Novel Excerpt from *Nightmares of Sasha Weitzwoman*

By

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**Synopsis**

Sasha Weitzwoman, a mid-thirties Jewish American feminist from the Northeastern US, leaves her dyke Jewish minister West Coast lover and returns to Jerusalem to seek a father for her child after the death of her father, while also covering the protests of the Women in Black at the time of the first *Intifada*. Unwittingly she takes up residence in a haunted hotel run by Isaac, a closeted Iranian Jew, with whom she becomes friendly. He introduces her to the gay underground, as well as to the sordid realities of Jerusalem. His cheap hotel he is filled largely with Holocaust survivors, which Sasha does not know when she first arrives. Newly available in its entirety, this novel in the making for nearly twenty years has been read at International Association for Fantasy in the Arts, National Women’s Studies Association, many local gatherings, and now here. Come take your part in a special session reading co-sponsored by the Gay/Lesbian/Queer Studies and Science Fiction/ Fantasy Areas. The novel has been excerpted in *Bridges, Anything That Moves, Femspec, Lost on the Map of the World, Magic Realism*, and other venues.

**What More Could a Ghost Ask**

SUZE FEELS ALREADY IN THAT DEATH of which she has been so pathologically afraid. And so out of a curiously strong instinct for self-preservation she has initiated the spiral of herself. Suze seeks no such comforting reassurances as did Rebekah below her in the glass. Rather, Suze has at last figured out how to hold on to suffering while she lets go of her body, and releases her spirit. She feels a sort of blue fluid under her skin as if the hide of time had been stripped right out from under her and with it all the transactions of earthly time, and earthly time-and-place knowledge that goes along. Suze is shaken by the intimacy of death streaming backwards. She experiences the undoing of centuries of souls inbreeding pain. She squeezes her mouth shut as all this shit comes streaming out, making almost a birds’ nest out of her teeth clamped down by the strong jaws of her tightly pursed mouth. Suze closes her eyes experiencing the sensation of being swung by red ribbons like a shadow in her own dreams. She passes colored balls and scenes of people she is strangely and inexplicably attached to as if she were part of a larger web but surrounded by dancing flaming red wheels. She seems to be undergoing extreme persecution, perhaps at the gates of hell, at least by dancing animals if not by concentration camp guards. Sword swallowers on a trapeze behind many red suns bursting release ribbons of hideous laughter, and sons are catching her, every human being opening new cells. And then like wires had been cut. Where was the light? It goes...
Nightmares of Sasha Weitzwoman

out. Colors pale. Gone are all the floating bodies of birds, debris and anticipated collisions. She wishes fervently that she could sew again, to have the peace of the ritual of making small evenly-spaced stitches. She feels the unstoppable rushing of her past, her own past, the long ago and recent past, and only by coincidence a wind, an echo, the flapping of a leaf, the surge of a tremendous forceful recollection sweeping through her. She feels tiny and lost. The dispersion has become too much for her--too vast, too extended. For the first time since entering her own death, she feels the shaft of pain appearing, cutting through nebulous patterns as she perceives herself in a cold hell, an eyeless one hanging naked among the icicles. She sees Rebekah's chin, the angles of the distant woman's body, all sculptured into her mirror in the semi-darkness of that winter evening. She reaches out, trying not to look directly at that which she had been seeking--her sanity in an unknown room, always a little smaller than the great unknown, answering a question, speaking to herself, more and more conversing with no one, and when troubled, following the laughter, the call of the insects and of a dog, obscenely touching, eyes bloodshot, head straight across her separated knees, pulling at petals of purple flowers. She fails to sense what direction is coming in the end, except the death that makes the dead smaller. She stands as best she can disintegrating out of the elbow of the apparition in Rebekah's window confused and in unpredictably happy silence as when she had once danced with all the women and drunk with all the men in the bars but she remains still aware, aware that she will soon be falling into everyone, into everywhere, as if she were some one in some one else's dream. Nonetheless, she retains the residue of a curious invisibility, knowing what none of them know, because she was aware, but dead since the beginning. As best she can, she picks up a pale white trembling feather. She holds it to the light to help stimulate her own rebirth. She feels how she is a wild thing still caught inside a woman's skin. She regrets all her laziness, her years of disorder, her ageless lack of discipline, her endless placing of her own personal life before the needs of others, her immoderate talking, and her senseless irresponsibility. She feels now like her destiny is no longer her own. God himself would place, heal, rebuke, and revoke. She was just a puppet. In a star in passing, she glimpses the expression on her own face. She had seen such a look before on professionals enumerating their troubles to make livings as beggars. She wants to forget this, her own intuition. Is this how she prepares to plead her case at the pearly gates? Surely she will be cast down to hell then. Does she even believe in hell? No/yes. Perhaps yes now, but a change in her belief system is certainly too late. She stretches back as best she can, pale and rigid without feathers and wings and angel shrouds now, wondering who and what would seize her in this last morning hour. As she tumbles through this only once-per-life-time tunnel an utter surge of courage suddenly propels her, even in the eyes of death. She stems panic. She relinquishes fear. Yet she feels like a piece of driftwood on a chaotic sea, as if her soul were being carved and whittled by the tremendous force of this flashing. Could anyone help her now? She thrashes backwards through what seems like innumerable corridors full of choked trees, broken windows, cripples, harelips, hunchbacks, misfits, and graffiti penciled lavishly on otherwise pristine walls. Can anyone shelter her now? Is there indeed a room? A branch? A star? A house? She seems hungry and thirsty for warmth, both to the hungry ghosts.
around her and to herself. And then, too, blood flows everywhere in search of a sloping roof or branch to take the liquid drops down to the absorbent ground. A light in a passing room becomes too intense. She cannot will herself into it, not now. She trembles in constant dread that she would never stop moving and be properly reconstituted again. And just at that moment, trembling in dread, she seems to dissolve effortlessly into celestial music. She grasps desperately at the thought that something must end this disastrous encounter. In the end she flies out in the middle of the war. Her psychic wound-womb is ignited by a flame from the Statue of Liberty. She jumps from Venus Morningstar. She lands, goes down, experiences a swallowing as if by a whale and at first, her memory becomes so profound, she enters an eternal nocturnal vision. A believing, before knowledge even remembers. She gazes into the eyes of a swamp so deep that it must have existed millions of years before humans came upon the earth. She goes further down, and sees an owl in a cage in the middle of a valley of sapphires staring back at her. Before she had thrown herself into the sea, she had pronounced some mysterious words told to her by an ancient coke-head rabbi. He claimed these words had once been engraved on the seal of the great King Solomon, the son of David. This secret code had made her privy to a ceremony of children born in the profound regions of the sea who are more privileged with wisdom, diamonds and knowledge than those who are mere inhabitants of the sky or earth. Now diamonds as well as sapphires surrounded the valley where the caged owl sat. Thus she mined the wisdom of the jewels buried beneath the sea. She decides of her own accord to quit this form in an instant and to take with her too the pathetic hateful creature who had been in the cage for an untold number of years. Together they fly up to the surface of a crater on their four wings under water; then lightening appears. And they are carried up and lifted forward, hearing drums, trumpets, and other celestial instruments. They are each unable to say a word but embrace each other with delight. Suze hears a church bell and part of her, the reincarnated owl within, wants to rise out of the spicket of Mary's Well in Ein Kerem. Not quite reborn yet she knows at least that she desires to see that spot again, to see the blossoms on the almond trees, to crawl through the animal unconscious, to crawl underground, scurrying through the mud beneath Jerusalem. She hears a rushing sound which she takes at first for a New York City sewer. No, it was the source of Mary's Well, the source of infinite wisdom, babbling underground. She swims, fighting her way through, to get back to that sound again. She feels then, the jolt. A superior consciousness consolidates, as if a fiery furnace within her, inside, like a dragon, like something bestial burning within her womb. She stares at the doors under the sea and wants to dive down to crawl through. She stops, crouches, and gives birth to her new self, or to a new layer of herself. She crawls to shore on Ellis Island as a child, and calls Does Anyone Want Me. Singers and dancers meet her, lift her from the shore, and throw her on new, purer angel wings back to Jerusalem accompanied again by the blue fiddler. While returning, Suze discovers, people were flying back to be there from all over the world in spite of or because of the war. 80 year old men, living ones, dead ones, anyone who felt it their duty to be there, spontaneously returning. And to the Jerusalemites sneaking over to Tel Aviv in search of hiding, running as a pack now, or a herd, Suze calls out, You Never Should Have Left, You
Cowards. And to the Tel Avivites, You Never Should Have Lived In Tel Aviv Anyway; It's A City Of Sin. She encourages them to empty the bags of leaves, not money they had found themselves to be carrying. She can see the morning sun taking its hike out of the valley of Ein Kerem, pushing out the cooling air that precedes day break, and she can hear the singing birds replace the nocturnal crickets. Above, Suze wonders where she would re-root herself when she reconstitutes and comes to the next time. MM, she ways, handling binoculars, might as well go back to Latvia, well I guess I can't really go there, she ways, seeing Latvians in mass carrying a coffin. They were mourning victims of shootings by Soviets, 10,000 of them, down the streets of Riga. Suze sees, too, how the beaches are covered with sludge on the Kuwaiti border and how the cormorants and other birds are dying by the hundreds. She sees the birds that look like pelicans, usually pink, now dripping with black. The waves of the Gulf are so thick that the water cannot lap. The sea is a dark thick molasses with large splotches of oil forming blue-green stains. Suze can see; and in her newly-acquired angelic long distance ear she hears the waves break with a slurping sound, instead of a splash.

AND THROUGH HER 3-D BINOCULARS Suze can see thousands of babies named for Hussein; women in non-combat roles in the war zones; Bush declaring that withdrawal was not enough; wrong letters being sent to mistaken places everywhere; and that the war means nothing to the men down there but noise. Macho noise. Even those fighting, while they are fighting, cannot realize what is going on. And Suze, now the newly-reincarnated ghost of some kind of an angel, sees both Hussein and Bush being greeted with applause. Suze blinks. She loses her balance trying to soar correctly stunned by all this. She hears the bombers being referred to as bursts of light. She has trouble understanding this reference to the channeling of tremendously destructive energy. She sees how happy Bush has become at what he has done, how he celebrates how America had become the truly great home of the free markets and the brave. Suze sees Kuwaiti flags raised, dancing down the streets, and 750,000 calls to Israel an hour during the week. Life goes on; Iraqui troops weary from bombing surrender. And before this, Suze, witness to it all, sees the air raid drill go on while the Israeli philharmonic performs Handel by orchestra. The conductor merely instructed the Israelis to put on their gas masks: then he continued conducting the orchestra. She hears the coordinator of this US-led military affair refer to the computer scorecard that told everyone what to do as a "scorecard" off of which everyone played the same music. She wonders if he knew the intent of music, what music was really supposed to do. Suze sees the generals talking briefly about penetrating impregnable highly defended areas and she wants to remove her magic 3-D binoculars. One general says in another press briefing in Saudi Arabia that he is proud of the professionalism of the men and the women up in the air doing their jobs. She wonders having been much in the air herself what would happen if professional musicians were allowed in the air to do their jobs as well. Violinists from planes. Would they be met by angels with divine voices welcoming them to their orchestration of celestial sounds? The blue fiddler, still with her, giving her a place to sit when she was so tired she just wanted to fall down, thought not. War is war. They make a god-awful sound. Nothing soothing
and delicate for that in itself would be an admission of and entrance into eternity.

AND WITH HER BINOCULARS Suze watches Iraqi snipers in scattered buildings, allied forces flying like gnats over impersonal "divisions," "units," and "troops." . . . . the Saudi army being tested out with flying colors. (Suze leans closer, listening to the news reports, trying to see such colors, yet she saw none. . . .) She sees . . . the dethroned head of Kuwait rolling around on the slick oil covered ground, divorcing his four wives. . . . the last of his 40. . . the last four of his forty wives. . . .

SUZE WATCHES. Were the arms producers at all embarrassed? No. They are all proud, satisfied with themselves, looking forward to fast-weaponry sales after their self-made war manufactured to demonstrate the goods. And Suze, with her spectacular kaleidoscopic binoculars sees new Russian immigrants to Israel get off in the airport in Tel Aviv. They are perfunctorily greeted and immediately given chemical warfare kits and gas masks...and Suze sees everyone sitting in sealed rooms and Lotan Schlongfine the writer broadcasting over National Public Radio, "we are sitting in sealed rooms, waiting for another attack. . . ." and Suze sees and watches the death of the beloved monarch of Norway of a heart attack--the war becomes secondary. Suze soars above all. Suze watches over London, watches. In the airport, extra security is required as an unidentified bag freaks out the British. No passenger claimed the bag delaying the plane’s ability to take off. Suze's binoculars momentarily go out of focus. For a moment but only a moment she sees children dying in a war in Somalia. In fact she notices that almost half the continent of Africa was at war. And she also sees the grave side ritual trying to mourn her, to mirror her, but the best of the invited lot could never do so because they had not even known her at all.

BUT OH, says Suze from above, how these generals are so very impressed with their own systems. The generals are also moved to express how pleased they are that the men and the women of the military made their system work very well. Suze puts her binoculars down. That's the answer, Suze realizes. Make every individual part of a system. That's what makes a death-kill machine work so well. She sees that the Pentagon briefing isn't telling the American people anything. Then she sees the further briefings telling the American people contradictory information. First, that that the military had hit all SCUDS aimed at Israel, then that they were searching and destroying all the arsenals aimed at Israel. Suze longs for her life in her beach house which she had built very well. But she rejoices with the wisdom of the caged owl from the depths that she was not of the earth anymore where such lies and SCUDS were falling and peoples' souls and bodies were being hurt. She had been out of the country for so long, so long an émigré, that she had forgotten their names; she couldn't remember anymore. So innocuous that she couldn't remember the blandnameless faces of the leading white WASP men. Coming to rest on a star, Suze puts her binoculars down again. First they had said that they had destroyed Hussein's command. Then they had said that Hussein remained in complete command. Were they bluffing, Suze wondered? Or didn't they really know at all? With
chagrin, Suze notices, when she picks up and zooms her kaleidoscopic binoculars back into focus, that the stock market on earth had gone back up. So the day after the next missile drops, Suze's cleansed ex-karma assumed her old familiar form, temporarily just to accomplish a mission. She goes down to enjoy the empty cafes of Tel Aviv, or so she thinks. After all, up above, she has become bored with these superficial observations of all these foreign journalists dwelling on sensationalism and bull shit. Linda Bradstreet gets a container of milk and someone congratulates her? So what. These commentators have the tendency to wear their gas masks on TV to give the impression that people wore such masks all day long. The commentators and reporters even sit in their living rooms with the gas masks on just showing how removed these foreign journalists were from what was really going on. Suze wanders through the empty ghost-like streets, half a ghost herself. Wandering through purgatory, as it were. Briefly she sits on a bench in the park and tunes in an orange plastic radio that appeared on the seat next to her. She hears, "Israel is benefiting from not responding to the first round, but... The war is being covered like a sporting event, like a boxing match. This offends even her rightist feelings. The naiveté of Americans, playing with our lives and deaths like that, Suze feels in indignation. "How interesting," the commentator reflected, "that both Israelis and Saudis had to put on gas masks on the same night, facing the same threat." The broadcast continues but Suze, propelled from a sudden righteous motion within her steps up from the bench, out into traffic, and hails a cab. Something looking like a white limo pulls up. "Yes," says the strange driver, interrupting his singing of incomprehensible words as Suze gets in and makes some remark about the coverage. "We are very proud. Would you like me to lend you a history book? We have effectively manipulated and aggravated on all sides." He drives off, seemingly yodeling or davinning or chanting, not waiting for her response.

Looking through her binoculars as the white sleek clean curvy limo cab that has appeared in this novel elsewhere raced towards Jerusalem, Suze, listening to the driver's incomprehensible off-key plaintiff warbling, watches an amorphous blob of Achman's double trot alongside dominated by a mood of intense moroseness, terrified of being buried alive. She sees Arafat in a ditch with Saddam Hussein. She asks the driver to turn off the US-run international multimedia show on the radio where the war is being covered like a football game as they pass. The driver, stranger that he was, cooperates but says, "Relax," interrupting his own singing making some joke about how funny things seem on the gallows as if he were in a US soap. Suze can't be so blasé and cute about the fact that everyone in this bubble seems about to go. Flashing in her mind as she is propelled through the Jerusalem streets from Baghdad to the bakery in Mea Shearim to Chicago, she could see it all as a disembodied spirit. Why not just tune in to God? Only God could liberate the Jews, and only God could liberate the Palestinians. As Suze races chauffeured in the white limo her Isadora Duncan multicolored bright scarves blow menacingly out the window. As she watches the undulating rippling of the scarves with the speed, she wonders why this most illuminating aspect of turning to gold was not covered on the news.
"Hey, Lady, yah wanna hear this?" asks the driver, turning on a channel from Jordan on the radio. A crowd from Aman shouts, in stereo and over the TV in the back as well, "We give our blood to you, Hussein. We give our souls to you, Hussein. Use your chemical war bombs on Tel Aviv."

"No," Suze calls from the back at the driver. Then she sits back, serves herself a drink from the bar under the television in the back, and yawns. "War creates anxiety, and I've transcended the world. I'm calm." But inside, she feels restless, disgusted with this shell of a life, melancholy, dejected, trusting to soon learn for what she had been returned to the body for this brief time. In the Pentagon, the very last words of the broadcast were that officials remained pleased with their performances. What did they think the world was, a performance? Suze asks herself. She rests her chin on her hands folded across the tips of her scarves, as she had gathered them back from dangling out the window. She thinks she should show these generals what a performance was. Besides, she knows the only way to shake her failing mood was to dance it all off. And she directed the driver as the price of oil fell three days after the allied war down to what it had been before the invasion of Kuwait by Iraq, "Take me to the Wailing Wall."

"I doubt if there is anyone wailing there now," answers the driver, but reducing his singing to a hum and coming to a halt, as if stopped by a force greater than himself.

"That's all the better," something dictatorial in Suze utters in a queenly and stately manner to him.

And so the driver of the strange white limo does as he was bid by the even stranger white woman, rather uppity, who appeared and disappeared like a ghost to do what she did as he would report afterwards. Congressmen in America debated which troops they supported. Masses of people rallied for Iraq in the streets of Southern Beruit. Boats arrived on the shores of the Persian Gulf in which all the rowers were eunuchs and all the while Suze prepared for her dance along the abandoned ruin of the wall. She was rustling through her re-appeared suitcase which had descended full of angel shrouds, costumes and multicolored Duncan scarves and jewelry. As the airlines cut their flights and the number of personnel handling baggage and the world prepared for an entourage of Arab refugees Suze remarked to one moon being or perhaps to no one in particular if none had bothered to accompany her that it was a shame she didn't have her tambourine to play and perhaps this required a return to Venice to fetch the particular instrument. She nearly disappeared to that fair paradisiacal labyrinth time-arrested city where water rushes out of tigers in fountains in search of her last most valued possession preferring the strains of gondoliers singing and the brazen thud of black lion iron knockers on the doors and the sight of women in red lipsticks wearing multi-colored sandals floating by under the moon over the water, past the bus-boats and toothless astrologers and the aging philosophers and blind shop keepers saying don't lose hope, you must never give in to a moment of solitude, the Madonna and child over green shuttered windows on pink, and always bells
ringing, and signoras parading baby carriages and shielding themselves under little parasols. All seemed preferable to this hubbub in the frenzy of expected death, to the pathetic cries swelling from the wall which met them, the driver recalled later as they turned in to enter the gate.

AS THE JOURNALISTS continue broadcasting their worrisome reports, Suze dances all alone on the wall. The limo driver disappears after breaking all taboos—sex, class, race, ethnicity, color and Shabbat—by dropping her off where women do not usually go alone without getting arrested. To do so, he had driven against the traffic of all the black taxis more traditional in size and depositing their more conventional prayer persons. He had nearly run over some of the more conservative types trotting along like mere centipedes in his haste to get her there. His own singing at this juncture had become so intense that it could hardly be called song. Then fearing retribution from Allah for what he had done he lost his voice completely as he dropped her off never to sing again as the damage was done. And as the radios flashed their false alarms about a spirit from heaven arriving, Suze danced and danced, donning all her angel shrouds, and she danced all the night long. As she did so she gathered all the ghosts—the Zionist ghost in the rafters from Isaac’s hotel; the Arab ghost from the roof as well; the Khaffiyeh of Many Colors. Some dressed nobly in purple, their sabers drawn, as they danced into the shrouds and scarves hanging down from Suze’s arms. The ghost of Mama, all the ghosts from the Mansion of Olives and even Mr. Klein came, even Old Daniel, still singing, fresh out of his box. And they danced and danced and oh how they danced, swirling, enjoying the united charms of wine and musical libations throughout. They danced until the war ended, with their instruments of music resounding throughout the Old City courtyard; and all the walls echoed with their combined joy and pleasure. As the guy interviewed in front of the mosque announced over the final broadcast on television, Allah willing, we will destroy Israel. Israel would not be there at all. . .and Suze and the ghosts danced on the wall. . .as the F17’s flew three times overhead and had to fly back frustrated with their bombs because they could not drop because of the bad weather they brought down. . . Suze and the ghosts danced on the wall. . .as a Soviet satellite entered over the earth's atmosphere and triggered the Israeli alarm system. . . Suze danced on the wall. She raised her tambourine, which had materialized at the height of a special metallic dance-led vibration, and she summoned the already-dead, who arose out of their cemeteries to witness.

SUZE DIDN'T USE HER BINOCULARS to see Saddam Hussien's wife and children leaving Baghdad for Moritania through the back door. Instead of looking at such a spectacle, she led the dance of all onward and upward into an increasingly-steady ecstatic oblivion. What more could a ghost ask? She tried to imagine the rage, to see this tiny country on the edge of Africa with its inhabitants fleeing as far as they possibly could from the Arab world. The ghosts danced, their cheeks touching, to Fat Tones Bossa Nova composition, to jazz. Even the cats and dogs participated in this revolution a la 60's Miles Davis, trumpeting. Even Beatrice, half-dead already, in her living coffin, at least walked.
She got up to turn off the television. And all the news flooded from all of their minds. It was beautiful. What more could a ghost want, Suze kept asking herself. With the coming of the morning, there was a golden dawn. And the birds of the night cried one by one. The jazz blowing from Alice Coltrane's fingers helped Suze make it back through and up to find her ultimate peace in the stars. An invading army led by the departed Mayor of Baghdad waving copies of GOD'S THREE MISTAKES: PERSIANS, JEWS AND FLIES entered and took over as she left town. Afterwards she returned momentarily to sit in her salvaged fake fur coat and purple jump suit on the beach in Tel Aviv near to where she had once lived and to the site where she had jumped. Here she sat, still, feeling like Sasha's guardian spirit but undetected, because as her angelic-ghost scarcely incarnated self, for all intents and purposes, she cast no shadows. She was still reading Paine, and thinking of beginning Proust. Given the state of the earth which she was now leaving, she wondered who would hold a mirror to the world as this planet went through her final throes. Suze never once admitted to regretting that she had sold her estate--her beach house, her villa in Venice, her penthouse in Israel--nor that she spent her last days and her last monies feeding and housing stray dogs and cats. Some one had to nourish this universe, of sorts. And Suze, ghost Suze, angel Suze, dybbuk Suze, fast-fading fast-eclipsing Suze sat in the end in her beach chair, sensing Sasha, somewhere, dancing with silver scarves in the shadows, or getting cappuccino behind her in the cafe by the fountain, bag in hand, filled with all her journals to write on that first trip. Size sat embroidering purple flowers on a delicate cloth. And as her scarcely-present fast-falling angelic-ghost dybbuk self left the world in the last moment, she ran out of purple string, having danced the last anti-war performance, having no will left to pull anything together anymore. She let fly also her squares of lavender scrap paper on which she usually kept such close track of the world, never to return or keep track of such hog wash again. As she left, the rooms were unsealed on Purim once again. Isaac dresses this time as the devil, which he really is, none of the Abraham-Isaac-Cain-Abel stuff. And the rest of life went on. Gertrude Stein kept appearing and reappearing in rainbows at the end of an Ein Gedi waterfall. And as Suze completely dissipated, taking her last look down, there was Isaac's half-senile mother re-embodied behind her mask of a thousand faces appearing, leading the remaining extended kin family out by caravan out of Jerusalem, out of Persia, into the desert. The last fading wisp of her saw, too, Rebekah praying noiselessly yet musically alone at her table in front of her mirror both for honesty from her lover and luck in procreation. To accomplish heroratory aims Rebekah had awoken, thrown her clothes about and soiled and crumpled up her dresses. Suze saw, too, a van full of arrested women being driven away to prison for having the audacity to go through with a forbidden anti-war demonstration when their country was under siege. And then, disintegrating further up into the atmosphere to simply merge with God in the light beyond the air, because she just didn't care, Suze lost it all. There was nothing there. A Holocaust of sorts had occurred on earth. She could see as she disintegrated through the beyond-the-beyond only a particular quality of vibration which is very difficult to describe. It gave the impression of something coagulated; something that seems denser than air, with a golden luminosity and tremendous propulsion that makes people do what
they want to do, to act, irresistibly, according to their vision. As Suze looked back, she could see it was as if the necessities had lost their authority. The climatic experience or a de-certification of the mind that must come down into the body seemed to be spreading over the earth. That is, she saw that Jerusalem, or at least a tiny nugget within where she could see some one teaching on her window sill with the help of a black felt-tip thickened pen was to be the earth's pilot experiment. As Suze shot her angelic energy body faster, she wished that she could sink back into this opening, yawning opening of the web. She thought she saw Sasha call Om! Bodhisattva--mahasatva--mahasatva--goddess--will you protect me through it all, beating a drum, blowing through a conch shell. Queen of knowledge she called, speak kindly. And she slipped out of the illusion, the yellow garment, and changed her name to HUM the seed syllable of Tibetan Buddhism in order to survive the war. She disappeared. She simply wasn't. In any way shape or form. Anymore, she felt an empty head; quite blind; and had no desire for anyone anymore.

AND AS SUZE disappeared soaring through a great passage that was the miracle that the whole earth would go through it was as if she was undergoing a long, immense and yet reasoned derangement of all the senses. All shapes of love, suffering, and madness burst forth. She searches like the poet searches and exhausts all poisons in herself to keep only the ultimate sense of things. If one looked at the dark side she realized, everything is hopeless. But then, just a little glimpse on the other side of destruction, the bright side exists. And everything changes. Suze, or what is left of her, is early on in this process blinded by a ball of light, learning the lessons, the lessons of the miracle, the lessons, seeing the Tower of Babel in reverse. And she could hear a divine laughter. She could surmise, in the middle of this war that some other war would take everyone by surprise. Falsehood disappeared and death could no longer touch her! Death is what does not exist; it is the last unreality, Suze realized as she turned over to relax in to eternity. She had no body anymore, not the least sensation that anything was happening. She felt suffocation everywhere, the proliferation of the cells pounding the truth, the truth, the truth, and that, according to her conception in this state, was enough action--an invasion of the dead. That is enough. Power is shaking up the carcasses, and everything is going upwards. Suze takes a turn and sees a great disorganization of the earth body, the fighting, and she has no desire to go back again. Beneath the crust of the physical mind, she could see the body of individuals as well as the body of the earth rediscovering consciousness. All the rest is nonsense, she realizes. That is the sense. Everything could be read; that was the key. She could toss this answer to them so that they would feel the pattern, its infiltration, experience a little click. That was the ultimate explanation, the end, the joke, and again she heard the laughter, that anyone could be saved from this disaster in the sealed rooms. There would be nothing left, a pile of stones--as if seized from within, a tremendous invisible revolution would occur within matter, she could sense, things would melt, as it were, a pulverizing invasion of power--power--it's what the body feels--and the earth could repeat this phenomenon, and then there would be some one coming in--he had been here before, a wonderful healer, a guy with a big grin, JC was his name, and he would smile, and he would say, its all the same as if all would tumble down from a false
paradise, a false bubble, and witness a tremendous blow--when the body of the world is ready, he would say, the new butterfly would open its wings. We souls all see, we must prepare and be ready, that this was all an illusion that we had lived already in another mental compartment at least thousands of times before. True, it's a pleasantly light compartment nonetheless the world is full of the dead, even before the final war this is what the whole problem boils down to. But it has nothing to do with nationalism, sensationalism. Who is the illusionist now? The entire effort is to establish inner harmony, he would say, within or without so they could hear below. This is the message, not whether Saddam is alive or dead or needs to punish any more. And there you are standing on an invisible boundary line. She would say as in 1967, the year of the first Israeli war and China's first thermonuclear invasion. This is the point. There is but one single body and it doesn't matter which side wins anymore. A realization such as this increases the power tenfold, stating the situation mildly. Suze felt she didn't know where or how to drop this bomb, this melody, on whose instrument the song could play or whose earth-bound mind could hold such a tremendous realization. She felt like a prophet with a foot and no shoe to come down. She sat on the crescent of the moon bearing this flood of vibration in vertical time realizing time is cyclical not vertical or horizontal. It doesn't matter. Her macroscopic vision was like a skin enveloping the whole earth--an illusion in reverse, her skin was covered with dust, with sand, and she had cracks in her wrinkled auric skin. Laws are temporary, she realized, like walking sticks, where were the women willing to parade to break the laws, this alternation of light law, this vibratory character, is it possible? Suze came to sleep again, in the balm of this kind of web. Not in the cage of a particular being, a vibration of disorder, not in blissful meditations of a little rustic ashram, but another species lies behind this web, she felt, listening to a strange music, and all could dance at once, running through weightless spaces.