

Some stories of things that happened to me while I wasn't there

The alter-conscious body (soma) senses and "knows" much more than the conscious mind can possibly know. And somatic sensibility knows things long before the mind gets an abridged interpretation.

Gut feelings, hunches and intuitions are somatic states of awareness, subconscious promptings that are generally more accurate than the conscious mind at seeing through deception, solving problems, and carrying out solutions. Intuition (a particular somatic wisdom) leads toward empathic communication (well, it's more than communication. It's more like shared being).

Steven Kotler cited experiments that showed that the soma "knows" things well before the mind does. In one experiment, using a computer gambling simulation, subjects were hooked to a lie detector, in order to measure their responses to a computer game. The results of the experiment indicated that the subjects' soma realized that the game was rigged, after playing ten turns. But it took twenty plays for regular conscious awareness of the rigging. This is just one experiment in many that proves somatic wisdom is quicker and more accurate than the conscious mind.

Steven Kotler, a brain scientist who devoted his research to how elite performers, like extreme athletes, hack into the flow state, where the disparity between thought and pure action is clear.

We think that our decisions are conscious choices, but they're actually made at the somatic level, and the mind (mistakenly) believes that it made the call. The mind even "masks" the cognitive gap between somatic sensing and consciousness by manipulating our sense of time, in a phenomenon called, "backward masking."

Kotler cited another researcher who studied (similarly wired) guys while they watched erotic dancers in a strip club. Monitoring the men's tipping patterns, they found that ovulating dancers made three times more in tips than the dancers that were not ovulating. The men had no idea that the dancers they favored were ovulating, and they didn't know why they tipped them more. But their damn beer-drinking soma knew.

These studies and numerous others demonstrate what I refer to as "ki-sensing," which isn't voodoo or mumbo-jumbo. Ki-sensing is a somatic sense unlike the normal five senses, because it receives data from the world's ki-field (and acts on it); at the same time transmitting ki-data outward, into the world, adding a sweet spin.

Ki-sensing is not magic. It could be instinct or mystic reflex. Obviously, it's connected to an evolved part of the survival mechanism. At any rate, my experiences in which my soma has taken care of me (in the absence of Jack) provided resolute confidence that changed everything, including my dreams. I no longer have to put up with scary shit chasing me.

My soma has embodied self-transcending insight, where action is intuitive, and quick as reflex, because it doesn't involve the thinking, discerning mind (except in sometimes forming a memory, in retrospect).

When my somatic field senses an attack rising in someone's ki-field, my soma mobilizes to short-circuit it, on its own. This is what Joseph Campbell called an "autonomous force," suggesting that ki-sensing is instinctive. But it's much deeper than that.

As part of my well-trained subconscious survival network, my soma can move faster than a thought, and faster than anybody can attack.

In martial art, there's no time to decide what to do, before acting.

Reflex is the fastest that we're capable of moving, but it's blind; its options pretty much limited to fighting, fleeing, flinching, freezing, or just lashing-out.

We want to react with the speed of reflex, faster than a thought, and we want our soma to respond with the most effectively trained pattern. The psyche-soma can do that. The conscious mind cannot.

Some stories

I have a very clear memory of an event I experienced in 2nd grade.

Waiting outside for the bell to ring, I was cold as hell. But instead of jumping around, I leaned against the outer wall of the school, and I got very still; whole-body still. My breathing slowed to a tiny draft, and I lit myself up.

My cells were vibrating ki through my cold skin. It seemed like “super-natural aid” (I believed in god at the time) but it was just the extra-natural result of entering confluence with the Tao of Nature. I can see why people ascribe encounters (like the ones I write about in this chapter) to guardian spirits, gods, ghosts, or angels. It’s easy to think that only outside (mystic) forces can do “miraculous” things. And on top of that, perfect action takes place without a self.

These experiences of ki-events were clear calls from the mystic. It’s clear to me that my extra-conscious soma is the source of “super-natural” communications and forces. I could call it anonymous aid; protecting me from seen, unseen, and un-sensed forces. And the main point I want to make is that almost anybody can trigger “the impossible,” with the right method and enough grit.

Impeccable actions are dynamic expressions of the single, unifying field of ki, buzzing on both sides of our skin.

In my forties, my soma performed several unexplainable, protective actions; with no input from my conscious mind (which was empty at the time). I’ve compiled most of these stories here.

In these episodes of “anonymous presence,” my soma acted powerfully, and according to aiki principles. In one story, my soma saved me from being punched by a drunk man. In another, it saved me from an inanimate object. On all of these occasions, my soma acted autonomously to protect me, by accessing and manifesting carefully trained actions that my mind had no input in—except that it wasn’t there, getting in the way.

After each of these events, I wondered how I acted autonomously (without me). But just knowing that my soma acts perfectly without me is enough to engender deep fearlessness.

Another way to be

The most profound experience I had, of being without a self, happened when I was fifteen. I was knocked out of my body by a very hard-hit baseball to my left temple. As I was walking off the field near shortstop I heard a crack (my head) and then slow-motion sound, like I just dove under water. I inexplicably found myself floating in the air, where I perceived (without alarm) that I hadn’t fallen with my body. So I started “swimming” for the ground.

There was no more urgency in it than when noticing, and then adjusting, an off-plumb picture frame hanging on the wall. It just didn’t seem quite right that I should be hovering there, but it wasn’t scary. It takes a self to feel fear.

I was knocked into a level of awareness that was way beyond “me.”

I came back into consciousness with my teammates standing loudly around me (sounds and bright lights were unbearable for weeks afterward).

I was in the hospital for ten days, without language (the ball hit me directly in the language center of the brain) and without a self. But one thing was very clear. After the first few days of oblivion, I was lucidly sensing people’s ki.

I was hit directly in the language area of the brain, and since language is the primary tool of the separate self, my self-center was shorted out. My brain swelled against the left side of my skull, which paralyzed the right side of my body, and left me totally incoherent. My mind was rebooting, but my subconscious soma was coming online to compensate.

I had no language, no personality, no self. Words people spoke to me were a foreign nonsense language. I didn’t even think in words.

All I was left with was the ki-sense. My ki detector was like a lie detector. Some of the people who came through my hospital room were ki-liars. My soma was very vividly aware of people’s ki-tone. I just lied there, feeling people’s ki humming on my skin. I directly experienced the emotional tone of people (who thought I was a vegetable).

I sensed and interpreted people through my resonant ki-skin, and I knew them more intimately than they could have ever have imagined.

Of course, most of the people moving through my hospital room were loving people. But, to some of the staff,

I was just a high-maintenance piece of furniture. Wow! The range of vibrations that people radiate when they think you're not there!

I clearly felt their emotions. My body buzzed with their frequencies and amplitudes, the way that speakers vibrate when music comes through them; or the way eardrums resonates with sound.

People tried to make me understand their words by actually talking slowly, and loudly at me. That agitated me (hypersensitive to light and sound) and reinforced their anxiety.

People didn't try to hide anything from me because they thought I was an inanimate object. They didn't even try to hide their condescending pity. I was like a fly on the wall, looking into them with insect eyes (my alien sixth sense).

The range of ki that people radiate when they think you're not there...

If they had known how intimately I sensed them, they would have been spooked. They rightly assumed that Jack wasn't there. I was "out of it," but not the way that it appeared.

I had privileged access to senses and levels of awareness that I had never known; perceptions glimpsed only fleetingly since.

But that experience was enough to teach me that it's safe to have no self, and pretty damn empathic. And that ki-sense is available, when I inhibit (shut off) my small, thinking self.

The ki-sense is somatically audible, but it has a visual part. I saw people's "atmosphere" glowing in a light spectrum other than the visual spectrum. But the most remarkable sensation was a kinesthetic awareness that my body received, translated and transmitted.

My second day in the hospital, I had absolutely no language, but I remember hallucinating all night; faces coming at me out of the dark, and then disappearing back into it. The faces flashed in, and told me, "Don't take that pill." I'm still puzzled that I understood the hallucinated words, spoken by faces of people that I knew, and of strangers; all uniquely individual, and in high-definition—all of them saying the same thing. So, the next morning, when the nurse tried to give me the pill (it was just Benadryl and I didn't really need it) I went a little wild. I couldn't say, "No!" But they got the message from my incoherent gestures. How did I know that Benadryl was wrong? How did I understand the words spoken by my hallucinations? I have a strong memory of this, but it doesn't make sensible sense.

When I first went in to the hospital, there was a shiny round nurse with great, loving, healing energy. Unfortunately, I couldn't make it in her ward, because I couldn't bear the light and noise. So they put me in a private room, housed as furniture, across from the nurse's station where their incessant chatter, and giggling flirtations with the doctors was even more tormenting. I wanted to go back to the first nurse's ward, but I couldn't say so (language center damaged).

When I got out of the hospital a couple of weeks later, and I was just beginning to communicate on the level of a handicapped caveman, four girls from school came over to see me. And one of them was the girl that I had a crush on, before being injured.

I sat with them, uneasily, clearly mentally impeded, but fully aware of what they were feeling. I was embarrassed back into life with a glimpse of myself in the eyes of fifteen-year-old girls.

People who are "out of it" may only be out of the loud part of "it." Even people in a coma can sense the ki of others.

While I was relieved of intelligence, I sensed as a baby must sense. I "heard" ki waves reflected on my body like sunlight on my skin. I saw permutations of energy hovering around people, trees, and even cars and trucks. I remember wondering, as I watched traffic, whether the glow that I saw surrounding cars and trucks was from the energy of the motor, kinetic energy, or of the people inside (well, all three of course).

I could "hear" all shades and mutations of emotion. I resonated with them.

I've breached the wall of sound since then, and entered lucid silence. And each "time," I find that the last noise before pure silence is my "self."

I realized that "I" am basically just a noise. When swallowed by silence, the contrast exposes how loud my per-

sonal identity is. The separate self is the noisiest of all distractions.

Having my fifteen-year-old personality obliterated (and then slowly resurrected) changed my life's course. I have "memories" from that transpersonal state; memories of being without "Jack," and being okay with it.

Beside the residual brain damage, my extended "out-of-self" experience altered my brain structure and chemistry. This experience was a factor in my bipolar disorder, and it was also my "ki-calling," to pure being.

Now, at 70, I'm having somatic memories of being aware (within oblivion), from 15 year-old me. My 70-year-old self is reliving memories (and ki-data) that my adolescent ki-field had stored, for later.

When my brain was injured, the extra-sensory organ that mediates between my separate self (which was damaged) and my holo-totality (which was not) took over, and I became infinitely more than me, without me.

As my brain adapted and reoriented to the regular shared reality, my extra-sensory organ became less and less operative. That's how it happened to all of us; gradually, as we grew up. At least I understand Lao Tzu's advice to "return to the state of an infant."

I became the infant that I saw

Years later, as I walked into a busy department store, the silent resonance spontaneously enveloped me again, and very briefly I became each person I looked into.

I flashed into a woman, terribly agitated, who felt that she had been cheated in the store. I looked into the impotent anger of a hunched man walking in the other direction, and felt my belly lurch in defeat.

Then I locked into the eyes of an infant, staring at me over his mother's shoulder. I became united with the deep collective silence, from which the eternal moment emerges and coexists, as the eternal present. (hidden by past and future in the regular mind).

I sensed time as infinity, and felt individuation morph into union.

And suddenly, I was just a noise again; standing in the middle of a milling crowd of other loud noises. I was standing there, back in time and self, with tears of longing for that un-moment that the infant had shared with me.

Hot tub story

This is the most graphic example I have, of what I'm talking about. The only reason that I believe this story is because it happened to me. Some people would interpret the experience as guardian angels, or some spirit thing coming into play. But I'm pretty sure that my subconscious soma functioned as it was trained to function; on its own.

During summer vacation, in the mid-1980's (when I was in my prime), on some days I trained as much as ten hours. And every night, I sat in my big hot tub (made for ten people) to bliss out before bed.

One very dark and windy night, I sat alone in my hot tub, which had a large cover, that I leaned against the wall behind me.

The wind was blowing hard. My eyes were closed, and I couldn't hear anything, because the tub's jets were bubbling.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes in time to see my hand shoot out of the water, in the movement pattern called White Crane Cools its Wings, to strike the cover, just before it hit the top of my head. I didn't just catch it. "I" struck it forcefully, in perfect timing.

In the standard Taiji form, White Crane Cools its Wings is done with the right hand. But since I do all of my forms left-handed, as easily as I do them right-handed, my sense of symmetry paid off. My soma orchestrated that particular response, which fit that particular need, using my left hand (the correct one to use in that situation).

My neural program for the left-handed application of White Crane was obviously wired in right. Without proper neuromuscular wiring, there's nothing to access when time dilates.

I pushed the cover back up against the wall and settled back into the hot tub. A few moments passed before I

wondered... How did I catch the cover? I was completely “unaware” that it was falling until my hand shot up out of the water.

The cover was leaning against the wall behind me. There was no light (no moon). And my damn eyes were closed, and I couldn't hear anything. But my soma was clearly online.

So, how did I sense the falling cover? And how did my soma execute the appropriate movement, with power and perfect timing, without my involvement?

I had been fanatically training my soma to protect me from bad guys, but I hadn't imagined that my soma would defend me (all by itself) from an inanimate object, that I didn't know was coming.

I can feel hostile intent from people, because of my ki-training. It's hard to sneak up on me, but why couldn't the hot-tub cover sneak up on me? It had no hostile ki.

After a series of such somatic marvels, it became clear. When my mind is empty, and my soma charged with ki, my soma goes autonomous, and it knows shit that I don't.

The hot tub experience engendered a very deep confidence; a clean confidence, with the power to crumble walls. I even stopped having scary dreams.

The hot-tub experience, and a few others that I had that summer, were a sort of baptism. I lost my fear that somebody, or some thing, could whup me.

Hi-definition perception

The same summer as the hot-tub incident, I was out walking my huge Doberman, late at night, when it started raining. We began to run, and he was pulling hard on the leash, when we ran into the street-light shadow of a tree. I stepped on the lip of a pothole (that I didn't see in the dark), and twisted my ankle almost 90 degrees. I felt the bone on the outside of my ankle hit the bottom of the hole, hard enough to leave a mark on the white sock (later, when I doubted that this happened, I had the sock).

The weird thing about it is that my eyes were looking forward “when” I stepped in the hole; in the dark. But I saw, in living color, a fully lighted, slow-motion detail of my foot turned sideways on the lip of the hole.

Time spaced out, so that I had enough time (and presence) to immediately pull the weight off of my foot. I sat right down on the curb, and briefly wondered how I was going to get home; until I realized that I wasn't hurt. My ankle didn't even swell, or get stiff the next day.

Freaky performance

Tengu demon

In my second or third year of Aikido practice, Dale Gillilan (Sensei) took me to the Utah Open karate tournament, to be his uke in an Aikido demonstration. In addition to Sensei's usual demo, he insisted that I perform a very difficult (not Aikido) kata; solo.

Being the go-to uke for demonstrations was great fun. I loved being tossed around, and I was good. But I was terrified of doing a solo performance in front of so many martial artists. I would never willingly demonstrate anything in front of such a group, but Sensei insisted that it was part of my test for the next rank. Sensei was really good at devising situations and conditions under which we were exposed to extreme pressure—to see how we do in a jam.

I was to perform a kata that we learned from Mark Saito Jr., using a weapon called a Tengu sword (named for the Tengu demon who taught the kata to his ancestors).

The Tengu sword is 2/3 handle and 1/3 double-edged blade, so it was easily spun and whipped around.

In one part of the kata I had to kneel as I (simultaneously) spun the weapon (360 degrees) in my palm, above my head; drop it, and catch it while standing up. Then, pivoting as I spun it behind my back; taking it with the other hand, and spinning again...

When practicing this part of the kata, I almost always dropped the weapon, so I was sure that I'd drop it in front

of all those people (and I did).

Sensei did the part of the demo where he tossed me around, and then my turn came. I was in a panic as I began the form, physically shaking.

I did okay at first (the slow centering ritual) but when the time came to kneel and spin the weapon over my head, knowing that I was going to drop it; I did. I didn't mean to, but it totally worked.

I was on one knee, as the weapon dropped from my palm.

I slipped into flow.

Space was thick with silence, and time dilated.

No longer shaking; without a hint of anxiety (there was no one there to be anxious), I casually observed my weapon land, flat on the mat.

The wooden weapon, wrapped in deep silence, slowly levitated off the mat and hovered there (perfectly horizontally) about 18 inches off the mat—waiting for me.

I snatching the weapon from the air, stood and finished the kata. But I don't remember anything after the drop. I don't even know if anybody applauded, because I was still in a soundproof zone.

The first thing that I remember was helping some of the karate guys roll the mat up, and move it to the side. As we were pushing, the guy next to me complimented me on my performance. I thanked him, and said something about dropping the weapon. He didn't know what I was talking about ("dropped it?").

The best part of the hovering weapon experience was my casual, fluently perfect performance; in a luxurious pause between moments. And the audience did not see a gap. What they (at least one guy) saw was pretty cool. A "moment," in which time stood still for me, whizzed past everybody else. They didn't see a glitch. I guess that bouncing the weapon off the floor (before the final flourish) must have looked pretty extravagant.

By putting me in such a predicament at the tournament (as a rookie) Sensei forced me far past my comfort zone, where my regular mind overloaded and arrested, and boosted me into an experience on holonomy.

And that was Sensei's intention—to engineer experiences that forced us to build somatic grit. By facing scary shit, we found out how we function, when under "attack."

Peak moments in the flow-zone come with a high that is only savored after the self takes possession again.

You can't personally experience that high, or use it as a credential; and you can't hoard it. Pure being has to be reanimated every damn day (and remember; it's not personal).

Because of the way regular consciousness works, if an encounter is over in less than ½ second, then you won't remember what happened, because of the well-documented gap in awareness.

In that silent moment, in which "you" aren't there to perform (or to record the event in memory) there's no self to feel the bliss, until it's over. Then the self returns, to feel that feeling, and get motivated to get more of it.

To the regular mind of the opponent, time seems to flow with the tempo set by his stream of consciousness. The conscious mind senses time as flowing, in an orderly, agreed-upon rate. But time is relative to consciousness; the creation of your continuously thinking self.

So, when you stop thinking (when your persona inhibits) your sense of elapsing time dilates, and perception enters high-definition.

We train this sensation is by moving through the Tai Chi form in concentrated, ultra-slow motion. Whenever we start moving at our regular mind's tempo, we speed up (that's our immediate feedback) to our default mind's tempo.

When the space that divides you from things turns into a connective substance, then your brain concludes that you are the thing you see.

And when your brain enters the silent nothing, then your brain assumes that you are the whole universe.

As your body orients to its still point (in spacetime), every small pass through perfect balance suspends thought, and distends time. And those moments last longer every time, and at some point, one spark is all it takes to act.

Drunk guys

At an outdoor concert (where people were allowed to bring coolers of alcohol) I stood right behind a couple of very drunk guys, sitting in the last row of lawn chairs.

While the music played, another random, very drunk guy, accidentally fell on the guy in front of me. As the falling drunk guy scrambled away, the drunk seated in front of me yelled, “fucking faggot” at him. He wanted to fight, but his drunk buddy held him back.

Later, the homophobe’s friend had the great idea to prank him, so he leaned over, from behind and kissed the mad drunk on the cheek. Mad Drunk Guy jumped out of his chair, assumed that I was the one that kissed his stupid face, and threw a punch at me.

I still don’t have a memory of what I did, because events that last less than a half-second are masked from memory. I can only assume that in one circular motion, I spun Mad Drunk Guy 180-degrees, and sat him back down in his lawn chair. And it must have happened in less .5 second, because I never formed a memory of the action.

I only remember standing behind Mad Drunk Guy (back in his chair), with my hands on his shoulders, and a promise of “weight-underside. His friend pleaded, “Please don’t hurt him mister. He’s just real drunk.”

I never thought to hurt him. I hadn’t been thinking anything at all. I hadn’t even figured out what was going on yet—and never did.

Blissfully listening to the music, in a state of aesthetic arrest, “Jack” wasn’t there when the dope tried to hit me. And it was a damn good thing too, because Jack couldn’t have done whatever Jack’s subconscious soma actually did.

Jack, the self, wasn’t even aware of being attacked. All by itself, my soma perceived the guy throwing a punch, accessed the most effective movement program, and executed it reflexively.

When your soma is properly tuned-in, the appropriate move will manifest, out of nowhere, as fast as reflex (that’s takemusu aiki).

Gratefully dead

I went to a Grateful Dead concert (at a ski resort in Park City) with my friend, who insisted on leaving early, so that we could beat the traffic jam. We were in a huge parking lot, with no lights, no moonlight, and since we left before everybody else, there weren’t even headlights... just dark.

We wandered for a little while, and my friend was getting more anxious. Then I decided to stop and just ki-feel for my car. I glowed my radar-ki outward, feeling for my car in the dark, and right away I turned and pointed. I said, “It’s right over there.” We couldn’t see it, of course, but we walked about fifty yards in a straight line, right to my car.

The time that my soma went on strike

There was a time when my soma (subconscious body) refused to do the Tai Chi form without a strong injection of anxiety. I was puzzled by my body’s rebellion, but after shutting up and listening carefully I finally understood. Out of an intuitive need for balance and symmetry, I needed to do the form left-handed.

My somatic rebellion forced me to listen to the clear need for symmetry. Since then, for the sake of effective martial art, we do all of our drills, forms and kata ambidextrously; and I can’t figure out why everybody doesn’t.

Mastering any martial art movement pattern unilaterally (on one side) is absurd. How good is a technique that you can only perform against a right-handed attacker? What if somebody attacks you with the wrong hand? Or what if a damn hot-tub cover falls from the sky on your left side?

Mastering a movement pattern unilaterally is (literally) half-assed.

Asymmetry (meaning “without symmetry”) is something a Taoist should feel uneasy with, and it’s not just because it violates yin/yang dynamic, or the basic principle that you should, “make your weak side your strong side.”

Structural asymmetries are the cause of most injuries and orthopedic issues, so athletic trainers address asymmetries before they try to layer skilled movements on top of them. This is an obvious prelude of proper movement. For those of you that have learned Tai Chi's "High strike with heel" unilaterally, you'll notice that one leg has a much higher range. And you need to understand that the asymmetry of the hip flexors will eventually cause you grief.

The most direct way to improve functional movement and performance is to establish symmetry.

Neuromuscular symmetry is necessary for any proper movement. Muscles move the skeleton by the symmetry of "on" and "off." Muscles can't function if they're frozen in contraction, or if they're atrophied (unable to contract or relax).

In order for the agonist and the antagonist muscles (like the triceps and biceps) to function, one needs to turn off, as the other turns on. Muscle pairings that function smoothly act in reciprocal symmetry. As the biceps turn off to allow the triceps to straighten your arm, to power a push. Similarly, your selfness needs turns off, to become One.

Psychologically, every emotional trauma has at least one asymmetric counterpart or analog in the body that causes it.

Ambidextrous symmetry

To master a movement pattern on only one side (right-handed). Is a glaring asymmetry And in martial art, it should be obvious that half-assed is only half-safe. The reason why athletic trainers correct asymmetries in strength or range-of-motion first is because those are the major predictors of injury and disfunction. You won't get better until you balance your asymmetries.

Psyche and soma are synergistic aspects of one organism, and your one organism is a synergistic organism of the One. The symmetric balance of psyche and soma is basic.

Within flow, mind and body are not separate. They're just different aspects, perspectives, intelligences—like philosophy and science.

Ki residue

Martial art weapons are believed to hold their artist's ki. In one of our winter training camps (January in the Wasatch Mountains) my Aikido teacher, Dale Gillilan, blindfolded us, lined up everybody's wooden bokken on the floor of the igloo, and had us (one at a time) identify each weapon's owner by feel. Our guesses were many times more accurate than blind chance predicts.

The idea is something like this: We each hum at a unique energy frequency, that is our ki-identity. And by extending our ki into our weapon, over a long period of time, the artist's ki is infused into it.

Residual ki is an obvious element in our deep, long-term relationships, that lead to silent, empathic communion. I guess that residual ki could also explain finding my car at the concert.

Our individual orchestration, our unique buzz that animates us, leaves a residual energy; a substance that can be transmitted into objects, and stored in them.

I take the ki-residue thing so far as to store a new black belt (that I'm going to award) with my first black belt, for a little mentoring ki.

Sensei's winter camps in the Wasatch Mount always featured waking up in the morning, to sit in the Provo River (it's a misogi thing). The task was to be the river, which happened to be cold; and ignite it with a fury of gamma-ki.

Be the river, that happens to be cold. It's the thinking feeling self that's bothered by cold (oh, I learned this in second grade).

Just as the water hits your solar plexus, the cold knocks the breath out of you, alarming the primal fear of suffocation (the other inborn fears are; falling and sudden loud noises).

This can't be true

Now here's a story that I've always hesitated to tell, because it's not believable. It's not even possible. The reasonable part of my brain doesn't believe that it happened either, so anyway, here goes.

Sensei was involved in a lot of mystical practices, and he regularly gave ki workshops that took place from Friday night to Sunday, adding up to a ten hours. For one workshop he rented a convention room in a motel.

He turned the lights off for this exercise, in which one person extended ki into a partner who, with eyes closed, tracked the ki-beam with their palm; stopping where they felt it. I did this exercise with a new lover. That probably explains something.

Her eyes were closed as I drilled her torso with my ki-beam. She scanned (with her palm) in front of her, and when she felt the beam, she stopped and "held" it on her palm (several inches away, and her eyes still closed). In the dark room, an orange light shone in the heart of her palm, where I was shooting ki out of my fingertips. Others came over to see it.

There's no need to look for miracles outside the spectrum of your super-sensory soma. The state that would be considered "extrasensory" is available to any unfettered mind.

The ki-sense is a natural clairvoyant function. Your somatic ki-body is aware of the motion and emotion of the ki-field, well before your conscious mind catches on. Most of the time though, you never become conscious of the moments of temporal and psychophysical confluence.

Your psyche and your soma don't even share a language. You can't be a separate self, and at the same time be at One with the world. Even your brain knows this.

