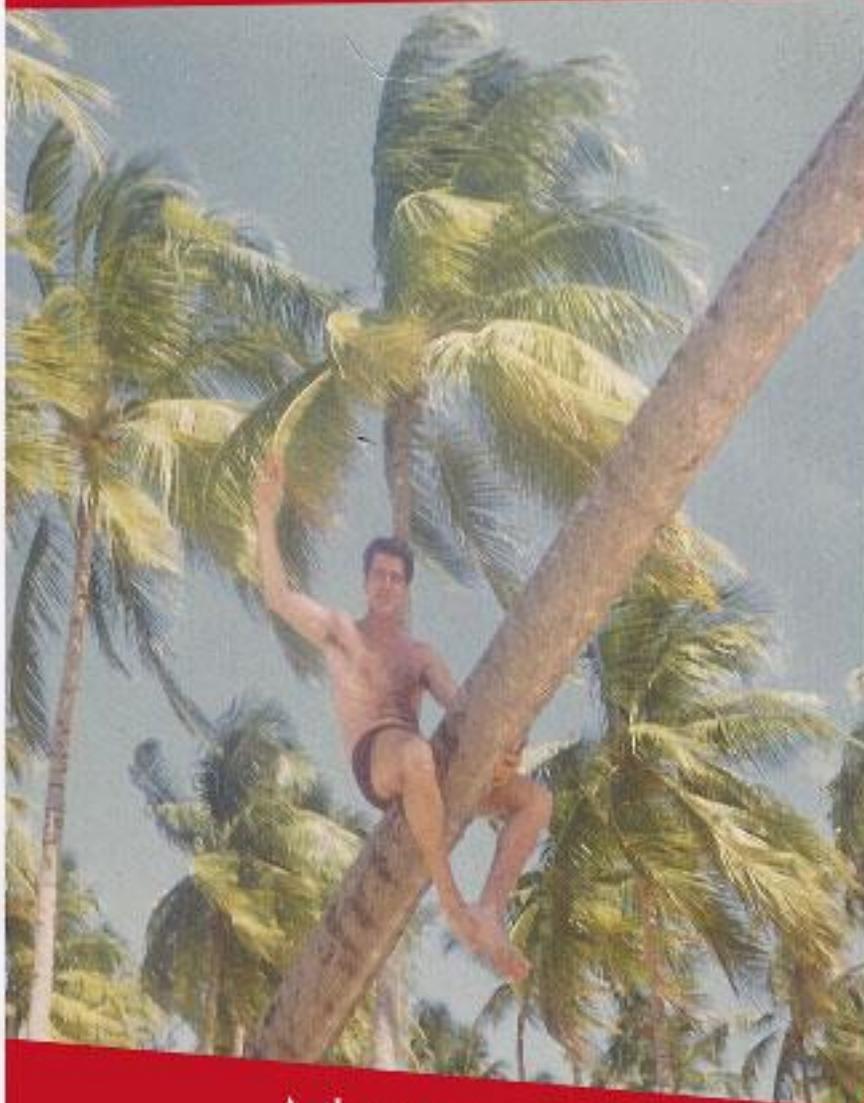


A Wish to be Always Everywhere



Anthony Morrocco

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Chapter 1: A WISH TO BE ALWAYS EVERYWHERE

The Way OUT is IN

Now enters my Cousin Junior for another change in Life Directions. Timing IS everything!

I was deeply seeded with Gurdjieff and meetings with Lord Pentland in the late 1960s and early 1970s: What a great time for discovering what one DID NOT KNOW and investigating FREEDOM FROM THE KNOWN!

Revolutions of all kinds marched through the streets of Manhattan and throughout the USA and beyond, a time for SELF DISCOVERY.

The American youth were revolting against the Establishment, against wars and in particular at the time, the Vietnamese War, a senseless, murderous war that till today no one truly understands its full nature and meaning. The total destruction it caused to innocent men, women, and children, to innocent citizens and bystanders killed like animals, the Vietnam War threatened all life on Earth at the time. It was and still is a real monstrous tragedy till today.

In 1963 President John F. Kennedy was murdered and the vice president, a name hardly ever mentioned, was sworn into office to be our next president.

I met President Johnson once in person directly after he took the oath of office, and I must comment that he had the most TOXIC and destructive energies of any person I had met up until that time. Truly scary energies.

Who was President Johnson (who does not deserve to have his name capitalized) and what was he up to? And who put him up to this and what did this matter to whom, what, when, and mostly WHY? These were the questions of the day and night that sent the youth out into the streets demanding answers and changes, and “Down with the Establishment!” — an endless menu at the time.

These were the days when one went underground as in WW1 and WW 2. Were we coming to now face liberation from the Establishment or to throw in the towel?

The 60s were truly radical, from off-Broadway theater, to Downing and Wall Streets, to the ghettos of the nation all shouting, screaming and demanding CHANGE from the Establishment and Wall Street: wars, senseless wars, and self-blindness. We were the next generation ready to revolt into the next dimension through LSD and LOVE.

Yes, it was a time of change, and yet due to senseless drugs that were released into the streets by the Establishment, we lulled ourselves back to sleep for another time, another attempt to free ourselves from the KNOWN. Even today, almost 2020, we are still lulled back to sleep with drugs but today's toys rival all imaginations: Technology, the future, is now here, but where are we going? Perhaps to Mars as we destroy all life on Earth? An interesting concept for today's youth to ponder....

Here I was underground with George G Gurdjieff's groups in NYC headed by Lord Pentland, the now proclaimed leader for the USA by Gurdjieff himself.

Gurdjieff (or "G" as we referred to him) appeared in the West for the first time from the East in the 1880's and began baffling all of Europe. Soon he came to the USA and across the whole Western civilized world and even uncivilized worlds into WW1 and the Russian massacre then into 1910's Paris. The 1920s brought him back to the USA, then finally back to Europe until his death in 1947. This is when Lord Pentland steps up to plate to head the whole of the USA, christened by G himself, to carry the Inward Torch for more BEING.

When I first met Lord Pentland, I learned that he was to be known as "LP" as he was affectionally known by students who were in the know. This included us, as we were students of LP's directly, having weekly meetings with him in groups of about 20 students who were sorted out into beginning up to the most advanced. I wondered where I would be placed on this scale, of how much Being my group possessed, and so on. My group met every Tuesday at 7 pm for two hours no matter the weather, the temperature or season: We were underground and in the know for wanting to REMEMBER ONESELF, wanting to KNOW ONESELF, and even having the courage to FREE ONESELF from what was to become in today's spiritual groups how TO BE FREE from time and even space and discover an awakening into the Universal Energies and more—way more—than one can even imagine: It was A WISH TO BE ALWAYS EVERYWHERE.

At this time I was living in Connecticut and then traveling to New York City every Tuesday by car, and then traveling back late into the night. I was working back home doing carpentry and general construction due to Alex Horne's influence at that time. My scissors were put aside for the time being as I was wanting to experience different lifestyles not to mention attempting to find myself.

After about nine months of this traveling back and forth from Connecticut to NYC weekly, I was invited to Armonk, a retreat in upper NY state where deeper work was being performed with Gurdjieff's "first people" like Madame De Salzman and Madame De Hartmann and the man with the eyepatch who would appear along with LP, and Annie Lou Stavelly along with a laundry list of others from all points of the globe.

Just then, LP took me aside and asked if I would be available to attend a weekend at Armonk, and who was I to say no? So I booked the date and with bated breath counted

the days to that weekend. Since I had a car and lived in the country, I had several close friends and fellow students who wanted to hitch a ride to upstate New York. I still had my rent-controlled apartment on 77th and 2nd Avenue and would spend weekends there so the time came and it was the weekender to change the course of my life once again.

I remember picking up five more students including myself and being all stuffed into my nifty 1960 Buick Roadmaster, we got onto the highway headed north. We were all way too excited, as this was the first time for us to attend any event at Armonk. We would spend the day Sunday with LP and all the higher-ups for a special reading of a private manuscript from G himself on the unfolding energies of Jesus Christ. I was in my usual hyper state of energies and only a few could be around me at these times. After all, who needed LSD when one had found the fountain of youth: REMEMBER YOURSELF.

And soon most of the students in my car would be uplifted to new heights with my driving speed, cruising around 90 miles per hour. Needless to say, when we returned, only two others joined me in my car; the others opted for a car less dangerous. Was I attempting to drive like G back in the day? Well, let's just say when such energies arose to such heights, driving at top speeds seemed normal. How we never got stopped by a state cop for speeding is still today a miracle in and of itself.

Upon arriving, parking and walking up to the main building, we were greeted by none other than LP himself. He walked straight up to me and shook my hand saying, "Antonio— So good to see you!" He looked like he was from another planet as he and most of the others had been there for three days already and the energies were electrifying! Just what I needed: more energy. It was time to fly high once again.

We were all taken into a main hall where Madame De Salzmann and Madame De Hartmann would give a lecture on Attempting to REMEMBER ONESELF. It was my first time meeting, hearing, and being with so many "first people": These were the ones who had actually lived and worked directly with G himself. At the end of the lecture, Madame De Salzmann announced, "I have met your eyes and the one who knows that come and see me after this meeting."

She was referring to when she had gazed into someone's eyes and they met and directly knew what had happened with their energies. My new roommate Paul Weber went up to the front of the hall along with another guy. Madame De Salzmann took one look at the other guy and said abruptly, "No, not you. We never connected," to which he turned and hurriedly left the hall. Later Paul would describe his private meeting with Madame De Salzmann and what they talked about and how she invited him into an even more mysterious inner group, more advanced, and he then moved up into another group with LP.

We then all went outside and did physical work for a few hours until the gong sounded and everyone threw down their tools and ran toward the great hall where the talk would take

place. I felt overwhelmed seeing the tools just thrown everywhere and full of mud, so I stayed behind to wash off our shovels and rakes and dry them and put them into a shed.

Then I went to the main hall and when I entered, everyone was seated up in bleachers and it was completely silent. The silence lasted as I walked down the aisle and sat down in the front row. Then LP announced, "NOW we can begin the reading."

Years later my girlfriend Norma told me the other part of this story. Norma was telling a group of us in California, "I was at Armonk that weekend and we all went into the great hall to hear the awaited reading on "Jesus Christ by Gurdjieff's meanings" and suddenly Lord Pentland said "WHERE IS ANTONIO?" to which no one knew, so he said, "Okay, we shall all sit here until he arrives." She was quite amazed that LP held up the entire reading waiting for me. I then remembered entering the big hall and how I felt this big silence and I simply found a front row seat and sat down. Then I remember LP saying, "Okay, now we can begin the reading." But I had no clue they were all placed on hold as I was the only one who was missing out of around 100 of us.

It was truly a mind-expanding talk about Jesus, about how he was the color blue, and how he had brought directly down to Earth special needed Energies to continue all life on Earth, etc. When it was over I was elated and left and found myself just wondering around in the wooded area wanting to be alone and be silent. I was wanting to let this impression just settle down inside me. When I looked up, there was LP directly to my left following me. He asked, "Antonio what are you thinking now?" I told him I was now ready to move back to NYC. It was time to leave my family in Connecticut and commit to working on myself but I was mystified on how I could accomplish all this then and there. LP said, "I will tell you how to leave your family and come and join me in our work here." He then told me how to be towards my family and my present conditions and how to move without upsetting anyone. LP had a way of effortlessly expressing himself and if one was open to his suggestions, all the doors would open and one could just walk into the next dimension. It wasn't that effortless but it was always a bull's-eye when coming from LP himself.

Later on, my closest and dearest friend Betty D would explain some things to me about how she was told by LP that I was to enter their advanced group. Betty confided in me one evening saying, "LP called me and Diane to a meeting and announced that you were entering our group and that we were to bring you up to our level at record speed." LP also said, "ANTONIO LISTENS. Therefore, I want you both to take Antonio under your wing and spend time explaining to him how to be, and bring him up into your group." This was a group above where I would have normally gone.

Speed-tracked into an advanced group, I was soon to become one of LP favorite "pets," a nickname that would raise eyebrows and cause a lot of jealousy above the upper groups, who thought, "*How can this person just barge into our upper group!*" And so on. But I remained unfazed. At the time I was quite fearless and reckless and having more energies than one could contain, I certainly raised more than one eyebrow at a time.

I remember Diane, LP's other "pet", telling me a story of when her parents came to visit her in NYC from the deep south, they were asking her, "Diane, how can you handle being around all these hyper, high energy New Yorkers?" to which she answered, "Oh this is nothing! Wait until you meet Antonio: Even the local New Yorkers find him too hyper and high energies for even them. "

Diane, Betty, and Christine were all three of LP's very close pets and invited to all the inner teachings and meetings most students only heard of in whispers—and I was now one of them.

I was soon fast-tracked into an advanced group and even invited to LP's personal apartment where there were advanced meetings with very higher up students who looked down on me for being an intruder to their longtime, hard-earned efforts into getting to that level. Yet I was unconcerned and could care less: I was in the inner circle with LP! All that mattered was I was being blessed by LP himself with private meetings and him even taking me aside with talks on how to come to the next level of BEING.

Now I was living back in my rent-controlled apartment. And one of LP's other pets was soon to be my roommate, Paul. Paul and I were so opposite that we could have written the book on the *Odd Couple* at the time. Me, I was Italian street smart not graduating high school, smoked, drank, spit into the streets, and was running European Craftsmen LTD with many rogue, street smart, and savvy craftsmen along with artisans of European origins.

Paul was, on the other hand, in university at the time studying law. Coming from a very sophisticated family from Switzerland, he neither smoked nor drank nor went to bars and chased around into the late hours of the night. He was a 4.0 student who spoke slowly and deliberately and was very into his head, a truly intelligent young man who also knew what he wanted and where he was going.

While I was on a wild and crazy path, Paul was on the slow and steady path; yet both were leading us to the same door opening at LP's private meetings.

And then we were both invited into the next step of initiating MOVEMENTS, the dance introduced by Mr. G himself where one would work with one's mind / emotions / body /and energy to enter into a group of 36 others moving as ONE Being perfectly flowing, as we all struggled to be one with the outer world, the inner world, and now the 3rd World all at the same time. Movements meant time for another dimension of G work.

During this period, I felt secure yet challenged at the same time: A lot was happening. I was still cutting hair, making my five elixir shampoos in my bathtub for sale, running and organizing European Craftsmen LTD, and now more involved in THE WORK with meetings and inner groups, and now Movements, a time to truly wake up to higher dimensions.

After all, it was the 1960s. It was all underground and secret societies. The world was my oyster!

Now enters my cousin, Junior. And this would again change my life's direction to a completely different side of WORKING ON ONESELF.

I was in Connecticut for the weekend visiting my immediate family and was at a family wedding. I felt so alone there and found myself to be calmly inside myself looking out at the huge Italian family wedding going on. It was all very family and not very interesting. There was no one I could relate to as I talked to this one and that one and made the usual comments that everyone would make in the same circumstances: How are you? Where are you living now? What are you doing? Oh! You're living in NYC—isn't that scary and how exciting at the same time? All the usual matter-of-fact comments that one simply says, so mundane and so meaningless, with NO real interest in having a real relationship with another just matter-of-fact, same-same comments. I was bored and it was time to go outside and have some higher hydrogens. Stepping outside on the back deck of the hall, I fired up a cigarette and took a sip of my cognac. It wasn't Armagnac, but it was aged cognac and it would do for the time being.

Suddenly my elder Cousin Junior appeared and walked over asking for a light. I fired up his cigarette, and he stared directly into my eyes and said, "YOU Have Changed completely—what have you done to yourself?"

With that I felt like I was being invited into a real conversation, so I immediately started from Alex Horn to *In Search of the Miraculous* to LP now in NYC, and a few highlights on THE WORK, etc. I was excited that someone in the family was even able to notice my change let alone listen to any of this talk on Work on Yourself stuff. Junior was my grandfather's brother's son, my first cousin and also a Morrocco. I had not seen him in several years as he was one generation older than me and we were never close. He used to hunt with my Brother Virgil but we never spent any time together except when briefly crossing each other at such family parties as this now family wedding event.

After some time we promised to get together and continue the next day as he was very interested in continuing our deep discussion on such subjects as Gurdjieff THE WORK on oneself and Lord Pentland and how to continue our talk. I casually mentioned that he would need to read a few books since he had never heard of this work about G and suggested *In Search of the Miraculous* by Ouspensky and *Boyhood with Gurdjieff* by Fritz Peters. When I realized that he would never find these books immediately available, I offered to loan them to him the next day. Sure enough Junior showed up at my parents' house and I immediately gave him the books which I instructed him to read and then we would talk. Junior wanted to meet my teacher LP and I brushed this off saying this would take time but after reading these and other books and we would talk about higher subjects, he would be invited to NYC as my guest and could eventually meet my teacher LP—but that was a ways off into the future.

The very next day I was ready to leave by train back to NYC and my private inner life and to work on myself and rejoin my group and could hardly wait to see LP and get back to our private meetings and my exciting days living in the center of it all, The Big Apple. After all, it was the center of the World.

My cousin came to the house only one hour before I was leaving for the train station to announce that he had read both books and now was ready to talk to my teacher Lord Pentland. I was losing patience, realizing it took me well into one year to read *In Search of the Miraculous* and a few other books, and had taken me many difficulties over the past few years to speak to LP. And here was my cousin with NO background or experience, demanding to speak to my teacher, the Great LP, --not only asking but now demanding. I was not too happy with Junior but said I would call him next week from NYC and he could visit me if he wished and with that I left him standing in his tracks at my parents' house and drove off with my brother to the train station thinking, *Wow, he has a long way to go!* and left it at that.

The very next week Junior called me and announced that he could take the next train into the city and could I pick him up at 4:30 pm at Grand Central Station? I was now amused and amazed that he, my cousin, was now coming to NYC still demanding to talk to LP, a feat that was at the time impossible and would take time and patience even with my inside connections to meet up with Lord Pentland, the head of the G work for the whole of the USA.

Chapter 2: The Wizard of Oz: Behind the Curtain and Toto

Junior arrived at Grand Central Station and I was amazed that he could find me in the crowd. After all, it's not called Grand Central Station for nothing! It's huge and crowded and the flow alone could make most folks lose their whereabouts and then some. But lo and behold, Junior just appeared out of the crowd and, smiling as always, greeted me with his usual, "Hi Cuz, let's go!"

Upon arriving at my apartment, we had a non-stop conversation well into the next day. He explained to me his experiences with the Devil's Advocate at the Holy See of Rome itself and personally having conversations with the main man of the Holy See, the Devil's Advocate himself to the Holy Roman Pope. He also told of hair-raising stories of his travels in Naples, where he sometimes lived with his aunt who was a doctor, and his wild times driving his racing car, a Lancia.

Eventually he told of a monastery whereupon, with only his aunt's influence and his demands, he was allowed in to witness spine-chilling stories of folks who were half human and half animal. I was amazed to hear some of these stories and how the Vatican itself kept all this under lock and key and nowhere in the media had any of this ever been mentioned. His aunt was my distant cousin Lucrecia, whom I would later meet in person when I toured Italy for a year but that is another story and I am getting ahead of myself.

Now Junior was again insisting that I call LP on the spot and he wanted to speak to him directly; after all, he had read the books and now wanted to dialogue firsthand about all these so-called miraculous stories that he too had witnessed. After much back and forth and realizing that Junior was not going to relent, I suddenly felt why not let him speak to LP after all? If he could hold a 3-minute conversation, it would be worth my struggle to try and get this call accomplished.

I finally gave in saying, "Okay, I'll make the call, but I doubt I will get past his Personal Assistant Jane." After all, she was there for many reasons.

I call and get Jane on the phone. "Hello British Petroleum. May I assist you?" I tell Jane it's me and I want to speak to LP. Jane does not ask why but simply says, quite irritated, "Okay, hold on," and places me on hold. Then to my utter amazement, Lord Pentland answers, "Antonio, how good to hear from you! What can I help you with?" I am near speechless and blurt out that my cousin is in town and wants to meet up with him and talk. With that, Junior takes the phone out of my hand and casually says (as only he can with his rambling voice), "Hi! This is Junior, Antonio's cousin, and he's told me about you and your work and I have read a few books and am now very interested to speak to you direct..."

With this he hangs up saying, “Okay, LP wants me to come to his office in one hour. How do I get there?”

I am flabbergasted saying, “By subway and I can take you there. But in one hour... we best get started...”

Junior does his usual smirk and declares, “ I will go alone. You stay here and when I get back we will talk. It’s now my turn to speak!”

I hurriedly draw out a subway diagram leading Junior from my apartment to Rockefeller Plaza, directly up to the 35th floor and into Lord Pentland’s office. I am speechless as Junior grabs his coat and his pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes (as in those days anyone who was anyone smoked in public). “You’re welcome,” I said as he sailed out of the door on his way to my Teacher’s office. Just like that. Or what was really happening here I have never experienced it before nor after.

As I waited at my apartment, I only got more anxious as time went on. The later the time, the more excited and anxious I became: How could Junior be gone for so long? Perhaps he was just at a coffee shop or hanging around the plaza taking in the sights. But oh no, he was not that type of guy. He would return as soon as he ended his meeting as he would want to continue more conversations with me again well into the night.

Then Paul came home from his usual class and I briefly explained that my cousin Junior-- you know the one I told you about—had arrived and was at that very moment having a private dialogue with our Teacher Lord Pentland and could we even imagine what that was about?

Paul was beside himself saying, “That guy does not even know anything about the G work let alone the inner workings of LP and our group meetings! And with that we both sat there waiting for Junior to appear and tell us all.

Four hours later Junior rings the doorbell and slowly walks up the five flights of steps to Apt 21 where Paul and I are waiting to hear his now story of how could a novice get to speak to our teacher for hours and were both more than excited to hear such a tale of intrigue .

Junior enters, pours himself a glass of wine, fires up a cigarette, and looks at us and says “Your Teacher Lord Pentland is real and everything that you say that he is. We had a very interesting talk for three hours and he said that I could come back anytime. All I had to do was call him and he would see me anytime that I was in town.”

Paul was more than interested, asking several questions all at once. Yet I knew better just to take a cue from Junior on how to proceed. Junior said that he wanted to speak to me alone and would Paul mind going out for around a hour so that we could speak and that he, Junior, would fill him later on his questions. Paul was more than agreeable and immediately left the apartment to get Junior in a good mood to answer Paul’s now more

than amazing answers to his questions like how could anyone with NO background simply talk to our Teacher for three hours on their first connect; and how could anyone have enough self to even hold a dialogue for more than a few minutes let alone hours?

Junior settled down with that particular grin saying that he and LP got into an immediate dialogue and were both intrigued with each other's interests, and indeed he and LP were both on the same level which left me more than flabbergasted: how could this be possible my cousin of all men with NO G background just pulls up a chair and has a dialogue with a Master Teacher the likes of which was way over all of our heads let alone our Beings?

Junior said that I was not to repeat anything that he was about to tell me to any of my friends nor to LP's students, and so I swore an oath on our grandfather's grave! (It felt so Mafia and Italian!) As Junior proceeded to tell me about his dialogues with LP, I felt I was being invited into the inner most sanctum of the G Work— more than I could ever envision. Imagine my Cousin Junior— of all people— being able to meet LP and speak for hours about subjects that only baffled all of us here in LP groups. And Junior was going to share all of this with me in private and then some.

I was seeing the curtain being pulled back and the Wizard of Oz exposed right in front of my very own eyes. How can this be?

I was now a WITNESS, a fly on the wall to the beginning of a long series of private talks that my very own Cousin Junior and LP would be having over the next year—a time for me to be brought into an even closer "Pet" category with LP.

It was a time to grow to the next dimension and more. What I was about to bear witness to would change me forever and even free me from LP's grip, thus allowing me to go off to the U.K., to jolly Old England, to study with John G. Bennett and live in his immediate family, soon to be living in an ashram with 150 others all working on ourselves, truly living the Struggle of the Black and White Magician. A time to be my Self.

Chapter 3: THE MYSTIC AND THE PSYCHIC

After several years working with the Gurdjieff groups headed by Lord Pentland, I was gaining insights on what made us human beings tick, and what was the direction for BEING PRESENT / REMEMBERING ONESELF or THE ACT OF SELF REMEMBERING . It all revolved around these themes: I saw lots of students coming and going trying hard to Remember One's Self, doing all kinds of tricks and contortions in trying to Remember It, the "Elusive Butterfly" in flight. But they kept trying.

Being dubbed "Lord Pentland's Pet" placed me in a very special position of being invited to many events and secret meetings and otherwise impossible passageways that very few had the privilege to enter. And having not been with Lord Pentland for too long it made a lot of others quite jealous of the fact that I was indeed Antonio, Lord Pentland's pet. But very few had the inside edge of knowing the real straight poop on what were the immediate happenings at the Gurdjieff Foundation there in NYC.

Once I mentioned to Lord Pentland that I was in direct contact with a psychic and told him briefly about Longina. He got very excited, "I *must* meet Longina and you must bring her to me!"

LP (people in the inner circle referred to Lord Pentland as "LP") liked dialoguing with any and all interesting folks, especially anyone who was more aware of himself than the usual student or even the higher up students. I had previously arranged for LP an insider dialogue with my cousin Freddie from Italy who was in contact with The Devil's Advocate at the Holy See ("Seat") in Rome, but that is another chapter in upcoming order.

Undeterred, LP kept insisting on meeting Longina every time we got together in our private talks. So I kept nudging Longina to meet with my Master Teacher, but she would only say, "Not now. I have places to go and things to do." She was polite, but obviously not in any rush to meet up with LP; she was impressed neither by his title nor by his status in the Gurdjieff work. Almost like Mrs. Esperanza in San Francisco, Longina was also advanced in her presence and telling me again and again JUST BE YOURSELF. Perhaps in those days, if I had had an inside edge with Madame De Salzmann, that would have flipped the switch to ON, but that is another-time-and-space speculation.

Then one day LP told me in private that they were having a big party like they gave only once a year and everyone who was anyone on the Planet Earth would be there in the Gurdjieff movement. And I was invited and could bring one guest, of course suggesting that I bring the one and only mystic and psychic, Longina.

Elated to be on the special guest list, I coaxed Longina into being my date, and she, of course, could only say yes, but on one condition: "When I say we must leave—no matter

what is happening—you must bring me home!” It was indeed her Cinderella syndrome of the Pumpkin and the Good Fairy once again reincarnating at my door step. I knew Longina meant serious business and I promised her at all costs, no matter what was happening, that I would leave and bring her home the moment she said so. Longina knew that I was obsessed with my G (Gurdjieff) groups, and I spoke of them often to her and told her stories. She would listen intently but rarely make many, if any, comments. But when she did comment, rarely and far in between, it meant so much to me. Longina was on her own mission and with her psychic powers she “had places to go and things to do....”

The big night finally arrived, and I was dressed and ready and went to pick up Longina at her rent-controlled apartment. She was attired quite simply, dressed down yet classically elegant in a plain full-length dress. With it she wore basic costume jewelry, nothing expensive looking, with a light smear of lipstick and a few strokes of mascara. It was very unusual to see Longina dressed up to such lengths though she always looked good. But she didn't need fancy clothes with lots of jewelry: It was Longina's eyes that were mesmerizing. She had blazing blue eyes that always looked lively, as if she knew the most interesting things on Planet Earth, and it was for you to discover what her mischievous look was all about, like the Mona Lisa smile.

I hailed a cab and we got whisked away to East 57th street to a real brownstone mansion, the ones that only NYC and London had, with the look of THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. Yep, it was a full-blown multimillion dollar brownstone mansion in the center of Manhattan's high rent district. One had to have the secret password to get past several guards, one after another, into it and voila! We finally entered the portal of the party of the year.

The place was packed with all kinds of folks all trying to look like they were “Remembering Themselves” with that look that one could spot across the room as “Yup, they are present” or “Nope, they are wannabes trying to look the part.” The more a person looked stiff and uncomfortable, the more it was obvious they were not happening.

There were a lot of old and fairly new folks that I recognized and I got carried away with saying howdy and wasn't this truly the ultimate NYC party of the year all here with LP and Who's Who. Guests from all over the Planet Earth were there, some recognizable like Madame De Salzmann and Madame De Hartmann from Paris, and even Annie Lou Staveley from Portland, Oregon, along with a host of other guests. I was in the thick of it all, standing there with a cigarette and, of course, the famous Armagnac Cognac that Mr. Gurdjieff drank gallons of, when I suddenly discovered that Longina had disappeared from my side and was NOWhere to be seen.

I tried to search for her but soon gave up as the joint was packed beyond capacity. Eventually I ran into Lord Pentland himself who said, “Antonio! Welcome to the gala party of the year and where is your special friend?” I made a fast comment that she was indeed at the party but presently had disappeared and tried to elaborate but LP simply said, “Bring

her to me when she reappears!” and then he disappeared into the crowd as many folks were trying to get his attention.

But I soon drifted back into the clouds and got immediately amused with more friends arriving, and another glass of Armagnac, another cigarette—a form of higher hydrogens!—and the thrill of it all being in the midst of the most famous names and faces that one only reads about—all there in the five-story brownstone mansion in NYC. After all, it was the 1960s and we were all having the times of our lives. And then some!

The night went by way too fast and suddenly Longina was there once again standing at my side insisting that I take her home on the spot. I was in the midst of way too many friends and conversations and way too much cognac by then, but a promise was a promise and I escorted her out of the building. Now I realized that I really wanted to stay the rest of the night. And this was truly unfair that I had committed to such a silly agreement with Cinderella! But the gong was striking MIDNIGHT and her pumpkin was beginning to reenact the famous glass slipper routine.

So I dropped off Cinderella who was anxious to change and hit the streets for her usual “Places to go and People to meet” routine. Realizing that I would not be allowed back into the brownstone, I decided to just go to my usual bar and continue my usual Saturday night adventures, but this time with folks who were not trying to Remember Themselves yet folks who would be more than happy to share another cognac and a lively dialogue on just about anything.

The next day I woke early, reconstructing the night before and wanting to reconnect with Longina on where she went and what she was up to at the party the night before. I could barely contain myself until the clock struck noon and I knew Longina would now be up and about, and I could be able to talk to her as it was Sunday and our usual afternoon rendezvous dialogue time.

I hightailed it over to Longina’s flat and rang the bell, waiting impatiently for her to ring me in. One, two, three, four seconds now 30 then 45, and voila, the door rings open and inside I slipped and darted up the stairs—no time for the elevator. One knew one was in a truly elegant apartment building if it had an elevator, especially one that was rent-controlled. Mine was a five-story walk-up, being two stories for every floor, with NO elevator yet rent-controlled, but that is another story. And at \$68 a month for four rooms—hey, it was the 1960s.

On entering I was escorted into the living room for a cup of tea. And Longina, seeing my anxiety about the night before, placed me down in the large seat in front of the bay window to wait for the tea and for her to arrive back. Finally my excited questions were to be answered! “What happened to you last night? Where did you go? And what were you doing with whom? And how did you find your way around that packed crowd?” And a dozen more.

Longina, now just as excited as I, started her story: “I was standing next to you when I felt this Huge Energy in the room and looking around I saw this man with a patch over one eye. And I saw how huge his energy was, so I slid through the crowd toward him.”

“Upon my making eye contact with his one eye, and he with my two eyes, he signaled me to follow him and he led me upstairs to a private room. He bolted the door and there we sat in dialogue for a few hours until I felt it was bewitching time. And then I came down to find you and tell you it’s time to go.”

All of this was way too much intrigue for me and few answers, and I had questions upon questions—and then more questions. After all, my Master Teacher was wanting to meet her and do the same, which I told her again.

But Longina repeated once more, “I have no interest in meeting your teacher. I saw him and was not moved to talk to him. Instead, upon seeing this magnificent energy in the man with the eyepatch, I was drawn to him. And we had plenty to discuss and share. Indeed he was the most interesting person at the whole party.”

Now Cinderella starts to tell a few stories and things they talked about, but keeps not finishing off her sentences! She left me hanging cliffside for more but none was forthcoming, just bits and pieces of interesting data that only she and he were having: Longina said that she had a message for the mysterious man with the patch on one eye, and he had another story for her also. They apparently had a lot to share and spent the whole time locked in this room until suddenly she felt it was time to “let go” as she put it, and came down to find me. And that was all that I could piece together.

The next Tuesday my usual 7:00 pm secret meeting with my group and my teacher Lord Pentland came and went. But then LP cornered me saying, “Did you ask your psychic friend what happened at the party and why she didn’t connect with me?” I was excited and yet feeling awkward like I hadn’t a good enough excuse for why Longina did not meet LP. So I elaborated upon the story retold by Longina, of how she was standing by my side when suddenly a huge bolt of energy was upon her. And gazing around the room she saw the man with the eyepatch and was immediately magnetized to him. He simply said “follow me” and they disappeared upstairs to a small room where he bolted the door. They spent most of the evening exchanging energies and telling each other about very exciting happenings and injecting what they were seeing in each other’s energy fields until the clock struck midnight and they both knew it was time for Longina to leave and for him to reappear back to the party of the year.

To my surprise, Lord Pentland was thrilled and very excited, saying to me, “Yes, He is the most advanced Being in our work and is the last male in our lineage!” and that he was wearing a patch over his one eye. LP had noticed that he had disappeared from the party

for a few hours and LP was most excited that he had met up with my psychic lady friend, and on and on and on.

Now LP insisted that I *must* bring Longina to him for he wanted to ask her things and tell her also about so many matters. I was feeling very special that indeed Longina was one of my closest and dearest relationships, and yet also disappointed that I did not and could not connect her with my Master Teacher. Being more frustrated than ever, I promised that I would again do everything to get Longina to meet up with him, and with that, he simply changed the subject as he always did to end a conversation and change energies to another.

Longina never did agree to meet up with LP no matter how much I tried to convince her in the coming years. She always avoided my requests by saying things like, “He’s *your* teacher and you need to BE YOURSELF and figure these things out for yourself.”

As it was not her wish to speak to LP, time and again I was disappointed for myself. But eventually I realized that time and space would spell out the answers. And it would take time and patience—a waiting game—to see how things would unfold in their own time and space, another learning experience. It would be years before I put these pieces of the puzzle together and it would involve my cousin Freddie, Master Fung Yi, my Qi Gong Teacher, and even Dr. Cecelia Yu to continue the tapestry.

I was then learning how to weave the tapestry of my lives—yes, many lifetimes— in the tapestry of this lifetime, and to be able to look and see the unfolding of time and space with my passing lifetimes and experiences. And I also could see the exciting moments when the tapestry was being woven on the spot by Remembering Myself and The Art of Being ALIVE all at the same time with no thought— just inner and outer vision of the tapestry.

Being one with the Unicorn and having moments of insights both inner and outer now created the 3rd World. As Master Fung Yi would unfold it, the 3rd World was not to build a little bridge between the two worlds but in reality, one MUST build a 3rd World so one can travel between the inner and outer and the newly created 3rd World effortlessly, not by doing but by simply BEING ONESELF. It was all unfolding in the tapestry of BEING ALIVE....

Presently Cousin Freddie (Junior) would enter the scene with Lord Pentland and the tapestry would weave itself first from getting brought deeper into the secret meetings with Lord Pentland and then second, from coming out the other side when, third, Junior would tell me how to ESCAPE Lord Pentland. He explained how it would be possible to leave LP and go to John G Bennett, to my next chapter of my life, the unfolding of the tapestry from the Foundation to the Institute.

In the next Chapter it's goodbye NYC and now enters my return back to Europe and the next door to my evolution to being with J G Bennett at the Castle Sherborne in Southern England, next to Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare Country.

“When the student is ready, the Master Teacher will appear.” Simply wait for ALL green lights and then walk through the open door before it closes....