell into a deep sleep.

Three hours later I woke up and found Sally, and Adam, and Zoe sitting in the living room watching the **'LORD OF THE RINGS'**. How appropriate. I sat down and watched it with my eyes, all the time thinking of what this business with Slim was really about. Sally told me to check my voicemail. I got a couple of messages during the nap - one about a party and one from Claudette. I 86'd the party idea. Parties are always so tedious, even when it is party-time, which it certainly wasn't.

When I returned Claudette's call, she was on the other line with the Bulgarian woman who had given Slim CPR. How this happened neither one of us could explain. It was freak thing. Somehow or other in making a call back Claudette got hooked up with this lady instead of the person she really wanted.

Apparently the woman was a medical doctor. I could hear her saying Slim was dead when she got to him. After 20 minutes of breathing into him she said he came back, but there was some concern about what might have happened to his brain after that amount of time. The woman kept asking Claudette, *'Did I do the right thing?'*

According to the Bulgarian woman Katharina's instructions had something to do with *"How much work he had left to do"* and the million-dollar piece of property that had just been purchased to help him get the job done.

For the last nine months all Slim could talk about in our phone conversations was the new property, and what they were doing to expand the business. Two or three times a day he'd call to tell me how the money was rolling in and how great things were going. His Global Healing dream had turned into a commodity.

Listening to him go on about everything he was doing, even an armchair psychologist could figure out that something was off. Underneath all of his sweeping statements, the tone in his voice was sad. If he asked me for advice, I'd tell him that the focus had gotten too far into outer stuff, reminded him of Atlantis, and told him to reel it back in to where things were at before the dream morphed into a multi-level marketing scheme.

Outside of all of that, his chart was blaring a *huge* Hygeia-Pluto square, an obvious sign that his physical condition wasn't good. In our conversations Slim never said boo about being sick. He would always tell me he was fine and taking very good care of himself. I pretended to believe him because it was easier - but between what I knew about him, and what I know about astrology, I couldn't help but wonder what this Pluto deal would do.

When Pluto hits Hygeia the human system generates conditions that stem from a *loss of control*. This aspect can surface in many different ways, and on many different levels. I may have been the only one who knew what Slim's loss of control consisted of. If anyone else did, they were careful not to talk about it out loud. Claudette knew. We had discussed it many times – but our assessments of his situation didn't matter now.

I would have done whatever I could to help him regain his power - but I don't think Slim ever came to terms with the fact that he had given so much of it away. Instead of dealing with himself he decided to take a detour and let his ego fall in love with, and come to believe all of the "Merlin" trips that his students projected on to him. Their little fairy tales veiled the truth just enough to turn him into an all-powerful legend in his own mind. Invincible, he had all the tricks, he knew all the magic, nothing could touch him.

Our last conversation took place at sunrise on the 5th of May. Within 24 hours his heart blew out. It blew out and stopped beating for over 20 minutes. The last I heard he was on ice, unconscious, sedated, and they were waiting for 48 hours to see what was up with his brain. Everyone who knows about it is doing energy work on him. I am not sure if this is a good or a bad thing. '*Too many cooks*', as they say – and whose lesson is it? Slim could very well be taking a side trip into the world of hidden mysteries and he just might come back with the answer to everything. He could also die – or live and be a vegetable. Talk about losing your power.

What happens when a genius loses his mind? Is this his wife's lesson? How would this Karma play out?

A MONTH LATER:

As of today Slim is still alive, in an artificially induced coma at the hospital in Virginia.

I keep asking: What happens when the heart stops beating? With all we know about the energetic causes of illness it's hard to ignore the fact that his heart gave out. I saw long ago that Slim had given up focusing on what he believed in and had been pushed into making all of this about the almighty dollar and his over weaning sense of purpose. Bigger and more had gotten to be better and he had begun to mistake all of that for some sign that the Gods were pleased with what he was doing. Being terminally naïve and not realizing that his purpose would mean nothing if his heart wasn't free to be in its own truth, he sacrificed himself for his purpose. While I understood why, I also knew that the heart doesn't tolerate any sort of lie, no matter how pleased the Gods appear to be with what's going on around it.

He had gotten his main signal crossed with other issues and was too innocent to see that those other issues had very little to do with what he wanted. The money rolling in, the expansion of the 'Empire', the big people and the big deals, all crowding around like wolves with knives and forks in their hands waiting to carve him up for dinner – he got confused by all of that and began to believe that those things were what it would take to make the dream real.

I think he forgot how all of this started. It came out of a pure desire, *his heart's* desire, and it grew from there, naturally. It could have stayed that way, but things changed and the purity and simplicity got lost in the shuffle.

I was close enough to him to see that his lack of self worth was one of his weak spots. When all the money people and the big shots started showing up, he gave all his power away and lost himself in the process. Their recognition became a substitute for what he couldn't call up from within. In going into alignment with it, he became addicted to it. All that stuff, as good as it sounded and as good as it looked, only served to pull him away from his core truth.

By the time his heart stopped Slim had already given himself over to everyone but himself – and he didn't know that he had done this – except on a very deep and private level. I could feel it in our talks. It was almost as if he was waiting for me, or wanting me to tell him how to get back to

himself. Whenever I'd go down that road, I'd hit a wall. He couldn't hear it. He'd listen to me but it never seemed to help.

During the last nine months of his life, our connection got interfered with. Slim was not allowed to talk to me and he'd have to sneak around whenever he called. His wife was jealous. God knows how he explained all of those trips to the phone booth. I used to joke about it and say, "*It's really mind blowing to me that I am the only person on the planet that you aren't allowed to talk to!*" After months of secret telephone calls, I began to wonder if I would ever see him again in the flesh.

He's been dead for a month. Last night I finally broke down and cried. His wife, a bevy of psychics, and all of the people who have been enlisted to support this situation, are up in Colorado, keeping themselves busy, pretending that Slim is still alive.

CHAPTER X

I didn't think we'd get to this part of the tale so quickly, but now that we're here, it makes as much sense to talk about it now as it does to wait till later. Relative to what happened on the day Slim died: the line between life and death can be jagged. The transition from one state of being to another is something none of us know too much about until we've been there, or witnessed it, first hand. And if we've seen it more than once we know that death has many faces and it never looks the same.

Slim's exit from the third dimension was complicated by things that were bigger than he was. God knows how, or in what conditions it got hatched, but the Soap Opera that grew up around his demise took on a life of its own. Only a few of us knew how messed up that situation really was. Those of us who did, sat on the sidelines for the next seven months watching a bevy of lunatics act out a drama that was based on the premise that Slim had actually lived through a massive cardiac arrest, stopped breathing for three-quarters-of-an-hour, and was now on the other side collecting arcane secrets and taking instruction from the Masters who, we were told, would be sending him back to Earth "*any day now*", to further inform us on the nature of the universe and the secrets of his tools.

Before he was even airlifted to the hospital, the ones who stood to gain something from promoting this version of the story, crawled out of the woodwork and began to insist that Slim was dispensing new measurements, special instructions, and bits of fatherly advice directly into their ears from the nether regions of the astral plane. Everyone and their Mother's Uncle, including people who he never laid eyes on, laid claim to regular visitations from Slim. The ones with the bigger voice, and the most to gain, were on call, going haywire, day and night, pumping out messages and news that had absolutely nothing to do with what was really going on.

Spiritually motivated hysteria breeds its own brand of insanity, one that feeds on itself. If you hang around in circles where every half-baked psychic and Tinker Bell in the place is peddling the idea that they are a world-class channel, you soon find out that it doesn't matter what the truth is; if it looks good and it sounds good, people can come up with all kinds of reasons to believe anything they are told. And if the one who is looking for answers is addicted to the spiritual fix and willing to pay a price to hear whatever they want to hear, once the bullshit starts, it attracts flies and starts growing feathers, to the point where the 'Big Lie' becomes the thing that everyone has to keep embellishing in order to prevent themselves, and the rest of the world, from ever coming to terms with the truth.

For better or worse, and aside from the Emperor's New Clothes, whatever did, or did not happen on the 6th of May back in 2007, everything that came to pass from that day forward was riding on an illusion that had to be maintained no matter what. The man whose charisma formed the pipeline for all of his wife's business and financial interests was dead. No one knew better than she, how her goose got cooked when Slim's heart stopped beating. In the midst of her grief she played the situation like a fiddle. Broadcasts and messages touting the prospect of his imminent resurrection and return turned out to be seven months of high level New Age sleight of hand, designed to buy his widow enough time to find a way to profit off the situation and get the world to believe that she had been sanctified by it.

Sounds kinda harsh, I know. Seven years down the road, all bets are off and so are my gloves. The rest of the truth is on its way out. Why? I've had to sit back and watch one person after another lie about everything from the true nature of their relationship with Slim, to what they know about his technology. I've seen the same people work overtime, propping up the notion that

their connection to his disembodied Spirit endowed them with levels of wisdom and credibility that automatically became theirs the moment they knew for sure his brain was dead and he was in no position to question it. I figure if there's this much room for lies and hard core deceit, there's got to be a half an inch of room for the truth, somewhere in this story.

Or does it need to be told? Do we need to know what happened to Slim? Does it even matter in the long run? To me it does, if only to shed light on some of the things that happened totally off the record and that never got included in the legend.

What I have learned from this is hard to put my finger on, but one thing I am sure about, and this is my advice to anyone who is tempted to lie:

You can say what you want but you better be damn sure you tell the truth, no matter what it costs you - because there's always going to be at least one person in the room who knows what it is, who knows what really happened on the day you decided to cop out, and who sooner or later is bound to step up and blow the whistle. I may very well be the 'Lilith' and the Dark Horse in this story, but I spent seven years living in its heart, and another seven years in its back rooms silently bearing witness to more lies and bullshit than I can count. As I finally find a way to stand up and tell it like it is, woe be to anyone who has a problem with it. I was taking notes, I have the hard copy, and deep inside this pile of words and paper the way things went, is all written down.

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CHAPTER XI

"The road to enlightenment is paved with disillusionment"

I don't know where that quote comes from but I swear to God it's true. At the end of the day all of our heroes come tumbling down, and the last man standing is who we get to be - or not. I have a feeling it all comes down to who can be true to themselves and survive.

I don't know what happened to Slim. I can only tell you how it looked to me. Watching the show it didn't take me long to figure out that he was compromised on more than one level. Within two months I could see that there was all kinds of craziness going on in his world. Hooked on whatever it is that drew me to him, I overlooked all of it and dove right in.

If it is easy for us to rationalize these things at the outset, by 2005 Slim and his compromises were starting to kill me. Right up until March of that year I did a good job of fooling myself. Hanging on to the last shred of illusion as long as I could, it was on or near my 57th birthday that a series of events reached critical mass and everything finally came to a head.

What follows is a description of a scenario that took place after a week that Slim and I spent holed up at my place in Vermont working on his second book; actually it was more like ten days, after which I was supposed to drive him down to do a workshop in Beacon, NY and hook up with Katharina, who would be driving across the country to meet us there. This type of thing had been par for the course for over five years. There was no reason to expect things to be any different - but it was on the night that we arrived in Beacon that the whole dog and pony show took a radical turn.

Tom and Zora's – July 2005

It was too dark to see anything – and I was too tired to care. I just wanted to lie down. The whole night before we'd been up doing research in my room above the Post Office and no sleep, combined with sore abductor muscles and a hair across my ass about things that weren't directly related to my current predicament made it hard to see that the whole situation was really quite comical.

After a week of total bliss the axe had fallen. All of a sudden instead of being the cherished one, there I was, in Tom and Zora's yard, crawling around on my hands and knees, trying to find the bowl of water that they kept outside for the dogs. I wondered if the neighbors

were up that late and thought about how they'd react if they decided to come over to catch the prowler, who happened to be me, stark naked, on all fours, looking for water to wash with.

Feeling my knees on the dew-soaked grass my whole body was covered with the kind of sweat that comes when heat and humidity suffocate every other enthusiasm. By midnight it finally managed to drown out my rage. There were plenty of things to be mad about but the presenting complaint was the fact that I'd been asked to drive all this way only to find that accommodations weren't part of the deal.

It was too hot to register the full thrust of the insult and too late to head home to Vermont. With six bucks to my name, and no credit at all, renting a motel room was out of the question. Normally it would have been OK for me to crash in Slim and Katharina's suite but *that* little routine was over and done with. Up until that night I was 'part of the team', part of the family even - but things were different these days.

It's a good thing that Tom told me how to get to his place. Expecting to find him and Zora there, I couldn't figure out why no one was home. The dogs were barking up a storm in the house, the doors were locked - where could they be? Once I got over my considerations about what made the most sense, I assessed my options and realized that I had no choice but to bed down in the car.

Washing up wouldn't have entered my mind, except for the fact that there was more dew on my body than there was on the lawn - aside from that I was under a lot of self imposed pressure to look perfectly beautiful the next morning. Looking good was my only weapon after all, and there was no way I was going to show up at the workshop looking like something the cat dragged in.

Opening the rear gate of the CRV, I felt around for the Barbie suitcase that held all of my lotions and potions. Blinded by the pitch black of the old moon, I used brail to arrange my creams on the bumper, and proceeded to strip off my clothes. Naked and alone it occurred to me that I might have to roll around in the grass to clean up - until I remembered the big, stainless steel dog bowl. It had to be somewhere, but I couldn't see a damned thing.

Why I chose to crawl instead of walk, I can't explain except that it seemed to make sense at the time. I finally located the dog water. It was hiding underneath a bush. As I stood up and

started carrying the bowl back to the car it hit me that if anyone had been there to witness this they would have thought I was a Druid Priestess performing some sort of dark moon ritual. Looking back now, I have the feeling that on some other level, maybe that's what it was.

Dipping my hands in and splashing my face and body with water that had God knows what floating around in it I told myself, *'Dog saliva is antiseptic – and who knows, maybe it's the secret to eternal youth, don't be such a priss'*. Drying off with one of those rags that you keep in the car just in case you have to wipe down the dipstick, I wondered if 30-weight oil might have rejuvenative properties as well.

By the time this wild and wooly toilette was over my sense of humor kicked in. I wasn't angry anymore. Sitting on the back seat, the bag of clothes that never made it to the Goodwill had an old shift sitting on top. A remnant full of holes this poignant little costume restored some sense that at least *I* cared about me. Besides, it was essential. The mosquitoes were already eating me alive - and if Tom and Zora did by chance show up, I didn't want them to catch me naked.

The requisite blanket that every Vermonter keeps in their vehicle got folded into a thin mattress. Arranging it neatly in the back of the car I crawled on top of it, and curled up in fetal position. My body was ready for rest but my mind was going full bore over-analyzing the chain of events that led me to this place. The thoughts were spinning around like crazy until the sounds of the summer night woke my heart up. Instead of thinking I started feeling and believe it or not I felt pretty damned good – strong in fact, and absolutely free. I drifted off to sleep in a state of total bliss.

Everything shifted that hot July night. It would be about two months before I knew exactly what it all meant, but it took crawling around naked on Tom and Zora's lawn and the holiness of dog water to release me from things that had come to mean more to me than my own life.

The Next Day

By the time dawn broke the dogs were outside doing their business and I was awake wondering if it would be better to join them or hold it until I got to the house. I threw on a pair of jeans, and marched into the kitchen, to find Tom and Zora sitting at the table. Thank God the two

of them were too psyched about the workshop to spend too much time wondering why I wound up in the car. Since it was impossible for me to share any of the details surrounding my private transformation, the rest of the conversation centered around the difference between the Sacred and the Forbidden Cubit and how grateful they were that Slim took the time to come.

Sucking down a cup of coffee, I said no to bacon and eggs and told Tom and Zora to meet me at the healing center. For five years it had always been my job to be the set-up girl, but on this day every cell in my body knew something was different. It was like I'd been fired during the night and even though no formal announcement had come down from above, something in me knew that I was no longer expected to perform this little chore. My instincts told me to hit the road right then. I would have followed them but the bigger part of me wanted to hang around and see how things played out.

Pulling into the parking lot there was Slim, greeting his fans and hauling Tools into the workshop space. I got the proverbial wink and went on about my business satisfied that at least *he* hadn't changed his tune. Katharina was inside setting up the table. Amused by what it must have taken for her to get up and beat me to it, there was no longer any doubt that my days as the chore girl were over.

One-third of me wanted to be anywhere else. The bigger part of me was feeling a little pissed, and since it had the upper hand, I decided to stick around till noon. When Slim started in with his morning schpiele I plopped myself down next to Katharina, who had already positioned herself on the couch and was sitting there knitting away, like some New Age, Madame DeFarge.

I could have done my usual thing and tried to be nice, but the revelation of the night before made that impossible. Exhausted by years of pretense, I didn't have the strength to keep it up; neither did she. Feeble efforts to feel each other out took the form of comments about Slim's performance – but these pleasantries only served to punctuate the distance between us. I felt like I was hanging out with my 'ex' at one of those functions where you have to act nice for the sake of the kids even though it would be easier to explode.

In between the niceties, her knitting absolved us from having to pretend we liked each other. No one could knit faster than Katharina but her small motor skills were on fire that morning. The stitches fell off the needles like sparks from a welding torch. As the sweater, or whatever she was making, increased in size, it formed a wooly monument to our animosity. I didn't envy whoever would wind up wearing this thing - but for a moment I envied *her*. Stuck there with no handicrafts to use as a foil, my hostilities couldn't knit themselves into anything. All I could do was *feel* them and wonder if anyone else in the room could see the contempt leaking out of my pores. Drifting outward, it hit a wall of similar energy wafting in from Katharina's direction. The thinnest membrane of civility was the only thing that kept these two bubbles of anger from bursting into a catfight.

How did it get this bad? Or was it always this way? Maybe the truth about the whole thing was that we'd always hated each other and each one of us had our own reasons for pretending not to. I knew what mine were as far back as day one. What made her keep up her part in the charade, I can't be sure – but if anything Katharina was a shrewd lady and I think she had enough smarts to keep her enemies right where she could see them.

The rest of our time on the couch revealed little else - but at least I knew what the deal was. After lunch I kissed Slim goodbye and got in the car to leave. There was no sense saying goodbye to Katharina - neither one of us felt like being polite. As I began to pull out of the parking lot Caren, Jill, and a few others flagged me down and tried to coax me into staying for the whole thing. None of them had a clue about what was going on, and I was skirting the issue when Katharina strutted over to her van, got behind the wheel, and revved up the engine . Shifting into reverse, she backed up like a NASCAR fiend, missed my car by half an inch, and burned a patch of rubber on the pavement before peeling off for parts unknown. My God she was pissed – who could blame her?

Leaving the battlefield I headed north on the thruway with more than three hours to mull things over. Alone in the car I spent the first leg of the ride home reviewing each scene of the drama until all of it merged into an epiphany. Halfway to Vermont I stopped to pee, and in the last stall of the biggest ladies room I've ever seen, it hit me; it was time to get off the Merry-Go-Round. If there was anything left to lose, it didn't belong to me.

I flushed the toilet with the sense that a lot more than tinkle was going down the drain. No longer beholden to whatever that was, I got back in the car, cranked up the radio, and took off for the Northeast Kingdom. Somewhere between *'Refugee'* and *'Sympathy for the Devil'*, I set myself free.

CHAPTER XII

It's not like the Thruway epiphany was my first eye-opener; the message had been coming in loud and clear for such a long time, I can only explain my inability to hear it by saying that the experience made any suffering it entailed worth whatever it wound up costing me. Denial has its good points. By the time I woke up, I had a diary full of stories that were recorded while it was all going down, ready and waiting to weave themselves into the tale that I am telling you now.

The whole stretch from 2004 into 2005 had been pretty intense. I was going back and forth between Vermont and Colorado every two weeks. The Spurlings were moving on up in every sense of the word. Slim was hanging out with a lot of fat-cats who were making a bee line toward anything that smelled like free energy.

It wasn't just his tools that made them want to get to know him. Slim was everything they weren't. It was his authenticity that intrigued them - and the thought that if they stuck around long enough a little bit of that might rub off on them, had turned him into a bit of a movie star.

While he was courting, and being courted by some of these people, I sat through hours of pow-wows taking notes and listening to a variety of rogue geniuses, environmentally conscious men, and occasional CIA infiltrators in disguise, rehash the same old thing.

In isolated moments I would wake up and be acutely aware of how all the talk made tons of sense, but it never seemed to go anywhere. These men knew exactly what to do and how to do it but their hands were always tied by forces that made it impossible to flex their free-energy muscles. Ever ready to initiate the next big scheme, or coup, or plan, to overthrow the system, renovate all of the existing infrastructures, and restore the planet to a state of peace and harmony, inside our own little version of "Star Trek" we were literally running around in our PJ's, playing Lord of the Holo-Deck, and taking it all very seriously. With our own issues forming an oil slick over the whole ball of wax, it's hard to believe that any one of us, including Slim, thought that we had the capacity to heal, or save, or clear anything.

Before the New York State Thruway epiphany flushed every shred of denial down the toilet, there had been a series of incidents that made it increasingly impossible to ignore the truth. What follows comes from a diary of letters that I wrote to myself during the Spring of 2005. This story pre-dates the dark moon ritual in Tom and Zora's yard by a few months. It details the saga that grew up around an invitation to get together with a group of researchers at the Russian Academy of Sciences. Take it for what it's worth; I think it's safe to let this episode speak for itself.

Notes from the 2005 Diary - The Russian Academy of Sciences

Shall we talk about Russia? The Russia thing was like getting hit off the side of the head with a 2x4. Slim and I got contacted by the Russians during one of Katharina's trips to Germany. It was March 2005. They wanted Slim to come and speak at the November 2005 Symposium of the Russian Academy of Sciences. Someone at the Academy had seen Slim's video and read his book and they were totally entranced. The Russian people hold their sages and their wise men up on a pedestal, and they showed as much reverence for Slim as they would for any Russian sage.

Every time we would talk on the phone their words were, “*We love this man! He is a wonderful man!*”

Super-enthused about what could happen if the Tools got brought to their country, they invited both of us to come over there for at least a week, and with any luck, maybe a whole month. The point of the trip was for Slim to give a talk at the 2005 Symposium and collaborate with the top scientists on the planet. If we were to stay for a month we would have had the chance to go into the “Cosmobiotron Chamber”* and have that experience too. All of this would have opened the opportunity to let the Light-Life Tools do their work in an area of the world where the pollution problems were, and still are, horrendous.

When Katharina got home from her trip we filled her in on the news but she didn't seem the least bit excited by it. The fact that she said virtually nothing would have surprised me if I didn't know her so well. My thoughts were, “*Here we go; she's displeased. What's next?*”

Katharina's deal was quite simple: she ran the show. If her truer motivations got whitewashed in a lagoon of new age double-talk and quantum healing gadgets, it was these props that held all of ‘her stuff’ in a tight little bun, and kept everyone around her in a totally codependent place. The situation was so messed up, while we tiptoed around, wondering when she was going to explode, Slim rolled over and played dead, and any truth that might have come out of his research took a back seat to Katharina and her bullshit.

I know how harsh this sounds. Given my role in the situation it's easy to understand why she was miffed; but my role in the situation had nothing to do with it. This was the Brass Ring coming around, hand in hand with a chance to do a lot of good in a country that back in 2005 was still reeling from the impact of the Chernobyl disaster. For about a week Katharina pretended to listen to us talk about it. She made no noise and her lack of input made it seem like she was OK with the whole thing.

I happened to be back in Vermont while this leg of the story played out. During that time there was trouble in paradise. In between arguments Katharina was pouting and Slim was getting the silent treatment. If you've ever been married, you know the drill. During that stretch, he'd call me two or three times a day to talk about Novosibirsk and outline the details. "*Don't worry about your expenses to and from Russia*", he said, "*we'll take it out of the business*".

With this settled beforehand it surprised me when Katharina called the next day and said: "*So, will you be going to Russia?*" This was so typical; I was invited – she knew that – and she knew that I was the one who had made the contact. The fact that she had *not* been invited was the bone of contention. There was nothing I could say to her when it came to that. For some reason the Russians didn't want her to come. Nikolai had told me to make sure that Katharina stayed at home.

Regardless of what the outer circumstances entailed, Katharina and her feelings were always the centerpiece in every situation. I can't tell you how many times the greater good of the planet took a back seat to her issues. While she used me and my expenses as an excuse to put a damper on the whole trip, I told her to sit down with Slim and figure it out. I also told her that I didn't need to go – it was Slim who needed to go to Russia.

Right after I bowed out, Ben Hauben, an amazing guy who at that time was 100% behind Slim and his work, stepped in and offered to pay all of my expenses to Russia, door to door. This was totally out of the blue. He just wanted me to go. When Katharina heard about this she hit the roof; it meant that she had to find some other way to 86 the trip.

For the next week or so, life on 7th Street continued to be Hell. Katharina was pouting, complaining of headaches, and pulling her standard, '*Guess what's upsetting me?*' routine. Slim and I were talking two or three times a day by phone, still very excited about the trip. Then the two of them had to fly up to Seattle to do a workshop.

Right before they left for the airport, Slim called. He was elated. It was all about going to Russia. He kept saying, “*What an honor. I can’t believe how the universe has brought this together*”. I was equally blown away, just as happy about it, and told him so. After that we said goodbye and I went out to walk the dog.

When I got back 45 minutes later there was a message on my voicemail from Slim. He called from the airport to say: “*The Russia trip is off. Katharina. and I have decided that our health issues and our schedule will make it impossible to do.*” The voice on the machine was pinched and castrated. I could feel her, sitting there next to him, monitoring the whole thing.

Stunned but not surprised, I sat there and laughed to myself until it hit me that it took less than one hour for Katharina to snuff out the biggest planetary healing opportunity that might ever come our way. God knows what happened on the way to the airport - imagining this I could see the two of them in the car, and feel her cold silence prompt Slim to try to figure out what it would take to smooth his wife's feathers. His survival depended so much on playing these little games, in his consummate codependent way I could see him put his hand on her knee and hear him say: “*What’s troubling you dear?*”

As I listened to his voice crack on the message machine I could feel the hard cold cleat of Katharina's heel grinding him out like a cigarette butt. Nonplused, I had no choice but to get Taoist about it. The next morning Slim called me again right before the workshop. Too disappointed to be pissed, I couldn't figure out if he was coming from guilt, overcompensation, or organic shame? All I could say was, “*You guys know better than anyone what your priorities are*”.

I could have said a lot more but it would have been pointless. Then, for some unfathomable reason Slim thought it would be a good idea to put Katharina on the phone. What was that about? What made him think I wanted to talk to her? The first thing out of her mouth was, “*I want you*

to know this isn't about me". We've all heard that one before. One thing I have learned over the years is that when someone says that 'it's not about' something, *that's* what it's about.

However it came down, the whole Russian thing got derailed because Katharina put it to death. The excuses, and the 'priorities' that were more important than going to speak at the Russian Academy were, 'Slim's health', their schedule, their relationship, and the business. To this day I keep asking myself, "*Why, if you were so sick, was your wife was able to rationalize parading you around on the workshop circuit?*"

In the Spring of 2005 Slim was getting carted back and forth across the country, running around like a side show freak, all booked up in places like Iowa and Illinois, scheduled for events that relatively speaking, didn't even matter. Outside of a lot of Mickey Mouse little workshops, what was also on the program when all of this went south was, a trip to Germany to visit Katharina's relatives, and an Australian Workshop.

Why was why going to Bavaria to eat schnitzel with Katharina's family more important than the greatest opportunity that would ever come his way? Christ, it wasn't just an opportunity, it was an honor. And why was a trip to Australia, which got cancelled in the end, to teach yet another bunch of hippies how to dowse, any reason to turn the invitation to go to Russia, and the possibilities it would engender, down?

As far as their relationship issues were concerned, I was a fly on that wall for seven years. Anyone who got close enough to that situation, knew that Katharina not only had to have total control over Slim, she had convinced him that he would be nothing without her. I arrived on the scene a little over a month after their nuptials. The "Honeymoon Effect" was still in effect. It's hard to say exactly when and how the whole show got handed over to wife number six, but from that moment on Slim's life depended on making sure she always got her way.

I don't know what went on in their heads while they sat in the car weighing their priorities. If this was a multiple choice test anyone with half a brain would know what was the bigger priority. Come on. When I think of what we could have learned from, and given to, the Russians it makes me sick to realize that all of that was right there and the two of them said '*No*' to it.

On the cusp of total disillusionment, by 2005 working with Slim and Katharina was like being in one of those Twilight Zone episodes where you're watching all this absolutely insane stuff go on and you have to go along with it because you can't find any way to explain to the rest of the players that they're out of their minds. It's sheer lunacy, and you fall in line with it because you're already out of bounds, surrounded by lies that sucked you in long before you woke up to the fact that they were being told.

The saddest part about the whole Russian thing was that in turning it down we insulted those people. To make matters worse, Katharina turned insult to injury by refusing to do business with them. This is what really got me. The pollution situation in Russia was, and still is, so bad it's infecting the entire world. What an ideal test kitchen for the Tools. Christ, we could have dropped 500 Harmonizers into that country for free – *Given* the damned things away – and done more for life on the Earth than anyone in history. But no.

The truth is, the whole deal was really about money and about doing whatever it took to keep Katharina happy. The Russians were stone broke. There was no point in doing business with them. When I heard her say that I realized that I was in the wrong place and that whatever made me think there was something good about this, had already been sacrificed to the Golden Calf.

To be continued

Cal Garrison

Sedona, Arizona

May 19, 2014

*For those of you who are interested - Re; The "Cosmobiotron"

http://spiritofmaat.com/mar09/russian_cosmic_science

CHAPTER XIII

We left off with the Novosibirsk debacle. If you wonder what created the impulse to stonewall one of the biggest pollution experiments of the century, you can hardly blame Katharina for being so pissed off. She was already fed up after five years of blatant infidelity. Something must have kicked in when a road trip took Slim and me off on our own for six-weeks in the winter of 2005. It would have driven even a more open minded woman to extremes. Don't ask me why she had to take it out on the planet.

An all out effort to make me disappear came to a head over dinner at a Bavarian restaurant up near Estes Park. It was Valentine's Day. We were celebrating after a successful workshop with Drunvalo that topped off Slim's and my return from this six-week-long trip that I told you about. From that night, right up until the day I called in and told her I would not be back, life with Slim and Katharina was like watching myself have a six-month-long train wreck, one of those things that goes down in slow motion and that can't be altered by anything but your relationship to it.

I have no problem telling this story but every time I sit down to tell more of it, I have to ask myself why; because there is so much slander involved. I don't know exactly what there is to be gained by recounting these events. Part of me is incensed because I too have been slandered, and that piece wants the truth to be known.

The bigger part of me wants to sort out what was important when it came to Slim and his research. In his case, it is difficult to separate the research from the eccentricities and the control issues that governed his private reality. He's been gone for 7 years and I keep wondering where we would be and what could have been if those issues hadn't snuffed out his full potential. This

part of the story may go out of bounds. If you are not ready to hear it, you might want to stop right here.

It was early January and we had been talking about hooking up with different researchers and scientists that Slim wanted to meet and exchange ideas with. We were working on our second book. It was no big deal for the two of us to be travelling together . As far as being the kind of girlfriend who was there to supplant the wife, that wasn't me. I loved Slim - I didn't want to own him.

When it came to me being his girlfriend Katharina was good at pretending she was OK with it. It served her interests to feign acceptance. Sometimes she would simply look the other way. But even when she acted as if she was an advanced soul who had transcended her baser emotions, Katharina was not OK with me, at all.

The 'stuff' that preceded our departure took the form of outlining our itinerary and getting clear about who needed to be interviewed and in what order. Underneath all of the preparations we had to deal with Katharina, who couldn't understand why she couldn't go along. What she could not 'get' is that she was hard to travel with, and this was going to be a hit-and-run, no frills, burn the candle at both ends journey. Her morning ablutions were highly regimented and they took forever. In addition to that, she needed to be fed every 30 minutes and she wasn't into fast food. Between that and the fact that her decision to self-publish "Slim Spurling's Universe" didn't leave her much freedom to do anything but stay home, man the fort, and push her little brain child around, Slim and I had a perfect excuse to stress the common sense that came with leaving her behind. Because of this, the weeks prior to our departure were fraught with all kinds of hysteria.

What follows comes from an email that I wrote to a friend a few days before we took off. It is copied verbatim to give you an idea of the petty tensions, and the jealousies that surrounded everything we did during the latter days of my contract with the Spurlings. Anyone who thinks I abandoned Slim at the end of the day needs to know that I got out because the whole thing was in a nose dive and I thought I might be the problem. I walked off the set, because it seemed like the best alternative, and because staying would have killed me too. Take what you can from a

message that I sent to Ann, one of the few people who knew about my affair with Slim, 2 days prior to our 2005 road trip.

"We have an itinerary that is pretty intense and as much as this will be fun, it will be a lot of work, I am looking forward to the adventure.

"You ask about Katharina? These last few days she and Slim have been in a big fight. Poor thing, she has been crying on the phone to me and I have been trying to help her by listening to her grievances. There is so much she can't see about herself and what she has done to ruin her own life. I wish I could assist her in getting over her shit, but you can't point things out to people when their blind spots are in the way. I would think she would wonder why it is that she is unable to make this trip with him and why all the things she has done to complicate her role have made it impossible for her to participate in what he is really doing.

"The fact is that if she had not been so dogged about self-publishing the book she wouldn't have to stay home this time! Instead of being able to see this she stubbornly insists on being right, continues to pile more work onto the original mistake, and corrals everyone into supporting the error and all of the complications that stem from it. Anyone else would at least be able to say, "Shit I fucked up. I won't ever do that again". Her level of stubbornness is unhealthy and it is killing her."

"She made him fire one of their employees the other day, a young woman who had been helping Slim in the office. Slim and this girl, Crystal, had been getting along quite well and he was grateful for the work she was doing. Crystal had developed a real affection for Slim and was equally grateful just to be around him and learning so much. For some reason Katharina hated her and couldn't stand having her in the house. Katharina told me that Crystal's presence grated on her nerves and made her sick to her stomach.

"What I picked up on is that Katharina was envious because Crystal is one of those real simple creatures who didn't have enough sophistication to hide her awe of Slim. I mean the girl just loves him. And in reality what pissed Katharina off was that Crystal expressed this, innocently,

openly, and regularly. They weren't even having sex - it wasn't like that - and really; so what if it was? We go so nuts over the sex thing it is insane. Katharina didn't want anyone to love Slim more than she did. It agitated her when anyone, male or female, got too close. Any love that went to Slim that came from anyone but her was a direct threat to her survival.

"Instead of firing Crystal herself she got Slim to do it. She told him to tell Crystal that they were downsizing and that they had to let her go. When Crystal came back the next day and volunteered to work for him for nothing, Slim told her the truth and Katharina hit the roof! She flew into a rage and has maintained that boiling point for the last three days. Christ Almighty! For all the money that woman has spent on healing gadgets and Self-Help seminars, she sure hasn't gotten much bang for her buck!!!"

"A week ago she said to me 'I never take time for myself because I am so dedicated to my vision of a clean planet - that's why I never stop working'. I said, 'Katharina: YOU are the planet. When you take care of what's in you everything gets healed. Take care of yourself. Do us all a favor. The whole thing of being a martyr to the vision erases the vision. I know for a fact that you have to Be the vision, we all do, or it won't manifest. These things happen inside us. So how can one expect that by working yourself into a state of misery, you accomplish anything?' I sent her a pack of "ABRAHAM" cards for Christmas. Maybe they will help.

"So what I see is that Slim and I will have this time alone together and amazing things will come of it with no effort at all because we both know what's important and we know that it is enough to just "be". This vision has a life of its own. All we are here to do is be present, hold it, and be it".

From a message that was written on January 8, 2005

Once it came time for us to leave, I remember hopping into the Volvo, with both fingers crossed, to forestall any possibility of an 11th hour emergency being fabricated to prevent us from taking off for a month and a half. God bless Crystal. That whole scenario took a huge amount of pressure off of me. Katharina had made such a fool of herself and so blatantly revealed her own hypocrisy in the face of all the claims she had made about not being one to harbor jealousy, there

was no way she could act out on the heels of the hysterics that had been pouring out of her for over a week and a half.

Looking at her standing on the doorstep, as we pulled away from the curb I knew that the waters of the Red Sea had just parted. This miracle would allow us to really look into the essence of what we were doing with nothing to put the brakes on or contain it in the vacuum of propriety.

It wasn't until we were about an hour outside of Denver, heading South on Route 25, that I began to breathe. Staring at the bluffs, off in the distance, daydreaming about what happens at the point where the earth meets the sky, I looked at Slim and said; "My God I think we're safe now. I think we're out of the woods" and he started in with a beautiful dissertation on the nature of reality and the connection between the third dimension and the unified field.

This conversation reminded me of what happens when a tab of acid kicks in. All of a sudden you realize that you're tripping. From that moment on we were gone, and we didn't get back until Valentine's Day. Just to share what came out of Slim while we were on that stretch that runs south of Colorado Springs, I will copy it here to give you an idea of where our heads were at when this odyssey kicked off:

"I don't remember exactly how it started — as I recall we were looking at the rock formations lining Route 25 and Slim got to talking about alchemy, and about how gold precipitates out of the ether. When I asked him would it be true that everything comes from the ether, he went off on a tangent that blew me away — so I grabbed some paper out of my purse and wrote it all down. Here's what he had to say:

"We focus on what we can see and we think everything comes from that. But it's what we can't see that forms what our senses tell us is real. If we understood more about the invisible forces that operate behind the world of form, we would discover that nothing is scarce — and that it is out of the ether that absolutely everything is created. This is why what we call 'Magic' works".

"Basically, everything comes out of nothing — and whatever 'nothing' is, our thoughts appear to stir it. But all thought emanates from the ether too — the mind doesn't source our thought processes — it is only a receiving mechanism that is calibrated to be receptive (or not) to what

comes from the invisible. One's level of receptivity to these frequency sets that vibrate continuously at the etheric level depends on the attunement we were born with, the primary coding in our DNA (or the tree's DNA, the rock's DNA, the cat's DNA — every living thing receives this energy). Our own personal, unique wavelength, which is determined by a combination of our genetic heritage, the space we occupy, and whatever our programming may have been, most likely decides the extent to which we will be receptive to these omnipresent frequency sets."

"There will be moments when our personal frequency sets will intersect with the wavelengths of thought coming out of the ether. At those points, or nodes of intersection, regardless of the dictates of our primary coding, we can become receptive to the IN-Formation coming from the universe. So what exists as a frequency IN-Forms itself in our consciousness and in those moments, whatever we download creates the space for us to expand into something new. This is why it's a misconception to think that so-and-so will never change. And because everything is ordered, it is possible that by some means (astrological, biorhythmic etc.) those points of receptivity to whatever we are being IN-Formed with can be predicted."

"All of the major astrological transits and progressions are in reality points where our personal coding can be altered by the presence of etheric frequency sets that are timed to open us up to an entirely new set of possibilities. The call to wake up will be heeded, or not, depending on the individual's ability to transmute whatever comes through as IN-Formation. If that call is ignored, or over ridden by the fears of the ego, the opportunity to respond to it will not recur until the aspect reforms at some predictable point in the future. If the individual is open enough to take in the new set of frequencies, a quantum leap occurs within their consciousness and they can expand beyond the limits of their personal coding, their Karma, if you will."

I laugh at the people who chide me, and who assume I have had to suffer for choosing to be this man's mistress. How in God's name could I have said no to it? What makes us think that everyone came here to experience a traditional fairy tale? I wonder why so many of us have to live with the shadow that looms over anyone whose Karma is tied in with the Lilith archetype?

My life has been sacrificed to this deity and all of the misconceptions that surround her. At the end of the day, as we awaken to the remembrance of things past, she could very well be washed clean and turn out to be nothing more than the Muse and the redeemer

By the time we got home, it was the 14th of February and a whole other kettle of fish had already started brewing. As I bridge the gap between the climax and the denouement. I don't want to lump too much of this tale into one chapter. Let me think about how much I can divulge about our time on the road. Once I figure out how to put it into words I will get back to you with more about the story that began in another time.

CHAPTER XIV

What follows was written back in 2004. It was meant to be part of Slim's second book. I am including it because that book has never seen the light of day and the information it contains is totally mind blowing. Last night, a bout of insomnia kept me awake long enough to remember that two of the main characters in this tale are now dead: one being Slim, and the other, Rustum Roy. The fact that I happened to be there when these two men met in person was something that, looking back now, I am just beginning to appreciate. In an around all of the emotional craziness that permeated my relationship with Slim, the part that opened the space for things like the trip to Penn State to happen is what kept it alive and made it real. Get comfortable; this is a long one. It will be of great interest to anyone who understands Slim, and his research.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING AT PENN STATE – JUNE 2004

SLIM'S EXCHANGE WITH RUSTUM ROY AND TANIA SLAWECKI

I don't know how many times Slim Spurling made the trek from Colorado to the Vermont Dowser's Convention but he was popular enough with the east coast dowsing crowd to get invited back every year. Those who signed up to hear him speak came for a variety of reasons. Some were regular fans, who wouldn't think of missing the chance to listen to Slim talk about his work one more time. Others were skeptics who wanted to see for them selves if this renegade inventor really *did* have the technology to clear up all the pollution on the planet.

Whatever motivated people to come, all of them left Slim's workshops with the feeling that the Light-Life™ Tools might actually hold the solution to a lot of things. That something so simple could be so effective defied logic - but the technology worked, and had seen enough field-testing to make the idea of a clean planet seem like a distinct possibility. These early seminars seeded the grass roots that grew into a network of people who felt strongly enough about the environmental crisis to want to do something about it. The word spread outward from there. By June 2004 thousands of people were using the Light-Life™ Tools and witnessing their effects.

If there is anything to the 'Hundredth Monkey' theory, it triggered off a whole new state of affairs that summer. Having worked closely with Slim and his wife, Katharina, for three years, I watched the whole Tool phenomenon gradually reach critical mass. "*What the Bleep*" was in the movie theaters, giving some indication that the collective mind had already torn down the wall that separates the world of physics from the metaphysical realm. Boosted by this consciousness shift, the light from the Rings made a quantum leap into a totally different arena. All of a sudden important people in the scientific community wanted to know about the Light-Life™ Technology. No longer confined to the alternative fringe this new development meant that Slim would have to leave off preaching to the choir and start playing to a tougher crowd.

On the last day of the 2004 East Coast Dowzers Convention Slim stood up at the closing ceremony to announce that he wouldn't be returning to Vermont the following year. The 'choir'

soon found out that large-scale agricultural and environmental healing projects, budding free energy enterprises, and opportunities to network with well known scientists, already in the wind, had to take precedence over his teaching schedule.

Up until that moment I think a lot of the convention regulars assumed that Slim Spurling would be their secret forever. But *thanks* to them, and their response to his work, the shared vision of a clean planet overflowed to include wider circle of people – highly respected people with a different kind of knowledge and enough influence to make that vision more than just wishful, New Age thinking.

Standing in the empty convention hall, after a week of hard work the three of us were tired - but grateful for the good turn out and happy knowing that the Light-Life™ Tools were now in the hands of many more people. Thoughts of what this might do to heal the planet filled my mind as I got behind the wheel to drive home. Recharged and inspired, I wondered how far Slim's new projects would take him and whether the budding courtship between him and the world of science would actually turn into a meaningful alliance.

My thoughts snapped back to the present when a beautiful blonde coyote raced across the road, reminding me to be prepared for anything. As it disappeared into the woods Slim and Katharina sped past me, way over the speed limit. They were rushing to New York City to put Katharina on a plane. In the middle of getting Slim's first book published, and with many other things needing her immediate attention, she didn't have time to take the scenic route home. The prospect of a solo run from New York to Colorado didn't phase Slim. A veteran log-trucker, he had enough on his mind to fill up four days on the road and most likely welcomed the solitude to sort it all out.

Only a few hours at home, I stood over the kitchen sink deciding whether to fix the drain or leave it till morning when the phone rang. It was Slim. Not expecting to hear from him for at least a week I thought maybe the car broke down – but no, he had good news and he was excited. Somewhere between Vermont and the airport the group of scientists who for months had shown an interest in his technology called to let Slim know they were ready to meet with him in person.

This sudden development required a change of plans. Instead of driving straight across the country he would stop for a few days at Penn State and get together with them on his way West.

Knowing what this might lead to all I could say was, “*Wow, this is a dream come true – good for you – and good for the planet!*” When the top scientists in the world decide to have a sit down with someone like Slim, it sends the message that maybe they are open to new ways of thinking. For Slim it meant that he had a chance to test what he already knew the tools could do in the best laboratory in the U.S. Beyond all of that it meant that in collaboration, these great minds might be able to solve the problems facing the planet a little quicker.

I am the scribe who witnesses and records whatever passes back and forth between Slim and whoever he talks to. How I ended up in this position is something I still can’t explain, but I don’t question it anymore – I just do it. When Slim told me to pack up and get to State College, PA by ten o’clock the next morning I thought about it for a split second and said, “*OK. I’ll be there*”. Figuring that a little company would keep me awake on the road, I left Vermont at midnight with my good friend Andrew.

A little over ten hours later we found Slim at the local ‘Pancake House’ making his way through the Lumberjack Special. Jerome Newman and Jon Pearson were there too, sharing what looked like a strawberry blintz. These two men have contributed more time and energy to Slim’s endeavors than they have ever been given credit for. In addition to all of the fieldwork they have conducted over the years, Jerome and Jon volunteer their skills and camera equipment whenever Slim feels it’s a good idea to have his activities documented on film. This meeting was important enough to warrant their presence.

The clock on the wall said quarter-past ten. We were already 15 minutes late and being the punctual type, I couldn’t understand why the guys were still dawdling over breakfast - until I remembered that Slim rarely pays attention to the hour, even when time is of the essence. Knowing that it never pays to rush him and too tired to play drill sargent, I sat down and poured my self a cup of coffee. Once the waitress came to collect the check we piled into the car, and drove off to keep our date at the Materials Research Lab.

Whoever Penn State hired to design the Materials Research Facility must have been low on inspiration. It looked like a minimum-security prison. Hiding inside we found a concrete maze - halls of cinder block walls broken up by picture windows revealing rooms full of laboratory apparatus and intelligent looking people walking around with clipboards. After going down a few blind alleys we finally located Rustum Roy, Professor Emeritus and head of the Materials Research Department at Penn State.

The circumstances that led up to this meeting were so precipitous I did not have time to find out who we were about to chat with. It wasn't until much later that I found out that Dr. Roy is highly respected all over the world, not just as a scientist, but as an activist, reformer, and champion of whole person healing. His private research has led to a series of major innovations, discoveries that have left a permanent mark on the field. He is also the founder/architect of a major new branch of science – the field of ‘materials research’ and the engineering and science underlying it. Penn State’s Materials Research Laboratory, which Dr Roy started and directed for 23 years is the number one materials lab in the world.

With over 1000 papers and 20 patents to his credit, he still publishes some 20 papers and patents per year. For the last decade Dr. Roy has taken up the cause of curbing the science community’s irrational refusal to embrace alternative healing practices all because these methods challenge the existing paradigm. *Newsweek Magazine* described him as a, ‘*leading contrarian among scientists*’. Involved in science policy making at the Federal and State levels for over forty years Dr. Roy is the leader of the opposition to the U.S. establishment’s science policy.

Thinking back to meeting him that day, I feel privileged just to have shaken this man’s hand. As we were introduced Rustum Roy looked me right in the eye and in that moment I could see that his heart was even bigger than his accomplishments. I could also see by the expression on his face that he knew how to tell time. Too gracious and well educated to dwell on our tardiness, Dr. Roy accepted Slim’s apology and led us upstairs to the meeting room.

As everyone got into position around the long conference table I wondered if anyone wearing cowboy boots and a Stetson hat had ever stepped foot in that room before. It didn’t seem

likely. If anyone noticed that Slim looked like a fish out of water in this East Coast, Ivy League setting, they didn't show it. I sensed that Rustum Roy was too interested in hearing what Slim had to say to be preoccupied with how surreal it seemed for a Cowboy to be making the presentation.

All the same the whole situation *was* surreal – and as the observer I had the freedom to notice it. On one side of the table sat the mystical Indian from the Far East, famous all over the world for both his humanitarianism and his scientific achievements. Across from him sat the metaphysical cowboy, the 'outlaw' from the Wild West who had come to be known as 'Merlin'. Slim's formal credentials were no match for Dr. Roy's, but his abilities and experience loaned him enough credence for the two men to come together as equals.

If there is an invisible barrier that separates academia from the ocean of knowledge and wisdom that permeates everything in Nature, it was nowhere in sight that morning. As East met West, more than one wall came tumbling down. Knowing that the truth lies hidden inside the differences that only appear to keep us apart I hoped that within their incongruity Slim and Dr. Roy might find out what they had in common. Whatever that turned out to be, I knew that this meeting of the minds would yield something essential and significant for all of us here on the planet.

Getting right down to business must go with the territory when you're as important as Rustum Roy. His first words were, *"So what do you want today? Can you do all this stuff?"* When he said *'all this stuff'* he meant did everything he had heard about Slim's pollution clearing technology really have anything to it? He went on to say, *"If you can do all this stuff, then we are the place for you. We have a high powered materials lab and we will introduce you to everything we can do."*

Not bad for openers, I thought, this is what we came for. Slim responded by saying, *"My work has all been direct observation – some lab work, but mostly direct observation. I have some scientific background, but for me it's really an intuitive process."*

The voice in my head said, *"Oh, please – this is going to go over like a lead balloon. What makes him think Dr. Roy is the least bit interested in his 'intuitive process'?"* Keep in mind that I had no idea who Rustum Roy was and still held the opinion that mainstream scientists

discount things like intuition and higher forms of guidance. Slim's opening remark left him wide open to attack – or so I thought. What happened next came as a surprise and blew my preconceived notions right out of the water.

As the words '*intuitive process*' came out of his mouth Slim handed Rustum Roy a Light-Life™ Ring. Knowing that the Rings have a way of enlightening any situation I wondered where the conversation would go from there. Fondling it Dr. Roy said, "*It's all the same thing*". Slim started to say something about clairvoyance and before he could finish the sentence right away the doctor repeated, "*It's all the same thing.*"

This seemingly simple statement spoke volumes. The skunk at this lawn party would have been the Unified Field and whether the two men saw eye-to-eye on the subject. Had there been any disagreement the conversation would have aborted into a debate. Maybe I over interpreted what he said but those five words, and the fact that he repeated them, led me to think that Rustum Roy held the belief that everything coexists in a state of oneness and connection.

Evidently, years in the laboratory had revealed more to him than my small mind was willing to give him credit for. When, "*It's all the same thing*", when the research process, the intuitive process, and the clairvoyant process are seen as equally valuable approaches to whatever the truth might be, you know you're talking to a man who is tuned into life on many different levels.

Inwardly ashamed that I had categorized Rustum Roy as a 'by the book' scientist before I even heard what he had to say, I promised my self never to do it again. Looking at Slim, my thought that he would lose credibility by bringing up his "*intuitive process*" and the whole matter of clairvoyance got replaced with a quick lesson in what it means to be sure of your self. Here he stood, face to face with someone who could easily shoot him down for speaking of such things and, without hesitation or apology, he spoke his Truth anyway.

Looking at the Ring in his hand Dr. Roy said, "*So you say this is what you've 'observed' these things can do*", to which Slim replied, "*I have some scientific background. We've tested the Tools in a private laboratory but there have been no formal tests*".

Without requiring any further explanation Rustum Roy went on to the topic of silver colloids and their use in eliminating Aids and Malaria in Africa and Iraq. He made the point that

traditional research had already proven nano-technology to be both a prophylactic and a deterrent for different forms of disease. Underlying the suggestion that science was making headway in the realm of subtle energies, his real question was, *“Can you tell us anything we don’t already know and does your technology have any practical application in the relief of human suffering?”*

This opened the space for Slim to talk about his ‘Wash Tub Project’. Back in 2002 Slim started making one cubit Harmonizers, large units with a 2,500 mile toroidal field radius. Knowing what his Environmental and Agricultural Harmonizers could do, Slim figured that larger versions of the smaller units would have similar effects and cover more territory. Employed with specific sound frequencies and placed in strategic locations all over the globe these larger Harmonizers stood to have a profound impact on the health of the planet and mankind as a whole.

Slim told the doctor that within a few days of installing a Washtub in Hong Kong an outbreak of the SARS Virus stopped dead in its tracks. Media reports from that time were full of questions as to why the virus came and went so suddenly. Slim felt certain that the Washtub had something to do with it. For some reason the sound frequencies that activated this unit accidentally stopped running for 48 hours. During this time period the virus made a brief curtain call – but it vanished again as soon as they were turned back on. The subtle energy device with the funny name still hums in Hong Kong. To date, there has been no resurgence of the SARS virus.

The SARS story seemed to make no impression on Dr. Roy. This surprised me at first, until I realized that years of research had taught him not to be amazed by reports such as this. Anyone who spends their life trying to make sense of what can’t be explained has to turn off the amazement switch just to maintain objectivity.

Making no comment Dr. Roy filed the information and proceeded to ask Slim why the field radius of the Washtub was only 2,500 miles – *“Why not worldwide?”* he said. Slim’s answer was, *“The tensor effect is limited”*, meaning that the active part of the device, or the aspect of the unit that has the capacity to broadcast specific frequencies, is relative to its size and limited by that size to a certain distance.

As soon as Slim mentioned that the tensor effect had limits Rustum Roy jumped in and said, *“The tensor is not a physical thing purely?”* This rhetorical question led to his next statement. *“There is a meshing of the physical and the metaphysical with the tensor”*.

The whole question of tensor fields is something scientists have not been able to fully explain. They know about them and they even have equations for them, but they know very little about how they function. Dr. Roy’s statement revealed that he understood tensors well enough to know that their properties aren’t necessarily finite or measurable.

All of the Light-Life™ Tools incorporate this effect as part of their function. Slim’s theory on tensors is that they have the capacity to broadcast over distance. His observation is that the distance factor seems to relate directly to the circumference employed in each device. It may very well be that tensors have the capacity to broadcast infinitely. If they do, researchers in this field do not as yet fully understand how to zero in on those wavelengths.

Without saying anything more on the subject of tensors Slim handed Rustum Roy a copy of ‘Raum & Zeit’. ‘Raum & Zeit’ is a German periodical that dispenses cutting-edge information to the scientific community. This particular copy was wholly devoted to Dr. Harmut Muller’s research. We will discuss Dr. Muller and his research in a separate chapter but to give the reader an idea of who this man is, a brief introduction seems to be in order.

A native of Germany, at the age of 18 Dr. Muller began to study mathematical philosophy at Leningrad (St. Petersburg) University. Promoted to a Professorship in Applied Mathematics at the Russian Academy of Sciences he went on to teach and work as a research scientist at the Universities of Moscow, Kiev, Volg, Novosibirsk, and other organizations associated with the Russian Academy.

During his time in Russia Dr. Muller conducted revolutionary research and made major contributions to the Russian Space Program. In 1982, he developed his ‘Global Scaling Theory’. This information was considered ‘classified’ and none of it was made available to the scientific community.

An agreement with the Russian Federation obligated Dr. Muller to keep silent about his discoveries for ten years. After his return to Germany in 2002, no longer beholden to the Soviets, Muller began to write about his research. His ‘Global Scaling Theory’, which centers on the

concept of the Standing Gravity Wave of the Universe, unifies physics and metaphysics, and is regarded by many as a highly significant contribution to the Natural Sciences.

Dr. Roy looked at the copy of 'Raum & Zeit' and said, *"I don't like the word 'Gravity' and I don't like Muller! I don't want to be constrained by the separation between physics and metaphysics. I don't see that physics and metaphysics are the same thing. I see physics as a subset of metaphysics"*.

When Dr Roy said, *"I don't like the word 'gravity' and I don't like Muller"* I looked at Slim, wondering how he would take it. Deeply engrossed in the concepts of Global Scaling for a good three years, and finding plenty of verification for them in his own work, Slim happens to be one of Muller's biggest fans. His dog-eared copy of 'Raum & Zeit', not to mention every copy he evangelically bought and gave away, bears testimony to his enthusiastic support of the man and his research. As far as he is concerned the great German scientist has found the answer to the cosmic riddle.

To my knowledge Dr Roy was the first and only person in Slim's acquaintance to question the Muller data. If he saw physics as a subset of metaphysics I could see why he had a problem with it – but based on his earlier comments, about the meshing of physics and metaphysics and especially the one about it all being *'the same thing'*, Dr. Roy seemed to be contradicting him self.

His reluctance to acknowledge Muller's contributions *might* have had something to do with scientific politics – after all, for many years the two men played for opposing teams - and who knows what goes on between great minds and the nations who employ them? Everyone has an ego and *that* factor has to be considered too. The scientific ego must be something to contend with when one becomes a giant in the field. I have a feeling that if Rustum Roy and Hartmut Muller had a chance to chat with no politics or ego in the way they would find plenty of common ground.

Always one to focus less on the players and more on the ball, Slim didn't waste a minute quibbling over what boiled down to a matter of opinion. The opportunity to exchange ideas was what mattered that day. With no desire to get sidetracked, he made no argument and the two of them moved on to the next subject.

Going back to his original question the doctor said, *“What do you want to do today?”* He sounded impatient. An impending lunch date with his wife made it necessary to get to the point. If they were going to accomplish anything they had thirty-minutes to do it. When Slim responded by saying he wanted to, *“Get acquainted,”* I questioned his sanity - until I remembered how he is about time. It’s a good thing *one* of them knew they didn’t have all day because Rustum Roy’s next question got the ball rolling.

“What is your relationship to Wheeler”, he asked? For those of you who don’t know, John Archibald Wheeler was one of the pioneers of the theory of nuclear fission. He participated in the development of both the atomic and hydrogen bombs and made major contributions in the realm of theoretical physics. Wheeler’s many years of research included a study of the tensor phenomenon – he is the man who defined and came up with the equations for the tensor.

When Dr Roy asked Slim about his relationship to Wheeler Slim’s answer was, *“I have found a practical application for Wheeler’s equations”*. With a hint of abruptness the doctor replied, *“The practical applications always precede the equations. What have you done? Tell me about these applications”*.

His implication was that Wheeler *had* to have known about the practical applications or the equations would not exist. It is probably true that Wheeler had a partial understanding of the tensor’s capabilities. It is also true that he was a theoretician, not an experimenter – and most of Wheeler’s research took place during a time when good scientists got ostracized for releasing any information that supported the existence of the Unified Field. Knowing what might happen to him if he brought the tensor’s practical applications to light, it is possible that Wheeler sidestepped the issue and left it to his successors to extrapolate on those things.

Rustum Roy’s comment opened the space for Slim to talk about the rings and the Harmonizers in detail. He proceeded to make the point that all of the Light-Life™ Tools employ the tensor effect as part of their function, and that this effect makes it possible to broadcast a coherent field of energy over a distance. Combined with specific sound frequencies this field effect has a profound impact on everything in the environment.

Referring to how his technology increased the crop yield and greatly improved the quality of produce for a large-scale vegetable grower in New Zealand, Slim mentioned that it

took one season for these improvements to be noted by the farmer, the export inspectors, and the buyers. (That story is recorded on pages 164 and 165 of *"Slim Spurling's Universe"*)

Without needing too much detail Rustum Roy asked him, *"Are these results repeatable?"* Slim told him that Agricultural Harmonizers in every field and rings on all of the irrigation systems gave the New Zealand farmer superior results for five years running.

"What about here in the United States?" the doctor asked. *"Have you done anything in this country?"* Slim told him that the Light-Life™ Tools noticeably increased crop production in Colorado and other locations for three straight years despite the same, adverse weather conditions. He went on to talk about how Agricultural Harmonizers installed in Iowa cornfields served to eliminate an outbreak of corn borers without the use of pesticides. (Pages 160-162 *"Slim Spurling's Universe"*)

Turning an Environmental Harmonizer around in his hand Dr Roy said, *"So this little device works. Are there other than agricultural applications? What about the biomedical?"* When it comes to the tools there are no shortage of field reports. Slim chose to share one about a man with liver cancer. Five rounds of chemotherapy left this individual to 'die of the cure'. With nothing to lose and a willingness to try an alternative approach, the man succeeded in healing him self by drinking water treated with a Light-Life™ Ring.

Dr Roy loved this story. Perked up by it he went on to ask, *"What else can these things do?"* Slim told him that the tools have proven to be effective in the reduction of pain of all kinds. As he said this he brought out an Acu-Vac Coil, described its function and effects, and talked about how it operates in accordance with Dr Muller's gravity wave theory. The doctor said he didn't want to hear about explanations and theories. *"Most scientists are heretics. Give me facts."*

I don't know how Dr Roy defines heresy or what buttons Slim pushed by bringing Muller's name up again, but this statement made me wonder. Was the doctor being reactive or did he just want to make sure they stayed on track? Whatever he meant, he put more emphasis on, *"Give me facts"*, and Slim responded to that by saying, *"They don't work in every case"*.

In the face of Rustum Roy's demand for facts Slim had to say this to avoid creating the impression that the Light-Life™ Tools are the answer to everything that ails mankind. He was

just telling the truth – the tools don't work all the time and as yet there is no way to explain why. Thinking this admission would somehow reduce Slim's credibility it relieved me to hear Dr Roy say, *"That's OK. Nothing works all the time"*.

Slim pulled a Personal Harmonizer out of his pocket, showed it to the doctor, and compared it to the "Q-Link". He knew Dr Roy was already familiar with the "Q-Link", an energy device worn as a pendant that has proven to be an effective healing tool. The two products are similar and Slim probably figured that equating one with the other would eliminate the need for a long dissertation on the Harmonizer.

The main difference between the "Q-Link" and the Personal Harmonizer is that the "Q-Link" has a positive and a negative field, and the wearer has to be careful about which side is facing the body. The Personal Harmonizer is constructed in a way that produces only positive effects. At the time of this meeting the people at "Q-Link" were consulting with Slim about improving their product by adding the ring technology to it.

The "Q-Link" comparison must have triggered off a train of thought that helped Rustum Roy put everything in a nutshell. Summarizing his impressions up to that point he said, *"You are a down loader of clairvoyance who came up with certain structures that you believe can change things, people, and plants, for the better. How did you do this?"*

Slim responded by saying, *"I look to Nature for everything and what I observe leads me to experiment. There's no magic to it. All I do is pay attention and experiment. The practical applications evolve naturally out of the experiments."*

To illustrate the point he explained that a glass of wine placed inside a Light-Life™ Ring seems to improve in quality - the taste, texture, and bouquet of the wine changes for the better. Something about the Ring field alters the molecular structure of the wine in a way that is perceptible to the human senses. This experiment is easy to conduct over any dinner table and the results are consistent.

Slim cited a number of tests he had made using the Rings to learn more about the tensor and its properties. He stressed the fact that the tensor field impacts physical matter in an expansive or positive way – and it appears to have the same kind of influence on the

mental/emotional levels. His theory is that in increasing the orbital radius of every electron, the tensor seems to ‘enlighten’ whatever it surrounds or is aimed at.

Dr. Roy listened intently and as interested as he seemed to be, it soon became obvious that he was more interested in hard data and facts. I am sure that if Slim had his hands on the kind of information Rustum Roy wanted he would have been happy to provide it. But the whole purpose of the meeting was to explore the possibility of using the Penn State laboratory to *get the facts* both of them were after – and you can’t put the cart before the horse.

At that point someone should have said, *“Let’s pool our knowledge and see if there is some scientific proof to support the fact that the Light-Life technology appears to work”* – but no one did, and Dr Roy took the conversation back to agriculture and the topic of yield increase.

“You tell me these tools of yours have succeeded in increasing crop yield by one third. Doubling is good – one third is no big deal”. I didn’t understand why he couldn’t see that *any* consistent increase in crop yield and quality would make a huge difference to anyone in the farming business, not to mention the people who buy and consume the produce. Hearing him say this my thought was, *“If any hard-scrabble farmer had a guarantee that he could consistently increase crop production without the use of sprays and pesticides by using Harmonizers in his fields and rings on his irrigation systems, would the difference between one-third and one-half hold him back? I doubt it”*.

In the next moment I heard Dr Roy ask, *“What is the output would you like to get?”*

“I would like to see if the Tools and their effects are based on some scientific principle” Those words were barely out of Slim’s mouth before the Doctor interjected, *“No - We want to know only, does it work? We will tell you, ‘Hey Slim, this works really good on that but not so good on this. Give us some experiments; inanimates, plant life, tell us what you want us to test. Inanimates and plant life are our forte, not people. Broken bones. Tell us a broken bone miracle story.”*

Out of a thousand broken bone stories Slim chose to tell the one about the chiropractor who used an Acu-Vac™ Coil to mend a broken arm. The arm in question belonged to the son of a medical doctor. X-Rays taken 2 days before visiting the chiropractor showed a clean break.

After 20 minutes with a Coil a second set of X-Rays revealed that the bone had healed. (See page 112 of “Slim Spurling’s Universe”)

Dr Roy made no comment on this field report. Time was short and there were more questions to ask. One of the materials Rustum Roy has studied in depth happens to be glass so he brought up the subject and asked Slim if the Tools had any applications in that area. Slim told him simple experiments performed with sunlight and a glass of water in a Ring altered the refractive index of glass enough to be seen by the naked eye. The results were repeatable but speculative, given the fact that Slim had no instruments or equipment to measure it. He also mentioned that the Rings caused ordinary tap water to fluoresce and asked Dr Roy if the capacity to induce fluorescence had any practical applications.

The next thing Slim wanted to know was, *“Does your laboratory have any way to measure this? Do you have photon emission equipment?”* Dr Roy told him, *“We’re big in that area”* and before the meeting ended he referred Slim to an affiliate at Arizona State University who was doing most of the research in that field. *“Good”,* I thought, *“ Arizona. Just down the road from Colorado. Hopefully Slim will look him up. Maybe something will come of this.”*

At which point Rustum Roy shook hands with everyone, took his leave, and went off to meet his wife. That something as mundane as a lunch date would pull him away from matters of such importance seemed unfathomable to me. I panicked a little, thinking, *“Hey, wait a minute! What happened here? We didn’t settle anything. Why can’t he stay and finalize a few things so we can get the job done?”*

If the whole experience felt anticlimactic it was only because my hopes were too high to begin with. I pictured the two men signing some sort of treaty and making firm plans to join forces. When that didn’t happen the Pollyanna notion that Slim and Dr Roy would solve all the problems of the world in 2 hours dissolved into the hard realization that like it or not, things of this nature take time.

With one hour to go before an afternoon meeting with Dr Roy’s TA, Tania Slawecki, we found a sandwich shop and decompressed over lunch. Slim got lost in a science magazine and didn’t say much. Jerome and Jon weren’t too talkative either. In between bites of my BLT I ruminated over the morning’s events, wondering if anything would come of them.

Dr Roy had offered the use of the laboratory – that was a good sign. If Slim followed up on the offer it meant that the Tools had a chance to come out of the ‘weird science’ closet and get out into the world where they belong. The technology worked – we all knew that – but we needed a way to prove it. If the scientific community got behind Slim’s work, the word would spread in no time.

I kept thinking about how things might change if the proof everyone seemed to need so badly actually came to pass. The image of a Harmonizer on the cover of Newsweek Magazine floated across my mind. I saw a long article explaining the technology and a picture of Slim working in the shop. Then the idea of a Harmonizer running in every living room popped up. With all that light pouring out into the atmosphere, pollution on every level would become a thing of the past. It wasn’t that far fetched. If the scientific establishment came on board, all of those possibilities would be well within reach. Hoping for the best, I crossed my fingers and finished off my sandwich.

TANIA SLAWECKI

My daydreaming got interrupted by the waiter and by the need to go meet with Tania Slawecki. Tania had been introduced to us earlier in the day. Present at the morning meeting I noticed how she listened intently without saying a whole lot. Appearing to be a very ordinary woman in her thirties, the khaki shorts and the polo shirt didn’t do much to disguise her energy and brilliance. I’ve met my share of intelligent women, and I knew this lady had to be a genius before her credentials even came to my attention.

With a Ph.D. in Materials Science and Engineering (Penn State 1995), Tania is the director of Penn State’s *Center For Sustainability*. Her background is in physics and her current research includes solar-based materials manufacturing, ecological design, ecological water remediation, clean energy production, bio-intensive mini-farming, and holistic health and nutrition. She oversees the Advanced Ecologically Engineered Systems project for water treatment, (formerly the Penn State Living Machine Project) and teaches courses in sustainable living, integrative medicine, and integrated systems.

Tania said so little during the morning session I made the mistake of casting her as ‘shy’ - until I realized that it wasn’t shyness that kept her quiet. Taking notes and paying close attention to everything the two men said by the time it became her turn to cross-examine Slim, Tania fired off one question after another. She knew exactly what to ask - and Slim’s answers seemed to confirm every conclusion she had drawn from listening to him earlier. Watching the two of them match wits with each other was like watching a really good tennis match.

Keeping an eye on her expression as she digested his responses I could see the wheels turning in Tania’s head – and then all of a sudden the look that comes over people when they finally ‘get’ what this technology is capable of swept over her face. I’ve seen that look before. It’s that good old “Ah-HA!” look, or the place people go to when for one moment all the pieces begin to fit and what seems complex becomes plain and simple.

With every bit of doubt erased from her mind, Tania graduated to a deeper line of inquiry. Her knowledge of physics made it easy for her to mold Slim’s overview of the Tools into something she could expand upon. Holding an Acuvac Coil in her hand, and perhaps equating what she saw with Tesla’s work, Tania asked, “*Is this a ‘Coil’ technology?*”

Slim’s answer came out this way; “*We incorporate Coils in the construction of the Tools. The polar properties are there but the way I design them, the wires at each end are soldered together - so for our purposes the Coil is not just a Coil – it actually just a different way to circumscribe a circle.*”

As he began to explain how the tensor effect operates, and how that effect is generated by the meter lengths employed in the construction of the Tools, Tania interrupted him. “*The tensor is a purely mathematical thing, is it not?*” Slim’s reply was, “*Not so. The tensor is a visible energy field that can be seen with the naked eye.*”

Closing the blinds to darken the room he proceeded to demonstrate. Holding two rings, one parallel to the floor and one perpendicular to it, and dipping the smaller one into the opening of the larger one, like a tea bag, the tensor field became noticeable to everyone present. Aside from the four of us, and Tania, ‘everyone present’ happened to be two physicists from India, and a man by the name of Jan Holland.

When Tania said, “*So this is the ‘active’ part of the Tool? Can it be measured?*” Slim told her that the field effect of the Harmonizers can be measured with a GPS system.

The next thing she wanted to know was, “*What do these things do for the fields?*” Brought up at the morning meeting, that question was important enough to bear further discussion. When I found out that Tania’s Center For Sustainability project was only a short distance from the lab it became clear why she wanted to hear more on the subject. Slim’s answer was simple and to the point: “*The Harmonizers increase crop yield by increasing the paramagnetic value and the bio-mass of the soil. They generate more photonic light at the surface and in the root zone. With more oxygen hitting the roots, crop production increases.*”

As he said this he placed a glass of water in a ring and explained how the light frequencies emitted by the tensor increase the orbital radius of every electron, potentizing the water instantaneously with a higher form of energy. He told everyone that the tensor effect is not confined to the planar surface and that the light actually extends out from both sides of the ring forming a beam of positive energy that permeates anything in its path.

When three Rings are formed into a Harmonizer and a Coil is placed in the center the beam effect is tripled. Pulled by the sucking action of the Coil the beams coalesce and begin circulating. All of that light moves up through the south-pole, in a continuous flow, generating a toroidal field effect as it exits the north pole of the device.

Content to let Tania do all the talking up to that point one of the physicists broke his silence and asked, “*How big is it?*” meaning, how far does the field effect extend. Slim told him, “*The field effect of any Harmonizer depends on the size of the Rings used in its construction. Our smallest units go out to about seven feet, and our largest units cover approximately 2,500 miles. In between, our Environmental Harmonizer has a fifteen-mile field effect, and our Agricultural Harmonizer covers a sixty-five mile area*”.

The other physicist wanted to know, “*Does it require input?*” which allowed Slim to go on and say, “*It requires an acoustic drive. We’re using the molecular frequency of water – frequencies of 0 to 32,000 hertz in an algorithmic pattern. The Harmonizers also clear air pollution. Within an hour of activation carbon dioxide gets reduced to its base elements. This has been done in every major city on the planet.*”

If you're wondering why Slim chose the water frequency to drive his Harmonizers the answer is simple: water *cleans things up*. It was no stroke of genius. Combining elementary physics with his trademark Hillbilly logic, Slim figured that what cleanses our bodies and washes our souls would have the same effect on the environment. Water is the universal solvent after all. Masuro Emoto's research proves that it is also the connective element that links everything in this reality to everything else. Taking the simplest, most obvious approach, Slim found that water frequencies, broadcasting at the subtlest levels, did indeed permeate and purify everything they came into contact with.

It surprised me that no one in the room asked why Slim's pollution clearing work never made the headlines. *That* question comes up every time Slim talks, but these people must have known that the media is under the thumb of larger forces - and those forces have too much invested in pollution to want news like this to reach the public. Even if the powers that be paid attention it wouldn't benefit them to let the rest of the world know that a cowboy from Colorado had a simple, cost effective solution to the environmental crisis.

Jan Holland spoke up next, wondering if Slim's technology could pull water out of the air and make rain. He went on to ask if the Harmonizers duplicated energy patterns similar to the prayers of Medicine Men and rainmakers.

Sticking to the facts Slim told Jan that reports from a grass seed farmer in Mexico indicated that Agricultural Harmonizers in every field produced an increase in moisture close to the ground showing up as heavy dew in the morning and evening. This ability to create and retain water on once barren soil made it possible to harvest five crops of seed in three months, a yield increase of 100%. In addition, the seeds that came out of each harvest were one third larger than anything the grower had seen in that particular species of grass.

Without feeding the notion that 'special powers' had anything to do with why the Tools worked, Slim didn't discount the idea either. In his mind magic and physics are one and the same thing. He doesn't separate the two or lord one over the other. It may very well be that the Harmonizers *do* replicate the energy patterns inherent in the prayers and incantations of spiritually gifted people. Recent research indicates that there may be some truth to this - but as yet, there is no way to prove it.

During this exchange Tania kept turning an Acuvac Coil around in her hand. As soon as space for more questions opened up she asked, *“How does this thing work? Tell us more about what the Coils do.”* Slim told her that, *“The Coils are basically energetic vacuum cleaners. They suck and blow. Dark energy is pulled up through the south pole of the Coil, transmuted to light, and blown out through the north pole of the device. Held over a point of pain, or put to use in any situation where there is resistance and negativity, a Coil will reduce those problems considerably and in most cases remove them entirely”*.

He went on to explain that, *“The distance factor is a big thing with this particular Tool. As the Coil is moved further away from the point of pain the sucking action increases and the healing effect is stronger. According to Muller’s Gravity Wave Theory, gravitational pull is actually more powerful the further away you get from something - what we have witnessed with the Coils seems to bear that out.”*

The group spent the next half hour trying apply what they knew to something that was much too simple for them understand. Academics are often flummoxed by the Tools and have to drop everything they think they know to get the picture. As each one of them slowly put their credentials and their vast reserves of knowledge aside it became easier for them to put two-and-two together.

The questions ranged from, *“What does the gold and silver plating do?”* to *“What are the actual characteristics of the water after it has been exposed to the Ring field?”* Slim answered the first question by saying that, *“The gold and silver add their own special frequencies to the over all tensor effect. As they interact with the tensor field each element sublimates off the copper wire in its monatomic form introducing nano-particles of gold and/or silver into the healing equation.”*

In answer to the second question Slim said, *“Water that has been exposed to the Ring field starts to fluoresce immediately. The fact that the water acquires fluorescence indicates that the Ring endows each molecule with the capacity to hold and emit more light. This effect seems to restructure the water, clearing and potentizing it in a beneficial way”*.

As the questions began to wind down Tania invited us to walk over to Penn State’s, eight-and-a-half acre Center For Sustainability. Unfamiliar with what that term actually meant, I

didn't know what to expect. My discomfort with being totally clueless disappeared when I discovered that a Center For Sustainability is basically a parcel of land that is being used as a living laboratory for organic farming methods, alternative energy systems, and low-cost shelter options that don't take anything away from nature.

Being a card-carrying hippie, and eight-year member of a working commune that thrived back in the seventies, this place transported me back to my glory days. The gardens, the Yurt, the solar-based systems, the wind and water projects, the young people with shovels and work clothes idealistically tilling the soil, all of it bore a resemblance to the high-minded things we tried to implement, without any support from the establishment, a generation ago.

Looking around it amused me to think that what I had to break every middle-class rule to participate in was now, over thirty years later, something 'normal' people accepted and were willing to pay close to \$30,000 a year for, just so that their kids could earn a degree in compost! Reflecting on how times had changed, I wondered what Slim was thinking. Raised on a South Dakota dirt farm he probably knew more about what they were doing than they did. None of this was new to him - but Slim's such a nice guy he listened attentively as a group of earnest young college kids gave him the cook's tour, and took turns telling the old man how it's done.

When it came time for Slim to talk to them about his research, everyone sat down on the grass and gathered around him in a circle. The heat and humidity were too much for me so I went off to the potting shed and watched everything from there. Within earshot, I heard Slim tell the kids about the Tools and listened to them ask the questions that come up every time he talks.

From where I sat, the whole scene looked like something from another time and space. The déjà vu element raised ancient images - I had seen all this before and it made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. It felt like something beyond what *appeared* to be taking place was happening on a much subtler level.

In the midst of this flashback, huge thunderclouds formed overhead. The threat of rain prompted everyone to run off and roll their car windows up. I was about to follow suit when I noticed Slim with an Agricultural Harmonizer in his hand motioning me to join him. Before he could say anything a CD player appeared and without questioning how it got there, we set the Harmonizer up and got it running in the middle of the field.

Within ten minutes the thunderclouds parted, forming a circle of sunlight above Tania's Center For Sustainability. The opening in the sky stretched out to the horizon. No one spoke. There's not a whole lot to say when the truth is right in front of you. Thinking back to Rustum Roy's very first question, "*Can you do all this stuff?*" made me wish he could have come along to witness this little miracle.

As everyone stood around, looking up at the beautiful blue donut-hole in the air, I had to laugh. After a long day of questions and answers the Harmonizer spoke, making everything perfectly clear - it was one of the best Slim Spurling moments I have ever had.