

Hello Everyone, and welcome back to an old guy who knows shit.
This is

Episode 8

Body Work

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There are some people who can just feel energy flowing through theirs and other people's bodies. When these folks focus on it and become teachers, extraordinary things happen.

It was in graduate school in the early 1970s that I first heard the term "bio-energetics." An enlightened teacher there, who was still exploring and learning herself, not much older than us, was the first I heard use the term. It of course rang quite a bell for me, because it fit so well into the universe that was taking shape for me. It's really nothing more than the western term for the flow of energy through the body that eastern philosophies described somewhere prior to the sixth century BC, since that seems to be the earliest written record of it. It is the origin of yoga, which seeks integration of mind and body through the breath and the energy chakras. Western biochemists, somewhere in the 1950s, finally began to be able to measure energy generation on the cellular level, and energy in our bodies became, for the first time in our western construct, quantifiably measureable as actual energy that our bodies were actually generating, and this is what they called "bio-energetics." Of course, they were/are limited to the perspective they can measure, and that means little tiny bits here and there. But for me that was the point where the theory of energy flow met science, and even though they still could not measure or control it beyond the cellular level, it was there.

So we of course did the standard mirror exercises with this teacher, and if you are unfamiliar, the game is partners face each other and take turns being the mirror of the other as you perform simple movements and gestures. Then she expanded it. We faced each other, placed our hands palm to palm, close but without actually touching. And we focused on perceiving the energy that was passing between our palms. It is tangible, once you open your mind to its existence. It's a warmth, but also a tingling, and it's not all that difficult to perceive. Then we closed our eyes, and attempted to mirror our partner's hand motions simply by following the energy that we could feel in our hands. Everyone in the class was able to do this if it was kept slow enough, some with varying degrees of success, but some with remarkable consistency of success.

This is where my image of how our bodies work began to really come together. Our heart lung machines, fueled by the digestive and respiratory systems, convert food and oxygen into energy that does work. That makes our bodies function. That gives us the ability to do some quite extraordinary things. This energy is real, and perceivable, and is, I believe, what fuels our non-physical beings as well as our physical beings. And how, one asks, does one arrive at the assumption that we have or are non-physical beings? Science still has not proven this. Well, the answer to that question has always seemed to me to be self-evident: the mere fact that we have *thoughts*, which are not physical and not measurable, but which not only undeniably exist but are also, in fact, where we *live*, makes us, *ipso facto* non-physical beings. Thoughts, consciousness, are absolutely integral to our very being; they are what we have acknowledged since time immemorial to be the trait that raises us above the level of the animal kingdom. And yet, since we in our western culture have never been able to actually quantify or define thought, we just sort of ignore it as a *thing*, while living in it every moment of our waking lives. Fact is, we are

intrinsically non-physical, because we *think*, just as we are intrinsically physical because we have *bodies*.

So jump ahead a few years to the late 1970s, a different graduate program, and a different, very enlightened, teacher. He was officially the movement instructor of an MFA acting program, but he was also something else that none of us ever really nailed down. The short version is that he was one of those truly extraordinary people who has the ability to sense and direct energy in people's bodies.

As part of our training, we spent an hour a week “on the table” in his office. These sessions were without a consistent pattern, but what they all had in common was the stimulation and release of energy. Sometimes this was accomplished by simply touching, and other times it was accomplished through deep and aggressive massage of certain portions of the body. He believed that we store all of our powerful emotional experiences somewhere in our body – if an experience generated that much emotional energy, it became a part of us, and was somehow “stored” in our bodies, in specific places. By stimulating and releasing energy from these spots, it would arouse emotional experiences, usually associated with very specific memories of a very specific experience. This belief has now entered the mainstream of massage therapies, but at that time nobody had heard of it. Well, sometimes very extraordinary things happened, like tremendous emotional releases and spasms that very much resembled seizures. Sometimes nothing happened. “Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't,” he would say, fully acknowledging that we have very little actual control of this energy.

So I had a few very extraordinary experiences on that table. The recurring theme was one of a rolling, tumbling energy that would arise either from my solar plexus or the “root” chakra. The word “chakra” can be loosely translated as a vortex, and this is exactly what these energy releases felt like: a rolling vortex of energy that

would start very small, a little spinning something in the heart of the chakra, and then it would grow to a big spinning something and then it would expand outwards from there, spinning, rolling, building to what would feel almost like tornadic whirling, expanding, growing, and then actually inflating my body. This happened to varying degrees a few times, one of which became somewhat alarming, as the sense of being inflated by this energy at one point became scary. But he directed, re-directed, whatever, and it subsided, taking at least 24 hours to completely subside. These experiences were utterly profound, and left the physical body both exhausted and exhilarated.

Then one day, late in the semester, the magic happened, and boy did it happen big time. The vortex of energy spun hard and expanded outward very rapidly. It inflated my body like a balloon – my arms flopped out straight, my legs straightened out, it felt frighteningly like I was about to become over-inflated and explode just like a balloon would. As my body became completely rigid from I don't know what else to call it but inflation, it reached some kind of horizon where another second and I would just explode - but instead of exploding, it suddenly burst out of me with what felt like the force of the sun, like somebody flipped a switch, and atoms started splitting in my gut, blasting energy out in all directions. I heard a voice softly guide me to “try to focus it, try to direct it to a point over you,” and as soon as I heard that I saw a point way above me – and I mean WAY above me. The ceiling disappeared, and I saw both stars and blue sky as I fixed on a point maybe 25 or 30 feet above me. As soon as I found that point, I could feel the exploding rays of energy blasting out of my back begin to bend around, seeking that focal point. As they began to focus, my arms and legs curved up, and I had a sense of becoming a lens, blasting energy up into this point. And at the moment that all of the energy blasting out of my body found that point, my arms, legs and torso were lifted up into a perfect convex lens, and

only my tailbone was on the table, and then the lifting just continued, and it pulled me up off the table altogether.

At that moment, my brain, so far disengaged and just going with it, suddenly kicked in and I heard quite clearly a voice in my head shouting “HOLY SHIT YOU JUST CAME OFF THE TABLE!” That voice curbed the explosion, and I settled back down on the table, and ever so slowly it began to wind back down. The vision of sky and stars disappeared, my body lost its perfect convexity, and the rolling tumbling vortex gradually receded back into my solar plexus.

But my butt had completely lost contact with the table. The force of that energy was so great that it actually lifted me up off of the table in utter and total defiance of every law of physics that I have ever known or heard of.

I had actually *levitated*.

So. Think about that for a second.

Here I am, a guy studying acting in his late 20s, and all of a sudden, here is this utterly supernatural event, and I ain't reading about it or hearing the story on NPR, or watching that documentary where monks do appear for all the world to levitate as they meditate; I'm not sitting there hearing someone else tell me about their experience, like you all are. I'm the one. That guy who levitated? That was me.

OK. So maybe that's a little bit of an exaggeration. I mean, I didn't go very high, and I certainly didn't stay long, so to say I actually “levitated” may seem a bit of a stretch – but, you know, the more I thought about it, that doesn't matter. How long or how high. The fact is I felt a force pull me up off of that table and my butt cleared it far enough that I felt air. The entire weight of my body was supported by forces that were entirely non-physical. Nothing was touching me. It was not something that anyone could look at and

say “well, this happened in your mind, you were imagining it” because my physical body lifted – physically – off of that physical table. And it doesn’t matter that I had no control over it or that it didn’t go far or last long, I felt actual physical force that actually lifted all of my weight off the table. Force that I had generated, with just a little bit of guidance. Force that was both tangible and powerful. Force that had lifted me off the table.

So. Now, I realize, I live in a world where this is not only possible, it is *real*. I have felt it. I know it to be true. I know its power.

And I also know it is implicit in each one of us. OK, I don’t “know” it, I feel it to be true. I ain’t nothin’ special. There’s no reason why I should be any different from any one of you. People have been studying this energy since the 7th century BC, and *they were not pulling it out of their asses*. There is a universality, a commonality, a way that energy interacts with biological matter that is part of how it all works. Now science can measure some of it. Our bodies generate energy that does work, and that energy is alive, it is *us*, it is where we live in our heads, it is ours and we own it, but we also contribute our energy to something much bigger that is the sum of all of our energies. This is another basic teaching of the ancients that I feel to be true.

On that one, I do have a bit more evidence, however. Because there was that – what? – vision? of blue sky combined with night sky with stars that was the backdrop of my focal point. Well, as I revisited my memory of that vision, I realized that what I was peering *through* was a kind of tunnel, and what this tunnel penetrated seemed to be teeming life energy. That I was poking a little hole through this sea of *life* to find my spot of sky and its accompanying focal point that would somehow begin lifting me into it. And then of course I question my memory of it, because in the moment I was taken with seeing both blue sky, in the center, against a backdrop of night sky with stars, the only thing I remember my distant conscious mind thinking was “wow – no

ceiling” and then I was caught up in the experience. Only afterwards, remembering that mid-day blue center surrounded by blackness with stars, did I realize that the blackness had no edge. It faded into a fog of light on the edges, and I was peering *through* more than just the building. I was peering through a teeming fog of light and life energy. Something I was both a part of and separate from.

So, yeah. It’s important to me that you hear how, when I talk about energy, that I’m talking about something that is not the same energy the oil companies talk about, but it is also not an idea to me, it is not a vision of life energy that I have imagined. It is a life energy that I have felt and seen and experienced, fully conscious and sober. It seems miraculous, and yet, if you open your heart to its reality and listen, you will hear something, and it won’t be just something you imagined. Listen with your entire being to anything that is not being spoken by a person or transmitted by technology. Listen to the world. To life. To the wind. Trees. Your body. You will hear something. You will hear something that is not miraculous, it is an integral part of the energy driving all of our natures. There are other senses besides those science acknowledges. Don’t ask me how I know, ask your body to let your brain in on the secret. Because your brain likes to think it’s in charge, but I’m here to tell you: your brain don’t know shit. Turn your brain off. Turn your heart on. Right now you don’t even know what to listen for, do you? Well, I didn’t either. I just started listening, and when things happened that did not compute, I didn’t just dismiss them. And what do you know? They were real. Sumbitch.

One last thing before I wrap this very long story up. Note that I said “listen to what is not spoken” because other people are a necessary and integral part of our worlds of perception, and all that life energy certainly cannot be ignored, but what we feel from

them not only says more than what they say, but it also is what can be trusted. Don't listen to what people say, listen to their being.

I am quite certain that religious miracles are all various expressions of this life energy, and that's how every major religion in the world has its tales of miracles. There are times when that energy focuses, when a person inexplicably suddenly has the power to focus a great amount of healing energy and there are cures, or fighting energy and wars are won, or political energy and czars are overthrown, or diabolical energy and six million people are murdered.

Our energy is way more powerful than we ever imagine it to be.

this is an old guy who knows shit signing off.