

**MEETING MONROE**  
**Conversations with a Man who**  
**came to Earth**

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**Kingsley L. Dennis**

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**Beautiful Traitor Books**

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*For* Strace  
~ the old trout ~

&

*To* Bluebell  
~ for those many questions dancing on the tip of her tongue ~

*A Teacher promised a disciple that he would reveal something much more important than was to be found in all the scriptures. When the disciple, being very impatient, asked the Teacher yet again to keep his promise, the Teacher said:  
'Go outside into the rain, and stand with your arms open and your head raised to the sky.'  
The next day, the disciple returned to the Teacher and informed him:  
'I took your advice and I was soaked to the bone...I felt a perfect fool.'  
'Well', replied the Teacher, 'for the first day that is quite a revelation, is it not?'*

*'Someone engaged in self-study should not have a fool for a teacher'*

**Anon**

## INTRODUCTION

It is difficult to clearly express what happened to me over the period of several weeks in the spring of 2012. It was both an intense and a surreal experience. Even thinking about it now has me at a loss to give any credible explanation. It is probably best that I don't try to define or categorize what, in effect, was a series of startling and profound encounters. I have a feeling deep within that my meeting with the 'person' I came to know as Monroe was not an accident. Such encounters in life are rarely accidents; they are placed upon our paths for us to make the best from them – and to learn what they have to offer us. I also have a firm sense that whilst the experience was for me alone, the message was to be a shared one. That is why I have decided to write this book.

What is related in the following pages may seem unbelievable, even fanciful. Perhaps that is the whole point: it is not about belief. If it's one thing that Monroe has taught me it's that we are all blinded by our false systems of thought: beliefs, assumptions, opinions, etc. We create our own barriers to understanding, and we reinforce these limitations throughout our lives. I have come to understand that humanity is on the cusp of a remarkable stage in our evolutionary journey. As Monroe stressed to me on several occasions during our talks - we did not come this far for nothing.

The encounters take place in a small town located in the Sierra de Grazalema Natural Park in Andalusia, southern Spain. It is about forty kilometers from where I currently live, in the province of Cadiz. I do not wish to say much more at this stage. I only wish to open the door onto what, for me,

were an incredible series of encounters and conversations. Monroe suggested that I record our conversations, which I did using a small digital voice recorder. The rest of the descriptive ambiance is my artistic license, drawn from a memory rich in the nuances of Monroe's behaviorisms and quirks. These I felt, and still do feel, were deliberately and very consciously coordinated, as if to put on a carefully crafted show. What follows are a series of encounters and conversations that I wrote in retrospect. I also took notes afterwards where I collected my mental pictures, my feelings, reactions, and my own thoughts. These were then interspersed throughout the text in the places where I felt were either accurate or appropriate. I have attempted to write of these encounters as if writing a novel, so that I can embellish the narrative where lacking (or missing), and to provide a sense of linearity. After all, the medium of speculative fiction may be the best channel for offering these conversations. That way, I am not insisting on the truth or the actuality of what happened. It's the truth even if it never happened anyway. What more can I say?

October 2012

## MEETING ONE

I had driven to the small town of Benamahoma to park the car as there was a short walking route I wanted to take between Benamahoma and El Bosque. It was a pleasant track that followed the river and passed under the shade of the forest. On a gentle walk it would take 90 minutes each way. It was a walk I had taken several times before, and it was my preference to leave the car at Benamahoma, do the round trip, and have lunch at one of the local restaurants I knew that served excellent local food. A three-hour walk would usually be enough to create a decent appetite in me. Also, Benamahoma is known for its excellent local honey; something I usually took advantage of before leaving. Both Benamahoma and El Bosque are small white towns situated at the edge of the picturesque Sierra de Grazalema Natural Park. It was March, 2012, and the spring had come early to Andalusia. The weeks had been kind to us with glorious sunshine and rising temperatures. Many of the flowers were blooming early, and people were preparing their vegetable gardens to begin planting the spring-summer crops of tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers, zucchinis, melons, and the rest. The soil was dry because we had had little rain over the winter. Neighbors had told me that after the previous several years of very wet winters, where we had witnessed a lot of flooding, we were now entering a dry cycle for the next couple of years.

With the early spring in my mind and in my step I entered the forest path to take me to El Bosque. I had deliberately chosen a week day so that there would be few people, and fewer families, crowding the narrow path as it curved following the river. Almost undisturbed I walked through the shadows of trees, occasionally hit by a stray ray of sunlight streaking through, and

listened to the changing rhythms of the water. After a pleasant walk to El Bosque I took a cold beer at a small bar beside the river entrance, then made my way back to Benamahoma. My thoughts were elsewhere and everywhere, as was normal when I was rambling and roaming. As I approached the end of the walk my stomach turned its thoughts, and sounds, toward food and I visualized the local restaurant where I usually ate a pleasant lunch. To get to the restaurant I had to walk up a hill that was another ten minutes, and which wound past several houses perched on the slope of this mountain town. I casually meandered along the road and up the hill, looking beyond at the clear mountain vistas that rose up as rocky pinnacles piercing the blue Andalusian sky. I didn't see the man until I was almost upon him; I nearly stumbled into his rigid, upright body.

'Oh, perdone' I said, in a surprise. The man, who appeared to be in his early sixties, said nothing, only stared directly at me for a few unsettling moments. I thought that perhaps he was as surprised as me to have an English man almost walking into him; or perhaps he didn't think I understood any Spanish. In these few split seconds I managed a smile and a 'Buenos dias', and turned to move on. Yet before my first step had made contact with the ground the man had begun to chuckle, showing a near-perfect set of strong white teeth, and in perfect English said 'Are you sure you know where you're going?' 'Errgh, yes,' I managed to say even more surprised; 'I'm heading for lunch at the restaurant at the top here.'

'Ah yes, by the fountain; I know it. Such a good place too. Yet they always have the same old food. I bet you'd rather have different kinds of food from time to time?'

‘Well,’ I said smiling now at what appeared to be an affable English gentleman, ‘I quite like the food there. Have you tried it?’ At which point the man began to turn and continue walking up the hill. Naturally, I followed, since it felt we were somehow in conversation, and anyhow I was going in that direction.

‘Yes, I have; but I much prefer my own light lunches - and selective company too. Would you say you are a bit of a daydreamer?’ the man asked as I walked beside him yet half a foot behind.

‘Well, I don’t know. I’m not sure really’ I replied.

‘I think perhaps you are’ he said smiling. ‘That’s okay though; everybody here seems to be dreaming! Yet some dream deeper than others. Do you know what we sometimes have to do for those who are only dreaming a little?’ The man looked at me with a wry smile. I had no idea where the conversation was going or whether he was joking with me. The whole encounter seemed somewhat playful to me; and so in the sun of the day I played along with a light tone.

‘No,’ I said, ‘what do you do?’

‘Well, we pluck them out of course!’ and he laughed. Stopping at the gate to a house that sloped down from the road of the hill he turned his gaze upwards and nodded. ‘That’s an eagle you can see up there; it has a nest on a mountain ridge like many other eagles. You can see them gliding on the air currents, their eyes focused below for movement. Eagles have sharp eyes. Have you ever wondered what humans look like from an eagle’s perspective?’

‘No,’ I answered truthfully. Again, the man nodded; then fixed me with a soft smile.

‘Tell me young man; is it your fate today to eat your usual lunch of wild boar with a glass of red wine, or is it to try something new – some different kind of

food?’ said the man. I really didn’t know what to say. I had no clue what ‘different food’ he was referring to. Yet I found it pleasant to be speaking with this older English man, for it had been a while since I had had the opportunity to converse in English. I felt I was in need of a decent chat in my own mother tongue; and this guy seemed to have a reserved quirky side.

‘Well, I’m open’ I replied.

‘Good, then follow me. Just imagine that I have a ‘Follow Me’ sign written on my back – that should make it easier!’ chuckled the man as he strolled down the path toward a normal looking white-bricked Andalusian house. I closed the gate behind me and, as instructed, followed the imaginary sign on his back.

I sat down as indicated at a wooden table on the patio that had already been laid. Upon it were several small dishes of different cheeses; some Spanish cured ham; freshly cut local bread; and several other dishes of what appeared to be jam types. The man came and placed a chilled jug of water in the middle of the table and continued to pour. As I said, he appeared to be around his early sixties although it was difficult to be exact as his hair was whitish rather than grey, and his face had a youthful look albeit old of his years. And despite having a quirky sense to his facial features when one looked casually at his face it was inoffensively nondescript. There was an air of normality about the man which at times disappeared completely when, it seemed, he wished to override this. When I was just about to ask him his name he handed me a glass of water, and introduced himself as Monroe.

‘There are different variations of my name that you could call me, yet Monroe is what works best,’ and being English he gave me his hand to shake. And

being English myself I gave it a firm shake and introduced myself; a bit too formally I thought.

‘Unusual name’ said Monroe. ‘Has it helped you in life? I suppose it has.’ He then gestured for me to eat.

‘I’m not sure’ I replied truthfully. ‘When I was a young boy I didn’t care much for my name; I guess it’s the same with many. But then I came to like it; and somehow I feel it has helped. Names have a function.’ I remembered that I wasn’t sure exactly what I meant after I had said that final phrase – what kind of function did I mean? I had a niggling sensation that in Monroe’s presence I was mimicking being more philosophical than I probably was, or thought I was. At first Monroe did not reply, but carefully placed some cheese onto the bread and slowly brought it up to his mouth, almost ceremoniously I thought. I selected some bread and Spanish ham and continued to eat.

‘Names do indeed serve a function, as do particular words. Well, words are only vibrations, and they get picked up in your reality accordingly. Now, how do you find the cheese? It comes from a local village; there’s both sheep and goat’s cheese. I think you’ll find the extra-cured sheep’s cheese is a treat. How do you like living in Andalusia?’

‘It’s ideal for where I need to be right now’ I said. ‘I’m not sure how long I will be here, or whether I’ll need to move again. But for now it’s working.’

‘Yes,’ nodded Monroe, ‘one must follow their instincts, and their needs. Places are contexts, they have a function for particular people at certain times, and these variants can and do alter. Energy falls at specific places in lesser or greater quantities according to context, and other matters.’

‘Such as the layout of the geographical region?’ I asked.

‘On a lower level, yes. Yet everything is interconnected, interwoven with everything else. The cause and effect that you observe around you is a secondary, or even tertiary, manifestation. There is a lot going on at the moment. People need to keep their sense of balance and to be grounded.’

‘Yes, I agree. The world is changing fast, especially in this transition window; and many of the world systems are crazy because they’re stuck in wrong thinking. So I guess in some ways being in Andalusia is useful in that it shields you from some of the excesses going on in the world. And people here seem less distracted. Global events don’t seem so global here, and locals don’t talk much about this’ I replied. I could sense that Monroe was an intelligent man, yet still remaining cautious in what he spoke.

‘Perhaps not – but *you* talk about it, don’t you?’ Monroe said with a raised finger half-pointed directly at me.

‘Well, it’s what I’m interested in’ I said, somewhat underplaying the depth of my interest.

‘And you want answers too, yes?’

‘Don’t we all want answers?’ As soon as I had said this I knew it was a blasé, evasive response. I immediately felt a little embarrassed at my standard, conditioned answer that didn’t mean anything to either of us. Monroe just smiled and looked out over the view toward the mountains and the road that meandered in the distance.

‘Not everyone is wishing for answers. Some are seeking, yet don’t know how to ask the right questions yet. Others are not prepared to accept or understand the answers. And the majority, I’m afraid to say, don’t really care. They have *their* world, and that is exactly where they are content to stay.’ After saying this Monroe fell silent. A long pause gripped the table. I was content to eat in

silence, trying to enjoy the same view that Monroe had been scanning a little before. For several minutes the both of us sat and ate in silence, enjoying the vistas reflected in the early afternoon sunlight. The air was fresh, clear, and shimmered against the blue background. Despite the oddity of our meeting I didn't feel any unease or discomfort about sharing an intimate lunch with a person whom was a complete stranger to me. It was Monroe who broke the silence first.

'So what is it exactly that you are looking for? What answers did you expect to find by coming here?' The tone of the question was soft yet firmly directed at me. For several long drawn-out seconds I wasn't sure how to answer.

'My own search is for my inner development; and from this to perceive the truth of life and our reality' I finally said. Monroe nodded with a turn of his mouth, seeming to accept my statement. I was not expecting any response from him; I only felt required to answer in an honest way. Monroe stood up and walked to the edge of the patio, his glass of water in hand. I noticed for the first time how smartly dressed he was. I saw first his shoes; a pair of very fine light brown leather which were clean as a whistle. His white trousers and shirt were without wrinkle, his short white hair pushed back from his face so that I could see what was perhaps the only feature that stood out from him was a sharp nose, almost eagle-like.

'It's a fine thing is truth' Monroe finally said, sipping his water slowly.

'If it can ever be found!' I said, trying to give a chuckle as if I thought my response was ironic. Without pausing Monroe turned to look at me and replied 'Truth is truth; but your reality is what you make it.' The way Monroe said this last statement was so emphatic as if it had been shot at me like an arrow. For some unknown reason it felt as if I had an emotional reaction to

what had just been said, for I remember clearly a lump swell in the middle of my chest. I say a lump yet it was not anything physical; rather a ball of heavy energy form momentarily, pulsate several times, then pass away. I looked over at Monroe and he motioned me with his eyes to join him. I stood and walked over to where he was gazing out from the edge of the patio. With his glass in hand he made a brief gesture; 'this is your reality. Everything you see here is for you. This is what you have made – take a look at it.' Yet there was something very odd in the way he spoke, as if his voice was slowed down a fraction so it sounded more blurry. There was a different tone, or resonance, to his voice in this moment. For an instant I wasn't sure where my senses were focused, whether I was straining to hear him or looking out over the vista before me. I was looking down at the garden below that sloped down from the patio. Yet there was something immediately odd about the scene. Then I realized that there was no sound. All was completely silent; almost eerie. I focused my sight onto the garden plants and flowers and I saw then that there was a bird on one of the shrubs. Yet it was still, unmoving. It was then that I sensed everything in my vision was still – silent and still, as if time and motion had frozen. I turned my head to look at Monroe. I think I was wondering whether he too was frozen. But then he turned his head to look at me, and dashed me a quick grin. I turned to look at the garden again and my ears filled with sound and there was a buzz of energy, of life, that had been absent a moment before. Even though the sounds were minimal – the light flow of breeze; a few soft bird calls – they filled my ears in stereo almost as if a once deaf person were switched on to hearing suddenly. I felt relieved at sensing the return of the sounds and energies of life.

‘Even such a small tweak of one’s sense of reality can be unnerving’ continued Monroe once we had sat down again at the table. ‘If an unprepared person were to have a full exposure it would literally blow their minds. Such exposure comes with understanding, and a person must be prepared, gradually. It is like waking-up from a deep slumber; like your astronauts from some imagined deep-space hibernation. It can be disorientating – and it can make you crazy!’ Monroe looked at me from across the table and raised his eyebrows as if pitying what he was going to say next. ‘The truth can make people crazy. That’s the way it has always been.’ Monroe poured some more water into my now empty glass. ‘Truth for many people is what they happen to be thinking in the moment. They have no mechanisms in place for perceiving beyond their limited conditioning. It is difficult to discuss things of which people have no perception of; and thus neither the experience nor the language to frame it. It is like trying to describe the taste of an apple to someone who’s never encountered one!’ Smiling, he said, ‘Tell me, what does *apple* taste like?’ I thought for a moment; then knew he had me.

‘I see your point. I can’t describe the taste. It’s kind of juicy, but the apple taste is apple.’

‘And you say you would like to find the truth,’ continued Monroe, ‘when you have yet no capacity to taste the truth. You have expectations, which are no doubt formed from many years of cultural conditioning, mixed with emotions, greed, a dash of need for attention; and topped off by faulty reasoning!’

Monroe raised his glass of water and mock-toasted me. I returned the toast.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘seems like the prognosis isn’t too bad then after all.’ Monroe chuckled, then immediately changed the subject and began talking about the weather in Andalusia. I felt it was a distraction strategy, to take my mind off

the current subject, and to allow me to finish eating my lunch in peace, which I did.

It was mid-afternoon as we strolled together to the front gate of the house. The sun was still shining, the light was bright and uplifting, yet the heat was beginning to drain from the day.

‘Thank you for the visit’ said Monroe as we both stood on the sloping road outside the house. Looking downhill I saw the way we had both walked a couple of hours earlier.

‘It was a pleasure. Thank you for the invitation’ I replied.

‘Oh, how very automatically polite of you!’ said Monroe with a smile. ‘Your conditioning is quite well formed. Anyway, I wouldn’t exactly say that I invited you.’ He looked at me blankly.

‘What would you say then?’ I asked.

‘I would say that you brought yourself to my door.’

‘Really?’ I replied, somewhat surprised by this latest remark. ‘So, it’s my fault then?’

‘Of course not’, said Monroe. He was smiling in such a friendly way it was hard not to feel anything but kinship for this man. ‘Fault implies a negative trait, and creates guilt within a person. You brought yourself here because it was the right time and right place – only you didn’t know it. Anyway, I’m here for a short while so we have time to continue these chats. Next week, same time, come for lunch. Only don’t forget to bring your digital recorder with you.’

Monroe nodded and began to walk back toward the house. I didn’t know what to say. Was it a joke, a bluff? Yet he had said it so confidently, as if it had already been decided.

I began to walk back to the car, trying as hard as I could to remember the details of all that had occurred, and the conversation that had passed between us. It was only when I arrived home I realized I had forgotten to buy a jar of Benamahoma honey.

## MEETING TWO

It is true to say I had mixed feelings during the week. I was intrigued with the encounter I had had with the man I now knew as Monroe. And to be fair I also very much enjoyed his company and listening to him. What he said appealed to me. It appealed to my sense of mystery as well as my urge to truly *know* more. I tried to recollect as much of our conversation as possible. What I did manage to remember I wrote down as accurately as I could, despite having the nagging feeling that there were parts I simply could not recall. Hence it was a good idea to bring a recorder for the next meeting.

It was inevitable I would return. I was hooked by the very thing I was greedy for – more information and knowledge. I suspect that Monroe knew this, as he teased me with it; he dangled the bait before me and like a hungry fish I bit the line.

Walking up to the front door I heard Monroe call out, ‘Come round the back.’ I walked around the house and saw, as I had the week before, a table already immaculately prepared with various dishes of local food to eat. A jug of crystal clear water was standing on the table. Our two chairs and places were set and waiting. Since I knew Monroe to be British and not Spanish I stuck out my hand for him to shake rather than to brave a two-cheeked kiss.

‘How very English of you’ remarked Monroe chirpily as he shook my hand. ‘So well programmed.’ I recognized by now that there was a mocking side to Monroe; a tendency to try to force a reaction through deliberate teases. I was determined to keep my stature and not to play any games, or to play *into* any game.

‘And very English of you too to shake my hand’ I responded politely with a smile.

‘Oh, I’m not English my dear deluded fellow. You are quite wrong, by a wide margin.’ I took out my small digital voice recorder, set it to record, and placed it on the table between us. Monroe rubbed his hands in what I took to be a sign of quite youthful delight.

‘Well, I congratulate you then as your English is impeccable’ I said. This was to be remembered – recorded – as my first opening line for our digital records.

‘And I congratulate you too for congratulating me. Isn’t this social politeness such a wonderful thing!’ said Monroe, smiling at me and raising one of his eyebrows in a gesture that I soon very quickly became accustomed to over our time together.

‘Yes, I suppose it is. And so may I ask what is your nationality?’

‘Yes, you may ask’ replied Monroe as he placed a little food upon his plate. In the silence that followed I observed how he looked exactly as I remembered him from the previous week. His manners were refined and his composure very deliberate; no movement seemed either out of place or an unconscious act. It was as if he was using his body in a precise way, as a hand fits a glove and animates it.

‘Okay then – what is your nationality?’ I finally asked when it dawned on me the laziness of my language and what the silence had been for.

‘I have none’ replied Monroe immediately, and took a bite of his bread.

‘So then where do you come from; where were you born?’ I asked next.

Monroe just shook his head.

‘You will never get the right answers if you don’t learn how to ask the questions you need. You are distracted by irrelevancies and the trivialities of shallow thinking. You need to shift perspective.’

‘Okay then,’ I said, ‘then tell me why you are here.’ I watched as Monroe pursed his lips and swayed his head a little from side to side.

‘Not bad – although technically not a question. Yet for the sake of details I will take it as a direct question. I am here because I observe the great unfolding that is called life. That does not necessarily imply that I am a nature lover, although I do happen to be. Rather, that my role is to watch how life on this planet is working through its evolutionary journey. I observe the ebb and flow of these processes; where it goes awry; where it needs assistance; and, from time to time, to bring awareness of the nature of this reality to some receptive minds. Now that, in a nutshell as some of you would say, is the *why* I am here.’

‘Mmmm’ was my muffled response. I nodded my head sagely but actually rather dumbly.

‘And if you wanted to know the ‘why’ I am here in Andalusia, then that is not up for grabs because that is specifics and I am discussing more the bigger picture here. What you need to learn is perspective; especially the perspective of perception of the bigger picture and the nature of your reality – not my specifics which don’t concern you.’

‘Of course,’ I said automatically. I wasn’t quite sure what I was after – generality or specifics! In fact, at that moment I remember feeling that I had no idea what it was I either had to ask or should ask. After all, it was he who had coaxed the repeated meeting into being. Somewhere along the way it was I who was being taken along for the ride. Suddenly my sense of being in

control of events evaporated. I realized then that I had been cleverly maneuvered into this situation, and that I had no power or influence to direct the flow of events. It was Monroe who was in charge of this moment; and, I sensed, of all the moments we were to spend together.

‘Many people consider it the peak of human development to be kind, generous, to heal the sick and protect the weak’ said Monroe as he leaned back in his chair. ‘Yet these traits are not spiritual goals but are the elementary social duties incumbent upon humanity as a social animal. Funny how such basic services get lauded and applauded as acts of sainthood. The delinquency of your species is often dressed by the most socially-acceptable behaviour.’ Monroe paused before finally adding, ‘just an observation mind you. How do you find the food?’

‘Mmm...muy bueno’ I said as I had a piece of goat’s cheese with honey in my mouth. It was artful of how Monroe could make me feel both appreciative and gluttonous in the same moment. A look of embarrassment must have flashed across my face as Monroe made his nodding and chuckling gesture that told me he was both amused and somehow validated by my behaviour.

‘One of the issues with humanity, in general, is that it spends so much of its energy and attention trying to tell or persuade each other what to do that individual members are not shown how to find out what particular things need doing to whom, when, and where. A human being has thus put out of its mind the long-term possibility of attaining an objective knowledge of what is happening to humanity. One is inclined to refer to the situation here as being a topsy-turvy world’ said Monroe as his eyes moved away to stare at some distant object.

‘Yes, it seems that we are back-to-front or upside-down’ I began, hoping to get myself involved as a serious participant in this discussion. ‘We’ve come this far, almost to the cusp of a planetary society, globally connected like never before in known recorded history; and now we are on the tipping point of possible collapse. As a global species we are heading for overshoot, meaning going beyond our carrying capacity as a planet.’ I had been giving my usual sociological spiel; the same stuff I had been saying over and over again for quite some time.

‘Yes, I’m perfectly aware of what overshoot is and how it affects this planet. It is a common feature within the development of civilizations and empires.

However, take note that your species did not come this far for nothing.

Neither is your species here for your own enjoyment – it has an important function as part of the reciprocity involved in all living systems.’ Monroe paused to take a sip of his water in what was a very considerate movement. I stayed silent, chewing quietly, showing no signs of wanting to speak. After a few moments Monroe raised his finger and appeared to point; instinctively I turned my head to gaze in the direction indicated. I saw only the general vista beyond and nothing specific to catch my eye. When I turned back Monroe was shaking his head and smiling to himself. I knew I had been distracted easily.

‘The Earth needs a residing species to form a group soul,’ continued Monroe.

‘That is, for there to be bonds of mutual love, respect, and wisdom between all members of the conscious species so that they act as a unity, whilst also retaining their individual freedom. This is a great cosmic task, and humankind today on your planet represents an early stage in this great undertaking. Now that’s not a cue to start thinking in terms of events being orchestrated by some ultimate Godhead, a grand figure that you have humanized by your limited

imaginations, sitting upon a throne on high! Your species are only creating role-playing characters by these simplistic thoughts. Neither think in terms of perfection, as such grand evolutionary plans have their flawed moments too. Yet it is safe to say that humankind is nowhere near the capacity able to comprehend what perfection or imperfection means at this level. Your value reasoning is admirable at times, yet terribly burdensome too. It gets in the way of much more balanced comprehension; yet for now you need to keep your sense of duality and polarity, if only as a platform to step beyond these divisive categories.'

'Monroe,' I finally said after a prolonged pause. 'I'm not sure I'm following all of this. Are you saying that you are not human, or at least not from this planet, and that there is a grand evolutionary project going on?'

'You already know everything. Each one of you does; only that it is buried within and access to this knowledge is closed to the majority of your species. The whys of this we will come to. Although you deliberately put a note of surprise in the tone of your question regarding my origin, the fact is that you are not surprised; you felt this to be the case already. So I shall not dwell on this further at this particular moment. Once you come to understand more about how reality functions you will comprehend matters that for now are just slightly beyond your grasp. You have a voice recorder because the amount of information you are receiving is too much to assimilate in one go. Your consciousness will thus store the information and replay it back to you when either the context or the need demands it. Although your brain has a far higher capacity for recording and storage than does this digital device, for the short term you need immediate memory recall of our talks. So don't worry

whether you comprehend everything which you will hear from me. It is important you enjoy the ambience of these occasions. The rest will take care of itself. Now,' said Monroe as he rose from his seat, 'did you ever take history classes?'

'Not really,' I replied, 'just a few when I was at school.' I stood up as Monroe walked past and, picking up the voice recorder, followed him as he crossed the patio steps that led onto the lawn below. When we were both on the lawn Monroe turned around and pointed back at the steps.

'You see there how grass and weed is growing through the concrete between the stones?' Monroe asked.

'Yes,' I replied, seeing how there was indeed grass growing through the stone steps.

'Do you know why a living thing grows in the most inhospitable place?'

'No' I said.

'Because it can,' replied Monroe. 'Life is incredible once it is let loose. Now let us put this into perspective and move across the grand picture.' He walked over to a bench that was beneath a hanging tree in the corner of the garden, which I had not previously noted, and sat down. Looking at Monroe sitting there, his legs neatly crossed, I realized for the first time that he was wearing a white Panama hat. Had he been wearing that hat when we met; or during our earlier conversation at the table? For the life of me I couldn't recollect. Not wanting to show my confusion or to question Monroe on the matter I pretended as if I had not noticed the Panama and went to sit down on the bench beside him. Monroe began talking the moment my body touched the bench.

‘The history of the Earth shows a slow yet accelerating transformation from lifelessness to life, from primitive sense-forms to developed consciousness. It has not, mind you, always been a smooth journey. There have been profound moments of collapse; yet the adaptation of life on this planet and its ability to immerse itself into its energetic environment is a marvel. You are not the result of mechanical forces, operating blindly within a sea of chance. This is such a disenchanting and, may I say it, post-primitive stage of thinking. I say post-primitive because even the primitive stage is more accepting of the place of life within a grander sacred order. Yet the ignorance that comes later, posing as scientific rationality, is so awkward and dry. It has no scope for the magnificence of love and compassionate wisdom. So you burn your feet trying to reach for the stars through rocket fuel. Amazingly odd!’ Monroe cocked his head with a little smile in my direction.

‘I guess we’re still learning’ I said smiling back at him.

‘I guess so’ said Monroe in a sort of conspiratorial tone. ‘Yet,’ he continued, ‘Life must become responsible for itself. Until that time it must accept the possibility that there are guiding and nurturing forces. Do you really think conscious life made it this far upon its own good fortune? Or perhaps, like many others upon this planet, you believe that it is the survival of the fittest that has been the evolutionary driver, battling away through generations to be top of the evolutionary tree? Really, it’s a bit silly, don’t you think?’

‘Well, I do agree that Darwinism has now been pretty much taken apart by modern science and only a minority now accept a strict Darwinian interpretation’ I replied.

‘Pretty much. Although more people than you think still adhere to a fundamental Darwinian interpretation of evolution. Creationism or

fundamental Darwinism – it’s the same mechanisms of extreme beliefs in operation, and the same inflexibility to incorporate new ideas into one’s conditioned belief structures. Really, is it so strange to think that there might be an intelligence behind evolution? Many of your scientists often talk of nature as if she is imbued with intelligence; and many of the braver ones actually talk in terms of conscious intelligent fields in nature. So, your fields of thought are gradually getting there. You just need more time for the seeds to develop within your culture. The seeds have already been sown. After all, it is the duty of a nurturing intelligence to make sure that the seeds *are* sown – at the right time and in the right place.’ Monroe slightly raised a finger from his folded hands on his lap as if to emphasize his next remark. ‘Growing times, mind you, vary from years to centuries; and sometimes beyond. Farsight is quite amazing when you see it in operation.’

‘I have no way to comprehend this’ I said after a short pause; ‘yet it feels reasonable to me.’

‘Reasonable it is’ agreed Monroe. ‘There are in fact many indicators of this operative design in your own recorded stories. Again, through your polarity lens, you name them as history or myths. History has been used, and abused, to record the past and can be used to connect with a future; whereas myth belongs to the eternal present. Both these carriers of information, streams of code, have woven themselves through your species history as veins supplying your lifeblood. Myths, especially, are part of your genetic inheritance as a species. Thousands of years can pass, your greatest monuments reduced to dust, and yet myths live on as long as there are people in the world. Whatever passes in our conversation as unreasonable for your thinking patterns or unrealistic for your senses, then just put it down as being another myth - a

mythology being woven between friends!’ Monroe turned to me and gave what I remembered to be such a warm and genuinely affectionate smile. I remember the glow of energy I felt when receiving this smile. And for that brief moment I felt a strong kinship with Monroe that I could not put into words. It was as if I had known this man for such a long time, instead of the few short hours of our meeting.

‘At this stage it doesn’t really matter whether you *believe* it or not,’ continued Monroe, ‘as belief is only a category for storing information which you have no rational explanation or science for. It’s a convenient little box to place opinions and events that take your fancy, interest you, or are curious about, and yet which you have no credible means to validate. It’s amazing how society accepts beliefs, or the right to hold beliefs, no matter how crazy they are, yet has little or no capacity for validating experiential reality. Artificial reality seems to be the general agreed upon true ‘one god reality’, because it can be uniformly attested to, manipulated, and controlled. Yet the reality that lies beyond the filtering mechanisms of human sense organs – what you call subjective non-ordinary states – are seen as oddities, party talk, or madness. Anyway, you have your myths, and be thankful that these eternal seeds of wisdom remain firmly planted in your species soil. Are you comfortable?’ This question coming from out the blue startled me out of my thoughts.

‘Yes, thanks, all is good’ I replied.

‘I didn’t ask you if you were good, although I’m glad to hear that too. I asked you if you were comfortable’ said Monroe in a detached, non-critical tone.

Again, I realized that I had to watch my language when speaking around Monroe as he seemed to treat language as a precise instrument.

‘Thank you; yes, I am comfortable’ I said.

‘Good. Now have you ever considered a form of higher intelligence that enters into humanity?’

‘You mean like a kind of possession of human souls?’

‘Dear no,’ replied Monroe, ‘that sounds too much like some religious fear rhetoric; possessing your soul, like those scary feature films you people love to watch. I’m talking of an intelligence that enters into individual or collective minds; you might call it inspiration. Have you never wondered where your thoughts come from? Do you think that all your thoughts are the result of neurons firing inside your head; just some sparks of electric passing through your neuronal passageways? How does humanity account for great leaps of inspiration? Why are there geniuses when everybody is gifted with the same structured brain? Have these such thoughts ever *entered into* your head?’

‘Sometimes, yes’ I admitted. ‘I have often wondered where thoughts originate from and whether they are formed inside the head or can be picked-up from outside.’

‘I see’ nodded Monroe. ‘You tell me that both *sometimes* you think of these things, and also that you have *often* wondered on these matters. Mmm...both sometimes and often. How should I interpret that?’ said Monroe as if speaking to himself. Then he turned to me with a big grin, as though letting me know that all was okay. ‘Now, let me offer this perspective. Just as the human body is composed of many parts, of different organs with different functions that operate in their own individual ways; when they come together they form a whole, interactive, communicative body. Likewise, think of a color, any color; the color is the same whether it is represented by a drop or an ocean. The essence of living intelligence is simultaneously a part as well as the whole. There are ‘parts’ of this whole intelligence that can enter into the human being

and communicate through both conscious and unconscious thoughts. This is one form of interaction between higher intelligence and humanity that allows for evolutionary guidance to operate.’

‘And the other form?’ I asked after there had been a suitable pause.

‘The other way is indirectly,’ continued Monroe. ‘It operates through representatives, or emissaries, that are fully human yet developed enough to have the capacity to perceive direct communication with higher intelligence. Such persons weave through life implementing events here and there, being social and, for the most part, passing unnoticed amongst humankind. You need to realize that the essence of a thing is often not what it appears to be. Thus, there has always by necessity, and design, been those on your planet who can *see* – ironically, though, *you* don’t see *them!*’

‘Why is that, are they invisible?’ I asked innocently. At this remark Monroe chuckled quite audibly.

‘No, it’s because they are completely normal, and people are usually on the lookout for something that fits their twisted imaginations. Of course, you have plenty of suppliers for this ongoing demand. A word of advice – always watch out for the weird ones! They usually have too much of both beard and egos. Yet we are moving ahead of ourselves. To resume, evolution began slow as Intelligence first entered into the beginnings of life more than two billion years ago.’

‘Are you saying that this Intelligence created life on the planet?’ I asked.

Monroe turned his head slightly to look at me.

‘Ohh, isn’t that such a crazy thought!’, he whispered. ‘Imagine intelligence creating life; well, we can’t have that, can we? Surely it is more plausible to think that life was created from non-life? A non-living accidental process just

happens to create the spark of life that over billions of years creates semi-intelligent apes. I think this must be the only possible explanation to account for the dimness of the human race. What do you think?’

‘I think you must be right’ I whispered back. I had hoped I was correct in catching his irony. I had the strong feeling that Monroe was always several steps ahead.

‘Your scientists are fond of dallying in the laboratory, trying to prove one thought-form after another. Yet in many cases they fail to observe the one consistent proof – that results are generally obtained by intervention from above. That is, not from some divine intervention but from the scientists hovering above the experiment. Does not your own understanding of quantum physics tell you that observers alter the experiment? There can be no vacuum in such matters; the role of the scientists is more crucial than you think, although in ways that you perhaps do not imagine. That they observe their objects actually makes their results subjective and not objective as they have always claimed. You cannot take out the presence of consciousness. Another point is that life, as you know of it, is directed toward a goal. It does not exist purely for its own sake; or worse, for nothing. Why are you looking at me strangely? Your expression tells me you think I’ve gone god-soppy.’

‘I didn’t think I was looking at you in any particular way’, I replied defensively. ‘I was not referring to an expression on your face. I don’t need to see a pattern of wrinkles to know how a person is looking. The way you were looking at me with your thoughts. You were jumping into the perception-set of conditioned religious definitions. Do you think I am telling you that all life follows a Divine purpose? Why are you internally processing what I say through religious filters?’ Monroe was now looking at me directly, his face unmoving and

without expression. I had no idea what to make of the moment, or what he was expecting from me. I managed to collect my thoughts and say ‘So life is directed? Then why does evolution have its stops and starts; its extinctions?’ ‘Good point’, said Monroe with a wide, friendly smile. ‘And why can’t false evolutionary starts be part of a directed process? Again, this goes back to your conditioning that such ‘higher Intelligence’ should be perfect, etc, etc, blah, blah. As I’ve said, we’re not talking of an ultimate Intelligence here...but an Intelligence-guided process. Of course there will be failed attempts. Evolution is itself a learning curve, wouldn’t you say?’

‘In that sense, yes I would. So it can be said that evolution is about an Intelligence pervading life forms on this planet?’ I was trying now to watch my words carefully. I could see, or more to the point sense, that Monroe was observing very closely our interaction and my manner of addressing this subject.

‘In a basic sense, yes.’ Monroe began to chuckle to himself; and turning his head to face me wagged his gaunt finger in my direction – ‘which means that all of you are also alien to some degree. No escaping it now – the alien cat is out the bag!’ Monroe laughed and took in a deep breath and appeared to take great delight in the surrounding nature. For what appeared to be a prolonged moment Monroe gazed into the leaves of the tree hanging above him. In this silence I noticed for the first time, since our time in the garden earlier, the sounds of the birds. There was a chorus of tweeting, of bird calls, of great activity. My brief reverie was broken by Monroe’s voice.

‘If life was solely about the birth, life, and death of animal bodies, nothing animating them but blood and survival instincts, then life on this planet could be called ‘native’. It would also be operating for quite another purpose. In

your terms you would perhaps refer to it as “meaningless”. It is somewhat ironic that your species is now in the fuzzy zone.’

‘The fuzzy zone! What’s that exactly?’ I asked generally surprised.

‘Well, you are occupying a “fuzzy space” between both worlds. In your, let us call it, pre-historic times your ancestors had a highly developed instinctual sense. The early Neanderthal breed was in fact a moon-worshipping matriarchal society, sensitive to the moon’s influence upon the Earth. The Cro-Magnon breed that came later, and which sought to eliminate the Neanderthals, were sun-worshippers and patriarchal. Although both deemed highly primitive by your standards they had keener instincts in terms of sensing life as intractably bound with external solar and cosmic forces.

Whereas the 40,000 years Homo Sapiens Sapiens breed has developed the civilization model, taken progress by the horns and run with technological ingenuity; yet remains instinctually stunted. Interesting that such a pinnacle of physical evolution should display arrested development in the psychic faculty. Anyway, to continue, the process of evolution is an experiment of the manifestation of Intelligence within matter. This manifestation can be most clearly seen by following the evolution of human consciousness.’

‘So does that mean that evolution on this planet is more or less the evolution of consciousness?’ I asked Monroe.

‘More or less? That’s quite a useful abstract phrase – it’s the type of phrase one uses, I imagine, when one is fishing for answers yet has nothing on the end of their line. More or less is also useful in presenting concepts that are too obtuse for the listener to comprehend, thereby softening the edges. So, yes, more or less – let us say – evolution of material forms on this planet goes hand in hand with the process of emerging consciousness. The manifestation

of Intelligence within material forms brings a unity of spirit through a diversity of form. The current physical model for this manifestation of unity consciousness on this planet is humankind. If this process is successful, which, by the way, is the plan, then Earth humankind will have evolved into a new soul-species – another unitary Intelligence. It is quite remarkable that at this stage in the process the majority of humankind is still oblivious to any notion of spirit, or of inter-dimensional life and intelligence. Your many prophets and mystics have been right in saying that you are living in a state of collective amnesia. It is a deep sleep, this sense of isolated physical existence, and you must awaken from it. A species of sleepwalkers imagining nothing exists beyond the boundaries of their tiny blue planet, and nothing beyond their limited five senses. Why do you create this illusion? Did a mental disease strike your planet?’

I had to laugh. ‘Yes’, I said, ‘We’ve all been put under a collective hypnotic trance!’

‘You may indeed laugh’, continued Monroe, ‘yet this is closer to the truth, literally, than you know. There are forces which are not too happy about what is transpiring on this planet, and where Intelligence is going. There are forces attempting to forestall this program. Anyway, no more on this matter now. I wouldn’t wish to alarm your imaginative minds and send you off onto flights of fancy...more or less.’

‘But isn’t it good to have imaginative minds, to be creative in thought? Why shouldn’t we stimulate this?’ I replied, not wanting Monroe to leave the subject too soon.

‘Indeed, creativity is one of the higher facets of consciousness. It was the access to creativity that marked out a higher stage of development in species

evolution. The ability to manifest the interior realm onto the world outside is a huge step in evolution. Your ancestral cave paintings are examples of this early emergence of creativity. It is a form of translating what lies beyond the senses into a form communicable within the physical. You guys are still doing it today, with various levels of success I might add!’ After saying this Monroe stood up and made an exaggerated motion of stretching his arms wide as if he had just stepped out of a cramped cocoon. Then shaking his legs in a somewhat playful style he began to stroll away from the bench. I got up and fell in beside him. Monroe then made for a tour of his flower garden, smelling the petals and checking, or caressing, the stalks. He appeared to be observing the flowers in great detail. I almost did not wish to disturb him, as if it was a ritual he was engaged in. Yet I knew I had to keep the line of conversation alive, and progressing. All of it was leading somewhere, I was sure.

‘You mentioned about the early cave paintings. Was that the early signs of creative consciousness?’ I asked. Monroe continued to check his flowers a moment longer, and did not lift up his head when he spoke.

‘In your terms yes, it was. However, such cave drawings were not the scribbles of any passer-by who happened to be taken by a brief moment of inspiration. There is a cave, and then there is a cave – not every cave is the same. What I mean by this is that your human collective imagination, what you also ironically refer to as your history, has this image of all ‘primitive’ ancestors living in family caves – a type of Fred Flintstone caricature. In fact caves were sacred places – they were sacrosanct to many, and can be regarded as early forms of temples. Only the initiated were allowed to penetrate to the heart of such caves where you see the remarkable drawings. I’m not talking about minor scribbles on cave entrances; I’m talking here of the profound insights

found in such caves as at Lascaux and Chauvet in France. These works of the imaginal mind are around 32-35,000 years old.’

‘Wow’, I gasped, ‘I never realized such paintings were that old! So, these were the creative drawings from the conscious mind of the early, eh, priests?’

‘Yes, they were. Since access to such caves was forbidden except to the initiated, they were the forerunners to later priestly elites. Yet I think a better word to use is custodians of a tradition, as they were guardians of consciousness rather than some religious script. Let me give you an example in deciphering their images. In Lascaux there is a depiction of deer crossing a river. Whereas orthodox interpretation believes it shows how your ancestors were mirroring their hunting lifestyle, it actually is a depiction of an initiation rite – crossing a river that separates one realm from the other. Also, if your kind cared to look more closely, you would notice that the deer had antlers: the number of antlers on each deer would correspond to the level of development of the person whose emblem they were. This deep symbolism is a language that sought to manifest the realm of Intelligence with the domain of matter. These early custodians – you may also call them shamans - held great power amongst the tribes as their knowledge helped to maintain cohesion within what was a harsh and cruel environment. Yet that was a time long ago...before the ice started to melt.’

‘When was this?’ I asked quickly. My curiosity was being drawn in as a hungry man to food. Monroe straightened himself up and narrowed his eyes at me.

‘Intelligence before wisdom’ he muttered quietly under his breath. I didn’t know exactly what he was referring to. When he noticed by blank expression he began to smile and patted me fatherly on the shoulder.

‘Well, the great glaciers across the Earth slowly melted over many thousands of years. This was a harsh time for hominid life on this planet. At this time there occurred what we can refer to as a Withdrawal. From the end of the last Ice Age - 10,500 BCE to around 8,000 BCE - there was a withdrawal of evolutionary Intelligence and a concentration, or rather storage of it, waiting for a more opportune time for its dispersal amongst humankind.’

‘That sounds odd’, I ventured to say. ‘I’ve never heard of such a concept before.’

‘It may sound odd to you’, replied Monroe, ‘because you are not versed to such operations. Yet it should not be unfamiliar to you. A very similar withdrawal occurred in more recent times, during what became termed by historians as the Dark Ages in Europe. When external conditions are not ripe, then energy and knowledge is withdrawn from general circulation and concentrated in specific ‘centers’, until such time when it can be suitably released according to geographical variations. I know you look puzzled. Don’t think on it too much now; it is only superfluous information for you. You can’t process it or do anything with it right now, so just shelve it in your mind for when it will be needed.’

‘Sure, fine. I can’t really grasp the concept anyway; so maybe it’s not for me to understand right now. Anyway, what happened after the last Ice Age?’

‘Well, your text books can tell you all this. After the retreat of the ice, which opened up more fertile land, the new phase of global warming that occurred created a geographical area better suited for a new climate of growth.

Especially fertile land – hence called the Fertile Crescent – was around the Tigris, Euphrates, and Jordan valleys in what is now southwest Asia. Soon you had domesticated plants and animals evolving in these areas which made it

easy for people who lived there to become farmers. People in this region were seen by your historians as being the first to settle in villages, prior to 9000 BCE. In a sense, this phase in the cultural evolutionary process instigated the first “modern” wave of social development. Mind you, there were a number of different observation teams on the ground, and elsewhere, noting all this taking place. It is like being in a garden in springtime, watching as the first flowers bloom. There we observed the first patches of growth in the new model of human civilization. It was exciting times. Many of the observation teams had high hopes for this new creative impulse.’ Monroe moved away from the flower beds and walked back up the steps to his patio, shaded by overhanging vines. The sun was getting hot now, surprisingly warm for this early spring. I couldn’t tell if Monroe enjoyed the heat or not. He appeared to move around under the sun easily enough, and without noticeable discomfort; yet he never stayed too long under its direct gaze. We both sat down once again at the table. Although still littered with the remnants of our lunch, I was hungry now for other and different types of food.

‘We were right to have hope’, began Monroe after a sip of iced water, ‘because by the 4th millennium BCE the first city-states emerged in the river valleys of Egypt and Mesopotamia, with irrigation and innovative husbandry. Did you know that the earliest city-states in Uruk, around 3,500 BCE, and later Sumer and Egypt, displayed some of the earliest known records of energy-intensive urban organization?’ I shook my head. I wasn’t sure if it was in wonder or disbelief. The statement just seemed to go over my head. So I just raised my eyebrows and nodded my head; sagely or stupidly I couldn’t be sure.

‘Ah, well, perhaps not. Well, soon your ancestors had their networks of cities spread through what you know now as Syria and the Levant, and through

Iran. Fortified towns began springing up along the south-eastern coast of here, Spain. Then within what seemed like a blink of an eye, around the 2nd millennium BCE, long-distance trade sprang up and exploited the Mediterranean's waterways and expanded west. Expansion, and more expansion – that's the way it has always gone. This pattern can be easily maintained when you are dealing with regional manifestations; more difficult when you come to the planetary stage. But that's for later. When you step back you can see the now familiar pattern that human civilization passes through: more local resources create larger populations; this leads to more complex lifestyles and the increased need for resources; military power is needed to gain and secure more extensive resources; which inevitably leads to colonization and empire building. So your modern world's great civilizations all go back to these original episodes of domestication at the end of the last Ice Age.'

'Is human civilization such an obvious pattern? Are we that easy to define? I mean, it's almost as if you can see us coming!' I gestured with a forced half-laugh. Monroe just smiled back.

'More or less. Of course, there are those whom, in your words, 'see you coming'; yet that is not surprising when they have been involved in guiding you to come. Patterns are important in that from seeing only a small part of a pattern it is possible to discern the bigger picture. It is similar to your science of fractals whereby a small segment of the part contains the whole design.'

'And like the hologram too? That's the same in that a small piece of the hologram contains the image of the whole' I said.

'Exactly. The hologram is a precise tool for understanding the patterns within your reality as it represents the underlying field of connectivity from which

your materiality manifests...anyway, a pleasant distraction; although not one we shall immediately concern ourselves with now. Are you sure you are quite full from lunch – would you wish for anything more?’

‘Oh, no, that’s fine thanks. I’m good’ I replied.

‘You are good? How good are you? Do you mean that the devil won’t be dragging you away!’ laughed Monroe. I smiled, knowing that Monroe was yet again teasing me for my lazy use of words.

‘Thank you’, I said in a deliberate manner. ‘I have eaten well and I am full.’

‘Good’ said Monroe, a large smile erupting across his face. ‘Let me tell you that your species is quite remarkable. Homo sapiens sapiens have imposed their will on the environment in ways beyond all other creatures on the Earth. You have adapted quickly to the pattern of capturing and organizing your energy resources; then forming villages; expanding into cities, states, and finally empires across the planet. It is like a software program that multiplies itself exponentially.’ Monroe gives me a quizzical look here before continuing. ‘To think that from the various evolutionary attempts to develop a species capable of manifesting creative consciousness, we arrive at a global species that is apparently so different externally, with alternative colors, sizes, adjustments, and yet the genetic differences between modern humans in different parts of the world is negligible. Oh, I know you play your games of differences, and you spread your awful rumors and strange beliefs about superiority, and ancestry and all that – yet none of you are fundamentally different from the other. And this is important, vitally so. It is important because the genetic physical expression shares a fundamental design which enables a group soul to form. You are a species nuclear family...’ Monroe paused a moment. ‘We really do

hope that one day this realization will make you behave toward yourselves better.’

‘I hope so too’, I agreed. ‘You would think so after such a long journey. I can only guess that we didn’t come this far for nothing.’

‘You are right on that point. You did not evolve to this stage for nothing. Of course, it was never guaranteed that you would evolve to this stage at all! Several of the earlier attempts...well, let us say they petered out. Yet it is difficult to foresee exact environmental conditions and circumstances. There were periods where conditions on this planet were conducive, and where earlier tribes lived in peace and in a stable relationship to nature. As I have said, your Neanderthal ancestors, despite the brutish depiction by your archaeological savants, were really a decent breed.’

‘I wouldn’t call them our ancestors’, I said hastily. ‘They were wiped out and replaced by the Cro-Magnon – didn’t you say that earlier?’

‘I did indeed allude to this, in a general way. What I did not say though, and I will say it now, is that part of the Neanderthal strain was absorbed into the Cro-Magnon stock by sexual interbreeding.’

‘Really? I’ve never heard of that.’

‘You may not have heard of it because it is not accepted as your general knowledge. However, it does not negate the truth of a fact. It happened to be the case that the Cro-Magnon men found the highly-sexed Neanderthal females excellent mating partners. So if you have the DNA of homo sapiens sapiens checked for traces of Neanderthal DNA you will certainly find it there. There are some things that cannot be hidden. So you have come this far, and it took a lot of earlier attempts to find a species body most suitable. And you have been blessed by this window of opportunity. Since the end of the last Ice

Age your environmental conditions have been, to use one of your own words, lush. These few thousand years have seen incredible development, and it has been within such a speck of evolutionary time. This is the rising crest of consciousness on this planet, which is why it is of such great interest to so many others. For hundreds of thousands of years there was so little development in the way of creativity, or the means for Intelligence to manifest through physicality here. Yet this changed about 40,000 years ago – with you!’ said Monroe spreading his hands open in my direction. Again, I had nothing to say to this except another sage/stupid nod of my head.

‘And so we have this pattern of expansion and civilization that has gone through a few mini-cycles of explosion and implosion. And then boom! You have the Industrial Revolution that triggered such a rapid phase; quite remarkable, and thoroughly interesting for all to observe. The last 12,000 years or so the human species has been living in an intervening era between the last Ice Age and what could potentially be a stage of collective planetary soul. You could say that the last 12,000 years have been an evolutionary program that has taken humanity from early foragers into forging an evolutionary conscious unity. It really has been the most rapid rise imaginable, with the last two centuries being an incredible accelerating burst. And then you end the 2<sup>nd</sup> millennium CE, as you name it, with two of the most spectacular shows of arrogance and brilliance: the atomic bomb and spaceflight. Now, that really piqued our interest and we just had to come en masse.’

‘Which got your interest?’ I asked unsure; ‘the atomic bomb or our spaceflight?’

‘Both actually’ answered Monroe. ‘In some ways they are equally dangerous for you, and for us...’

Monroe paused, and then stood and walked to the edge of the patio. I was intrigued for him to carry on this line of the conversation. Somehow he seemed to sense that now it was I who was piqued; yet he appeared to drop all talk of the subject. He beckoned me toward him, and then walked me onto the small path away from the patio and around to the front area of the house.

‘We have only been talking so far about the physical side of things. This is the small universe. This is the realm of droplets, but is not the ocean. You are surrounded by a vastness you are unable to see. It is time to begin taking off your blinkers. Just like those horse blinders that you crazy folk put on your equestrian friends when racing them for your perverse delight. These artificial constructs prevent your horses from seeing to the rear and, often enough, to the side. Your trainers like to keep the horse focused on what is in front of him, forcing the horse to pay attention to specific stimuli, and thus to stay in the race. The same applies to your species as a whole. Blinkered and blinded you run around peddling your amnesia like it is golden nectar. More sad than amusing I’m afraid. However, it is but a temporary state. And it is time that these limitations were thrown off. There is great change coming.’

By this time I realized that we had reached the front gate of the house. I turned and looked at Monroe, not knowing if this was indeed my cue to leave. Monroe seemed to know my slight hesitation. Putting his hand gently on my shoulder he said, ‘Not good to overload. We’ll speak more next time. Can you come in three days?’

'Yes, sure' I said. I felt Monroe's grip on my shoulder become firmer, and I felt a wave of friendship enter into me. He turned around and disappeared behind the house once more. I felt gratitude and appreciation for Monroe; and I knew he was being incredibly patient with me. Perhaps he had been incredibly patient with all of us for such a long time.

## MEETING THREE

Three days later I was again at the gate of Monroe's white Andalusian house. It was an exceptionally lovely day; bright sunshine and a slight breeze. I had transcribed the notes from our previous meeting, and had been amazed at how much I had forgotten from our actual chat. It appeared that the human mind was indeed coming up short in its ability to retain information. This was something I wanted to bring up with Monroe at our third meeting. So I was eager for yet another lunchtime talk.

As I placed my hand upon the gate to open it I heard Monroe's unmistakable voice call out. 'Be with you shortly. No need to come in!' I paused, and looked around the road where I stood. There was no-one else about. Why was I suddenly feeling so self-conscious, as if worried that others may see me standing here? I tried deliberately to look casual by inspecting the border fence that had lavender and rosemary bushes growing through. I bent down to smell them, immediately remembering Monroe's own actions with his flower bed. A sudden moment of focus entered me then, and my mind noted a blaze of colors, sounds, and scents.

'So much is missed' came Monroe's voice from behind. 'It is filtered out by your brain. Fine shame! Now, let us get moving. We are going on a little walk today' said Monroe as he greeted me with a smile and a now familiar hand upon the shoulder. Fine, I thought, a walk it shall be.

Monroe was dressed in smart yet casual white attire; his short-sleeved shirt revealing healthily tanned arms. On his head he wore his white Panama hat. For the first time I noticed that he had on a pair of darkened sunglasses so

that I could not see his eyes. There was nothing about this man – or rather this figure – that would cause anyone to suspect he was anything other than ordinary. His ordinariness, in fact, was his perfect disguise.

‘Here, take this’ said Monroe as he held a small backpack out to me. I took the pack, which wasn’t very heavy, and fell into step beside him as he strolled off up the road. I was grateful for the slight breeze that we had that day. Monroe and I walked together in silence for what must have been the best part of an hour. It was not a strenuous walk; rather a meander through a shaded trail that followed a lower part of the mountain range. There seemed to be no reason to speak. There was no compunction to do so, and I felt comfortable walking with Monroe, observing our surroundings. Physically Monroe was a fit man; and although it was hard to be sure of his age I had the feeling he was older than he looked. And yet I also had to dismiss these thoughts since I couldn’t be sure that Monroe was even from the same mould as the rest of us...and such categorizations seemed irrelevant.

We eventually came across the stone ruins of an old building, perhaps some farmer’s barn. There was no roof, only the walls remaining, and Monroe sat down under the shade of one of the walls.

‘There are some refreshments in the sack’ said Monroe. I sat down near to him and brought out some fruit, dried fruit, bread, cheese, salami, and a flask of chilled water. For this moment, the refreshments were perfect.

‘Did you see those eagles hovering high in the sky?’ asked Monroe, sipping a flask-head of water.

‘Ah, so they were eagles. I wasn’t sure, being far away. But I think I saw them’ I replied.

‘So you think you did?’ said Monroe, nodding his head as though pondering my reply. ‘And what else did you *think* you saw?’ I realized now what Monroe was getting at. Another slip in my laziness of language! However, I didn’t wish to take the bait too easily.

‘Well, I saw the different flowers; the wild bushes and herbs; some mountain goats up there on the higher ledges; some rabbit shit...

‘It was sheep shit’ interrupted Monroe, not even looking at me. His gaze was out over the wall and away in some distant place.

‘Okay, some sheep shit, and ....’ I paused. I had to think now of what else I had seen. I had the feeling then that Monroe wanted to impart something, to tell me something, so I slipped out the digital recorder that had been in my pocket and placed it on the floor between us. I noticed a slight smile from the edge of Monroe’s mouth, as if he knew what I had just done; yet he continued to look away.

‘People on this planet’, began Monroe, ‘are living at the moment in a realm of distortion. This means that people have to make use of the resources and capacities they have, in the here and now, to find their sense of direction. There is no immediate way of getting out of this, no escape hatch. It is every person’s responsibility to adapt their lives, within this parody of a “life”, toward what is a real aim. We each must play our part whilst we are here; like a play the parody must be played out. Yet at the same time, a correct alignment - or orientation - with another form of reality must be made a goal of effort. There has never been any other true objective available to planetary humanity.’

I couldn't quite grasp the entirety of what Monroe had just said. Although only a few words I sensed there was an enormity of information there. Then a big question came to my mind as a response.

'What is the destiny of humankind?' I asked. For the first time since sitting down Monroe turned to look at me.

'It is not possible in your language to give a direct answer to this; nor would I attempt an answer in any verbal manner. You see, the question does not warrant an answer in the medium in which it is asked. If I gave you an answer in order to satisfy your curiosity it would not benefit you internally, because you had not worked yourself to achieve the answer. To be given something without gaining it does disservice to the essence of the thing itself. Further, not only can it not be appreciated in this way, it can not be assimilated neither. An answer to that which you seek can only be arrived at through one's own travel; then the answer will be clothed in the taste of this travel, for the individual to absorb. The truth is the truth, yet there are as many roads to it as there are human hearts. How do you like the fruit, I bought it fresh this morning?'

'Oh yes, lovely' I replied as I was munching on a juicy pear. Then I realized, of course too late, that I had been distracted at the last moment from his answer. For some reason the answer had impacted me, I felt it was profound, and yet I was unable to feel the impact because I had been diverted away at the final moment. I felt robbed of an emotional reaction. I *sensed* an impact from Monroe's answer, yet I had no emotional blow on which to chew on.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> It was only later when I re-played the recording that I could more fully listen and digest what Monroe had said. This was the same for most of our conversations. Yet listening to the conversation digitally, after the moment, had the effect of reducing the emotional impact from the statements. I could not be sure if this was Monroe's deliberate intention or not.

‘What is primary to realize’, continued Monroe with hardly a time for myself to respond, ‘is that humankind is operating within a highly limited range of perception. The great proportion of reality is closed-off to you. Like a reducing valve your senses only allow a small sliver of perception to enter. Your reality is thus a tiny part of a much grander picture. It is like looking at a single pixel on a screen and trying to make out the complete form. The reality you operate within is this single pixel; and it limits you terribly. Really, the world is inside your head. You decode the world.’

‘I can see that; how the world exists for us. I don’t expect that a dog, for example, sees the same world as we...’, I paused there; ‘or I mean I do.’

‘Quite right – perceptive and smart’, smiled Monroe as he leaned with his back against the stone wall. ‘It really is a beautiful day. And there are parts of this beauty that exist for human senses too; even though there is no standard even between you humans.’

‘Surely there must be standards’ I objected. ‘What about this green grass – wouldn’t all humans perceive and agree on this?’

‘Not if you were color-blind’ replied Monroe. I couldn’t see but I sensed a smile.

The mountains in this area were stony, with patches of the slopes covered in swathes of trees. I could imagine the heat bearing down here in the peak of summer. It would be a sweltering heat; the kind that makes you sweat before you begin to move. Yet in the spring breeze it was ideal, and allowed for motionless silence too that was comfortable.

‘Are you painting the world?’ asked Monroe after a long silence between us.

‘I’m just gazing out; wondering how it is that everything I see is but a slim part of the whole’ I replied in a somewhat distant voice.

‘You and everybody else’, said Monroe briskly. ‘The world as you know it – *your world* – is painted by you; by billions of painters stocked with a very limited palette of only a few colors. That is why you paint a grim picture’ said Monroe grinning.

‘And is that entirely our fault?’ I asked somewhat defensively. ‘I mean, we are at the mercy of our senses; and if we have limited senses we have limited perceptions.’

‘I would rather put it that you have limited perceptions because you have limited sense’, replied Monroe with a dead-pan expression. ‘Let us not get into the fault-game’, he continued. ‘Let us first acknowledge and agree that human senses at their general state of functionality are only able to perceive a very small portion of the electromagnetic spectrum. This small portion gets filtered through a range of processes – we can call it pattern-recognition – that then provides a picture of reality that conforms to both the senses and one’s conditioned set of patterns. These “perceptions” are then analyzed and interpreted by you numskulls through an even finer sieve of conditioned patterns called human thinking. What comes out at the end of this labyrinth of obscurity and psychosis is a picture of reality that’s closer to Salvador Dali than anything else.’

‘Mmm’ I mumbled, nodding my head yet not sure how to respond. ‘I guess then that we need to evolve our perceptive functions and patterns of recognition.’

‘You surely do. And until that time most of you will sadly be walking around with blinkers on. You see, reality as you call it is not something solid that

exists *out there*. You seem to think that the world is an immovable object. The “world” comes into being through perception. The core aspect of reality is that everything is vibrational information. Everything is just waveform. Reality is a sea of energy from which universes ripple on the surface. Do you remember as a kid sitting on the beach and watching a wave roll in from the sea toward the shore?’ asked Monroe.

‘Sure. It used to be one of the few things I would do if I ever went to a beach. Sit and watch each wave coming in from far off; and crash when it hit the sand.’

‘Yet the vision of a wave rolling over the ocean until it finally reaches the shore is an illusion. It is not one wave that comes galloping across the water. The wave does not move; it is the sea, a blanket of water that lifts and falls and gives the impression of a moving wave.’ Saying this Monroe took the cloth that had wrapped the fruit and ran his finger beneath it; and I watched as a peak ran across the surface of the cloth. ‘What you interpret as a solid object moving above the sea of energy is rather the effect when the bed of energy rises. You perceive objects rather than the underlying energy that connects. And by focusing on the appearance of objects you become sucked into a sense of isolation; of a world that is static and devoid of connective energy.

Humankind needs to realize that the world they live in is not static, even though it *may appear* so to them. A person can control very little of their circumstances, and the things which happen to them. However hard a person may strive, the impacts of the environment around them are constantly changing and having an effect on their life. In order to cope better in the world each person should learn to become more flexible and versatile – to bend in the wind like a willow tree, I think is one of your expressions. Also, to not treat

transient things as the end and be all of everything; it would be better to treat the transient as the constant in human life. The fleeting is the norm, and yet so many of you cling to totems and objects as if they were the enduring elements of a life. And so your life becomes vulnerable because its stability relies on untrustworthy things. This is why you lot are constantly in fear, whether you recognize this or not. Deep down you know that you cling to the fleeting, and yet to let go seems to bewilder you. It is an odd condition to observe. Frankly speaking, I find myself both amused and bemused by this behaviour.'

'Do we make you sad Monroe?' I asked.

'No' he smiled. 'You just make me crazy.'

Leaving the ruins we continued along the half-worn path as the sun bounced off our faces. Neither of us spoke for a long while. I followed slightly behind Monroe as he weaved a course as sure as a ship's captain. I kept my eyes on him, not knowing if at some sudden moment he would shoot off and leave me there not knowing the path. I wouldn't put this past him, and I chuckled to myself at how devious he could no doubt be. I continued to be surprised at Monroe's agility, and began to forget his appearance as an 'older man'. After some time we came to an old stone bridge that straddled a small river, now almost a stream. Monroe did not cross but stopped at its beginning.

'This is a bridge' said Monroe turning to me. I nodded my head. 'And over there is the Real. And we are here, on the side of the world of appearances. We need to cross the bridge to the Real. The world that you live in acts as this bridge to the Real, yet it is not the Real. Everything you need to cross to the Real exists here in this reality, and can help you if you learn how to use it.'

Appearances are a bridge to the Real. You must work at polishing this bridge, within and without yourself. Without this polishing, there will be no bridge. You have everything you need. As for now, you have two feet...so let's walk across.' And we did.

Stopping beneath the shade of a large sprawling tree I sat beside Monroe as we gazed down the slope. Not far below us stood a small white town nestled against the hills. It was Benamahoma, the Andalusian town where Monroe lived - and our destination.

'Not far now' said Monroe with a slight nod of the head. I looked closely at his face. It was unblemished; clear of sweat, strain, or stress. The eyes were gazing into the distance, placid yet intense. I wasn't sure if he was observing some minute feature in the world outside of him; or at some place within, or elsewhere.

'Can a person learn to perceive the Real, as if bit by bit?' I asked.

'Mmm....yes', murmured Monroe quietly. He seemed preoccupied with some other thought. Then suddenly, as if snapping out of some daze, he threw me a quick grin. 'Picture this: you are sitting in an airplane, eating a sandwich. The airplane, you and the sandwich are hurtling through the air at several hundred miles per hour. You are completely unaware of this, of course, unless you happen to look out of the window and see a fixed point below. Yet the human body does not register the velocity through the air as it does not *appear* to affect you. This immersion within the physical dimension of incredible speed is unperceived. This, in a way, shows how the existence of another dimension can operate alongside of you, yet it goes by relatively unnoticed. It is there, its very existence maintains you, it keeps you in the air, yet for various reasons

you are not picking it up. Or rather, something within you is choosing not to recognize it. We are immersed in this other dimension all the time, like the air we breathe, and yet most people are completely oblivious to it. Only when a glitch appears and some unexplained phenomenon occurs do we notice something odd suddenly happening in our reality. Yet once this brief rip in the veil is gone our senses go back to sleep again, as if the anomaly were a dream. All this happens without the least attention from people; it's quite amazing. Now, if you are able to fix your attention and to discern the presence of the anomalies when they occur, they will gain permanence for you. When this permanence of phenomena grows more and more within your current reality field what will happen is that you will be shifting your perceptual state to another dimension of reality. It is there, has always been there; only that your species has been veiled to its operation.'

'Yet some people, as you say, have noticed these anomalies in our current reality field?'

'Yes', replied Monroe; and then chuckled. 'The less astute ones took themselves off to lie on the couches of equally less astute ones; only to make a double mess of things!' I laughed with Monroe at the thought of a psychiatrist trying to convince the patient that their glimpse of Reality had really been a subconscious sexual desire from their early oral stage manifesting!

'Well....we at least have researchers who've been trying to unveil this stuff for ages' I said somewhat abstractly.

'Oh yes, why of course. Your species have such intrepid interpreters by the truck load. You have a library of Congress filled with your incessant interpretations. You have even created an industry of people to bicker over and prance around interpretations of interpretations. You call them scholars!'

Monroe said with obvious delight and a broad open grin on his face. He was, it seemed, enjoying this ridicule. I couldn't say I didn't blame him.

'I guess you can't blame them for trying' I replied. As soon as I had said it though, I realized it was a rather blasé, shallow remark. Why had I said it? Monroe turned to look at me; his face expressionless. Slowly he raised his eyebrows in a way that made me feel patronizingly small.

'I guess I can't blame *you*', said Monroe slowly, articulating each word, 'for replying automatically with empty words. It is, after all, what your society trains you to do.'

'Yes, not my best words' I admitted.

'Unless you know that another reality exists; and unless you learn how to seek its existence, you will always tend to pursue the appearance' continued Monroe.

'And is this what religion and spirituality have been doing over the millennia?' I asked

'It is to the degree they had an attraction in their core towards the Real. Yet in most cases this kinetic core either became crystallized or buried under layers of social soot. That which is truly spiritual, and belongs to the realm of real higher consciousness, is difficult to maintain in this physical world. It is for this reason that most of the manifestations of religion and supposed spirituality end up as either caricatures or stripped and turned into social institutions.' After saying this Monroe handed me the flask of water. 'You are sitting in the shade and yet I see you are sweating.'

'Well, it is a hot day. Nothing mysterious there' I replied jokingly.

‘Nothing mysterious at all’, agreed Monroe. ‘Just a shame you can’t have a decent conversation with a bloke these days without them coming out in globules of urea.’

‘Is that the main problem we have then?’

‘No, not the main one’ replied Monroe with his characteristic smile. ‘One of the main ones is that humankind has largely forgotten that they have the capability of attaining an objective knowledge of what is happening to them, and their place in the grander scheme of things. Therefore they have come to believe that such a view is not even possible. Humans, in general, are so conditioned that they want to fight against the current structures of reality only to replace them with more structures of the same. They play with old models not understanding that they are dealing with the obsolete. It is a roundabout tale of the status quo bashing against its own four walls. Dumb pleasures!’

‘Yet don’t you think we are getting there? I mean, where we are today in our thinking is at least an improvement from the past’.

‘Yes, of course it is an improvement’ replied Monroe with a gentle wave of his hand. ‘The question is upon what scale, and according to the value of time. A small improvement over a long period of time is not what one would call a most satisfactory leap forward. You can not always deal with generalities. We need specifics. We need more of the *do be do*, and less of the *blah blah blah*.’

I had to laugh at this. Monroe put on a mocking tone, making the ‘blah’ sound like an elongated *bluurgh*. Monroe himself began to chuckle, seemingly relaxed. ‘You may laugh’, he said between his own chuckling, ‘yet it is so true. Go almost anywhere today and what do you hear coming out of people’s

mouths? It is just the same *blah blah blah*, day after day. I wouldn't mind so much but the majority of it is not even amusing. In fact it is fearful!

'What do you mean by "fearful"? That it makes you afraid of listening to them?' I queried.

'No, rather the opposite - it makes people afraid from listening to their own words. People often talk themselves into fearful thoughts and emotions. No doubt from spending too much time glued to their programming boxes called televisions. It is little wonder then that you are able to catch any glimpses of the Real when your heads are filled with apple-pie junk.'

'So television is bad for us then?' I asked, thinking it was a fair enough assessment. I had never really been much of a fan of television myself; more an addict of news if anything. I always considered most television programs to be catering to the lowest common denominator.

'It will not help you if I say something is good or bad. If I say something is good, you will indulge in it, believing that you will benefit from this indulgence. Likewise, if I say something is bad, you will refrain from it, believing also that you will gain benefit from your restraint. These are nothing more than actions of blind mimicry.' There was silence for a while. Soon after this Monroe stood up from where we had been sitting under the shade of the tree, and smoothed down his trousers and stood up straight. It was time to move on; to continue our journey through the high paths that trailed across the mountains surrounding Benamahoma. We walked on; or rather Monroe walked on and I fell in step one pace behind. I had the feeling it was up to me to find a way of re-entering the conversation around television. It was as if Monroe had instigated a deliberate break in order to make me re-think my line of questioning.

‘How does television, and television programming, affect human consciousness?’ I asked, sensing that this was a more specific and less abstract approach.

‘Well, funny you should ask that’, said Monroe in a tone that was borderline mocking. ‘This is a question of how one understands the nature of consciousness and the human being. It also involves how a person perceives the nature of thought, mind, and consciousness. Since we are on the subject of television, let us make this our analogy. We can say that human consciousness exists external to our physical bodies. This is not fantasy or crazy thinking, as your very own sciences have been verifying this through quantum biology and the nature of the quantum vacuum. Some of your thinkers have even discussed this in terms of the akashic field. This is an energetic field of intelligence, which exists beyond the physical. The mind is what we can refer to as the physical apparatus or organ within the body, which picks up on the external consciousness. Finally, human thoughts are what are produced when the mind interprets these external signals. For example, when you turn on the television, the television program is not inside the television but exists external to it as information that is broadcast. In other words, it is a frequency signal. The television is an antenna that picks up this frequency, and the technology inside is what translates it into pictures. In this analogy, consciousness is the broadcast, or frequency signal; the mind is the television antenna; and human thought is the picture which gets interpreted and displayed on the screen.’ Monroe stopped at the crest of a hill where a path sloped down into the familiar town below us. We were almost back to where we had started – as if that were ever possible. Monroe tilted his Panama hat further over his forehead. He turned to look at me squarely. ‘You’ he went on

to say, 'are a transmitter, a frequency signal, for others here on Earth. That is what humans are – and that is what humans do. And yet television, your great box god, is a form of *frequency control*. Entertainment is really entrainment – it lowers your frequency signal so that it operates, or broadcasts, upon a low mumble. The development of television programming is not an accident; it is a known and manipulated technology of frequency resonance. Sure, you can watch as much television as you wish – if it is your desire to remain in a trance. Too much television ogling acts as a brain sedative. You may laugh at this, yet it is they who are having the last laugh at you. You don't have to believe what I say, just go and observe for yourself. Go and enter a bar where there is a television set on display, and note how it affects human interaction, conversation, and attention. Talk about dazed states! All these recent movies about zombies – now who's having the joke? You really shouldn't let them laugh in your face like this.'

Nothing more was said between us until we entered Benamahoma. We stopped by the running fountain to drink the famous fresh mountain water that the town is famous for. We refreshed our thirst as the sound of birds filled the airwaves. One or two cars stopped by to fill their dozen or so empty plastic bottles with mountain water. Monroe turned and catching my eye he tapped the side of his head. 'Your view of the world is the view you have inside your own heads. You are kept prisoner by your own senses and fed representations to keep you happy. Humanity is like children eagerly trying to explore their immediate environment, and pushing buttons you shouldn't be pushing.'

'What kind of buttons?' I immediately asked.

'Atomic ones' replied Monroe as he turned away and walked down the road.

We said goodbye at his front gate. Monroe was smiling broadly as if greeting me for the first time. I felt a warmth inside as the sun's rays fell warmly on my back. Walking away I had a sensation of joy and fullness, and yet my mind could remember little of the day's conversations.