

From then on it was a constant cliffhanger. I had to keep myself aimed, hanging on, running full blast at, just by a string, in full agreement with...ANY sort of thing the Yes side of alive. There was a time when I was hedging at wanting to be alive because I wasn't happy enough, feeling wonderful sensations and so forth... and as a matter of fact was feeling kind of dead and flat so if it could just wait for a moment...

"LADY," said the Sensurroundspace. "Cut the crap. The choice is dead or alive. "NOW!" It was like being chased by a giant steam roller 1/4" behind your butt; I was not in to style and grace, just raw movement. The intimacy of the material had a lot to do with the no escape, double blind, no where to go, this is MY trip...I was both pissed and amused at the whole experience. "Uncle, Uncle!"

Everywhere I turned, I was faced with the choice. After the basic yes or no, there are the thousand little life end death choices I make every hour in which I die with my judgments. At one point I thought, just tear up that paper I wrote before this thing, just happy to be! The past and "How" is totally insignificant compared to being alive at all...damned if the steamroller trip didn't follow me to that position. "After being alive at all, all you got is "How", not to mention the situation you just made." Dirty rotten lowdown "You gonna be alive there, and how about looking at things. Life is life and death is death anyplace you want to look!" So choose choose choose. Aurghhhh, blast!