

The X-Dimensional Self

An Informal Guide to the Omniverse and Our Place In It

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Foreword

This short book is being written against my inclinations, as a direct guide to what I call ‘X-Dimensional Theory’. I say this because I feel I explain as much as possible indirectly through my novels, the last at time of writing being ‘**Secrets: An Oxford Tale**’, still currently available online and through bookshops. A novel is a superlative way to explain something so vast and potentially transformative, by ‘lying to tell the truth’ – for in order for a novel to succeed, in my view, one must employ points and counter-points aplenty. Therefore, any one opinion, including the author’s own, needs to be contradicted in order to achieve balance. There is a great feeling of liberation in this, and the sense of working for something greater than one’s self is inescapable. This method works brilliantly when attempting to outline X-D Theory. Indeed, the protagonists in ‘**Secrets**’ do a very good job in conveying its contradictory, paradoxical aspects – far better, I still insist, than I can attempt here, directly, by myself. ‘**Secrets**’ also goes much further than X-D Theory, venturing into other territories at a relentless pace; yet despite the book being more successful in sales than anything else previously written by me, and despite the positive feedback, and the wonderful sense that actually people understand the book very well, a self-contained guide to the X-D aspects would be an asset. It is important to emphasise here that it is a *theory*, and not one that I hope to ever prove or disprove. Nor is it meant to convey *The Truth*, though it will be necessary to throw that word around quite a bit.

One of the things with X-D Theory that surprised me when discussing it with individuals was how much people from all walks of life and beliefs did understand it. I realised that this was an awareness easily available to all, no matter the language used. However, when attempting to bring these disparate beliefs and views together with others, I ran into difficulty – and another paradox: that *whilst everybody understood, they didn’t always realise they understood*. Another barrier is that to comprehend, science, art and meditation are *all* required to fully grasp the implications; and there is a tendency to identify with one or two of these disciplines but rarely all three. Another is that to use words and logic to convey silence and the irrational...well, you can see the problem there. Also in order to launch into X-D Theory a large degree of *imaginative intelligence* is required. I have no idea if that – along with emotional intelligence for example – is a commonly recognised phrase but the

importance of it was clear to me right at the start; as was the lack of it, sadly, in all disciplines which tend to be constrained by their own precepts and paradigms i.e. their prejudices. And I mean all disciplines.

Those with intuitive and/or artistic persuasion may perceive themselves as at an advantage at this point. Indeed, in some ways they may be. A poet may leap where a scientist can only stumble. Yet X-D Theory is by necessity inclusive of all disciplines. First, an artist may be successful in worldly terms yet poor in imaginative intelligence – something we will explore further with the sixth dimension. Secondly, the scientific aspect is important if we are going to map the beyond – or at least, the next stages of it. Physics and mathematics provide the language we need in order to do so, and we may find that we end up with a schematic picture of the universe comparable with the Tibetan Book of the Dead, or Dante's Inferno. Already many fifth dimensional aspects seem close, if not identical, to the Tibetan bardo. And if you can begin to see the implications of an understanding that can link belief systems as disparate as Christianity and Tibetan Buddhism, then you will begin to see why X-D Theory may be important.

My reluctance to write this book should be clear from the above, yet I am compelled to do so in order to at least outline the basics of the theory, even if informally. This is a casual text, written whilst on the road and without access to my usual sources and books. (One book I do have at hand, is 'The Mammoth Book of True Hauntings' edited by Peter Haining, and a much better resource than the lurid title suggests.) Because of the circumstances I do not feel bound to provide references all the time, though I may do so when I feel like it, and it is possible to do so.

Hopefully that will be sufficient for now.

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1 – X-Dimensions: An Overview

We are taught the basics required to understand X-Dimensional Theory at school. At a very early age we learn that a flat piece of paper is considered two-dimensional: it has length and it has width. A box has three dimensions because it also has height. Hence we come to understand that we live in a three-dimensional world. However, in secondary school we may be taught ‘the truth’, that our universe is actually four-dimensional because the fourth dimension is that of Time. It was Einstein who established this. There are therefore three dimensions of Space and one of Time.

This makes total sense. For if you wish to meet somebody you will specify Where in Space and When in Time e.g. Paddington Station (Where), 3 o’clock Wednesday (When). We use four-dimensional language all the time. This is because we are four-dimensional beings, or at least we think we are.

I was haunted by the statement of a physicist, after reading it many years ago, that – to paraphrase – ‘Being born, growing old and dying is an illusion. We’ve proven it. What we don’t know is why it is so damn convincing.’

Well, once you come from a fifth dimensional perspective, you will realise why it is so damn convincing.

Let us begin here.

You are, as far as you are aware, four-dimensional. You were born, you have grown older, and one day you will die. This is a *linear development*, it has a beginning and an end. It is therefore a fourth dimensional truth, that of Time.

Your mind belongs therefore to the fourth dimension. It perceives things four-dimensionally. This is the problem. Anything more than four dimensions is beyond the mind’s capability of comprehension, because everything will have to be linear in understanding.

Already it must be clear why this book is written under protest. Is it really possible to describe to a four-dimensional mind that which is beyond it?

Possibly. Let us go back to the first example of a piece of paper, and we'll see if we can use four-dimensional logic to move into five-dimensional logic.

Imagine a living Dot on a sheet of paper. Imagine you move Dot to somewhere else on the sheet of paper. Dot itself, being a two-dimensional being will – to put it mildly – be rather confused. Because you moved it through three dimensions, it will have no way of comprehending what had just happened to it. At best it will say, 'Something weird just happened' or 'Did I always exist in this part of my (two-dimensional) universe?' It may confer with the other dots. The Science Dots will argue, 'It is not possible, you have always been here and you always will be.' The Religious Dots may argue that according to their decree, 'only those blessed can have transcendental experiences, and as Dot is not special, it did not experience anything of significance'. The Art Dots may create stories or pictures from what Dot attempts to convey, but they won't necessarily believe it. Poor Dot may end up in the insane asylum. Only the more open-minded fellow dot beings will accept that Dot experienced something beyond normal ken.

Sound familiar? You, by moving Dot, utilised four dimensions in doing so: the three of Space, and the fourth of Time. Dot, being two-dimensional does not have the language nor logic through which to understand what happened.

So what could an extra dimension to our four be like?

If we look at Dot's two-dimensional universe, we can appreciate that bringing the third dimension of height is an immediate liberation from the tyranny of two dimensions: we now have something extra to play with.

But an object restricted entirely to three dimensions cannot move because it does not know the fourth dimension of Time, which is requisite for change. We change because we are moving through Time. So now the fourth dimension of Time liberates an object from a totally motionless three-dimensional universe, and that object can move and even change shape. We experience this in many ways, including moving around at will, growing old, and dying.

So the basic rule to understanding successive dimensions appears to be that each one up is *a liberation from the tyranny of the previous one*.

It stands to reason therefore that *the fifth dimensional perspective is a liberation from the tyranny of linear Time*.

What does that mean?

We will explore each dimension in individual chapters, but it is worth having a brief summary here.

The *fifth dimension* dispenses of the idea of linear, progressive Time. This means that backward Time is included in the fifth dimension. Not only that, but each point along a linear path can be considered an ‘observing platform’. Right now you are reading this, at a particular point in four-dimensional perspective, aware of your past (what your last breakfast was, past holidays, your childhood etc.) and your possible future (your next breakfast, future holidays, your later years etc.). Yet you are limited to this point here and now in the fourth dimension. Fifth dimensionally, *any points in the past and future* are also possible observing platforms. This is known in science as the Archimedean Point.

It is natural to protest at this point: ‘The future is not predetermined’, ‘I may have eggs instead of cereal for breakfast tomorrow’ etc. This is true. And this is also where four-dimensional logic fails us. Psychics do better here. You may choose eggs or cereal tomorrow, and will be free to do so. It is not predetermined. However, from the Archimedean Point, or the fifth dimensional perspective, you have already eaten eggs – or cereal.

And guess what, you may be eating your eggs – say you have chosen eggs – surprise guests turn up and you experience *déjà vu*, that odd experience where you feel you have done something before. If you are particularly aware, you may go one further and realise why you are experiencing it: because you dreamt the night before you were eating eggs at the same table, having the same conversation with the same people, and with the exact same radio news on in the background. This is a fifth dimensional experience.

We will explore other fifth dimensional experiences two chapters on. For now, the best way to illustrate how fifth dimensional perspective alters from the fourth is to think of a stream as four-dimensional: *it begins and ends somewhere, there is a clear linear progression involved*. That is the world we (think we) live in.

The fifth dimension is more like an ocean: it contains eddies and currents that flow in all directions yet is so much vaster than any of them. It therefore contains linear time but is not limited by it.

Therefore the experience we each have of growing old and dying *is* an illusion. We think it is real because we are not yet awake to the bigger picture provided by five dimensions rather than merely four. As it says in the Book of Revelation, ‘There shall be Time no longer.’

It stands to reason therefore that in the same way Dot was under the illusion it lived in a two-dimensional universe, and had no easy way to comprehend the influence of extra dimensions, we are exactly the same. In which case the fifth dimension of timelessness is one in which we belong as well – we just don’t know it. Nor are we aware of any other extra dimensions, though we indubitably belong to them as well. *We* are X-Dimensional though we tend not to recognise this.

So how many dimensions are there? Physicists talk sometimes of ten, sometimes of eleven. I personally would go for the former, as a student of Indian literature informed me the Bhagavad Gita mentions ten – but the point is moot: as we shall discover, any meaning we ascribe to the higher dimensions becomes increasingly questionable. We’re already facing enough challenges with the fifth and no matter how esoteric this research may become, I am very much focused on its pragmatic applications, as we shall see. We shall limit ourselves to seven, and even that is pushing it.

So if the fifth dimension liberates us from the tyranny, the limitations, of linear time, what does the sixth dimension do? This is a good time to clear up some possible semantic confusion: in science fiction there is often mention of ‘parallel dimensions’ but the way we use the D word here is strongly rooted in the mathematical use of the word, as in the Dot and flat piece of paper example. When people speak of ‘other dimensions’ they actually mean ‘other worlds’ or ‘other realities’.

It is important to understand the distinction, as the sixth dimension actually does bring up the issue of other realities. If you think the fifth dimension is weird, wait until you see this one!

The fifth dimension liberates us from the tyranny of linear Time.

The sixth dimension liberates us from Time itself and any fixed concept of Form or Reality.

So does that mean we are now in a nebulous reality, all light and ethereal impressions, as spiritualists often claim? On the contrary. The extra

dimensions are physical, more physical even than our own because *they contain this physicality whilst not being constrained by it*. I was delighted to read in Malidoma Patrice Somé's account of his shamanic training in Africa, that the elders warned him that if he became stuck in a spirit world he would be as a ghost to those there. This is exactly how I predicted it. Even the fifth dimension which is the source of so many 'ghosts' – once we see our four-dimensional reality from the fifth, we understand that *we* are the ghosts.

So the sixth dimensional perspective permits all form. Here we meet the creatures of folklore ancient (elves, vampires etc.) and modern (aliens, chupacabras etc.). Shapeshifting comes under this province, as do past and future lives (which are other variations of form). You will see now why scientists may get stuck at this point, unwilling to proceed further. As far as current scientific dogma is concerned, these things belong to fantasy and are only acceptable when confined within the borders of a television screen, or the pages of a novel.

Yet it is not only scientists who tend to be disturbed when the sixth dimension makes its presence known, it is all of us. When we experience something otherworldly we will usually either dismiss it, thus establishing a sense that we are in control of the vaster universe (and our X-Dimensional self); or we may experience fear. This latter is a valid response, the word 'awful' deriving from 'full of awe'. Modern parlance cheapens the word 'awesome' through overuse, for an otherworldly encounter is meant to truly be 'awesome' and make us 'full of awe', opening us up to a much vaster universe than we had been aware of prior to the event. There is plenty to keep us in line, such as logic and ridicule, to make sure we don't dare experience too much *awe*.

So does the sixth dimension accommodate all other worlds and possible realities then? Sort of. The spiritual master George Gurdjieff spoke of it in such a way, as explored in his disciple Ouspensky's books; and science fiction fans would certainly be comfortable with the idea of other realities. However, these other realities and worlds are *four-dimensional representations of the sixth dimension*. Firstly, worlds depicted always function in linear time, hence humans can connect with them in some way. Secondly, the beings or aliens tend to be rooted in one form. Admittedly, some are shape-shifters but the temporal logic of the fourth dimension still reigns: even the shape-shifters exist progressively i.e. they grow old and they die.

No encounter with a sixth dimensional being is likely to be so comfortable, so *relatable*. Other rules apply. Admittedly, alternate realities will also exist within four-dimensional constraints as do ours; so, yes, imagined universes are quite possible – they may *all* exist as some claim – but they *are* four-dimensional, like the one we recognise and live in. And yes, if it were possible to access the sixth dimension then we should also have access to these other universes. In the same way, we as four-dimensional beings can access and manipulate three-dimensional objects; five-dimensional beings, outside of linear time, can manipulate and manage us very easily; and six-dimensional can manipulate the lot of us, four- and five-dimensional.

If you are feeling ‘Whoa! This is too much!’ then you are starting to understand the sixth dimensional perspective. While I think of the fifth dimension as a vast ocean, of which we are only examining a tea-spoon full of it here, the sixth I perceive as an even vaster sky surrounding it *and* countless other vast oceans. So yes, even getting close to this, fills me with awe.

When we get to the seventh dimension we immediately run into difficulties, even more than before. Ouspensky refers to it as the ‘imaginary dimension’, and insists that nothing beyond the sixth can possibly be perceived nor described. He is not wrong but I suspect, from my experiences, that something can at least be hinted at to nudge people in the right direction. We will wait till we get to the final chapter before looking at this a bit more. Dimensions beyond this are even more a subject of conjecture – I would specify *useless* conjecture. There is no harm in trying though, so we will have a go later. It will be clear by now that whether we have ten or eleven dimensions to play with is a moot point. The first six give us trouble enough.

Before we start looking at each dimensional perspective in depth, a few points are worth emphasising, or re-emphasising, first:

- Words are highly questionable. ‘The Truth that can be told is not the real Truth’. So don’t believe anything you read here. Take what is useful to you, by all means think about what is written but don’t accept anything as an absolute.
- Other people have been here before. Spiritual masters like George Gurdjieff certainly, and I would also include some scientists especially in physics. There will be others too of whom I am not aware. I fully admit

my debt to these people known and unknown. X-Dimensional Theory, as I call it, is available to all of us if we only just look.

- In X-D Theory, we are part of an X Dimensional universe or omniverse as it is sometimes called. However we tend to identify only with the four dimensions of Space and linear Time, and this can prevent us from being aware of the higher dimensions.
- We are X-Dimensional. Each one of us. Part of our journey is to simply realise that. A lot more of life and death can make sense this way.
- There are pragmatic applications available to us from our understanding of each dimension, some of which will be addressed in later chapters.
- The fifth dimension is transcendent of linear Time.
- The sixth is transcendent of Time itself and of limitations in Form.
- The seventh and successive dimensions may well be incomprehensible to us.

2 – The Fourth Dimension

‘Why are we talking about the fourth dimension?!’ I hear the protests already. ‘We live in the damn thing! We experience it every day!’ This is true but – in a theme we will return to in the final chapter – there is much in so-called ‘ordinary life’ to surprise us. In this chapter we are going to look at the nature of linear Time itself in (hopefully) some quite unorthodox ways.

First, consider beauty, how dependent it is on linear Time. You can observe this with any film star you find particularly attractive. Whilst watching them on a DVD pause it whilst that person is talking. No matter how many times at different places you do so, more often than not they will look ridiculous rather than beautiful. Their physical beauty is in their movement. A photographer will also work with Time in this way, either waiting for the perfect moment to capture beauty or simply taking thousands of pictures and selecting one. Sculptures, photographs, paintings, are all carefully and skillfully engineered frozen moments of Time. They are not natural, though through the skill of the artist both Nature and something transcendent of Nature may be expressed.

This is one of the paradoxes of living in the fourth dimension, that while it is full of suffering, ‘the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune’, it is also extraordinarily beautiful for those who are prepared to see it as such. This is the artist in each one of us, and the medium is life itself.

Now let us consider a well-known and orthodox perspective, that of *subjective Time*. This is an almost daily experience for most of us. Think of how waiting for a bus for twenty minutes can seem like an eternity, yet those same twenty minutes spent with friends in a convivial atmosphere can just whiz by: ‘Where did the time go?!’ Already here is an aspect of Time that does not acknowledge the exacting measurements of milliseconds or millenia.

Through his work on Relativity, Einstein revealed another malleable aspect of Time: that it alters according to gravity and acceleration, both of which slow Time down. (Strictly speaking, we should be speaking of SpaceTime as one entity here, but for our purposes I’m focusing on Time specifically.)

In everyday life we won’t notice these effects, but a person living on the top floor of a high rise building will age faster than someone on the ground floor, where gravity is stronger. The difference is miniscule so has no effect in any

practical sense but it is there. So don't worry. If you have a penthouse suite, enjoy it.

Similarly, people in a spaceship travelling near the speed of light will age much slower than those living on Earth. Science fiction abounds with stories of space travellers returning to Earth to find everyone they knew long since gone.

Already we have established that Time is both subjective and relative, but can agree from our four-dimensional perspective that it is also both linear and progressive: people grow old, time marches on and everything changes. This is how life is, we say.

'Life' is usually taken to mean cell-based organisms such as plants, animals, bacteria, fungi etc. There is some debate about whether viruses – lacking cell-structure – are alive or simply molecular automatons, but the general principle of what constitutes life is agreed upon. James Lovelock, of 'Gaia hypothesis' fame, when he worked for NASA, developed another definition: life is a decrease in entropy, or an increase in order perhaps. Chaos theory challenges what we perceive as order though, as seemingly chaotic systems can have a beautiful order at their heart once we can perceive them, as evidenced by fractals such as the Mandelbrot set.

In a similar way, leaving aside the Western Scientific parameters of what constitutes life, we find in the East the concept of a universal life force known, for example, as ch'i, ki or prana.

Ch'i exists in all forms. We all have experience of it. D.H. Lawrence in one of his essays attempts to describe it, without knowledge of the eastern concept, as the wooden stool in his room being 'quick with life' whereas the iron stove 'not being quick'. Some objects have more ch'i than others. Some people have more ch'i than others, and this can vary in each one of us from day to day, minute by minute. An acupuncturist's job, in part, is to adjust any imbalance or deficiency in an individual's ch'i. A place that is deficient of ch'i seems sad, depressing...life-less. Part of a Feng Shui practitioner's job is to entice the earth ch'i which has retreated far from the surface, back up to replenish the site. This is why I always say that everyone is a Feng Shui practitioner: a sensitive gardener will heal a site through his/her skills, as will a good builder or an interior designer.

Once understanding the concept of ch'i it can be appreciated that even rocks are alive. Certainly the Chinese are not the only people who ascribe names of animals both 'real' and 'mythical' to mountains – Dragon Peak, Cat's Back, Lion's Head etc. A famous Feng Shui practitioner in Hong Kong told his clients to build a huge gap in the middle of their hotel so that the dragon in the mountain would not have its view of the sea spoiled. The owners agreed despite losing several bedrooms and thus millions of dollars over time, at least from a narrow perspective – as this action was deemed necessary for long term success. They didn't wish to upset the dragon.

I have had numerous experiences of rocks as living beings. Once at dawn in India I heard the rocks around me burst into a glorious chorus that lasted for five to ten minutes, as the first rays of the sun fell upon them. This was a turning point for me, as I couldn't conceive of anything around me after that as not being alive in some way.

More recently I had a dream of three rocks roughly in the shape of giant cats on a shore somewhere. In the dream, locals spoke of the 'cats' as talking amongst themselves. Certainly they were facing each other as if in conference. Then I saw as Time sped up and millenia passed in the blink of an eye, how the cats finished their conversation and started wandering over the beach in other directions, before eventually 'dying' by losing form completely. What I was being shown was how non-cellular organisms could exist right next to us, without us being aware. What we theorise as erosion by the elements could in this way actually be the simple passage of Time for certain forms of life.

Needless to say, when I see some hillsides or landscapes being destroyed in the name of progress, I now experience it as a sort of murder.

Let's go even further leftfield and look at the phenomenon of reincarnation.

In the fourth dimension we grow old and die. Even rocks grow old and die, as in the last passage. But is that the end of the story? Not according to those who believe in reincarnation.

I had a number of experiences even as a teenager relating to reincarnation, so for me it wasn't even a matter of belief, but a truth that had direct consequences on how I lived my life. I was never that bothered whether the memories were 'real' in a conventional sense, only if they were useful or not. And they certainly were useful. As a young man I was definitely going down a

dangerous self-destructive path until I experienced a number of flashbacks to a sixteenth century life which ended very badly. I realised how I was simply repeating a pattern, and subsequently altered the course of my life.

Since then I have had numerous flashbacks to previous lives, more frequently in recent years and not limited to my own life. Sometimes with other people it is like a window opens, light floods in, then the window closes just as abruptly but only after providing me with a lot of information. Though I can't choose when this happens, when the information does occur I can see more clearly why a person is behaving a certain way, and identify ways in which to help them if appropriate to do so.

A major obstacle to this is that most westerners do not accept reincarnation as valid. A common objection is that people who do believe in it often remember being famous people such as Cleopatra or Nefertiti. In my experience this is rarely true. Most who have undeniable, transformative experiences of this nature remember very ordinary lives which will not be found in the history books. The science programme on BBC 'Horizon' did a fascinating documentary many years ago called 'Many Happy Returns' and looked at two children who recalled previous lives. One was an Indian boy who had been killed in his previous life by some gunmen. He actually remembered the video shop he owned, and was subsequently reunited with his wife who confirmed his memories were correct; also that the situation 'was a bit strange'. It was interesting to me that the Indians focused on the personal aspects of the situation, whereas the other case of a young girl in the north of England focused more on a scientific approach as they searched through local archives and records. Eventually they found that yes, there was a young boy killed on the train tracks nearby many decades before, exactly as she described. So these were two cases not involving famous people, and both pretty well-established as authentic. (I see that the BBC have done a more recent radio programme with the same title, still available online at time of writing, focusing on other children.)

Cynics disguising themselves as sceptics may object at this point, that the methodology is faulty, 'this is not rational' etc. but as far as reincarnation is concerned, I am not bothered with it being proven or logical. My guideline has always been, 'Is it useful?', 'Does it enlighten and help in any way?' I have also dismissed some individuals' accounts of past lives simply because their 'memories' only seemed to be giving them excuses for behaving in certain ways,

providing them with escape ('Any life is better than this one.') or boosting their ego unnecessarily. These memories were not useful as far as I was concerned.

Within the context of X-D Theory now, the relevance of past and future lives may be questioned. Here while we are examining the fourth dimension which we all know pretty well, reincarnation is interesting because if we forget about the messy business of birth and death and accept reincarnation as a possibility, we can perceive a far greater passage of linear Time than before.

Simply put, all your lives can be understood to be *one* life i.e. *you*. There is therefore a clear continuation of linear Time, in your own experience, going on. This is consistent with the concept of growth. Here in this life you grow older and you learn more as you do so. Given, say, your original life – if there is such a thing, many centuries or millenia past – there is also a growth involved, *a growth of consciousness*. We learn as we go along. Hence, any glamour of past lives has to be erroneous because we were much worse back then than we are now. I can certainly vouch for that.

Even so, you may argue, what has this got to do with you? Reincarnation remains purely hypothetical for you, perhaps. Well, if you are open to the possibility there are a few things you can do to discover more.

One thing that tends to point in a certain direction is when somebody is particularly interested in a certain era. One of my flashbacks occurred when I heard somebody in South Africa waxing lyrically about a battle between the Boers and the British. His passion more than his extensive knowledge alerted me to what was going on, then briefly I got a sense of him as a young soldier caught in that particular battle. Indeed, as he talked he was energised like a young man, which he wasn't at the time we met.

So ask yourself what eras you are drawn to. That in itself isn't likely to give you any important life lessons, but it might. At the very least it may start you off in the right direction.

A related approach is to look at your ancestry. Or your astrology chart! Or both, for they may be the same thing. An astrologer told me years ago that he got the impression that my past lives were mostly either as warriors or priests. I discovered later that was pretty much the story of my family tree. My flashbacks have also followed similar lines.

You can use a more direct approach if you like. There are numerous methods available, including hypnosis, if you seek them out.

Here is a meditation I have always found to be effective, and it is deceptively simple. You may wish to have someone with you for it can be very disturbing sometimes.

Mirror Meditation

Sit in a dark room with a mirror in front of you, and a lit candle to one side, out of sight. Stare at the mirror, at your face, without blinking. Try this for as long as possible. The image of your face will start to change. Keep your eyes open without blinking. Eventually your face will settle down to one different from your own, and all will become clear.

The meditation doesn't take very long usually, and it comes to a natural end. You just know when it's over. One 'past life' is normally the limit for each sitting but occasionally others roll along as well. It can be a startling experience, hence the advice to have someone with you.

Once past lives become part of your consciousness, a transcendent view of linear Time is available in a way that is far more accessible than the – admittedly abstruse – fifth dimensional perspective. If you have lived before and will do so again, dying itself becomes clear for what it is: an illusion. For who actually dies?

Now that we have established there is a lot more to linear Time than is commonly perceived, we can leave the fourth dimension and go on to the fifth.

3 – The Fifth Dimension

*‘Is there a place where all that I’ve lost
Will be returned to me?’ Rumer*

‘When you have become a silent pool, here and now, everything happens. In meditation, cause and effect are not two, cause is the effect. The act and the result are not two, the act is the result. They are not divided.’ Osho

To recap, *the fifth dimension is transcendent of linear Time*. As an analogy, I have likened it to a vast ocean with countless eddies and flows, whereas the fourth dimension is like a stream and limited to linear, progressive Time. This means backward Time is perfectly acceptable fifth dimensionally also, which is an important factor for physicists have been baffled as to why our very symmetrical universe has Time flowing in only one direction.

The asymmetry of the universe is also reflected in radiation. Electromagnetic radiation moves outward from its source, as we know from high school physics, but in a symmetrical universe it should also be moving inwards, what physicists called *advanced radiation*. The absence of advanced radiation is one of the unanswered questions in science.

In the fifth dimension both backward time and advanced radiation are accounted for. (They weren’t missing, people just weren’t looking in the right place.)

It’s worth providing a disclaimer here. I am not a physicist and freely admit that I am completely out of my depth with higher dimensional physics. I have though discussed much of this with open-minded physicists, and they think I may be on to something. As with everything in these pages, I’m presenting *my* take on things, not an absolute truth. Please take it as such and accept what is useful or interesting or beautiful to you, and freely discard the rest.

I should also add, that while scientists are invited to suspend their disbelief, to the non-scientists who may feel put off by the physics here, please bear with me for a while. It will be worth it. Alternatively, one effective way to read this book is to skip lightly through passages that don’t interest you.

As Samantha reveals in ‘**Secrets**’, once Time becomes non-linear, many physics equations alter the physical landscape enormously. Kinetic energy is $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$. The v stands for ‘velocity’ which is obviously time-dependent, as we measure velocity in values such as metres per *second*. *If those seconds are all over the place, so then is the energy*. Einstein’s famous $E=mc^2$ (Energy = mass times the speed of light squared) is also time-dependent because of the speed of light. With an oceanic Time in these equations rather than a linear Time, this means that energy can go up and down like a crazy balloon. This has relevance to the poltergeist phenomenon, as we shall see.

In our four-dimensional world, entropy is an inescapable factor: over (linear) Time, things get older, everything decays, and chaos ensues. As mentioned previously, a *decrease in entropy* can be a sign of life. To take a very basic example, a clean and tidy room is evidence that someone has been there, ensuring that entropy does *not* happen.

Biologically, our life processes ward off entropy. Our immune system keeps the bugs at bay, and breathing keeps up a plentiful supply of oxygen enabling respiration to take place. Respiration leads to the oxidation of carbohydrates, releasing the energy which we need. *This is all a linear process*. In the same way, a fire is lit, combustion happens through oxidation, releasing energy and eventually reaching the end point, ashes. Also, rusting is the oxidation of iron. The Martian red soil is symptomatic of the end of a chemical process, that any energy once present was released a long time ago.

So what happens when this linear process is no longer valid? If the fifth dimension is non-linear, then the need for consumption of food, the quest for warmth etc., all become redundant. There is no competing for resources, no limitations to where you can go nor how quickly. Death also becomes redundant, as does birth.

‘Wait a minute,’ you may say, ‘this is starting to sound like...well, Heaven.’

Precisely.

Many accounts of the afterlife fit strikingly well into a fifth dimensional perspective. Spiritually, many people believe this to be the end goal. The doctor who wrote ‘Proof of Heaven’ seemed convinced of that. Robert Monroe in his ‘Far Journeys’ – continuing his research into out-of-the-body experiences – gives an intriguing account of one group of people he comes across in church

in the afterlife. They were Christians when alive and have come to the Heaven they expected. However, Monroe notices another group of people who seem to be apart from the congregation. These are facilitators, or guides, who approach individuals when they are ready, to inform them, ‘This is not the end of your journey, you can go further now.’

The fifth dimension is not the ultimate destination, but it can be very tempting to stay. Not only Monroe but other people who have travelled here, often through near-death experiences, give accounts of individuals trapped in their own mental cages – for individual will is like a currency in the fifth dimension, it can take you to many places. What we experience as hauntings, more often than not can be individuals obsessed with certain locations or people from their time in the fourth dimension, and they therefore become trapped in those mental cages. This is where mediums can be effective, by counselling these ‘spirits’. One can only assume the fifth dimensional guides couldn’t manage by themselves in these cases, they needed help from us ‘on this side’

Why would an individual, whose body has gone the way of all flesh, become fixated on anything in the fourth dimension? For now they have eternity spread out before them, they know not disease, hardship nor suffering. There are as many answers to this as there are individuals. The common answer, as is often given, is that they wish to ‘finish certain business’ here in this world such as a missing will, the name of their murderer, express undeclared love for someone etc. This is the basis of many a good ghost story.

There are also those who for nefarious reasons cannot move on. It is like the Egyptian belief that when you die, your heart is weighed against a feather. If it is heavier than the feather, your soul is consumed. An individual who has never learnt joy or kindness may well experience difficulty in moving on, and their personal hell may be to be locked into the vicinity of where they led their questionable life.

Another reason is that the vastness of the fifth dimension can be daunting. I keep comparing it to an ocean, and when at sea one needs the assurance of an anchor. A location such as a house, with which strong emotions are associated, can be that anchor. A person or group of person also. These are just not very good anchors, for from the fifth dimensional perspective, they are intangible.

In all these cases, help is often required to move things along, whether from this side or t’other.

It should be clear from this, that our fourth dimension is accessible from the fifth, more easily it would seem than the other way around. To some extent, yes, but remember the earlier assertion that to those in other dimensions, *we* are the ghosts. Matthew Manning in 'The Link' quotes one 'spirit' who says, 'We are only simple because you are stupid and we have many barriers to cross.' I don't think she meant it personally, just that we are all very limited. I myself was told through a medium by someone from 'the other side,' in answer to my questions, 'We know what you know, but you have to grow up a bit.' The 'you', I was assured, was plural, it applies to all of us.

From the fifth dimensional perspective, not only are we the ghosts (even if stupid ones!) but the immaterial aspects of the fourth dimension take on quite a *symbolic* function. This is why there is often a lot of emphasis on windows and doors in hauntings. They are windows and doors to a much greater reality than that to which we are accustomed. They also provide protection, a protection which is under threat when, for instance, locked doors are found open. (For some reason that is unclear to me, some entities seem capable of ignoring walls and other barriers entirely. My guess is that four-dimensional barriers only work on five-dimensional entities who are stuck and obsessed with the world they left behind.) There are plenty of documented cases with this emphasis, and writers and artists are aware of this symbolism. Think of Cathy's plaintive cries through the window of Wuthering Heights.

In one very haunted house I worked on, and knew well for many years, I was alone in the sitting room one afternoon. I wanted to go outside, I forget why, and went to the door. I turned the handle down and pulled, something which I must have done a thousand times before, and the door wouldn't budge. I made sure the handle was properly down, and kept pulling, but to no avail. I gave up, tried a minute later, and it opened easily. Half-an-hour later I heard the cat outside, wanting to come in, I opened the door, and he came in with an unaccountable rush of cold air when there was no wind. The door did this only once more at a later date, as far as I know, also with the sense of something malevolent on the other side. When the tenant got in a proper medium to look over the place, she wasn't told anything, yet stated that there was a malevolent force coming from a deceased priest in the nearby abbey. He himself couldn't get to the house, being limited to the abbey grounds, and would send other entities to do his will. The house, by the way, was subsequently cleared and protected.

Another even more extraordinary experience I had or, rather, someone close to me had, was when I was called one afternoon by a teenage girl frantically to come and help her friend. It was a large house, an old English manor, and when I got to the room at the top a couple of minutes later, I found the girl's friends all gathered round one of their number who was sitting on a bed, hysterical for no known reason. This girl was talking what seemed like nonsense, about spirits and goodness knows what else. It didn't make sense but what was absolutely clear was her distress. I'd had a lot of experience with teenagers and knew the important thing was just to simply listen, be there for the person in such a case, and offer comfort when possible. I was doing this, and encouraging her friends to just hold her. What I didn't know is what the girl who fetched me originally, now saw. Something made her look at the frosted-glass door leading out to a balcony, where to her astonishment she saw the features of a giant head, looking in at us with almond-shaped eyes. It was one of the 'Greys', the well-known aliens linked to abductions and numerous fictional and actual accounts. Seeing it had been seen, the creature withdrew and vanished. The girl was extremely level-headed, not given to flights of fancy at all, and told me later it was the one and only time she had ever experienced anything 'strange'. The last we spoke she was well on her way to a successful science career.

In '**Secrets**' there is a lot about Greys as five-dimensional managers, but here I am more interested in the symbolic function of the glass door. We never got to the root cause of the girl's distress (long story), but it must have been like an alarm going off in the fifth dimension. Whatever the reason for the Grey's interest, it used the frosted-glass and not one of the windows with clear glass, to observe. Why? For part-concealment? Or was it a symbolic gesture that something wasn't being seen clearly? Was it both of these, and more? Or something entirely different?

Deep, usually repressed, feelings have often been attributed to poltergeist cases. Researchers have found both grief and guilt effective catalysts at the root of the phenomenon. Why these in particular, and are only 'negative' emotions implicit? To answer we need to cast aside any bias we may have about negative or positive feelings. In the Chinese medicine system, grief is associated with autumn, and the Metal element which provides us with the ability to experience loss then move on. When the Metal element is deficient in a person there can also be a lack of depth, a shallowness resulting. It is difficult to be so positive

about guilt, which so often is a result of severe religious conditioning, but as with grief, it is the *depth* of guilt that is significant. Therefore neither grief nor guilt are necessary in themselves, to punch a hole into the other side so to speak – *it is a particular depth of spirit, of feeling, that is required.*

So therefore whilst the more common experiences of hauntings are associated with so-called negative emotions, by no means is that negativity a prerequisite. Yogis and spiritual masters are often accorded unusual powers such as levitation, telekinesis and materialisation. I would say these are people who have mastered their connection with the fifth dimension. In contrast, in cases such as possession, where people may also levitate and perform remarkable things, it is the *lack of mastery* that is evident, to the point of self-destructiveness. Which is when help is often required from a priest, shaman or medium. Voodoo already has this covered, by ensuring that possession is spiritually guided.

The perils of possession should be dire warning for those wishing to tap into the resources of the fifth dimension for themselves. There is a story about a Zen disciple boasting to another that his master can perform all sorts of miracles, such as flying etc. ‘What can your master do?’ taunts the boy. ‘My master is so great,’ replies the other, ‘that he does none of those things.’

I liken any attempts to control the fifth dimension while we are here in the fourth, as trying to control the weather with a kite. It’s ridiculous, not to say foolhardy. The physicist Richard Feynman described the zero point field – the vast space between atoms – as so powerful, a teaspoon of it would contain enough energy to boil all the oceans of the world five times over. It’s possible this may all be the same thing.

There are physical clues as to what the fifth dimension is like. One of the things that actually set me on this path of discovery, is that when I was five years old in Canada I saw and heard on a bright hot day water splash down in front of me. A few seconds later it happened again. I was about ten metres away, and by the time I got to the spot, the pools of water had vanished. None of the kids playing around me, nor their parents (nor my parents.) observed anything, despite my insistence this had happened. There were no houses nor anything close enough nearby from which to have thrown anything. A few years ago, I witnessed exactly the same thing in similar weather, here in Cornwall. Once again, nobody around saw anything, and the water had

vanished as soon as I got there. What I saw and heard was irrefutable. Both times the sense of us being surrounded by invisible water – lots of it – was very strong. A vast ocean known as *garsecg*, surrounding our world, does exist according to Nordic myth,

When puzzling over the significance of water in these encounters, someone reminded me that water is the element of communication. It therefore does make sense if it is present when connecting the two dimensions. In poltergeist cases, water manifestations are also usually to do with cleansing a location.

In her book ‘Time Storms’ Jenny Randles does the admirable job of compiling numerous accounts from around the world, of people caught up in...well, time storms. There is usually a tornado of sorts involved beforehand, though not always, and the individuals are thrown forward in Time usually for no longer than a few hours. They emerge disoriented, confused – *and often very wet*, with no memory of what exactly happened in the time they were gone. High humidity seems to be a definite factor.

I would argue that these people were thrown into the fifth dimension.

We have looked at how the fifth dimension intruding into the fourth may manifest – levitation, possession, telekinesis etc. – but what happens if it’s the other way around? For a start, us as four-dimensional creatures steeped in linear Time, to be thrown into an environment where that limitation is no longer respected, has to be traumatic. Sure, some of us can *imagine* what the fifth dimension is like, but for our bodies which are entirely four-dimensional, rooted in the linear processes of respiration, oxidation, ageing etc., the shock must be extraordinary. The fact that those caught up in these ‘time storms’ always returned within six or so hours, implies to me simply that these are the ones that survived. Those who don’t survive are merely reported missing. It stands to reason that the only way to enter the fifth dimension effectively is to ‘die’; that is, to alter form. Once more, we are returned to the awareness that any representation of the ‘afterlife’ has to be our four-dimensional perspective of it. It is all we can handle.

The lack of normal gravitational constraints has also interested me. Levitation is one of the results. Here, it could be disastrous if gravity were switched off for an individual, no matter how the comic books depict it. In the fifth though, where will and desire are synonymous with movement, flying would be a cinch. Logically though, even if one argues that the fifth is a

liberation from the limitations of linear Time, why should that apply to gravity as well? I have no idea but do know that it's a constant feature, even in the time storm phenomena, where cars are often thrown further ahead *along the same route they were travelling* – implying that the will, the desire to perform a certain journey, remained intact.

Using what I could of normal scientific procedure – as mitigated as that might be in this line of research – I attempted to predict something according to my hypotheses a couple of years ago. That prediction, was that with two of the factors I had discerned in the fifth dimension – the ubiquitousness of water and the ignoring of gravity – water should be observed in fifth dimensional experiences *flowing in directions other than down*.

I was delighted therefore to see in one of the hauntings covered by the television programme 'Paranormal Witness', water was seen to flow from the floor to the ceiling i.e. it was raining but *upwards*, and *inside*. This would be in keeping with a fifth dimensional intrusion. Likewise, the paranormal researcher Joseph Braddock, wrote about a haunting in Northampton in 'Haunted Houses' where he and another person heard the sound of water and 'a noise like a dull groan with a roar, similar to a strong wind blowing through a small hole, which seemed to come from under my feet.'

Interestingly, when Braddock went to the room below, the sounds came from above. This is also consistent with the Escher-like geography of the fifth dimension, where 'up' and 'down' may not mean quite the same thing as they do to us and, indeed, may be interchangeable. A similar geometric chaos was also reported by a couple in a Southport café in 'The Mask of Time' by Joan Forman.

Obviously there is much more to write about here and, fittingly with this subject, I could do so forever, but would like to come back to earth and suggest a couple of practical exercises through which we can all experience and utilise the fifth dimension in our daily lives.

Journey Quality

First, simply note the beginning and end of any journey. There will also be at the very least a mid-point. For example, if you go to the shops, the three main points to observe are: when you leave the house, what you experience at the shops, and what you experience when you return. From a four-dimensional

perspective, there is a linear sense to this, a beginning and an end. Five-dimensionally all this is happening simultaneously. Think of it as a long piece of string – it is the same string no matter what point you focus on. So what you want to focus on is the experience. What you should start to notice is that that experience is the same at all points. If you left the house smoothly and with no problems, the shopping experience will be the same, as will the return. This is the essence of a simple five-dimensional experience. By doing this you are starting to remove yourself from the dictates of linear Time.

As well as increasing awareness, this exercise has a very pragmatic application. When, for instance, you realise the journey has commenced badly, and is continuing as such – do something different. To use the above example, don't go straight to the shops, do something unexpected, spontaneous. It could be as simple as going to a café for a cup of tea. This action breaks the destructive pattern of the linear path, and heals the journey *quality*. (As I live by the sea, I'm lucky enough to be able to just head to the beach when I sense a journey going awry.)

Let's try another one.

Effect and Cause

Sit in a room with a light source. Any will do – a lamp, a candle, a fire. Look at the light. Be aware that the light is moving from its source towards you. This is a linear Truth. Now remove that Truth, which is Time dependent, so that there is no journey, the light is not moving towards you. The light is shining and upon you simultaneously. There is no delay whatsoever.

If you can do this, and it may require a bit of effort and imagination, the experience is remarkable. For by doing such a thing, you are removing the play of cause and effect. You can do this with anything you are seeing, hearing, experiencing, for it all involves the illusion of linear Time.

When consumed by desire for something or someone, you can also free yourself through this exercise of creative imagination, for any separation between subject and object is thus removed. In love with someone unattainable? Any pain has as its root an imagined future with that person, and the glaring contradiction of the present where they are not available. By employing the above exercise, but by imagining the person rather than a lamp, a new paradigm is achieved.

Artists often have their own way of expressing this, or at the very least something close to it:

*'I'm in heaven
With my boyfriend, my laughing boyfriend
There's no beginning and there is no end
Time isn't present in that dimension.'* Tom Tom Club, *'Genius of Love'*

Yet Tom Tom Club, themselves not short of genius, whilst they're tapping into the vast universe with the sensitivity, talent and multi-layeredness of all great artists, reflect in their lyrics that something becomes awry even in such a 'heavenly' dimension:

*'Boyfriend was missing
I surely miss him
The way he'd hold me in his warm arms.'*

Even in the fifth dimension things are not quite perfect, there is a need to transcend even that.

Now that you have been offered a glimpse of the fifth dimension at work, hopefully you will have also got a sense of the illusory quality of death. We in the fourth dimension are like shells to our fifth dimensional selves, which in turn are shells to the sixth, and so on. The shells will fall away in each case. In the fourth this is inevitable, at the most you can only delay it; in the fifth other factors come to play, where a push, a helping hand, may be needed to move on to the sixth, which is where we're going in the next chapter.

4 – The Sixth Dimension

In the first dream, I found her out there on one of the towering mountain peaks of Dewarra. I watched her as she checked the artificial wings which she would then strap to her back. She must have been about twenty years old, slim and strong, with a golden-hued body, wearing a small tunic, whether made from leather or cloth I couldn't tell. Far below in the dense jungle that spanned the planet, dinosaurs still roamed. It was too dangerous for her kind. Here at the roof of the world was safety, with only the flying lizards as company, and they rarely attacked. Indeed, it was they who long ago had first inspired her people to create wings. I sensed her state of sustained exaltation as she looked out over the horizon of endless mountains. With such large distances between people, living only on the peaks, romance was a strong driving force for all of them. She knew her future partner was out there, roaming the mountain tops, looking for her. Attaching the wings, she launched into the air and, catching the updraught, soared towards another peak and an unknown, glorious future.

This was the first of a series of dreams that began a few years ago. I named the world rather unimaginatively Dinosaur World, then D-World, becoming DW in notes, and finally Dewarra just to do something with the initials. The dreams came in sequence, beginning with the one above, showing a species at the dawn of its development. Then they progressed through linear Time, showing how civilisation developed, from medieval-like fortresses on top of the mountains to a mastery of gravitational forces, allowing the creation of entire cities that could rise by themselves into the clouds. Always the drive was upward, away from gravity, eventually leading into Space – then, the development of portals to visit other realities in their bird-like craft.

The dreams were extremely convincing, as if I were actually present, witnessing the events unfolding, and privy to the evolution of an entire species. There was so much detail provided I sometimes think I could write an ethnogeographical thesis about the world. Why these dreams occurred, I don't know – I only visit Dewarra on occasion now – and I mention them here in order to illustrate a few points.

First, in the sixth dimensional perspective, Imagination and Reality can be synonymous. In the fourth, we well know, this is not the case and there is an

insistence on a clear division between the two. This dichotomy needs to be forgotten when dealing with the sixth.

Secondly, whilst all possibilities may be contained in the sixth, glimpses of other worlds such as Dewarra are still four-dimensional in essence – there is a clear linear progression. It's not even five-dimensional, though the Dewarrans as they were depicted obviously managed to operate in the sixth in order to move between worlds. Maybe we'll see them one day!

The third reason I wish to refer to right now, for telling the Dewarra story, is because of the most recent dream I had relating to it. In the dream I saw a young girl walking along cliffs in what looked like England. I knew in the dream she spent a lot of time wandering along the perilous paths, high above the waves crashing upon the rocks below. She was human, but Dewarran in another life, and haunted to distraction by a sense of loss, of the dizzying heights she once soared, when the sky was her friend. Driven by these unknown memories to a dangerous degree, shunning human contact – for who could understand her, when she didn't understand herself? – she was inconsolable.

This last brings us to the subject of reincarnation again, yet note we are not necessarily talking about a *past life* here, but *another life*. From the perspective of the sixth dimension, Time is no longer a factor: our various lives could be anywhere and anywhen. They are happening *now*, and we are co-creators with our various selves.

There is also a pragmatic aspect inherent in all this. If I met the girl from the dream, assuming she existed, I would be able to help her by allowing her access to her Dewarran memories. Sometimes a suggestion is all that is required, for it allows an individual to get in touch with aspects of themselves they didn't know existed, and gives those aspects a voice.

Surprisingly, being aware of sixth dimensional Truths can be extremely practical in our Reality. I have utilised this many times in the past. India was one of the places that woke me up to this possibility, when I was disturbed by people I would see wandering the streets and talking to themselves. They would obviously be classified as insane in the West, but in India I was told they were considered 'touched by the gods', that they had glimpsed realities denied the rest of us.

In conversation with a psychiatrist years later, I asked her to classify schizophrenia. 'It means living in your own world,' she said simply, as one who preferred plain speaking. 'But that's all of us,' I objected, 'we all live in our own world.' 'Yes,' she explained, 'which is why – though none of us will go on record with this – we no longer classify anyone as insane. We're all insane. The question we ask, is whether the person can handle it or not.' I loved this attitude, and respected her for it. One of her favourite films was 'The Fisher King', which also explores the question of universal madness. Later I saw the beautiful film 'Le Roi de Coeur', another masterpiece, which convincingly depicts the clinically insane as more sane than everyone else.

Arthur Koestler gives an account of a friend of his who was haunted by the apparition of her uncle who would always approach from three directions at once. Her dog also would react. She would have a fit whenever this occurred, and later a 'sign' would always manifest, which Koestler observed once as a picture flying off a wall despite being securely fastened.

The first aspect of this 'haunting' that suggests the sixth dimension rather than the fifth is at play, is the multi-figure aspect. The second is the symbolic aspect, as uncomfortable as it may be. There was a background of sexual abuse to this case, and the Freudian symbolism was obvious to the woman, for the central figure was 'fully erect' and the flanking figures smaller.

We saw how simple structures in our world can have strong symbolic overtones in the fifth dimension, such as doors or windows. In the sixth, this is even more the case. Koestler's friend remained stuck, plagued by the apparition, in part perhaps because she had interrupted a psychoanalysis session which had revealed her repressed memories. With a six-dimensional therapist, were such a person to exist, the trauma could possibly have been dealt with by first confronting the apparition itself – in my view, the uncle was trapped in a hell of his own making.

Patrick Harpur in 'Daimonic Reality' argues that while we live in an age where there is a distinct separation between what is 'true' and what is 'false', this dichotomy did not exist prior to Aristotle. Julian Jaynes seems to support this in a way in his extraordinary 'The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind', where he uses 'The Iliad' to illustrate how the gods once walked with people. As I recall (remember, I'm without my books right now), Achilles confronts Agamemnon at some point, demanding to

know why he committed some atrocity. ‘Because Zeus told me to,’ is the answer, which Achilles immediately accepts. Imagine that in a court of law today. ‘I did it because God told me to.’ You can see where that would be going.

In our oh-so-rational world, Imagination has become a dirty word, unless relegated to the fictional world. It was not always so. Harpur argues that visionaries like Blake were very comfortable with the *reality* of their Imaginations, so that seeing an angel in a tree was a truth, neither external nor internal (another dichotomy), just a truth.

To recap on its definition, *the sixth dimension is transcendent of Time itself and of limitations in Form.*

Even in the fifth dimension, some adherence to Form is still respected. Hence, ‘ghosts’ are identifiable as particular individuals. We pass on to ‘the other side’, and our individual selves are still more or less intact.

In the sixth things can get a lot more unsettling, and unsettled. In the same way that levitation and psychokinesis can result from tapping into fifth dimensional reality, shapeshifting comes from the sixth. This is because *any fixed sense of an identity becomes fallacious*. If you go back to the mirror meditation in Chapter 2, you’ll recall that there is usually an adjustment period before the ‘past life’ settles down in front of you. Yet that past life is a fixed identity itself. The wavering of imagery as your face changes and alters may be closer to the Truth, at least as far as the sixth dimension is concerned. Any life or character reflected is merely a part of a much greater whole.

This also accounts for the sheer unreliability of reports of encounters with everything from UFOs to cryptozoological beasts such as Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster. Harpur examines this to a great extent in ‘Daimonic Reality’, where he also warns against attributing such sightings entirely to the symbolic and mythological. These ‘daimons’ are simultaneously unreal and real. He relates the ‘bogus social worker’ phenomenon in the north of England some years ago, where strange couples would come into people’s homes and demand to examine their children. This they did merely by looking at them, no harm was ever perpetrated. Then when it was discovered that these were not real social workers, the police got involved – at which point, *the encounters increased*. Nobody was ever caught despite all the publicity, and eventually the activity ceased. Harpur’s point was that these daimons were reflecting our own

paranoia, yet also existed in their own right. (He uses the word ‘daimon’ more in the ancient Greek sense, synonymous to ‘an attendant spirit, a genius’.)

I was once visiting a sculptor friend in a remote part of Cornwall. It was off-season and we were surprised when a whole family turned up. It was a small studio of just three rooms, so I decided to go outside to get out of the way. Before I did so I saw one of the party, a young woman, carrying a fairly large sculpture. Drinking my coffee outside, I eventually saw the family leave, though I didn’t notice any of them specifically. Going back inside, I found my friend searching the studio. He told me he had wanted to take a particular piece to an exhibition the next day, but he couldn’t find it. When he described it, I said it sounded like the piece the woman had. ‘What woman?’ he asked. He had never seen her. (Recently, on checking the facts of the story with him, he says on reconstructing the event in his mind, he does recall the woman. With the trickiness of memory though, it is no longer certain what is true – an ambiguity that is totally fitting.)

We tried looking at it logically, of course. Yet how could a thief time her arrival so precisely at a remote location, at a time when there were very few people around? How could she evade detection in such a small space? And why would she select that one sculpture? It was one of hundreds on the shelves, and there were much more valuable pieces available; and smaller ones too, much more easy to steal. Also, the modus operandi of thieves was to hit several studios in the area in a certain time frame, and further inquiries drew a blank – nobody else had been robbed.

If she truly were a daimon – an agent of the beyond – then I am also perfectly happy with a logical explanation *at the same time as accepting something otherworldly had occurred*. And what message could have been conveyed by the encounter, for there is always something to be learned? My interpretation of this is that at the time my friend was experiencing doubts, as we all do at times, about the value of his work. ‘What was the point? Is this in any way important?’ etc. ‘Your work is so important,’ the universe replied, ‘we are going to send an agent to acquire the piece you yourself have set apart in your mind as being special.’ So maybe it’s stored in a Divine Museum somewhere, and we can all go and see it one day.

The sixth dimension also makes its presence known in more mundane circumstances. For example, two people I know followed an unusual recipe

from one of a couple of recipe books on their kitchen shelf. The raspberry semolina tarte was a success but very soon after, when consulting the book again, the recipe was no longer there. And yes, of course the usual logical questions were asked, and *all* the books gone through from page to page. (One of those people, with whom I just checked this story, is still bemoaning the loss of the recipe because it was so good.)

Another example is something that happened to me recently, though the story has its roots in the early 1980s when I was in Edinburgh for the Fringe. Near where I was staying in Morningside, the local theatre was putting on what was advertised as two short farces by Alan Ayckbourn. I remember that distinctly, partly because Ayckbourn was not one of my favourite playwrights, and also because I thought the advertising was tautological – for weren't *all* his plays farces? I only remember one of the plays, because it touched on themes important to me, and actually changed my opinion of Ayckbourn.

The story was about a late middle-aged to elderly couple whose niece was coming to stay. She was known as an irresponsible drop-out, a hippy, whereas the couple were entirely conventional. The usual comedic misunderstandings and blunderings occurred, and I was impressed by this portrayal of two worlds clashing. The niece was shown as someone coming from the heart, and this attitude to life was affecting the couple in a touching way. However, things get too difficult and she leaves suddenly. The man reads the letter she wrote for them out loud. The final line, and the final line of the play, are: “I love you.” What do you think she meant by that?’ asks the man to his wife, himself and the audience.

I remember the look on the actor's face clearly, the tone of his voice, and how that play revealed Ayckbourn to me as a writer very observant not just of mores and manners but also of the deeper themes going on in our society.

The only problem is, the play doesn't exist. Not according to the Ayckbourn Society, with whom I've had considerable correspondence. And not according to the various Fringe organisers and thespians familiar with the theatre in question. One organiser was even kind enough to go through *all* the plays shown there in the early 80s and see if *any* play by *any* writer even vaguely resembled the one I recalled so vividly. I definitely had the right venue, for I 'revisited' it on Google Earth and it was exactly how I remembered it, and that performance was the only time I ever went there.

I haven't forsaken the likelihood of a logical explanation entirely, because the alternative is too bizarre even for me, but so far a small army hasn't come up with one. One day with more resources at hand I will return to Edinburgh with the sole intention of continuing the quest. This all started by me simply wanting to remember the name of the play!

So if the sixth dimension contains all the possibilities, is that synonymous with the many worlds theory of quantum physics? And if all possibilities are possible, does that mean even the absurd parallel realities are 'true' e.g. where you are a cockatiel watching television in a world dominated by parrots, or you and your partner switch roles and genders, or there are worlds where sitcoms like 'Bewitched' are reality, where planets are cubes, and Superman exists?

I have no idea, nor do I even care that much, for to me the real question is, 'What is useful'? Anything else is pure indulgence. Postulating that there might be a universe made entirely of shrimp is not exactly useful to me. In the Dewarran example, knowledge of Dewarran customs and beliefs could prove extremely valuable in helping the girl lost on the cliffs. Even then, I wouldn't be that concerned whether Dewarra existed or not. What does that mean anyway? The real issue would be whether referring to its existence helped the girl or not.

This is where *imaginative intelligence* comes in. Plenty of people have plenty of fantasies, *but they often lack discipline and insight*. For example (and I know how many millions of people will take umbrage at this) I find 'Star Wars' rather unimaginative. In contrast, 'Star Trek', against my own prejudices, proved to be full of imagination and questions about humanity's place in the universe. It also had a lot of Shakespeare references. Its creators demonstrated an ability to utilise Imagination for a higher goal, each episode pushing the envelope just a little bit further.

Imaginative intelligence is clearly required when dealing with the sixth dimension. Sadly, scientists rarely have this, clinging to their own dogmas for whatever reason. If a physicist said he believed in fairies, he wouldn't be able to hold onto his job and pay the bills, nor handle the loss to his prestige.

Although in a contradictory manner totally appropriate to the sixth dimension, there are occasionally individuals like Brian Josephson who, despite winning the Nobel Prize, fearlessly studies the paranormal. In an interview in New Scientist (9th Dec 2006) he argues that things like telepathy are not at all

hard to prove, merely hard to get accepted; and calls the closed-mindedness of scientists ‘pathological disbelief’. I would also cite the numerous scientists mentioned by Lynn McTaggart in ‘The Field’ as examples of others willing to buck the trend. So there are exceptions, though even they may blanch a bit at what is being presented here!

‘It’s all falling into place. Of course, that place is nowhere near this place.’
Buffy the Vampire Slayer

I mentioned the mirror meditation in Chapter 2 as possibly allowing a glimpse of your sixth dimensional self. Certainly, all your various lives, past, future and elsewhere, would need to be contained by the true 6D self but that can be a bit much for our poor four-dimensional minds to process! So here’s a simpler technique:

The Paradoxical Self

Make a list of some of your qualities down the left side of a piece of paper. They can be physical, mental, anything, but this exercise can be more powerful when you include qualities that you consider negative e.g. ‘fat’, ‘skinny’, ‘stupid’, ‘impractical’, ‘a failure’. Now on the right side of the piece of paper, write down the opposite qualities of those listed. These new qualities are actually a glimpse of another one of your selves. How does that ‘new’ self feel? Take in those qualities, feel what they give you, the advantages you might not have with your current self. (It is important to actually do this, rather than just reading and thinking about it.)

I often think one of the worst things we do to each other is apply labels: ‘So-and-so is very clever/stupid/beautiful/practical/useless’ etc. Fixed labels are anathema to the sixth dimension. In some indigenous languages, nouns do not exist, only verbs. This makes sense, for how can anyone be just one thing? The kindest people can revert to meanness at any moment, and the cruellest display unexpected acts of compassion. If our names were verbs, it would open us up to more possibilities. We are not static, we are *beings*, constantly in flow. This is why voodoo is very comfortable with a person being possessed, for practitioners do not see the soul as being a fixed, permanent thing but something eternally in flux and changing. A possession would simply be a temporary experience, part of that flux.

Once one's perception is widened to take in the sixth dimension, you can never quite see people, nor yourself, in the same way again. Animals and plants can also take on spectacular new forms.

This may seem like entertainment superficially, or escapism, but I hope I have shown through the above examples just how useful incorporating the sixth dimension can be in daily life – even if you can't always trace that particular recipe ever again.

5 – The Seventh Dimension and Beyond

The seventh dimension seems to operate on the principle of ‘Don’t call us, we’ll call you.’ There is nothing you can do to study it, explore it, or even entice it to come to you. Even if your strategy is to do nothing, maybe just meditate, that doesn’t work because any strategy has intent and therefore action at its core. An attempt to connect with the seventh dimension is perceived as violent in essence. The phrase is always ‘touched by an angel’ – think how wrong it sounds to say you ‘touched an angel’.

Or at least that’s my perception of the seventh. It is extremely difficult to write about, let alone grasp, which can be very frustrating for a writer. Ouspensky calls it the ‘imaginary dimension’, but I suspect that was partly out of frustration. I can only go by my own experience, and even then find it near-impossible to articulate. This is where I manage better through creative writing, so that I can allude to the experiences rather than attempt to describe them outright.

A few things can be surmised though, going by what we know of the previous dimensions.

First, each successive dimension provides a liberation from the limitations of the previous. The fifth releases us from linear Time, the sixth transcends Time and fixed Form. This is why Samantha in ‘**Secrets**’ postulates that the seventh may, in response to the rich ornateness of the sixth, make things very simple again: ‘boy meets girl,’ ‘fire is hot’ etc.

This brings us to the second point here, that each dimension provides a means by which we can manage or manipulate the previous ones. When operating from the fourth, as we all do, because we have access to Time and Movement, we can alter the third dimension of volume. Anyone operating from the fifth will be able to transcend linear Time, thus becoming capable of manipulating events in each one of our ‘stories’, and moving and manifesting objects at will. Therefore one thing we do know about the seventh is that from its perspective *all the various possibilities and worlds become as playthings*. A seventh dimensional individual will be able to interact with and manipulate reality itself. All realities.

I find myself stuck here, floundering for words. One thing I can say for sure is that when the seventh does come into your consciousness, it is extraordinarily blissful. Nothing is ever the same again. Most people won't notice anything different about you, but you will have changed profoundly. It is like a secret, not because you're hiding anything but because you can't express it.

The eighth dimension? I have no idea. It would be foolish to attempt to even speculate, but I am foolish so will have a go.

Even after the identity-challenging flux of the sixth, and the ego becomes more obliterated in the seventh, it is still there. The identity, the 'me', the 'I am' we know so well even in the fourth, remains present right up to the seventh even if altered beyond recognition. I would suggest that the eighth may be the ultimate denial of the Self, that now something truly Beyond has entered you, and you no longer exist as a separate entity.

Since discovering this x-dimensional perspective, I have wondered if the enlightened masters – as well as those enlightened but whom we do not know about – are enlightened by achieving full awareness of all the dimensions. I read recently that whereas exceptional individuals such as Buddha and Lao Tzu go 'straight to the point' of enlightenment, by following a straight path more or less, most of us need to meander and take our time – as symbolised by the spiral.

If so, x-dimensional theory is spiral-shaped, and we may as well take our time and enjoy it.

'What can I do?' you may ask. 'This is all very well, but how can I, an ordinary individual become even slightly aware of these dimensions?'

Well, you're already doing it. We all are. As far as I am concerned, anyone who is living their life with love, and with awareness, is doing absolutely fine. This text is written more for entertainment perhaps, than edification. (And to promote '**Secrets: An Oxford Tale**', still available online and through booksellers.)

By drawing out the various dimensions, at least a few more of them than is normal, my intention at least in part was to provide a map of sorts, a map of the Beyond. However, in 'Meetings with Remarkable Men' Gurdjieff recounts how when travelling he met a military cartographer whose orders were to draw the first map of the region. The man said to Gurdjieff that the terrain was too

difficult further ahead, so he was going to just make it up. Nobody would ever find out. From that day, Gudjieff said, he never trusted mapmakers.

I thought that excellent advice. One always has to discover one's own path.

While I do think X-D Theory has potential to draw art, mysticism and science together I don't know if we're ready for that yet. Remember the speaker from the fifth dimension: 'We know what you know, but you have to grow up a bit.' As long as there are schisms created at every opportunity in our world – religion versus science, religion versus religion, left versus right, the intellectuals versus the intuitives etc. – I don't think we will be grown up enough. There's a pettiness that mars nearly all human affairs, it seems. At least until this point in linear Time.

This short book was written in just two weeks (of linear Time), while I've been moving around frantically, simultaneously looking after three horses and a cockatiel. I want to finish this now, while I have access to a decent printer at my current abode, and before I cross the hinterlands into Devon. This has been written in such haste, I won't even bother to do a spellcheck. Remember: Don't rely on maps. As far as I am concerned, we've merely been having a pleasant fireside chat. This is by way of apology for so many errors, faulty expressions, inelegant writing and so on. that I am sure you will find throughout this text.

Enjoy the spiral.

S D Anugyan