

It ceaselessly changing form gives it formlessness. Its the process which is you, its watching the oxidation of glucose and other nutrients as the neurons metabolize and generating their electric charge for their next discharge in the operation and functioning of the nervous system. So, in ~~neuropsyche~~ neuropsyche, when the total ego, ooh, lets ~~collapse~~ ~~superego~~ ~~for a while~~, oh, oh, when the superego is completely dismantled, however temporarily, and I think it has to be on the level of millicycles, .....

*blows is the super*

ooh, ooh, ~~instead~~ whole lifetimes are often spent in only the beginning phase of the cycle, the event of being born on this planet rarely leaving the senseless/waste of human experience capabilities, the possibilities of making, the chances of doing everything in a lifetime .....

*of life is no challenge*

So, as a neuropsyche analyst, the first, I have to figure out a way to advance neuropsyche, and show people I can advance neuropsyche, and show them how I can advance neurppsyche, and show them how to advance neuropsyche. And thats what I'm going to do. But how? I guess I'll just lock myself in this shack every day.....six to twelve, and I'll talk in this machine and see if a book comes out of it. They say that <sup>it's</sup> a monkey in a cage with a typewriter would turn out War and Peace after X ~~number of~~ years. Ooh, ooh, ah, ooh, oh, oh, ooh. Thats what makes me think I may be the worlds

greatest shrink. I'm the only one I've ever heard of who sits around moaning in ecstasy all the time just over being myself. Ooh But that's why I do it, it just feels so incredibly good. Ooh, incredibly soft and sweet to be alive. except awesome, ooh. Consciousness in neuropsyché is attended by changes in lights color and structure according to the chakra sites spoken of in the Yoga literature.....in which they instruct on the mobilization of the lights, the void.....*inaudible from 291 - 672*

Ooh. I was just thinking <sup>about</sup> consciousness occurring in breath cycles, perhaps their being distinct units for inhalation and exhalation or one unit including both, but it seems to me that at the end of inhaling or exhaling I completely relax, and as soon as I feel that relaxation the feeling makes me inhale or exhale ecstatically, convulsively. So it's like dying, being born and dying every breath we take, and when the personality is minimally disturbed or inhibited in whatever manner that it's given a chance to die character acquisition is subject to breath to breath screaming. Ooh. Oh, ah. <sup>which</sup> spasms have an exquisite edge on them, at times seems as though it might be terror. and <sup>it's</sup> ooh undoubtedly me, There's a pain ooh but there's no way to proceed that I know of except to assume that it's the pain of me fighting being me, still. Or perhaps in some way I can't conceive of other-