



"I had a fascinating hour-long talk with Albert Einstein last week."

That statement should clearly class me with the loonies, but we already knew that. If that bothered you, you wouldn't have even read this far. But we don't say such things in public, even if true. And you never read such statements in the papers - at least more than once.

Self-censorship, and cultural-censorship take their toll. On our culture and our hearts. People think they're going crazy because they hear voices, cuz nobody else admits that *they* do. Maybe people hearing voices are crazy, but *certainly* people who claim they hear *no* voices are crazy.

This world is more amazing than our rationalistic minds admit. I learned that unforgettably when we built our home here. After six months of endless rain-drenched work without power tools or electricity, we were ready to move in. We brought down a load of our favorite things, finished oiling the floors, and went back to Portland for the rest of our stuff. And woke up the next morning to a phone call that our house had burned down.

That was hard. Real hard. But the goose-bumps came later, talking about it with a friend just moved to Portland from the East Coast. His wife suddenly got a strange look, and said she'd had a dream several months before that our house was going to burn, *on the date it did*, and had written it down in her journal.

Okay, I'll concede. There's more to our world than they taught in school. You got my attention. Please, you do *not* need to remind me again. When we're silent about these things, everyone else is afraid to speak what they have experienced.

I'd probably thought I was safe, teaching architectural history. But that led to architectural history of other cultures, and other cultures, and feng-shui, and qi energy. And half a lifetime of experiences I never, ever, would have imagined possible. To say nothing about actually experiencing them. Often scary, often weird, but if you're afraid to try, you'll never know. Guess what, folks - seems like just about every culture in the world knows more about life and about things we're afraid to even imagine than we do. We're the ones, it seems, that are clueless.

Acupuncture, healing hands, meditation, yoga - these don't sound so weird anymore. Anyone can argue these work, or don't work. But what about firewalking - walking barefoot over beds of burning hot coals? This is *not* one you can pretend about. I've done it, here in Oregon and in the

mountains of Peru. Friends here have done it, and danced afterwards. More Bender BS? Go watch a firewalk yourself. No, I can't explain it either.

And so that you can relax a little bit, it turns out there is real science behind all this strangeness. It's just that our official sciences have missed a whole big piece of the picture, and got so invested in denial that they can't bring themselves to admit what's staring them in the face now. I'll come back to that when I finish the DVD I'm working on about the physics of qi energy.

OK, Albert, that's your cue. Albert first showed up during a massage session, jumping up and down, giggling excitedly because I was doing the research on qi physics. I thought about trying to contact him to see if he could help, but I'm not very good at that stuff. Then a friend said she was able to channel, so we had a talk with Albert.

The thing he said that clicked the most is that our "scientific method" has trapped us in a holding pattern. Walled-in, unable to go into new territory, to make real break-throughs. Afraid of the unknown, which is the only place new knowledge comes from. He said there's no life in research being done. Boy, that clicked! How many conferences have I sat through with boring, dead, rational reading of lifeless reports that really don't say anything?

Albert said we need to be playful to be successful. To be willing to be a fool, to be wrong, to take risk. To (oh, no!) have fun! To get that sparkle back in our eyes, and bounce in our step, and wonder in our hearts. Mind and heart *together* are needed now. Being totally open to possibilities, to going where none have gone. To be in the YES! of Now.

Be careful, now. Don't let anyone steal your mirth-control device.