

Exploring Inner Space – continued

enchanted by whatever struck them. I heard each note the birds were singing. Their range was incredible. What I remember most though were the brilliant colors. Toni had planted flowers of many types around the edge of the yard. It was like a magical place. The reds, yellows, oranges, purples, and even the green grass were incredibly bright. I couldn't stop looking at them and it was easy to get lost in their color.

I worked for Dr. Lilly for five or six weeks before I returned to San Jose. My daily schedule was the same. I typed in the morning and floated in tanks in the afternoon. My longest single session was 3.5 hours but mostly they lasted an hour and a half which approximated my sleep cycle from REM to REM. I came out feeling relaxed and refreshed and hurriedly recorded my experiences and thoughts in my journal. Between that summer and the next, I chalked up about 72 hours total.

During those two years, I discovered the truth in Dr. Lilly's statement, "You don't have to suffer continual chaos in order to grow". It was a rare privilege to work with him. While I don't remember any specific passages from the book I was transcribing, according to his publication dates, I believe it was *Communication Between Man and Dolphin*. He was an extremely intelligent person and I recall being in awe of him. His wife, Toni, was a warm, caring person who was a lot of fun. I was invited several times to eat lunch with them. They had a huge dining table, and it was filled with guests including many Hollywood personalities. All of them came to use one of the many flotation tanks.

My own almost daily use of the tanks helped clear sensory chatter. My thoughts, as well as my vision of myself, became more focused. The exploration of inner space made me a better writer. With the reduced level of internal dialog, there was room for creative thoughts. As my sense of self grew stronger, so did my writing.

John Lilly was right. There was nothing else in there. Lying in the dark, the only thing I saw was "me". The road to becoming who we are and want to be has many side trips. For me, one of those ran through the Malibu Mountains where inside the sensory deprivation tanks an awareness awoke. Barbara A. Barrett

Uncle Fred's Misadventures

Why Uncle Fred isn't Allowed to Garden Anymore

At Sunday brunch everyone praised Aunt Flo's cheesy leek tart, delicately seasoned with thyme, but Uncle Fred's chunky sausage and vegetable soup took top prize. "I like the sausage best.... delish," Brian declared, spooning out seconds.

"Why, thank you! The vegetables were all from our garden," Uncle Fred beamed.

"Sausages aren't good for you. I love the turnips," Sally said using her big sister voice. Brian stuck his tongue out at her, catching Aunt Flo's wagging finger of disapproval.

"Thanks, but did you say *turnips*? I didn't use turnips..."

"Oh god, Fred, you dug up Nelly!" Aunt Flo screamed, spitting out a ring.

Lally Pia

NEW RELEASE

Dale E. Manolakas has a new release free audiobook on YouTube [Channel under author's name]. Hollywood on Trial: A Legal Thriller. 4.8 Stars Amazon—Have a listen and pass it on.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MeZBb17-6HE&t=7610s>

☆Industry secrets uncovered...drugs, sex, betrayal, death...the power elite exposed and hunted down...murder on trial...☆

Sexual currency, extortion, and murder—the hidden life behind Hollywood cameras. Josh Stein, the industry's top entertainment lawyer, represents star power—the price for ingénues is sex. After his special ingénue dies on a stormy set, he replaces her with Kaitlin O'Keefe, a sultry gray-eyed, red head. On set, off set, and on location shoots, the famous director Nick Claren vies for Kaitlin's favors. She pits man against man as she willingly and unwillingly does what it takes to fight her way into the inner circle. After Kaitlin goes one step too far, a murder trial of the century shocks the world.