

The God Spot

He left the main channel and headed south into Ecstasy Bay along the west shore of Eurydice Island, a large state owned island named by him for Dream Lake construct purposes, with steep shores and majestic stands of white and Norway pine, then angled down the channel through lily pads to open water in the middle of the bay. As he got closer to open water he begin to feel lousy. Blue-green thunderstorm gloom, except there was no thunderstorm -- hardly a wisp of cloud in the sky, the sun high burning with X-ray intensity, the temperature at least ninety degrees. Yet the further he get into open water the worse the gloom.

I'm having a heart attack or stroke!

The chill was so bad it hurt and the Hades hand that grasped his lungs made it hard to breathe. Dying -- or one of his children was dying or maybe his wife had been in an accident...

There was no sense in even pretending to fish. Not only was there no chance of catching a fish he was going down a black hole.

He revved the motor, beat his way from the edge of it. He knew this was foolish, knew there was no literal black hole there. That did not matter. He motored toward the low shore at the back of the bay, the only place with a possible camping site. Soon he had to stop the motor to row in across lily pad-clogged shallows.

Lily pads and their stems tangled the oars like Siren songs. Because he was not looking where he was going he managed to ground the boat on a floating island. Frantic,

he unshipped an oar and shoved it into lily pad roots thick as python bodies. The oar sunk without meeting anything solid.

Just when he was about to howl in fear and frustration he remembered something—the God Spot! This little hole of open water in Ecstasy Bay was the place in his brain construct map he had designated the "God Spot."

It was thought by some researchers, both religious and scientific, there was a specific location or structure in the brain associated with those feelings, emotions associated with God. Research had been and was being conducted to try to locate the spot in the human brain. MRI studies of meditating nuns had indicated certain locations in the brain lit up when the test subjects were praying, in communion with their deity.

A "God helmet" had been created by a Canadian researcher that gently stimulated portions of the brain thought to be associated with perception of God or spiritual reality. According to this research religious feelings, "oneness with the universe," could be stimulated with such a helmet.

The still hypothetical God Spot had been located in the temporal lobes above the ears. Because he had developed his own brain map to research dreaming before any awareness of such a specific location he located his "God spot" in the opening in the middle of Ecstasy Bay, the back brain portion of the lake associated with emotion and dreaming.

He did this so he could study the reality of the Jacob's Ladder upon which dreams, inspirations were thought to descend from above to dreamers like sleeping prophet Edgar Cayce or Old Testament Abraham ordered to sacrifice his son, Isaac, by God. Maybe the feelings he met in the middle of the bay were associated with...this "God

Spot” then? What he’d felt was more like the sucking chill of a haunted house or the cold terror of the ghost of a murder victim than the religious rapture of a nun.

Appropriate perhaps as he intended to camp on Eurydice Island, named for the fiancé of the mythical poet, Orpheus, killed on her wedding night. He’d felt something out there that was not...necessarily just him then. By which he meant his brain construct was not only working in dreams, but in reality. He’d felt something that might be what he was fishing for -- a force capable of abducting you, like Eurydice, down into “death,” the Underworld.

Heart pounding he refitted the oar, backed up the boat and continued more carefully around the floating island, threaded several lily pad choked channels between Medusa heads of roots somewhere in the process of becoming conscious thought to slide, finally, into a slender slip of open water beneath a monstrous white pine, and land on Eurydice Island. There were open, needle carpeted spaces beneath the grove of big pines suitable for a campsite so he unloaded his gear.

He set up his tent at the rear of the clearing, then explored back into the brush behind the campsite. No sign of bears and no eagles nesting far up in the biggest white pine. He discovered and noted the location of honey mushrooms, one of the best edibles, growing up from the base of a tree, though it seemed too early -- mid summer -- for them, a species that fruited in the fall.

Thinking to take a look at Jurassic, the lake’s last bay, he made his way back through the woods. Maybe 100 yards behind the tent site he ducked through a wall of young aspen, their smooth trunks about wrist thick and entered an oval, almost eye-shaped clearing surrounded by saplings many of which were bent over in uncanny

fashion toward the center of the clearing. Out in the pupil he saw something that raised goosebumps.

A dead hand poked up from the leaf litter and stunted ferns at the center of the clearing. Stock still he stared...no, not a hand -- mushrooms! He stepped into the clearing to identify them -- yes, a pair of white-capped Amanita Vernas, Destroying Angels, the deadliest of mushrooms, thrust up chaste and perfect like ballerinas of death in their hymen tutus. Not knowing why he reached down and touched one.

He was spread eagle on a bed paralyzed with a thunderstorm between his legs. As in the worst nightmares could not move, could barely breathe.

“Welcome to Genesis, Eurydice!” a voice sneered and with a terrible thrust was in. Using every ounce of strength he managed to raise his head about an inch. The wall of bent over saplings around the clearing were people, chanting people peering in. A whole coven was there. The chanting grew louder.

“Lie still, bitch!” the voice snarled, “**Obey** Eurydice, or die!”

In a blaze of terror he burst up into the clearing still touching the chaste white cap of the Destroying Angel.

* * *

Sitting on a beach towel beside the narrow channel between Ecstasy and Jurassic Bays he drank wine and opened the anthology of poems he'd brought along attempting to divine one out to help elucidate his experience in the clearing. He closed his eyes, opened the book at random, picked the left page.

Appropriately the poem was about grief -- grief for a dead child, for poetry buried beneath snow, beneath no. Both of my children are alive—maybe this suggests a less literal child?

He tried another one.

This poem was about the shade of Aeneas's father the poet could not know, hold as it slipped fading back into sleep. Too passive, too much like the myth.

He tried another one.

Priest Lake in Idaho clear as an x-ray plate to a bottom of sky where Mozart's Requiem played. A Requiem was right but did not help him raise the black site below the Destroying Angel.

He tried another one.

A spring at the bottom of a well where we could not drink, where Joseph wept real tears, real as the beads of moisture on his wine glass, real as the blunt fingered hands of the scrub oak leaves or the ants or the dragon fly resting upon his forearm, asking *what was I before I became this, this blaze of winged flame?*

The pit into which Joseph was tossed, sold into slavery by his brethren was thousands of years ago, not today, not here, not now. What he had experienced was now. Certainly there was no such pit of slavery where our modern Josephs, great dreamers were tossed? Certainly no one would sell dreams into slavery for profit? This poet was not dealing with now.

He tried another one.

Heroism, going down into the well to rescue a trapped child "as a common scrawny man," like Orpheus into the underworld "without song" to say to the reporters

“I went down and got her out.” Simple, matter-of-fact, on the nightly news, brings tears to your eyes, a hero for a day then fades down into darkness.

How did we recover Eurydice, Wide Justice? Who sold her into slavery, offered her to the beast? The poem did not even begin to answer.

“No one has remembered that far back,” it claimed, except he had, just had. Remembered? No one wanted to remember was the problem. No one wanted to remember because it was too painful. No one wanted to raise that inception from the pit because that meant naming names, real justice.

The book full of poems, beautiful as they were was useless.

He closed the book and heaved it out into the lake.

Beautiful pollution.

* * *

A thunderclap inches from his tiny pup tent beneath its blue tarp woke him. He'd been dreaming...didn't remember what. It was pouring outside, rain pounding down on the tarp and he felt unspeakably sick. Too much wine? He'd drunk a fair amount before dinner but nothing like enough to feel like this! He cast his mind back to see if there was anything to account for it.

The mushrooms!

After making a small fire to cook dinner he decided to mix the honey mushrooms growing at the base of the tree into the can of mushroom soup he had heating over the fire. Though it was not precisely the right season honey mushrooms were one of the

most distinctive, easily identifiable edibles. There was no other species of mushroom he could mistake them for except maybe *Gymnopilus Spectabilis*, the psilocybin-laced species known as the "Ha, Ha!" mushroom by the Japanese. Ha, ha! Very funny! These had, he had to admit, tasted bitter. He'd sopped the soup from the bowl with pieces of bread and drunk more wine.

After dinner he'd walked back through evening twilight along the ridge to the old, abandoned hunting shack in the small clearing. It was a substantial walk beneath increasingly large pines and aspen, the land slowly rising to the island's high point down toward the northernmost point.

The clearing where the cabin -- built and abandoned before the island became state land -- sat, was just barely a clearing anymore. Underbrush encroached almost choking the whole space, even breaching the walls of the dilapidated structure. The lichen-covered roof of the outhouse had collapsed and the door stood ajar. The path to it from the cabin had all but disappeared. The front door of the cabin was busted in and he could see part of the ceiling had collapsed down into the front room.

As he made his way along the almost invisible path he suffered a *déjà vu*. He stood for a moment trying to concentrate upon it. The epiphany of *déjà vu* alerted him to his surroundings. Maybe this old cabin would reveal the source of it? He made his way in stepping gingerly over the rotting remnants of door.

Inside, in the gloom he could make out a cot mattress on rusted springs. There was a dark, nasty looking stain in the mattress and a hole more than a foot across in the middle of it. Rotting stuffing littered the floor beneath the cot and lay scattered across most of the cabin. Squirrels probably, but he had to admit the scene looked creepily like

a rape or murder site, maybe a wormhole between dimensions where someone or something disappeared. Over toward the counter with the single sink shreds of some magazine mixed with the stuffing.

A faded pinup calendar dangled from a nail on the stripped jack pine post that once held up the now collapsing ceiling. He tiptoed across the unsafe floorboards to see time stopped here in May 1968. It was hard to believe the cabin had been abandoned for that long, that it had been that long since the nightmare. The memory of the nightmare blossomed in his mind accompanied by chills as he traveled back in time.

He was in his old room in Badger House where he lived as a student at the University. He was about to make love to Adrien, beautiful Adrien, with the long tawny hair, the generous -- as she put it -- mouth and the sparkling gray-green eyes. She had been his girl friend his senior year in high school and then over the summers for the first two years of college. They had managed, to remain true to each other that long though she was far away -- first as a student in Gstaad, Switzerland, then in California at Mills College. He never did make love to Adrien, a liberal Christian. She was, like all the good girls then, saving her self for marriage.

Still here he was in Badger House poised above her on a similar mattress about to make love to, "know her." Pure wish fulfillment it would seem. Except the door crashed open, ripped from its hinges, slammed to the floor and her father, his head on fire like a nuclear fireball, stormed into the room to stop them. So much for "knowing the dark" as that is what he later learned her name, Adrien, meant -- "The Dark One."

He froze. Much too modest a way of putting it—he turned to stone. That’s all. He woke arched above nothing, unable to move or breathe. Knowledge of the Dark one was not allowed. That was 1967 or early ‘68.

He stood in the twilight staring at the faded semi-clad pinup of Miss 1968. The squirrels had chewed off her head, but the rest of her was a knock out. Quite a year 1968 what with the Viet Nam War getting worse, the student protests larger and more violent, the assassinations of King and Kennedy followed by riot-torn conventions, Russians rolling into Czechoslovakia and then the coup de grace, the election of Nixon crawling over the bodies of much better men to take the stage. Adrian was the name of the child gotten upon Rosemary in the 1968 film, *Rosemary's Baby*.

Adrien, he had been trying to know Adrien, know the dark.

The tumbled down cabin with this ghostly nightmare déjà vu seemed, in the growing dark, like it might be the site where feral-eyed Satan raped Rosemary -- right over there on that cot with the black hole that sucked the knowledge of why and who made the deal down into dark. You could not know who the father of that year really was or who the members of the coven were; you couldn’t...bring it up, raise Wide Justice not because it was “forgotten” as the myth would have it but because it was suppressed, redacted, hidden, forbidden. So many names, “all of them witches” as Rosemary spelled with the Scrabble letters. So many with a motive for murder, for turning an entire part of the human psyche into a mythical woman who could never be raised, ever.

Suddenly he felt sad, defeated. The cabin was no help. Except she was not a woman, rather knowledge -- knowing the dark. That was what could not be summoned to the surface.

By the time he got back to camp it was nearly dark and thunder was rumbling in the southwest. He made the fire and heated up the soup with the now suspicious mushrooms in it.

The tent was spinning and his stomach, it seemed, was trying to puke Rosemary's baby out. Lightning bolts snapped like X ray flashes igniting the tent with a ghastly glow. To his horror he discovered he could see through the tent wall as though a translucent chrysalid all the way down to the Beaver Gate where he had conducted the seance.

Blackness, then a lightning flash ignited white sheets of rain, and oh my god! Something huge heaved up from beneath the Beaver Gate water streaming from its back like electric afterbirth. It was big like the biggest possible bear, except bigger, bigger even than a polar or Kodiak bear and it had three heads! It stood in the rain for an instant then raised its heads, opened three mouths and roared. He heard no sound but the storm. Cerberus, the three headed guardian of hell -- he was supposed to feed it a piece of cake!

The lightning bolt faded, purple afterglow winked out. Had he seen it? He had no time to ponder, what ever was making him sick was coming up again. He crawled desperately out of the sleeping bag, unzipped the fly and stuck his head out into drenching downpour and puked up mushroom soup in pale chunks. He puked and puked, retched all the way down to the very bottom of the universe. Had he naively summoned the reality of that monstrous three-headed thing? What else explained its presence? He was there, down there.

Repeatedly he retched until it seemed blood would be coming up next. Then he heard it! The end of the world. His hair stood on end.

"Help!" a voice called faintly.

"Help!" There it was again. The voice came from behind the tent, from back in the woods over toward the clearing with the Destroying Angels.

He froze, vomit dripping from his lower lip and listened. He listened for what seemed forever. Nothing. He relaxed a bit -- an animal cry, a mushroom induced hallucination.

"Help!"

It was louder than a thunderclap and more frightening than a bolt of lightning hitting a nearby tree or the horror dripping reality of Cerberus. The implications of a voice out there, someone calling for help in this isolated, storm drenched place so unlikely, so uncanny he hardly dared contemplate them.

"Help me!" It came again.

He wasn't quite sure if it was a man or woman -- how could he tell with the rain pelting down? Images from a thousand horror movies crowded his head. This was precisely how some hideous demon lured you out into the open to tear you to shreds -- by imitating a human in distress, by calling for help.

"Help me, please!"

The 'please' slithered up and down him like Lake Superior water in a hypothermia caress. It was a goddamned Siren out there in the rain, skin white and wet as the flesh of the Destroying Angels, a ragged hymen of white skin hanging from its waist over its...sex and it was grinning, its sharp, translucent fangs glinting in the lightning flashes along with

its mad, blue-white eyes tempting him, waiting for him to believe it was real, some real person in need of aid.

"Oh, God! If somebody is out there, please help!"

This was different. This sounded like real distress. He supposed it was conceivable a hunter or fisherman had gotten caught by the storm and stranded on the island. Adrenalin rushed and he felt that combination of anger, rage and fear that meant he was going to do something...stupid, something really stupid. He was going to go out there -- against every convention of the horror genre -- to see what the hell hideous death awaited him.

He pulled his head back into the tent, reached for the flashlight, turned it on and set it on the bedding so he could see well enough to put shoes on, then grabbed the rain coat he had -- incredibly sensibly -- brought into the tent. Donning it he crawled out the fly of the tiny dragonfly husk into the drenching downpour. It was absolutely pitch dark. The rain roared down like a flood from a broken dam somewhere up in the sky. Lightning flashed silently now and he could see the drenched campsite. The fire was, of course out. After the lightning flashed the absolute dark returned. He made his way across the inch deep puddle that had been a perfectly dry pine needle carpeted forest floor, to the log where he had cut up the mushroom with his fish fillet knife. It was still there, its eight inch blade glinting wetly in the beam. He might be stupid but he wasn't that stupid! He would not go unarmed. That was the heart of the dragonfly remembering the dark on the bottom of pond. Knife point peeking from beneath yellow plastic sleeve he headed behind the campsite toward the clearing, the direction from which the voice sounded

"Help!"

His direction was off a bit. The voice was a bit right so he adjusted and stepped from the clear ground beneath the big white pines into the hazel scrub.

"Help!"

He stopped to listen, clearing his right ear from the hood of the poncho, the thunderous patter of rain on it so loud he could barely hear anything even with his ear in the open. It was more a pathetic moan now than a sharp cry, very close and straight ahead smack in the center of the clearing. Because the cry was so faint he plowed forward and nearly stepped off an undercut bank he had not noticed earlier. He teetered, flashlight beam flailing, then regained his balance. Stepping back from the edge he heard the same low moan straight ahead. Who ever or what ever was hurt was no more than 20 feet away.

Ducking he threaded through the trunks of small aspens surrounding the eye of the clearing.

When he reached the inner edge he panned the flashlight across the dark, matted down grass. The beam passed over the corpse pale mushrooms...no, wait a minute. He panned the flashlight beam back and there it was, more frightening than the sight of Cerberus or God -- right out in the middle of the clearing a human hand jutted up from below ground.

He could not deny what he saw in the beam of the flashlight -- a gray-white human hand poking up from the dirt. He flashed the beam of light around the edge of the clearing -- nothing, just the slender tree trunks and the rain pouring down. He ventured out to the hand, stood above it the bright beam of the flashlight directly on it.

It did not seem to have been freshly buried, rather to have emerged from the dirt. It looked like a man's hand. It was not moving. He crouched down keeping the flashlight beam on the hand in case it started to thrust up meaning it was attached to some sort of...flesh eating zombie. It didn't. He reached and grasped the gray wrist to feel for a pulse...

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He was at Delphi, site of the ancient oracle of Apollo. A solemn ceremony was in process. Three participants, a movie director, a famous, blonde actress and the President of the Association for the Study of Dreaming, each carrying a cubical box like gifts for the oracle, made their way down stone steps into the basement of the temple. That was it.

Then he saw a dark, cold inlet, probably from the sea with steep forested shorelines. A seawall and a fishing port nestled at the far end of it. A vast creature of black, frigid water heaved up right at the sea wall. Soon it towered like Godzilla, the Japanese cinema monster. A command voice hissed "311201120450" in the God Spot in his brain. He couldn't move. It hurt so much he almost cried.

"Aren't they beautiful, these false dreams we have planted in your Garden?" The angel asked.

"Planted? You mean raped don't you!" he snarled.

He kindled the fire in his mind. It was blue and glowed. He shaped it into his old friend MIRV, tamed in his writing long ago. Even with his eyes closed he could see

MIRV arrowing down toward the rape in Genesis he had experienced earlier as Eurydice in this clearing. The “angel” planting the garden thrust deeper and he nearly his vomited his soul from his mouth. The vast black Godzilla lurched over the seawall into the fishing village. It was slamming the three cubical containments of the nuclear power plant on the shoreline when MIRV hit the black site.

It worked slowly, perhaps so he could witness it. It ignited every corner and crevice of the darkness so he could see it was not a living being rather a...covenant with the Dark Side in the basement of a church...and a movie theater and the Capitol in Washington D.C. The light ignited every nook and cranny, revealed the identities of every single member of the coven hiding behind a cartoon mask, but not before Godzilla had stepped over the seawall, trampled an entire town and all but destroyed the three cubical containments.

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"It's time to get up," a pleasant voice chirped.

"Fuck you, asshole!" He growled squeezing his eyes shut figuring it was a psychiatric nurse trying to wake him for the morning meeting.

"It's time to get up, go upstairs and face them."

"Screw you!" The thought of going up there was more than he could bear. "They hate me! They think I'm psycho -- they're right!"

"Don't you believe it. Wide Justice is with you."

"Justice! What fucking bullshit!" he exploded as if speaking to someone real instead of a schizophrenic voice he was throwing.

"Who the hell do you think is gonna deliver the brain boost? Leslie Nielsen from *Forbidden Planet*? How about Doc? He doesn't remember a thing about how history was impregnated with 1968! How about Cameron? You want jellyfish angels from the abyss? Maybe Shyamalan will publish you instead of letting Story get abducted by the giant eagle! How about Dan Brown? Think his *Hand of the Mysteries* is ever gonna invite you to the dance? You're it, you're the brain boost! You remember every miserable second of the 2,000 year blackout!

"What *Hand of the Mysteries*?"

"Look at your hand."

"Sure thing asshole!"

"Holy shit! Are you gonna lie there and play dead? Let *Avatar* get away with opening Pandora's box beneath Port au Prince? Christopher Nolan plant the false dream of Fukushima in the dream basement to insure a billion bucks plus divest us of the truth about Genesis? Or, are you gonna get up, go up stairs and make them confront their Id monsters like the Dr. Morbiuses they are? Take a look at your hand!"

Reluctantly he drew his right hand from beneath the sleeping bag, held it in front of his face and looked. It was light enough in the tent so he could see it. What he saw scared him almost as much as the angel "planting" the garden.

There was a different symbol on each finger. A spiral on his middle finger, Mars on his thumb, a lunar crescent on his pinkie, a swastika on his fourth and...the sun -- a circle with a dot, on his index finger. The hand rising from the ground on his palm was

spread and in the center of it was a closed eye. He shoved his hand back under the bag like it was contagious.

“What did you see?” The obnoxious voice pressed.

“Nothing!”

“Liar! You did so!”

“Yeah, asshole, I saw a sicko hallucination, like you. My fingertips have symbols on them and there was something like a hand rising from the ground tattooed on my palm.”

“And what do you think that means?”

“Nothing! It doesn’t mean a goddamn thing! It means I’m insane.”

“Yes, it does -- what does it mean?”

“I have no idea, you tell me, wiseass.”

“It means,” the voice intoned, “that you, yes you, are initiate into the Mysteries -- the Big Mysteries. It means you are the brain boost and understand how the Id monster is created by inception. It means you have the power to stop it, stop Dr. Morbius, blow up the black sites, illuminate the darkness, end the lie of Muggle powerlessness. It’s a sign of great power -- it’s time to go upstairs and stop the Rapture crew from leaving most of the brain behind because it contains their covenant with the Dark Side.”

“Yeah, let them know I’m a psycho?”

“No, fight them. End their false dream -- be a round being great in the thoughts of your heart...let them know the planting of false dreams is over.”

* * *

He quit talking. He'd had enough. He lay in silence as the interior of the tent brightened. The storm was over, he could hear water dripping everywhere. He did not want to get up out of the warm bag. He could not become that...new something. He was not well enough, enlightened enough. He was mostly a failure. MIRV had destroyed the rapist angel. Good for MIRV.

Reluctantly he pulled his hand from beneath the cover to see if the hallucination was gone. No, it was still there. His hand was still covered with symbols but the eye in the middle of the palm upthrust from the ground was now open. OK, maybe it was time to get up.

Like some wet, pathetic adult he struggled from the sleeping bag and then the tent. He crawled over the puddle of puke in front of it. He felt faint and weak when he stood. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in his stomach. He turned his hand over and looked at his palm in the morning light.

There was nothing on it now except the slender white shape of a sword.